

OFFLINE

Written by

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FADE IN:

A full moon shimmers. Casts an eerie light on a --

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Mist swirls amongst the timbers. A murder of CROWS perch on the shabby structure. Watching. Waiting...

An ear-piercing SCREAM shatters the spooky silence. The crows take flight. Soar ominously in the moonlight.

MOMENTS LATER

Rapid FOOTFALLS pummel the deck. Heart POUNDS. Chest PANTS.

DAVE FLETCHER (17), average build, angelic face, runs for his life. Eyes stricken with fear, Dave holds his cell phone in a death grip as he casts an anxious glance over his shoulder...

OUT OF THE FOG

An 18-wheeler hurtles across the bridge. Engine ROARS. Headlights stab the dark... its 40 tons of motorized metal converging on him.

Dave powers forward. Legs like pistons. Muscles swimming in an ocean of adrenalin.

The 18-wheeler bears down on him. The HORN blares...

CRUNCH!

Dave's ankle twists in a pothole. The cell phone spins from his hand - Falls into the path of the 18-wheeler...

Dave lunges for it -

Tires SCREECH. Breaks SQUEAL - the truck crushes the cell phone - swerves at the last second - misses Dave by a hair's breadth - surges past.

Dave looks up. Sees: A speeding BLACK VAN -

WHAM!

Dave catapults through the air. His broken body lands in a crumpled heap. Deathly pale. Shortness of breath. A Soft RATTLE in his throat.

Dave's muscles tighten. Death spasm. His eyes roll to the back of his head...

He's dead.

INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

Creepy. Murky SHADOWS lurk. Lost SOULS wail.

Unnerved, Dave wanders in the inky blackness.

DAVE

W-Where am I? What's happening?

In the distance, a white light beams like a beacon.

A YOUNG GIRL (6), golden blond hair, white silk nightdress, disappears into the light - She fades like a light bulb.

Dave scurries after her. A strange sound stops him in his tracks.

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.

Up ahead, A shadowy figure shuffles towards the light.

Dave stands on his tip-toes. Tries to get a better look.

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.

The murky silhouette of the figure hobbles onward.

Dave takes a few tentative steps... Realizes it's just an FRAIL OLD LADY, head scarf, black shoal, with a walking stick. He visibly relaxes.

The frail old lady stops. Sniffs the air. Spins -

Eyes demonic. Hideous teeth. She lunges at Dave.

FRAIL OLD LADY

(Demonic voice)

COME HERE.

Petrified, Dave shrinks back into the shadows. His sweaty palms cling to the tunnel wall like limpets on a rock.

FWOOM!

The frail old lady/demon seems to spontaneously combust. Flames engulf her. Her flesh melts like hot wax. Her SCREAMS are ungodly.

She darts away from the light - Disappears into the abyss.

Dave trembles head to toe... He hears a WHIMPER. Peers through the gloom.

A TEENAGE GIRL limps towards the light. The back of her dress is torn and muddy - Her left shoe is missing.

A sea of dark liquid gushes from the nape of her neck, oozes down her lower back, drowns her tattoo of a Chinese symbol.

Unnerved, Dave hides in the murkiness. The girl SOBS. Dave hesitates...

DAVE

Wait!

He hurries after her. She nears the light.

DAVE

Are you okay?

She weeps softly. Doesn't turn to face him.

DAVE

Do you need help?

He puts his hand on her shoulder. The dark liquid seeps onto his fingers - it's blood!

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME

The black van idles. Its headlights pierce the dark. A MYSTERIOUS MAN stares at Dave's corpse through the side window.

He slides out the vehicle. His huge frame stands seven foot tall. Dark clothing. Long, straggly, black hair.

Dark glasses conceal his eyes. Creepy tattoos cover his massive arms: A skull, swastika, scythe, 666.

The Mystery Man crouches over Dave's dead body.

ON BLACK VAN

Muffled CRIES. Frantic BANGING sounds.

A CROW swoops down. Perches on top of the van. CAWS.

MYSTERY MAN

Blows his hot breath into Dave.

Dave's cheeks puff out. Eyes bulge. Chest rises. He looks freakish - Body ready to explode like an over inflated balloon.

Dave GASPS.

INT. DARK TUNNEL - SAME

WHOOSH! Dave clings to the girl as they're whizzed away from the light like they're attached to a giant piece of elastic.

EXT. BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

A soft breath escapes Dave's bluish lips.

ON BLACK VAN

Muffled CRIES. THUMPH! A large bump appears in a side panel.

MYSTERY MAN

Glowers at the bump. Stands up. Strides over to the van like an executioner.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Dave's breathing steadies. His pale complexion brightens. Painful MOANS escape him. He begins to stir.

ON BLACK VAN

The vehicle creeps across the bridge into the night. THWACK! A hand smacks the tinted glass from inside. Leaves a bloody handprint.

SUPER: "THREE WEEKS LATER"**INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Dave GASPS. Snaps awake. Winces. His legs are swathed in bandages. Steel pins protrude through his kneecaps. Metal rods act as splints... He scans the room - sees:

Enough 'Star Wars' figures to start a rebellion.

Stacks of horror DVD's.

On the wall, a 'Captain Jack Sparrow' calendar.

On the floor, a box stuffed with women's designer shoes. Once, they were "to-die-for" - Now, no fashion conscious woman would be seen dead in them.

On the nightstand, a vase brimming with red roses, a small hand mirror, a radio, enough pills to knockout a herd of elephants.

On the other side of the bed, a rickety old wheelchair.

Dave relaxes. Home sweet home...

MOMENTS LATER

Dave attacks a crumpled newspaper with scissors. Hacks out a small article. The headline reads:

"Teenager Fights For Life After Hit And Run"

Dave tosses the mutilated newspaper on the nightstand - oblivious to the main headline:

"Lunar Loony Slays Local Beauty Queen"

Dave fumbles under his pillow. Drags out a tired old family photo album.

ON PHOTO ALBUM

Most of the photos are of a much younger Dave and his DAD doing fun father and son stuff...

Dave turns the page. A newspaper clipping with a photo of fourteen-year-old Dave in handcuffs reads:

"Youth Faces Hacking Charges."

He gazes at the clipping.

DAVE
(sotto)
What was I thinking?

He covers his eyes with embarrassment. Shakes his head. Smiles. Inserts the clipping about his accident.

Dave flips the page. His face falls.

A newspaper clipping shows a picture of Dave's dad. It reads:

"Construction Worker Commits Suicide."

Dave traces his dad's image with his finger.

The door CREAKS open.

Dave's stepmother, LINDA FLETCHER (40s), shuffles in. Haggard, graying hair, dark circles under blood-shot eyes. A once attractive woman worn down by life.

An expensive gold locket hugs her breast. Her clothes are drab and contrast sharply with the snazzy Jimmy Choos adorning her feet.

Linda stifles a yawn, strides over to the curtains - yanks them open. Sunlight streams in. Dave covers his eyes.

LINDA

Thanks for keeping it down last night. Finally got some shut eye. Had a good five minutes before your TV woke me up... AGAIN!

DAVE

My legs hurt.

She turns the TV off with the remote. Notices the family photo album. Glowers.

LINDA

I'm getting tired of putting this damn thing away.

Fondles her gold locket absentmindedly as she peers at the album.

LINDA

Nothing but old pictures and bad memories. You need to move on. Quit living in the past.

She plunks the album on the nightstand. Stomps off.

DAVE

Whatever.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cosy. A naked light bulb dangles from the ceiling. Gives the room a warm glow. Dave grabs his laptop. Clicks on...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Tattoo designs. Dave scrolls down the page. Everything from a pouncing tiger to 'Betty Boop'.

He slides the cursor back and forth over the section devoted to Chinese Symbols. Examines them carefully.

FLASHBACK - INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

A sea of dark liquid gushes from the nape of the teenage girl's neck, oozes down her lower back, drowns her tattoo of a Chinese symbol.

BACK TO PRESENT

Dave clicks on the exact same tattoo - It's the Chinese symbol for...

DAVE

"Love"?!

He stares hard at the symbol.

'Googles': '**Near-Death Experience**' - Several links flash up. Dave clicks on a 'Wikipedia' link.

The page loads. Dave scans the text. Scrolls down the page.

Appears mesmerized by a picture of a painting depicting 'souls' entering a dark tunnel, moving towards a bright light. ("**Ascent of the Blessed**" by **Hieronymus Bosch**).

He subconsciously grips the bedclothes as his eyes take in the all too familiar image. Beads of sweat dot his forehead.

Dave closes his laptop. Wipes his brow with his hand. Stares unnerved, at his moist fingers.

The door CREAKS open. Linda enters. Her breath forms a tiny cloud in the cold air. She shivers. Closes the curtains.

LINDA

Don't make me have to come in here again tonight.

She kills the lights. Exits.

DAVE

(sotto)

What's that Linda? "How am I feeling?" Great. Never better. Thanks for asking!

Dave lets out a frustrated SIGH. Powers up his laptop. The machine glows like a lighthouse in an ocean of darkness.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

His 'Facebook' page. Only four friends! He hides his disappointment. Clicks the '**Add Friend**' button repeatedly. Makes several 'Friend' requests.

DAVE

Turns off his computer. Darkness shrouds the room.

He sees: A sandwich and glass of milk on the nightstand. He takes a bite of the sandwich. Grimaces. Spits it out. Chugs the milk to mask the taste.

Sprays the 'sour' liquid over the bedclothes.

He grabs a flashlight from under the pillow. Shines the light on the bread - Thick with green mold. He pulls the sandwich apart. Sniffs the rancid meat - Gags.

DAVE
(sotto)
Crazy bitch.

He plunks the sandwich down. Turns the flashlight off. Slams his head on the pillow. Closes his eyes.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pitch black. Dave snoozes. Oblivious to the presence of Something or... Someone.

He blinks awake. Turns his head to the left - Nothing there. Turn his head ever so slowly to the right. Sees:

A PAIR OF PIERCING EYES STARING RIGHT AT HIM.

Dave fumbles for the flashlight. Trembles as he aims it in the direction of the INTRUDER.

Click! A prism of light knifes the murky silhouette of a huge RAT chomping on the mouldy sandwich.

Dave SCREAMS. Drops the flashlight. The rat scurries into the shadows.

Dave POUNDS the wall with his fist.

DAVE
Rat! Rat! There's a rat!

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

DAVE
Linda! Help me! Please!

No answer.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave, baggy eyed, frazzled, scans the room for the rat. Satisfied it's gone. He lets out a tired YAWN. Powers up his laptop. Clicks on...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

His 'Facebook' page. Still only four friends. His '**Friend Requests**' seemingly ignored.

DAVE'S

Face falls. He turns his computer off. Flicks the TV on with the remote. Channel surfs. Settles on a scary movie. Watches it - enthralled.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmers through the open window. Dave sleeps like an angel. A LUNA MOTH flutters near the naked light bulb.

Its flutters become more frantic each time its lime-green wings PING against the hot glass.

Dave stirs. Peers up at the moth. Disoriented.

Strange WHISPERS echo all around him.

Dave bolts upright. Cocks his head.

LINDA (O.S.)

But deliver us from evil... For
thine is the kingdom... The power,
and the glory. For ever and ever
amen.

Dave exhales with relief. Grabs his laptop. Clicks on...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

His 'Facebook' page. No change. Still only four friends.

DAVE

Shrugs. Closes his laptop. Twiddles his thumbs. Gets an idea. Flips open his laptop. Wears a naughty grin as he clicks on a porn site offering live 'performances' via webcam...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A scantily clad REDHEAD poses on a bed in a provocative manner. She wears a headset and has a keyboard next to her.

She types: **"I'm horny... wanna see my boobs?"**

Dave's fingers move with the speed of a concert pianist as he excitedly types **"Yes plea--**

The redhead disappears off the screen.

DAVE

What the...?

DONG! An OLD MANTEL CLOCK strikes midnight.

Dave smacks the laptop -

A BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE FLASHES UP ON THE SCREEN.

BRUNETTE

Boo!

Dave flinches. The brunette giggles.

Say hi to DEBBIE (18), fun loving, full of life, with eyes Van Morrison's 'Brown Eyed Girl' could have been written for.

Dave's so mesmerized by her beauty it seems to escape his notice that she's fully dressed.

DEBBIE

(warm smile)

Hi. I'm Debbie.

DAVE

H-How much?

DEBBIE

Excuse me?

Dave stares at her seemly frock. Realizes his mistake.

DAVE

Shit.

He slams the laptop shut. A long pause...

Dave gingerly opens the laptop. Takes a peek. Sees: A blank screen. Debbie's gone. The disappointment's etched on his face.

He plunks the laptop down. Takes his pills. Closes his eyes. Drifts off.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave brims with excitement as he powers up his laptop.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Dave's 'Facebook' page.

He types '**Debbie**' in the 'Find Friends' box.

Several images of girls named Debbie flash up. Dave scrutinizes them.

No sign of his Debbie. His shoulders slump. He gazes out the window...

AT THE WINDOW

Day turns to night.

Glorious sunshine cascades inside. Birds CHIRP. A butterfly floats past...

