

Running From A Dream

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

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

The headline reads: DARK ONE STRIKES AGAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

Suddenly they stop the tormenting.

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

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

HECTOR

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

ALLAN

I... I don't know what you're talking about.

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

CURLY

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

ALLAN

I don't know what you're talking about. The dark one... what do you mean?

RUBBER

I don't know about you mugs but I'm
tired of messing with him.

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

RUBBER(CONT'D)

I'm gonna ask you one more time...

A bright light flashes, followed by complete darkness.

EXT. A FIELD SOMEWHERE - CONTINUOUS

Allan is hurled through the air, he lands in a field.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The dark figure continues to look.

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

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

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

The victorious knight rides away.

The dark figure is there almost at the rock where Allan is hiding.

Suddenly it begins to rain. A river explodes from no where. A torrent of rapidly running water sweeps Allan away.

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

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

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

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

He runs...

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allan wakes up with a start.

He rubs his head, his eyes red and bloodshot.

He stares at the ceiling, the moons reflection flings a small oval of light.

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

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

Ellen stirs, wakes up and looks at Allan compassionately.

ELLEN

You okay, hon?

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

Now, Allan you know what the doctor said. Only one pill every six hours.

ALLAN

Yeah, well he's not the one hurting. Okay, I'll see if I can go back to sleep. You try to get some sleep too.

Ellen gives her husband a soft kiss on his cheek.

ELLEN

Sweet dreams...

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Allan is back in the cellar with the men in the baggy pen stripe suits.

They all smile, Allan smiles.

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

They start beating him again.

RUBBER

This is your final warning. Then I start blasting.

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

From no where the dark figure appears and tosses the three men around like rag dolls.

Allan runs.

The dark one follows.

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

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

He runs...

All at once he is tumbling down a mountain, he can't stop.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Allan wakes up screaming in the kitchen, he looks around bewildered.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - ONE WEEK EARLIER - DAY

Allan lays trembling on the hospital bed.

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

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

A nurse enters with a pill for Allan.

She helps Allan sit up and administers him the pill.

Allan sinks back down after the nurse leaves the room.

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

ALLAN

The X-rays, did they show anything?

DR. NORMAN

The tumor...It's grown.

ALLAN

A tumor?

Dr. Norman turns to face Allan.

DR. NORMAN

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

ALLAN

You mean you don't have to operate?

DR. NORMAN

An operation won't do it...It's inoperable I'm afraid.

ALLAN

What do we do?

DR. NORMAN

We're going to try a few things. Chemotherapy will help. And we'll give you medicine...Steroids.

ALLAN

I can go home tomorrow?

DR.NORMAN

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

Allan turns on the bed as the doctor leaves.

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

He closes his eyes, waits for sleep to come.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

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

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

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

Allan closes his eyes for a moment.

ELLEN(CONT'D)

Well, it'll all work out. Maybe the chemo will do it and you'll be back to work yourself.

Allan shakes his head, a tear trickles down his cheek.

ALLAN

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

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

Ellen goes to answer it.

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

SUSAN(V.O.)

Mom, how are you this
morning...how's dad?

ELLEN

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

SUSAN(V.O.)

I need to talk to him about
something.

Ellen hands the phone to Allan.

ELLEN

Susan, would like to talk to you
dear.

ALLAN

Hello...

SUSAN(V.O.)

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

ALLAN

Hold on Susan, one question at a
time. I'm okay, I'm on pain
medication. The doctor said they
can't operate. The tumor is
inoperable They're giving me
chemotherapy The doctor is
optimistic..I don't know.

SUSAN(V.O.)

You'll be fine dad...Dad with everything that's happening, I've made the decision, I'm not going back to school this spring.

ALLAN

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

SUSAN(V.O.)

I've made up my mind, so you might as well get used to seeing me around the house. Besides there's plenty of time.

ALLAN

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

Allan hands the phone back to Ellie.

ELLEN

(talking to Allan)

I don't know what you want me to say to her. You know how your daughter can be when she makes up her mind.

(to Susan)

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

SUSAN(V.O.)

Bye mom, tell dad I'll see him soon.

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

ALLAN

No...It couldn't be.

An ominous shadow crosses his front yard. It stands as if it is peering in their front window.

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

An unidentified dark individual looks through Allan's window.

He laughs. Then he is gone.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

ALLAN

Ellen, Ellen come here... quick!

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

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

ELLEN

Allan, are you okay?

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

Who is here? What are you talking about?

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

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

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

Ellen comes back in with a glass of water.

ALLAN

Must be those damn pain pills. They've got me having bad dreams. Did I tell you about the dreams?

ELLEN

No dear, maybe later. You just relax now. I'll be right here if you need me.

