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FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE

MARK LANGSTRUM, thirty-three, sits in a single area lit by an overhead bulb.

In the center of the glow rests an electric chair.

Mark hears his own voice though he sits in the electric chair.

MARK(V.O.)

Mark Langstrum, You have been convicted of first degree murder. The punishment is death by way of electrocution. May God have mercy on your soul.

The word soul echo's.

The sound of a switch being pulled follows.

Mark spasms in the chair.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark sits up with a shout.

MARK

No! God no!

SARAH ANDERSON, twenty-nine, attractive, red hair, checks on him.

SARAH

Mark, are you all right?

Mark stands from the bed, stares out the window.

The curtains flap around his body with a steady breeze.

MARK

I'll live.

SARAH

You have been taking the medication Doctor Schneider prescribed?

Mark turns.

MARK

Yeah. Why do you always have to ask me?

SARAH

I know how you are. You hate medication. What was your dream, Mark--

Mark interrupts.

MARK

Look, would you just leave it alone already. I don't want to talk about it. I do enough of that with Schneider.

Mark continues to talk.

MARK

Hey, are you even listening?

Sarah is asleep.

MARK

Yeah, why upset yourself over my problems. It's not like we're sharing a life or anything.

A digital clock reveals the time - eleven-forty-five.

Mark walks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Near the fridge, Mark flicks on the light switch.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

The kitchen blacks out, and Mark holds the switch of an electric chair.

The light switch had been replaced.

MARK

What in the hell?

The kitchen re-appears around Mark.

Mark is struck with a painful headache.

Mark stumbles to the kitchen table and sits.

A voice gets Mark's attention.

VOICE

How's the head, pal?

Mark looks up, and sees a man in the chair opposite him.  
The man is wears a knit winter hat.

MARK

Who the hell are you? What are you  
doing in my house?

MAN

Don't act so shocked, Langstrum.  
You executed me in nineteen-seventy-  
four for murder. Joshua Thorn.  
Remember?

Mark stands.

Mark's chair topples.

MARK

That's impossible! I watched them  
bury you!

Mark backs away, hands cover his ears, eyes shut tight.

Joshua stands, and approaches Mark.

He removes his cap to reveal his bald, scorched head.

JOSHUA

Perhaps, you think this is all in  
your head? Well, maybe I am. Maybe,  
I've come back for you.

Mark fights against a pair of hands on his face.

MARK

You're a hallucination! You're not  
here-- You're not real! You're  
dead! You can't be here! Get off  
me!

MARK'S POV

We see only darkness, we see him lash out with his fist to  
strike Sarah.

She held onto him in an attempt to calm him down.

Then Joshua's voice becomes familiar.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SARAH (V.O.)

Mark! Wake up! It's me, It's Sarah!  
Jesus! What the hell was that all  
about?

Once Mark opens his eyes too reveal the chair had never been  
knocked over.

It's no longer the middle of the night.

Sarah and he sit at the table with the morning sun glares  
through the windows.

Mark speaks as he holds his face in both hands.

MARK

Hold on, wait a minute. . .This  
can't be right.

SARAH

What are you talking about?

Mark is dressed in a white shirt, black pants, and dress  
shoes.

He runs his hands through his hair.

MARK

I. . . I don't remember getting  
dressed, or going back to sleep.  
Did I black out or something?  
Please, tell me you found me  
sleeping at the table.

SARAH

No. You stayed in bed last night,  
Mark. I see that I'm going to have  
to have a talk with the doctor  
about your medications. You could  
be having some serious reaction.

MARK

Oh, and how would you know for  
sure? The last time that I looked  
at you, you were fast asleep.

SARAH

That's a load of bullshit. How can  
you sit there and tell me that we  
didn't talk last night?

SARAH(cont'd)

We talked with each other for a freaking hour before we finally got some sleep.

Mark rams his fist into the counter top.

Mark stands and looks out the kitchen window.

MARK

That's not possible damn it! I clearly remember having a horrible flashback when I went to switch on the kitchen light.

Sarah approaches him, places a hand on his shoulder.

She tries to calm Mark down.

SARAH

Maybe you had another dream after you fell back to sleep.

Mark grows very angry.

MARK

I'm pretty damn sure I didn't fall back to sleep, Sarah.

Sarah takes on a questioning look and tone of voice.

SARAH

Are you calling me a liar?

That's when Mark notices a nasty purple bruise near her right eye.