An Owl HOOTS. Dark shadows dance on the walls. A luna moth hovers.

Dave drums his fingers on the laptop. No sign of Debbie.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie appears on webcam. Sees Dave. She frowns.

DAVE

Wait! Don't go! I-I thought you were a--

Can't bring himself to say it.

DEBBIE

Thought I was a what?

He takes a deep breath.

DAVE

(blurts it out)
One of those 'flash for cash' girls.

DEBBIE

(scowls)
You implying I dress like a whore?

He squirms.

DAVE

No. No. There was a semi-naked girl on webcam and uh--

DEBBIE

--My Mom bought me this dress.

DAVE

It's uh... nice. Color suits you.

DEBBIE

Wait. You pay girls to take their clothes off?

DAVE

I guess. Sometimes... Well, only once actually. I...

Debbie's heard enough. Goes offline.

DAVE

No. Dammit. Come back!

Too late. She's gone. Dave seizes a legal pad and pencil.
'Googles' "**State High Schools**"

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave bites open the wrapper of a 'Pop-Tart' while he studies a long, handwritten list of high schools.

He powers up his laptop. Types the name of the first school on his list - Keys in his specific search criteria - Hits 'enter' - Goes to take a bite of the 'Pop-Tart' as...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

'**Password Protected**' flashes across the screen.

DAVE

Stares at the screen in disbelief.

DAVE

Seriously?!

He shakes his head. Plunks the 'Pop-Tart' down. Types with both hands. His fingers glide across the keyboard. The "password" no match for Dave's hacking skills.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Student photos from a high school year book flash up.

DAVE

Grins at his prowess. Studies the photo of each girl. Crosses the first school off his list.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. A gentle breeze blows. The drapes dance in the moonlight. Dave, laptop at the ready, waits with bated breath.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie glares at him.

DAVE

Look - I'm sorry. I'm not really a
pervert. Honest.

Debbie studies his demeanor.

DEBBIE

(re: his injuries)
So what happened to you?

DAVE

You want the short version or the
long version?

DEBBIE

Short.

Dave points to his head. Shrugs.

DAVE

Amnesia.

DEBBIE

Okaaay. What's the long version?

Dave grabs the photo album. Points to the newspaper clipping.

DEBBIE

(reads headline)
"Teenager fights for life after hit
and run." ... Oh my God!

DAVE

It was touch and go for a while.

DEBBIE

Jeez, you must have been terrified?
I know I would be. Death freaks me
out big time.

DAVE

Entire accident's a blur. Don't
remember the car hitting me...
Nearly dying... Nothing.

DEBBIE

Wow. A real life Leonard Shelby.

DAVE

First off, unlike Leonard, I don't
have short-term memory loss. I just
can't remember anything about my
accident.

(then)

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
Second, oh my god! You've seen
'Memento'?!

Debbie grins, holds up the DVD.

DEBBIE
More times than I can remember.

Dave's blown away. A girl after his own heart.

DAVE
So uh, you wanna 'friend me' on
Facebook?

DEBBIE
(smiles)
Maybe.

His laptop flickers. WHEEZES. Blackness floods the screen.

DAVE
Where'd she go?!

Dave shakes his laptop like an 'etch-a-sketch'. The machine
blinks. Hums back to life. The screen glows.

Debbie's offline. Dave groans. Closes the laptop. Takes his
pills. Rests his head on the pillow.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Eerie. Silent. Dave snoozes. Soft SCRATCHES claw at the
door - The door WHINES open. Heavy BREATHING...

A huge arm casts a menacing shadow on the wall. Long bony
fingers - Finger nails like small daggers.

The razor sharp FLESH-SHREDDERS go for Dave's throat.

Dave's eyes flash open. He sees: Linda stood over him. She
puts her finger to her lips.

LINDA
Sshh. You'll wake the baby.

She gives him a creepy smile. Tip-toes out the room.

DAVE
(sotto)
Baby? What baby?!

He watches her leave. A CLAW HAMMER dangles from her left
hand. Dave stares. WTF?

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave powers up his laptop. Grabs his list of high schools. Gets to work.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave looks bleary-eyed as he crosses another school off his long list.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie gives Dave a cheeky wink.

DEBBIE
Hey, Lenny. Remember me?!

Dave smiles - appreciates her humor.

DAVE
How could I forget.

His screen flickers.

DAVE
No. No. Noooo!

The laptop dies. Dave pummels the machine with his fist.

DAVE
(THWACK)
Piece...
(THWACK)
Of...
(THWACK)
SHIT.

Several loud BANGS on the wall.

LINDA (O.S.)
Quiet in there.

DAVE
(sotto)
You want quiet? I'll give you
quiet!

He reaches over to the nightstand. Wears a smug grin as he turns the radio on full blast.

BOOM! Rock music explodes from the speakers...

Linda storms in brandishing the claw hammer.

She glares at Dave - pure hatred in her eyes - Raises the hammer above her head.

Dave cowers -

DAVE
Linda! Please... NO!

She brings the hammer crashing down -

THWACK. THWACK. THWACK.

Smashes the radio to smithereens.

LINDA
You made me do that.

Dave stares at her in disbelief.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunshine streams in. Dave, screwdriver in hand, repairs his laptop.

O.S A chorus of birds WARBLE.

Dave screws the laptop back together. Hits the power button - The machine splutters back to life. Dave exhales with relief.

The door bursts open. Linda dances in - Euphoric. Flashes Dave a big smile.

LINDA
Ta-da!

She raises her arms - dangles several plastic shopping bags emblazoned with: '**Jimmy Choo**' at him.

LINDA
Thought I'd treat myself to some new shoes.

Dave gives her a look: "Seriously?" - Oblivious, Linda kicks off her 'old' Jimmy Choos, chucks them in the box with the others - Glides barefooted to the door.

LINDA
Oops. Forgot to give you this.
(holds up a new iPod)
Got all your favorite songs on it.

Tosses the iPod on the bed.

LINDA
(shrugs)
Don't need a silly locket to keep your father close to my heart.

Mortified, Dave stares at the imprint left on her neck by the locket - He looks daggers at her. Pushes the iPod away.

Linda snaps.

LINDA
Comes with these too.

She hurls a set of headphones at him.

LINDA
Maybe I'll finally get some peace
and quiet.

She stomps out. SLAMS the door. Dave shakes his head. Flips open the family photo album. Gazes mournfully at a photo of his Dad in hard hat and work boots.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Murky. A sudden flash of WHITE LIGHT. Then another. Dave, wide-eyed, terrified.

DAVE
"I'm coming apart! Oh, mother of
God, I'm coming apart!"

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

DEBBIE
Sshh. You're supposed to whisper.

In the b.g the white light from Dave's TV flickers.

DAVE
Why?

DEBBIE
Crank up the creepy factor.

DAVE
You're just stalling for time.

DEBBIE
(laughs)
'The Amityville Horror.'

DAVE
Damn. Thought I had you.

DEBBIE
My turn.
(whispers)
"They're heeere!"

DAVE
That's easy - 'Poltergeist.'

DEBBIE
My all time scary film.

DAVE
"He-e-e-e-re's Johnnie!"

DEBBIE
'The Shining.' More creepy than scary.

DAVE
Are you kidding me?

DEBBIE
"A boy's best friend is his Mother."

DAVE
(rolls his eyes)
Yeah, right...

Debbie gives him a look: "Huh?"

DAVE
Forget it. Movie's 'Psycho.'
(then)
"Look, it's moving! It's alive!!
It's alive!!! It's Alive!!!!"

DEBBIE
Seriously? That all you got?
(then)
'Frankenstein.' It's a classic!

DAVE
You better make this next one count
- 'cause I'm about to kill you.

DEBBIE
"We all go a little mad sometimes."

DAVE
(snaps)
Enough with the 'Psycho' quotes.
Freaks me out.

She studies his flustered demeanor - Clearly puzzled by his sudden mood change.

DEBBIE
Okaaaay.

An uncomfortable silence.

DAVE
Sorry, I just--

DEBBIE
--I have to go.

DAVE
No, wait! It's just... the 'Psycho'
stuff... it hit a nerve...
(swallows hard)
Reminds me off my stepmom.

DEBBIE
Oh my god. H-How? I mean-- Jesus!

DAVE
When my Dad passed. She lost it big
time. Ended up in the loony bin.

DEBBIE
I had no idea. Is she um... better
now?

DAVE
Must be. I mean, she managed to put
all her guilt on to someone else.
(shrugs)
That's not crazy. That's clever.

Dave forces a smile. Debbie gazes into his eyes, gives him a beautiful smile. There's an obvious chemistry between them.

DONG! The clock strikes 1:00 AM - Debbie goes offline.

Dave smiles. Looks content.

Soft WHISPERS invade the room.

DAVE
L-Linda. That you?

VOICE
(whispers)
Mors omnibus. Mors omnibus.
(roars)
MORS OMNIBUS.

WHAM! The window SLAMS shut. Dave's blood freezes.

DAVE
W-Who's there?

Silence.

Dave's hands shake like leaves in a storm as he types.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

'Google' home page. '**Mors omnibus**' in the search bar.

Beneath it. The Latin translation:

'**DEATH TO ALL**'!

DAVE

Stares in horror. Mouths the words. Closes the laptop. Eyes dart left to right. He slinks under the blankets. Cowers.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dull. Dreary. Dave bites his lip as he types on his laptop.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

'Google' home page. '**Haunted House**' in the search bar.

Dave hesitates... hits enter. Images of creepy Gothic style, haunted houses fill the top of the screen.

He clicks on a 'Wikipedia' link. Reads the text aloud.

DAVE

A haunted house is a house or other building often perceived as being inhabited by disembodied spirits of the deceased who may have been former residents or were familiar with the property.

Dave grimaces. Stares at a photo of his Dad: "Couldn't be... Could it?"

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads: 12:05 PM. Dave appears anxious as he chats to Debbie on webcam.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie smiles reassuringly.

DEBBIE

No, I don't think you're crazy. I just think maybe you've watched one horror movie too many.

Dave nods.

DAVE
Guess you're right.

Debbie's wide-eyed.

DEBBIE
Shit. What was that?!

DAVE
Okay. Okay. I get it. No need to
make fun of me.

DEBBIE
No. I'm serious. I heard a noise.

DAVE
Relax... it's probably just the
wind.

Debbie cocks her head. Listens. Behind her, something
sparkles. Dave shields his eyes.

DAVE
Christ. You got the 'Hope Diamond'
stashed in your room or what?

Debbie gives him a puzzled look. Glances over her shoulder.

DEBBIE
Oh, you mean this?

She turns around, reaches for a BEAUTY CROWN sitting on a
shelf. The back of her frock is torn and muddy.

Her lower back sports a tattoo of a Chinese symbol.

STAB WOUNDS - THE DEEP - **FATAL** KIND - Pepper the nape of her
neck and upper back.

DEBBIE

Giggles. Places the crown on her head. Bats her eyelashes.

DEBBIE
What d'you think?

Dave slams his laptop shut. Tries to gather his thoughts. He
seizes the crumpled newspaper off the nightstand. Stares hard
at the main headline:

'LUNAR LOONY SLAYS LOCAL BEAUTY QUEEN'

Dave grimaces at a photo of an ecstatic Debbie wearing her
crown. He scans the date on the newspaper: **'May 4th'**

His gaze flashes over to the 'Captain Jack' calendar - on it
he sees today's date marked off: **'June 2nd'!**

It hits him like an asteroid... Debbie's a ghost!!

Dave's skin goes ashen. He grabs the wastebasket. Vomits.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rain drops shower the grimy window. Trickle down the glass like giant tears. Dave, hair dishevelled, demeanor downbeat, studies the messages on Debbie's 'Facebook'.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

'God Bless, Debbie'.

'Sleep tight sweetheart - You're with the angels now.'

'Still can't believe you're gone! Love you always.'

'RIP Debbie.'

DAVE

Grimaces. He stares long and hard at her 'Facebook' photo. Not quite believing she's gone.

He move his fingers towards her smiling face. Hesitates... Caresses her image in a heartfelt manner.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave grabs a legal pad. 'Googles' 'psychics'. Several links flash up on the screen. He clicks on 'Psychic Hotline'. Scribbles the number down. Grabs the phone.

MAN (V.O.)
Psychic Hotline.

DAVE
Hi, my name's D--

MAN (V.O.)
Hello?

DAVE
Hello? Can you hear me?

MAN (V.O.)
Who's there?

DAVE
Wrong number - I'm looking for a
psychic!

He scribbles out the number.

Clicks on **"Mystic Mary"** - Dials the number.

MYSTIC MARY (V.O.)
Mystic Mary.

DAVE
I need your help. Someone I --

MYSTIC MARY (V.O.)
-- What you seek I cannot give...
No one can. You breathe the breath
of the dead...

(then)
Stay away from me. You hear? STAY
AWAY!

CLICK! The line goes dead. Dave scowls at the handset...

DAVE
Weirdo.

He sighs. Tries another number.

MEI LI answers. (Female - sounds middle-aged)

MEI (V.O.)
(Chinese accent)
Hello, Dave.

Dave sits up - alert.

DAVE
How'd you know my name?