INT. CELLAR - THAT SAME NIGHT

Allan dreams he is in the same cellar, the three thugs are questioning him again.

RUBBER

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

HECTOR

That's right, don't make us get rough.

Allan is aware again that the clock on the wall is half past the hour.

The men smile at Allan, he smiles as well.

The dark figure again appears from nowhere.

This time he joins the other three men. He laughs.

He is in Allan's face, he is no more than a shadow, with red piercing eyes.

DARK FIGURE

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

He laughs uncontrollably.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Allan screams.

Ellen is shaking him.

ELLEN

Allan, Allan wake up. Allan...

Allan wakes up, wild eyed and looking like he's seen a ghost.

ALLAN

God, save me. He's coming to get me... he's knows where we live. He coming to get you... and Susan too.

ELLEN

Honey, it was just a bad dream.

ALLAN

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

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

ELLEN

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

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Allan sits on the bed in his doctor's office.

DR. NORMAN comes in, rustles through a chart.

DR. NORMAN

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

ALLAN

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

DR. NORMAN

Nightmares? Very unusual.

ALLAN

Yes, horrible nightmares. Sometimes I wake up, I'm not even in my bed, I could be any damn place. And hallucinations as well. I'm losing my mind. You've got to help me, Doc.

DR. NORMAN

Well I could recommend a good psychotherapist, but I'm sure it wouldn't be covered under your insurance. I know you can't afford to pay out of your pocket. Maybe I could change your medication, that might help.

ALLAN

Thanks doctor.

DR. NORMAN

Now come on in the other room, it's time for your treatment.

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

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

SUSAN(O.S)

Daddy, daddy, is that you?

ALLAN

Yes...Oh my God Susan...you're home?

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

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

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

SUSAN

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

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

SUSAN(CONT'D)

Well you look good, not sick at all.

ALLAN

Well, that's up for debate. I feel like hell, let me tell you.

SUSAN

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

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

BRIAN

Nice to meet you Mr. Leblanc.

ALLAN

Yeah, nice to meet you Brian.

ELLEN

So what did the doctor say?

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

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

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

ALLAN

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

BRIAN

Yes sir, nice to meet you.

SUSAN

Talk to you later, dad. Sweet dreams.

INT. GRUNGY NIGHT CLUB - THAT SAME EVENING

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

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

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

SUSAN

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

BRIAN

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

SUSAN

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

BRIAN

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

SUSAN

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

BRIAN

Apparently you don't know how charming I can be when I want to.

SUSAN

Yeah, well I know about this...

She gives Brian a long passionate kiss.

BRIAN

You sure as hell do... You think you can at least sneak me in the house tonight. I want you to finish that thought, if you know what I mean.

Susan hits Brian on the shoulder playfully.

SUSAN

You are so bad... That's why I love you.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Allan is again in the cellar. He is tied to a chair.

Only one tormentor is there, the Dark Figure.

His face is inches from Allan's.

Allan recoils from his foul breath.

DARK FIGURE

I've got you now... and soon I'll have your whole family.

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

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Susan quietly opens the front door with Brian in tow.

They make their way across the living room to Susan's bedroom.

SUSAN'S BEDROOM

Susan plops down on her bed with a sigh.

Brian eases in next to her and immediately begins kissing her on the neck.

Susan pushes him off, with a disgusted look.

SUSAN

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

BRIAN

Come on baby, I've been waiting all day.

SUSAN

We've got to be quiet, remember... My folks are upstairs.

Brian starts kissing her and taking off her shirt.

BRIAN
I'm gonna be quiet, real quiet...
Owoooo! Till I cum. Then I can't
make any promises.

SUSAN
You are so bad...

Susan starts kissing him back.

They make love.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Allan is still struggling to get away from the Dark Figure.

The dark figure's eyes turn red and burn like hot coals,
searing into Allan's soul.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Allan screams. He wakes up in the living room, feeling dazed
and confused. He staggers back up the stairs.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan and Brian are just finishing up their love making,
when they hear a loud scream.

BRIAN
What the hell?

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

BRIAN
Jesus Christ, scared the shit out
of me.

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

BRIAN
I could get used to this...

Brian starts kissing Susan again.

SUSAN
Hold on, hold on... I got to go
pee.

BRIAN
Aw shit!

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

Brian turns over and lays in the bed.

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

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

A muffled scream comes from inside the bathroom.

BRIAN(CONT'D)
Are you okay, Susan?

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

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

The door opens up with an eerie creak.

No one is there.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

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

Brian jumps in his car, pulls out of the driveway and screeches down the street.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

ELLEN

Allan... Allan, did you hear that?

She shakes him again, he finally wakes up.

ALLAN

What... What?

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

Probably just the kids. Go on back to sleep.

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

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

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

He immediately notices the front door is wide open.

