Running From A Dream

By

Marvin K. Perkins
FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

ALLAN LEBLANC(49), slightly built, balding, is sitting in a wine cellar, reading a newspaper 1950’s style.

The headline reads: DARK ONE STRIKES AGAIN.

Coming up to join him are three men. They laugh, Allan laughs as well.

The men are dressed in pen striped baggy suits, big hats pulled tightly on their heads.

He looks at the clock on the wall and sees it has reached the half-hour mark.

The men’s whole facial expressions turn menacing. Their mouths are hideous gashes, the laughter frozen on their lips, as they begin to beat Allan.

He tries to cry out for mercy, but can’t utter a sound.

Suddenly they stop the tormenting.

They all sit and laugh. Allan doesn’t laugh, face and body bloody and beaten.

HECTOR RODRIQUEZ, CURLY JOHNSON, AND RUBBER McMINN are his tormentors.

HECTOR
Tell us who you are, and where is the dark one.

ALLAN
I... I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Hector slaps him across the face a couple of times, Allan yells in pain.

CURLY
You think we’re playing... we’re not. You better start talking or it’s gonna get ugly. Now where is he?

ALLAN
I don’t know what you’re talking about. The dark one... what do you mean?
RUBBER
I don’t know about you mugs but I’m
tired of messing with him.

Rubber pulls out a pistol and puts it to Allan’s head.

RUBBER(CONT’D)
I’m gonna ask you one more time...

A bright light flashes, followed by complete darkness.

EXT. A FIELD SOMEWHERE – CONTINUOUS
Allan is hurled through the air, he lands in a field.

He looks around in amazement, his surroundings a blur that
quickly comes into focus, as a horse and rider almost run
over the top of him.

The rider is wearing armor like a medieval knight. He has a
sword in his hand, he does not see Allan.

The knight gallops his horse directly over where Allan is
standing. He looks to his right and sees another knight
approaching.

They are in the middle of one on one combat. Allan runs for
cover behind a rock. He peers out as the two riders approach
each other.

Then Allan sees him, a DARK FIGURE that seems to be only a
shadow. A nondescript being looking back and forth.

Allan ducks down further behind the rock, so the dark figure
cannot see him, a look of abject terror on his face.

The dark figure continues to look.

The two knights clash in mortal combat, swords and shields
clanging loudly.

One of the knights is knocked off his horse, the other
knight rushes up on him and kills him with one mighty swing
of his sword.

The knight’s head rolls on the ground, making an eerie
thump.

The victorious knight rides away.

The dark figure is there almost at the rock where Allan is
hiding.
Suddenly it begins to rain. A river explodes from nowhere. A torrent of rapidly running water sweeps Allan away.

He is carried down to a waterfall. He falls in mid-air screaming. But he stops like he is in a freeze frame.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The action starts back up. Allan is in the middle of a busy city street.

He looks up and is almost ran over by a city bus.

He turns to head down the street when over to the right he sees the dark figure again. A figure dark and menacing, a demon.

Allan starts to run, the dark one is in close pursuit.

He runs, checking over his shoulder to see if the figure is gaining on him.

He runs...

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allan wakes up with a start.

He rubs his head, his eyes red and bloodshot.

He stares at the ceiling, the moon's reflection flings a small oval of light.

Allan's wife ELLEN(45), somewhat overweight, sleeps beside him.

He closes his eyes, his face reflecting his obvious pain.

Ellen stirs, wakes up and looks at Allan compassionately.

ELLEN
You okay, hon?

ALLAN
My head, hurts like hell. I was thinking about taking another pill.

ELLEN
Now, Allan you know what the doctor said. Only one pill every six hours.
ALLAN
Yeah, well he’s not the one hurting. Okay, I’ll see if I can go back to sleep. You try to get some sleep too.

Ellen gives her husband a soft kiss on his cheek.

ELLEN
Sweet dreams...

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT
Allan is back in the cellar with the men in the baggy pen stripe suits.

They all smile, Allan smiles.

He looks at the clock on the wall again, it is near the half hour.

They start beating him again.

RUBBER
This is your final warning. Then I start blasting.

Rubber still has the pistol up to Allan’s head.

From nowhere the dark figure appears and tosses the three men around like rag dolls.

Allan runs.

The dark one follows.

Allan is suddenly in a maze of tall bushes and under brush. He is lost. He looks behind him and can see the dark figure gaining on him.

He finally makes his way out into a clearing and is running for his life. At the other side of the clearing is his wife Ellen, waving him towards her.

He runs...

All at once he is tumbling down a mountain, he can’t stop.
INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT
Allan wakes up screaming in the kitchen, he looks around bewildered.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - ONE WEEK EARLIER - DAY
Allan lays trembling on the hospital bed.

DR. NORMAN(50), intelligent looking, goatee, horn rimmed glasses, enters the room.

He toys with the flowers in the vase on the bureau, his face turned away.

A nurse enters with a pill for Allan.

She helps Allan sit up and administers him the pill.

Allan sinks back down after the nurse leaves the room.

He looks at the doctor, sensing he has something important to say.

ALLAN
The X-rays, did they show anything?

DR. NORMAN
The tumor...It’s grown.

ALLAN
A tumor?

Dr. Norman turns to face Allan.

DR. NORMAN
The size of a walnut. You can go home tomorrow.

ALLAN
You mean you don’t have to operate?

DR. NORMAN
An operation won’t do it...It’s inoperable I’m afraid.

ALLAN
What do we do?

DR. NORMAN
We’re going to try a few things. Chemotherapy will help. And we’ll give you medicine...Steroids.
ALLAN
I can go home tomorrow?

DR. NORMAN
Well, you can take the medicine just as well at home and come here twice a week for the treatments. They’ll only take a few minutes. Try to relax, the pill will take effect in a few minutes.

Allan turns on the bed as the doctor leaves.

The March sun is dazzling as it splashes through the window, striking him on the face.

He closes his eyes, waits for sleep to come.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Allan is sitting by the window in the kitchen looking at the naked branches of the elm trees, watching the cars go by on his street aimlessly.

Ellen is on the phone in the living room, her voice can be heard rising and falling, her words indistinguishable.

She ends her conversation and returns to the kitchen, smiling softly at Allan as she starts preparing supper.

ELLEN
It’s not the end of the world, Allan. You always said yourself that the best time was ahead. We’ve got the car, there’s a lot of things we can do.

ALLAN
What do we use for money? The disability check is only fourteen hundred dollars a month. How far is that going to go?

ELLEN
I’ve been thinking, maybe I could go back to work.

Allan closes his eyes for a moment.

ELLEN(CONT’D)
Well, it’ll all work out. Maybe the chemo will do it and you’ll be back to work yourself.
Allan shakes his head, a tear trickles down his cheek.

    ALLAN
    I hope you’re right Ellen. A man
dies a little when he gives up
work. He loses a part of his soul
that he never gets back.

The telephone jangles, the sound startles Allan, he starts
to tremble.

Ellen goes to answer it.

Their daughter SUSAN, away at college is on the line.

    SUSAN(V.O.)
    Mom, how are you this
morning...how’s dad?

    ELLEN
    Oh, he’s doing okay...as well as to
be expected I guess.

    SUSAN(V.O.)
    I need to talk to him about
something.

Ellen hands the phone to Allan.

    ELLEN
    Susan, would like to talk to you
dear.

    ALLAN
    Hello...

    SUSAN(V.O.)
    Hello, dad? How are you doing? I
heard about the tumor. I’m so
scared for you. Are you going to be
all right? Are they going to
operate? What does the doctor say?

    ALLAN
    Hold on Susan, one question at a
time. I’m okay, I’m on pain
medication. The doctor said they
can’t operate. The tumor is
inoperable They’re giving me
chemotheraphy The doctor is
optimistic..I don’t know.
SUSAN (V.O.)
You’ll be fine dad... Dad with everything that’s happening, I’ve made the decision, I’m not going back to school this spring.

ALLAN
Susan, how can you give up college? You’ve got a scholarship. You could make something of yourself. How are you going to be an artist and work on those big magazines like you said, if you don’t stay in school.

SUSAN (V.O.)
I’ve made up my mind, so you might as well get used to seeing me around the house. Besides there’s plenty of time.

ALLAN
Mother, would you see if you can talk some sense into your daughter.

Allan hands the phone back to Ellie.

ELLEN
(talking to Allan)
I don’t know what you want me to say to her. You know how your daughter can be when she makes up her mind.

(to Susan)
Susan, you do what you feel is right. We’ll see you when you get home. Talk to you later, bye.

SUSAN (V.O.)
Bye mom, tell dad I’ll see him soon.

Allan goes back to looking out the window, Ellen returns to her supper preparation.

ALLAN
No... It couldn’t be.

An ominous shadow crosses his front yard. It stands as if it is peering in their front window.
EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

An unidentified dark individual looks through Allan’s window.

He laughs. Then he is gone.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Allan jumps out of his chair. He yells to Ellen.

    ALLAN
Ellen, Ellen come here... quick!

Ellen runs over to Allan thinking he is having a heart attack or something.

Allan is pointing out the window, a look of terror on his face.

    ELLEN
Allan, are you okay?

    ALLAN
I saw him. He’s here. Oh my God, how could he find me here?

    ELLEN
Who is here? What are you talking about?

    ALLAN
The... the thing... from my dreams. He’s here... He’s found me.

    ELLEN
Calm down, Allan. Sit down, sweet heart. Let me get you a glass of water. Just sit down, calm down, honey. No one’s there.

Allan sits back down in the chair and looks out the window. No one is there.

Ellen comes back in with a glass of water.