MEI (V.O.)
I've been expecting you.

Dave's blown away.

MEI (V.O.)
My name Mei Li. I medium. Speak
with dead.

DAVE
Someone I really care about is...
is... um...

Can't bring himself to say it.

MEI (V.O.)
Yes, I know.

Dave takes a deep breath.

MEI (V.O.)
You have question for me?

DAVE
How d'you tell someone terrified of
dying they're already dead?!

MEI (V.O.)
He not know?

DAVE
She d--

MEI (V.O.)
--She?

DAVE
Debbie... Debbie Trueman. She was
murdered by the 'Lunar Loony.'

MEI (V.O.)
Ah, yes. I know case well.
Detective Trexler ask for my help.
She believe in me.

DAVE
I want to help too.

MEI (V.O.)
No. Sorry. Too dangerous.

DAVE
Dangerous? How?

MEI (V.O.)
Killer struck lot of times already.
You wanna be next victim?

Dave swallows hard. Shakes his head. "No."

DAVE
W-What about Debbie?

MEI (V.O.)
Her spirit not rest until killer
caught.

DAVE
Neither will I.

MEI (V.O.)
What do you care?

FLASHBACK - INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

Dave clings to Debbie as they're whizzed back through the dark tunnel and away from the light - like they're attached to a giant piece of elastic.

BACK TO PRESENT

Dave grimaces. Knows it's his fault Debbie's not at peace.

MEI (V.O.)
Well?

DAVE
I just do.

MEI (V.O.)
No. Sorry. Too risky.

DAVE
Try and stop me!

He hangs up. 'Googles'...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

'Serial Killers.'

Image after image. A who's who of mankind's real life bogymen: BERKOWITZ, GEIN, BUNDY, DAHMER, RIDGWAY, GACY...

DAVE

Grabs a pencil and legal pad.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave reads over his notes on serial killers. The RAT scampers across the room. Disappears under the bed, unseen.

Dave glances at the clock. It reads: 11:59 PM. One more minute and Debbie will be online. He takes a deep breath.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

Dave's hand trembles as he slides the cursor back and forth... He closes his eyes. CLICK! Goes online. Sees:

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie's stern face.

DEBBIE
You wanna play mind games, find some other fool to play with.

DAVE
M-Mind games?
(realizes)
Oh, yeah, sorry.
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Didn't mean to leave you hanging. I
 um... had to go, is all.

DEBBIE
 You okay? You seem a little tense?

DAVE
 (avoids eye contact)
 N-No. I'm good...

DEBBIE
 You're lying!

DAVE
 N-No I--

DEBBIE
 --You're hiding something.

DAVE
 (avoids eye contact)
 N-No. I'm just tired.

Debbie's spooked. Knows something's not right.

DEBBIE
 What is it? What's wrong?

Dave trembles... Takes a deep breath.

DAVE
 Y-You make me n-nervous.

She studies his nervous demeanor. Visibly relaxes.

DEBBIE
 Nothing wrong in being shy.
 (smiles)
 I think it's kinda cute.

A tad bashful, Dave looks down at the floor.

DEBBIE
 Dave.

DAVE
 (looks up at her)
 Y-Yeah?

DEBBIE
 Don't ever lie to me again!

She jabs the power button with her finger - goes offline.
 Dave takes a deep breath.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mouth slack, eyes twitching, Dave appears to be dreaming.

A HUGE CLANGING sound. DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

Dave snaps awake.

BOOM!

His senses are attacked by a cacophony of sounds coming from inside the house.

FOOTFALLS! SLAMMED DOORS! WHISTLING! CLANGING!

Dave's wide-eyed. Grips the bedclothes.

LINDA (O.S.)
Rex..! Here boy! Rex..!
(whistles)
Rex! Come on boy!

Dave GROANS. Pulls the blankets over his head. The door bursts open - DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! Linda drums a metal dog bowl with a wooden spoon.

LINDA
Rex! Din-dins!

Linda scans the room. No sign of Rex. She exits.

LINDA (O.S.)
Rex! Rex!
(whistles)
You bad dog! Where are you?

Dave whips the blankets off.

DAVE
(sotto)
Under the apple tree. Where we
buried him... four years ago!

He shakes his head. Turns the TV on. The phone RINGS.

DAVE
H-Hello?

MEI (V.O.)
You still want to help?

DAVE
How'd you get this number?

MEI (V.O.)
Not important... You share special
connection with dead girl, yes?

DAVE
Her name's DEBBIE!

MEI (V.O.)
You must use friendship.

DAVE
Huh?

MEI (V.O.)
To solve case. Debbie is star
witness in her own murder!

DAVE
Some witness. She doesn't even know
she's d--

Can't bring himself to say it.

MEI (V.O.)
You must not tell her. Might
frighten spirit away.

DAVE
You think I don't know that?

MEI (V.O.)
Must be quick. It matter of life
and death.

DAVE
What the hell are you talking
about?

MEI (V.O.)
Full moon only few days away--

DAVE
Yeah. So?

MEI (V.O.)
Killer always strike during full
moon. Why else you think media call
him 'Lunar Loony'?!

Dave shrugs.

DAVE
I-I...

MEI (V.O.)
You want next girl's death on your
conscience?

DAVE
No. Of course not.

MEI (V.O.)
Then hurry!

She hangs up. Dave stares at the handset - Deep in thought.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dull. Heavy rain assaults the window. Dave chews on a pencil.

DAVE
This is hopeless.

He slams his head against the pillow in frustration.

A long pause - He gets an idea. Jots down a question.

Linda ambles in. Spies the legal pad on the bed. Grabs it.

DAVE
Hey!

She sees the question - **"Who's your worst enemy?"**

LINDA
Isn't it obvious?

She tears the page out. Screws the paper into a ball. Flicks it at Dave - hits him in the face. He glares at her.

Linda sees: **"medium - 545760"** scribbled in the legal pad. She gives Dave an inquisitive look. Tears the number out. Exits.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Eerie... DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

Dave casts a nervous glance at a list of questions scribbled on the legal pad.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
"I see dead people."

Dave's face falls.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie beams.

DEBBIE
Nice easy one to get you started.

DAVE
W-What, oh, yeah, right...
(forces a smile)
'T-The Sixth Sense.' Great twist.

DEBBIE

Nah, I kinda knew he was dead the whole time.

DAVE

Really? Uh, cool... How about we play a getting-to-know-you game instead?

DEBBIE

O-Okay. Sure. Sounds like fun!

Dave eyes the legal pad.

DAVE

Ready?

Debbie grins.

DAVE

You got twenty seconds starting... now!

(sets his watch)
Who's your best friend?

DEBBIE

My Mom.

DAVE

Who's your worst enemy?

DEBBIE

Haven't got any.

DAVE

What's your favorite memory?

DEBBIE

My first kiss.

Dave's face falls. Debbie notices - smiles. This guy "likes" her!

DAVE

What's your scariest memory?

DEBBIE

Walking in on my Mom and Dad 'doing it' when I was nine. Ewww!

DAVE

Who or what are you most afraid of?

She considers this - gets a little emotional.

DEBBIE

Never seeing my loved ones again.

Dave stops the watch.

DAVE
Time's up.

DEBBIE
Wow. That was pretty intense.

Dave nods. Smiles.

DEBBIE
Okay, your turn.

DAVE
Huh? Okay. Sure...

Resets the watch.

DAVE
Fire away.

DEBBIE
Who's your best friend?

DAVE
My laptop.

Debbie gives him a look: "Seriously?"

DEBBIE
Who's your worst enemy?

DAVE
Linda.

DEBBIE
Ex-girlfriend?

DAVE
Stepmom.

DEBBIE
Okaaaay... What's your favorite
memory?

DAVE
Going to a ball game with my Dad.

DEBBIE
What's your scariest memory?

Dave hesitates. Can't bring himself to say it... then -

DAVE
S-Seeing my Dad in an open casket.

Debbie cringes. Quickly moves on.

DEBBIE
Who or what are you most afraid of?

No answer. Nineteen seconds on the watch.

DEBBIE
Clock's ticking!

Dave shakes his head - Doesn't want to admit this to himself.

A long pause...

DAVE
My Dad... I'm most afraid of ending
up like my Dad.

Stunned by this sudden insight, Dave closes his laptop.
Stares ahead - Deep in thought.

MOMENTS LATER

The Phone RINGS. Dave flinches.

RING. RING. RING. RING. RING. RING.

Dave reluctantly reaches for the phone.

DAVE
H-Hello?

MEI (V.O.)
Your stepmom call me today.

Dave slaps the receiver against his ear.

DAVE
You gotta be kidding me.

MEI (V.O.)
She find my number in your room.
Need someone to talk to - say she
can't get through to you...

DAVE
What did she tell you?

MEI (V.O.)
Everything!

Dave can scarcely contain his anger.

DAVE
She had no right. That stuff's
private.

MEI (V.O.)

She say she like having you there.
But you make too much noise. Keep
her awake all hours. Cost her
fortune. TV on all time. Laptop on
24/7. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.... She at
wits end.

DAVE

Yeah? Poor Linda.

MEI (V.O.)

All she want is your love.

DAVE

After what she did?!

He slams the phone down. Grabs the family photo album.
Grimaces at the newspaper clipping of his Dad's suicide.

The door CREAKS open. Dave slams the album shut. Slides it
under the pillow just as Linda enters - Tidies round.

LINDA

Spoke to your 'friend' today. Nice
lady. Told her all about us.

DAVE

Bet you didn't tell her how you
trashed my radio? Or what you did
to Dad!

LINDA

Maybe she'll get through to you...
I know I can't!

Glares at Dave. Snatches his pills off the nightstand.

LINDA

Now we can both be in pain.

Stomps out. SLAMS the door.

INT. MYSTIC MARY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Spooky. An array of items used to ward off evil spirits:
Garlic, wind chimes, a horseshoe, crucifix, upward pointing
pentagram etc.

TABLE

A .357 Magnum rests between a telephone and stack of business
cards that read: "**Mystic Mary - Spiritualist.**"

MYSTIC MARY (30s), drunk, trembles, pours herself a glass of
vodka, guzzles it down.

Hair unkempt, haunted eyes, arms a collage of track marks, tattoos and self-harm scars. She pours herself another glass, drains it.

Her eyes dart left to right as she picks up the revolver with her right hand - Nervously dials with her left hand.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - SAME

RING. RING. RING. RING. RING. RING.

Dave picks up the phone.

DAVE
H-Hello?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

MYSTIC MARY
(slurred)
Death awaits you.

DAVE
Who is this?

MYSTIC MARY
(rambles incoherently)
Kiss of death. Kiss of death...
'Dark Eyes' waits. Soon he will
come. Evil spirits. Demons. Stay
away from the crazy one - She will
bleed you like a stuck pig.

SNAP! Mary's head jolts back - Whites of her eyes. Possessed.

MYSTIC MARY
(Demonic voice)
Death to all... Death to all.

Terrified, Dave yanks the phone away from his ear as - Mary presses the muzzle hard against her right eye - twists the barrel deep inside her eye socket.

Crimson tears splatter onto the business cards. Mary's name disappears beneath a pool of blood.

DAVE
W-Who is this?

BLAM! A single gunshot rings out.

DAVE
Hello? Hello?

Deathly silence. Spooked, Dave tentatively replaces the handset - bites his lip - deep in thought.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave's propped up in bed - Agitated, hair dishevelled, beads of sweat dot his brow. He pounds the wall with his fist.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

DAVE
Linda, my pills.

LINDA (O.S.)
Our Father, which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

DAVE
For pity's sake. Please Linda!
Please!

LINDA (O.S.)
(louder)
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done
in earth, As it is in heaven...

DAVE
WHY WON'T YOU ANSWER ME?

No response. Dave continues to pummel the wall.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Linda trudges in, baggy eyed, stifles a yawn.

DAVE
(sarcastic)
Sleep well?

LINDA
Doc gave me some more pills.

She tosses them on the bed. Dave stretches for the pills - they're just out of reach. He winces as he stretches... Stretches... Stretches...

Fingers tips a millimeter away - Linda snatches them from his grasp.

LINDA
You need to rest.
(evil grin)
Sweet dreams!

She struts out the room. Dave stares in disbelief.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave winces in pain. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. His fingers pummel the keyboard. He takes a deep breath.

DAVE
(sotto)
No turning back now.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

"Department of Law Enforcement - Authorized Personnel only"

DAVE

Types: **"Lunar Loony"** in the search bar. The page starts to load as...

KNOCK. KNOCK. The bedroom door CREAKS open.

DETECTIVE TREXLER (30s), tall, quirky, kind face, strides in.

TREXLER
Dave Fletcher?

DAVE
Y-Yeah?

TREXLER
(smiles; offers her hand)
Detective Trexler.

Dave gulps, forces a smile. Quickly shuts his laptop.

DAVE
(shakes her hand)
W-What can I do for you?

Trexler snatches her hand away.

TREXLER
Your hands are like ice.

She shudders, marches over to the window. Closes it.

TREXLER
You'll catch your death if you're
not careful.

She scans the room - Almost like she's looking for something.

Her gaze falls upon the 'Captain Jack' calendar.