ALLAN

Susan... Susan...

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

ALLAN(CONT'D)

That's odd...

He walks down the hallway to Susan's bedroom.

He slowly pushes the door open.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - SUSAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ALLAN

Susan... Susan are you here?

Nothing.

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

He slowly opens the door.

ALLAN

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

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Allan screams.

ALLAN

ELLEN!

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - NIGHT

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

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

A white unmarked police car pulls up.

Two men get out, they flash detective badges casually at the uniformed officers protecting the crime scene, that is blocked off with the customary yellow tape.

The two detectives step under the tape and head to the Leblanc residence's front door.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allan and Ellen are sitting on the couch in the living room. He is comforting Ellen, who is weeping uncontrollably.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - NIGHT

Susan is tied with her hands over her head to an overhead pipe by a piece of rope.

She is gagged, a look of horror on her face.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Detectives JOHN CARSON and CHUCK BROWN come through the front door and introduce themselves.

Carson is an African American in his fifties, old out of style wrinkled suit hanging on his over weight frame.

Chuck is white, mid-thirties, dark brown hair, and wearing a stylish custom made ensemble.

CARSON

I'm Detective Carson and this is my partner Detective Brown.

ALLAN

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

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

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

CHUCK

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

ALLAN

Well, we ate dinner around six. We watched the news and a movie. An

ALLAN
old Alfred Hitchcock, I think it
was... and we went to bed around
ten.

CARSON
Was your daughter Susan home?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALLAN
I didn't like the looks of him, let
me tell you. Long hair, ear rings,
tattoos. I don't know what our
Susan wanted with such a boy.

Chuck had his Ipad and is punching in information as they speak.

CHUCK

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

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

Now Allan...

The detectives get up to leave.

ELLEN(CONT'D)

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

ALLAN

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

CARSON

Okay, we don't know what any of this means yet. The forensic people are going over the bedroom and the bathroom. We'll know better tomorrow when the results come back.

Chuck gives them one of his cards.

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

The two detectives say their good nights and leave.

INT. BASEMENT SOMEWHERE - NIGHT

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

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

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

CHUCK
Well what do you think, boss?

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

CHUCK
What does that mean, exactly?

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

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

CARSON
Yeah, we know that much... but is she dead, kidnapped, or did she just run away. That's what we don't know.

CHUCK

A lot of the facts just don't add up. The father says he came into the girl's room and the covers were a mess, under garments scattered about on the floor. Then later on the wife decides to mention the front door was open when the father went down to investigate.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

Carson fumbles through some notes on his desk.

CARSON

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

Chuck brings up some information on the computer screen.

CHUCK

Damn, this case is getting stranger by the minute. They tested the blood found at the scene and it was O+. But get this... the girl's blood type is A-. It wasn't the girl's blood they found.

CARSON
Jesus Christ, whose blood was it
then?

CHUCK
Would have to be the boyfriend or
our kidnapper.

Carson shuffles through his papers some more.

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

CHUCK
Who the hell did they belong to?

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

CHUCK
Is there an address?

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

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

CARSON
I'll drive.

Carson and Chuck head out the door.

INT. RESIDENCE OF RANDALL JOHNSON - DAY

Kirk a.k.a. Randall Johnson is frantically packing a bag.

All his earthly possessions he finally crams into a large suitcase, and rushes out his front door.

EXT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Randall jumps in his old Toyota and peels out.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

Susan is in the basement, gagged, eyes fluttering in her head. Her beautiful face tormented from the pain and fear.

Her abductor is in the shadows working at his work bench, a power saw hums in the otherwise quiet room.

There are pieces of wood stacked on his bench.

A nail gun sits on the table.

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

EXT. RANDALL JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE - DAY

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

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

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

CARSON

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

Carson knocks again even louder.

CARSON(CONT'D)

Open up or we'll knock it down.

Not a sound.

Chuck motions to Mr. Gomez.

CHUCK

Go ahead and unlock the door, Mr. Gomez.

GOMEZ

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

Mr. Gomez unlocks the door, the uniforms rush in guns drawn.

They look around the whole apartment, no one is there.

The place is a mess like someone left in a hurry.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Looks that way boss.

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

CHUCK(CONT'D)

Yep... It's Randall Johnson.

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

CARSON

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

Chuck happens to see something of interest on the table.

He opens it.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK
Let's go... I'm driving.

CARSON
Shit... all right.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Norman and Allan are alone in the room.

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

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

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

Dr. Norman straps him in.

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SMOKEY'S HEAD SHOP - DAY

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

Bongs, water pipes, rolling papers, anything you can imagine is there for the asking.

CARSON
Jesus Christ, will you look at all
this shit.

CHUCK
You would think marijuana was
legal.

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck and Carson flash their badges right on cue.