    ALLAN
Must be those damn pain pills. They’ve got me having bad dreams. Did I tell you about the dreams?
ELLEN
No dear, maybe later. You just relax now. I’ll be right here if you need me.

INT. CELLAR - THAT SAME NIGHT
Allan dreams he is in the same cellar, the three thugs are questioning him again.

RUBBER
We know you know where he is and you better tell us.

HECTOR
That’s right, don’t make us get rough.

Allan is aware again that the clock on the wall is half past the hour.
The men smile at Allan, he smiles as well.
The dark figure again appears from nowhere.
This time he joins the other three men. He laughs.
He is in Allan’s face, he is no more than a shadow, with red piercing eyes.

DARK FIGURE
I know who you are. Where you live. I came to visit you today. I know you saw me. I will come again. You will get to know me better. So will your wife and your daughter.

He laughs uncontrollably.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT
Allan screams.
Ellen is shaking him.

ELLEN
Allan, Allan wake up. Allan...

Allan wakes up, wild eyed and looking like he’s seen a ghost.
ALLAN
God, save me. He’s coming to get me... he’s knows where we live. He coming to get you... and Susan too.

ELLEN
Honey, it was just a bad dream.

ALLAN
No... no you got to believe me. It was real...

Ellen holds him tight, like a little child, rocking him.

ELLEN
It’s all right, sweet heart. It was just a bad dream. You just go back to sleep. I won’t let anything happen to you.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE – DAY
Allan sits on the bed in his doctor’s office.

DR. NORMAN comes in, rustles through a chart.

DR. NORMAN
Allan, I’m very concerned about what I’m seeing here. The tumor has grown since your last visit. This is obviously not a good sign. Looks like the chemo isn’t working as well as I hoped.

ALLAN
The pain is unbearable Doctor. And the nightmares from the medication you gave me are worst than the pain.

DR. NORMAN
Nightmares? Very unusual.

ALLAN
Yes, horrible nightmares. Sometimes I wake up, I’m not even in my bed, I could be any damn place. And hallucinations as well. I’m losing my mind. You’ve got to help me, Doc.
DR. NORMAN
Well I could recommend a good psychotherapist, but I’m sure it wouldn’t be covered under your insurance. I know you can’t afford to pay out of your pocket. Maybe I could change your medication, that might help.

ALLAN
Thanks doctor.

DR. NORMAN
Now come on in the other room, it’s time for your treatment.

The doctor opens the door that says "CHEMOTHERAPY", and motions for Allan to come in. He shuts the door behind them.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Allan walks through the door looking like hell. He starts to head up to his bedroom when he hears a voice from the living room.

SUSAN(O.S)
Daddy, daddy, is that you?

ALLAN
Yes...Oh my God Susan...you’re home?

SUSAN(19) blond, preppy, runs and gives her dad a big hug and kiss.

She is followed by Ellen and an individual not known to Allan, Susan’s new boy friend, BRIAN KIRKPATRICK.

He has long stringy black hair, ear rings in both ears, tattoos, and is wearing faded blue jeans with holes in the knees.

SUSAN
Dad, it’s so good to see you. Let me look at you.

She releases her hug on Allan and stands back a couple of feet.

SUSAN(CONT’D)
Well you look good, not sick at all.
ALLAN
Well, that’s up for debate. I feel like hell, let me tell you.

SUSAN
Oh, excuse my manners. This is my friend Brian, Brian Kirkpatrick. Brian... my dad...

Brian steps over and extends his hand. Allan reluctantly shakes it. Giving Brian the once over.

BRIAN
Nice to meet you Mr. Leblanc.

ALLAN
Yeah, nice to meet you Brian.

ELLEN
So what did the doctor say?

ALLAN
He said I needed to see a shrink, which we can’t afford, and he gave me a prescription for some more pills... Damn pills, that’s what killing me now. God, I’m so tired.

ELLEN
I know dear. Come on I’ll help you upstairs to bed.

Ellen grabs Allan up under his arm and they start up the stairs. Allan turns back around.

ALLAN
Again nice to meet you Brian. Hate to leave the party, it’s just getting started, but I’m a very sick man I’m afraid. Susan, I’ll talk to you some more after I take a long nap.

BRIAN
Yes sir, nice to meet you.

SUSAN
Talk to you later, dad. Sweet dreams.
INT. GRUNGY NIGHT CLUB - THAT SAME EVENING

Brian and Susan are sitting at a table in a smoke filled grunge club.

Loud rock music is playing, Susan and Brian are kissing.

Susan is dressed in a black outfit, bare mid-drift, short skirt and tall boots. She has an earring in her nose, several in each ear, and her bare arms reveal several tattoos.

*SUSAN*
I sure am glad they bought that story about me wanting to come home because dad was sick. They wouldn’t believe I got kicked out of school. They think I’m this perfect little angel.

*BRIAN*
Yeah, little do they know. Besides I need a place to crash for a while myself.

*SUSAN*
Oh... I don’t know. You better give me a couple of days. Mom would probably say it was all right. But dad... I don’t think he liked you.

*BRIAN*
How can you say that... He just met me.

*SUSAN*
I know dad. I could tell the way he was looking at you.

*BRIAN*
Apparently you don’t know how charming I can be when I want to.

*SUSAN*
Yeah, well I know about this...

She gives Brian a long passionate kiss.

*BRIAN*
You sure as hell do... You think you can at least sneak me in the house tonight. I want you to finish that thought, if you know what I mean.
Susan hits Brian on the shoulder playfully.

Susan:
You are so bad... That’s why I love you.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Allan is again in the cellar. He is tied to a chair.
Only one tormentor is there, the Dark Figure.
His face is inches from Allan’s.
Allan recoils from his foul breath.

Dark Figure:
I’ve got you now... and soon I’ll have your whole family.

Allan struggles to get away but his restraint is too tight.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Susan quietly opens the front door with Brian in tow.
They make their way across the living room to Susan’s bedroom.

Susan’s Bedroom

Susan plops down on her bed with a sigh.
Brian eases in next to her and immediately begins kissing her on the neck.

Susan pushes him off, with a disgusted look.

Susan:
Damn Brian... could you give me a minute.

Brian:
Come on baby, I’ve been waiting all day.

Susan:
We’ve got to be quiet, remember...
My folks are upstairs.

Brian starts kissing her and taking off her shirt.
BRIAN
I’m gonna be quiet, real quiet...
Owooo! Till I cum. Then I can’t
make any promises.

SUSAN
You are so bad...

Susan starts kissing him back.
They make love.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT
Allan is still struggling to get away from the Dark Figure.
The dark figure’s eyes turn red and burn like hot coals,
searing into Allan’s soul.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Allan screams. He wakes up in the living room, feeling dazed
and confused. He staggers back up the stairs.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - SUSAN’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Susan and Brian are just finishing up their love making,
when they hear a loud scream.

BRIAN
What the hell?

SUSAN
Oh, don’t worry, that was just dad,
having one of his nightmares.

BRIAN
Jesus Christ, scared the shit out
of me.

SUSAN
Might as well get used to it, if
you’re going to be hanging around
here.

BRIAN
I could get used to this...

Brian starts kissing Susan again.
SUSAN
Hold on, hold on... I got to go pee.

BRIAN
Aw shit!

Susan rolls out of bed and goes to the bathroom in her room.

Brian turns over and lays in the bed.

There is a rustling sound in the bathroom, followed by what sounds like breaking glass.

BRIAN
What the... Susan... Susan...

A muffled scream comes from inside the bathroom.

BRIAN(CONT’D)
Are you okay, Susan?

He jumps up and runs to the bathroom door, he beats excitedly.

BRIAN(CONT’D)
Susan, Susan... open the door.

The door opens up with an eerie creak.

No one is there.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan is gone, the bathroom window is smashed, blood is everywhere.

Brian looks around at the scene in terror, turns and runs from the bathroom.

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

He bolts out of the front door, not even bothering to close it.

Brian jumps in his car, pulls out of the driveway and screeches down the street.
INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ellen is awakened by the noise downstairs. She shakes Allan.

ELLEN
Allan... Allan, did you hear that?

She shakes him again, he finally wakes up.

ALLAN
What... What?

ELLEN
Did you hear that? I thought I heard something downstairs.

ALLAN
Probably just the kids. Go on back to sleep.

ELLEN
I thought I heard a crash and someone run out of the front door. Go down and check it out. Would you dear, please.

ALLAN
Oh, okay, if it’ll make you feel better. I’m telling you it’s just Susan.

Allan drags himself reluctantly out of bed, and heads downstairs.

He immediately notices the front door is wide open.

ALLAN
Susan... Susan...

He looks around but doesn’t see anyone. He closes the front door.

ALLAN(CONT’D)
That’s odd...

He walks down the hallway to Susan’s bedroom.

He slowly pushes the door open.
INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - SUSAN’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allan looks around Susan’s room, there are obvious signs that she was there.

The covers on the bed are tossed, Susan’s panties and bra laying haphazardly on the floor.

ALLAN
Susan... Susan are you here?

Nothing.

Allan starts to tremble, he sees the light on in the bathroom.

He slowly opens the door.

ALLAN
Susan... honey are you here... Are you all right?

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters the bathroom and gasps from the sheer shock of the bloody scene.

The shower curtain is ripped down and the window is knocked out, shards of glass everywhere on the floor.

Allan screams.

ALLAN
ELLEN!

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Police cars are everywhere parked outside the Leblanc residence, lights flashing, the crackling sounds of the police radios squawking.

Neighbors are standing in the street and the yard, straining to hear what is going on. They talk among themselves in whispers.