Mark walks over to her, and grabs her by the shoulders. He looks at the horrible bruise in shock.

MARK

Oh, Jesus, honey! What the hell happened to your eye? Tell me who did this to you?

SARAH

You did, Mark!

MARK

What? That's impossible.

Sarah replies and tears brim in her eyes.

SARAH

You need to see Dr. Schneider as soon as possible. Tell him what's happening, maybe he can help us through this ordeal.

Mark hugs Sarah and kisses her forehead.

MARK

I'll go and see the doctor like you suggest, but I don't see what good it's going to do. Can you forgive me?

She looks away from Mark a single tear rolls down her cheek her voice cracks with emotion.

SARAH

It's not going to be easy, but I love you, and want to see you get better. I could go with you.

Mark shakes his head in denial.

MARK

No, I'll be fine on my own. I'll talk to you later after work okay?

SARAH

Are you sure?

MARK

One hundred percent. Besides, you will be late for work if you go with me.

Mark rests his chin in his hand in thought.

Mark

Maybe I should just forget about everything and go to work too. What do you think?

Sarah walks out the back door with a loud sigh because Mark didn't get her subtle hint.

MARK

Yeah, I love you too.

Mark walks over to the kitchen faucet, turns it on, and splashes some water over his face.

MARK'S POV

Mark lifted his head from the sink he's shocked to discover that night has returned.

Once again, he's in his boxers; it's rains beyond the walls of his home.

The clock above his head reads - eleven-forty-five.

MARK

What in God's name is going on here?

Joshua Thorn's voice returns.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Mark, Mark, Mark. . . Sarah is such a beautiful woman. It's beyond me how you can hit her so easily. Yet, it felt kinda good, didn't it?

Mark turns to look upon the shadowed figure of Thorn seated at his table.

MARK

You're a hallucination, a side-affect of my medications.

Joshua stands, and walks over to Mark.

Joshua looks down at Mark's boxer shorts with a smile. The boxers are black and have little smiley faces all over.

JOSHUA

Nice boxer shorts, Mark. I thought you a brief man myself. Most of the convicts saw you briefly, before you dropped that dark cloth over their heads. Get it, a brief man? Ask yourself this, can a mere hallucination do this!

Joshua slaps Mark across the face.

JOSHUA

Ever felt that from a hallucination?

MARK

You son of a bitch!

Mark takes a swing at Joshua, only Joshua moves out of the way, he grabs Mark from behind wraps an arm around his neck.

JOSHUA

Now, now, there Mark! I thought you weren't a man of violence, and here you are trying to slug me. I should snap your neck! Ah, screw that, where's the fun in killing you so quickly!

Joshua shoves Mark away from him hard.

MARK

Why are you here? Why must you insist on tormenting me? You deserved to die after murdering those young women!

Joshua walks up to Mark, and another slap strikes him.

JOSHUA

Wake up, Mark! So I killed a few worthless bitches, you've killed enough men to surpass my record. BRAVO! BRAVO, MARK!

Joshua claps his hands right in Mark's face.

MARK

It was my sworn duty! Besides, you enjoyed killing those women. Murder is hardly a worthy comparison to what I did!

Joshua walks behind Mark in laughter.

In a flash Mark's chair transforms into an electric chair.

JOSHUA

Think on it, you're a smart man. Did you feel any regret hitting Sarah? Oh, you may have said you were sorry, but were you really? You left the lightning, and it wants you back!

Mark is shoved into the chair, Joshua straps him down.

JOSHUA

You're in the hot seat now! Feel how fast your heart is beating, how hard it is to breathe?

Mark struggles to free himself from the chair's restraints.

Joshua places the dark hood over Mark's head.

MARK

Let me out of this chair! Let me  
out of this chair right now,  
Joshua!

INT. DOCTOR SCHNEIDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mark jumps from the Doctor's couch with a shout.

MARK

Let me out of this chair! Let me  
out!

DOCTOR TOM SCHNEIDER, thirty-four, grabs Mark arms holds him  
down on the couch.

DOCTOR

Calm down, Mark! You're going to be  
all right, you're safe.

Mark comes to his senses.

MARK

Where am I? Where am I now?

DOCTOR

You're in my office, don't you  
remember coming here?

Mark shakes his head in denial.

MARK

I. . .I never left home.

DOCTOR

That's not true, Mark. How else  
would you be here if you hadn't  
left home?

