NIGHT 6

by

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FADE IN: OVER BLACK SUPER: NIGHT 1 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT Neat and clean. Has the touches of a perfectionist. The sound of rain storms from outside. The front door unlocks. JONES, 30s, a stone cold face behind thick rimmed glasses with even colder eyes, enters. Jones turns a small lamp on and removes his wet coat and hangs it up. His detective badge stays clipped to his belt. Jones rummages through his coat pocket and pulls out a large playing card: The six of diamonds, but with the picture of a hooded man with the number "6" on the disguise. Jones sits on the couch and studies the card. He leans back and ponders... SUPER: NIGHT 2 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT Rain and thunder echo throughout. The front door unlocks. Jones enters with a folder in hand. He hangs his coat up and shuffles toward the couch. He drops the folder on the table. Black letters are scribbled on the cover which read: CASE #435; VICTIMS. Jones opens the folder and spreads out six case files with photos attached of women who have been beaten and abused. The Numbers 1-6 have been artfully carved on the bottom of each of the pictures. The picture with the number "1" has already been crossed out with red marker. Jones sets that picture to the side, then flips through the remaining case files. He stops on the six of diamonds card and glares at it with frustration.

SUPER: NIGHT 3

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of rain. The door unlocks.

Jones staggers inside. He struggles to remove his soaked coat -- but he cringes.

Jones stumbles toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The light turns on. Jones winces in pain as he carefully sits on the edge of the tub and removes his coat.

Six claw marks run across his chest.

Jones groans as he opens a cabinet and removes an advanced First Aid kit.

He cleans himself up, pulls out needle and thread and begins to stitch his wounds up.

SUPER: NIGHT 4

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Thunder rumbles.

The door slowly unlocks. Jones drags his feet inside, barely holding on to his folder, which is almost filled to the brim with paper work.

Jones collapses on the couch in exhaustion. A few cuts blemish his face. He scratches at his bloody ear.

Jones tugs at the collar of his coat.

A hint of a dark blue leather suit lies underneath.

Jones opens the folder and removes each file, with the photos of the women on top of them.

Three of the pictures have been crossed out now.

Jones grabs a red marker. He crosses out a fourth and moves the file to the side.

Jones removes his glasses and studies the two files that remain: Pictures "5" and "6". He examines the women's saddened faces.

Anger fills his eyes. Jones clenches on to his glasses -- and snaps them in two.

SUPER: NIGHT 5

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rain tears down. The sound of a window slides open from a back room.

INT. JONES' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Curtains flutter over an open window.

A black gloved hand shuts it.

Jones, with a black and blue vigilante suit on, carries ANGELA, 30s, in his arms. Deep scratches and scabs peek underneath her wet, stringy hair.

She lies limp in Jones arms, asleep.

He gently sets her down on the bed and removes his mask as he surveys her battered body with sympathy.

Jones grabs a blanket and places it on her -- but Angela suddenly jerks up and cowers to the corner of the bed.

Jones backs off. Angela eyes her surroundings, and then snaps her gaze at Jones... but she realizes he is the hero.

Angela calms.

Jones holds the blanket out for her. She grabs it and warms herself.

Jones watches her lie back and close her eyes.

He heads out of the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jones enters from the kitchen with hot tea and a sandwich.

Angela, with dry clothes on, sits on the floor by a heater.

Jones pours Angela a cup and sets the plate down. Angela dismisses the offering, turning back to the heater.

Jones digs through his folder and retrieves the six photos. He holds them out to her.

... Angela takes the stack. She carefully studies the crossed out faces, one by one.

Angela stops on the only picture that hasn't been crossed out. She stares into her own fearful eyes.

Sympathetic eyes look up at Jones. Jones just stares back.

SUPER: NIGHT 6

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Angela stirs a pot of gumbo on the stove.

She hears the sound of the front door unlock. Angela grabs a knife and glares at the entrance of the kitchen...

Jones adjusts his glasses as he walks in, but takes a step back as he spots the knife.

Angela's glare doesn't let up. Jones reaches his hand out, working to calm her.

... Angela slowly exhales in relief as she sets the knife down. She flashes Jones an embarrassed smile. Jones returns a soft one.

He looks in the pot. He closes his eyes and sniffs: Something smells good.

Angela grabs a spoon and gives him a taste: Something tastes good.

Angela shoos him out of the kitchen before he can ask for more. Jones smiles and heads out --

But clutches his chest as he collapses onto the floor.

His breaths quicken. Face turns white. Eyes blood shot.

Jones strains his neck, struggling to turn toward Angela.

Angela pulls an all black hood over her head. An artfully designed, familiar looking, "6" is stitched onto it.

Jones struggles to stand, but his legs won't cooperate. He stares daggers into Angela's eyes.

Angela pulls out a glove with six sharp claws attached. She towers over Jones, chest puffed out, with victorious eyes.

Jones grits his teeth as Angela flexes her razor sharp talons.

JONES ... Damn you, Six.

Six raises her claw wielding hand --

BLACK

5.