TREXLER
Mmmm. Love a man in boots.

Traces 'Captain Jack's' lips with her finger.

TREXLER
 Always had a thing for Johnny.
 Loved him in 'Sleepy Hollow'.
 (then)
 Made me want to be a cop.

She spins. Flashes Dave a warm smile.

TREXLER
 Mei sends her best.

DAVE
 H-How do you guys know each other?

Trexler's face falls.

TREXLER
 When my Mother...
 (chokes back a tear)
 Mei helped me to... to--

DAVE
 (changes the subject)
 --What's she like? Mei, I mean.

TREXLER
 Bit of a recluse to be honest.
 Prefers the company of the dead to
 the living if you ask me. But don't
 tell her I said that.

She rummages in her purse. Pulls out a Polaroid of an elderly Asian woman in a wheelchair.

TREXLER
 (smiles)
 This is her.

Dave examines the photo.

DAVE
 She's older than I imagined.

TREXLER
 Don't let the wheelchair fool you.
 She's one feisty lady. Believe me.

Dave smiles, hands the photo back. Turns serious.

DAVE
 W-What is it you want from me?

TREXLER
 We got five murdered girls already -
 Help us stop this.

DAVE
H-How can I--

TREXLER
We need to know if Debbie has...
had a secret boyfriend?

DAVE
Why? What diff --

TREXLER
-- Sometimes it's the people you
love the most who hurt you the
most.

DAVE
Wait. What about the "Lunar Loo--

TREXLER
--Just keeping our options open.

Flips open her cell phone. A sliver of light emits from it
before she quickly closes it. Sighs.

TREXLER
(re: cell phone)
Damn battery's dead. Mind if I
borrow yours? Need to text my
captain.

Dave eyes her with suspicion.

DAVE
Like I told the other detective - I
lost it the night of my accident.

TREXLER
(facepalms)
That's right you did.

Trexler smiles, holds out her hand.

TREXLER
I'll be in touch.

She strides out. Dave shrugs. Reaches for his laptop.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Serene. An owl HOOTS. The bare bulb casts a warm glow.

Dave chats to Debbie on webcam.

DAVE
(snickers)
... And so the snobby neighbor says
(posh voice)
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)
"That chap's going to lower the
tone of the neighborhood."

He grins. Debbie gives him a "so what?" look.

DAVE
D'you get it? The dude was a
baritone!

DEBBIE
(deadpan)
I get it.

Dave turns serious.

DAVE
So any baritones in your
neighborhood?

DEBBIE
Uh-uh. Just a few screeching cats.

DAVE
What about deadbeats? Weirdos?
Total psychos?

Debbie becomes edgy.

DEBBIE
What is this? Why the sudden
interest in my neighborhood?

Dave struggles for an answer.

DEBBIE
Well?

DAVE
(averts his eyes)
Just trying to fix Linda up.

DEBBIE
DON'T LIE TO ME!

DAVE
(averts his eyes, lowers
his voice)
I'm not. Honest.

DEBBIE
You're hiding something.

Dave's bewildered. Doesn't know what to say other than...

DAVE
(softly)
No.

DEBBIE

LIAR!

She scowls, reaches for the power button.

DAVE

(fake smile)

I-I'm not. Why would you think that?

DEBBIE

You told me.

DAVE

W-When?

DEBBIE

Just now - Eyes shifty as a snake oil salesman - Voice dropping faster than a Duck Hawk - Only using the muscles around your mouth when you smiled - No jaw, cheek or eye movement.

(then)

Want me to go on?

Dave shakes his head "No."

DEBBIE

FAKE ANSWERS FOLLOWED BY A FAKE SMILE.

DAVE

H-How d'you know this stuff?

DEBBIE

I was lied to once. Didn't want it happening again. Studied 'body language' to make sure it didn't.

Her finger reaches for the power button.

DEBBIE

I warned you not to lie to me.

Dave hoists his laptop next to his face.

DAVE

Debbie, look at me.

She turns away.

DAVE

LOOK AT ME!

Their eyes meet.

DAVE

I really like you, Debbie. More than you know... I would never say or do anything to hurt you... EVER!

(then)

Now tell me I'm lying?

Debbie smiles - knows he's being sincere.

DONG! The clock strikes 1:00 AM. Debbie goes offline.

DAVE

Grimaces. Takes a deep breath. The phone RINGS.

MEI (V.O.)

You find out if she have secret boyfriend?

DAVE

I-I don't think I can do this.

MEI (V.O.)

What happened?

DAVE

She's a goddamn human lie detector! I keep doing this she's gonna end up spooked or lied to... Either way she's gone.

MEI (V.O.)

You're just scared of losing her.

DAVE

M-Maybe I am...

MEI (V.O.)

Hmm... Wonder if she like being ghost?

(then)

No matter. She got rest of eternity to get used to it.

She hangs up. Furious, Dave seizes the vase of roses off the nightstand -

LINDA (O.S.)

As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.

Dave hurls the vase. SMASH. It shatters against the wall...

BOOM. Linda charges through the door -

LINDA

And forgive us our trespasses...

Snarls at Dave.

LINDA
As we forgive them that trespass
against us...

She sees the broken vase. Recoils in horror.

LINDA
Why are you tormenting me like
this? Killing your father wasn't
enough. You want to drive me to an
early grave too?

Devastated, she drops to her knees. Stares mournfully at the
shattered vase. Chokes back a sob.

LINDA
(re: vase)
It was a gift from him.

DAVE
(sotto)
So was the locket.

She forces the broken pieces back together - Cuts her finger -
blood seeps out. She dashes out the room in a distressed
state. Dave winces. Eyes filled with remorse.

A long pause...

Rapid FOOTFALLS approach - The RAT darts under the bed.

Linda enters. Brandishes the claw hammer. Blood drips from
her finger.

CRASH. BANG. SMASH.

Linda's like 'THOR' in the throes of battle.

She massacres Dave's 'Star Wars' collection.

Arms. Legs. Heads - fly off.

Hundreds of dollars worth of collectibles turned into a
veritable slaughterhouse of action figures.

She eyes a pristine Darth Vader figure.

DAVE
No. Linda. Please! Not that!--

She turns away from it. Dave exhales with relief.

DAVE
Dad got me it for acing my SAT's.

Whoosh. Linda spins - beheads Darth with a blow any Jedi would be proud of. She turns, eyeballs Dave.

DAVE

Linda! No! I'm SORRY!

Linda raises the hammer ready to cave his skull in. She glimpses the rodent's tail protruding from under the bed - Barely blinks an eye. Lowers the hammer.

LINDA

Now you know how it feels.

She tramples all over the discarded roses as she stomps out.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave's eyes register the carnage. Rapid FOOTFALLS approach. The door flies open. A BLACK CAT meows as it's thrown into the room. The door closes.

The FOOTFALLS fade out of earshot.

The rodent scurries across the floor. The tomcat moves stealthlike towards it - Corners the creature.

The puss stops. Turns its head. Sees Dave for the first time.

The kitty SCREECHES. Recoils as if Dave were a two hundred and fifty pound Pit Bull. Terrified, it HISSES at him. Arches its back. Lashes its tail. GROWLS. SPITS.

A chill runs down Dave spine. He peers nervously over his shoulder - Checks for an apparition or some other ghostly presence that may have alarmed the cat.

Nothing there. He exhales with relief. Attempts to calm the agitated creature.

DAVE

Here, Puss Puss.

The frightened feline CLAWS at the door. Desperate to escape. The door opens. The cat SCREECHES. Dashes out.

Dave stares - dumbstruck.

The rat scurries out of sight. Dave reaches for the small hand mirror on the nightstand...

Nervously examines his reflection. Same old Dave. He visibly relaxes. Pulls a funny face. Plunks the mirror down. Grabs his laptop...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Mystery Man's sinister features reflect back at Dave.

DAVE

Creeped-out by the stranger's spooky image, slams the laptop shut. Takes a deep breath. Hesitates... Slowly opens the laptop - Sees: A blank screen. Closes the laptop. Pushes it away.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunshine seeps in. Dave casts a nervous glance at his laptop. Looks away. Taps his fingers. Sighs. Grabs it. Powers it up.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonbeams pierce the blackness. Specks of dust fall like tiny snowflakes. The old mantel clock reads: 12:55 AM.

DAVE

...So I was wondering--

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie shakes her head,

DEBBIE

--Uh-Uh. My turn to ask you something!

DAVE

O-Okay.

DEBBIE

Why d'you hate your stepmom?

DAVE

Maybe you should be asking her that question.

DEBBIE

She's mean to you?

DAVE

If you call obliterating my radio with a hammer then buying me an iPod mean? Then yeah.

DEBBIE

Mooody.

DAVE

Try Schizo.

(then)

Since my accident she's been worse than ever... Guess she resents having to put her life on hold to take care of me.

DEBBIE

What about your Dad?

A long pause.

DAVE

Linda killed him.

DEBBIE

Oh my God.

Dave takes a deep breath.

DAVE

All they ever did was fight over money.

DEBBIE

(sighs)

Sounds like my parents.

DAVE

Linda's obsessed with shoes. Spends all her money on them.

DEBBIE

Every girl loves shoes. It's in our DNA.

DAVE

My tenth birthday. Dad was sick. Couldn't afford to feed us let alone buy me any presents.

(then)

I was hungry - went looking for some food, found a brand new pair of \$800 Jimmy Choos hidden in a box of 'Lucky Charms'.

Voice crackling with emotion.

DAVE

That night they had a blazing row. Next day Dad was dead. Jumped off a building. Just like that. Never even said goodbye.

DEBBIE

Oh my God.

DAVE
No note. Nothing.

Debbie shakes her head.

DEBBIE
I guess what matters most is--

DAVE
--Nothing matters. Not now. Not then. Least not me. Not to Dad. Fact he had a son who idolized him never made a difference. It didn't matter... I DIDN'T MATTER.

Debbie gazes at him. Wants to say something. Hesitates...

DEBBIE
You matter to me.

Dave's taken aback. They smile awkwardly at each other.

DONG! The clock strikes 1:00 AM. Debbie goes offline.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave's fraught with emotion. His Dad's death. Debbie's soothing words... it's all too much.

The phone RINGS.

DAVE
WHAT?

MEI (V.O.)
You get name?

DAVE
Jesus. Give me time. I--

MEI (V.O.)
Time - luxury we no have. Clock ticking. When alarm go off. No buzzer. Just death rattle of more murdered girl.

DAVE
Stop putting this all on me! What about the cops?

MEI (V.O.)
What about them?

DAVE
Maybe they missed something.

MEI (V.O.)
No. They professional. Not amateur.

DAVE
What do you want from me? Tell me
what you want?

MEI (V.O.)
Name. I want a name.

DAVE
If it's so easy, you do it! You're
the goddamn 'medium!'

MEI (V.O.)
Already try. Me not get through to
her, stupid.

Dave slams the phone down.

RING. RING. RING. RING.

Pissed, Dave folds his arms - ignores it.

RING. RING. RING. RING.

Dave grabs the phone.

DAVE
Leave me alone!

MEI (V.O.)
You want more girl to die like
Debbie?

Dave grimaces.

MEI (V.O.)
Well? Do you?

DAVE
No. Of course not.

MEI (V.O.)
Then get me a name!

She hangs up. Dave glares at the handset. Slams it down.

The door CREAKS open. Linda shuffles in, stifles a yawn.

LINDA
You need to rest.

She tosses Dave's pills on the bed. He ignores them - folds
his arms.

Linda sighs. Pulls a cell phone from her pocket. Places it on
his pillow.

LINDA
Got you a new cell phone. Thought
maybe you could text me, seeing how
we can't talk to each other.

She exits. Dave grabs his pills. Takes a double dose. Exhales
with relief... Glances at the new cell phone - Slings it
across the nightstand.

Lays down. Closes his eyes.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave looks anxious as his fingers jab the keyboard. He takes
a deep breath. The page loads...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A document: **Case No: 129758 - AKA "The Jimmy Murders."**

DAVE
"Jimmy?" Who the hell's "Jimmy?!"

He opens the file.

Winces at crime scene photos of the VICTIMS.

Four beautiful, brown-eyed brunettes, hacked to death.

DAVE
(sotto)
Jeez, they could be sisters.

Dave skims the gory details. Hones in on '**Known Associates**'
of each victim.

DAVE
Jimmy...? Jimmy...? Jimmy...?

He draws a blank. No mention of anyone called "Jimmy."

He slams the laptop shut. Seizes the phone.

DAVE
Who the hell's "Jimmy?!"

MEI (V.O.)
Shit.

DAVE
What's going on?

MEI (V.O.)
Not supposed to say. Detective
Trexler swear me to secrecy.

DAVE

Fine. Tell her to find the killer!

He slams the phone down.

RING. RING. RING. RING. RING.

Dave grabs the phone. Ready to blurt out an obscenity or two.

MEI (V.O.)

Victims wearing "Jimmy Choo" when attacked.

DAVE

(rolls his eyes)

That "Jimmy!"

(then)

Shame Linda's not twenty years younger.

MEI (V.O.)

What?

DAVE

Nothing. Just a little wishful thinking.

MEI (V.O.)