MARK

I'm seeing things, Doctor. Having  
strange episodes I can't explain.  
I'm frightened.

DOCTOR

Sarah told me, her and I are very  
concerned.

SARAH  
Can he be helped, Doctor?

Mark is shocked to see Sarah.

MARK  
Sarah, what are you doing here?

SARAH  
You asked me to be here with you,  
you said you needed my support.

MARK  
No! Not again! That's not what  
happened, everything she just said  
never happened.

DOCTOR  
Mark, please. If what she said  
never happened. Tell me your  
version of the events leading up to  
this moment.

MARK  
I'll be at home one moment, the  
next at an entirely different  
location. The time on the clock  
never changes. Yet, day will shift  
to night, and vice-versa.

DOCTOR  
According to Sarah during your  
episodes a convict deceased since  
nineteen-seventy-four named Joshua  
Thorn will appear. Was he not the  
last execution you supervised?

Mark stands.

MARK  
Yes, but what does that have to do  
with my episodes?

The Doctor moves his eyes towards the bruise on Sarah's face  
and then looks at Mark.

DOCTOR  
Sarah told me you called her Joshua  
when you were suffering one of your  
hallucinations.

MARK

Only because I heard, and saw Joshua Thorn, I didn't notice it was her until she woke me. She must have got in the way of my punch.

The Doctor nods, and writes in his notepad.

DOCTOR

So you're saying your attack on her was deliberate?

MARK

No! Hell no! I was trying to punch Joshua Thorn, Doctor. He was every bit as physical as you are now. I know how crazy this all sounds.

Mark turns to look out the window.

DOCTOR

Tell me about these changes in your environment.

MARK

There's really no point in trying to explain them. I'm sick of trying to explain something that has no explanation.

DOCTOR

So you're telling me that you feel these changes are an unexplained phenomenon?

Mark stares out the office window, bangs both fists against the window sill.

MARK

I don't even know if this is conversation is happening!

DOCTOR

It sounds to me like you're suffering paranoid delusions, associated with a horrible past your mind cannot fully accept. Vietnam Veteran's suffer similar episodes better known as shell shock syndrome. The smallest things can trigger these episodes, sounds, memories, and places.

SARAH

What can be done about these episodes before he becomes a danger to himself or others?

DOCTOR

Other than the medications he's currently taking there's not much else than can be done unfortunately. This is a very new development in Mark's case. There are group meetings --

MARK

No groups! I've enough stress without a bunch of people staring and asking questions. I need your help doctor, what can do?

DOCTOR

Mark, you don't seem to understand the severity of your condition. I've provided all the medical treatment allowed, all I can offer now is moral support. But in order to understand what you're going through I need as much information as you can give me.

Mark stares at Sarah then back at the Doctor.

MARK

I really don't want Sarah to hear. She's suffered through enough of my crazy ramblings. I don't want to upset her anymore.

The Doctor stands from his chair.

DOCTOR

I completely understand how you feel, Mark. Sarah would you mind stepping out into the waiting room for a few minutes please.

Sarah stands from the couch, kisses Mark on his cheek.

SARAH

I love you, Mark. Don't be afraid to tell the Doctor everything, he's only trying to help you remember that. I'll be just outside if you need me.

SARAH(cont'd)

This final meeting could the Doctor explain why you murdered me.

MARK

What did you just say, honey?  
Sarah?

The door is closed in his face.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

The Doctor returns to his chair and sits.

DOCTOR

Now, back to discussing the episode that occurred a few minutes ago, Mark. I need every little detail you can remember.

MARK

Did you hear what Sarah just said, Doctor?

DOCTOR

No, I'm sorry, did I miss something? What did she say?

Mark takes a seat.

MARK

It sounded as if she said, this was our last meeting. To help you figure out why I had murdered her. Why in the hell would she say something like that?

DOCTOR

Odd, you don't seem to remember the trial. That's what we're here to talk about. It's true. You murdered Sarah over a year ago, yet, you don't remember. Very Interesting.

Mark stands and grabs the Doctor by his shirt lifts him out of his chair.

MARK

I don't find it so fucking interesting! Sarah was just in the room with us not five minutes ago, and now she's in the waiting room.

DOCTOR

That is what your mind would have you believe, Mark! You still can't accept the fact that she's gone. If she's still alive then prove it to me, show me that Sarah's in the waiting room.

Mark drags the Doctor towards the door.

