

SILHOUETTES

By

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EXT. PIER - DAWN

A gruff, rugged, tough-looking man stands on the edge of a pier. He's looking out towards the water while sporadically taking hits of his cigarette. He has cuts and bruises upon his face, his hands are dirty and covered in a grimy substance. His hair clings to his head due to the sweat within it.

After a hit of his cigarette, his chin quivers as he sighs heavily while still looking blankly towards the sea.

MIKE (V.O.)

What you're looking at is a broken man. A broken man who just obtained the vindication he so desperately searched for for nearly two decades. I thought it would be the night that changed my life for the better. The truth was, though, that I was no better. You see, when you live your life for vengeance, the absence of vengeance leaves a void within you. Right now... that's all I can feel.

The man we see is MIKE ROSELLI, a detective with the Boston Police Department. He takes another puff from the cigarette, and throws it the ground, finally stomping it out.

He walks off, leaving us with only a view of the waves rushing towards the shore.

MIKE (V.O.)

The name's Detective Mike Roselli, and my story begins where my father's story ends, God rest his soul. You see, that night... that night I met the Silhouettes.

FADE OUT:

(OPENING TITLE)

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (1987)

We fade in to a suburban home, and we pan through a dark living room. A modest looking sofa with a chair positioned diagonally across from it, and a coffee table in front of it. Clothes are scattered throughout the messy room with cups, plates, and ash trays sitting atop of it.

Panning more through the room we hear voices and laughter carrying on in another room. A light spills over into the living room from the kitchen.

Panning closer to the kitchen we see a mother, a father, and a young boy at a table, laughing, carrying on, and enjoying their dinner happily. We go in closer to see them.

The father is talking as he sits on a side of the table while his wife and son are on each end. While talking he alternates between looking at them both.

The father is JAMES ROSELLI, father to Mike Roselli, and Captain of the Boston Police Department. He's rough, rugged, tough-looking as well, but currently appears surprisingly easy-going and laid-back while conversing with his family.

JAMES

(enthusiastically)

I swear, Joey brought this guy in today, and he looks at me, and he says, "Hey Jimmy, where to I put this guy, he was peeing in his neighbor's bushes."

(beat)

So I says to him, "Joey, if that's against the law, you better throw me in there too."

TINA ROSELLI, James' wife, and Mike laugh hysterically at the anecdote.

MIKE

That was funny, Daddy.

James looks over and rubs Mike's head affectionately while smiling immensely at him.

JAMES

You think so?

MIKE

Yeah.

JAMES

Well as long as you think so, then nothing else matters.

Then, James rises from his seat, and in one, swift, fluid motion he snatches Mike from his seat, and spins him around in his arms.

James prepares to leave with Mike.

JAMES

(lovingly)

What do you say we go to Beddy-Bye World now, huh?

(beat)

Mommy, can you take the dishes?

Tina looks at her boys as they frolic to Mikey's room.

TINA

(frustrated)

James!

Then, Tina sees the affection between James and Mikey, and her frustration melts into warm affection and love for the two of them as they trail off.

TINA
(to herself)
Fine... Fine. That won't work all
the time, though, James.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

We see Mikey lying in bed sound asleep. He is perfectly content with a small smile upon his face as he sleeps. We see the light from the street and the moon barely illuminating the boy's room. The extremely slight movement of his curtains creates a dance of shadows upon his young face.

Suddenly, Mikey raises quicker-than-quickly from his bed in a seated position with a giant gasp of air. His eyes are wide and filled with fear as he looks directly in-front of him at something that is clearly frightening him.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND TINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

James and Tina are also sound asleep with Tina nestled comfortably in her husband's arms.

Suddenly, James hears a blood-curdling scream from Mikey's room.

MIKEY (O.S.)
Daddy!

James jumps up from his deep sleep with a look of intensity on his face. He appears wide awake with a look of "I'm about to kick some ass."

CUT TO:

INT. MIKEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

James busts through with a look of concern upon his face. He rushes over to Mikey, takes his son in his arms, and attempts to soothe and comfort him.

JAMES
(lovingly)
Hey kiddo, what happened? Huh? Did
ya have a bad dream?

Mikey pushes back to look his father in the eye and give an explanation.

MIKEY
(terrified)

In... In the closet, there's a shadow. It was coming after me, until you came in.

James looked back at Mikey's closet. He turned back to his son with a smile.

JAMES
A shadow? That's all? It was probably just the way your curtains are moving, buddy.

Mikey still appears terrified out of his mind as he shakes his head "No."

JAMES (cont'd)
You want me to check? Huh? Just to be safe?

Mikey shakes his head "Yes."

James gets up and walks calmly over to the closet door. He opens the door nonchalantly, and looks inside. He steps to the side to show Mikey that nothing is in there. However, if one were to look closely, you'd see a flowing trail of frail black tails flowing out of the closet it and flowing in the wind. An eerie breeze-blowing sound is heard by only the audience.

James walks back over to the bed, takes a seat on the edge, and rubs the back of Mikey's head to comfort him.

JAMES
You see, buddy? Nothing's there. You're safe and sound as long as you got Dad, alright?

James sat on the edge of the bed still as Mikey shook his head in the affirmative. Suddenly, a black wispy silhouette-like figure became visible courtesy of the street-lights and moonlight. All one could really see is the wispy, frail, flowing, black, mystical tails the flowed from the entity directly behind James. It had its arms raised high as young Mikey was frozen with fear with his mouth open wide and his eyes to the sky. Had he been able to, he would've surely warned his father. However, it was too late.

The black visage lowered its massive arms as a piano-wire was wrapped around James' throat courtesy of this dark stranger. James struggled for air as he reached to his son for help. Mikey could only cry and shout for his father as he looked on at the horrible scene.

Blood began to trickle from the neck of James as he slowly died as the hand of this obscure entity. As his last breaths escaped him, and the blood poured from his neck, the figure tightened his grip, pulled tighter on the wire, and instantly and viciously pulled to the side,

thus, effectively snapping James neck with an extremely audible crackle and snap, killing him in front of his son.

James limp corpse fell to the floor with a loud, thunderous thud. The murderous silhouette's gaze upon a deceased James lingered for much too long. Following his long gaze, the silhouette looked up at Mikey, he had no eyes and no face, he was merely a dark, wispy ghost like figure, but Mikey could tell from his movements that his sights were set on him.

Mikey curled up into a ball on his bed as he tears streamed down his cheeks. The silhouette moved closer and closer to him, sending more shivers down his spine, and filling him with even more fear. He clinched his eyes shut tight so he could not see what would happen next.

Then, a deep, dark, raspy, crackly, menacing voice emanated from the figure. He took short pauses to inhale deeply. When he inhaled, he sounded as if he had trouble breathing.

SILHOUETTE
(maliciously)
Open... your eyes... Boy!

Mikey shook his head "No."

SILHOUETTE (cont'd)
Yes... I want you... to see... the
face of the being that officially
broke... your... precious little
home here.

Mikey opened his eyes a tad, and looked at the dark wispy figure directly in front of him.

Then, the figure's hand-like structures reached up to its facial region. Quickly and instantly the figure pulled back his obscure veil to reveal the face of a feeble old man. Pale and wrinkly to the extreme, the old man's face was scarred and filled with craters, boils, and miscellaneous bumps. His teeth were yellow, brittle, and decayed as he dragged his tongue across them disgustingly. Red circles formed around his bright yellow eyes with diamond shaped pupils. No hair existed upon his bald, scarred, decayed cranium. He immediately closed his veil, and disappeared leaving only small clouds of black smoke behind.

Mikey sat there breathing heavily as he absorbed what had just happened. Then, he let out a vicious, terrified, and blood-curdling scream.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROSELLI FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

We see the calm exterior of the Roselli family home as red and white flashing lights circle around creating an illuminated display against the paneling of the house and garage door.

Emergency Medical Technicians push a gurney loaded with a corpse down the driveway of the home. They push it down the driveway and towards an ambulance as they pass Tina and Mikey who are sobbing while holding each other as they watch James' body be carried away.

The last sound we hear is of the ambulance doors closing.

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE - MID-DAY (PRESENT DAY)

We see an adult Mike sitting in a plush, beige chair positioned near a couch within a very beige room. His arm is resting on the arm of the chair holding his face in his hand as he stares off into space.

MIKE

...And that's the last I ever seen
of my dad.

Mike takes his arm off of the chair, and leans forward, almost to the point of doubling over. He holds his head within his hands. One might think he's crying, but he soon raises his head. He looks directly in front of him with a tired expression.

CUT TO:

We cut to see a dark-skinned (possibly Hispanic) woman sitting directly across from Michael. Her dark brown, almost chocolate, skirt-suit contrasts very well with the beige room that surrounds its two occupants. Her legs are crossed as she sits almost sideways in her chair creating a very sensual positioning of her body. Her legs are long, slender, and the light peeking in through the window creates an appealing shine on the nude-colored stockings covering them. Her long, slender, sleek legs lead to a suede pair of brown pumps that loosely fit her feet. Thus, her heels seem to pop in and out of her shoes as she flexes her ankle sporadically. Her arm, too, rests on the arm of her beige chair, as she holds a pen up to her luscious, full, pouting, scarlet lips. She does not chew on the tip of the pen, but simply holds it to her lips to draw attention toward them. Her glasses are slid down on her nose so slightly that it gives her a sexy librarian appearance. Her eyes have a look that can only be described as, "Fuck me," as she listens to Michael intently. She is his psychotherapist after all.

There is a moment of pause following Michael's last words. She then begins to nod, smiles humorously, chuckles a bit, and without removing the pen from her mouth, she says:

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

That's pretty fucked up, Mike.

CUT TO:

Mike simply shrugs as we can still hear her laughter off-screen. He leans back in his chair and relaxes a bit as he rubs the sleep from his eyes.

MIKE

Yeah, well, you're the one who
wanted have a "real session" today.

As Mike said the words "real session" he made quotation marks with his hands.

Then, we see the therapist rush over and hop into Michael's lap, straddling him. Mike grunts as she pounces on him. After the initial shock, he wraps his arms around her waist as she looks down at him playfully. He begins to kiss her exposed, cleavage-bearing chest and neck as she talks.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

(playfully)

I know, but I feel like a whore. I mean, your department pays me to listen to you, and instead all we do is have sex.

While still kissing her chest and neck, Mike replies.

MIKE

(muffled)

Oh baby, you're far from a whore.

The therapist appears confused.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

(puzzled)

Oh really, and how's that?

MIKE

Well... you've got this pretty degree from Stanford. Not many whores can say that, huh?

While saying this, Mike stops kissing her, leans back, and points to the degree on the wall behind them.

The therapist roughly shoves/slaps his shoulders in frustration.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

(angrily)

Gee... thanks, Mike... No wonder your wife screwed around on you. I'm surprised she didn't cream her panties constantly with smooth lines like that.

Mike looks at her with the same tired expression we saw earlier.

MIKE

(exhausted)

So... are we gonna do this, or not?

The therapist folds her arms, looks at Mike madly, and says:

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

(harshly)

No, not today... Suddenly, I'm not
in the mood.

Mike scoffs exhaustedly. Then, he grabs her by the arms and throws her carelessly and effortlessly to the couch near/next to them, and we get a peak up her short skirt--black panties. He quickly stands, and walks sternly towards the door. He opens the door and prepares to walk out, but the therapist stops him by saying:

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Wait!

Mike stops and looks back at her angrily.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Before you go, tell me one thing.

MIKE

(annoyed)

What?!

The therapist brushes her hair out of her face, and sits regularly on the couch.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Was it true...?

Mike looks at her questioningly.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST (cont'd)

...The story about your dad?

Mike swallows past the lump in his throat and looks at her as he begins to sweat. He appears mildly calm, but also appears rather pissed off as he clinches his jaw. He looks around for a second before stammering to answer her.

MIKE

(stammering)

N... N... No... you know, it was
just ghost story. You asked me to
open up to you, so I told you a
bullshit story my grandpa used to
say to scare me as a kid. You know?

The therapist looks at him with intrigue and suspicion.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

So, your dad's fine?

Mike appeared to be calming more, but still had an attitude in his voice. It sounded more annoyed and irritated than anything else.

MIKE

(annoyed)

I just saw him a few days ago. He seemed fine to me. Same condition that I left him in last time I seen him.

The therapist shook her head, still with a look of intrigue upon her face.

Mike turns to leave when she stops him again.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

(sensually)

Hey, where you going?

Mike looks back to see her leaning back against the arm of the couch and lifting her leg high above the neck supports of the couch giving Mike a clear view of her panties. She has that "fuck me" look again.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST (cont'd)

...Cold shower?

Mike wets his lip and appears enthralled by the sight in front of him.

MIKE

Yeah... something like that.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

We hear the sound of flesh, bone, and blood meeting brick as we see a young African-American man being thrown mercilessly against the side of a condemned building by a pair of gruff, hairy, white hands. Blood drains from the cheek of the African-American man that is scraping against the wall. Blood also trickles down from his forehead, from his nose, and down his large lips as a tooth dangles carelessly from the man's gums. He spits the tooth out.

YOUNG MAN

(mumbling loudly)

Man, why the fuck you pigs always coming in here fucking with us PJ kids? Huh? Ain't you got a Krispy Kreme to put outta business?

An elbow comes from behind the man's head, further crushing his cranium against the brick.

We pan out to see that it is Mike who his brutalizing this young man.

The man attempts to double over with his arms handcuffed behind his back, but Mike quickly grabs him and pushes him back against the wall face-first.

MIKE

(out of breath)

One more God damn word out of your
watermelon-loving ass, and I'll
start a one-man nigger-holocaust.
You fucking hear me, Toby.

The young man spits more blood from his mouth.

YOUNG MAN

Toby?... Motherfucker, my name is
Calvin.

Mike pistol whips the young man with sheer, unforgiving brute force
causing blood to splatter all over the brick wall.

MIKE

Ain't your black ass seen "ROOTS"?
Your name is Toby, boy!

The young man coughs and expels more blood from his mouth as it
continues to drain from his cheeks, forehead, and nose. He simply
smiles and chuckles a little.

YOUNG MAN

What happen, man?...Your wife not
giving you blowjobs or she giving
'em to someone else?

Mike just stands there and breathes heavily. The young man hears this,
and laughs harder.

YOUNG MAN (cont'd)

That's probably why yo' cracka ass
is so racist, your wife is out
there sucking on some Alabama
blacksnake, and your stuck spanking
it to 12-year old girls on the
internet again, huh?

Mike laughs a little as he wipes his nose with the hand holding his
pistol. He steps closer to the young man, turns him around so the two
are facing each other, leans in, and begins to whisper to him.

MIKE

Calvin, right?

YOUNG MAN

Right on, my dude...

MIKE

Calvin, you think you're pretty
funny right.

YOUNG MAN

Shit, I know I'm funny. I'm just saying, though, if you that sexually frustrated, Two Dolla Tammy is just down the street on the corner. I mean, sure she's kinda ate up, but she gotta pretty mouth.

Mike wipes his nose again.

MIKE

Look here, Calvin.

CALVIN

What's up, man?

MIKE

You see, I'm gonna let you in on some insider information... as far as cops are concerned.

CALVIN

(surprised)

Ah, word?

MIKE

Word nigga.

Calvin begins to appear more relaxed. He is still showing the effects of Mike's beating, but attempts to appear calm, cool, and collected after hearing Mike say he's about to give him some information.

Mike took his gun within his hands. He effortlessly and quickly removed and replaced the magazine of the gun, and cocked it. He looked at it, and began to talk to Calvin again.

MIKE

I like you, Calvin. Now, I'm serious, I don't do this everyone, but you're pretty damn entertaining. So, I'm gonna let you in on some info.

CALVIN

(excited)

Lay it on me, dog.

MIKE

Alright... calm down!

CALVIN

I'm cool, man.

Mike continued gawking at his gun while still talking to Calvin.

MIKE

You see, Calvin, we police officers have something we like to call an extremity shot... You know what that is?

Calvin appears confused as hell.

CALVIN
Nah, man, no fucking clue.

Mike finally looks up at Calvin. He has a look of disgust and annoyance upon his face.

MIKE
No surprise there. Hell, all your monkey ass probably learns out here is how to pop a forty and steal a rolly, huh?

Calvin appears even more confused at Mike's sudden insults. Mike looks back down at his gun.

MIKE (cont'd)
(under his breath)
Dumb fucking niggers!

Calvin now appears pissed off and offended. He goes to take a step toward Mike. He goes to put his arm on Mike's shoulder to face him.

Mike jumps back and looks at Calvin with sheer intensity in his eyes.

MIKE (cont'd)
(intense)
Get your fucking hands off of me!

Calvin steps back and attempts to ease the situation.

CALVIN
(nervous)
Hey... Hey... Hey man!

Mike begins to back Calvin back against the wall. His voice begins to calm, but his demeanor still appears very frustrated.

MIKE
Now, I'm trying to show you something, and you're being very rude. You better straighten your ass up, or I won't let you in on this "privileged information".

Calvin goes to leave.

CALVIN
Fuck this, man. I ain't even care about your fucking privileged information, or whatever the fuck

yo' cracka ass is running your
mouth about.

Mike grabs Calvin's shoulder and throws him against the wall again (back first this time). Mike now has him pinned there as Mike's arm begins to shake from the intensity in which he's holding Calvin against the wall. Mike's jaw is clinched with intensity as he stares Calvin in the eyes without blinking. Mike appears to have snapped.

MIKE

(intensely)

Now, I'm trying to show you
something. You don't just walk off
like that. It's very rude!

CALVIN

(uneasy)

H... Hey, man, you a'ight? Sounds
like you done gone off the deep
end?

Mike ignores Calvin, and returns his attention to his gun as he holds it up near his face. He lovingly strokes the gun as he speaks again.

MIKE

Now, an extremity shot is when you
take this precious little baby
here, and you put a smooth, crisp
bullet right through a part of the
leg or arm of some stupid porch-
monkey, jiggaboo, tarbaby
motherfucker who thinks they can
actually get away... Like he's
swimming away from the fucking
Amistad all over again, or
something

Mike begins to laugh crazily while giving an even greater look of insanity toward the young Calvin. His eyes wide, his knuckles white as they are wrapped around the handle of the gun, and his smile wider-than-wide as he stares crazily at the young man in front of him.

Calvin begins to fear for his life, and he prepares to make a run for it. As he's preparing to run, he looks down at the gun with fear.

CALVIN

Oh shit!

Mike puts an eerie, immediate halt to his evil chuckle. He takes his gun, aims it at Calvin, pulls the trigger, and sends a bullet piercing through Calvin's crotch.

Calvin doubles over in pain as blood begins to pour from his groin and coagulate and stain his FUBU jeans.

MIKE
(dryly)

Oops, I missed.

Calvin coughs and screams uncontrollably as blood begins to drain like a waterfall from his mouth due to internal bleeding suffered from the beating and the shot. On his hands and knees, he falls over on his side as he begins to weep, scream, and cough more.

CALVIN
(screaming)

Ah! Motherfucker shot me in my
dick! This crazy motherfucker just
shot me in my dick! Someone fucking
help me! Ah!

Mike gets a bit of a chuckle while looking down at Calvin writhing in pain. He goes to walk away as Calvin continues to scream. He stops, and goes back towards Calvin lying down on the ground.

Mike reaches in his pocket.

MIKE

I almost forgot.

Mike pulls out a ragged Ziploc bag full of a white, powdery substance, and tosses at Calvin's bleeding body. Then, he gets down on his stomach with his face right next to Calvin's shuttering body.

MIKE (cont'd)

Sir, next time, please don't resist
arrest.

Mike reaches out, grabs the Ziploc bag, and jumps right back to his feet holding the bag above his head.

MIKE (cont'd)

(loudly)

How many fucking times do I have to
tell you? Crack is whack! And if
you continue to do it, I will
eventually have to bring your ass
into the station. You're lucky this
is all you got this time. I
promise, next time, it will be a
lot... and I do mean A LOT worse.