A white unmarked police car pulls up.

Two men get out, they flash detective badges casually at the uniformed officers protecting the crime scene, that is blocked off with the customary yellow tape.
The two detectives step under the tape and head to the Leblanc residence’s front door.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Allan and Ellen are sitting on the couch in the living room. He is comforting Ellen, who is weeping uncontrollably.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - NIGHT
Susan is tied with her hands over her head to an overhead pipe by a piece of rope.
She is gagged, a look of horror on her face.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Detectives JOHN CARSON and CHUCK BROWN come through the front door and introduce themselves.
Carson is an African American in his fifties, old out of style wrinkled suit hanging on his over weight frame.
Chuck is white, mid-thirties, dark brown hair, and wearing a stylish custom made ensemble.

CARSON
I’m Detective Carson and this is my partner Detective Brown.

ALLAN
Good to meet you detectives. Please... have a seat.

Ellen doesn’t say anything, she is still crying.

The detectives sit down in a couple of chairs facing Allan and Ellen.

CHUCK
I know this is hard... but could you tell us what happened this evening. Start at the beginning and don’t leave anything out, no matter how trivial you think it might be.

ALLAN
Well, we ate dinner around six. We watched the news and a movie. An
ALLAN
old Alfred Hitchcock, I think it was... and we went to bed around ten.

CARSON
Was your daughter Susan home?

Ellen blows her nose with a tissue and is finally able to speak.

ELLEN
No... she went out around eight... I think it was, with her new boyfriend, Brian.

CHUCK
And what time did she and this Brian come back home?

ALLAN
Well we were asleep... We didn’t actually hear them come in... Susan’s bedroom is downstairs, so she can come in and we really can’t hear her upstairs.

ELLEN
But there was evidence that she had come home in her bedroom.

ALLAN
Yes, when I went in there, her under clothes were scattered on the floor and her bed was a mess... then I went in the bathroom and saw all the blood and the broken window.

CHUCK
This Brian... How well do you know him?

ELLEN
Today was the first time we met him. Susan never mentioned him before.

ALLAN
I didn’t like the looks of him, let me tell you. Long hair, ear rings, tattoos. I don’t know what our Susan wanted with such a boy.
Chuck had his Ipad and is punching in information as they speak.

CHUCK
So this Brian character... Do you know his last name?

ELLEN
Kirkpatrick, I believe it was...
Isn’t that right dear.

ALLAN
Yeah, that sounds right.
Kirkpatrick. If he’s taken my little girl, you better catch him before I do, let me tell you.

CARSON
Now, calm down, Mr. Leblanc. We’re going to get to the bottom of this.

CHUCK
That’s right, so not to worry. I’m sure she’s somewhere with this Brian. She’ll probably turn up tomorrow sometime.

ALLAN
If she does... after I get through hugging her... I’m gonna kill her.

ELLEN
Now Allan...

The detectives get up to leave.

ELLEN(CONT’D)
Oh one thing I forgot to mention. I was woken up by what sounded like a crash and the front door opening. When Allan went downstairs, the front door was wide open.

ALLAN
That’s right... I thought it was very odd at the time.

CARSON
Okay, we don’t know what any of this means yet. The forensic people are going over the bedroom and the bathroom. We’ll know better tomorrow when the results come back.
Chuck gives them one of his cards.

CHUCK
If you think of anything else, don’t hesitate to call.

The two detectives say their good nights and leave.

INT. BASEMENT SOMEWHERE – NIGHT

Susan is hanging up by her arms, her eyes are wild and dilated.

A hooded figure in black stands in front of her. His face is hidden, he wears dark sunglasses.

INT. DETECTIVE’S OFFICE – DAY

Carson and Chuck sit at their desks in the homicide office. Not much of an office, just old desks, chairs, phones and computers.

The place is busy with the activity of detectives going about their day to day routine.

Chuck is on the computer and Carson is going through a stack of reports.

CHUCK
Well what do you think, boss?

CARSON
I think... I don’t know what to think.

CHUCK
What does that mean, exactly?

CARSON
It means... I don’t know what the hell we’ve got here yet.

CHUCK
One thing for sure is, the girl is missing.

CARSON
Yeah, we know that much... but is she dead, kidnapped, or did she just run away. That’s what we don’t know.
CHUCK
A lot of the facts just don’t add up. The father says he came into the girl’s room and the covers were a mess, under garments scattered about on the floor. Then later on the wife decides to mention the front door was open when the father went down to investigate.

CARSON
Yeah, and according to the uniforms that were first on the scene, there was blood on the floor and tub and the curtain was ripped down. The window was broken out... But here’s the weird part. The window was broken from the inside.

CHUCK
 Damn... that is weird... So if she was abducted, her assailant was already in the tub, waiting for her.

CARSON
And if it was the boyfriend who took her, why would he break out the bathroom window, doesn’t make sense.

CHUCK
We’ve got to find this boyfriend... what’s his name?

Carson fumbles through some notes on his desk.

CARSON
Brian Kirkpatrick... that’s the little prick’s name. The father said he was a real piece of work.

Chuck brings up some information on the computer screen.

CHUCK
Damn, this case is getting stranger by the minute. They tested the blood found at the scene and it was O+. But get this... the girl’s blood type is A-. It wasn’t the girls blood they found.
CARSON
Jesus Christ, whose blood was it then?

CHUCK
Would have to be the boyfriend or our kidnapper.

Carson shuffles through his papers some more.

CARSON
Ah... here’s what I’m looking for. Latent dusted the whole house for prints. Of course they found the prints of the people that live there. But... they found prints all over the bedroom that didn’t belong to a family member and they didn’t belong to any Brian Kirkpatrick either.

CHUCK
Who the hell did they belong to?

CARSON
It says here the prints belong to a Randall Johnson. He was in the system... got arrested last year for possession of narcotics with intent to sell. Long Beach Police have a warrant for his arrest.

CHUCK
Is there an address?

CARSON
Yeah, last known address is up in Long Beach.

CHUCK
Well what the hell are waiting for, let’s go find this guy.

CARSON
I’ll drive.

Carson and Chuck head out the door.
INT. RESIDENCE OF RANDALL JOHNSON - DAY

Kirk a.k.a. Randall Johnson is frantically packing a bag. All his earthly possessions he finally crams into a large suitcase, and rushes out his front door.

EXT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Randall jumps in his old Toyota and peels out.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

Susan is in the basement, gagged, eyes fluttering in her head. Her beautiful face tormented from the pain and fear. Her abductor is in the shadows working at his work bench, a power saw hums in the otherwise quiet room.

There are pieces of wood stacked on his bench.

A nail gun sits on the table.

An overhead light flickers, his silhouette reflects eerily on the wall.

EXT. RANDALL JOHNSON’S RESIDENCE - DAY

Carson and Chuck arrive at Johnson’s apartment. With them is ALBERTO GOMEZ, the apartment manager and two uniform officer from the Long Beach Police Department.

The uniforms take up position on both sides of the door.

Chuck stands behind Carson as he knocks loudly on Johnson’s door.

      CARSON
      Police, Mr. Johnson... we have a search warrant.

Carson knocks again even louder.

      CARSON(CONT’D)
      Open up or we’ll knock it down.

Not a sound.

Chuck motions to Mr. Gomez.
CHUCK
Go ahead and unlock the door, Mr. Gomez.

GOMEZ
Okay... anything you say, senor... You have warrant, so I guess it will be all right.

Mr. Gomez unlocks the door, the uniforms rush in guns drawn. They look around the whole apartment, no one is there. The place is a mess like someone left in a hurry.

CARSON
Damn it... Looks like we just missed this son of bitch... shit.

CHUCK
Looks that way boss.

There is mail scattered on the table. Chuck picks a couple up and reads the name.

CHUCK(CONT’D)
Yep... It’s Randall Johnson.

They look around some more, tearing through closets and drawers.

CARSON
Well, there’s nothing. I don’t see anything to suggest that the girl has been here.

Chuck happens to see something of interest on the table. He opens it.

CHUCK
Well what do we have here... A pay stub... A damn head shop down on Cherry Street. Sounds like a place this creep would work.

CARSON
Let’s pay the place a visit. I’m sure he’s not dumb enough to be there, but maybe we can get a line on where he hangs out.
CHUCK
Let’s go... I’m driving.

CARSON
Shit... all right.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

Allan is at the doctor’s office for his bi-weekly chemo treatment.

As usual Dr. Norman comes out and motions Allan into the treatment room.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Norman and Allan are alone in the room.

It is filled with medical machines, tables, and trays with assorted surgical tools.

DR. NORMAN
Have a seat Allan, you know the routine.

Allan sits down in a chair with restraints for his wrists and head.

Dr. Norman straps him in.

He puts a set of headphones on Allan’s head.

Dr. Norman walks to a nearby table and draws a syringe of medication from a bottle.

He raises it up and taps it to clear the air bubbles.

He goes over to where Allan is seated and injects the medication into his arm.

DR. NORMAN (CONT’D)
Now, be very still... don’t move.

INT. SMOKEY’S HEAD SHOP - DAY

Carson and Chuck are greeted by a tinkling bell, as they enter the sleazy establishment, filled with all types of drug paraphernalia.

Bongs, water pipes, rolling papers, anything you can imagine is there for the asking.
CARSON
Jesus Christ, will you look at all this shit.

CHUCK
You would think marijuana was legal.

Both of the detectives look around in amazement as they make their way to the sales counter.

SMOKEY, tattooed, with nose and ear rings, and long blond hair, is behind the counter.