MARK

You want me to show you, I'll show you, Doctor! Then you'll see that--

They stand and leave the room only to discover he's in yet another location.

EXT. LONG WHITE HALLWAY

The hallway is dull white, and he can hear the cries of people, yet all he sees is the hall, and nothing more.

MARK

This doesn't look like the waiting room.

DOCTOR

You're in a sanatorium for the criminally insane. I had you placed here pending your final trial. You're still going for the insanity plea, correct?

MARK

You put me in a mental institution? I didn't murder my girlfriend! You're going to let me out of here or regret it!

DOCTOR

Listen to yourself, Mark. You claim you're not sane, but you just threatened my life. Face what you've done, and perhaps you can escape the death penalty.

Mark is grabbed from behind by two Orderlies.

MARK

Get off of me!

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark wakes with a shout gives a quick stare bedside, and sees Sarah.

MARK

Sarah, honey, we really need to talk. You would never believe the dream I just had. It was horrible. Honey?

He turns her over to discover she's dead, covered in blood, a knife rests at his side.

MARK

No!

He throws the knife across the room, and holds her body in his arms, rocks like an agitated child.

MARK

Sarah! I know. While I was asleep someone else killed her, and knocked me unconscious--

JOSHUA

Why would they kill Sarah and decide to let you live? That doesn't make a damn bit of sense.

Mark races into the bathroom turns on the faucet and light, tries to clean the blood off his hands.

Looks into the misty mirror he sees the reflection of the electric chair.

JOSHUA (O.S.)

Do you believe that inanimate objects can hold life? Get to know someone, even miss them after a long period of time?

MARK

You're trying to tell me the chair wants me back? That's crazy!

Joshua is no longer visible, and Mark realizes he's been talking to himself.

Joshua Thorn had never existed, he was an extension of Mark's unstable mind.

Only the image in the mirror is Joshua Thorn's.

JOSHUA (V.O.)  
You've finally caught on!

Joshua's words come from Mark's lips as he stares in the mirror. Still, the image is that of Joshua.

MARK  
God! No! I've taken on the traits  
of a murder. Did I kill Sarah after  
all?

JOSHUA (V.O.)  
Indeed you did, Mark! You seemed to  
enjoy every plunge as the blade  
sank into her flesh. I know that I  
enjoyed watching. Still, the police  
might feel differently.

MARK  
Who called the police?

Mark's mental image of Joshua appears by his side.

JOSHUA  
There lies the beauty; you did  
right after you killed, Sarah. You  
want to get caught, but there's a  
final thorn you must rid yourself  
of.

Joshua smiles.

MARK  
I think I know who it is, Joshua.  
Let's give the good Doctor a call.

MARK'S POV  
Mark never sees the Police cars,  
only the flash of red and blue  
lights beyond the windows.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He walks into the bedroom, and picks up the phone, dials the doctor.

DOCTOR (O.S.)  
Hello?

MARK  
Doctor! This is Joshua. . .I mean  
Mark! I've done something so  
horrible! Terrible!

DOCTOR (O.S.)

What have you done, Mark? Where are you now?

MARK

I've killed Sarah; I'm at home right now. There's blood all over, and the police are waiting outside. I don't know what to do!

DOCTOR (V.O.)

This could be another hallucination, Mark. Relax.

MARK

It's no freaking hallucination, Doctor! I woke with the knife at my side, and her body soaked in blood!

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Stay there! You realize I must contact the authorities, Mark.

MARK

They are already here, what do I do about them?

DOCTOR (V.O.)

They haven't said anything to you? Haven't asked you to come outside at all?

MARK

No. All I can see are the lights from my window.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Just stay in the house. Don't try and flee, Mark. Do you understand me?

MARK

We're not going anywhere, Doctor.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

We. . .Mark? Is there someone else there with you?

MARK

You might say that, Doctor. He's always been with me, they all have.

DOCTOR (V.O.)  
What? You're not making any sense,  
Mark. Try to remain calm. Your only  
chance is to give yourself up to  
the police.

MARK  
Well, I doubt very much that's  
going to happen, Doctor.

Mark drops the phone, and walks over to the window.

That's when he notices there are no police cars.

MARK  
The police aren't out there! You  
said --

There's a knock at the front door.

JOSHUA  
You're not that damn stupid. I know  
one call you did make though, time  
to wake to your reality, pal.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Mark wakes in the Doctor's office, the man talks, but the  
words become audible to him.