Suddenly, Calvin's screaming began to trail off into quietness and eventually silence. It was evident that Calvin was approaching death's door courtesy of the extreme blood loss from Mike's brutality. Following some squirming and convulsing, Calvin died right there in that ally as Mike looked on clearly horrified, but trying not to show it. He was shaking fiercely, and looked as if he were about to vomit, but still tried not to show it.

Mike suddenly realized what had happened, and he decided to flee, but not hurriedly. Instead, he turned around, and attempted to walk away calmly.

As Mike was walking away, Calvin's lifeless body suddenly moved. Calvin's head and neck snapped up, his eyes rolled into the back of his head, and the deceased Calvin began to mutter cold, chilling words in a vaguely familiar raspy voice towards Detective Roselli.

CALVIN

I'm... coming... for you!

Mike stopped dead in his tracks as his breathing ceased for a moment. He was frozen with fright. After taking a moment to think, he turned back around to Calvin.

Mike's lip quivered as he stared at the lifeless body that was now speaking to him in the voice of the being that took his father's life.

MIKE

(nervously)

What... in the hell... did you just say to me?

Calvin's corpse began to laugh as his eyelids fluttered with a sadistic smile upon his face. All one could see were the whites of his eyes being that they were rolled back into his head.

CALVIN

I'm... coming... for you... BOY!

Mike instinctively raised his gun and began firing off shot after shot into the skull and chest of Calvin's body until it spoke to him no more.

MIKE

(yelling)

Die you son of a bitch!

Mike fired shots until his gun only clicked signaling that he had run out of bullets. Then, he collapsed against the wall breathing heavily. All that could be heard was a faint silence filled with only the same evil, sadistic laugh that emanated from Calvin only seconds ago.

Mike brought his hands to his head in an attempt to suppress the laughing he thought was only in his head.

Then, Mike saw something out of the corner of his eye, and he went into combat mode again. His eyes were wide and his body was prepared for war as his gun was positioned directly in front of him ready to fire. Mike then remembered he's run out of bullets, and began to replace the magazine again. As he was replacing the bullets he looked toward the end of the alley where he'd heard the noise emanating, and suddenly saw the darkest of shadows pass by him. It was blacker than black could ever be imagined, and it slowly danced across the brick walls of the isolated alley way.

Mike saw this, became fearful again, but continued to creep forward. Finally, he came to the end of the alleyway where he could see people walking by on the sidewalk. He looked down the sidewalk, and what he saw scared him beyond belief. He was that same deep, dark, dank shade of blackness walking down the street in the form of an eerie cloak. The obscure figure walked slowly and methodically down the dirty sidewalk.

Acting only on instinct, Mike ran at full speed toward the figure. When he got closer to it, he tackled it with the purest form of aggression he could muster within himself. He turned the figure over on it's back, and lifted his fist preparing to punch the figure as hard as he could.

MIKE

(shouting)

Who the fuck are you, asshole?!

The figure's hood fell back to reveal a feeble, dirty, mangy, gray-haired, skinny homeless man with the greatest look of fear filling his eyes. He looked up at Mike with eyes that begged for the ultimate form of mercy.

HOMELESS MAN

(scared)

I'm Joe... I'm Joe!

Mike stopped himself from hitting the old man. As he struggled to breathe, he looked around to notice that everyone passing by had stopped to observe what was going on. They were shocked and appalled at what an officer of the law was doing to an innocent bystander.

Mike stood up and offered his hand to the fallen homeless man. As he lifted him up and brushed the both of them off, he said:

MIKE

Sorry, Sir, I mistook you for someone else. I was only doing my job.

The old man slapped Mike's hand away and appeared rather angry.

JOE

(angry)

Doing your job, my ass, you're one of those young, hotshot cops who thinks they can do as they damn well please to those of us who weren't blessed with money or advantages. Well you can kiss my dimpled ass, Son, because you can guarantee I'll be suing the shit out of you and your department.

A woman in the background looks down the alleyway, her jaw drops open with shock, fear, and disgust.

JOE (cont'd)
What's your name, Son? In fact,
what precinct are you with?

The woman in the background lets out a monstrous shriek.

WOMAN
(shrieking)
Oh my God! This man is dead!

Mike looks toward the woman, and he shouts to her:

MIKE
(shouting)
Hold on, Ma'am, and I'll go get
some help and backup.

Mike then begins to sprint as fast as he can away from the scene.

JOE
Where the hell do you think you're
going?

Joe attempts to run after him, but stops shortly afterward when he realizes he's not as young as he used to be, and his respiratory system can't quite keep up.

Our last shot is of Joe leaned against a building coughing his lungs up, and spitting flem and mucus upon the sidewalk as people in the background rush to the opening of the alleyway to see the calamity.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATE NIGHT

Mike is sitting within a deserted diner late at night. He's sitting at the bar on a stool heavily involved in his oversized, dry cheeseburger. His mouth is loaded with an enormous bite. He appears to be miserable as he continuously chews his food in a daze. It is clearly raining moderately outside.

A waitress walks over with red hair, pale skin, red lips, and wearing an embarrassing uniform. She looks at Mike flirtatiously as she annoyingly and audibly chews her gum. Mike finishes his large bite as she begins to speak.

WAITRESS
You need anything else, Sweetie?

Mike tilts his head as he appears intrigued.

MIKE
As long as I live...

The waitress gives a flirty, anticipating glance in Mike's direction.

MIKE (cont'd)
I'll never need anything from your
nasty ass. You got that, toots?

The waitress appears appalled and scoffs.

WAITRESS
Fuck you, asshole!

Mike smirks arrogantly.

MIKE
Didn't we just go over this? Never!

The waitress walks off with a rather pissed off disposition. As she walks away, she shakes her ass in an attempt to make Mike regret his previous denial and subsequent remarks.

MIKE (cont'd)
(arrogantly)
Run along now, sweetie. Infect
someone else.

WAITRESS
(fading out)
Yeah, fuck you, smart ass!

Mike simply smiles at the blatant arrogance and desperation of the waitress, and returns to his burger.

Just then, the door to the diner opens, and a middle-class family piles in to the restaurant as the patriarch of the family holds the door as the two children—a boy and a girl—hurry in, as does the mother. Once all are inside, they begin to shake themselves dry. The father then speaks.

FATHER
Everyone okay?

FAMILY
(collectively)
Yeah.

The little girl of the family, five-years old at most, speaks up.

DAUGHTER
Thank you, Daddy.

FATHER
(laughingly)
Well, you're very welcome,
Princess.

We then return our attention to Mike at the bar as he rolls his eyes in response to the family's warmth. Through another enormous, oversized bite of his burger, he says:

MIKE
(annoyed)
Princess... Jesus H. Christ.

We go back to the family, and the father picks up the little girl, and turns his attention to the rest of the family.

FATHER
What do you say we get something to eat?

FAMILY
(collectively)
Yay!

The family settles into a booth and removes their jackets, raincoats, etc. The father then slides out and walks up to the bar, and he stands next to Mike as a cook comes up wearing a stained, white T-shirt. He looks at the father of the family.

COOK
What'll it be tonight, Sir?

The father thinks for a quick second, then replies.

FATHER
You know what... I think it'll be just your average combo of burgers, fries, and Cokes all around. We're just in here to get out of the storm, so nothing big. Just something to hold us over until we get to where we're going, you know?

The cook writes down the order.

COOK
Alright, Sir, your food should be ready in a few minutes.

FATHER
(kindly)
Oh, take your time. Doesn't look like this storm will let up any time soon.

The cook walks off nodding towards the man with thankfulness.

After the cook walks away, there is a brief silence.

Then, Mike speaks up.

MIKE

You know... He just asked what you wanted to eat. You didn't have to give him your whole life's fucking story.

Mike's snide remark doesn't phase the father as he continues to smile, and does not even acknowledge Mike with a glance in his direction.

FATHER

Eh, why don't you just shut the fuck up?

Mike appeared puzzled as he did a double take to the father.

The man simply looked at Mike with a flex of his eyebrows as if he were bored and simply waiting for his food. It was as if he didn't even hear the words that had just escaped his mouth.

MIKE

(in disbelief)

I'm sorry, Ward, what was that?

The man laughs.

FATHER

(sarcastically)

Oh, I get it... Ward, 'cause I'm like Ward Cleaver... 'cause of my family over here, huh?... God damn it, I gotta hand it to you. Your punk ass definitely wins the award for most fucking creative.

The man continues to laugh as Mike appears offended and in disbelief at the bluntness and disregard the man before him spoke with so brashly.

The man then turned his whole body towards Mike with an intimidating look within his eyes. It was almost as though he were about to fight Mike.

FATHER (cont'd)

Let me tell you something. You may think you got it all figured out now, but your little bitch ass is in for a rude awakening, because once you grow up, and start living in the real world, you don't have time to be the brooding-tough-guy-sitting-alone-at-a-diner anymore. You realize what's important.

The man continued to stare at Michael with his intimidating eyes that were full of a sense of something along the lines of disappointment. Mike finished his burger, wiped his hands, and gave another arrogant look towards the man.

MIKE

(arrogantly)

And what the fuck is so important in the bible according to Ward fucking Cleaver, huh? Why don't you give me some insight on that, you self-righteous prick?

Without missing a beat and without moving an inch, the man says:

FATHER

Family... the love of your family, and the love of those you love. Maybe, someday, when you have kids... God-forbid... But if you ever have the unfortunate task of putting a life similar to your own on this Godforsaken planet, maybe then you'll understand what I'm talking about.

Mike chuckled a bit.

FATHER (cont'd)

I guarantee it'll melt that cold fucking chip you've been carrying around on your shoulders.

Mike began digging in his back pants pocket for his wallet. He removed his wallet, and began digging through the pockets for pictures. As he dug, he said:

MIKE

(arrogantly)

Maybe?... Someday?... When I do "eventually" have kids, huh?

The man shook his head in affirmation.

Mike took out a picture and threw it on the counter.

The man took the picture in his hands, examined it for a while, and saw that it was a picture of a young girl, perhaps five, six, or seven years old. She looked happy and lively in the photo. The man then looked up puzzled towards Mike.

MIKE

What you got to say now, asshole?

Mike quickly snatched the picture back, left his money on the counter, and stormed out into the rain. The man was just left standing there dumbfounded with an arrogant smirk across his face shaking his head toward the arrogant, young Michael.

FADE TO:

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

We fade in to see a living room—a sloppy living room at that. Clothes, food wrappers, condom wrappers, pornographic DVDs, beer cans, soda cans, and bits of food cover the uncared for white plush carpet. Bits of the aforementioned miscellaneous junk are scattered upon the blue, ragged couch within the room, but not as bad as the couch.

A small color television illuminates the room with a blue aura.

After a shot that closes in on the couch, Mike plops down on the couch and relaxes with a beer in his hand as he rests his arm on the arm of the couch.

He lets a sigh of relief as he realizes that his rough day has just ended.

We cut the television to see that he's taking in an episode of professional wrestling. One of the wrestlers hits a big move, and we cut back to Mike who is visibly enjoying himself as he smiles and laughs slightly following the big move.

Then, we see Mike's eyes begin to flutter as he shows the signs of fatigue and tiredness. Before long he's asleep.

Some time passes, and we see Mike begin to jerk around in his sleep.

We soon see quick flashes of different scenes to show what Mike is dreaming about.

We see a flash of Mike sitting in his bed as a boy as the "Silhouette" floats slowly towards him. We cut back to see Mike clinching his eyes in distress while sleeping.

We see another flash of the "Silhouette" wrapping the piano wire around James Roselli's neck. Mike begins to squirm more and more in his sleep as he moans. His voice also cracks in a sleeping attempt to replicate the noises he's making in his dream.

We also flash to a scene of Mike thrusting violently and angrily into the psychotherapist earlier. She screams, shrieks, and howls in delight. Mike continues to show signs of restlessness in his sleep.

We show another flash of Mike whipping Calvin's head against a brick wall. Mike still squirms.

Finally, Mike gets a flash of the decayed face the "Silhouette" revealed to him on that fateful night.

We cut back to the restless, sleeping Mike. He suddenly shoots up from the couch with a loud gasp of air and wide, frightful eyes. He awakes only to see the same ugly, wretched, pale, disgusting, putrid, decayed face and sulfur-colored eyes staring back at him once again. Then, the rotten and polluted mouth of the beastly figure opens and springs forward as if to devour Mike.

Then, suddenly, he truly awakes from his slumber with a huge gasp of air and his eyes wide as saucers, but he does not shoot up. He simply keeps his head lying sideways on the couch supporting him. He wipes the drool from his mouth and couch, and quickly turns the television off. He's visibly shaken as his hands and knees quiver uncontrollably. His breathing is heavy as he rests his head in his hands attempting to shake the cobwebs from his head.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

We are introduced to Mike's equally grimy bathroom. Soap scum is matted into the tile crevices of the shower. The mirror is streaky, the inside of the toilet is covered in brown rings with a lot of chipping of the cheap porcelain. The bathroom is also small, cramped, and uncomfortable with dingy, smoke-stained curtains, and an equally tacky yellow patterned floor.

The light quickly turns on as Mike rushes in and proceeds to vomit and expel the contents of his stomach into the nasty, dingy, mangy, vile toilet. The vomit projectiles outward and begins to form a puddle around Mike and the toilet with a good amount also landing in the toilet. Mike's vomit is not the usual orange-yellow color, it is murkier and possesses a more brownish color as it begins to take on a more dark hue as it coagulates around Mike and the toilet.

After a few minutes of vomiting, Mike stumbles over to the sink where he throws cold water on to his face.

Mike then turns the water off, and slowly raises his head up.

When looking into the mirror, he sees the reflection of the "Silhouette" in the mirror, and it scares the shit out of him as he jumps slightly.

Mike turns around, and sees that no one is behind him.

He is left back against his sink, clinching the pink porcelain with his rough, rugged hands breathing heavily.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S MEDICINE CABINET - LATE NIGHT

The camera is inside the medicine cabinet facing outwards. The scene begins in pitch blackness.

The door is opened, and we see Mike eagerly reach his hand inside.

Mike then removes an orange bottle of prescription pills.

He twists off the lid, and pours a few pills into his hand.

Then, he throws the pills into his mouth and swallows them effortlessly without any water.

Mike closes the bottle, places it back inside the cabinet, he bends his neck side-to-side, it cracks, and he says:

MIKE
(tiredly)
Good night to all, and to all a
good night.

Thus signaling that Mike had just ingested sleeping pills as Mike slams the cabinet door closed leaving us, once again, in blackness.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We open up to a stereotypical police station. Mike is walking in between a few desks where criminals and witnesses are being interviewed. Mike walks by whistling a sappy tune. He's wearing a regular, gray, cotton T-shirt, blue jeans, and his badge dangling away around his neck like a dog tag. He walks holding a manila folder within his hands.

He stops at an unoccupied desk with a barrage and clutter of files, folders, and papers, and throws the manila folder down on top of the desk.

He pulls out the chair to the desk and sits down, signifying that it is, in fact, his desk.

Mike picks up the folder and opens it wide up.

We get a view of what he's looking at. He appears to be looking at an old newspaper clipping. It is dated from June 7, 1987, and the heading reads, "POLICE CHIEF SLAIN". The picture shows Captain James Roselli's deceased corpse lying in the coroner's office on a cold, metal table.

We cut back to Mike to see his jaw clinching in anger.

MIKE
(to himself)
I can't believe they used that
picture.

Mike then flips through the papers in the folder. The papers include Mike's father's autopsy report, many of the arrest records filed by James Roselli, and old office records.

Mike looks through them all carefully, even though he's seen them countless times before. He simply kids himself thinking he might find something new in the useless files.

As Mike searches through the files, we hear a commotion in the background starting up.

An unnamed female detective walks up to Mike and taps him on the shoulder.

Startled, Mike snaps out of his trance while looking at the photos, and turns to see what the woman wants.

FEMALE DETECTIVE

(hurriedly)

Mike... C'mon, we just got a call
to a home in Crestwood Creek.

Mike appears puzzled as the woman rushes off throwing on her jacket.

MIKE

(puzzled)

What?

Mike is puzzled due to the extremely quiet nature of the neighborhood known as Crestwood Creek. Still, Mike jumps up after a moment of puzzlement, throws on his jacket, and rushes out with the rest of his fellow officers.

CUT TO:

INT. COP CAR - DAY

We see Mike and the female detective from not too long ago sitting inside the cop car. Mike is driving, and he appears to be deeply focused on the road, when in reality, his mind is still venturing back to that fateful night twenty years ago. The female detective is ELISE MCEWING, and she is Mike's partner. She has short, dark, brown hair, an intimidating presence yet a gentle, loving, caring, nurturing, soft, beautiful face.

ELISE

I'm telling ya, Mike, I never
thought we'd get another call out
here. Not since...

Elise appeared to regress and fill with shame as she looked down and began to fidget. Mike still appeared focused on the road as he knew what was bothering Elise. He appeared gruff, tough, rugged and relaxed as he sporadically looked over at Elise following her sudden stifle.

MIKE

It's alright.

ELISE

(apologetic)

Mike... I... I'm so sorry. I wasn't
even thinking. I can't tell you how
sorry I am. It's just...

Mike appeared slightly annoyed, but still did not want to make Elise feel any worse... surprisingly.

MIKE

Don't worry about it. I know how it
is. Besides, that shit's ancient
history.

Mike turns the car into a driveway as the two reach their desired destination.

ELISE

Yeah, but doesn't it bug the shit out of you to even talk about it?

Mike brakes, puts the car in park, and turns it off while ignoring Elise.

MIKE

We're here.

Mike steps out of the car leaving Elise alone and embarrassed that she brought up something obviously bothersome to Mike.

ELISE

Fair enough.

Elise rolls her eyes, partly from embarrassment, partly from shame, and partly from frustration with herself as she undoes her seatbelt, and files out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - DAY

We are first introduced to a puddle of blood that has seeped into the beige, plush carpet. Blood continuously drips from above into the carpet, further staining it.

We pan out to see a clutter/group of detectives surrounding the puddle, they are pointing, whispering, chattering, and discussing their theories on the puddle and the circumstances surrounding it. Looking above the puddle is a pair of limp, dangling, pale, ghastly, ghostly, white feet. The blood that stains the carpet is dripping from the second digits on each foot. We pan further outward and further upward to see that a woman's lifeless body is hanging precariously from the ceiling of the palatial residence. Her neck has been snapped from the impact of being hanged, and her head simply dangles there facing downward with wide open baby blue eyes staring each and every person before her in the face, scaring the daylights out of many.

A large, intimidating, black man with salt-and-pepper hair and facial hair dawning a fancy, Armani suit with white inspection gloves walks in calmly, but quickly turns away after nearing closer to the body. He covers his eyes and nose. The black man is Captain Richard Mandel, captain of the Mike's department.

RICHARD

Ah, what the fuck... Someone close that bitch's eyes before I put my fucking egg rolls all over this God damn carpet.

A young coroner walks over, and with his gloved hand, he closes her eyes. His slight pressure against her lifeless corpse causes her to begin to sway a bit.

The coroner looks back to the captain.

CORONER
All's well, Captain.

The captain looks back and continues to walk into the house, straightening his suit as he walks further inward.

Two figures follow not far behind the captain. The two individuals are Mike and Elise who have also put on the inspection gloves and have their badges and guns proudly displayed in the waistline of their pants. They both appear unaffected by the ghoulish scene. They both walk without a care towards the body, and begin to inspect the horrific crime scene.

Following a brief silence, the detectives are all focused on the corpse hanging before them on display. Mike is becoming more emotionally distraught, although he dares not show it. It is still obvious, however, because his gaze upon the body shows more interest than any of the other detectives. He still does not speak, though, nor does he show his emotion. Then, the captain speaks up.

RICHARD
Alright, folks, let's get some details... Specifics and obvious elements first,

Immediately, Elise chimes in.