SMOKEY
Could I help you gentleman? No... no wait I know you’re cops so... I didn’t do it... I’ve been here all day.

He laughs like he’s probably been living up to his name.

CARSON
Very funny, asshole. As a matter of fact we are cops.

Chuck and Carson flash their badges right on cue.

CHUCK
We’re looking for one of your employees... Randall Johnson. Did he come in to work today?

SMOKEY
Randall... Johnson? Never heard of him.

CARSON
Knock off the bullshit. We know he works here. Have you seen him?

SMOKEY
Oh, Randall Johnson... No I haven’t seen him man.

CHUCK
Do you know where we could find him?

SMOKEY
At his crib I guess... or with his new girl friend... this hot college girl named Susan. I don’t know where she lives...
Carson hands Smokey a card.

CARSON
If you see him, tell him to give us a call. We have a few questions for him.

Smokey pops to attention and gives the two detectives a half-ass salute.

SMOKEY
Will do... officers.

He is still laughing as Chuck and Carson leave the shop.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS
Chuck and Carson sit in their car for a minute planning their next move.

CHUCK
Damn... where to now boss?

CARSON
That little shit is around here somewhere. Let’s just hang out here for a little while... maybe he’ll be dumb enough to show.

CHUCK
Yeah he might just be that stupid.

The detectives sit for a minute, Carson finally breaks the silence.

CARSON
Hell, this is a waste of time... He’s not going to show. You up for a In and Out burger?

CHUCK
Hell yeah... animal style. Let’s roll.

Chuck starts up the engine and looks to his left through the window. He turns the engine off.

CHUCK(CONT’D)
Carson... take a look at this.

They see a man fitting Randall’s description going into the head shop.
CARSON
Could be our boy.

CHUCK
Let’s check it out.

EXT. CHERRY STREET - CONTINUOUS

They bail out of the car and head across the street towards the shop.
Chuck and Carson are almost there when Randall opens the door part way.
He bursts out of the door and heads off running down the street.

CARSON
Damn he’s running... Stop police...

CHUCK
Let’s get him.

The detectives take off after Randall.
Carson only makes it a hundred or so yards down the street before he is bent over huffing.
Chuck continues chase.
They run across the street dodging oncoming traffic.
Randall ducks down an alley, Chuck is gaining on him.
Randall is not in as good a shape as the detective and Chuck catches him from behind, tackles him and brings him to the ground.
He cuffs him and helps Randall to his feet.

CHUCK
Why you running? We just wanted to ask you a couple of questions.

RANDALL
I got a warrant... This ain’t about my warrant?

CHUCK(CONT’D)
Nope... This is about Susan Leblanc.
RANDALL
Susan?

CHUCK (CONT’D)
Yeah, Susan. We’re going to the station and have a long talk about her.

RANDALL
Not too long... cause I don’t know shit.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY
Allan is in his favorite kitchen chair watching the traffic going by.
Ellen is cooking dinner, chopping vegetables and putting them in a pan.
Allan doses off...

INT. CELLAR - DAY
Allan is again in the wine cellar. He is alone, reading a newspaper from the nineteen fifties.
He browses care freely through the paper.
Allan is suddenly upset, a look of fear transcends the smile that was on his face.
The headline reads: DARK ONE CAUGHT. LOCAL MAN ALLAN LEBLANC CHARGED IN MULTIPLE HOMICIDES.
His is the face of unbelief and terror, as he drops the paper.
It floats to the floor in slow motion.
He starts to run, his feet bogged down in wet cement.
Allan is sinking as if he is in quick sand.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Allan wakes up.
He has his hands around Ellen’s throat strangling her.
Ellen is gasping for air.
Allan realizes what he is doing and releases his grasp. He puts his face in his hands.

ALLAN
Oh my God... Ellen I am so sorry. What is happening to me? Oh dear God... Ellen... You know I would never hurt you.

Ellen gasping for air, sits down in a chair. Allan sits down, tears stream down his face.

ELLEN
Oh my Lord... I thought you were going to kill me, Allan. What the hell is wrong with you? I’ve never seen you like that.

ALLAN
It’s the nightmares, terrible nightmares. You just don’t know Ellen. It’s like I’m possessed. I don’t know what I’m doing any more.

ELLEN
We’ve got to get you help, no matter how much it cost. You’re not getting any better from the treatments.

ALLAN
Dr. Norman says in time, the treatments will work. I just have to trust him.

ELLEN
Well I don’t trust him. I want to talk to him about your treatments and the medication he has you taking.

ALLAN
He’s not going to like you interfering.

ELLEN
I don’t give a damn. I’m your wife. I have a right to know about my own husband.
ALLAN
Okay, you can come with me tomorrow.

INT. LBPD INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
Carson, Chuck and Randall sit in the interrogation room, comprised of four chairs and a table surrounded by glass.
A heated conversation is in progress.

CARSON
Where’s the girl Randall? We know you were the last one to see her.

CHUCK
If you give her up now we might think about not charging you with kidnapping.

RANDALL
Kidnapping? You guys should really lay off the crack. I don’t know what happened to Susan... but I didn’t take her anywhere. I wish to God I did know what happened to her.

CARSON
But you were with her last night?

RANDALL
Yeah... I was with her.

CHUCK
Okay... walk us through your evening.

RANDALL
All right... I picked her up at her folk’s house around eight. We went to this jamming bar... had a few brews... a few laughs, you know.

CARSON
Okay, go on...

RANDALL(CONT’D)
And then around midnight, we went back to her place. We got it on for a while. Then she says all of sudden she had to take a piss.
CHUCK
And then what Randall?

RANDALL
That’s when everything got weird...
I mean really weird, man. I hear
glass breaking and a muffled
scream... or that’s what it sounded
like. I beat on the door but she
didn’t answer.

Randall is sweating profusely and takes a drink from a glass
of water on the table.

RANDALL(CONT’D)
And then... creepy as hell, the
door just came open. I walked in
the bathroom... There was glass and
blood everywhere.

CHUCK
And what did you do Randall?

RANDALL
I ain’t gonna lie to you, I ran
like hell. I came on back up here
and packed a bag. But I swear I
didn’t do anything to that girl.
Hell, I dig her man. Why would I
hurt her? You should ask that crazy
old man of her’s.

CARSON
What do you mean Randall? What
about Susan’s father?

RANDALL
That mother fucker is crazy as
hell. He has dreams and screams
like a banshee. He had one last
night when I was with Susan...
scared the shit out of me. He
sounded like he was close... you
know downstairs. But I didn’t see
him when I left.

CHUCK
Okay... what you’re saying is you
were with Susan last night... You
were intimate... she had to use the
restroom. You heard glass breaking
and a muffled scream. When you went
in the bathroom... She was gone. Is
that your story?
RANDALL
That’s my story, and it’s the truth
God dammit.

CARSON
Okay, okay, calm down. We believe
you. Cause, I have to admit it
wouldn’t make any sense for you to
break out the bathroom window, just
to kidnap the girl.

CHUCK
Yeah...I agree. That’s all we got
for you now...

The two detectives get up to leave.

CARSON
But the Long Beach Police I
believe, want to ask you a few
questions.

RANDALL
Shit...

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - NIGHT

A girl is laid out on a wooden rack, her feet and hands
securely tied with rope.

A dark shadowy figure cranks the mechanism that stretches
her body, she trembles with pain.

She can not cry out, her mouth is taped shut, but fear and
pain screams from her face and eyes.

The dark figure cranks again, the girl passes out from the
pain.

The girl lays languid as she is removed from the torturous
device and tied back up to the overhead pipes by her arms.

Susan still tied up by her arms watches the scene, tears
roll down her face, her body trembles.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

Ellen and Allan enter Doctor Norman’s office. It is deserted
except for the receptionist.

Momentarily the doctor comes out of his private office.
DR. NORMAN
Good morning Allan... Hello Ellen, good to see you. So how are we doing today... sleeping well.

Ellen suddenly bursts into the conversation.

ELLEN
Hell no, he’s not sleeping well. I don’t know what the hell you’re doing to my husband, but he damned near killed me yesterday.

DR. NORMAN
Now calm down Ellen, I’m sure there’s a logical explanation for his behavior... Come on back in my office, so we can talk in private... Allan you stay outside for a minute.

INT. DR. NORMAN’S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Norman closes the door behind them and motions for Ellen to have a seat.

DOCTOR
Ellen, what seems to be troubling you? You know I am doing everything I can to help Allan get better?

ELLEN
Well that’s just the point, doctor. He’s not getting better. He’s having terrible nightmares... sleep walking... Hell doctor, he almost killed me yesterday.

DR. NORMAN
Killed you? Don’t be absurd Mrs. Leblanc. I’m trying a new approach with Allan and there might be some side effects. His treatment is in what you might say... an experimental stage.

ELLEN
Well, my husband is not a guinea pig. I don’t want you experimenting on him.
DR. NORMAN
You’ve got to trust me... Allan does...

ELLEN
Yeah... well that’s the problem, I don’t trust you. I’m going to go to the medical board about this so called treatment of yours... I’m going to make sure they take your medical license and you’re never able to hurt anyone ever again.

DR. NORMAN
No Ellen. I don’t think you want to do that. I am Allan’s one and only hope... I implore you to reconsider.

ELLEN
No, I will not... I’m taking Allan to a real doctor. I’m sure you’ll be hearing from the medical board.

Ellen gets up and heads to the door.

DR.NORMAN
Ellen... Mrs. Leblanc...

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Ellen comes bursting out of door.

ELLEN
Come on Allan... we’re leaving...

A shocked Allan follows her out the door.