Cops thought first murder was robbery gone wrong. But then more victims - they realize they got serial killer on their hands.

DAVE

So why the secrecy?

MEI (V.O.)

No matter. We're out of time. Full moon day after tomorrow. No choice. Have to tell Debbie the truth. See if she knows something.

DAVE

I-I guess so.

He hangs up. Gazes anxiously at Debbie's photo.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave fidgets - waits for the clock to strike midnight.

DONG! He flinches.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

DEBBIE

Hey.

Dave swallows hard. Looks solemn.

DAVE

I-I have to tell you something...
Something you're not going to like.

DEBBIE

Oh my God. You know don't you?!

Dave's stunned.

DAVE

Yeah... I just didn't know that you
kne--

DEBBIE

--Bet that asshole Brad's been
bragging on Facebook again, huh?

Dave perks up. He's finally got a name.

DAVE

Brad?

Debbie eyes him with suspicion.

DAVE

He's the guy that lied to you,
right?

DEBBIE

Jerk thinks he can do what he wants
just 'cause he's got a rich
Daddy...

DAVE

Wait. D-Did he hurt you?

DEBBIE

It doesn't matter.

DAVE

It matters to me.

DEBBIE

Look - forget it. Nothing you can
do about it anyway... Jerk's above
the law.

DAVE

Nobody's above the law.

DEBBIE
Trust me, Brad is.

DAVE
Why would you think that?

DEBBIE
Because around here, his Daddy is
the law.

Dave's flummoxed.

DAVE
B-Brad Jackson? Mayor Jackson's
son?

DEBBIE
Guilty as charged.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. Dave's digits punch the keyboard.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A whirl of images flash by - Photos. Files. Documents. All relating to BRAD JACKSON, (19).

School reports - He majored in Greek Mythology.

His 'Facebook' page complete with boring updates.

A police mug shot of Brad! He looks confident, arrogant even.

DAVE

Wide-eyed, reads the police file.

His eyes zoom in on various key phrases:

"Victim" "Female" "violent assault" "Sexually motivated" -

Then -

"Insufficient evidence" - "Charges dropped"!!

DAVE
Sonofabitch.

Dave plunks the laptop on the nightstand - Grabs the phone.

MEI (V.O.)
Hello?

DAVE
I've found him. I've found "Jimmy!"

MEI (V.O.)
When? How? WHO?

DAVE
Mayor Jackson's son, Brad.

MEI (V.O.)
How you know? Debbie tell you?

DAVE
She dated him. Said he liked it rough.

MEI (V.O.)
So do lot of guys.

DAVE
He majored in Greek Mythology--

MEI (V.O.)
Greek Mythology?! Why you waste my time with this?

DAVE
I hacked his 'Facebook' account. Sicko's password is '**Hades**' - the Greek King of the Underworld... the God of Death!!

MEI (V.O.)
You're plucking at straws.

DAVE
Listen to me - it's him. He's the killer. I know it. I just know it.

MEI (V.O.)
Me go now.

DAVE
HE ATTACKED A GIRL!

MEI (V.O.)
What?!

DAVE
You can't tell the cops it was me who told you, okay?

MEI (V.O.)
Depends what y--

DAVE

Promise me. Or forget the whole thing. I'm not getting busted again.

MEI (V.O.)

You've been in trouble with the police before?

DAVE

Once. I was fourteen...

MEI (V.O.)

What did you do?

DAVE

Doesn't matter. It was a long time ago. Just promise you won't tell?

MEI (V.O.)

First you tell me what you did?

DAVE

Okay. Okay. I hacked into the bank's computer. Not to steal - just to see if I could do it.

(then)

Happy now?

MEI (V.O.)

Yes. Now tell me about Brad.

DAVE

I uh... 'accessed' police records. Seems Little Lord Fondlejoy assaulted a waitress. Left her in a bad way.

MEI (V.O.)

What happened?

DAVE

Cops charged him with aggravated sexual assault. Sonofabitch got off on a goddamn technicality.

MEI (V.O.)

What technicality?

DAVE

Being the son of the most powerful man in the City!

MEI (V.O.)

I'll let Detective Trexler know.

(then)

Dave.

DAVE

Yeah?

MEI (V.O.)

You did good.

She hangs up. Dave beams. Punches the air: "Yes!"

Out the corner of his eye he sees a luna moth hover.

ON THE NIGHTSTAND

The laptop keys move of their own accord! They spell:

D... E... M... O... N...

DAVE

Slams the laptop shut. Ghostly WHISPERS fill the room.

VOICES

Death to all... Death to all...

Death to all...

His nerves shot, Dave shakes his head, covers his ears.

DAVE

Enough... ENOUGH!

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunbeams pierce the gloom. O.S. Birds CHIRP. Dave snaps awake. Grabs the phone. Punches the number.

DAVE

Did they get him?

MEI (V.O.)

(yawns)

What time is it?

DAVE

Please tell me he's in jail...?

Please. Please. Pleeeeeeaaase tell me
he's going to die a slow, painful
death by lethal injection?

MEI (V.O.)

He have alibi.

Dave clenches his teeth.

DAVE

Let me guess. Daddy said he was
with him all night, right?

MEI (V.O.)
Something like that.

DAVE
That's bullshit. The Mayor's
covering up for him.

MEI (V.O.)
(yawns)
How you know?

DAVE
Have the cops search his room for
the missing shoe.

Mei's suddenly wide awake.

MEI (V.O.)
Shoe?!

DAVE
Some serial killers take
"trophies." Helps them get off.
Dahmer kept his victims skulls in
the refrigerator. Alcala had a
locker full of--

MEI (V.O.)
Shoe? You said shoe?!

DAVE
Yeah. He took Debbie's left shoe,
right?

MEI (V.O.)
Not just hers. He take shoe from
every murdered girl.

DAVE
To hell with "Jimmy." Cops should
be calling them the "Cinderella
Murders!"

MEI (V.O.)
Dave.

DAVE
Yeah?

MEI (V.O.)
How you know about missing shoe?

DAVE
You told me.

MEI (V.O.)
Uh-uh. I only tell you victims
wearing "Jimmy Choo."

DAVE
Must have read about it in the
newspapers.

MEI (V.O.)
No. Cops suppress it. Say it vital
clue. Swear me to secrecy.

DAVE
I-I...

MEI (V.O.)
How you know, Dave?

He taps his forehead with his fist - tries to remember.

DAVE
I-I don't know how I know, I just
know!

MEI (V.O.)
Maybe your memory coming back...?
Or maybe you never have amnesia in
first place?!

Dave's puzzled. What the hell does she mean by that?

MEI (V.O.)
Dave.

DAVE
Y-Yeah?

MEI (V.O.)
Where were you when car hit you?

DAVE
Newspaper said 'off Lexington
Avenue,' why?

MEI (V.O.)
That only few blocks from where
Debbie's body was found.

DAVE
Soooooo?

MEI (V.O.)
Big coincidence you struck by car
same night Debbie murdered, huh?!

DAVE
The same night? Really?

MEI (V.O.)
Psychological profile say killer
"White male. Age 18-35. Him loner
with criminal record"!

(MORE)

MEI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (then)
 That remind you of anyone, Dave?

DAVE
 You don't seriously think--

MEI (V.O.)
 --YES!

Dave's stunned.

MEI (V.O.)
 How else you know about missing
 shoe?!

Dave has no answer.

MEI (V.O.)
 It all make sense. You blame
 stepmother for father's death.

DAVE
 Yes but--

MEI (V.O.)
 -- So you take anger out on girls
 with fancy shoes... Same shoes your
 stepmother wear!

DAVE
 No! No!

MEI (V.O.)
 You try to flee crime scene and get
 hit by car! That why murders stop!
 It was you! You're the killer!!

DAVE
 No... No... Please God, NO!

MEI (V.O.)
 You see your stepmother's face when
 you butcher poor girls? Huh,
 "Jimmy"...? Huh?

Dave SLAMS the phone down.

Grabs his laptop - frantically types something... bites his
 fist as he waits for the page to load.

DAVE
 (shakes his laptop)
 Come on. Come on. Hurry up.

Finally there it is...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The psychological profile of the killer - AKA "Jimmy."

"White Male"... "Aged between 18-35"... "Difficulty forming relationships"... "Loner"... "Criminal record"...

The final nail in the coffin:

"Domineering Mother with violent tendencies!!"

DAVE

Shakes his head. Refuses to believe his own eyes.

DAVE

No! I didn't do this. I'm innocent!

He taps his fist against his forehead

DAVE

Why can't you remember?

Loses it - PUMMELS his forehead.

DAVE

WHY CAN'T YOU REMEMBER?

Dave goes wide-eyed, grips the bedclothes.

FLASHBACK - EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

Dark. Grainy. Shaky.

Debbie's terror stricken as...

A HAND covers her mouth.

A STEEL BLADE pierces her soft skin.

STAB! STAB! STAB!

She writhes in agony. Unable to break free.

Dress torn and muddy.

Hair. Neck. Back - drenched in her own blood.

DEBBIE

Deathly pale. Body limp - DEAD.

BACK TO PRESENT

DAVE

Snaps out of it. Perspiration dots his brow.

DAVE
What did I do?!

Buries his head in his hands.

DAVE
What did I do?!

He plunks the laptop down. Seizes the hand mirror - Glares at himself with utter disdain...

Punches the mirror. SMASH. Runs his finger along the cracked glass. Pries a shard free -

Presses it against his wrist. Draws blood.

The door burst open. Linda barrels in clutching the claw hammer.

LINDA
ARE YOU EVER GOING TO REST?
(then)
You're driving me crazy!

Eyes filled with menace, she hisses at him.

LINDA
I just want to sleep.
(brandishes hammer)
LET ME SLEEP!

She stomps off.

Dave glowers. Grabs the family album. Finds a photo of Linda. Seizes the shard. Hacks at Linda's smiling face -

GOUGES HER EYES OUT.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave, somber, downbeat, types anxiously... He averts his gaze. Whatever's on the screen - he can't bring himself to look...

He takes a deep breath. Steels himself to take a peek.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Autopsy photos of Debbie. Brutal postmortem scarring. Cold, lifeless eyes. Hard to believe she was once a vibrant, living person.

LINDA

Ambles in. Spies the grizzly pictures.

DAVE

"You made me do that."

Horrified, Linda scurries out the room... FOOTFALLS bounce down the stairs. BANG! The front door slams shut. Linda's gone out.

MOMENTS LATER

Dave closes his laptop. A police SIREN wails. Red and blue lights dance around the room like a 70s disco.

Dave's wide-eyed. The lights disappear. The SIREN fades. He exhales with relief.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Several loud knocks.

TREXLER (O.S.)

Police! Open up!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Dave grips the bedclothes. Trembles uncontrollably.

CLICK! CLICK! The front door handle being tried.

CREAK! The front door opens and closes.

CLICK CLACK. CLICK CLACK. CLICK CLACK. Up the stairs.

Dave cowers as...

Detective Trexler strides in. Looks daggers at him.

Ashamed, Dave bows his head.

Trexler scans the room. Picks up a 'Prison Break' DVD.

TREXLER

See you like to plan ahead.

DAVE

W-What happens now?

TREXLER

Nothing...

A glint of hope in Dave's eyes.

TREXLER

Yet!

Dave's face falls.

TREXLER
So far all we've got is
circumstantial.

Spies Dave's new cell phone on the nightstand - Grabs it.

TREXLER
Guess we can throw some GPS into
the mix now too.

DAVE
Knew you were lying about your
battery being dead - You wanted my
cell phone all along.

Trexler throws her hands up in mock surrender.

TREXLER
You got me!
(then)
They said you were smart.

DAVE
Not that smart.

Trexler gazes at his broken legs.

TREXLER
Don't think I need to worry about
you skipping town.

DAVE
Y-You're leaving?

TREXLER
(holds up cell phone)
Got what I came for.

Drops the phone in her purse - hands Dave her card.

TREXLER
Here's my card - 'case you decide
to do the decent thing and "fess
up."

She heads for the door.

DAVE
Wait. That cell phone's n--

TREXLER
(puts her finger to her
lips)
Sshh.

She grips the door handle.

TREXLER
 Tell your Mom not to leave the
 front door unlocked in future...
 Can't be too careful. Lot of
 psychos about.

Dave glares at her.

TREXLER
 (winks)
 Catch ya later.

She exits.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Somber. Dave, trancelike, stares into space.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
 Penny for them.

Dave snaps out of his trance.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie flashes him a beautiful smile.

DAVE
 (averts his eyes)
 You shouldn't be speaking to me.

DEBBIE
 How come?

DAVE
 I'm a bad person. I did a terrible
 thing.

DEBBIE
 (snickers)
 What d'you do? Forget to say your
 prayers or something?

DAVE
 You wouldn't be laughing if you
 knew what I did.

DEBBIE
 Then tell me.

DAVE
 I-I can't.

DEBBIE
It's okay, you can trust me.

DAVE
It's me I don't trust.

DEBBIE
Listen to me - you're a nice guy.
Whatever you think you did, it
can't be all that bad.

DAVE
You know that saying "Beauty killed
the beast"?

DEBBIE
Sure. Everybody does.