ELISE
Caucasian female, late twenties, early thirties... suicide via hanging...

We cut back to Mike who is still expressionless.

Next, we cut to the Captain.

RICHARD
Right, what else... we need to rule out any foul play.

Cut to another male detective.

DETECTIVE
Lived alone... possibly single...

Cut back to expressionless Mike.

Cut to the chief again.

RICHARD

Ok, people, good... good, anything else?

The chief looks around.

Cut to Mike, still expressionless looking at the body with worried intent. He quietly mutters something beneath his breath.

MIKE
(muttering)

Rita...

Cut to the captain who appears interested in what Mike mumbled. He leans closer towards Mike, and attempts to listen better.

RICHARD
What was that Detective Roselli?

Mike finally snaps out of his trance. He looks up toward Richard, he appears nervous, unprepared, and unaware that he had just said anything. He collects his thoughts for a moment while stammering a bit, and finally speaks up.

MIKE
Uh, her name, it's Rita... Rita Mosley. She is... was... thirty years old, single, grew up in the area, and her parents moved away to Florida nearly eight years ago. No other family in the area, therefore there is no immediate family, loved ones, etcetera to call.

Mike stops talking, but keeps his eyes glued upon the dead, dangling figure within the middle of the room. A chilling silence falls over the room as all the other detectives look at each other in bewilderment and puzzlement in reaction to Mike's sudden outburst.

We cut back to the Captain who seems to be the only one not in surprise towards Mike.

RICHARD
Good, Roselli, any more insight would help us a whole hell of a lot.

Mike begins to inch closer and closer towards the body without hesitation, but with slow, methodical expertise. He brings his hands up to the noose wrapped tightly around Rita's neck. He pulls the rope away from Rita's neck to reveal a black, purple, and blue bruising circulating all the way round her neck. Mike investigates this closely as he's focused on nothing else in the room except the bruising around this dead woman's neck.

MIKE
Death via hanging is true, yes, but she wasn't killed instantly. Notice

the bruising, discoloration, and swelling of the area where the rope surrounded. That right there proves that she struggled for at least sometime. Her neck wasn't snapped, no, she choked to death.

We cut back to the chief who stands sternly with his hands on his hips, he appears focused on the task at hand, as well, but does not look at the body. He's more zoned out, and looking at the ground below almost.

RICHARD

Are we still thinking suicide, though, Roselli?

Mike is still examining the strangulation marks around the woman's neck.

MIKE

As of now... Yes.

We cut back to the captain who snaps out of his trance.

The captain throws his hands up and looks around.

RICHARD

Has CSU gathered all of the samples they need?

Someone in the distance screams out a mild-mannered, "Yes."

RICHARD (cont'd)

Alright then, let's move out, people. Let the bodysnatchers do their job.

A coroner/medical examiner looked back at the chief and scoffed quietly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RITA MOSLEY'S HOME - DAY

Mike and the chief are trailing behind the rest of the crew as Mike is removing his gloves and disposing of them in a wastebasket.

MIKE

Chief...

The chief stops walking, and turns his attention to Mike who is slightly behind him.

Mike and the chief stand on the porch. Mike leans in and speaks quietly to the chief.

MIKE

Chief, what I was saying in there... In my *professional* opinion, it was a suicide.

RICHARD

And what does your unprofessional opinion tell you?

Mike adjusts himself and puts his hand against the house as he becomes more relaxed and speaks in a more personal, and less professional, demeanor.

MIKE

Chief, you and I both know... knew that girl in there. Rita was one of the happiest, easy-going, stress-free people in the entire world. People like that just don't up and commit suicide... At least without a note, you know?

RICHARD

What you don't know about people may surprise you.

Mike is clearly growing a little agitated, but dares not show it in front of his superior.

MIKE

Chief...

Mike awaits a response from his Chief, and grows slightly more agitated, still not obvious to the Chief, but obvious to the audience, when no reaction is given.

MIKE (cont'd)

Chief, you know the usual suspects, symptoms, and signs of suicides. No note, no prescription drugs, no illegal substances, nothing contraband whatsoever. The place was clean. Nothing... nada... zilch... Factor all that in with the girl you and I both knew and spoke to as of last week, and what do you come up with... Dick?!

Mike stormed off after revealing his agitation to his superior.

The chief was left standing there saddened by the fact that there was nothing he could do. He also had the suspicion of foul play in Rita's death, but professionally he did not want to say anything unsupported by fact.

RICHARD

It's amazing, the same reason you don't wanna get rid of someone is the same reason you might have to can their ass someday. Catch-22s are a motherfucker indeed.

The chief then walks down the steps of the home, and we are left with a view of the white siding of Rita's home.

FADE TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike is sitting at his desk wearing a tank-top and sweatpants—all gray. He's looking over photos, files, and various papers relating to the death of his apparent friend, Rita Mosley.

He looks at a picture of the strangulation marks around her neck, and nearly vomits. He immediately drops the photo, and looks away to regain his composure.

Then, Mike gets a distant look in his eye as he begins to think back to last week.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mike is standing by the window of the station he works at. He's wearing a white collared shirt with a colorful tie, black slacks, and one of those small leather vests you see police officers wearing frequently. He has a manila folder open as he enjoys the beautiful day outside.

Just then, a nice, friendly, mild-mannered redheaded woman with bright, vibrant blue eyes wearing a nice, floral Sunday dress approaches Mike's desk. She clears her throat to get his attention.

Mike immediately turns around in surprise. His look of surprise turns into a look of happiness as he clearly recognizes the woman before his desk. We recognize her as well she's Rita Mosley, the now deceased woman.

Mike walks around his desk to give the woman a hug.

MIKE

Hey Rita, how's it going?

Mike and Rita embrace in a hug.

RITA

Hey Mikey, I'm not too bad, how about you?

Mike and Rita separate, and Mike walks back over to his desk, and as he's about to sit down, he looks at Rita, and says:

MIKE

Oh, go ahead and take a seat.

Rita nervously takes a seat as Mike sits as well. They both look at each other with large, cheesy grins, and finally, Mike breaks the silence.

MIKE

(nervously)

So... how you been?

Rita fidgets with her fingers, looks away sporadically, and messes with her purse sitting in her lap nervously as she stammers before answering the simple, personal question from Mike.

Mike notices this and gets a concerned expression upon his rugged face.

RITA

Uh... not so good, Mike.

Mike then makes an attempt to ease her nerves.

MIKE

Right, you said the same thing when you locked yourself in the bathroom at Tommy Peters' party senior year... You remember that?

Rita laughed a little bit at Mike's attempt to make her feel better.

Mike began to throw a foam ball into the air and catch it. His eyes were looking in the air at the ball that he continued to throw in the air, and not on Rita.

MIKE (cont'd)

Gotta tell you, Ri, I have never see anyone drink like that... Anyone with a vagina anyway,

Mike got a big chuckle out of this as he stopped throwing the ball and returned his attention to Rita.

Rita chuckled slightly too, but was clearly preoccupied with something as she quickly deflected the comments.

RITA

Look Mike... this is important.

Mike looked at Rita as he regained his concerned expression.

MIKE

Jeez, Ri, I'm sorry. I was just messing around, you know?

RITA

Yeah, I know... I'm sorry too...
It's just... I've been really on
edge lately.

Mike leaned in closer towards Rita.

MIKE

What's up? Must be serious if you
came into this shit-hole,

Rita took a deep breath as she was about to explain everything to Mike.

RITA

Mike... do you remember sophomore
year... when we got drunk in your
Mom's basement after a couple swigs
of that shitty vodka.

Mike laughed as he took a trip down memory lane squeezing the foam ball
in his hand to keep his hand busy.

MIKE

(childishly)

Yeah,

RITA

Do you remember what you told me
that night?

Mike looked at Rita inquisitively.

MIKE

(puzzled)

No... not really...

Mike smiles and laughs again after thinking about the old times.

MIKE (cont'd)

(childishly)

You know how much of a lightweight
I was back then. I can't remember
shit.

Rita still sits nervously fidgeting with her purse and occasionally
looking away.

RITA

(fearfully)

Mike... that night you confessed to
me how your Dad died.

Mike's eyes shot open wide. His jaw was left open wide as he began to
nearly squeeze the life out of the foam ball in his hand. He quickly
shut his jaw as he began to bit down on the inside of his cheek. Small

amounts of blood began to seep out of his inner cheek as he bit down viciously.

MIKE

(aggravated)

You came all the way down here to tell me about some stupid bullshit I told you when I was young, drunk, and full of cum?

Rita quickly attempted to correct herself.

RITA

No... No, Mike. I came down here to confess something to you...
Fourteen years later.

Mike relinquished the vice he had formed on his inner cheek with his teeth as he began to appear more and more confused towards Rita's babbling.

MIKE

(aggravated)

You... want to confess to me? What the fuck do I look like to you, Rita... some kind of God damn priest?

Rita began to sob and cry as she saw Mike growing more and more aggravated and confused.

RITA

(fearful and tearful)

No... No, Mike, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to come here and piss you off, but I need your help.

Mike's frustration faded, but his confusion did not. He grew concerned again for the sobbing woman before him.

RITA (cont'd)

Mike... Mike, I saw it.

Mike tilted his head in confusion, but he had a gut feeling that he knew what she was talking about. Rita attempted to continue between her tears and sobbing.

RITA (cont'd)

That... thing you said killed your dad... The silhouette, is that what you called it? I swear to Jesus Christ himself, I saw it with my own two eyes.

Rita stopped talking as more breath was escaping her than was entering her.

RITA (cont'd)

Mike... It was so horrible. His teeth were so yellow. His skin was so pale and craterous. It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen. Then... then I felt his snake-like tongue on my neck, and I was just powerless. It was the worst, most horrific experience of my life... Please... You have to help me!

Mike began to bite down on his cheek again. He had very little doubt that Rita was lying, but he had worked rather hard to put that part of his life behind him, and as he looked around, he noticed his colleagues looking strangely toward him as this sobbing woman rambled on about sexual deviant phantasms. He knew that if he humored this behavior in anyway, he'd be chastised and ostracized until they ultimately fired him for lunatic behavior.

So, as sad as it made him, he delved into denial, and began to treat Rita as if she were just another common crazy person.

MIKE

(quietly)

Rita, you're talking crazy. There's no such thing as "murderous" "ravenous" shadows or silhouettes, or whatever you're talking about.

Mike then stood from his seat and slowly sauntered over to Rita's chair.

Rita made an attempt to prove to Mike that she was serious.

RITA

(nervous and scared)

No, Mike, I didn't believe you at first. I swear, though, this monster came into my home and violated me. It wasn't even human, and I couldn't even believe it at first, but it was true. It happened. I swear.

Mike gently gripped Rita by the shoulders as she continued to sob and shake frightfully in his arms.

MIKE

(comfortingly)

Now, I'm sure it seemed real to you, but I assure you... Nothing happened.

Hearing those words, Rita appeared shocked and surprised at the denial of Michael Roselli, and she began to shake her head in disbelief and fear that she was alone in her struggle.

RITA
(scared)
No... No... Mike... you have to...
You're the only one who can help
me! Please!

Mike showed no emotion as two uniformed police officers rushed over to Mike and Rita, and apprehended Rita. The two officers took hold of Rita, and began to gently drag her away from Mike.

As she was being dragged away, she yelled out to Mike.

RITA (cont'd)
(screaming)
Mike! Mike! Please! Mike! Help me!
Mike...

Her voice faded out as the officers dragged her out of distance to be heard.

We cut back to Mike who has been joined by the captain. The captain has a look on his face that says, "What a shame."

RICHARD
Shame, huh?

Mike moved his head toward the chief, but did not look at him.

MIKE
(sadly)
Yeah.

RICHARD
Can't say I didn't see it coming,
though.

Richard patted Mike on the shoulder and kept walking. Mike could only appear dejected as the chief continued walking.

Mike swallowed past the lump in his throat, and then walked slowly over toward the open window again.

The scene fades out with Mike looking out the window and swallowing past the lump in his throat as a tear slowly streams down his face.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike's looking over the crime scene photos again at his desk. Then, his lackadaisical expression livens and transforms into a wide-eyed, lively, shocked, surprised, braced expression as he quickly grabs his desk as if he to keep himself from falling.

He does a double-take, shakes the cobwebs from his head, and looks at the pictures again.

We close up on the picture to the portion of the pictures that displays Rita Mosley's neck--mainly the strangulation marks.

Mike struggles to swallow past the lump in his throat, and appears in shock as he begins to appear frantic.

MIKE

Oh my God!

Mike looks around frantically.

Mike rushes into the other room, grabs his coat, and rushes out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATE NIGHT

Being late at night, the station was pretty dead and dull with many people fighting the oncoming sleep that was inevitable as they were in the midst of boring, mundane paperwork.

Suddenly, though, Detective Mike Roselli busted in running through the desks looking around frantically and dripping wet from the rainfall outside.

He stops at one detective's desk who is nodding off slowly until Mike runs through the station and stops at his desk.

Mike slams his hands on the desk jerking the detective out of his half-asleep state. Mike looks him square in the eye in an intimidating fashion as he's breathing heavily and dripping wet.

MIKE

Captain Mandel... Where is he?

The sleepy detective points to his left as he's clearly startled and surprised and trying to collect his thoughts.

Mike walks over (still breathing heavily) to the captain's closed off office. Mike stops in front of the door, takes a moment to collect himself and prepare his thoughts, and finally reaches out and turns the brushed-silver door handle.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN MANDEL'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

We cut to a shot of Captain Mandel's face peering through the rain-droplet-covered window as lightning occasionally illuminates his stern, all-business face. Although he appears all-business, the captain is clearly and simply staring off into space thinking the thoughts of a busy man with a moment in his hectic day to spare.

Then, the captain hears his door suddenly open and shut quickly. The captain's thought shifts to his mysterious intruder as his eyes return from space and direct themselves down to the floor.

RICHARD
What is it, Roselli?

We cut to a closer shot on Mike who stands sopping wet in front of the door to the captain's office. His face shows utter confusion and surprise as he looks at the back of the captain's head.

MIKE
How the hell did you know it was me?

The captain turns around as we get a long shot of the back of him. With his hands on his hips, the captain looks calmly toward an overzealous Mike who is still standing in front of the door.

RICHARD
Every other detective who worked eight hours today is at home asleep, and I know not one of them would ever go out of their way to barge into my office at two o'clock in the morning.

The captain takes a seat at his desk, and calmly continues to talk to an exhausted, overzealous, and stunned Mikey.

RICHARD (cont'd)
So, you've got my attention, what is it that you wanted?

Mike walked over to the chief's desk, still showing signs of zeal and anticipation. He reveals a glossy, wet, monochrome photo from the inside of his jacket. It is the photo of Rita's body from the crime scene.

Mike lays the pictures in front of the captain, and points towards Rita's neck.

MIKE
Richard, you should really take a look at this.

The captain takes a pair of reading spectacles from a desk drawer and places them on his face as he takes a closer look at the photos.

RICHARD
What am I looking at here?

Richard latches his hand onto the photos as Mike relinquishes them to his power. Mike still continues pointing to the neck as he begins to explain.

MIKE

We, of course, noticed the bluish, purplish, violet-like discoloration around the neck.

Richard nods along still looking at the picture.

MIKE (cont'd)

Now, I didn't even catch this, at first, when I looked closely at the body. Yet, looking back at these black and white photos, do you notice something different about the neck bruising?

Richard tilts his head and squints his eyes as if he notices something.

RICHARD

Now that you mention it, I do notice something.

Mike grows eager and excited as he believes that someone is finally on the same page as he.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Yeah... Yeah... Roselli, you seriously need to get laid.

Mike appears confused at first, but then hangs his head in frustration and exhaustion. The chief simply laughs at the joke he'd just pulled on Roselli.

As the chief continues to laugh annoyingly, Mike grows more and more frustrated until he begins to boil over.

Then, Mike throws a cup containing pens, pencils, and markers off the desk and into the wall, spilling the contents all over the floor.

The chief's laughter came to a screeching halt in seeing Mike's anger.

MIKE

(angrily)

This isn't fucking funny, Richard. That girl we both knew is dead, and all you can do is make jokes. How the fuck does your demented ass sleep at night?

The chief stands from his chair and puts his hands on his hips looking at Mike an intimidating and angry manner. Then, the chief points his finger at Roselli.

RICHARD

Look, Roselli, I know you feel guilty about that girl killing herself.

The chief lowers his finger.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Hell, we all do, but that poor girl was sick, and there was nothing that anyone here could do. What she needed was help, and we couldn't give it to her. I mean, Christ, you saw her that day she came in here babbling about your father's death. She was not balanced mentally, Mike. You know that.

Mike stands there partly in shame and part of him still feeling frustrated, angry, and aggravated... mostly at himself however for allowing the situation with Rita to get so out of hand.

Mike spoke quietly and through gritted teeth as it took everything for him not to cry or lose control in anyway.

MIKE

(quietly)

She didn't kill herself.

Richard barely heard what Mike had just said. He had heard it correctly, but wanted to make sure he was not misunderstanding Detective Roselli.

RICHARD

What did you just say?

Mike looked up, and with more confidence replied:

MIKE

Rita... didn't... kill herself.

Richard looked puzzlingly at Mike. He didn't know how to react to such a claim. With a look of deep thought on his face, Richard walked over to Mike. He got extremely close to Mike's face and began to talk quietly to Mike, almost in a whisper.

RICHARD

Now, Detective Roselli, you're one of the best detectives I've got, and I'm fully prepared to believe what you just said—I don't yet—but I'm prepared to believe you. All I need you to do is explain to me on what grounds are you making this claim.

Mike looked up at Richard, and with an intense expression upon his face he replied to Richard.

MIKE

Look at the picture.

Richard backed away from Mike, although he did not take his eyes off of him.

Richard turned once he reached his desk, and he looked down to see the picture Mike had placed on his desk. As Richard gazed at the picture with serious intent this time, Mike began to speak.

MIKE (cont'd)
Look at the bruising of the neck.
Shades like blues, purples,
violets, they'd all show up and
appear similar, correct?

Richard's eyes flickered around as he picked up the picture and began to analyze it closer.

RICHARD
Yeah...

MIKE
The shading there in the picture is
inconsistent. There's another shade
or another color in there.

Richard's jaw dropped following Mike's last words. He too saw the inconsistency in the discoloration of the young woman's neck in the picture.

MIKE (cont'd)
I'm betting that if you take a look
at that body, you will find a
reddish staining to go along with
the blue bruising... And that can
mean only one thing.

Richard looked up and into the distance.

RICHARD
Blood.

Richard turned in an instant to face Mike with a concerned look of urgency upon his face.

RICHARD (cont'd)
We gotta get another look at that
body.

Mike and Richard then rushed out of the office in a flurry and hurry.

FADE TO:

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

We see a dimly lit morgue that holds anywhere between twenty to thirty corpses. The wall containing all the dead bodies has a small passageway

beside it, we see a bright light coming from a door that is out of sight.

Just then, a mild-mannered man in a white lab-coat comes rushing through looking as though he's slightly perturbed.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I'm telling you, there were no signs of blood loss at all in the autopsy.

We see that following him, also in a rush, are Richard and Mike. They look slightly tired but also concerned and worried.

RICHARD

(sternly)

Look, after further investigation, we have decided to take another look at the body to ensure that there was no foul play in this case. Okay?

The medical examiner stops at a metal table/gurney-like table, Mike and Richard walk around to the other side, and they all are gathered around the table holding the lifeless body of Rita Mosley. They all look with interest at the covered corpse.

The medical examiner takes a hold of the top of the sheet covering her body, and prepares to uncover it. Before, though, he says:

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Alright, before I show you the body again, I have to know. Is there substantial reason to do this, or did Captain 'Roid-Rage over here go on some delusional rant.

Mike's face contorts into an expression of offense, shock, and aggravation. He appears to go into combat mode as he responds to the medical examiner.

MIKE

Hey, what the fuck is that supposed to mean, asshole?