INT. DETECTIVE’S OFFICE - DAY
Chuck and Carson are back in the office, Chuck at the computer, Carson going through a stack of papers on his desk.

CHUCK
Damn Carson, we still got a sum total of nothing on this case.

CARSON
Hell, we got less than nothing. We don’t know for sure if the girl is
CARSON
alive or dead or where the hell she is.

CHUCK
I know something bad has happened to her, but what. This Randall character seems as lost as we are.

CARSON
Yeah. I believe his story. That dude looked really scared for real. I’m sure he doesn’t know where the girl is.

CHUCK
What do you think about the father? Randall said he was having some issues... might be something to check out. He may know more than he’s saying.

CARSON
He and the wife say they were in bed. But one thing that Randall said is curious. He said that when the father screamed from his nightmare he seemed close... like he was downstairs.

CHUCK
Yeah, I think we need to have a little talk with Mr. Leblanc. Maybe there are some things he’s not telling us.

CARSON
Let’s go... I’m driving.

CHUCK
Oh, all right... You always want to drive.

CARSON
Yeah, I want to get to my destination in one piece, thank you.

The detectives get up to leave when a UNIFORMED OFFICER comes in with a small package for them.

The box is from the San Diego Museum, no return address.
UNIFORMED OFFICER
Whew... I see I just caught you
guys... I got a package for you.

The officer shakes the box and laughs.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT’D)
Hope it’s not a bomb or anthrax powder or some shit. It’s not ticking at any rate.

CARSON
All right wise ass... Just put it on the desk and be on your merry way. Thank you.

The two detectives both look at the box apprehensively.

CHUCK
Now what in the hell is in this box.

He picks the box up and examines it, he shakes it, and puts it up to his right ear.

CHUCK (CONT’D)
Well... He’s right it’s not ticking.

CARSON
Hell, give it here... I’ll open it.

CHUCK
No I got it... Here goes.

Chuck carefully unwraps the package. He gives a sigh of relief. It didn’t blow up.

But his relief is short lived, for what he sees is so alarming, he drops the box on the floor.

CARSON
What the hell Chuck?

Carson bends down and picks the box up, he as well has a look of shock on his face.

Along with a note is a bloody human hand.

CARSON (CONT’D)
Jesus Christ, Mother Mary of God.
Both of the detectives stand looking at the hand in disbelief.

    CHUCK
    Fuck me...

    CARSON
    Now there’s something you don’t see everyday.

    CHUCK
    I have to ask... what does the note say?

Carson’s hands are shaking as he unwraps the note from the bloody hand.

A drop of blood drips off the package and hits the floor.

He starts to read.

    CARSON
    Thought I’d give you a hand with one of your missing person’s cases.
    I have her, and two more, oh such pretty faces. Like my father, so the son, I am called the Dark One.
    In case you don’t know who I am as of yet, just Google my father on the internet. Signed THE DARK ONE.
    P.S. Some one you know will die tonight. Have a good day...
    (to Chuck)
    Holy...Shit!

    CHUCK
    God Damn!

    CARSON
    What kind of sick shit is happening here, Chuck?

    CHUCK
    Damn if I know. I wasn’t expecting anything like this.

    CARSON
    Guess we know what happened to the girl now.

    CHUCK
    Well, we don’t know for sure. He doesn’t mention our girl.
CARSON
He’s got her.

CHUCK
Yeah... you’re probably right. But who the hell is this guy and where the hell is the girl?

CARSON
I guess we’ve better find out and quick. Google this Dark One... See what’s on the internet about this freak.

Chuck gets on his computer and brings something very frightening up on his screen.

Old newspaper clippings of a fiendish serial killer from the fifties appears. He is called "The Dark One."

Depicted are young girls in Medieval torture devices, limbs torn apart, bloody body parts broken.

CHUCK
Would you look at this shit...
God... damn.

CARSON
God help us... and those girls if we don’t find this guy, and soon.

Carson gingerly puts the hand back in the box and lays it on his desk.

CARSON(CONT’D)
Chuck... Uh, grab that and we’ll run it over to the lab and see what they come up with. We’ll have to talk Leblanc later.

CHUCK
Shit...

Chuck rolls his eyes, picks up the box and they head out the door.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

The DARK ONE, a hooded fiend shrouded in blackness, puts a girl into an Iron Maiden, he locks her in.

The spikes plunge into her skin.
She screams.

THE DARK ONE
Scream, pretty girl. I love to hear you scream... it’s music to my ears. It’s like a symphony... Oh such beautiful... beautiful music.

The girl continues to scream.

He moves his hands like he is conducting an orchestra.

Susan tied up, watches in terror, her mouth gagged but her eyes show the horrible terror.

The Dark One comes over to her.

She turns her head away.

He turns it back around and holds it.

Tears stream down her face.

THE DARK ONE
Don’t worry... I’ve got something really special in store for you. Oh you’ll just love it to death.

He laughs maniacally.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen and Allan lay in the bed watching television.

An old werewolf picture is on the screen.

They watch in silence, except for the sound of crunching potato chips.

ALLAN
Do you believe in monsters Ellen?

ELLEN
After all these years of marriage, why would you ask me something like that?

ALLAN
I think there are monsters living right among us and we don’t even know them.
ELLEN
That’s absurd... There are no real monsters, only in the movies.

Lon Chaney is turning into a werewolf on the screen.

ALLAN
Not only are there monsters, but they are ten times more evil than the ones in the movies. I know... I’ve seen them... One took Susan. A terrible monster... Oh God I’m so scared for her... Oh God, help her.

ELLEN
Allan don’t upset yourself, you’re not well. Susan is all right. She probably just ran off with her new boyfriend. She’s not a kid anymore, Allan, remember that.

ALLAN
Yeah, I’m trying hard to forget that fact. I hope you’re right. I have this feeling of dread... I can’t shake it.

The final credits of the movie are rolling.

Ellen pulls the covers up around her shoulders.

She gives Allan a tender kiss on his cheek.

ELLEN
Let’s try and get some sleep dear.

ALLAN
Okay Hon...

He turns off the television, darkness encompasses them.

A dim light shines in through their window from a street light outside.

The house is quiet except for the ticking of a clock on the wall.

Shadows play on the wall, dancing in rhythm to the clock’s beat.
INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER ON THAT NIGHT

Footsteps are lightly heard.

A man looks around and starts up the stairs, they softly creak under his footsteps.

His breathing is slightly labored as he makes his ascent.

He reaches the top of stairs, looks left and right, heads toward Allan and Ellen’s bedroom.

The blade of a long kitchen knife glints at his side.

The door of the bedroom is slightly ajar, he eases it open.

Ellen is in the bed lightly snoring.

He slowly approaches Ellen, he raises the huge blade.

The shadow of him stabbing her repeatedly can be seen on the wall.

He throws the bloody weapon on the bed and leaves.

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - DAY

The sun is rising over the seemingly peaceful Leblanc residence.

The paper boy rides by on his bicycle and delivers the morning news.

A lady out for a morning jog passes by.

A man walking his dog strolls by, the dog stops to take care of his business.

A blood curdling SCREAM from inside the house suddenly interrupts the quiet.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allan is sitting on the side of the bed holding the bloody kitchen knife in his trembling hand.

Ellen lies next to him in a pool of blood.

Blood is everywhere; on the walls, the white bedsheets.

Allan looks at the knife in his hand in disbelief.
ALLAN
Oh my God... What have I done?

He reaches over and grabs Ellen’s dead, bloody body and holds her close, rocking her.

ALLAN(CONT’D)
Ellen... Ellen. You’re gonna be okay. I’ll take you to Dr. Norman. He’ll make everything all right.

He continues to rock her.

Then in silence he releases her, and gets out of the bloody bed.

He goes over to a desk drawer, rifles through it’s contents. A pistol is suddenly in his hands.

Allan puts the barrel in his mouth and pulls the trigger. Blood and brains cover the wall behind where his head was.

He lies dead in the bed next to Ellen.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

Detectives Carson and Brown stand uneasy at the scene of the gruesome murders.

The medical examiner is present taking care of business, snapping photographs of the bloodied remains.

The two detectives stand silent in disbelief for a few moments.

CHUCK
My God... what the hell happened here?

CARSON
Pretty obvious to me, Chuck. Man killed his wife with kitchen knife. Then blew his brains all over the wall with a pistol. End of story.

CHUCK
Yeah, it certainly looks that way... probably what happened, but things are rarely what they seem.
CARSON
That would be much too easy...

The medical people remove the bodies from the scene.

CHUCK
Yep, cause someone has went to a lot of trouble to make us believe just that. No sign of forced entry...No sign of a struggle... And I’m betting forensics won’t find any fingerprints or physical evidence either.

CARSON
Remember what that asshole’s letter said.

CHUCK
Someone you know will die tonight... Holy shit!

CARSON
Holy shit is right. We’ve got to find this guy. He’s got to be somebody they knew and trusted.

The detectives search the bedroom looking for any clue to the identity of the murderer.

Carson finds two medicine bottles sitting in plain view on the night stand.

He reads the label, calls his partner over.

CARSON
Look at this Chuck. Allan’s medication, prescribed by a Dr. Samuel Norman.

CHUCK
Good a place to start as any. Let’s pay the good doctor a visit. I’m driving.

CARSON
Shit...
INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

The Dark One places Susan in a Chair of Torture, hundreds of spikes stick in her skin as he straps her in the device.

She screams in anguish, tears of fear and anguish run down her face.

THE DARK ONE
Scream my lovely one... scream. No one will hear you. No one can save you. Your pain is my pleasure... your death is my life.