DOCTOR  
The police found Sarah's blood all  
over your hands. The fingerprints  
on the knife matched yours.  
Evidence that solid is all they  
need, Mark. It's out of my hands  
now.

MARK  
You're trying to tell me I murdered  
my girlfriend? We were just talking  
a moment ago!

INT. WHITE HALLWAY

He's in an orange murder suit, being lead down a hallway,  
held by two armed guards.

A pastor follows behind them.

MARK'S POV

On either side he only notices a white wall, yet he can hear the voices of inmates.

VOICE ONE

Dead man walking.

VOICE TWO

Time to take your turn at the seat,  
Langstrum.

VOICE THREE

Was it good killing your girl?  
Hell's stoking the fires, man.

Then he sees the cell door that leads to the execution room,  
and the electric chair.

The Pastor approaches Mark, and the guards halt.

PASTOR

Would you like for me to say a  
prayer of forgiveness for you, my  
Son?

MARK

Excuse me? Oh, no! No! I know  
what's going on now, I've done this  
myself. I'm about to be executed,  
aren't I?

GUARD ONE

Just accept your fate, Inmate. Do  
you have anything to say before we  
continue?

MARK

I'm innocent! You don't understand,  
I didn't kill anyone, if you don't  
believe me have Doctor Schneider  
call my house. Sarah will be back  
from work by now; you'll see I'm  
telling the truth.

The guard looks at Mark strange.

GUARD TWO

Doctor Schneider? Are you talking  
about Doctor Tom Schneider?

MARK

Yes! Of course! He's my shrink, he was just with me until --

GUARD TWO

Doctor Tom Schneider was killed in an automobile accident two years ago. Keep moving, Langstrum!

They open the cell door, they lead him to the chair.

Sit him down they begin to strap him in.

The dark hood is placed over his head.

MARK

He's dead?

GUARD ONE

Quiet, convict! Mark Langstrum, you've been found guilty, and sentenced to die by way of electrocution.

The sound of the switch being pulled is all Mark hears.

Yet, soon the sound is replaced with maniacal laughter.

Footsteps approach Mark's side, slow and drawn out.

VOICE

They just don't make'em like they used to. Do they, Langstrum? But, that's okay, just peachy to be honest.

The hood is pulled from Mark's head, he finds Joshua Thorn looks at him with a wicked smile.

JOSHUA

Surprised! How you managed to kill the guards is beyond me! But, did you have kill the Pastor too? God's going to frown on you for that one, pal.

MARK

Impossible! How could I have killed everyone? I'm strapped to this chair!

Joshua motions for Mark to look down at his hands.

JOSHUA

Really, you may be sitting in the chair, but you're not strapped down, pal.

Mark stares at his wrist, and indeed there not bound, but covered in blood of the dead men at his feet.

The handgun in his right hand is a mystery to him.

MARK

What! Where the hell did I get this gun? You're just trying to trick me, but, you are me!

JOSHUA

Then what have we done? Killed again? As I see it you've only one choice. The guards are on their way, and we're wasting time talking. Our only chance is to run for it, Langstrum. We can start fresh, out of state just you and I.

The sound of shouts, footsteps head in his direction.

MARK

There's no way out of a max security prison block! I'm. . . We're. . . Dead!

JOSHUA

Well, partner, don't worry to much about those guards. It just happens over and over and over.

MARK

What the hell are you talking about?

JOSHUA

You really have forgotten? Well, old friend, let me try to explain the situation. I wasn't going to tell you. But, I guess it's time now. On the night I was put to death, you were the next in line. You and I were murderers, partners, in life that is.

MARK

No! No! I won't believe such a story!

MARK(cont'd)

I executed scum like you for a living. I'd never stoop to a level so low! This is madness!

JOSHUA

You were shot to death after trying to escape from your own execution. The lightning has bound our souls forever. It forces us to relive these moments as punishment.

Two armed guards race into the room, weapons aimed at Mark.

Mark raises both hands in the air.

MARK

Wait! Don't Shoot! It's not what it looks--

The guards open fire upon Mark.

Despite all the bullets he feels nothing, and is struck with darkness.

JOSHUA (V.O.)

See you soon, buddy.

MARK LANGSTRUM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark bolts straight up with a shout, stares around the bedroom for any sign of the electric chair.

Mark stares at the clock which reads midnight.

MARK

Sweet Jesus! No! No!

FADE TO BLACK.