Mike appears as if he's about to lunge at the M.E., but Richard holds his hand out to restrain him.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Oh come on, everyone knows you're a ticking fucking time-bomb. You were in therapy for most of your adolescence, and were sent back after you shot some guy at a gas station a few months back. You've got countless claims of police brutality against you. You're like

Hitler with a God damn badge, and everyone is just waiting for you to explode.

Mike's jaw is clinched as he and the M.E. are locked in an intense, fierce stare-down. It's taking Mike everything he has not to snap on this young, blunt man. As his nostrils flare, Mike notices Rita's body out of his peripheral, and remembers why he and the Captain came to the M.E.'s office.

He then shrugs off the young man's comments, and sighs a sigh of relief as he attempts to ignore the comments previously made.

Richard makes sure Mike's fine, and then returns his attention to the M.E.

RICHARD

For your information, young man, I am the one who suggested we make this little late-night visit to you. I recommended Officer Roselli come down here due to his experience in cases of this nature.

The M.E. rolls his eyes, and complies.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Fine...

The young examiner takes the sheet and folds it down to just beneath Rita's chest, exposing her cold, dead, ample breasts and erect nipples.

Then, we cut back to Mike and Richard's side of the table where Mike has pushed Richard aside and is leaning forward to get a better (and very close) view of Rita's neck as he begins to put on a pair of white, latex gloves.

He puts his hands up to her neck as he expertly probes and prods at her. His eyes squint in confusion as he shakes his head, closes his eyes, and opens them again in an attempt to make sure he's not hallucinating. He did not find any signs that blood was lost.

Mike shoots back up to an upright position with his hands on his hips. He continues to look down at the body with confusion.

Richard leans in to talk to Mike in a low, whisper-like tone.

RICHARD

What's the verdict?

Mike still stands in confusion and disbelief. He does not look at Richard, but he replies.

MIKE

(confused)

I'm completely confused. It's obvious in the picture that there's

more than just bruising. I'm
looking at it now, though, and I
can't see shit.

Richard puts on a pair of gloves himself as he leans over to take a
look himself.

We get a close-up on Rita's neck, and we see that there truly is
nothing but a normal bluish bruising circulating all the way around.

Richard goes back to his upright position as well, and begins to shake
his head in disappointment.

RICHARD
Jesus... I don't know, Mike. It
looks like this is still officially
a suicide.

Mike's confusion has evolved into a case of anger and agitation. He
looks to Richard, he shows his anger, but tries not to talk too loudly.

MIKE
Chief, you saw the picture. You
know I'm not crazy... at least when
it comes to this. The picture was
different than what we're looking
at now.

Mike and Richard then look suspiciously at the young M.E., and look
back at each other.

RICHARD
You think there was tampering?

Mike looks back at the M.E., rolls his eyes, and returns his attention
to Richard.

MIKE
Hell no, this guy may be an asshole
and an M.E., but I don't see him
having anything do with it at all.

Richard shook his head in agreement.

There is a brief pause between the two men as they both think deeply.

RICHARD
Mike, as of now... as Chief... I
have to let this remain as a
suicide. I suggest you do the same,
because there's nothing more we can
do. However, I know you, and I have
a feeling you won't let this rest
until you find the answers you're
after.

Mike looked Richard squarely in the eye, and Richard returned the look, and the two were locked in an intense, yet respectful, staredown.

RICHARD (cont'd)

I respect that, though. I can't say it's the smartest choice, but I must say that I respect you for going with your gut. I only hope that if there's something more to this, you find out, and you bring the sick sons o' bitches to their knees and to justice.

Richard and Mike shook hands firmly while not breaking their intense glares at one another.

The M.E. soon interjected.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Alright, if you fucking faggots are done gazing into each others' eyes, I get off in five minutes, and I've got to get this stiff back in the freezer before it spoils, m'kay?

Richard and Mike did not break their firm handshake, but gave fierce, intimidating looks towards the young, eager man.

The two broke their handshake after a moment, and turned to the young man.

They both rested their fists, flat-knuckled, on the edge of the table where Rita's body rested and looked at the M.E. with discontent.

RICHARD

Young man, I suggest you learn some respect, not only for your elders, your superiors, and the officers that are out there saving your pathetic life every God-damn day, but for the deceased as well.

The young examiner leaned in toward the chief, and said in a cold, quiet, unforgiving tone:

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I merely fake respect for living, breathing, thriving cunts. What makes you think I'm gonna force a piece of shit of respect out for this cold, dead twat?

The chief's left eye began to twitch as anger boiled over within his cerebrum.

As Richard and the examiner stood face-to-face, their noses nearly touching, a large, flying, speedy fist came blasting through the cheek of the examiner, sending him crashing unceremoniously to the floor.

We cut to a shot of the M.E. lying on the floor as blood trickles from his lip. He looks up in a confused and hurt manner.

He looks up to see Mike standing over him with an emotionless expression upon his serious face.

Mike leaned down in almost a mounting position on the examiner. The examiner cowered in fear as Mike grabbed his collar and brought the examiner face-to-face with Mike.

MIKE

Now, next time we're here, you better have little nicer attitude, or as God is my witness, I'll reserve one of these metal tables for after I get through with your ass. Do you understand me you fucking punk?

The examiner shook his head as he continued to cower.

Mike threw the examiner back to the ground, causing his head to bounce off the tile floor with a loud thud.

MIKE (cont'd)

Good.

Mike and Richard began to exit the examiner's office, both severely angered and aggravated by the careless, thoughtless comments by the examiner.

The examiner leaned forward from his lying-down position, and looked back towards the door at both men. His look of cowardice faded once he noticed they were gone, and a false sense of pride and passion fell over him once he felt safe.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(quietly to himself)

Fucking d-bags!

Then, he stood up, and dusted himself off.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

We see the examiner preparing to close shop for the evening as he walks around giving everything one last inspection, or at least making it appear that way.

He finally feels as though everything is satisfactory, or is simply tired and wants to get the fuck out of there, and he walks over to the door.

He flicks the light switch off, and gives a big yawn and stretch as he prepares to take his leave.

In the midst of his yawn and stretch, however, he looks back at the table holding the corpse of Rita Mosley.

Looking back, he notices something out of the ordinary with the table.

He looks closely and sees that a thick, liquid-like substance is dripping from the side/edge of the metal table.

He turns on the light switch, and begins to pace quickly over toward the table. As he nears the table, he notices that the substance is red, and he begins to grow a bit more terrified when he starts to assume that the substance could, in fact, be blood. However, his curiosity pulls him forward, closer toward the table.

Finally, he reaches the edge of the table, and looks over the body once. Then, he reaches toward the edge of the table, and dabs the dripping substance with his fingers. He lifts his fingers to his nose to smell the substance. The texture, the smell, the appearance of this substance all leads him to believe that the substance is blood.

Then, in a flash, the examiner, with a worried look upon his young face, grabs the cloth covering Rita's dead body, and flings it off of her.

What he saw beneath the cloth frightened him more than anything he'd ever seen in his young life.

The body of Rita Mosley lied there, still motionless, yet from her neck oozed and gushed thousands of ounces of blood. The blood poured from her neck in long, thin strands of liquid down to her chest, breasts, stomach, and the table at the sides of her, thus dripping onto the floor.

The young examiner looked to see a large slit stretching from one of Rita's ears to the other, showing that someone had slit her throat, which was causing the mass (and I do mean mass) amounts of blood to drain from her lifeless corpse so carelessly and effortlessly.

The blood that drained from Rita's body poured in biblical amounts, amounts not humanly possible, and never seen before by man. There had to be some mystical cause behind it all.

We flash back to the stunned, shocked, terrified, horrified, scared, frightened, and overwhelmed examiner who is having trouble grasping how a corpse that seemed perfectly fine minutes ago, could be bleeding endlessly now.

Slowly, the terrified young man crept backward, and as he crept backward we pan out to see a giant, ominous, towering silhouette standing behind him. The silhouettes ominous presence lingered and towered over the young man, and the frayed ends of the figure's entity flailed around as though a strong breeze was blowing throughout the room.

When the examiner backed into the silhouette, it had scared him even further, which didn't seem possible. As he backed into the silhouette, it caused him to jump and scream with terror. As he jumped, he knocked over a small table holding sharp and dangerous utensils including scalpels, knives, pin-like and needle-type instruments, and hypodermic needles. The instruments all fell to the floor unceremoniously.

The terrified examiner looked up at the silhouette with the greatest intensity of fear he'd ever felt before in his life.

Again the examiner cowered in fear at the presence of the ominous creature. He began to whimper as tears slowly formed in his eyes and streamed down his cheeks, moistening his five o'clock shadow.

He tried to back slowly away from the silhouette, but the silhouette glided toward him with every step he'd take, closing off the distance between the two. Then, the young man finally backed into the metal table holding Rita's body.

His cowering intensified as he had realized that he had nowhere to go to escape this monstrous being.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(whimpering)

Please... don't hurt me.

The silhouette tilted his head (or the area where one would assume his head would be) curiously.

SILHOUETTE

Funny, that's just what that young woman on the table said, just before I slit her throat.

Then, the silhouette reached out and wrapped his hand around the throat of the young man, cutting off his air supply.

Next, the figure lifted him into the air, and slowly turned him forty-five degrees, to where he was dangling just above the fallen instruments.

As the young man hung there precariously above the instruments, he struggled to say something as gurgles and choking sounds emanated from his mouth.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

(choking)

Why are you doing this?

SILHOUETTE

This is all part of my game.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Your game?

SILHOUETTE

Yes, my game... with Young
Detective Roselli.

Then, the silhouette held out his hand, and motioned for something to raise up. Then, magically, all of the fallen instruments on the floor stood upright with their blades pointed to the sky, shining in the fluorescent light of the morgue.

SILHOUETTE (cont'd)

Curious, isn't it?

The young examiner looked at him puzzled.

SILHOUETTE (cont'd)

The same instruments that helped
you maintain a comfortable life,
will be the instruments that assist
your uncomfortable death.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Oh shit!

Then, the silhouette wrapped both of his hands around the throat of the young man, and mercilessly slammed him onto the sharp instruments below, impaling the young man and taking his life, and causing blood to spurt out from every hole and orifice created by the many, many utensils.

The figure faded away into a cloud of black smoke which dissipated into nothingness as the young man struggled for his last few breaths.

He sat up trying to breathe when all he could do was choke as he watched blood drain and spurt from each of the cavities created by the tools. A large hypodermic needle went right through the center of his heart, and when he saw this, life finally left him, and he fell back with the same loud thud heard earlier when Detective Roselli threw his head onto the floor.

As his head hit the floor, it dropped to the side as another great, mass amount of blood began to pour from and escape his body onto the floor.

Then, all of the blood from Rita's neck and the young examiner's mouth seemingly took a reverse track back into their owner's bodies, leaving a spotless morgue, excluding the two bodies left in the open of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We see Mike nestled snugly in his bed sleeping the morning away.

Then, suddenly, a digital alarm clock begins to beep loudly, alerting Mike to awaken soon.

Mike stretches his arm high in the air, and brings it down quickly to turn off the alarm clock.

He stretches the arm back up, and begins to contort his body about to better wake himself. He yawns, stretches, and contorts in more futile efforts to awaken.

Finally, his eyes snap open wide as his phone on his nightstand begins to ring loudly and commandingly at him.

Groggily, Mike reaches over to pick up the cordless phone. He greets the person on the other end as he tries to blink the sleep away from his eyes.

MIKE
(groggily)

Roselli,

Through the phone we hear the voice of Chief Mandel coming through in an urgent tone.

RICHARD
(through the phone)
Mike... This is Chief Mandel.

Still feeling the effects of a long night's sleep, possibly induced by synthetics of some kind, he continues to chat.

MIKE
What's the word, Chief?

RICHARD
(through the phone)
You remember that little punk coroner from last night?

MIKE
Yeah, unfortunately,

There is a brief pause.

MIKE (cont'd)
You there, Chief.

RICHARD
He's dead, Mike.

Mike threw his legs over the side of his bed, and suddenly, his groggy disposition transformed into one of complete shock.

MIKE
(stunned)
I... I'll be right there.

Mike then rushes off out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - MORNING

We pan through the familiar office of the medical examiner—The Morgue. We see the lockers which possess the dead, rotting corpses of individuals.

Panning through, we see several men in suits gathered around the impaled body of the medical examiner that is still in that same half-sat-up position with his eyes wide open and lips parted. It's almost like he's frozen there.

Still, the detectives surround the body unaffected; once again, as if it's something they see everyday. No man can be used to seeing that.

Crouched down right beside the body and among the standing, gawking detectives are Captain Mandel and Detective Roselli who appear saddened and stunned by what they had just discovered occurred.

They both observe the body up and down.

RICHARD

This little prick deserved to get his, but I had nothing like this in mind.

MIKE

(sympathetically)

No one liked him, Chief... Doesn't mean anyone wanted to do a Vlad to him on hypo needles.

Their eyes wander around various parts of the corpse as they take a moment to pause.

MIKE (cont'd)

I'm telling you, Chief, this job and all of the shit it entails keeps getting weirder by the day.

Mike and Richard looked at each other sympathetically.

RICHARD

I know what you mean.

The two return their attention to the body.

RICHARD

This really is more bizarre than anything I've seen, though.

The two detectives return to a standing position while still observing the body with great intent.

RICHARD (cont'd)

I'm guessing from the almost perfect aerodynamic position of the

needles, that they were arranged before hand.

MIKE

Looking at the way they simply pierced through him all the way, I'm guessing he had to have fallen. I just don't know from where. I mean, the ceilings in here are way too low to get that kind of impact.

They both begin to circle the body as the camera begins to shift quickly from each man's face as they continue to announce their findings and clues to obtain a better understanding of what happened.

RICHARD

Not to mention, how would the needles stay perfectly upright after having a one-hundred fifty pound body fallen on them?

Mike and Richard tilt their heads in an intrigued fashion to better understand what took place.

RICHARD (cont'd)

(laughingly)

If I didn't know any better, I'd say this was some kind of magic or sorcery.

Richard chuckled a little as he looked at Mike, who began to sweat a little and feel nervous at the mention of supernatural happenings. Mike then began to think about the mystic forces he's come into contact with before in his life.

Then, he attempted to play it off.

MIKE

Awe, c'mon Chief, don't tell me you believe in all that bullshit?

Richard looked at Mike with a slightly annoyed expression.

RICHARD

Son, after hearing some of the brightest minds in the world attempt to convince everyone that a magic bullet killed one of the brightest, young presidents this country has ever seen... There's not much I DO believe in, anymore.

Mike shook his head with an awkward look on his face.

MIKE

Fair enough.

The chief turned his attention to all other personnel in the room as he gained an unfortunate expression of dissatisfaction upon his face. Clearly he was upset that the case perplexed him to a point where he could not decipher the evidence in front of him.

RICHARD

Alright, everyone, let's leave CSU to do their job... Unfortunately, I'm at a loss, right now. Hopefully, we'll learn more soon.

Mike paid no attention to the chief. His attention was drawn elsewhere. Mike's curious nature led him to look around mischievously. After turning around, away from the dead body on the floor, Mike noticed an odd discoloration to the tiles and grout on the floor below him.

Looking downward, Mike's eyes scoured all around the floor to gauge the odd color and shading that seemed so unnatural.

Mike squatted down to get a better look at the floor, and he noticed that, for some odd reason, there the blue-gray tile and dirty brown grout were now stained with a reddish, scarlet-like color. The odd coloration gave the appearance that some red substance was spilled on the floor and cleaned up, but not to perfection, because it stained the tile below.

As Mike's eyes scoured the floor, they were led up to the table that held Rita Mosley's body. On the edge of the otherwise clean table was a small streak of a red, thick, gritty substance—blood. Mike noticed it immediately, and began to make an attempt to piece the puzzle together. At the moment, however, he could not.

The chief looked over at Mike who was squatting on the ground with the back of his head facing him. The chief grew intrigued by the interesting nature of the detective, and called toward him.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Roselli...

Mike's head snapped back to look at the Chief.

MIKE

Yes, Chief?

RICHARD

Anything you'd like to share?

MIKE

No, Chief,

Mike's head turned back to look at the coagulated blood that remained still on the cold metal.

FADE OUT:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We fade into the police station where Mike and his colleagues conduct business.

We have a far shot of Mike at his desk as the daily happenings of the station seem to occur around him, as if he's not even there.

Closing in, we begin to notice that Mike has two manila folders sprawled out upon his desk with their contents flowing over and spilling like liquid on to his cluttered desk.

Mike is intently focused on the papers in-front of him. The scene begins to flicker and constantly alternate between shots of Mike's deeply focused, almost tortured, expression, and the many photos and papers scattered before him. They are pictures of Rita and the medical examiner's bodies and crime scenes. The documents are their death certificates and autopsy reports (among other things). The scene continues to flicker with Mike racking his brain as he nervously and anxiously shuffles through the papers and photos. He appears as though he's about to snap.

Then, a young, green, fresh-faced detective walks up and taps on Mike's desk with a pen. Thus, effectively snapping Mike out of his trance.

Mike looked up shocked as he rubbed his eyes and attempted to clear the cobwebs from his head.

MIKE

(surprised)

Huh?... What?

The young detective looks at Mike with a look of nervousness.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Uh... sorry, Detective Roselli,
but... uh... The Chief would like
to... uh... speak with you.

Mike finishes shaking the cobwebs, and looks at the young detective, and attempts to put him at ease.

MIKE

(calmly)

Relax, kid. It's okay.

The young detective shakes his head nervously and licks his lips.

YOUNG DETECTIVE

Yes, sir. Thank you.

Mike shakes his head as his chin is rested in his palm, showing signs of fatigue and tiredness.

MIKE

Now, did the Chief say what he
wanted?

The young detective looked around a bit nervously.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
No... No, but he certainly did
appear upset.

Mike let out a sigh of displeasure as he backed away from his desk,
still appearing groggy.

MIKE
Ah, shit... Just what I need... The
chief pissed off at my white,
Italian ass.

Mike walks like a zombie toward the chief's office as the young
detective begins to make his way back to his desk.

Mike turns back to address the young man.

MIKE
Hey... Kid!

The young man turns back with a hopeful, youthful expression upon his
face.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Yes?

MIKE
You feeling nervous?

The young man looks down at his shoes nervously and shamefully.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Is it that obvious?

MIKE
Nah... If you're nervous, though,
might I suggest firing off a few
rounds when you get some spare
time. Really helps calm the nerves.

The young detective got a friendly grin upon his face.

YOUNG DETECTIVE
Oh... I'm still not experienced
enough to get a gun. Maybe in a
week or two, though.

Mike gave a deadpan look to the young man who appeared to be having a
good time.

MIKE
I wasn't talking about a gun.

Then, Mike lifted his right hand, and for a brief second, balled his
fist up halfway to simulate the position for masturbation. Cranked his
hand twice, and added the appropriate (or should I say inappropriate)

sound effects to further send home his message, and Mike walked away, entering the chief's office.

We cut back to the young, clueless, naïve detective who is looking around at the glaring faces who hide their snickers and laughter from his oblivious face.

CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

We cut to a view of the door to the chief's office within the police station. The blinds on the surrounding windows are all closed, excluding the windows to the outside. Suddenly, the door to his office opens.

Detective Roselli pokes his head through to ensure that the chief is in there, and steps all the way within the office.

He stands relaxed by the door with his hands in his pockets thinking this will be a short, brief meeting, and that he will not have to wait long.

We cut to a view from outside the chief's office through a window. Through the blinds we can make out his dark, sad, but menacing eyes as the sun peers in, slightly illuminating his face.

Mike began to grow uneasy after sensing the chief's unpleasant mood.

MIKE

You wanted to see me, Chief?

The chief turns around in his chair. He folds his hands in his lap, and looks squarely and seriously at Mike.

RICHARD

Yes, Mike... I did.

Mike squints his eyes with curiosity as he began to sense that Richard's ill mood was somehow caused by him.