Susan screams and struggles against her restraints.

THE DARK ONE(CONT’D)
There is no escape... except your death... which will come all too soon.

Susan screams out in pain.

SUSAN
Why are you doing this... who are you?

THE DARK ONE
I am my father’s son. I must be about his business.

INT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

The detectives enter the office of Dr. Norman.

It is vacant.

They look around the entire office.

CHUCK
Damn... No one at home.

CARSON
Yeah, looks like Elvis has left the building... shit.

CHUCK
Very strange, wouldn’t you say. A doctor just up and leaves his office without a trace.
CARSON
Yeah, strange. This case just keeps getting better and better. We got crap.

CHUCK
Well... not so fast. This doctor wouldn’t just disappear. Let’s get a home address and pay him a visit.

CARSON
I’m driving... You almost killed us on the way over here.

CHUCK
Oh... Okay.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE - DAY

Doctor Norman enters his residence, stops to pet his dog who greets his arrival.

He walks casually into the kitchen where his wife ELAINE, thirties, tall almost manly looking, is sipping a glass of wine.

ELAINE
Glass of wine, Samuel?

DR. NORMAN
Oh God yes... maybe two or three. What a day.

ELAINE
Did you get moved to your new offices.

DR. NORMAN
Yes... finally. I’m bushed.

ELAINE
I know you are, sweetheart. Let me pour you a glass of wine and you go up and take a long hot bath.

DR. NORMAN
Sounds just like what I need.

ELAINE
Go on and start your bath...I’ll bring it up to you.

He heads up the steps.
INT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S BATHROOM

The doctor takes off his clothes, and starts his bath water.

His bath water is ready, complete with bubbles. He eases in the tub.

Elaine comes up to bring the wine, she puts the glass on the bath tub’s edge. She sits down in a vanity chair.

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY

The detectives are back at the office in their usual positions.

Carson is just finishing up on the phone.

Chuck is on the computer bringing up some updates.

   CARSON
   So that’s 325 W. Pico Avenue, Point Loma. Okay, thank you very much.

   CHUCK
   Got a home address for the doctor... good. I’ve got a couple of interesting updates from forensics.

   CARSON
   Yeah... lay it on me, partner.

   CHUCK
   First a news flash about whose blood was found in the Leblanc’s bathroom. DNA says the blood belonged to Allan Leblanc.

   CARSON
   Are you shitting me? So are we to believe he kidnapped his own daughter?

   CHUCK
   DNA doesn’t lie. It was his blood. Which is no help to us, since he’s dead.

   CARSON
   I’m afraid to ask what the other thing you found out was.
CHUCK
Okay... here goes. The DNA from our hand is a match for a girl that went missing up in L.A. a month or so ago. A Millicent Pickens. Got an address for her parents if you feel up to another road trip.

CARSON
Yeah, I’m up to it. But first let’s pay the good doctor a visit.

CHUCK
Okay... let’s roll.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOME WHERE - DAY

Two girls impaled on spikes hang grotesquely, bloated, gray, trophies of the Dark One’s craft.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE - DAY

The detectives ring the door bell of the Norman’s residence.

Upper middle class neighborhood, stylish decor, neatly trimmed lawn.

A lady’s voice calls from inside.

ELAINE(O.S)
Who is it?

CARSON
San Diego Police Department, ma’am.

ELAINE(O.S)
Yes, officers. What can I do for you.

CARSON(CONT’D)
We need to talk to Dr. Norman. Could you open the door please?

The door eases open, Elaine peers out.

The detectives show their shields.

CHUCK
Could we come in, ma’am?

Elaine opens the door without a word.
INT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The detectives enter.

The interior of the residence is plush, tastefully decorated.

    CARSON
    Like I said, we need to talk to Dr. Norman. Is he here?

    ELAINE
    Yes, he’s just getting out of the bath. Is this important?

    CHUCK
    We’d rather discuss it with the doctor if you don’t mind.

    ELAINE
    Very well...

She shows them into the living room.

THE LIVING ROOM

    ELAINE(CONT’D)
    Have a seat gentleman. I will see if the doctor can speak with you.

She disappears and reappears minutes later with Dr. Norman.

The detectives rise as he enters the room.

The doctor crosses the room to shake their hand.

    DR. NORMAN
    I’m Dr. Norman. How can I help you gentleman?

They shake hands in turn and return to their seats. The doctor and Elaine have a seat across from them on the couch.

Dr. Norman lights a pipe and takes a pull off of it.

    CARSON
    I’m Detective Carson... my partner Detective Brown. We’d like to ask you a few questions about one of your patients, Allan Leblanc.
DR. NORMAN
Detectives you know I can’t discuss patients without their consent. Confidentiality... that sort of thing.

CHUCK
Well... I don’t think he’ll mind... since he’s dead.

DR. NORMAN
Dead? Allan is dead? Oh my God. I had no idea. I was not informed. How did he die? He was quite ill you know.

CARSON
A .45 slug to the brain. He committed suicide Doc.

DR. NORMAN
Why... why would he commit suicide?

CHUCK
Maybe the sight of his wife’s hacked up, bloody body, laying on the bed may have had something to do with it.

DR. NORMAN
Oh my God! His wife was murdered. Is that what you’re telling me?

CARSON
You’re quick there Doc. Yeah, his wife was murdered. Stabbed repeatedly with a kitchen knife.

DR. NORMAN
But... but how can I help you? I don’t understand.

CHUCK
What were you treating him for?

DR. NORMAN
He was dying of cancer. He had a brain tumor, inoperable. I was giving him medication and chemotherapy... But his prognosis was not good.
CARSON
So he was dying. How much time did he have left?

DR. NORMAN
Oh... it’s hard to say. Probably only a matter of weeks... maybe days. He was a very sick man.

CHUCK
So it’s possible he may have wanted to kill himself? But do you think he was capable of killing his wife?

DR. NORMAN
Yes, he definitely had reason to kill himself. He was in tremendous pain. As far as killing his wife... He had told me he was having nightmares and was sleepwalking. His wife even told me he tried to kill her the other day. He woke up with his hands around her throat it seems.

CARSON
So it is very likely that he killed his wife and then himself?

DR. NORMAN
It’s possible.

CHUCK
One other thing, Doc. We went to your office and it was empty. That’s very odd, wouldn’t you say.

DR. NORMAN
No... not odd at all. I just finished moving to my new office today as a matter of fact. How strange you would put it to me that way. Do you think I had something to do with Ellen’s death?

CARSON
Yeah... Since you brought it up. Where were you last night?

DR. NORMAN
I was right here with my darling wife all evening. Isn’t that right dear?
ELAINE
Yes, that’s right. Samuel was with me all night. He got home around six and never left.

CHUCK
Okay... Well that’s about all I have. Carson, you got anything else?

CARSON
No... I think that’ll about do it for now.

The detectives get up to leave.

DR. NORMAN
I hope you find out what happened. I really liked Allan... He was a good man.

CHUCK
Thanks for your time Doc.

CARSON
Yeah, thanks. Have a good evening. Good night Mrs. Norman.

DR. NORMAN
Good night detectives.

ELAINE
Good night.

Elaine looks at Dr. Norman questioningly after the detectives have left.

ELAINE
I told you the police would show up.

DR. NORMAN
Don’t worry about it. They don’t know shit.

ELAINE
Why did you have to kill the lady?

DR. NORMAN
The bitch was going to the medical board.
ELAINE
Oh... We can’t have that can we?

She laughs sadistically.

DR. NORMAN
No...we sure can’t...

He joins Elaine in her laughter.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Carson and Brown drive up the freeway, Carson is driving.

CHUCK
Well that was a basic waste of time. That Dr. Norman is a smug bastard... very self assured...
I’ll give him that.

CARSON
Yeah and the wife... She didn’t go with him at all... Something about her gave me the creeps.

CHUCK
She’s standing by her man. She said he was with her all night. Whether he was or not... We can’t prove it, one way or the other.

CARSON
Right... But I got a bad feeling about those people for some reason.

CHUCK
That’s a big help. You suspect half the population of being guilty of something.

CARSON
Yeah, and if the truth be known, they probably are. Maybe we’ll get a lead in L.A. We sure need a break.

CHUCK
You said that right... ’cause we got crap now.
EXT. PICKENS RESIDENCE - DAY

The detectives pull up in front of a middle class home in a suburban L.A. neighborhood.

They get out of their unmarked unit and walk up to the door and ring the bell.

MRS. PICKENS, fifties, somewhat over weight, opens the door immediately like she was expecting them.

    MRS. PICKENS
    About damn time you showed up.

    CHUCK
    Excuse us ma’am.

    MRS. PICKENS
    You guys were suppose to be two hours ago.

    CARSON
    We were, ma’am?

    MRS. PICKENS
    Aren’t you from the insurance company?

The detectives flash their badges.

    CHUCK
    No ma’am we’re detectives from San Diego.

    CARSON
    We’d like to ask you a few question about your daughter, Millicent.

    MRS. PICKENS
    Oh, I’m sorry... please come in detectives.

INT. PICKENS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the house is a mess, dirty furniture, paper and empty soda cans strewn everywhere.

Family pictures on the wall. Pictures of a young lady in different shots, at different ages.

Mrs. Pickens points the detectives to a ragged couch.
MRS. PICKENS
Have a seat boys. Sorry about the
mess. I’ve been real busy of late...
Got a little behind on my chores...
with my daughter missing... My
husband just died and all.

They move a few papers around and have a seat reluctantly.
She sits down on a small wooden chair.
She pulls it up in front of where the detectives are sitting.