DAVE
Well, I'm the beast that killed
Beauty.

Debbie gives him a puzzled look.

DAVE
I'm evil.

DEBBIE
No, Dave. You're not.

Closes his laptop.

DAVE
Yes... I am.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

A roar of THUNDER. Lightning FLASHES as...

Dave, a sick, twisted look on his face, clutches the deadly
shard. BOOM. A huge THUNDERCLAP - the whole house shakes.

Lightning slashes across Dave's deranged face as he grabs the
TV remote. Turns the volume full blast...

Linda charges in. Snatches the remote. Aims it at the TV.
Dave raises the shard behind her. Ready to strike. Linda
squints. Struggles to see the 'off' button in the dark.

The tip of the glass 'dagger' moves closer... closer... Tears
through her nightdress. Almost touches her flesh...

Dave's hand trembles as he wills himself to stab her... He
casts the shard aside. Lowers his arm in defeat.

Lightning illuminates the entire room - Linda spies the 'off'
button. Turns the TV off. Tosses the remote on the bed.

LINDA
Next time I'll bring my hammer.

She stomps out. Dave processes what just happened. A sudden realization... He grabs the phone. Punches a number.

MEI (V.O.)
(sleepy)
Hello?

DAVE
I couldn't go through with it. I'm not a killer. It's not in me. You got the wrong g--

MEI (V.O.)
--There's been another murder.

DAVE
Oh my God.

MEI (V.O.)
Victim's name Evelyn. She just sixteen - only child. Her Mother so distraught she try take own life.

Dave grimaces.

DAVE
Sick freak's losing it. Couldn't even wait just one more day for the full moo--

MEI (V.O.)
--You might not be killer... Still your fault.

DAVE
You're crazy.

MEI (V.O.)
Not just me think it. Evelyn think it too.

DAVE
Y-You've spoken to her?

MEI (V.O.)
She angry. Want to know why you didn't find real killer?

DAVE
I-I...

MEI (V.O.)
So I tell her the truth. You don't wanna upset your precious girlfriend.

DAVE

No, I...

MEI (V.O.)

Me go now.

The line goes dead. Crushed, Dave puts the phone down.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dave stares mournfully at the TV.

ON TV SCREEN

A photo of EVELYN (16), dark hair and eyes, blowing out sixteen candles on a birthday cake.

CLICK!

The door opens. Linda plods in.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

... Police have just released this picture of the Lunar Loony's latest victim and are appealing for witnesses...

Linda gazes at the TV - Sees: The photo of Evelyn.

LINDA

Poor thing was little more than a child. Tragic. Just tragic. Breaks my heart.

Dave looks away from the TV. His face riddled with guilt.

CLICK! Linda turns the TV off.

LINDA

Hope the cops get him. Seen enough death to last me a lifetime.

She trudges out the room.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Eerie.

WHOOSH. A sudden gust of wind. The curtains flap like a flag.

Dave's eyes blink open. A strange HOWLING sound. He bolts upright. Peers through the gloominess.

Nothing.

He exhales with relief. Lies down. Shuts his eyes. CLICK. The light comes on. Dave's eyes flick open.

The naked bulb glows brighter and brighter.

Dozens of luna moths flutter through the window - Swarm around the blinding light.

Heat from the brightening bulb tints the room in a red hue.

The frenzied moths rebound off the red-hot glass.

FWOOM. A moth ignites. Swoops at Dave like a blazing kamikaze.

Dave beats away the burning insect.

FWOOM. FWOOM. FWOOM. FWOOM. FWOOM. FWOOM. FWOOM.

Several more moths burst into flames. Dave frantically beats away the blazing arthropods.

Some of the creatures crash-land on the bed.

FWOOM. The bedclothes ignite. Dave attacks the flames with his bare hands - Appears to be losing the battle.

POP! The white-hot bulb explodes.

Dave beats out the flames. Grabs his flashlight. Strobes the inky blackness like a military searchlight...

No sign of the moths... He visibly relaxes. Suddenly -

EVELYN'S FACE IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM.

Dave lets out a gasp of pure horror. Drops the torch. Recoils in terror as the dead girl's pitch black eyes peer at him.

A gold chain with the letter "E" dangles from her pale neck.

Evelyn GROWLS. Claws at Dave's bandaged legs. His flesh peels like ripe fruit. AGONY. Dave lets out an ear-splitting SCREAM.

Evelyn grabs his ankle - pulls with all her might. Dave grips the sheets. Clings on for dear life. No use. His body slides across the bed towards her.

Dave spies the cast iron headboard above. Lunges for it. Grabs hold with both hands. Evelyn tugs harder.

White knuckles - Dave clings to the headboard like he's on a roller coaster from hell.

The fingers on his left hand slowly lose their grip - Beyond desperate, Dave clings on with his right hand.

No use. Evelyn's supernatural strength's too much for him. Dave's fingers unravel from his metal lifeline... one by one.

Evelyn pulls harder. Dave's grip gives out. She reels him in like a fish. Dave's terror stricken as he slides towards her.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Hey.

Dave looks back at his laptop with pleading eyes.

DAVE

DEBBIE, HELP ME!

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie looks anxious.

DEBBIE

What is it? What's wrong?

He turns to face Evelyn - she's gone.

MOMENTS LATER

Dave's sprawled across the bed - Face ashen.

DEBBIE

You okay? You look like you've seen a gho--

Dave weakly raises a halting hand.

DAVE

D-Don't.

Debbie gives him a puzzled look.

DEBBIE

Okaaaay?

Dave winces as he reaches for his pills - Gulps two down.

Kisses the tip of his index finger, gently presses it against Debbie's soft lips via the screen.

DEBBIE

(smiles)

What was that for?

DAVE

Believing in me.

He looks down at the floor.

DAVE
I can't do this anymore.

DEBBIE
Do what?

DAVE
You. Me. This.

A tear trickles down Debbie's sweet face.

DEBBIE
Don't leave me. Please, Dave. Don't do this. I need you.

DAVE
(chokes back a sob)
I'm sorry.

He closes his laptop. Wipes his eyes. The phone RINGS. Dave hesitates - Reluctantly picks it up.

MEI (V.O.)
Full moon tomorrow - Trexler think killer got something big planned.

DAVE
Why d'you tell her about me?

MEI (V.O.)
Who?

DAVE
EVELYN.

MEI (V.O.)
What happen?

DAVE
Hell happened!

MEI (V.O.)
So sorry.

DAVE
You keep asking me if I want more girls to die. What about me? You think I wanna die?

MEI (V.O.)
You're safe now. Evelyn's gone.

DAVE
Too late. I'm done with this.

He hangs up.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sunshine spills in. Dave wakes with a smile on his face. He stretches - looks like an enormous weight has been lifted off his shoulders.

O.S. A bird CHIRPS. Dave smiles, WHISTLES along with it.

He flicks the TV on. Sits back... Relaxes.

ON THE NIGHTSTAND

Breakfast - A box of 'Lucky Charms,' jug of milk, bowl and spoon.

DAVE

Sniffs the milk. Guzzles some of the ice cold liquid straight from the jug. Thrusts his hand inside the cereal box - Grabs a handful - Opens his mouth wide.

Stares in horror at his wriggling breakfast of...

MAGGOTS.

Dave drops the disgusting larvae - they wriggle all over him.

He frantically brushes them away. Flings the box of 'Lucky Charms' across the room in a fit of rage.

A shower of breakfast cereal rains down from the packaging. Scatters across the floor - Make an unholy mess.

Dave scarcely takes this in when over...

AT THE WINDOW

A CROW swoops down on the windowsill - CAWS like crazy.

DAVE

Waves the feathered creature away.

DAVE

Shoo... Shoo... Shoo...

CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW.

DAVE

Go on! Shoo!

CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW.

He covers his ears. Notices the spoon on the nightstand - Grabs it.

DAVE
Get outta here!

Hurls the silverware at the feisty fowl. Misses.

CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW. CAW.

Pissed, Dave winces as he eases himself out of bed - into the wheelchair. He maneuvers the rickety contraption over to the window.

He beats the creature away. The crow soars across the street. Perches on a parked vehicle... A black van!

Most of the licence plate is concealed beneath a layer of thick mud. Only the letter: "R" and number: "6" are visible.

He notices a shadowy figure, dressed all in black, peering up at him from the pavement. Dave leaps out of his skin - The wheelchair rolls backwards.

Dave recovers - Grips the rubber wheels. Powers his way over to the window. No sign of Mystery Man or the van.

CRUNCH! Dave wheels over the scattered cereal to the nightstand. He seizes the pencil. Jots down the letter: "R" and number: "6" in the legal pad.

Winces as he clambers into bed. Eagerly powers up his laptop.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

DONG! The clock reads: 11:00 AM.

Dave has hacked into the DMV and FBI databases. He cross-references the owners of black vans with the FBI database.

DAVE
R6... R6... R6...

Scrolls down the page.

DAVE
R6... R6... Bingo!

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A black van with the registration number: **RF5 MN6**.

CLICK... The FBI database. Dave keys the number in.

"No match" Flashes.

Dave sighs. Resume his search...

DAVE
R6... R6... R6...

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

DONG! The clocks reads: 2:00 PM.

DAVE
(weary)
R6... R6... R6...

He scrolls down the page... Past a black van with the registration number: **R666 H3LL**.

DAVE
(yawns)
R6... R6... R6...

He rubs his tired eyes.

DAVE
R6... R6... R6...

He's just about to click on the next page when the spooky registration number catches his eye.

Dave scrolls back up the page. Studies it. Clicks on the FBI database. Tentatively types: **"R666 H3LL"**

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A photo of recently paroled WAYNE NIELSEN (38), dark straggly hair, scary eyes, prison tattoos, flashes up.

Beneath it, a rap sheet as long as it is damning:

Certain words leap out at Dave:

"Sexual Assault" - "Rape" - "Sodomy" - "Attempted murder"

DAVE

Grabs Trexler's card off the nightstand.

The keys on the laptop start to move of their own accord - They read: **D... E... M...**

Dave slams the laptop shut -

The machine slowly opens by itself. Terrified, Dave goes to slam the laptop shut...

An unseen force grabs his wrists - guide his hands to the keyboard.

Dave resists. No use - it's too powerful. His fingers jab the keys one at a time...

Spell out: DDDDDDDDD... EEEEEEEEEEE... MMMMMM... OOOOOOO...
 NNNNNNN... OOOOOO... LLLLLLL... AAAAAAA... TTTTTTT...
 OOOOOO... RRRRRRRRR...

DEMONOLATOR... DEMONOLATOR... DEMONOLATOR!!

The mysterious presence releases Dave. He instinctively slams the laptop shut.

MOMENTS LATER

Dave calms - Tentatively opens the laptop. Types...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

'Google' home page.

"What is a demonolator" in the search bar.

Underneath - The definition: **"A person who worships demons"**.

DAVE

Scarcely takes this in, when in the b.g. news of another attack plays on the TV.

Dave quickly turns the TV volume up.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 We're getting reports that the
 'Lunar Loony' may have claimed
 another victim...

ON TV SCREEN

SUPER: "Breaking News"

NEWS ANCHOR
 ...Thought to be a runaway, Carol
 Ann Walters body was discovered
 earlier today...

INSERT: PHOTO OF ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE (18).

NEWS ANCHOR

And while police are refusing to release further details, they have confirmed that certain missing items of clothing, leaves them in no doubt that this is the work of the notorious serial killer.

DAVE

Rages at the TV.

DAVE

Her shoe... The sick freak took her shoe!

ON TV SCREEN

NEWS ANCHOR

Such was the decomposition of the body, police believe Carol Ann was actually the killer's first victim, even though the five other victims bodies were discovered before hers...

INSERT: PHOTOS OF ALL SIX VICTIMS.

DAVE

Stares transfixed at the dead girls images. Something's wrong - but what?

It suddenly hits him.

FLASHBACK - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

TREXLER

We got five murdered girls already. Help us stop this.

BACK TO PRESENT

Dave grabs Trexler's card. Punches the number.

DAVE

How did you know?

TREXLER

Know what?

DAVE
That Debbie's murder was the
killer's fifth - When everyone else
thought she was the fourth victim?

Silence.

DAVE
You knew about Carol Ann didn't
you? Didn't you?!

TREXLER
Maybe.

DAVE
How? Tell me how?!

TREXLER
How d'you think?

DAVE
Oh my God. It was you! You're the
'Lunar Loony'!

TREXLER
They said you were smart.

DAVE
You murdered them. All six of them.
Didn't you...? Didn't you!

Silence.

DAVE
Why d'you do it? Tell me why you
did it?

TREXLER
(whispers)
Mors omnibus.

She hangs up. Dave hurriedly punches another number -

The door CREAKS open. Linda shuffles in. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. She
stares in horror at the carpet of cereal beneath her feet.

Her eyes go wild as she flies into an ungodly rage.

She seizes Dave's laptop - Raises it above her head like a
broadsword - Screams like a banshee.

WHOMP.

Rains blow after blow on Dave's legs.

LINDA
(whack)
No more.
(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

(smack)

No more.

(wallop)

No more.

Dave writhes in agony - Screams louder with each agonising blow.