MIKE

What is it, Chief? What's wrong?

The chief let out a quivering sigh as he scooted towards his desk, rested his clenched hands upon the desk, and looked up with saddened eyes at Roselli.

Richard swallowed past the lump in his throat, looked away to prevent the inevitable flowing of tears, and looked back at Mike once he felt his composure was fully regained.

RICHARD

Mike... I just got a call from my sister, Wendy.

Richard rubbed his eyes to, again, prevent tears. This only reddened his eyes and did not help to stop the tears... they kept coming.

RICHARD (cont'd)
She just called me to tell me that
my nephew, Calvin, was found dead
in an alley earlier this week.

By this time, Mike was staring at his shoes listening to Richard struggle with the words.

Hearing the final sentence of Richard caused Michael to slowly raise his head in intrigue.

Then, Mike's memory flashed back to not many days ago when he pummeled a poor young man to death in an alleyway. He remembered his name was Calvin, and instantly, Mike's eyes shot open with fright, shame, and disgust.

RICHARD (cont'd)
What's wrong, Mike?

Mike's eyes were still wide open as he continued thinking back to that dark day in the alley.

After a few seconds, Mike snapped out of his trance, and replied.

MIKE
(nervously)
Uh... nothing, Chief,

The chief put his chin in his hand as he looked at Roselli with a curious look.

RICHARD
Really, Mike... nothing at all?

Mike's eyes went back to a curious, inquisitive, intrigued look as he began to wonder why Richard's demeanor altered so quickly.

MIKE
(curiously)
No, sir...

Richard looked away in disbelief of Mike's obvious lying.

He then looked back with a clinched jaw and furious eyes in Mike's direction.

RICHARD
Mike... we got an anonymous tip
saying that you and my nephew were
seen in that alleyway. You came out
of that alley alive... my nephew
didn't.

Mike stared defiantly in Richard's direction with his arms folded across his chest. His body appeared relaxed against the wall despite being accused of murder.

Mike then whispered something under his breath.

MIKE
(whispering)
You got shit.

Richard got a curious glance upon his face.

RICHARD
Roselli, if you have something to say, you better say it to my God damn face before I shove YOUR face through that fucking wall you're leaning against.

Mike tilted his head and bit his lip in frustration, anger, and aggravation.

MIKE
(frustrated)
I said... You... Got... Shit!

Richard scrunched his face in a curious, almost defeated, manner as he turned to his side producing a large, clunky, ancient tape recorder.

RICHARD
Detective, I don't call this "shit". I call this eyewitness testimony.

Then, Richard hit the play button on the recorder as a mass of static began flowing through the speaker of the recorder.

Mike appeared to be in a trance as he stood against the wall listening attentively to the tape.

Suddenly, voices began to emanate from the recorder.

911 OPERATOR
911 Operator, what's your emergency?

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
I witnessed a murder... a cold-blooded murder.

The voice of the anonymous tipster rang thousands upon thousands of bells within Mike's mind. The voice was cackling, grainy, old, dry, and throaty. The voice was clearly the voice of the same obscure figure that murder Mike's father.

911 OPERATOR
I'm sorry, Sir, what do you mean,
"You witnessed a murder?"

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
I mean exactly what I say, child, I
witnessed one man take another
man's life in cold blood.

911 OPERATOR
Okay, sir, where did you see this
take place.

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
The alley behind the hardware store
on Grand Street... It was horrific.

911 OPERATOR
Okay, sir, thank you for your
assistance.

The operator was about the hang up.

ANONONYMOUS TIPSTER
...Wait!

911 OPERATOR
What is it, Sir?

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
The murderer...

911 OPERATOR
Yes...

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
He was one of your own.

911 OPERATOR
I'm sorry, Sir... what?

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
The man who committed the murder...
he was an officer of the law.
Yes... one of the very men meant to
protect and serve this glorious
world we all cohabitate within...
he took another young man's life
mercilessly. Pity isn't it?

There is a brief pause. The operator was clearly shocked by what she
had heard.

911 OPERATOR
Uh... Okay, sir, do you...

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
Michael Roselli,

911 OPERATOR
I'm sorry... what?

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
The officer who pummeled the poor
man to death, his name is Michael
Roselli.

Another brief pause as the operator is, again, clearly shaken.

911 OPERATOR
Th... Thank you for your
cooperation, Sir. We appreciate it.

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
I do hope that this murderous brute
is brought to justice. Nothing
would make this Samaritan happier
than to see that beast behind bars,
rotting, decaying, and wallowing
away as he slowly drowns in the
wretchedness of his own existence.

911 OPERATOR
Alright, Sir, thank you again.

ANONYMOUS TIPSTER
Oh no, child, thank you.

The phone clicks, the tape stops, and the machine ceases activity.

We cut to the face of Richard. His eye is twitching as the anger in his
body begins to boil over. Sweat is also beginning to form on his brow,
forehead, and cheeks. He looks at Mike with nothing but contempt.

RICHARD
Roselli... I've known you for a
long time. Hell, you've been like a
son to me since your father passed
away. So, with that being said... I
will give you exactly two minutes,
and you had damn sure better
explain yourself in that time, or I
will have no problem in locking
your guinea ass up for the rest of
your pathetic life.

Mike wets his lips as sweat begins to form on his face as well. He
swallows past the lump in his throat as begins to fight back his own
tears.

MIKE

(sadly)

Things just got out of hand. They got so out of hand. I don't know what happened.

Cut back to The Chief who sits with a blank stare across his face listening the Mike's last sentence. He holds his chin in his hand.

Following Mike's words, he suddenly and frighteningly leaps from his chair after giving a quick quiver and sigh.

RICHARD

(shouting)

You stupid son of a bitch! You killed my flesh and blood! You killed my nephew! A boy who had everything going for him! Top of his class! Superb athlete! And you... you of all people cut him down in his prime? Let me ask you one fucking question, Roselli, one fucking question!

Mike listened shamefully as the chief shouted at him. With the same defiant and shameful stare upon his face, he replied.

MIKE

What?

Cut back to the chief who is shaking with anger.

RICHARD

(quietly and sternly)

How does it feel to look in the mirror, and only have the face of a cold-blooded killer looking back at you?

As a mixture of sweat and tears cover his face, Mike stares exhaustedly and emotionlessly into the distance as he replies to the chief.

MIKE

You'd be surprised at how numb you can become to the world around you, Richard. I loathe the monster that stares back at me. And sometimes, I just don't know why it wasn't my own brains that I splattered all over that concrete instead of Calvin's.

Cut back to the chief who stares sternly and loathsomely in Mike's direction.

RICHARD

Although I refuse to lower myself to your putrid level, Roselli, I can say this: I wish it was your brains that had been splattered. I can safely say I do.

The two sat in silence for a few seconds as the chief stared with the same stern, disgusted expression, and Mike sat blankly.

RICHARD

You listen to me, Roselli. My mind is a mess right now. I don't want to believe you acted intentionally, however, I can't help but believe that this was simply killing for killing's sake. Due to my mixed feelings, though, I will be working with IAB to investigate this case. Until we have any further information, I am placing you on a leave of absence: effective immediately. Are we clear?

Mike retained his blank stare as he thought over and over again about his heinous crime.

RICHARD
(shouting)

Agent Roselli!

Mike snapped out of his trance.

MIKE

What?

Cut back to the angry chief.

RICHARD

Are... We... Clear?

Cut back to a sorrowful Mike.

MIKE

Yes, Chief.

We cut back to the chief who seemingly allows all of his feelings and emotions to drain away as he takes a seat in his leather chair in front of his desk, and stares out of his window at the nature outside.

Mike then begins to take steps towards the chief's desk. He had planned on apologizing in great detail for what he had done.

MIKE

Chief...

The chief did not acknowledge Mike with a glance, but instead simply lifted his finger in Mike's direction to stifle him.

RICHARD
Roselli, I suggest you leave
immediately before I forget what
this badge represents.

Following that eminent threat, Mike hesitantly took his hand away from the chief.

Mike, in a haze of confusion, shame, and self-loathing, slowly walks towards the Chief's door. He touches the door handle, but hesitantly turns back to the Chief. He thought for a minute about telling him about the Silhouette, the night his father was murdered, and the voice on that tape, but then he came to the conclusion that no one, not even the chief, would believe him on that. Thus, he opened the door, and slowly exited the room.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

We see outside the Chief's office as Mike slowly, quietly, and discretely closes the door behind him. He bends his neck back in frustration and exhaustion and disbelief as he exhales.

Then, as he slowly lowers his neck, he suddenly notices that every set of eyes within the station were locked onto him. This added to the intense and bitter feelings of shame, self-hatred, and disgust he possessed.

After seeing the barrage of eyes upon him, Mike quickly made his exit of the station without grabbing any of his personal belongings from his desk.

After Mike is completely out of sight, we see a nervous Elise look around, and suddenly rise from her desk.

She chases after Mike.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Mike had nearly made his way to the doors of the station where he could escape the judgmental eyes of his peers and colleagues. However, just as he was about to exit the building and vomit, Mike was stopped by a soft, feminine voice emanating from behind him.

ELISE
Mike!

Mike, frustrated and sickened with himself and what had just transpired in the Chief's office, stopped with a tense expression upon his face. His jaw was clinched and his eyes were red with anger. Yet, he stopped for the friend who called out to him.

ELISE

Mike,

Elise reached out and touched Mike's shoulder.

Mike turned around rapidly and slapped her hand off of his shoulder.

MIKE

Don't touch me...

Elise gave a concerned look in Mike's direction as she lowered her hand down to her side.

She looked at Mike who was breathing heavily as though he were trying to hold back the inevitable vomit and bile that restlessly waited within his esophagus.

ELISE

Mike... what the hell happened?

Mike was on the verge of tears as sweat dripped from his rugged face.

MIKE

(emotionally)

Didn't you hear? I'm on leave.

Elise did not appear shocked by the news, but had a look of disappointment upon her face.

ELISE

So it's true?

Still sweating, heaving, breathing heavily, and fighting back his tears, Mike looked at Elise with an added hint of confusion to his face.

MIKE

Yeah... Yeah, I guess it is.

Elise folded her arms as she, too, looked confused.

ELISE

What the fuck is that supposed to mean? You guess?

Mike, then, began to relax. The vomit subsided in his system. The urge to fight back the tears gave way to the urge to explain himself to a long-time friend. He was still pretty sweaty, though.

Mike struggled to explain himself, and it showed. His face appeared as though he was, both, confused and frustrated.

MIKE

Have you ever felt like you didn't have control of your own body?

Elise looked entirely confused by Mike's statement.

ELISE

Again, I'm gonna have to ask, "What the fuck do you mean?"

Mike wiped away a bit of sweat from his brow and face as he thought about how to explain this. His eyes flickered around the room as he deeply focused on how to properly explain this so not to be misconstrued.

MIKE

(frustrated)

Ah... I can't explain it. I swear to God, I know what I want to say, but I just don't know HOW to say it.

Mike still puzzled about how to divulge his feelings properly, looked up as his mind bounced around everything going on in his mind. He felt as though was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Elise looked at him with a look of disappointment and disbelief as she had her arms folded across her ample breasts and tapped her shiny leather shoe against the tile floor of the station.

MIKE (cont'd)

All I can really tell you is that I can remember doing it. I mean, I can remember doing all of that twisted shit, but I don't remember wanting to do it. I certainly don't remember my brain telling my body to react in that kind of way to any kind of situation.

Elise's disappointment disappeared into a look of confusion again and puzzlement towards the words of Mike.

ELISE

What?

Mike looked up with an exhausted sigh and facial expression. He then turned his head with the same frustrated, exhausted expression toward his colleague.

MIKE

I'm saying... Yeah, I guess it was me, but I really don't think it was me.

Elise dropped her arms to her side as her look of confusion intensified.

Mike looked at her with his own expression of disbelief, as though he, himself, couldn't believe what he was saying.

MIKE (cont'd)

I know it sounds crazy. Trust me.
And I don't know how to explain it
any other way. As fucked up as I
may be, I'm more of a masochist
than a sadist. You know that. So, I
really don't feel like it was me.

Elise has her hands on her hips as she looks at Mike with a bitter look of disappointment and anger. She sarcastically shakes her head while listening to Mike's words.

ELISE

You know something, Mike? We all
thought you were a brilliant
detective. I mean, I can't tell you
how many cartwheels I did in my
mind when they told me I'd be
partnered with you...

MIKE

...But now...

ELISE

...But now, you're just another
homicidal lunatic who should be
behind bars... if you ask me.

Mike, once again, had to fight back tears, but not tears of hysteria. No, now he had to fight back the tears of realizing he had just possibly lost a good friend.

His sadness was overridden by his sense of pride, and he gave an arrogant remark to his friend.

MIKE

That's how you feel, huh?

Elise looked up as she, too, fought back a bit of tears and sadness. She, also, felt the dissolution of her friendship with Mike.

ELISE

Yeah, Mike, that's how I feel.

Mike couldn't believe the words that were coming from Elise, but thought that with the recent events, it was probably for the best.

MIKE

Then what the fuck are you doing
talking to my crazy ass, huh?

ELISE

Good question.

With that, Elise gave a smug, but still upset, glance to Mike, and walked off. The sound of her high-heeled shoes clapping against the tile floor was a rather disparaging sound to Mike's ears. Not to

mention, they made her appealing backside move in an erotic manner as she walked off furiously.

Mike stood there dejected as he swallowed past the lump in his throat, which was something he was becoming all too familiar with doing.

After realizing that he had just lost everything that had mattered to him, he decided to leave for good.

Walking towards the door Mike looked back through the corridor to the room that held all the detectives' desks.

In the room, he saw Elise hunched over a desk discussing a case with another officer.

Elise looked back towards Mike, and their eyes met. All she could do was shake her head in disgust and disappointment to her "fallen" comrade.

After Elise walked away, Mike walked out of the station, and everyone safely assumed that it would be the last time Detective Mike Roselli would be seen in that building.

FADE TO:

INT. MIKE'S CAR - LATE-AFTERNOON

We see Mike driving in his modest, black 1992 Pontiac Grand Prix SE down the street only minutes after being put on a leave of absence from his department.

He stops at a stoplight, and takes a moment or two to relax.

While stopped, he looks over to the pedestrians making their way down the sidewalk. The sun was still visible in the sky, but was preparing to set in the sky; nonetheless it was still rather warm on this day. So, it struck Mike odd when he saw one certain person slowly sauntering down the sidewalk in a black, velvety cloak with their hood up obscuring their face.

Mike watched this person intently. They walked slowly, almost methodically down the street. Then, all of the sudden, the strange individual stopped and stood still, and just as slow as they walked the figure turned its head toward Mike.

The hood still covered the person's face, so Mike could not see a face. However, the figure reached its hands up to the edges of the hood. Mike noticed that the hands were ghostly white, pale, gangly, and dead-looking.

Then, what really shocked Mike was when the figure pulled the hood back to reveal the same face of the figure that killed his father two decades ago.

The figure had a sickening smile upon its face as he laughed evilly at Mike.

As it laughed, it brought one of its cold, dead fingers to his mouth and made a shushing motion, as if it were telling Mike to remain quiet.

Just then, what light remained in the sky seemed to inexplicably blot out. Within seconds, the late-afternoon turned into the dead of night as it appeared the figure was sucking the world into a black abyss. The figure, however, stood still and his disgusting, yellow teeth laughed behind his gangly finger.

The laughing began to grow in volume, growing, gradually becoming louder, louder, and louder, until...

Mike woke up sitting in the driver's seat of his car. He heard horns honking behind him.

It was then that Mike noticed the light was green, and he proceeded to drive off.

FADE TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOME - NIGHT

We see the interior of Mike's disheveled bachelor pad. Beer cans are still lying on the floor along with all of the other rotting trash seen before.

We hear a faint noise coming from Mike's bedroom.

Traveling through the corridors and hallways that comprise Mike's home, the noise continues to grow louder as we get closer to Mike's bedroom.

Once we reach the bedroom, we look of to the side of the bed underneath the window sill. There sat a weeping Mike in the fetal position.

Rocking back and forth like an autistic child, Mike's eyes flooded over with the tears of grief, shame, and disgust. He could hardly believe everything that had transpired within the past twenty-four hours.

His mind took him back to that day in the alleyway with Calvin. He still felt as though he had lost all control of himself that day, and was still incredulous to it all.

His mind also flashed him images of The Chief, the fellow officers, and Elise's disappointed and sickened looks towards him earlier that day.

Just then, another noise, other than Mike's weeping, was heard in the room with him. It sounded like a person struggling to breathe. This worried Mike, because he knew he was the only person within his home.

Mike halted his crying to ensure that he was hearing a different noise. When he became dead silent, this was confirmed, and worried Mike further.

Mike wiped his tears away and slowly rose himself from his fetal position. In the darkened room, the moonlight and street lights outside illuminated Mike's body's outline. Standing up, Mike realized the noise came from the other side of his bed.

Then, Mike slowly inched his way over to the other side of the bed. The noise just continued to get louder. As it started out sounding like a person struggling to breathe, it became clear that the noise was of someone choking to death.

Then, Mike got on all fours on his bed, and continued to slowly inch his way over to the other side.

Finally, Mike saw that there was a body squirming on the plush carpet of his bedroom floor. His eyes became wide with terror as he continued to inch further.

What Mike saw next shocked him beyond belief.

He saw his father's body kicking and screaming on the floor as blood oozed from his neck slowly and scarily. His skin was cold and white, and he appeared dead with white irises and black corneas. The same piano wire was strangling him mercilessly, although it seemed that the wire was wrapped around his neck and embedded on each side of him within the floor.

He reached out towards Mike with his alabaster hand.

JAMES
(choking)

Help! Mike!

Frightened beyond his comprehension, Mike jumped back completely and thrust himself against the wall, slowly falling down until he was back in the fetal position. He put his hands up to his mouth as the tears began to flow again so effortlessly.

Then, a voice came from the side that shocked Mike.

VOICE
Hey Son!

A shocked Mike, flinched backward, and nearly fell all the way back.

He stared in bewilderment as he saw the most bizarre thing in his entire life.

Standing before Mike was his father, full, in the flesh, and alive... or so he thought. It was actually James' ghost paying Mike a visit.

Mike's face read complete shock as he struggled with his words.

MIKE
What the...

The ghost of James raised his finger.

JAMES
Ah, ah, ah, watch it. I'm still
your father.

Mike slowly stood up, but was very apprehensive in doing so. His face was still covered in tears, but he wiped them away once he established a firm stance.

He slightly shook his head in disbelief as he stared at his father's ghost who stood firm swaying his arms casually with a big grin upon his face.

MIKE

Y... Y... You're dead.

James gave a satisfied nod while still appearing happy and casual. Mike was less sad and now more confused and taken aback.

Mike began to circle his father's ghost to inspect the situation that he found less-than-normal, to say the least.

JAMES

Well, that's what it reads on my death certificate.

Mike was still apprehensive as he circled the ghost.

MIKE

No, I mean, you're dead. How are you standing here in front of me, right now?

James' ghost laughed.

JAMES

Mike... I'm your dad; didn't I always tell you I'd be there for you when you needed me?

Mike tilted his head in confusion.

MIKE

No...

James' ghost got his own look of confusion upon his face.

MIKE (cont'd)

You never needed to; I knew you'd be there. I never had any doubts in you.

James' ghost's smile returned.

JAMES

Well, thank you, but all I'm trying to say is that you need some help right now, and who better than your dear old dad?

Mike still appeared apprehensive as hell. He needed proof that this was his father.

MIKE

If you're my father, then tell me something.

James' Ghost got a curious, but interested look upon his face as he heard Mike say this.

JAMES

Alright, what would you like me to tell you?

Mike was not circling his father's ghost anymore, but was instead, pacing back and forth, and did not take his eyes off of the ghost.

MIKE

When was I born?

James' Ghost rolled his eyes, and sighed.