CARSON
Sorry to hear about your loss,
ma’am.

MRS. PICKENS
Oh, my husband? Good riddance to
bad rubbish as they say. He wasn’t
worth two dead flies anyway. Only
thing good he ever did was take out
that $100,000 insurance policy on
his job. That’s what I’m waiting on
now. Then I’m gonna blow this
Popsicle stand. So you got some
news on that worthless daughter of
mind?

CARSON
Yes, as a matter of fact we do.

MRS. PICKENS
What kind of trouble is that little
whore in now?

CHUCK
Well... We think she’s been
abducted by a serial killer.

MRS. PICKENS
And what makes you think that?

CARSON
Well... I can’t think of any other
way to tell you. We received a
bloody hand in the mail, along with
a note. It said that he had your
daughter. We’re awfully sorry to
have to tell you that ma’am.

Mrs. Pickens sits in shock for a moment. She puts her hands
over her face, tears rolls down.
MRS. PICKENS
Oh my God... my baby... Oh dear
God. I just knew she was off in the
city whoring again... Who has her?
How did this happen?

CHUCK
We don’t know... That’s what we’re
trying to find out.

CARSON
You say your husband just died Mrs.
Pickens?

MRS. PICKENS
Yes, a couple of weeks ago. He had
the cancer. It ate him up. Colon
cancer... He was no more than skin
and bones when he died. I almost
felt sorry for the no good bastard.

CARSON
How long has your daughter been
missing?

MRS. PICKENS
I reported her missing a month or
so ago. But I thought she had just
run away again. Her ole daddy...
couldn’t keep his hands off her.
From when she was little he was at
her. I couldn’t blame her for
running off. I should have left
myself... But I didn’t have
anywhere to go...

She starts to cry softly again.

CHUCK
We’re very sorry, ma’am. Do you
know the name of your husband’s
doctor?

MRS. PICKENS
Shit... his doctor? If you want to
call that piece of shit a doctor.
He put my husband on medication and
some kind of treatments. His cancer
got worst. He started having
nightmares from the medication...
Started sleepwalking and acting
crazy as hell. Said a dark monster
was after him in his dreams... You
believe that shit?
CARSON
Yes ma’am, I do. Do you have a name
and address for this doctor?

MRS. PICKENS
Yeah... let me get one of his
medicine bottles.

She goes back in a back bedroom and comes back with a
prescription bottle.

MRS. PICKENS(CONT’D)
Here it is. Dr. Richard Blackwell.
310 2nd Ave, Suite B, Los Angeles,
Ca.

CARSON
By the way what did this so called
doctor look like?

MRS. PICKENS
Oh, sort of short... snooty
looking... goatee, smoked a pipe.

The two detectives look at each other like they just found
out some useful information.

CHUCK
Do you mind if we take that?

MRS. PICKENS
Be my guest. I got no use for it.
If you think it’ll help.

CARSON
Thank you Mrs. Pickens. It will
help... We hope.

CHUCK
And Mrs. Pickens... You need to
brace yourself for bad news. More
than likely your daughter is dead
all ready.

She starts to cry again.

CARSON
We’ll be in touch.

Chuck pats her on her shoulder tenderly.

The detectives leave.
Mrs. Pickens shuts the door behind them, sits on the couch, head in her hands.

INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR RICHARD BLACKWELL - CONTINUOUS
The detectives enter the now empty office of Dr. Blackwell. They look around at a few papers left on the floor. They find nothing.

CARSON
Why am I not surprised.

CHUCK
Yeah, big surprise... empty... shit.

CARSON
Her description sounded awfully familiar.

CHUCK
Yeah it should. She was describing our good buddy Dr. Norman.

CARSON
You think?

CHUCK
Yeah I do...

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY
Chuck and Carson are back at their office. A package is sitting on Carson’s desk.

CARSON
What the hell is this shit now?

CHUCK
The way things have been going... could be any damn thing. Probably another body part.

Carson picks it up and opens it. Chuck is right it is a human ear and another bloody note.
CARSON
Jesus Christ! What the hell? An ear and another note.

CHUCK
Can’t wait to hear what this one says.

Carson unfolds the note carefully.

CARSON
Okay here goes. It says: In case you weren’t listening let me make it perfectly clear. This is one of the young lovely’s beautiful ear. You will find the rest of her and one more, if you come to the corner of Front and 2nd and walk through the door. The Dark One. P.S. Do your self a favor, don’t eat before you come.

CHUCK
God... This case just keeps getting sicker all the time.

CARSON
Good thing we didn’t eat lunch yet.

CHUCK
Yeah... Let’s go check it out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2ND AND FRONT - DAY
The detectives approach the warehouse cautiously.
Two uniform officers are with them as back up.
They ease the door open and immediately the smell of death strikes them.

CHUCK
God, what a stench.

CARSON
This is not good... not good.

The uniform officers enter first, the detectives follow.
INT. WAREHOUSE 2ND AND FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is large and dark.

A slight beam of light streams in through dirty, spider webbed windows.

The detectives gingerly and apprehensively make their way around the deserted warehouse.

SUDDENLY they see them.

Two bloated bodies impaled on spikes. Grotesque death masks on their faces.

The detectives jump back totally shocked.

CHUCK
Jesus Christ!

CARSON
Shit... What the fuck?

CHUCK
Oh... This is bad... real bad.

CARSON
Oh dear God... Heaven help us.

A note on one of the bodies says: "COMPLIMENTS OF THE DARK ONE."

CHUCK
Sick bastard...

CARSON
I need some air... I’m gonna be sick.

CHUCK
No shit...

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2ND AND FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The detectives are outside, catching some air.

Carson is bent over, dry heaving.

He straightens up, pulls out a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his mouth.
CARSON
In twenty years on the job... I never seen or smelled anything like that.

CHUCK
No shit...

CARSON
We’ve got to catch this bastard.

CHUCK
Just one little problem.

CARSON
And what is that, Chuck?

CHUCK
A little thing... No leads.

CARSON
We got that little prick Dr. Norman. I guarantee that smug bastard knows something about this shit.

CHUCK
Another little thing... no proof.

CARSON
Well we’re detectives aren’t we? We better get some and quick. This bastard’s out of control. He’s not going to stop. He’s fucking with us. He’s smart... but he’s gonna slip up. That’s when we got him.

CHUCK
I hope you’re right... I really do Carson. I really do... cause the clock is ticking.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

Dr. Norman and his wife Elaine carry a young girl bound tightly, gagged, into the basement and tie her up to the overhead pipe.

The young lady looks at the couple, eyes filled with terror.
DR. NORMAN
Oh what a lovely young lady. She’ll do nicely.

ELAINE
Yes, quite nicely, Samuel.

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY
Chuck and Carson are back at the office.
They are in their normal positions, Chuck at the computer,
Carson at his desk staring into space.

CHUCK
We’ve got to go back to square one on this thing.

CARSON
And that means exactly what?

CHUCK
It means we’ve got to figure out who the hell this Dark One is? What
do we know about him?

CARSON
We know he’s a sick bastard that gets off on torturing young
girls... We know that.

CHUCK
Yeah... He’s a sick bastard, that’s for sure. But who is he? Where can
we find him?

CARSON
If we knew that we wouldn’t be sitting here playing twenty
questions, would we.

CHUCK
Now hold on, Carson. Maybe we know more than we think.

Chuck pulls up some information on his computer screen.
He flips through the old newspaper clippings on the Dark One from the fifties.
CHUCK (CONT’D)
Now, check this out. Our guy says he is his father’s son. Guess what his father’s name, the so called Dark One was? Dr. Norman Blackwell. Holy shit... Sound familiar?

CARSON
Not too imaginative, our doctor, huh?

CHUCK
I guess he figured no one would notice.

CARSON
Yeah, but we did. That still isn’t enough. We’ve got to find out where he’s got the girls.

CHUCK
We could just follow him... Hope he leads us to the girls.

CARSON
No... He’s smarter than that. He knows we’re watching him.

CHUCK
But, it’s as good a place as any to start.

CARSON
Let’s roll... You drive.

CHUCK
I can drive? Really?

CARSON
Yeah... really.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS
The detectives look around the Norman residence.
The house is locked up, deserted.

CHUCK
Damn, we’re too late. This asshole’s gave us the slip.
CARSON
I can’t believe this crap. Slippery bastard.

CHUCK
Now what do we do, Carson?

CARSON
We’ve got to find them.

CHUCK
But where?

CARSON
Hell if I know. Get on your little computer thingy... See what you can find out. That warehouse where we found the girls was leased to somebody. They rented this house from someone. They’ve gone somewhere... find them.

CHUCK
Shit...

EXT. AN UPPER CLASS RESIDENCE - AT THE SAME TIME
A moving van pulls up in front of a house in an upper class neighborhood.

The movers get out and start moving furniture out of the truck.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE #2 - DAY
Chuck and Carson along with four uniformed officers converge on a house in an upper class neighborhood.

They knock at the door loudly.

CARSON
Police... search warrant... open up Dr. Norman.

After no response they knock again.

CHUCK
Fuck this... Just knock it down.
INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - AT THE SAME TIME

Elaine dressed in a black dominatrix outfit pops a cat o’nine tails whip.

It CRACKS loudly in the almost deserted basement.

A beautiful young lady is suspended by her arms from the overhead pipes, nude from the waist up.

DR. NORMAN
Let the games begin, my dear.

Elaine lashes the back of the young lady, a bloody mark appears on her bare back, she screams in horror and pain.

ELAINE
Oooo... How delightful. She is lovely... so lovely Samuel.

DR. NORMAN
Oh yes, you chose well, my love.