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

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

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

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

CHUCK
Do you know where we could find
him?

SMOKEY
At his crib I guess... or with his
new girl friend... this hot college
girl named Susan. I don't know
where she lives...

Carson hands Smokey a card.

CARSON

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

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

SMOKEY

Will do... officers.

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

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chuck and Carson sit in their car for a minute planning
their next move.

CHUCK

Damn... where to now boss?

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Yeah he might just be that stupid.

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Hell yeah... animal style. Let's
roll.

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

CHUCK(CONT'D)

Carson... take a look at this.

They see a man fitting Randall's description going into the
head shop.

CARSON
Could be our boy.

CHUCK
Let's check it out.

EXT. CHERRY STREET - CONTINUOUS

They bail out of the car and head across the street towards the shop.

Chuck and Carson are almost there when Randall opens the door part way.

He bursts out of the door and heads off running down the street.

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

CHUCK
Let's get him.

The detectives take off after Randall.

Carson only makes it a hundred or so yards down the street before he is bent over huffing.

Chuck continues chase.

They run across the street dodging oncoming traffic.

Randall ducks down an alley, Chuck is gaining on him.

Randall is not in as good a shape as the detective and Chuck catches him from behind, tackles him and brings him to the ground.

He cuffs him and helps Randall to his feet.

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

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

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Nope... This is about Susan Leblanc.

RANDALL

Susan?

CHUCK(CONT'D)

Yeah, Susan. We're going to the station and have a long talk about her.

RANDALL

Not too long... cause I don't know shit.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Allan is in his favorite kitchen chair watching the traffic going by.

Ellen is cooking dinner, chopping vegetables and putting them in a pan.

Allan doses off...

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Allan is again in the wine cellar. He is alone, reading a newspaper from the nineteen fifties.

He browses care freely through the paper.

Allan is suddenly upset, a look of fear transcends the smile that was on his face.

The headline reads: DARK ONE CAUGHT. LOCAL MAN ALLAN LEBLANC CHARGED IN MULTIPLE HOMICIDES.

His is the face of unbelief and terror, as he drops the paper.

It floats to the floor in slow motion.

He starts to run, his feet bogged down in wet cement.

Allan is sinking as if he is in quick sand.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Allan wakes up.

He has his hands around Ellen's throat strangling her.

Ellen is gasping for air.

Allan realizes what he is doing and releases his grasp.
He puts his face in his hands.

ALLAN

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

Ellen gasping for air, sits down in a chair.

Allan sits down, tears stream down his face.

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

He's not going to like you
interfering.

ELLEN

I don't give a damn. I'm your wife.
I have a right to know about my own
husband.

ALLAN

Okay, you can come with me tomorrow.

INT. LBPD INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Carson, Chuck and Randall sit in the interrogation room, comprised of four chairs and a table surrounded by glass.

A heated conversation is in progress.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

RANDALL

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

CARSON

But you were with her last night?

RANDALL

Yeah... I was with her.

CHUCK

Okay... walk us through your evening.

RANDALL

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

CARSON

Okay, go on...

RANDALL(CONT'D)

And then around midnight, we went back to her place. We got it on for a while. Then she says all of sudden she had to take a piss.

CHUCK

And then what Randall?

RANDALL

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

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

RANDALL(CONT'D)

And then... creepy as hell, the door just came open. I walked in the bathroom... There was glass and blood everywhere.

CHUCK

And what did you do Randall?

RANDALL

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

CARSON

What do you mean Randall? What about Susan's father?

RANDALL

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

CHUCK

Okay... what you're saying is you were with Susan last night... You were intimate... she had to use the restroom. You heard glass breaking and a muffled scream. When you went in the bathroom... She was gone. Is that your story?

RANDALL

That's my story, and it's the truth
God dammit.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

The two detectives get up to leave.

CARSON

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

RANDALL

Shit...

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

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

Momentarily the doctor comes out of his private office.

DR.NORMAN

Good morning Allan...Hello Ellen,
good to see you. So how are we
doing today... sleeping well.

Ellen suddenly bursts into the conversation.

ELLEN

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

DR. NORMAN

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

INT. DR. NORMAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

DOCTOR

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

ELLEN

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

DR. NORMAN

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

ELLEN

Well, my husband is not a guinea
pig. I don't want you experimenting
on him.

DR. NORMAN

You've got to trust me... Allan does...

ELLEN

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

DR. NORMAN

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

ELLEN

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

Ellen gets up and heads to the door.

DR. NORMAN

Ellen... Mrs. Leblanc...

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ellen comes bursting out of door.

ELLEN

Come on Allan... we're leaving...

A shocked Allan follows her out the door.