JAMES

June 6, 1977, at 2:33 PM, at St. Michaels' Hospital on Church Street,

Mike shook his head in disbelief as he charged toward the apparition as if to give a hug.

Charging toward the figure, Mike went straight through, causing the figure of James' Ghost to appear cloud-like and smoky.

Surprised, Mike backed up shaking the smoky residue from his hands and arms.

James' Ghost just laughed.

JAMES

I'm flattered, buddy, but it looks like hugs are out of the question with me in this condition.

Mike looked at his hands, shaking his head as another wave of disbelief hit him.

MIKE

Alright, I really can't believe this, but I'll bite... Why are you here?

Mike appeared intense and focused in talking to the ghostly figure before him. The ghost simply stood there with a smug smirk across his face.

JAMES

I told you, Mike, I'm here to help you.

Mike gave a curiously interested glance.

MIKE

How are you gonna help me? You're dead.

James' Ghost laughed and put his hand over his chest as if he were just shot in the heart.

JAMES

Ooh, low blow.

James' Ghost stopped his laughing, and looked at Mike lovingly.

JAMES (cont'd)

I will help the only way I can.

Mike slanted his head and gave a sly smile as he was wondering what the ghost was talking about.

MIKE

And how is that?

James' Ghost stood still with his hand in his pockets, and looked at Mike with the same smug smile.

JAMES

Well, Mike, it's obvious that you are just as stubborn as your old man. I mean, you're just like me. You listen to no one. You play by your own rules, as cliché as that may sound... it's true.

Mike grew impatient as he licked his lips with anticipation.

MIKE

What's the point?

JAMES

The point is, Mikey, is that since you don't listen to anyone, and I've been there, maybe... just maybe...you'd listen to me.

Mike gave a smug chuckle that rivaled James' Ghost's smugness as he placed his hands on his hips and looked around. He couldn't believe anything that was happening. However, he decided to feel the scenario out and see how it went.

MIKE

Alright... Alright, I'm listening. What do you have to say, omnipotent one?

James' Ghost chuckled a bit.

JAMES
(laughingly)
Just fucking like me.

James' Ghost halted his laughing, and began to walk toward Mike.

He closed off the distance until the two figures were face-to-face, staring each other down. The atmosphere in the room was so thick it could've been cut with a knife.

Then, in a strange move, James' Ghost took his hand and placed it on the shoulder of Mike... the hand did not pass through Mike, however.

Mike was taken aback by the fact that James' Ghost physically touched him, and he pointed to the hand, and let out a puzzled grunt.

James nodded his head and attempted to explain to Mike.

JAMES
Relax, it's a heavenly loophole, I
can touch you, but you can't touch
me. Weird, I know, but I don't make
the rules.

Mike stared the ghost down as he swallowed intensely. He could hardly believe that his father's likeness was staring him dead in the eyes. It was enough to bring him to tears, but he held himself together long enough to listen to his father's ghost.

James' Ghost touched Mike's face lovingly and stared at him with a loving, fatherly glare.

JAMES
You listen to me, Mikey, and you
listen to me good. Alright?

Mike shook his head to assure him that he was attentive. James placed his hand back on Mike's shoulder, and stared at him, not as a father, but this time, as a man.

JAMES (cont'd)
Mike, as your father, I can
honestly say this, from the bottom
of my heart. I...

Mike looked at his father with watery eyes as he anticipated the next words from his mouth to be "...love you."

JAMES (cont'd)
...Am ashamed.

Mike now appeared shocked and confused by the preceding words of his father.

MIKE
(tearful)
What?!

James stared back with a cold, unforgiving glare as he took his hand away from Mike's shoulder and stood with an intimidating, proud, and fortified stance.

JAMES

I mean, you walk into the same police department where I served for almost twenty years, and you have the nerve to carry yourself like you're the shit.

Mike's jaw was left wide open as he watched his father's likeness deliver these cold words.

JAMES (cont'd)

What do you think, Mike, that you're better than me, is that it?

Mike tried to utter the word, "no", but was quickly cut off.

JAMES (cont'd)

Because let me tell you something, no one is better than James Liam Roselli. No one, not even you, Mikey,

Mike could not believe the words that flowed so harshly from his father's likeness' mouth.

JAMES (cont'd)

So you solve a few cases, you fuck a few broads, and get your dick sucked a few times. You ain't shit. You certainly ain't better than me. You hear me?

Mike stared back with a look of complete shock and awe as James' Ghost walked over to the window and rubbed his weary eyes with his hands, showing signs of fatigue.

MIKE

Why are you saying this?

James looked back at Mike with an angry expression. He walks toward Mike with the same angry look as he uses a forceful, parental, demanding tone with Mike while pointing his finger in an authority-like manner.

JAMES

(loudly)

Because someone has to say it, Mike, before you go along in life with this horrible misconception that you've made an impact on this world, when in reality you haven't amounted to shit.

James' Ghost closed off the distance between himself and Mike following those words.

JAMES (cont'd)
You've done nothing but piss on my
legacy. And that's something I'm
not gonna sit by and watch anymore.

The two stared each other down intensely. The tension became even thicker than before, it that was at all possible, which seemed unlikely, but happened. Mike's chin quivered as he made his best effort to fight back his tears.

JAMES (cont'd)
I mean, what's next, Mike, are you
gonna dig me up, open my casket,
pull your pants down, and take a
big, giant shit on my corpse. Huh,
Mike?

Mike looked at his father's likeness with a clinched jaw, and through his gritted teeth he attempted to speak.

MIKE
You really feel that way?

James gave an exasperated and frustrated exhale and expression to Mike.

JAMES
Well, I didn't, not until you
killed my partner's nephew in some
Goddamn alley, and then
deliberately lied to his face about
it. You disgraced my memory in
front of one of my dearest friends.
How you can even stand to live with
yourself is beyond me.

Mike lowered his head as he felt nothing but anger and hatred towards his father, as well as disgust and shame within himself.

James' Ghost walked back toward the window and stared outward as if he couldn't even stand to look at Mike.

Then, Mike looked up towards James' Ghost with the same furious look in his eyes.

MIKE
So, what are you saying?

James did not turn his head to even visually acknowledge Mike.

JAMES
(emotionlessly)
I'm saying maybe you should just
throw in the towel.

Mike's confused and shocked expression returned as his jaw was left wide open.

MIKE

What?

Finally, James' Ghost turned back to look at Mike with a careless look upon his face.

JAMES

Throw in the towel... Put yourself out of your misery... Off yourself... Do yourself in... You know?

Mike appeared out of it as he seriously pondered if what this apparition was saying was actually coming from his lips. It was all so surreal for him.

James' Ghost walked towards Mike and stood in front of him.

MIKE

(confused)

Are you serious?

James wrapped his hand around Mike's neck and looked at him lovingly again.

JAMES

Mike, as your father, I'm telling you, everyone and everything would be much better off if you did this. I promise.

Mike was still spaced out as he was pondering the surrealism of everything going on right now.

James' Ghost took his hand from Mike's neck and stood in front of Mike with his arms crossed and the same careless, relaxed, smug grin upon his face from earlier.

JAMES (cont'd)

I mean, think about it. You're mom's knock-knock-knocking on heaven's door anyway. So, it wouldn't be long before she joined us.

Mike still appeared spaced out, but was listening rather attentively to the words of his father's ghost.

MIKE

(softly)

But what about...

James' Ghost cut him off.

JAMES

...Your kid... Trust me, she
wouldn't even notice if you were
gone. I mean, you're not really
there that much as it is.

Tears began to stream steadily down Mike's cheeks as he thought about his daughter. Still, he did not give the ghost the satisfaction of seeing him completely break down.

James' Ghost lightly slapped Mike's cheek and held his hand there as he looked at Mike lovingly once again.

JAMES

Tell you what, Mikey, I'll give you
a day or two to squat on it. Then,
if I don't see you at the Pearly
Gates in that time, I'll be back.

Mike did not look at his father's ghost as he spoke. He could only stand frozen with disbelief.

James' Ghost backed away, and went to the window. He opened the window, allowing a strong breeze to flow in and cool the room.

JAMES

See ya, kiddo.

Mike looked up with intense, moist eyes as he shook with such fierce emotion.

Then, before Mike's very eyes, James' Ghost began to evaporate into a steamy, smoky substance that the breeze carried out the window into the night's sky.

Mike rushed to the window.

MIKE

(hurriedly)

Dad wait!

Mike got to the window only to realize that every fiber of his father's ghost had blown away with no evidence left to prove his brief appearance.

Angrily, Mike slammed the window shut, closed the blinds, and slammed his back against it.

Slowly, he slid down until he was back in the all-too-familiar fetal position.

Finally, he broke down and cried again. He was back in the same position that we first saw him in as we entered the room. It was rather intriguing.

We slowly make our way out of the bedroom the same way we came in, and all we are left with is a widening shot of the bedroom and the resonating sound of Mike's crying in the night.

FADE:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mike is standing within the very same police station where he was put on leave of absence only a day ago.

He is disheveled. It's obvious he hadn't showered since the day before, and he clearly had not shaven in some time. His clothes are sloppy with paint stains, food stains, grease stains, and other unclean marks. His eyes are still reddened from crying his eyes out the night before and not sleeping.

We pan around the corner of the same hallway Mike and Elise had their argument within yesterday. Standing there is Mike. He's at the front desk where a small black woman in a police officer's uniform is standing in front of him, smiling, filing paperwork for him, and stapling papers together. The woman's name is Charlene, but most people just call her Charrie (pronounced like Sherry)

Standing in front of each other, it's intriguing to see the contrast between the morose Mike and the oddly elated small woman.

CHARRIE

Alright, Detective Roselli, I'm about finished with your paperwork here. If you could just hold on another minute, I'll have you set in a jiffy.

Through his fatigue and sorrow a look of confusion came through Mike's face.

MIKE

You know, most people wouldn't be as cheery as you are if they were talking to me, or had to deal with me at all.

Charrie had walked away to retrieve something, but came back as Mike finished speaking.

CHARRIE

Awe, now don't be so glum. I know you didn't have nothing to do with the Chief's nephew getting brutalized in that alley.

Mike was still confused, but a spark of happiness could barely be seen.

He reverted back to his look of complete fatigue and moroseness.

MIKE

I wouldn't be too sure of that.

Charrie leaned against the desktop and looked at Mike in a motherly fashion.

CHARRIE

Now, I heard you and Miss Elise in
hear ranting and raving. I heard
what you said about not being
yourself, and I understand. I
understand completely.

Mike gave Charrie a look as if she did not know what she was talking about.

MIKE

I really don't think you do.

Charrie tilted her head and gave Mike a sympathetic look.

CHARRIE

Roselli, whether you choose to
believe it or not, I know what
you're going through, and whether
you like it or not, I am on your
side,

Mike looked at Charrie with an empathetic glare. He really wasn't sure if she knew what he was going through, but it was nice to have someone verbalize their allegiance with him.

Then, Mike picked up his papers, and prepared to walk out.

Suddenly, Charrie shouted at him to stop him.

CHARRIE

Oh, Detective!

Mike stopped and turned back.

He walked back to the desk to respond to Charrie.

Once he approached the desk, Charrie reached underneath the desk, and hoisted a large, loaded box upon the desktop. The box was full of manila folders and papers.

CHARRIE

I figured you'd want these.

Mike began to sort through some of the papers on the surface.

MIKE

(confused)

What are these?

Charrie gave him another motherly look as she leaned against the desktop.

CHARRIE
Your old case files.

Mike looked at Charrie with a shocked and confused look.

MIKE
All of these can't be mine.

Charrie smiled.

CHARRIE
I might've accidentally slipped in some... or all of your father's case files too.

Mike shook his head in disbelief.

MIKE
Why are you doing this for me?

Charrie took Mike's hand, and looked him deeply in the eyes.

CHARRIE
Roselli, I honestly believe that whatever happened in that alleyway, you were not responsible for it, and with your back against the wall, and the world against you, I know, now more than ever, you need someone on your side.

Mike brought his other hand up and clasped Charrie's tiny hand within both of his palms. He gave her a thankful, hopeful gaze.

MIKE
Thank you... so much. It really does mean so much to me, but I honestly don't think I deserve your respect.

Charrie gave Mike a stern, but still motherly and loving look as her eyebrows slanted with emotion.

CHARRIE
No... No, you do, Sugar, you do. Someday this will all add up, and you'll see that you deserve more respect than most people.

Mike gave Charrie a sympathetic look.

MIKE
Thank you, again, so much, and I sincerely hope you're right.

Mike and Charrie separated their hands, and Mike gave one more effort at a half smile and picked up his box as he slowly made his way out of the station with Charrie giving more sympathetic and worried looks to Mike as he made his exit.

As he walked out, people would walk passed, but Mike made sure not to make eye contact, because everyone knew why he was there to file his leave of absence. It was a scandal that was rocking the department to its core.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mike has just exited the station and is walking on the concrete walkway that led to the doors of the stationhouse.

With his box in his arms, Mike stops briefly to look at a plaque firmly planted into the ground on the lawn in front of the police station. The plaque read as follows:

"THIS PLAQUE IS HEREBY DEDICATED THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN JAMES ROSELLI OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT OF OUR FINE CITY. HIS FAMILY WILL FOREVER BE IN OUR PRAYERS; HIS LOVELY WIFE TINA AND HIS SWEET, YOUNG SON MICHAEL. MAY OUR CAPTAIN FOREVER REST IN PEACE"

Mike saw the plaque, and the shame began to rise within him once again.

Just as Mike felt his shame make another appearance, a speedy, swooping, large, impressive white bird flew right in front of Mike and grabbed one of the documents on the top of his box with it's talons and began to fly away with it.

MIKE

(confused)

What the fuck?

With the large box in his arms, Mike ran oddly after the bird, following it all the way to the other side of the lawn of the station to a very secluded, obscure, and hidden area.

The bird dropped the paper on a mound of cedar chips that marked the edge of the lawn, and Mike set the box down. He reached down to grab the paper. He brushed off the paper, and turned around.

Turning around, Mike was surprised to see Charrie standing behind him as if she had been standing there the entire time, which she had not.

MIKE

Whow, Charrie, kind of scared me.

There was an awkward silence as Mike and Charrie just stared at each other, Mike stared with an uncomfortable glare while Charrie stood naturally with a large grin.

MIKE

(uncomfortable)

Uh... is there something I can help you with?

Charrie relaxed a bit, clasped her hands together, and looked down as if she were nervous or hesitant.

CHARRIE

Yeah, Mike, I forgot to tell you something in there.

Just then, Mike dropped the paper within his hands. He raised his finger in an attempt to tell Charrie to hold on a minute while he retrieved the paper.

Mike bent over to reach for the paper, which fell directly in between himself and Charrie.

The odd thing was, though, that when Mike grabbed the paper, he looked up at Charrie's lower-half. Instead of seeing Charrie's pants and shoes, he saw a larger body. He saw the body of a man.

He slowly made his way back to a vertical base to see a nametag across a black police uniform that read: "CAPTAIN JAMES ROSELLI".

Mike jumped with fright when he saw the face of his father staring back at him.

MIKE

(shocked)

Jesus!

Coming down from the shock, Mike brushed back his hair and wiped his brow as he attempted to catch his breath.

JAMES

Nope, just me,

James stood with his hands in his pockets as he squinted his eyes courtesy of the blinding sunlight.

Mike looked at his father nervously.

MIKE

What are you doing here?... And where'd Charrie go?

James face grew a tired expression as he put out his hand in an attempt to calm Mike.

JAMES

I don't have time to explain any of that Mike. I just came to tell you something.

Mike grew frustrated and angry with his father's impatient tone.

MIKE

Oh really, well you certainly had enough time to come to my home and tell me to end it all last night.

James shook his head, let out a heavy sigh, and again tried to calm his son.

JAMES

Mike, I wish I could explain all this to you, but I can't right now. Just know that whatever was said that night was not by me.

Mike scoffed a bit, rubbed his chin, and took a moment to collect his thoughts before he replied.

MIKE

Well it sure has hell looked like you. I suppose next you're going to tell me it wasn't actually me who killed that guy in that alley, huh?

James' eyes opened wide.

JAMES

Yes, exactly!

Mike scoffed again and began to get fed up with everything.

MIKE

Whatever, I'm leaving.

Mike tried to walk away, but James grabbed hold of his arm and turned him around.

JAMES

Look, Mikey, things are really screwed up right now, and I seriously... seriously don't have time to explain. I just need to tell you something real quick.

Mike looked at his father with a clinched jaw, clearly he was still frustrated, but decided to hear him out.

MIKE

Alright, I'm listening... What is it?

James gulped deeply to make sure he got everything out in one breath. Whatever he had to say, he had to make sure he got it out quickly.

JAMES

In my files, look in the folder marked, "JULY 1975". You'll find a file marked with the name "PAUL

LEBEAU". In there, you'll find all of your answers, and then you can end all of this.

Mike grew puzzled and slightly intrigued by what his father was saying.

MIKE

Alright, my head is a mess right now, so you'll have to elaborate, and let me know why the hell you're telling me any of this, especially considering you didn't even want me to live to see another day.

James let out another big sigh as he brought his hand to face to rub his chin. Clearly he was growing stressed by this situation.

JAMES

Mike, there's something after you!

Mike was shocked by this statement. He simply thought he was crazy, but apparently he was in clear and present danger.

MIKE

(confused)

What are you talking about?

James' face read complete worry.

JAMES

The same thing that took me that night is after you.

Mike's eyes opened wide, his jaw clinched tighter than ever before, and his face was frozen with fright.

JAMES (cont'd)

Yeah, Mike, I don't mean to scare you, but you need to realize that this thing will not stop until each and every person wearing a badge with the name Roselli is dead and in the ground, just like me.

Mike could not move. He truly was frozen with fright. He tried to play off his fright with anger.

MIKE

And you think killing myself will somehow make it all go away.

James grew intensely angry as he began to punch the air and kick the ground with a locked jaw and reddening face.

JAMES

God damn it, Mike, how many times
do I have to tell you; that was...
not...

Then, suddenly, James' corporeal figure began to evaporate into a smoky substance. Unlike last time, though, James seemed almost frightened. It was as if he was not ready to go, but something was taking him.

JAMES

No! No! Not now!

Mike watched dazed and disoriented by James' unsettling tone. Eventually, James' entire figure was disappearing in a cloud of smoke until all that remained was his head. When all but James' head had disappeared, it appeared like a giant, dark, wispy hand came through and pulled his face into a mysterious portal that sucked him back to wherever it was he'd come from.

Mike stood scared and shocked at what had just occurred. He could not make heads or tails of anything that had happened to him in the last twenty-four hours, but one thing was for sure. He needed a drink. So, with that in mind, Mike looked down at the, now, wrinkled paper that was in his hands. The top of the document said, "DEATH CERTIFICATE", and the name on the form read, "PAUL LEBEAU".

Mike could hardly believe the odd coincidence of the circumstances, but shook it off as he swallowed deeply trying to regain his composure so he could get on his way without looking frazzled or suspicious in any way, shape, or form.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike is sitting in the dark of his room at his desk with his desk lamp shining brightly on the assortment papers scattered before him.

A near finished bottle of Johnny Walker sits diagonally from his right arm, conveniently in his reach.

He rubs his forehead as frustration begins to clearly set in, and his only company on this night is his paperwork and his accomplice, Johnny Walker.

We get quick flashes and glimpses of the papers he's observing. First, we peeking from beneath the clutter of papers is a tab from a manila folder that is marked, "JULY 1975", the folder Mike's father told him to view.

Mike's looking over papers such as LeBeau's death certificate, all of LeBeau's arrest records, LeBeau's family history which included mental illnesses, and his prior hospitalizations. To Mike, however, this information seemed useless, and it seemed pointless to be sorting through all of this mind-numbing, meaningless paperwork.

Finally, Mike dropped a piece of paper and seemingly gave up on it all. He rubbed his tired, reddened eyes, and stood from his seat to walk out of the room.