She lashes again and again.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE #2 - CONTINUOUS

The uniformed police officers knock down the front door with a battering ram.

The door splinters and flies open.

The officers enter the residence guns drawn.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE # 2 - CONTINUOUS

They search the house room by room.

They see a door on the back side of the kitchen.

Carson points in the general direction.

CARSON
Check it out... Probably goes to the basement.

One of the uniforms eases the door open.

It creaks as a dim light from below fills the kitchen.

The group, guns at the ready, cautiously starts down the steps to the basement.
THE BASEMENT

In the sparsely lit room they can see wooden articles of some sort.

CHUCK
Police... search warrant...

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - AT THE SAME TIME

Elaine continues to whip the couple’s latest victim.
She screams...
Elaine and Dr. Norman laugh with delight.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE # 2 - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

They switch the lights on and after a quick sweep of the room find there is no one there.
But what they do find is terrifying.
Bloody torture devices fill the basement.
Chains and whips lie on the floor, which is also covered with blood.

CARSON
My God... looks like a freaking slaughter house

CHUCK
Can you believe this shit? Sick bastard...

The detectives and the uniforms continue to look around in amazement.

CARSON
Get a forensics team over here now. Go over this place inch by inch. These sick fucks left something behind... And we’re gonna find it... Damn it.

He slams a couple of pieces of loose wood against the wall in anger.
CARSON(CONT’D)
I need a drink...

CHUCK
I’m with you brother...

INT. DICK’S LAST RESORT - NIGHT

The detectives sit at a table in the back corner of the San Diego night spot.

Usual activity, customers and waitresses coming and going, music playing, laughter, loud boisterous talk.

Chuck has a Heineken, Carson a double whiskey straight.

CHUCK
You know Carson... I’ve been thinking about going back to school and finishing my law degree.

CARSON
What the hell are you talking about, Chuck... You’re a cop for Christ’s sake.

CHUCK
Yeah... on days like today, a courtroom sounds pretty fucking good, Carson. Pretty good.

CARSON
I’ll have to admit it wasn’t one of my better days either. But this is it for me Chuck. I’m too damn old to change jobs. Besides I don’t know how to do anything else anyway. I’ve been doing this crap for so long. I’m not fit for anything else.

Chuck takes a drink of beer and laughs.

CHUCK
I heard Walmart was hiring. You could be one of those old dudes that greet you at the door.

CARSON
Very funny...
CHUCK
No I’m serious man.

CARSON
I’m too close to retirement to quit now. But on days like today, Walmart sounds pretty good. I think I might like handing out those smiley faces to kids. Beats the hell of bloody impaled corpses.

CHUCK
Don’t forget medieval torture devices and whips and chains.

CARSON
Let’s not talk shop for a little while. This whole case has gotten to me worst than any one I ever had. I’ve got a daughter around the age of those girls. This Dark One scares the shit out of me Chuck...

Carson drains the last bit of liquid out of his glass and slams it on the table.

CARSON(CONT’D)
I need a refill... How about you Chuck? I’m buying.

CHUCK
In that case... Hell yes.

Carson motions the waitress over.

CARSON
Another round please.

The waitress brings the drinks and places them on the table.

CHUCK
We’re gonna catch this guy... I promise you Carson. He wants us to catch him. I think he needs us to catch him.

CARSON
I hope you’re right... I don’t know man.

CHUCK
I do... we’re gonna catch him... and soon.
CARSON
Yeah... well not tonight. I’m going home. I’ve got a lovely wife that’s forgotten what I look like.

CHUCK
You go on home Carson. I’m going back to the office to check on a few things.

CARSON
Okay I’ll catch you tomorrow.

EXT. SAN DIEGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The sun rises over the San Diego cop shop, shining dimly through the overcast morning sky.

Traffic is light, a few bums and joggers venture out as downtown San Diego wakes up.

INT. DETECTIVE’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chuck sits at his desk sipping a large mug of coffee.

He stares at his computer screen, rubs his eyes, takes another drink of coffee.

Carson saunters in and sits down at his desk.

The office is empty except for the two detectives.

CARSON
Holy shit, Chuck. You been at it all night?

CHUCK
Yeah, I couldn’t sleep. Coffee?

CARSON
Hell yes... a big one.

Carson gets up, goes over and makes a cup of coffee, returns to his desk.

He takes a big sip and sighs.

CARSON(CONT’D)
Damn, I need this... You find out anything about our boy?
CHUCK
Well yes and no...

CARSON
And what does that mean?

CHUCK
It means I didn’t find out anything about our boy, but I found out a whole lot about our girl.

CARSON
Elaine was it?

CHUCK
That is the name she’s been going by. The prints from the house came back with surprising results. No Elaine Norman but a Anastasia Kopeche. She is wanted by the FBI. A murder case in New York at a medieval artifacts museum.

CARSON
Damn...

CHUCK
And believe it or not. She owns a house in La Jolla. She is a curator at the museum here in town that deals with that same type of shit.

CARSON
And I bet you have an address.

CHUCK
You know I do. Waiting for the search warrant. Had to wake up a judge. I always hate that... not.

CARSON
Yeah me too.

The two detectives laugh, grab their gear, and head for the door.

CHUCK
Let’s go get these sick fucks...

CARSON
Let’s go... You can drive.
CHUCK
Really... Thanks, Carson.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - AT THE SAME TIME

Elaine and Dr. Norman unchain their latest victim and put her on a rack.

ELAINE
Let’s stretch that pretty neck of hers.

DR. NORMAN
Oh yes, my dear... How delightful.

They start to stretch the young lady, she screams in pain.

The rack creaks as they crank the handle of the torturous mechanism.

They laugh with delight.

The girl screams.

EXT. STREET LA JOLLA - DAY

Three police cars, filled with six uniformed officers, and an unmarked white sedan pull up down the street from the Norman residence.

They open their trunks, gear up and make their way quietly towards the house.

EXT. NORMAN RESIDENCE LA JOLLA - CONTINUOUS

The officers batter down the door, not bothering to knock.

INT. NORMAN RESIDENCE LA JOLLA - CONTINUOUS

They are greeted by something they could never have imagined.

A barrage of mechanized medieval weapons assault the officers, including the detectives from all directions.

Arrows fly from several ancient bows.

A battle flail with spikes rises in the middle of the floor suddenly and starts to spins around.
Two officers and Carson are struck by arrows.
The officers fall dead on the floor.
Carson is down.
The flail reaches it’s mark and caves in the head of one of the other officers.
Chuck and the remaining officers hit the floor and crawl towards the kitchen.
Chuck slithers by Carson, shakes him. No response.

CHUCK
Oh my God... Carson... Carson...

He still gets no response. He motions towards the kitchen.

CHUCK(CONT’D)
The basement... Through the kitchen... The basement.

THE KITCHEN
The officers slowly open the door to the basement, leading off of the kitchen.
An alarm can be heard down the steps, a light is flashing.
They proceed down the steps.

CHUCK
Police... Dr. Norman... Mrs. Norman... The house is surrounded.
Come out slowly, hands in the air... Do it now.

The sound of an automatic door can be heard, opening then shutting.

THE BASEMENT
The officers and Chuck rush the basement.
The Normans have gone.
Susan Leblanc is dead in the torture chair.
Another young lady is on the rack, still alive.
CHUCK
    Shit... Where the hell did they go?
    Get that poor girl out of the rack.
    Call the paramedics... She’s still alive.

Chuck searches the basement. He finds the secret door.

He opens the door with a simple button.

There is a tunnel leading to a underground parking garage.

    CHUCK(CONT’D)
    Shit... shit...

He keys the microphone on his radio.

    CHUCK(CONT’D)
    We’re all clear here. Perps, got away. Put out a BOLO on the
    Normans. They won’t get far.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN’S RESIDENCE LA JOLLA - CONTINUOUS

Two paramedics carry Carson out on a stretcher.

His eyes are closed, an arrow sticks out of his chest.

Chuck is walking next to him, holding his partner’s hand.

    CHUCK
    You’re gonna make it man... Hold on
    Carson... Hold on.

They put him in a waiting ambulance, Chuck gets inside.

INT. SCRIPP’S HOSPITAL - DAY

Carson lays in a hospital bed, tubes and bags hooked up to
him. He is asleep.

Chuck and Carson’a wife VERONICA(45), Afro-American,
beautiful, sit at his bedside. She holds his hand.

    VERONICA
    Come back to us, baby. Please come back.

She cries, Chuck tries to console her.
CHUCK
Come on Carson... You tough ole son of bitch.

Then right on cue Carson’s eyes open.

CARSON
Where the hell am I?

Veronica gives Carson a big hug, Chuck joins in as well.

VERONICA
You’re in the hospital, baby.

CARSON
What happened?

CHUCK
You don’t remember?

CARSON
I wouldn’t be asking if I did.

CHUCK
You got shot with an arrow.

CARSON
Oh yeah... Did you catch that son of a bitch?

CHUCK
No, he got away.

CARSON
Shit...

CHUCK
We saved one of the girls. Susan Leblanc didn’t make it. We’re gonna catch this guy.

CARSON
Yeah... Seems I heard that before.

CHUCK
You let me worry about that. You just get better, partner. I need you.

Chuck gets up to leave.
CHUCK (CONT'D)

Take care of him, Veronica.

She runs her hand through his hair

VERONICA

You don’t need to worry about that.
I’m gonna take good care of my baby.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - TWO MONTHS LATER

A girl hangs up by her arms, she is nude from the waist up.

Two dark figures, cloaked in the shadows stand near by.

FADE OUT:

THE END