LINDA

(thwack)

NO MORE!!

She hurls the laptop at the window. SMASH! Glass explodes. The computer plummets out of sight.

Linda quietens - exits in a daze.

Blood seeps through Dave's bandages. Barely conscious, he paws the telephone keypad like a tiny kitten... taps 911...

No answer. The line's dead. The phone slips from his grasp - He passes out.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The full moon washes a soft hue over Dave's unconscious form.

A gentle breeze blows. DONG! The clock strikes 6:00 PM.

Dave winces - slowly comes to. Winces - Struggles to get his bearings - Winces despite his grogginess...

Winces - His eyes zoom in on the bottom of the bed. Something's moving under the blankets!

Dave slowly lifts the covers back - Sees: The RAT.

Its huge incisors gnaw at Dave's flesh - Pull on a piece of cartilage like it's melted cheese on pizza.

Dave SCREAMS - Grabs the pillow - Beats the rodent away.

He shudders. Eyes dart left to right - Searching for the rat. His gaze falls on a toppled over chair. WTF?

Dave's eyes creep upwards - In the shadows he sees:

LINDA'S DEAD BODY DANGLING FROM A NOOSE -

He recoils in horror. Averts his eyes - Dare not look.

Petrified, he reaches for the phone - His fingers tremble as he taps 911... No dial tone.

DAVE

Shit.

He diverts his attention to the broken window.

DAVE
Help! Somebody help me!

Leans forward and yells at the top of his lungs.

DAVE
PLEASE... HELP ME!

Crickets. He slumps back down. Struggles to keep it together.

MOMENTS LATER

Dave winces as he grabs the shard - Cuts through the bandage on his left leg - Inspects the damage.

The limb is badly swollen with some nasty bruises and several cuts and scratches.

Dave grimaces. Hacks at the bandage on his right leg.

DAVE
Ow. - Shit.

He stops cutting. A long pause...

Dave eyeballs his reflection in the cracked hand mirror. Wills himself to continue.

He slices the bandage apart. Unfolds the heavily blood stained dressing -

THE SMELL HITS HIM -

Dave slaps his hand over his nose, quickly turns away from the vomit inducing odor...

Beat.

He slowly turns his head back - knows he has to face this.

DAVE
Oh, Jesus. God. No.

Dave's right leg is as big as an elephant's.

The skin's discolored - blackish with a few purple tinges...

Green puss seeps out of the wound Evelyn inflicted on him. His leg is gangrenous!

DAVE
Nooooo! Please God! Not my leg!

Demonic WHISPERS invade the room.

VOICES

Mors omnibus... Mors omnibus...
Mors omnibus...

Defiant, Dave shakes his head. No. No. No.

Linda's eyes blink open - Demonic.

LINDA

(demonic voice)
Death to all...

Dave SCREAMS. Pure terror on his face.

Linda licks her lips in a grotesque, taunting fashion - Her eyes close - Head slumps forward - Dead once more.

Dave recovers. Grits his teeth - Defiant.

DAVE

I'm not gonna die. I'm not gonna
die...

He grabs a pillowcase - Fashions a makeshift tourniquet.

Seizes the shard. Holds it over his right thigh...

DAVE

(determined)
I'M NOT GONNA DIE!!

He slowly cuts into his right thigh. Lets out a blood curdling SCREAM as he attempts to amputate the infected limb.

His grip gives out. The tourniquet unravels. Blood gushes from the incision. He stuffs the pillow over it - Stems the blood flow - Passes out.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DONG! The clock strikes 11:00 PM.

Dave, delirious, feverish, thrashes unconscious on the bed.

He bolts upright. Eyes wide as saucers. A moment of clarity.

He grabs the phone. Dials 911. No dial tone. Pummels the bed.

DAVE

Shit. Shit. Shit.

He slams the phone down on the receiver - It RINGS!

Dave's on it like a cat on a mouse.

DAVE

Mei - My leg I think it's--

MEI (V.O.)
--Me speak to Linda--

DAVE
No, you can't sh... sh-she's d--

MEI (V.O.)
--She say "death to all".

Dave's eyes fill with dread. This shit's real.

MEI (V.O.)
What happening?

DAVE
I-I don't know. There was this weird guy in the garden and--

MEI (V.O.)
--What guy?

DAVE
Some creepy ass dude, dressed in black, with a black van - I thought he was the 'Lunar Loony' - But he's not... Trexler is!

MEI (V.O.)
You insane.

She hangs up. Dave clenches his jaw. A long pause... The phone RINGS.

MEI (V.O.)
Why you say such a thing?

DAVE
She knew about Carol Ann and--

MEI (V.O.)
--Her job to know. She a cop.

DAVE
She admitted it. Whispered "mors omnibus" at me.

MEI (V.O.)
More what?

DAVE
Mors omnibus - It's Latin for "Death to all"!

Silence.

DAVE
Well? What do we do?

MEI (V.O.)
No proof. Your word against hers.

DAVE
I'm not lying. You have to believe me.

MEI (V.O.)
I call you back.

DAVE
Wait. I need a doctor. My leg, I think it's...

MEI (V.O.)
Why you not call one already?

DAVE
Damn phone's broke. Can't dial out. Incoming calls only.

MEI (V.O.)
What about e-mail?

DAVE
My laptop's...
(stares at Linda's body)
Dead.

MEI (V.O.)
Okay - I get help.

MOMENTS LATER

Frazzled, Dave gnaws his nails - stares at the phone - Longs for it to ring.

RING. RING.

Dave snatches the phone - presses it to his ear.

MEI (V.O.)
Dave, listen to me. You mustn't panic... Back-up on way.

DAVE
Back-up? W-What is it? What's wrong?

MEI (V.O.)
Cops say Trexler already en route to your place - to return phone she took.

Fear swamps Dave's face.

DAVE
S-She's gonna kill me.

MEI (V.O.)
Hold on. Help on way.

She hangs up.

O.S. A CAR pulls up. The engine idles... then stops.

Dave stares at the window the way a condemned man stares at a noose...

A car door slams shut - BLAM.

Dave, wide-eyed, terrified.

Hurried FOOTFALLS... CLICK. CLACK. CLICK. CLACK.

Dave cowers...

The phone RINGS. Dave seizes it.

DAVE
I don't wanna die. Please don't let me die.

MEI (V.O.)
Hold on Dave. We almost there.

DAVE
She's here! You have to hurry!
Please hurry!

CLICK! CLICK! The front door handle being tried.

CREAK! The front door opens and closes.

Dave grips the phone in sheer terror.

MEI (V.O.)
Dave, we're outside.

DAVE
W-What are you waiting for? Get in here.

Silence.

DAVE
(realizes)
Oh God, no. You're gonna sacrifice me so you can catch her in the act. That's it isn't it? You're gonna let me die?!

CLICK CLACK. CLICK CLACK. CLICK CLACK. Up the stairs.

MEI (V.O.)
 No, Dave. That's not it - Now
 listen. We need you to do
 something.

(then)
 Not for us... For Debbie.

Dave grimaces. No way can he say "No".

DAVE
 W-What do you want me to do?

MEI (V.O.)
 We need you to get Trexler to
 confess.

DAVE
 What? H-how...? W-Why? It'd still
 be her word against mine.

MEI (V.O.)
 You leave phone off hook. We listen
 in.

DAVE
 O-Okay.

He swallows hard - Carefully puts the phone down - leaves it
 off the hook.

The bedroom door CREAKS open. Trexler creeps inside carrying
 a black overnight bag.

TREXLER
 Thought I told you to tell your mom
 not to leave the front door
 unlocked.

She sees: Linda's corpse dangling from a noose.

TREXLER
 Guess that explains it.

Tosses the cell phone she took on the bed.

TREXLER
 Might as well have it back. Nice
 switch - They said you were smart.

DAVE
 (blurts it out)
 They know. The cops. Mei. Everyone!

Trexler plunks the overnight bag down on the bed. Unzips it -
 Pulls out a laptop. Powers it up.

TREXLER
 What about your dead girlfriend.
 Does she know?

Places the laptop on the nightstand - Adjusts it to get the best angle.

DAVE
 W-W-What are you doing?

TREXLER
 It's almost midnight.

Dave's eyes flash over to the clock - It reads: 11:55 PM.

Trexler calmly produces four black candles from the bag - Lights them - Places one in each corner of the room.

TREXLER
 Might as well set the mood - Not everyday you discover you're a ghost.

Dave glares at her.

DAVE
 Leave Debbie outta this.

He glances at the phone - Raises his voice so the cops can hear.

DAVE
 Why d'you do it? Why d'you murder Debbie and the others?

Trexler smiles - Puts her finger to her lip "Sshh." Places the phone back down on the receiver.

Dave's heart sinks.

TREXLER
 Where is it?

DAVE
 Where's what?

TREXLER
 (nods at clock)
 Clock's ticking.

DAVE
 Please don't do this - Not to Debbie. Please!
 (then)
 You can do whatever you want with me - Just leave Debbie out of it.

TREXLER
It's almost twelve.

DAVE
W-What is you want? I don't know
what you want? Tell me what you
want?

TREXLER
The cell phone.

Dave stares at the cell phone Trexler just tossed on the bed.

DAVE
I--

TREXLER
--The one you used to film Debbie's
last moments.

Puzzled, Dave stares into her cold eyes - Starts to remember.

FLASHBACK - EXT. - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

Dark. Grainy. Shaky.

Debbie's terror stricken as...

A HAND covers her mouth.

A STEEL BLADE pierces her soft skin.

STAB! STAB! STAB!

She writhes in agony. Unable to break free.

Dress torn and muddy.

Hair. Neck. Back - drenched in her own blood.

DEBBIE

Deathly pale. Body limp - DEAD.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Dave's POV is through his cell phone.

He sees: The killer's face - it's Trexler.

She scowls at him.

DAVE

Lowers his cell phone. Eyes the bloody knife. Spins. Holds his cell phone in a death grip - Runs for his life.

BACK TO PRESENT

Dave shakes his head - Eyes brimming with tears.

DAVE

I didn't know. Thought it was a catfight... Was gonna put it on 'YouTube' for a laugh... But then you pulled a knife and started stabbing her... and I-I--

TREXLER

--Ran away.

Dave bows his head - Ashamed.

Trexler goes through Dave's stuff - rifles the drawers - Checks the closet - Searches for the missing cell phone.

DAVE

I already told you. My cell phone's gone. Lost it the night of my accident - So you might as well go.

TREXLER

You wouldn't lie to me would you?

DAVE

It's the truth. I swear. Now leave us alone.

Trexler strolls over to the black bag - Casually takes out a padlock, black robe, chalice and sacrificial dagger -

She puts on the black robe. Dave eyes the dagger with fear.

DAVE

It's you. You're the demonolator.

TREXLER

They said you were smart.

DAVE

W-Who did?

TREXLER

Azazel. Beleth. Satan.

DAVE

Is that was this is about? You sacrificed those poor girls as part of some stupid Satanic ritual bullshit?

Trexler glowers at Dave. Picks up the sacrificial dagger.

TREXLER

I was fourteen the first time I heard them... The "voices" I mean. Some people call it a gift... for me it was a curse...

(pummels her head with her fist)

The dead talking... yelling... screaming at me 24/7.

Clenches the dagger.

TREXLER

Told Dad... Next thing I knew I was vacationing at 'Bellevue'. Should have seen it - Atmosphere was electric. Fuckers gave me more volts than Frankenstein.

Wipes away a tear.

TREXLER

Year later they said I was cured - My "schizophrenia" was under control. Started back at school - kids called me "Crazy Maisy."

(then)

Funny how they always pick on the quiet ones.

Remembers fondly.

TREXLER

All except one guy - Mike Dempsey. He was a real sweetie. Think he had a crush on me. Only... he already had a girlfriend - the Queen Bee no less -

(then)

She caught him looking at me. Swore no boy would ever look at me again.

Chokes back a sob.

TREXLER

She was right.

(then)

Surgeon said I was lucky not to be eating through a straw the rest of my life.

Fumbles with her right eye - Removes a prosthetic.

TREXLER

Lucky? Does this look fucking
"lucky" to you?!

Reveals an unsightly hole where her right eye used to be.
Dave winces - averts his gaze.

TREXLER

Bitch used the heel of her favorite
shoe to do it.

DAVE

T-The girl who did that to you -
She had dark hair - dark eyes -
right?

Waves the dagger in his face.

TREXLER

You forgot the "JIMMY-FUCKING-
CHOOS"!

Calms.

TREXLER

So I did what anyone would do. I
put my trust in the Principal - The
police - God. Nothing happened to
her. Was an "accident" they said.

(then)

Finally, I turned to Satan - No one
fucks with you when you've got the
'ruler of demons' for backup.

DONG! The clock strikes midnight.

TREXLER

Ah, The witching hour - It's time!

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie sees Dave - Her face brightens.

DEBBIE

Dave?! What are y--

TREXLER

(to Debbie)

--We got some life-changing news.
You're gonna die when you hear
this!

DEBBIE

What news? Who are you?

Dave looks to Trexler with pleading eyes.

DAVE
No - Don't. Not like this - Please!

Trexler smirks - Turns to Debbie.