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chuck and Carson are back in the office, Chuck at the computer, Carson going through a stack of papers on his desk.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

Hell, we got less than nothing. We don't know for sure if the girl is

CARSON
alive or dead or where the hell she
is.

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

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

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

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

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

CARSON
Let's go... I'm driving.

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

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

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

The box is from the San Diego Museum, no return address.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Whew... I see I just caught you
guys... I got a package for you.

The officer shakes the box and laughs.

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

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

The two detectives both look at the box apprehensively.

CHUCK
Now what in the hell is in this
box.

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

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

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

CHUCK
No I got it... Here goes.

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

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

CARSON
What the hell Chuck?

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

Along with a note is a bloody human hand.

CARSON(CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Mother Mary of God.

Both of the detectives stand looking at the hand in disbelief.

CHUCK

Fuck me...

CARSON

Now there's something you don't see everyday.

CHUCK

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

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

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

He starts to read.

CARSON

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

(to Chuck)

Holy...Shit!

CHUCK

God Damn!

CARSON

What kind of sick shit is happening here, Chuck?

CHUCK

Damn if I know. I wasn't expecting anything like this.

CARSON

Guess we know what happened to the girl now.

CHUCK

Well, we don't know for sure. He doesn't mention our girl.

CARSON

He's got her.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

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

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

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

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

CARSON(CONT'D)

Chuck... Uh, grab that and we'll run it over to the lab and see what they come up with. We'll have to talk Leblanc later.

CHUCK

Shit...

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

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

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

The spikes plunge into her skin.

She screams.

THE DARK ONE

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

The girl continues to scream.

He moves his hands like he is conducting an orchestra.

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

The Dark One comes over to her.

She turns her head away.

He turns it back around and holds it.

Tears stream down her face.

THE DARK ONE

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

He laughs maniacally.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellen and Allan lay in the bed watching television.

An old werewolf picture is on the screen.

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

ALLAN

Do you believe in monsters Ellen?

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

I think there are monsters living right among us and we don't even know them.

ELLEN

That's absurd... There are no real monsters, only in the movies.

Lon Chaney is turning into a werewolf on the screen.

ALLAN

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

ELLEN

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

ALLAN

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

The final credits of the movie are rolling.

Ellen pulls the covers up around her shoulders.

She gives Allan a tender kiss on his cheek.

ELLEN

Let's try and get some sleep dear.

ALLAN

Okay Hon...

He turns off the television, darkness encompasses them.

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

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

Shadows play on the wall, dancing in rhythm to the clock's beat.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - LATER ON THAT NIGHT

Footsteps are lightly heard.

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

His breathing is slightly labored as he makes his ascent.

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

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

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

Ellen is in the bed lightly snoring.

He slowly approaches Ellen, he raises the huge blade.

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

He throws the bloody weapon on the bed and leaves.

EXT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - DAY

The sun is rising over the seemingly peaceful Leblanc residence.

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

A lady out for a morning jog passes by.

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

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

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

Ellen lies next to him in a pool of blood.

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

Allan looks at the knife in his hand in disbelief.

ALLAN

Oh my God... What have I done?

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

ALLAN(CONT'D)

Ellen... Ellen. You're gonna be okay. I'll take you to Dr. Norman. He'll make everything all right.

He continues to rock her.

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

He goes over to a desk drawer, rifles through it's contents.

A pistol is suddenly in his hands.

Allan puts the barrel in his mouth and pulls the trigger.

Blood and brains cover the wall behind where his head was.

He lies dead in the bed next to Ellen.

INT. LEBLANC RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

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

CHUCK

My God... what the hell happened here?

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Yeah, it certainly looks that way... probably what happened, but things are rarely what they seem.

CARSON

That would be much too easy...

The medical people remove the bodies from the scene.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

Remember what that asshole's letter said.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

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

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

He reads the label, calls his partner over.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

Shit...

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

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

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

THE DARK ONE

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

Susan screams and struggles against her restraints.

THE DARK ONE (CONT'D)

There is no escape... except your death... which will come all too soon.

Susan screams out in pain.

SUSAN

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

THE DARK ONE

I am my father's son. I must be about his business.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The detectives enter the office of Dr. Norman.

It is vacant.

They look around the entire office.

CHUCK

Damn... No one at home.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Very strange, wouldn't you say. A doctor just up and leaves his office without a trace.

CARSON

Yeah, strange. This case just keeps getting better and better. We got crap.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Oh... Okay.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE - DAY

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

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

ELAINE

Glass of wine, Samuel?

DR. NORMAN

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

ELAINE

Did you get moved to your new offices.

DR. NORMAN

Yes... finally. I'm bushed.

ELAINE

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

DR. NORMAN

Sounds just like what I need.

ELAINE

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

He heads up the steps.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S BATHROOM

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

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

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

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY

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

Carson is just finishing up on the phone.