CUT TO:

A light flicks on, and we see Mike standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom of his house. His face reads complete fatigue and depression. It seems that the few moments of happiness he experience earlier in the day were a rare moment of goodness in his life.

Mike opened the mirror to reveal the medicine cabinet. Mike reaches in and grabs a prescription pill bottle. The bottle contains only one pill, and it can only be assumed that the bottle is for some kind of anti-depressant or sleeping pill.

Mike opens the bottle, and looks in the container to see that only one pill remains.

MIKE

Ah, shit!

Mike reaches up to close the cabinet, but is shocked to see, not only his reflection, but the reflection of his father staring back at him.

As usual, Mike jumps with shock to seeing the reflection there, and the last remaining pill falls down the drain of the bathroom sink.

He turns around to see that he is face-to-face with his father's ghost.

JAMES

Boo!

Mike calms himself as he sighs heavily.

James looks at the bottle in Mike's hand.

JAMES

What's with this?

Mike looks at the bottle in his hand and notices that the final pill is gone. He peeks into the sink and realizes that he lost that final pill forever. He grimaces slightly, making sure James' Ghost can't see.

MIKE

(nervously)

Nothing, nothing, I've just developed a bad case of insomnia lately, and these help.

James gives a curious look at Mike, and leans in. He sniffs around Mike's face a bit.

JAMES

You been drinking?

Mike backed away a bit with an uncomfortable look upon his face. He did not want to get that close to a ghost, no matter whose ghost it was.

MIKE

Well, I am over 21. So, I don't think there's any problem if I have.

James walked away and shrugged his shoulders. He stopped in the doorway of the bathroom, and turned back to face Mike. The same smug smile that was clear and present the night he suggest Mike commit suicide returned to his face as he stared at Mike as Mike looked down the drain for the lost pill.

JAMES

So... did you give any thought to what I said the other night?

Mike looked at James' Ghost with a puzzled expression as he leaned against the sink.

MIKE

What you said the other night, or what you said earlier today?

Now James' Ghost took his turn to have a puzzled expression.

JAMES

What do you mean?... Earlier today?

Mike raised his eyebrow quizzically following James' Ghost question.

MIKE

Earlier today?... You know?... When you kind of surprised me outside of the police station?

James' Ghost still appeared confused, but gave an assuring nod. However, the nod appeared very forced and fake, and one could safely assume that he had no idea what was being spoken about.

JAMES

Oh yeah... yeah... I remember. Sorry, things get a little hazy in the afterlife. You know?

Mike gave a stupefied look to James' Ghost.

MIKE

(incredulous)

I guess!

Mike went back to looking down the drain of the sink as James' Ghost stood trying to regain his composure.

JAMES

No, I was talking about the other night. You know, when I told you what you should do... You know, what would be best for everyone else?

Mike looked up with a frustrated look upon his face as his dragged his tongue across the inside of his mouth showing that he was trying to restrain the anger that was boiling within him.

MIKE

Yeah... I thought you were vehemently denying that you even said that?

James' Ghost grew frustrated with Mike as he began to talk with his hands nervously.

JAMES

You know, Mike, why don't you just forget about anything I said earlier today. Okay?

Mike shot James' Ghost an angry look.

JAMES

Don't look at me like that. Did you think about it or what?

Mike's anger quickly gave into a bit of depression as he looked down to avoid eye contact.

MIKE

Yeah... I suppose I did.

James folded his arms across his chest and looked at Mike with a curious look.

JAMES

And?

Mike swallowed past the lump in his throat as he attempted to fight back the tears that wanted to come out after thinking about the proposed act.

MIKE

Yeah, I suppose you're right. I suppose no one would miss me, but I honestly don't think I can bring myself to do that kind of thing.

James' Ghost gave another smug smile towards Mike who was having countless mixed emotions at the moment.

JAMES

You'd be surprised what you can do,
and are willing to do when it's the
right thing.

James' Ghost kept gawking at Mike, awaiting an answer.

Mike began to stare deeply into the mirror before him. He pondered all of the occurrences of the past few days and their surrealism.

MIKE

How do you know that it's the
right thing to do?

James' Ghost rolled his eyes and let out a frustrated sigh as he appeared irritated by Mike's inquiry.

JAMES

Have we not been through this,
Mike?

Mike lowered his head in grief. He did not even want to discuss this matter, but was forced into it by this mysterious, ambiguous, frustrating, and puzzling figure that stood near him.

MIKE

Yeah... yeah, sorry,

James' Ghost shook his head with a disappointed expression upon his chilling, cold, rugged face. He turned around and put his hands on the back of his head and clasped them together.

As Mike sat with his head lowered, he remembered something important about his upbringing and his father's life. Whatever he remembered struck a significant chord within the man's mind.

MIKE

Weren't you Catholic?

James' Ghost turned around with an interested and curious look upon his face.

JAMES

I'm sorry, what?

Mike is zoned out, but still looking downward.

MIKE

When you were alive... weren't you
raised Catholic?

James' Ghost's jaw drops open as it appears he's thinking deeply about the question.

JAMES

(nervously)

Uh... yeah... yeah, born and raised
an Italian, Catholic boy.

Mike looks up with an intense, thoughtful, and curious look upon his
rugged face.

MIKE

Then, why are you telling me to
kill myself?

James' Ghost tilted his head with an even more puzzled expression on
his face than before.

JAMES

Mike, what the fuck are you talking
about?

Mike turned to face James' Ghost with an intrigued and interested
expression. He had his head tilted, his eyes squinted, and his tongue
touched his lips as he was intensely focused and deep in thought as he
awaited a response from James' Ghost.

MIKE

All Catholics believe that taking
your own life is a sin. Therefore,
if I were to kill myself, I'll be
doomed to hell, and I'm pretty
sure, as my father, you don't want
that... do you?

James' Ghost sighed heavily as he clinched his jaw in complete and
utter frustration.

Then, the look of utter frustration immediately transitioned into a
chuckle and a half-smile.

Suddenly, however, James' Ghost floated quickly and deadly toward Mike.
While floating, the ghost grabbed Mike's face and forced him roughly
back into the window. The window did not crack, but it clearly hurt
Mike as he grimaced in pain from being sent into the window by his
father's ghost.

James' Ghost maintained a vice-grip on Mike's face. Mike tried to turn
away, but James' Ghost pulled his face back to face him and slammed the
back of his head into the glass.

JAMES

(angrily and forceful)

Now you listen to me good! I don't
care what it takes. Overdose, put a
bullet in your head, tie your
fucking belt around your neck for
all I fucking care, but you will
off yourself. Do I make myself
clear you son of a bitch?

Mike was hyperventilating after being forced into the window. The pain in his back and head were searing. He could not make heads or tails of the situation, and he was becoming more and more frightened with each passing second.

Struggling, Mike attempted to free himself from the humanly impossible strength of his father's ghost.

JAMES (cont'd)

Now, the next time I'm here, I had better be watching as the fucking coroners cart your piece of shit carcass out of this God damn rat-hole.

Mike and James' Ghost stared each other in the eye. James' Ghost's eyes were wide with anger and frustration. The veins in James' Ghost's neck and head were flaring up as he shook with anger.

Then, suddenly, James' Ghost evaporated into that old, familiar, smoky cloud. Before long, he had vanished into thin air, leaving Mike to slowly slide down the wall into a seated position.

Sitting there, Mike clutched his back, head, and jaw in pain following his frightening encounter with his father's ghost.

Then, Mike was snapped out of his pain-driven trance when his phone began to ring violently.

Mike limped towards his living room and picked up the cordless phone that sat next to his sofa.

MIKE
(in pain)

Hello,

Then, a woman's voice came over the receiver. It was the voice of ERIN, Mike's ex-wife.

ERIN
Hey, Mike.

Mike was visibly surprised to hear Erin's voice on the other end of the phone.

MIKE
Erin? What's up?

Erin let out a comfortable sigh.

ERIN
Oh... not much. Kayla was just asking about you.

Mike got a curious expression upon his face at the mention of his daughter, KAYLA ROSELLI.

MIKE

Oh, really?

Erin spoke to Mike in a friendly, comfortable tone as Mike sat genuinely interested in what his ex had to say.

ERIN

Yeah, apparently, she's got something she wants to show you.

Mike adjusted his seat as he attempts to get even more comfortable as he listens to Erin talk about their daughter.

MIKE

Like what?

Mike's face contorted into a puzzled expression as he wondered what his daughter could possibly have to show her father.

ERIN

Well, I know she's got some drawings she wants to show you.

Mike's face became even more puzzled as he pondered what his daughter had been drawing.

MIKE

Drawings? Of what?

Erin began to laugh.

ERIN

(laughingly)

Are you ready for this?

Mike smiled after hearing Erin's youthful laugh.

MIKE

Hit me.

Mike sat in anticipation awaiting Erin's response.

ERIN

(laughingly)

Her imaginary friend.

Mike thought this was odd, because his daughter had plenty of imaginary friends, but never once needed to display them to him.

MIKE

Imaginary friend, huh? Anyone I know?

Mike suddenly began to think about the scuffle he'd just had with a ghost in his bathroom. He wondered why he thought about it now.

ERIN

Don't think so. It's weird, though. She's had tons of imaginary friends, but this one she seems really excited about. She really wants to show you her drawings too.

Mike sat nervously as he thought about everything.

MIKE

Well, I haven't been too busy lately... how about now?

There was a brief pause as Erin was slightly taken aback by Mike's forwardness.

ERIN

What?

Mike began to worry if he had just made the situation awkward with his bluntness.

MIKE

Is it too late, or what?

Erin searched for the words. She knew she had to find them quickly so Mike didn't get tremendously uncomfortable.

ERIN

Uh, no... no. Kayla's still up doodling. I was just about to send her to bed, but I suppose I could keep her up until you get here.

Mike was elated to hear that he would get to see his daughter tonight. Mike enjoyed seeing his daughter, because he felt she was the last piece of innocence he was hanging on to in his life. Thus, he loved being able to visit her and realize that out of all the nastiness his life had produced. She was an ominous portion of goodness in the horridness of his life.

MIKE

Um... okay. I'll be over in a bit, alright?

Mike was now putting on his jacket with the phone lodged between his shoulder and his ear.

ERIN

Sure thing, I'll let her know.

Erin was still a little shocked by Mike's forwardness, but was prepared to see him now, at least, more now than she initially was.

MIKE

Alright, see you then... bye.

Erin's voice became more relaxed again as she prepared to get off the phone with Mike.

ERIN

B'bye, Mike.

Mike hung up the phone, grabbed his car keys and headed out the door, leaving us with a big slam of the door to his home.

FADE TO:

EXT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

We see Mike driving in his car as he has an exhausted look upon his face.

He approaches a stoplight.

Then, he turns a corner.

Next, we see him driving down the street as the street lights illuminate his car in an intriguing pattern.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Mike is inside a convenience store purchasing a bundle of pretty, pink flowers for his daughter and ex-wife.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIN/KAYLA'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike exits his car with the flowers in his hand. He nervously straightens his shirt.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye he sees something zoom by quickly. He turns to see what it was, but nothing is there.

He's visibly nervous and shaken.

He continues towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIN/KAYLA'S HOME - NIGHT

We see a petite, blonde woman with large, heaving breasts, golden, sun-kissed skin, and deep blue eyes wearing a comfortable sweatpants and a sweatshirt opening the door to greet Michael. This is Erin.

She waves for Mike to come in as he enters nervously.

ERIN

Hey, Mike.

Mike looks Erin up and down with a nervous smile.

MIKE

Hey.

The two embrace cautiously and awkwardly.

Following the hug, Mike extends his arm with the flowers and stammers to say something.

Erin begins to frantically look around.

ERIN

Oh, thanks... uh, let me find something to put those in.

She walks over and grabs a plastic cup from a cabinet and fills it with water.

She walks back towards Mike who places the flowers in the cup, and Erin carries the cup over to the modest looking coffee table within the modest looking home and sets it down.

She returns her attention to Mike, and the two return to their awkward exchange of awkward glances and mugs.

Then, Erin appears as if she remembers something.

ERIN

(hollering)

Oh... Kayla, your daddy's here!

Erin returns her attention to Mike, and Mike looks back at Erin and says:

MIKE

I'll go find her.

Erin smiles nervously.

ERIN

Okay, thanks again, Mike... for the flowers.

Mike looks back en route to Kayla's room.

MIKE

Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

INT. KAYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see a petite, little girl sitting at a small Fischer-Price desk doodling with a box of sixty-four Crayola crayons. She seems to be deeply interested in her sketches. The little girl is the same one we

saw in the picture in Mike's wallet back at the diner. The girl is Kayla Roselli, Mike's daughter.

Suddenly, we see Mike walk in and look down at the little girl and her doodling. She does not notice he's there.

Finally, Mike kneels down beside Kayla and wraps his arms around her and gives her a big kiss on the cheek.

She reciprocates the hug with a huge smile on her face.

KAYLA

Hi, Daddy.

Mike looks at her lovingly.

MIKE

Hey, Sweetie, how ya been?

KAYLA

Fine,

The two share a silence as Mike looks down and stares over her drawings, colorings, and doodles.

Looking at the pictures we see a little girl (Kayla) walking hand in hand with a completely black figure. The girl seems happy, but the figure next to her is completely black, showing no emotion, no happiness, no sadness, no joy, no pain—nothing. This did not settle well with an on-looking Mike.

MIKE

So, Mommy says you've got some drawings to show me.

Kayla puts the crayon down and goes over to a large stack of papers featuring drawings of herself and the obscure, unsettling, dark figure.

She lays them down, and Mike appears intensely intrigued by the drawings. He scans over all of them, and there are many... MANY!

He looks at the dark figure, and then turns his attention to Kayla.

MIKE

Is this your imaginary friend Mommy was telling me about?

Mike points to the black figure. Kayla looks towards Mike with an innocent and happy expression. Kayla simply nods her head.

KAYLA

Mmmhmm,

Then, Kayla motions for her father to come closer to her. She cups her hand over his ear and prepares to whisper to him.

KAYLA
(whispering)
He says he knows you.

Mike examines the pictures as Kayla whispers to him. When she finishes, his eyes grow wide with intense, intense, intense fright.

Kayla backs away, and he minimizes his frightened expression so as not to scare Kayla.

Mike examines the pictures once more as his eyes begin to helplessly water.

He stammers with his next words.

MIKE
(stammering)
Uh... did this person... uh... do
they have a name?

Kayla looks down at the pictures as if to think for a second. Then, she turns back to her father.

KAYLA
He says his name is Gus.

Mike stares off into the distance as he begins to space out.

MIKE
(whispering to himself)
Gus?...

Kayla looks at her father.

KAYLA
(lovingly)
Daddy, are you okay?

Mike looks at his daughter to console her.

MIKE
Yeah, baby, don't worry.

Then, Mike stands up and walks over to the wall where he stares in deep thought as he rubs his chin.

Next, he turns back to his daughter and kneels in front of her.

MIKE
Kayla... I want you to tell me if
this, "Gus", has ever hurt you...
Has he?

Kayla stood there with her father's intense, gripping hands locked around her itty-bitty arms. She shook her head, "no."

Mike nodded his head.

Mike's eyes, then, began to search around as if he was trying to remember something.

Then, Kayla spoke up.

KAYLA

Gus told me he visits you, Daddy.

Mike looked at Kayla.

MIKE

Well, yes, baby, he used to visit me.

Kayla shook her head, still innocent, ignorant, and unaware of the situation.

KAYLA

No, he said he still visits you.

Mike squinted his eyes in confusion toward what Kayla said. He then tilted his head.

MIKE

What?

KAYLA

Yeah, when he was here earlier, he said he'd just come from visiting you.

Mike was now taken over with curiosity and fright.

MIKE

Wait... earlier tonight?

Kayla shook her head affirmatively, and Mike could only sit there dumbfounded as he thought heavily.

After a moment of thought, Mike turned toward his daughter and gave her an intense glare.

MIKE

You listen to me, Kayla. I promise you, Gus will never bother you again. Okay?

Kayla appeared confused, because she didn't quite understand everything her father was talking about.

KAYLA

(confused)

Okay, Daddy.

Mike brought Kayla closer to him and gave her the biggest, tightest hug he'd ever given anyone in his entire life. Soon, Mike broke the hug, and looked at his daughter intensely again.

MIKE

I love you.

Then, Mike stood up, and began to make a b-line out of her room and towards the door to exit the house.

When Erin saw this, she called out to stop Mike.

ERIN

Mike! Where are you going?!

By this time, Mike had already opened the door and was halfway out, and Erin was standing only feet away from him in the direct path.

MIKE

I don't know, I'm just a little emotional right now. It's just sad, you know?

Erin appeared severely confused.

ERIN

What?

MIKE

I mean, it's just sad how we live in a world, nowadays, where we have to live in fear of our own silhouettes.

Then, Mike closed the door, leaving a confused Erin wondering what the hell just happened.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Mike is driving at a nice, slow, steady pace down a rural, empty road. He rests his head in his hand as his elbow rests on the door of his car and he drives with his lone right hand.

Then, as Mike's driving along, he notices a large 18-wheeler driving on the other side of the road coming the opposite way. At first, he thinks nothing of it.

Then, suddenly, Mike begins to realize that the truck is slowly and methodically swerving over into Mike's lane. Mike notices this and begins to honk his horn to alert the driver of the truck.

However, the truck does not stop, in fact, it continues to speed up towards Mike until Mike can see nothing but the bright, white, hot flash of the trucks' headlights coming at him.

Mike swerves at the last minute and misses the truck. However, he heads right toward a field, and his car hits a bump on the way down sending it into a tailspin down the rocky, bumpy, craterous hill. Finally,

after about twenty-two spins, the car lands upside down in the abandoned field, and the totaled, wrecked, unfixable car bursts into flames with a lifeless Mike inside.

We get one last shot of Mike becoming, seemingly, engulfed by the flames of his destroyed automobile.

FADE IN:

INT. SECRET LAIR - NIGHT

We open up with a close up shot of Mike's face covered in sweat and blackened from the smoke of the exploding car. He's half-asleep and beginning to wake.

As he is in-between consciousness, the camera turns right-side-up to reveal that Mike is lying sideways on a cold, gray, ancient-looking floor.

He firmly plants his palms against the stony floor and attempts to regain his composure after being incapacitated for what seemed like forever.

He takes one hand and tries to wipe away the disorientation. He shakes his head feeling drained and empty.

Slowly, he rises to his feet showing signs of pain from the car accident that just occurred.

Finally reaching a vertical base, Mike reaches back and holds his back as he grimaces in pain. Then, as he's comforting his sore back, he looks around to realize that he's located in a place he cannot believe or even describe. It appeared like a cross between an abandoned warehouse and an ancient Japanese dojo. It was bizarre on many levels.

Looking around at the odd, obscure, intriguing building, Mike begins to take a few paces forward.

Suddenly, the camera shoots to a shot of the shadow of Mike's moving body that is created by the barely-lit lights above. It appears rather normal.

However, just as Mike is taking a few steps, the shadow begins to halt the imitation of Mike's movements. It, then, begins to move freely on its own. Next, the shadow begins to shift shapes and it no longer resembles Mike. Now, it resembles the hooded figure that murdered Mike's father that night when he was only ten years old.

As we notice the resemblance of the shadow to the murderer, the figure slowly begins to rise from the ground, transforming from a two-dimensional silhouette into a three-dimensional vision of blackened terror.

Now, the figure, the same figure that killed Mike's father that night, stood ominously behind Mike as he continued to walk through the odd building, oblivious to what was going on behind him.

Suddenly, Mike began to hear a heavy, raspy, grainy, high-pitched noise. It sounded like someone trying to breathe with lungs that have been ravaged by years and years of abuse of some kind. It was the same breathing that Mike heard come from the disgusting figure that he met on that fateful night back in 1987.

Then, with the fear of God in his eyes, Mike turned around, and at last he saw that same silhouette for the first time in twenty years, and it took everything he had not to break down and cry in pain, hurt, joy, and elation of finally finding this beast.