TREXLER
How's it feel to be dead?

DEBBIE
(laughs)
How would I know? I'm not dead!

TREXLER
Oh, but you are... Ask Dave.

Dave looks away - Can't face her. Debbie's eyes fill with terror.

DEBBIE
I-I'm not dead! Tell her, Dave!

Trexler turns to Dave.

TREXLER
"Human lie detector," huh?
(then)
Now you know why a polygraph's not
admissible in court - Not 100%
accurate.

Dave forces himself to look Debbie in the eye.

DAVE
It's my fault. I dragged you away
from the light - You need to go
back. You have to cross over.

DEBBIE
Stop it! You're freaking me out!

DAVE
I'm so, so, sorry. Please forgive
me.

DEBBIE
I'm not dead! I'm not dead! I'm
ALIVE!

TREXLER

Spies the broken hand mirror on Dave's bed - turns to Debbie.

TREXLER
Prove it.

Trexler grabs the mirror. Sucks some air, exhales over the mirror, fogs the glass.

Wears a smug grin as she holds it up.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Debbie, defiant, fumbles in her make-up bag. Pulls out a compact.

DEBBIE
I'm not dead. I'm not--

She puffs over her compact - It's clear.

Frantic, she sticks the compact next to her mouth, blows like a fire-breathing dragon. Mirror's drier than the Sahara.

DEBBIE
--Dead.

Debbie shakes her head - Distraught.

DEBBIE
No! No! No!

Her spirit slowly fades in front of Dave's anguished eyes.

DAVE
Debbie, I love--

DEBBIE
Mom!!

She's gone.

DAVE
--you.

Trexler looks like she just climaxed.

TREXLER
I'm so wet right now.

Dave glares - Looks like he wants to rip her heart out.

The phone RINGS. He lunges for it.

DAVE
Mei! Where the hell are you?! I need hel--

MEI
--Already here.

Dave looks confused.

DAVE
O-Outside?

Trexler edges closer.

TREXLER
(voice of Mei)
No. Here... Looking right at you!

The phone slips from Dave's grasp. He looks up at Trexler.

DAVE
Y-You're Mei Li?

TREXLER
Sometimes.
(voice of Mei)
You want more girl to die?

Dave stares at her empty hands - realizes she's not holding a cell phone.

DAVE
I-I don't understand. H-H-How did you - Just then - On the phone? -

TREXLER
More importantly... How did you?!

Trexler holds up Dave's phone - the cord has been cut.

Dave recoils. WTF? He looks to Trexler for an answer.

TREXLER
(voice of Mei)
"I medium - Speak with dead!"

Dave's mortified.

DAVE
I-I'm not dead.

Shakes his head.

DAVE
I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!

TREXLER
(rolls her eyes)
Didn't we just do this?

Dave's eyes are filled with dread.

SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS:

FLASHBACK 1 - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Linda turns the TV off with the remote. Notices the family photo album. Glowers.

LINDA
I'm getting tired of putting this damn thing away.

Fondles her gold locket absentmindedly as she peers at the photo album.

LINDA
Nothing but old pictures and bad memories. You need to move on. Quit living in the past.

FLASHBACK 2 - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave grabs a flashlight from under the pillow. Shines the light on the bread - Thick with green mold.

FLASHBACK 3 - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Trexler snatches her hand away from Dave's.

TREXLER
Your hands are like ice.

FLASHBACK 4 - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The kitty SCREECHES. Recoils as if Dave were a two hundred and fifty pound Pit Bull. Terrified, it HISSES at him. Arches its back. Lashes its tail. GROWLS. SPITS.

FLASHBACK 5 - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mei berates Dave on the phone.

MEI
She say she like having you there. But you make too much noise. Keep her awake all hours. Cost her fortune. TV on all time. Laptop on 24/7. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP.... She at wits end.

FLASHBACK 6 - INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLICK! Linda turns the TV off.

LINDA

Hope the cops get him. Seen enough
death to last me a lifetime.

BACK TO PRESENT

Dave's mind races - His memory bombarded with familiar voices
and words that take on a whole new meaning.

DEBBIE (V.O.)

Who or what are you most afraid of?

DAVE (V.O.)

My Dad... I'm most afraid of ending
up like my Dad.

LINDA (V.O.)

You should rest too... You need to
rest... ARE YOU EVER GOING TO
REST?!

DAVE (V.O.)

How d'you tell someone terrified of
dying they're already dead?!

Devastated, Dave chokes back tears.

TREXLER

How's it feel to be dead?

Dave's too mortified to speak - A tear trickles down his
cheek. PLOP! -

Lands on the hand mirror - It takes a second for it to
register.

Dave stares at the tear - Picks up the mirror - examines it
from various angles - Thinks: "Since when do ghosts cry?"

He breathes on the glass - It mists up.

DAVE

You're a liar. I'm not dead.

TREXLER

(snickers)

You should have seen your face. Of
course you're not dead...

(waves dagger at him)

Yet!

Dave glowers.

DAVE

No way are you a cop.

TREXLER

Failed the psych test. Can't think why?!

Dave looks bewildered.

DAVE

I-I-I... I don't understand...? The stuff with Mei? Getting me to find Debbie's killer? What the hell was that?

TREXLER

My ninth birthday, I poured industrial bleach in a tank full of fish. Drop by drop.

(wide-eyed)

Should have seen them thrashing about - Skin blistering - Gills exploding - Tiny mouths gasping for air - Me wondering which one would live the longest... But you know what?

(beams)

This was way more fun than that!!

DAVE

You sick bitch. All this was just to amuse yourself?

TREXLER

(laughs)

No - Was our way of keeping you distracted.

DAVE

Distracted from what?

TREXLER

We've been watching you ever since 'Dark Eyes' breathed death back into you... Tormenting - Teasing - Toying with you, while we waited...

DAVE

W-Waited for what?

TREXLER

For this!

Pulls the curtain all the way back - The full moon shines ominous.

DAVE

I-I don't understa - What's the full moon got to - W-Who's 'Dark Eyes'?

TREXLER

His kiss of death is the reason you could talk to Debbie... to me. He's a monster. A stealer of souls.

Points the sacrificial dagger at Dave.

TREXLER

But your soul belongs to Beleth.

Lunges at Dave - He grabs her wrist - Turns the dagger back on her - Presses it against her throat - Nicks her skin - A thin line of crimson...

Trexler breaks free - Slashes Dave's femoral artery. Blood sprays like a geezer. She catches some in the chalice.

Dave throws his hand over the wound - Blood spurts through the cracks of his fingers...

MYSTIC MARY (V.O.)

...Stay away from the crazy one - She will bleed you like a stuck pig.

Dave slumps back down - The color drains from him.

TREXLER

No point fighting it - I cut your femoral artery.

(holds up padlock, beams)

Not even 'Dark Eyes' can save you now! - Would have sliced your jugular but I want to hear you scream when Beleth comes for you.

Kneels - Raises the chalice in a toast.

TREXLER

De Ortu Populi Satanae!

(drinks from the chalice)

HAIL SATAN!

A huge gust of wind. The candles blow out.

Trexler, wide-eyed, a mixture of fear and excitement.

TREXLER

He's coming!!

She grabs her stuff - throws it in the black bag. Hurries to the door, padlock in hand.

Opens the door ready to get the hell out of there - Watches in awe as huge cracks appear in the walls -

Fecal matter oozes out - The bowels of hell erupting. BLUEBOTTLES swarm all over the disgusting mess.

CLICK! The TV comes on - Static HISS.

A pair of Linda's old 'Jimmy Choos' float up out of the box - Do a macabre mid-air dance.

The flies BUZZ. The TV HISSES. The shoes DANCE.

Linda's corpse swings side to side.

Trexler's mesmerized like a child on Christmas morning.

Several midair electrical discharges illuminate the room. The Jimmy Choos drop to the floor.

KA-BOOM! The TV explodes. Shards of glass and debris spew out like shrapnel.

Trexler dashes out - Closes the door behind her.

O.S. A CLICK as the padlock is used to secure the door - Then rapid FOOTFALLS hurry away from the room.

THE BED

Dave's life slowly ebbs away - His hand still trying to stem the blood flow from his fatal wound.

He forces himself upright - Grabs the pillowcase - Fashions a tourniquet to slow the bleeding. Reaches for the cell phone - Touching distance...

The bed levitates - Rises several feet. Plummets. CRASH! The cell phone bounces off - Slides across the floor.

Dave, short of breath, deathly pale, starts to climb off the bed.

WHAM! The hand mirror flies through the air - Strikes his head - stuns him. Dave shakes his head to regain his senses.

He makes another attempt to climb down. The bed jerks like a bucking bronco. Dave bounces up and down - The tourniquet work lose. Blood oozes from his wound.

CRACK! A leg breaks off the bed. CLUNK! The ornate headboard crashes to the floor. CRACK! Another leg goes...

The bed lands with a heavy THUD - Dave winces in agony.

The bed rests on the floor - Perfectly still. Dave attempts to tighten the tourniquet as...

The bottom half of the bed lifts up - higher and higher like a fold away wall bed.

DAVE

Hangs upside down - Grips the bedclothes, as the bed moves ever closer to the wall...

He SCREAMS as his entire body crushes. His face smears against the hellish excrement.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - SAME

Trexler stares up at Dave's bedroom - Drools at his SCREAMS.

INT. DAVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still the bed rises - Dave's head, pressed hard against the unforgiving wall - Eyes about to pop...

He uses every little bit of strength he has left - Forces his body through the tiny gap between the wall and bed -

Falls - Lands with an excruciating THUD - CRIES out in agony.

Lies on the floor like a human rag doll - Limp, lifeless.

MOMENTS LATER

Dave gasps for air - Pants like a woman in the throes of childbirth. Wipes the brown slime off his face.

SCREAMS as he rolls his broken body over on his stomach -

Crawls over glass shards to get to the cell phone. His tourniquet slips - blood gushes - The white linen looks like a Matador's cape.

The nightstand soars through the air - Slams against the wall - SMASH! - Its broken carcass comes crashing down on him.

Dave grips the floor in agony. His skin ashen. Breathing shallow - Death imminent.

He pushes forward relentless - Leaves a bloody trail - Stretches for the cell phone - Snatches it up like a prized jewel -

Holds it in a death grip - Dials a number...

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Trexler gazes up at the window - Straining to hear Dave's pitiful screams...

Her cell phone RINGS. She rummages in her purse. Grabs her cell phone - Answers it.

TREXLER

Hello?

DAVE (V.O.)

How's it feel to be dead?!

Trexler instinctively glances upwards - Her eyes fill with dread - She lets out a gasp of pure horror as...

Dave plummets towards her.

CRASH! Trexler's neck snaps like a twig - Her body smashes onto the pavement - Dave lands on top of her -

They look like two toppled over statues.

Headlights stab the gloominess. A black van pulls up. Mystery Man (aka 'Dark Eyes') climbs out - Sees: Dave atop Trexler. Marches over - Focused - Guard's Dave's body as...

AT THE WINDOW

A hideous demon appears, gnarled, twisted features - It's crimson eyes look daggers at Mystery Man -

MYSTERY MAN

Gazes up at the monster.

The evil hellion ROARS its defiance.

Good versus Evil.

Mystery Man removes his dark glasses - Gives the vile cacodemon a thousand yard stare.

The malevolent being cowers - Petrified of whatever's behind those dark eyes -

Cheated of Dave's soul, it HOWLS from the depths of hell in frustration - Fades away into the shadows.

INT. DARK TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Dave wanders in the inky blackness.

In the distance, a white light beams like a beacon.

Dave inches forward - Sees: A shadowy figure up ahead. Unnerved, Dave takes a few tentative steps - Peers through the gloom - Sees:

Debbie waiting for him! Their eyes meet - She flashes him a smile to die for -

Dave races towards her - They embrace - Pull away - Gaze into each others eyes. Hesitate - Kiss like long lost lovers.

Debbie smiles, takes Dave's hand, leads him into the light.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mystery Man grimaces as he lifts Dave's body off Trexler - Gently lays him down on the ground...

Dave has a smile on his face. Mystery Man smirks - Places his hand on Dave's shoulder - A mark of respect.

Turns to Trexler - Scowls at her corpse. Grabs her dead body - Flings it over his huge shoulder - Strides with purpose towards the van.

Trexler stirs - She's alive!!

She groans softly - Her eyes blink open. She sees: The black van - kicks and screams like crazy. Pummels Mystery Man with her fists.

A reflection in Mystery Man's dark glasses grabs her attention - She peers closer. Sees:

DARK GLASSES

A reflection of Dave's body lying peacefully on the ground next to... Her corpse!

TREXLER

Becomes hysterical. Kicks and screams. Cries like a baby.

TREXLER

No! No! Noooooo!

Mystery Man swings open the van door - Hurls Trexler's soul inside - Slams the door shut.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The full moon shimmers. The black van cruises along. SPLASH! Goes through a puddle.

The dirty water washes the mud off the licence plate - Reveals the registration number: "**REAPER 666**".

Frenzied banging from inside the van - THUMPH! THUMPH!

THWACK! A hand smacks the tinted glass.

FADE OUT.