Chuck is on the computer bringing up some updates.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

Yeah... lay it on me, partner.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

I'm afraid to ask what the other thing you found out was.

CHUCK

Okay... here goes. The DNA from our hand is a match for a girl that went missing up in L.A. a month or so ago. A Millicent Pickens. Got an address for her parents if you feel up to another road trip.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Okay... let's roll.

INT. WAREHOUSE SOME WHERE - DAY

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

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE - DAY

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

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

A lady's voice calls from inside.

ELAINE(O.S)

Who is it?

CARSON

San Diego Police Department, ma'am.

ELAINE(O.S)

Yes, officers. What can I do for you.

CARSON(CONT'D)

We need to talk to Dr. Norman.
Could you open the door please?

The door eases open, Elaine peers out.

The detectives show their shields.

CHUCK

Could we come in, ma'am?

Elaine opens the door without a word.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The detectives enter.

The interior of the residence is plush, tastefully decorated.

CARSON

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

ELAINE

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

CHUCK

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

ELAINE

Very well...

She shows them into the living room.

THE LIVING ROOM

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Have a seat gentleman. I will see if the doctor can speak with you.

She disappears and reappears minutes later with Dr. Norman.

The detectives rise as he enters the room.

The doctor crosses the room to shake their hand.

DR. NORMAN

I'm Dr. Norman. How can I help you gentleman?

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

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

CARSON

I'm Detective Carson... my partner Detective Brown. We'd like to ask you a few questions about one of your patients, Allan Leblanc.

DR. NORMAN

Detectives you know I can't discuss patients without their consent. Confidentiality... that sort of thing.

CHUCK

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

DR. NORMAN

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

CARSON

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

DR. NORMAN

Why... why would he commit suicide?

CHUCK

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

DR. NORMAN

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

CARSON

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

DR. NORMAN

But... but how can I help you? I don't understand.

CHUCK

What were you treating him for?

DR. NORMAN

He was dying of cancer. He had a brain tumor, inoperable. I was giving him medication and chemotherapy... But his prognosis was not good.

CARSON

So he was dying. How much time did he have left?

DR. NORMAN

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

CHUCK

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

DR. NORMAN

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

CARSON

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

DR. NORMAN

It's possible.

CHUCK

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

DR. NORMAN

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

CARSON

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

DR. NORMAN

I was right here with my darling wife all evening. Isn't that right dear?

ELAINE

Yes, that's right. Samuel was with me all night. He got home around six and never left.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

No... I think that'll about do it for now.

The detectives get up to leave.

DR. NORMAN

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

CHUCK

Thanks for your time Doc.

CARSON

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

DR. NORMAN

Good night detectives.

ELAINE

Good night.

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

ELAINE

I told you the police would show up.

DR. NORMAN

Don't worry about it. They don't know shit.

ELAINE

Why did you have to kill the lady?

DR. NORMAN

The bitch was going to the medical board.

ELAINE

Oh... We can't have that can we?

She laughs sadistically.

DR. NORMAN

No...we sure can't...

He joins Elaine in her laughter.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

You said that right... 'cause we got crap now.

EXT. PICKENS RESIDENCE - DAY

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

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

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

MRS. PICKENS
About damn time you showed up.

CHUCK
Excuse us ma'am.

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

CARSON
We were, ma'am?

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

The detectives flash their badges.

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

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

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

INT. PICKENS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Mrs. Pickens points the detectives to a ragged couch.

MRS. PICKENS

Have a seat boys. Sorry about the mess. I've been real busy of late. Got a little behind on my chores... with my daughter missing... My husband just died and all.

They move a few papers around and have a seat reluctantly.

She sits down on a small wooden chair.

She pulls it up in front of where the detectives are sitting.

CARSON

Sorry to hear about your loss, ma'am.

MRS. PICKENS

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

CARSON

Yes, as a matter of fact we do.

MRS. PICKENS

What kind of trouble is that little whore in now?

CHUCK

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

MRS. PICKENS

And what makes you think that?

CARSON

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

Mrs. Pickens sits in shock for a moment. She puts her hands over her face, tears rolls down.

MRS. PICKENS

Oh my God... my baby... Oh dear God. I just knew she was off in the city whoring again... Who has her? How did this happen?

CHUCK

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

CARSON

You say your husband just died Mrs. Pickens?

MRS. PICKENS

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

CARSON

How long has your daughter been missing?

MRS. PICKENS

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

She starts to cry softly again.

CHUCK

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

MRS. PICKENS

Shit... his doctor? If you want to call that piece of shit a doctor. He put my husband on medication and some kind of treatments. His cancer got worst. He started having nightmares from the medication... Started sleepwalking and acting crazy as hell. Said a dark monster was after him in his dreams... You believe that shit?

CARSON

Yes ma'am, I do. Do you have a name and address for this doctor?

MRS. PICKENS

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

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

MRS. PICKENS(CONT'D)

Here it is. Dr. Richard Blackwell.
310 2nd Ave, Suite B, Los Angeles,
Ca.

CARSON

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

MRS. PICKENS

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

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

CHUCK

Do you mind if we take that?

MRS. PICKENS

Be my guest. I got no use for it. If you think it'll help.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

She starts to cry again.

CARSON

We'll be in touch.

Chuck pats her on her shoulder tenderly.

The detectives leave.

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

INT. OFFICE OF DOCTOR RICHARD BLACKWELL - CONTINUOUS

The detectives enter the now empty office of Dr. Blackwell. They look around at a few papers left on the floor. They find nothing.

CARSON
Why am I not surprised.

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

CARSON
Her description sounded awfully familiar.

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

CARSON
You think?

CHUCK
Yeah I do...

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY

Chuck and Carson are back at their office. A package is sitting on Carson's desk.

CARSON
What the hell is this shit now?

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

Carson picks it up and opens it.

Chuck is right it is a human ear and another bloody note.

CARSON
Jesus Christ! What the hell? An ear
and another note.

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

Carson unfolds the note carefully.

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

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

CARSON
Good thing we didn't eat lunch yet.

CHUCK
Yeah... Let's go check it out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2ND AND FRONT - DAY

The detectives approach the warehouse cautiously.

Two uniform officers are with them as back up.

They ease the door open and immediately the smell of death
strikes them.

CHUCK
God, what a stench.

CARSON
This is not good... not good.

The uniform officers enter first, the detectives follow.

INT. WAREHOUSE 2ND AND FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is large and dark.

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

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

SUDDENLY they see them.

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

The detectives jump back totally shocked.

CHUCK
Jesus Christ!

CARSON
Shit... What the fuck?

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

CARSON
Oh dear God... Heaven help us.

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

CHUCK
Sick bastard...

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

CHUCK
No shit...

EXT. WAREHOUSE 2ND AND FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The detectives are outside, catching some air.

Carson is bent over, dry heaving.

He straightens up, pulls out a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his mouth.

CARSON

In twenty years on the job... I never seen or smelled anything like that.

CHUCK

No shit...

CARSON

We've got to catch this bastard.

CHUCK

Just one little problem.

CARSON

And what is that, Chuck?

CHUCK

A little thing... No leads.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Another little thing... no proof.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - DAY

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

The young lady looks at the couple, eyes filled with terror.

DR. NORMAN

Oh what a lovely young lady. She'll do nicely.

ELAINE

Yes, quite nicely, Samuel.

INT. DETECTIVES OFFICE - DAY

Chuck and Carson are back at the office.

They are in their normal positions, Chuck at the computer, Carson at his desk staring into space.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

And that means exactly what?

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

Chuck pulls up some information on his computer screen.

He flips through the old newspaper clippings on the Dark One from the fifties.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Now, check this out. Our guy says he is his father's son. Guess what his father's name, the so called Dark One was? Dr. Norman Blackwell. Holy shit... Sound familiar?

CARSON

Not too imaginative, our doctor, huh?

CHUCK

I guess he figured no one would notice.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

Let's roll... You drive.

CHUCK

I can drive? Really?

CARSON

Yeah... really.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

The detectives look around the Norman residence.

The house is locked up, deserted.

CHUCK

Damn, we're too late. This asshole's gave us the slip.

CARSON
I can't believe this crap. Slippery
bastard.

CHUCK
Now what do we do, Carson?

CARSON
We've got to find them.

CHUCK
But where?

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

CHUCK
Shit...

EXT. AN UPPER CLASS RESIDENCE - AT THE SAME TIME

A moving van pulls up in front of a house in an upper class
neighborhood.

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

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE #2 - DAY

Chuck and Carson along with four uniformed officers converge
on a house in an upper class neighborhood.

They knock at the door loudly.

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

After no response they knock again.

CHUCK
Fuck this... Just knock it down.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - AT THE SAME TIME

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

It CRACKS loudly in the almost deserted basement.

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

DR. NORMAN

Let the games begin, my dear.

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

ELAINE

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

DR. NORMAN

Oh yes, you chose well, my love.

She lashes again and again.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE #2 - CONTINUOUS

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

The door splinters and flies open.

The officers enter the residence guns drawn.

INT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE # 2 - CONTINUOUS

They search the house room by room.

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

Carson points in the general direction.

CARSON

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

One of the uniforms eases the door open.

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

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

THE BASEMENT

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

CHUCK
Police... search warrant...

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - AT THE SAME TIME

Elaine continues to whip the couple's latest victim.

She screams...

Elaine and Dr. Norman laugh with delight.

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

They switch the lights on and after a quick sweep of the room find there is no one there.

But what they do find is terrifying.

Bloody torture devices fill the basement.

Chains and whips lie on the floor, which is also covered with blood.

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

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

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

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

He slams a couple of pieces of loose wood against the wall in anger.

CARSON(CONT'D)
I need a drink...

CHUCK
I'm with you brother...

INT. DICK'S LAST RESORT - NIGHT

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

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

Chuck has a Heineken, Carson a double whiskey straight.

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

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

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

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

Chuck takes a drink of beer and laughs.

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

CARSON
Very funny...

CHUCK

No I'm serious man.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Don't forget medieval torture devices and whips and chains.

CARSON

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

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

CARSON(CONT'D)

I need a refill... How about you Chuck? I'm buying.

CHUCK

In that case... Hell yes.

Carson motions the waitress over.

CARSON

Another round please.

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

CHUCK

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

CARSON

I hope you're right... I don't know man.

CHUCK

I do... we're gonna catch him... and soon.

CARSON

Yeah... well not tonight. I'm going home. I've got a lovely wife that's forgotten what I look like.

CHUCK

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

CARSON

Okay I'll catch you tomorrow.

EXT. SAN DIEGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

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

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

INT. DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Carson saunters in and sits down at his desk.

The office is empty except for the two detectives.

CARSON

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

CHUCK

Yeah, I couldn't sleep. Coffee?

CARSON

Hell yes... a big one.

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

He takes a big sip and sighs.

CARSON(CONT'D)

Damn, I need this... You find out anything about our boy?

CHUCK
Well yes and no...

CARSON
And what does that mean?

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

CARSON
Elaine was it?

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

CARSON
Damn...

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

CARSON
And I bet you have an address.

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

CARSON
Yeah me too.

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

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

CARSON
Let's go... You can drive.

CHUCK
Really... Thanks, Carson.

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - AT THE SAME TIME

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

ELAINE
Let's stretch that pretty neck of hers.

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

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

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

They laugh with delight.

The girl screams.

EXT. STREET LA JOLLA - DAY

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

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

EXT. NORMAN RESIDENCE LA JOLLA - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. NORMAN RESIDENCE LA JOLLA - CONTINUOUS

They are greeted by something they could never have imagined.

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

Arrows fly from several ancient bows.

A battle flail with spikes rises in the middle of the floor suddenly and starts to spins around.

Two officers and Carson are struck by arrows.

The officers fall dead on the floor.

Carson is down.

The flail reaches it's mark and caves in the head of one of the other officers.

Chuck and the remaining officers hit the floor and crawl towards the kitchen.

Chuck slithers by Carson, shakes him. No response.

CHUCK

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

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

CHUCK(CONT'D)

The basement... Through the kitchen... The basement.

THE KITCHEN

The officers slowly open the door to the basement, leading off of the kitchen.

An alarm can be heard down the steps, a light is flashing.

They proceed down the steps.

CHUCK

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

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

THE BASEMENT

The officers and Chuck rush the basement.

The Normans have gone.

Susan Leblanc is dead in the torture chair.

Another young lady is on the rack, still alive.

CHUCK

Shit... Where the hell did they go?
Get that poor girl out of the rack.
Call the paramedics... She's still
alive.

Chuck searches the basement. He finds the secret door.

He opens the door with a simple button.

There is a tunnel leading to a underground parking garage.

CHUCK(CONT'D)

Shit... shit...

He keys the microphone on his radio.

CHUCK(CONT'D)

We're all clear here. Perps, got
away. Put out a BOLO on the
Normans. They won't get far.

EXT. DOCTOR NORMAN'S RESIDENCE LA JOLLA - CONTINUOUS

Two paramedics carry Carson out on a stretcher.

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

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

CHUCK

You're gonna make it man... Hold on
Carson... Hold on.

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

INT. SCRIPP'S HOSPITAL - DAY

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

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

VERONICA

Come back to us, baby. Please come
back.

She cries, Chuck tries to console her.

CHUCK
Come on Carson... You tough ole son
of bitch.

Then right on cue Carson's eyes open.

CARSON
Where the hell am I?

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

VERONICA
You're in the hospital, baby.

CARSON
What happened?

CHUCK
You don't remember?

CARSON
I wouldn't be asking if I did.

CHUCK
You got shot with an arrow.

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

CHUCK
No, he got away.

CARSON
Shit...

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

CARSON
Yeah... Seems I heard that before.

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

Chuck gets up to leave.

CHUCK(CONT'D)
Take care of him, Veronica.

She runs her hand through his hair

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

INT. BASEMENT SOME WHERE - TWO MONTHS LATER

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

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

FADE OUT:

THE END