The two stood staring at each other. Well, Mike stared at the figure with a quivering lip and watery eyes. The figure simply stood there in an ominous silence.

SILHOUETTE
(sadistically)
Good... evening... Mike!

Mike stood silent and still as his emotions were overtaking his body. So many emotions flowed through him, yet he could not choose one to act upon. Thus, Mike stood there frozen.

The Silhouette, however, decided to begin to circle Detective Roselli in an eerie fashion. He did not walk, however, he instead glided like he did the night he killed Mike's father.

SILHOUETTE
I have been waiting a very long
time for this night.

Mike's eyes followed The Silhouette as he circled him. His body never moved, but his eyes made sure they didn't let The Silhouette out of his sight.

SILHOUETTE
You see, I've been watching you for
a very, very long time.

Mike began to clench his lip between his teeth to keep it from quivering with fear.

MIKE
Watching me, huh? What are you some
kind of sick, fucking stalker
pervert. Huh?

The Silhouette continued to circle Mike without even changing the tone of his voice following the insulting remark by Mike.

SILHOUETTE
Please, Michael, give me more
credit than that. I'm not a voyeur.
I'm not inclined to watch people.
I'm inclined to kill my victims.
I'm a murderer.

MIKE

Your mother must be so...

SILHOUETTE

No, I transcend even the most
maniacal of murderers. Manson,
Dahmer, Bundy, Gacy, Ramirez, Fish,
Gein, Speck, they've got nothing on
me. I... I am a deity. Only I don't
rule a kingdom of heaven or hell.
My kingdom is called murder, and I
am the creator and the morning star
in one, beautiful, black visage.

The figure stopped the circling of Mike, and settled right in front of him.

Mike stood there attempting to appear fearless, but it was evident that fear was all that consumed him at this point. His body shook intensely with fright.

SILHOUETTE

Is there something you'd like to
say, Detective Roselli?

Mike stood there sweating profusely making his muscles and strong jaw glisten in the vague light of the room. His fists were wound tight as his knuckles were turning white.

Mike shook his head in response to The Silhouette's question.

SILHOUETTE

Really... you look like you have
something to say?

Mike shook his head once again, but then opened his lips as he prepared to say something.

MIKE

(whispering)

You're a joke...

SILHOUETTE

What was that, Detective?

MIKE

(shouting)

I said you're a fucking joke!

The Silhouette made a b-line for Mike as he glided towards Mike in lightning quick fashion.

SILHOUETTE

(angrily)

Really... a joke? Well, you didn't
seem to think it was so funny when
I wrapped that fucking wire around

your father's pitiful neck, and choked the very life out of his body, and left him there for the maggots to devour his carcass on your floor.

Mike stood there with the same battle-ready, intense stare as he looked up at The Silhouette. The Silhouette had his head tilted down, presumably to face Mike.

The two were locked in an intense stare.

MIKE

You're nothing but a chicken shit. You got my father while his back was turned. Like some kind of God damn pussy, you sat there in the dark, and you waited until you knew my father wouldn't see it coming.

SILHOUETTE

(shouting)

And I ended his life!

MIKE

(shouting)

And you proved that you have no honor, no dignity, and no balls.

SILHOUETTE

(shouting)

Silence!

Mike did not back down an inch as The Silhouette began to inch closer to Mike. The wispy, frayed ends of The Silhouette's aura were merely centimeters away from Mike's face.

SILHOUETTE

You dare speak to me about honor?

The Silhouette backed away a bit from Detective Roselli as he stood upright looking down at Mike.

SILHOUETTE

Aren't you the same man that took an innocent, young man's life in an alley?

Mike turned away as he could not look a single person or entity in the eye when thinking about what he had done. It was horrific, and he regretted it every day.

Then, The Silhouette said something that would shake the very foundations of Mike's soul.

SILHOUETTE

(sadistically)

Oh no, again, that was me!

Mike's eyes shot open wide with surprise, shock, and confusion as he slowly turned his head to face the ominous, black figure.

The Silhouette then began to let out an evil, sinister, sadistic chuckle in response to his previous comment.

MIKE

What the fuck did you just say?

SILHOUETTE

Come now, Michael. You didn't really think you were capable of taking an innocent, human life all by your lonesome, did you?

The Silhouette tilted his head in a faux sympathy towards Mike. Mike only sat there with his brow contorted into the angriest of angry expressions.

SILHOUETTE

No, that's my job. All you want to do is play like you're Captain America, and do the right thing, and arrest the bad guys. You have no idea how much of a challenge it was to possess such pure, yet tormented might I add, soul. It was the bleakest form of hell I've ever come close to knowing.

Mike nearly cried as his face went from anger to a sad form of confusion.

MIKE

Possess?

SILHOUETTE

Yes, I took possession of your body, and I slaughtered that little "nigger" as you might call him like a little, tar-baby piglet. Might I say, it was quite enjoyable.

The tears in Mike's eyes continued to well up, but nothing streamed down his face, not yet at least. He simply stood there with the same sad, confused expression.

The Silhouette laughed hideously at the crime he'd committed.

MIKE

It was you?

SILHOUETTE

It was all me, Michael. I only needed your physical form so I could ruin your life before I ultimately take it. It was, how do you say, a win-win for me.

Mike's eyes were still full of tears, but now his face was an incredulous expression of pain and anger.

MIKE

Yeah, you get to ruin a life while taking a life.

SILHOUETTE

Precisely!

Then, The Silhouette turned his back to Mike and began to seemingly walk away. Mike, who had his head down, looked up to see the figure walking away slowly.

Suddenly, the figure stopped and turned his head back towards Mike.

SILHOUETTE

But, I do hope we can put this behind us, Mike.

Then, The Silhouette's body dissolved into a smoky substance, and while turning his body to face Mike, he transformed himself from The Silhouette into the likeness of Mike's deceased father: James.

SILHOUETTE/JAMES

After all, we are family.

Mike stood in a hazy daze of confusion and disbelief as the likeness of his father stared back at him.

Mike struggled to even breathe as he tried with all his might to gulp down all of the torment he was going through at the moment.

JAMES

What's wrong, Mikey, you look like you seen a ghost?

The Silhouette looked at Mike with his father's face contorted in a smug, arrogant, sinister grin.

MIKE

What the fuck?

The smug, arrogant grin left his face in favor for a frustrated and tired expression.

JAMES

Oh c'mon, Mike, isn't it obvious. Did you honestly think your "Dad" was talking to you?

Mike looked up with a sad, incredulous expression as his jaw was clinched shut, as if it were wired.

MIKE

I guess not.

The Silhouette looked at Mike with the same sadistic grin as before. He loved and reveled in the torture he was putting Mike through.

JAMES

I hadn't planned on going through with this right away, but I was rushed when your father actually contacted you from "the beyond".

Mike's eyes were even wider than before, wider than saucers, wider than anything that had ever been seen. He had tried to avoid eye contact with the likeness of his father, because he knew he would lose it emotionally. However, he could not contain it anymore. In hearing that he'd actually spoken to his father's ghost, his heart raced like a stock car, and his pulse regained its lively rhythm as his fists clinched, and new life began to beat into the soul and body of Mike Roselli.

MIKE

Please repeat that.

The Silhouette had his back turned to Mike, and hearing Mike speak, he looked over his shoulder at him.

JAMES

What, you didn't know?

The Silhouette turned all the way around to face Mike, and he started to chuckle evilly as he stepped towards Mike. The laugh showed that he couldn't believe that Mike hadn't known he'd spoken to his father.

JAMES

I guess I'm better than I give myself credit for, huh?

The Silhouette was still in disbelief that Mike was ignorant to everything.

JAMES

See, I knew when you told me that you got a visit from "Me" outside the police station that something was up. That sure as hell wasn't me.

Mike looked at The Silhouette with the greatest, most intense expression of anger ever seen before. He wanted to lash out and kill the mystical being before him, but how do you kill what's already dead. That's the question.

Just then, Mike began to think. The gears in his head were turning, and like a child, Mike had an endless barrage of questions he wanted to ask the diabolical enigma before him.

MIKE

Why in the hell would you do any of this, you sick fucking prick? First, you kill my father, and as if that wasn't enough, you target me, and break me down psychologically and mentally to the point where I have no job and damn near no sanity?

The Silhouette transformed back into his black, mysteriously cloaked form.

Then, he reached his hands up and slowly and methodically lowered the hood of his mystical aura behind his head to reveal his pale, disgusting, decaying, rancid skull with the piercing cat-like eyes that penetrated through one's very soul.

He stared rather furiously at Mike as if something had triggered his well-hidden anger.

SILHOUETTE

To paraphrase the good book, Michael, an eye for an eye... a soul for a soul... a family for a family.

Mike tilted his head as utter confusion overtook him. He had no clue what the Silhouette was talking about... that was until the gears in Michael's mind began to move quicker and more efficiently.

Suddenly, Mike began to piece together the past twenty years of his life within the span of a few seconds or minutes. From the time of his father's death to his unceremonious dismissal from the BPD, he pieced it all together. However, the things that kept recurring to him were the case files his father had told him to study, and the mysterious visitor his daughter had received recently.

Finally, Mike seemed to have somewhat of a clue of what was going on around him.

The Silhouette, however, had turned his back to Mike and was walking somberly and slowly away from Mike.

MIKE

Gus...

Then, the Silhouette stopped dead in his tracks and looked up angrily puzzled by Mike's last word.

He looked over his shoulder.

SILHOUETTE

What... did you just say?

Mike looked up with an intense expression upon his rugged face. His cheek quivered with passion as he stared at the villain before him.

MIKE

You're Gus.

The Silhouette turned to face him. Now, it was The Silhouette's turn to gain a wide-eyed and furious expression upon his nasty, wrinkled, decaying face.

MIKE

I mean, I knew that, but what I hadn't realized is who you really are... or were.

The Silhouette's face contorted as his eyes closed into a squint, and his breathing quickened, and his chin and lip began to quiver. It was the first time the Silhouette; the murderous entity had been shaken like that.

He tried to relax himself and hide his shakiness, but it was, perhaps, too late.

SILHOUETTE

I am growing tired of this foolish banter. I do apologize, Detective, but your time has come to meet your demise. Allow me to retrieve the instruments I will be using to assist me in this most desirable task.

The Silhouette turned his back, and began to walk away to fetch weapons of some kind.

MIKE

(shouting)
Gustave!

The Silhouette stopped again. His breathing became very heavy as he was clearly feeling the anger and hatred rise up within his charred, black soul.

He turned around, and stepped quickly towards Mike. He stuck out his hand in an intense manner.

As he stuck out his hand, a gust of wind entered the windowless room, and threw Mike high, extremely high, in the air, causing him to crash against a wall and freefall downward to the concrete floor.

Mike pushed himself up as he did his best to shake the cobwebs from his head.

He propped himself against the wall in a seated position as he breathed heavily attempting to recover from the unpredicted attack.

MIKE

Your name is Gustave LeBeau!

The Silhouette stuck out his hand again, and threw Mike sideways into another wall.

Mike sat up again. He was in a great deal of pain, but he continued to let the words flow from his bloody mouth.

He spit out a gob of blood, and spoke.

MIKE

Your son was Paul LeBeau!

The Silhouette threw both hands in the air as lightning, thunder, and monstrous winds appeared in the closed off room. Clearly, The Silhouette was letting us see his mystical powers now.

The room appeared as if it was about to collapse or destroy itself as all of this mysterious mysticism was occurring around them.

Mike stood and walked fortified through the howling, monstrous winds towards The Silhouette.

MIKE

(shouting)

This is how you want it to end. You can kill my father with your bare hands, but I'm too much of a challenge for you. Is that it?

Progressively, the thunder... the lightning... the howling winds, they all ceased as the Silhouette slowly lowered his lengthy arms.

He stared viciously with his wide, cat-like eyes at Mike.

Mike stood hunched over in pain as he grimaced towards the figure.

The Silhouette looked at Mike who was sweating, bleeding, and aching before his very eyes. Mike did not back down, though. Mike held his abdomen in pain, but stared the beastly being in the eyes.

SILHOUETTE

You? A challenge for me?

The Silhouette looked arrogantly, but still viciously, towards Mike who did not flinch or back down an inch.

SILHOUETTE

For decades I've been ending the lives of people far greater than yourself. If you think that YOU are a challenge for ME, you are sorely mistaken.

Mike stood fortified and stared fiercely with determination at The Silhouette.

MIKE

Then let's do this.

There was a brief moment of silence as the two entities, Mike and The Silhouette, stared at each other with the greatest expressions of pure, intense hatred and anger. Both men had been waiting eternity for this, and finally, the battle comes to fruition.

Finally, Mike made the first move as he gritted his teeth, let out a fierce battle-cry, and charged towards The Silhouette, effectively taking him out with a double-leg takedown.

Mike then mounted The Silhouette and began to mercilessly hammer away at his face with his fists.

After a series of rights and lefts that collided with The Silhouette's face, the skin from Mike's knuckles had been torn off almost completely as blood coagulated upon them.

The Silhouette's body then began to dissipate into smoke.

After a moment, Mike was punching nothing but smoke as blood poured effortlessly from his knuckles.

Mike sat in a kneeling position as he breathed heavily thinking that it was over.

Then, as Mike stood up with a mixture of blood and saliva pouring from his mouth, the cloud of smoke had begun to gather behind him.

The cloud of smoke gathered together and formed the physical entity of The Silhouette, who was now standing behind Mike with a sinister grin upon his ugly face.

Mike felt the presence behind him, and quickly turned around to face him.

With a shocked expression upon his face, Mike instinctively swung his bloody fist at The Silhouette. The Silhouette grinned as he caught Mike fist and began to squeeze with somewhat effortless might.

This brought Mike to his knees slowly as blood began to drain from both sides of Mike's hand. The blood gushed out of the grip that The Silhouette had on Mike's hand.

Finally, when Mike was fully knelt again, The Silhouette clinched his nasty, yellow teeth and squeezed hardly one last time. All that was heard was a loud crunching sound as he effectively broke Mike's hand.

The Silhouette finally relinquished Mike's broken hand as Mike doubled over in pain as he held his broken, bloody hand. Mike screamed at the top of his lung in pain. He writhed around on the ground holding the crippled limb.

The Silhouette looked down at a prone Mike and laughed hideously at the sight.

The Silhouette began to circle Mike as he lied on the ground in the worst amount of pain.

SILHOUETTE

Funny, I've waited for this moment for the past thirty-two years, and I thought I would want it to be quick and deadly. Now I realize, however, that I want to make this last. Thank you for coaxing me, Mike.

The Silhouette stopped directly in front of Mike. Mike's face was at The Silhouette's boots. Mike had stopped his screaming, but was still in a great deal of pain as he lied there hyperventilating and clutching his hand.

SILHOUETTE (cont'd)

After all, your father didn't care enough to take his time. He made irrational, split-second decisions and didn't care what happened to a young man, or what kind of impact that would have on a family.

Mike looked up in, both, pain and confusion toward The Silhouette as he spoke with intense passion and fury.

SILHOUETTE (cont'd)

No, your father was another trigger-happy peon who let power go to his head, and because of his ego-driven decisions, an innocent boy was slaughtered... violated... and humiliated. What kind of protector allows that to happen?

Hearing this, the adrenaline began to rush through Mike's veins again. The anger began to boil over and the pain faded away. Mike took his good hand and began to attempt to push himself up.

The Silhouette looked down, saw this, gritted his teeth, and swiftly kicked Mike in the gut, coincidentally where his weak hand was covering.

Mike let out a pain-filled howl as he writhed around on the floor again in pain.

The Silhouette got down on bended knee and put his skeleton-like hand on Mike's arm in a comforting manner.

SILHOUETTE

You see, you're just like your father, Mike. You act on your

instincts. You act on your emotions. You run on testosterone, ego, and adrenaline. That is a fatal combination, Mike, especially when you can't even trust your own silhouette. You never know what might happen.

Mike looked up at the ghostly, ghastly figure, and felt nothing but unbridled contempt.

Then, a giant wad of spit flew from Mike's mouth and hit The Silhouette right beneath the eye.

The Silhouette casually wiped away the spit. He took a moment, but then he raised his fist and slammed Mike in his face for the spitting.

SILHOUETTE

You see, Mike? Anything could happen. You could get hit in the face. You could lose your job. You could even end up dead on the floor of your son's room after being strangled and having the bones in your neck rearranged.

Mike looked back after being punched. His left eye had swelled up as blood was coming out of many cuts, bruises, and open sores on his face caused by the shadow-man before him.

He breathed heavily through the pain he was feeling, and mustered these words.

MIKE

Fuck... you!

The Silhouette stood.

SILHOUETTE

Mike, I've taken so much pity upon you. I've shown you endless amounts of mercy. Certainly more mercy than I show most of my victims, and all you have to say is, "Fuck you?"

Mike looked up as he was still showing the signs of the beating he was taking at the hands of this dark, mystical figure.

MIKE

What happened was not my father's fault.

The Silhouette chuckled a little bit, but put an almost immediate cease to the chuckle.

SILHOUETTE

(shouting)

My son died because of him!

MIKE

(smugly)

Your son is dead, because of thirteen ex-convicts. Read the file.

SILHOUETTE

I don't need to read a file. I know exactly what happened. Your father threw Paul, a young, fragile, innocent boy, in there with thirteen brutes, and your father left them there unsupervised as they assaulted, battered, bloodied, raped, and murdered my son.

MIKE

Your son was a delinquent. He was brought in that night on defacing of property. He covered an officer's car in graffiti, and he was put in a holding cell until you got off your lazy ass to bail him out.

The Silhouette's face told the whole story. He was clinching his teeth in excruciatingly obvious anger. His eyes were wide as the anger was eminent.

Mike looked up with his bruised eyes as blood poured from nearly every orifice. He still heaved as pain was flowing through his broken, battered body.

SILHOUETTE

How dare you speak to me like that! I loved my son. I loved my family. You won't find that in a file, though.

Mike coughed heavily and spit out a wad of blood.

MIKE

No, but what you will find is that for a number of years you had an affair, and were rarely home for Paul... and your wife... and your family. In fact, if I remember, correctly, you were not home that night to receive the call that your son was in jail. You were with your mistress.

The Silhouette began to sneer in disgust as his chin quivered with hatred while listening to Mike reveal his secrets.

He reached into a pocket-like area on his cloak to reveal a wavy dagger he had hidden. He half removed it from his pocket as it shined nicely.

MIKE

So, if Paul's blood is on anyone's hand, Sir, it's yours.

The Silhouette removed the dagger from his cloak, and handled it like an axe as he brought both arms up to slam the dagger down upon Mike.

SILHOUETTE

I should cut out your tongue for uttering such lies.

The Silhouette brought the dagger down with all his weight behind it, but Mike saw this, and rolled away instinctively just in time.

With adrenaline taking over and pain taking a backseat, Mike jumped up to face the Silhouette and protect himself. He looked anxious trying to predict the madman's next move.

MIKE

My father called you numerous times, but you were too busy getting your dick sucked to worry about what was happening to your son. My father did all he could.

The Silhouette and Mike stood facing each other in anxious, battle-ready stances. The Silhouette had his knife positioned in front of him, prepared to stab Mike at a moment's notice.

SILHOUETTE

(shouting)

He should've protected him!

The Silhouette lunged towards Mike taking a swipe at him. Mike jumped away in the nick of time. The two were now circling each other almost.

MIKE

That's the funny thing about a twenty-car-pileup on the interstate, Gus; it takes as much man power as you have available. My father had a job to do as a cop. He did it. You had a job to do as a father. You did not do it.

The Silhouette let out a ferocious scream as he lunged towards Mike again with the dagger prepared to inflict damage.

Mike sidestepped him again, but this time, as Mike was behind The Silhouette, he kicked the back of his leg, causing it to buckle. The

Silhouette was kneeling down, and Mike took a hold of the side of his head and his chin as he was fully prepared to snap his neck.

The Silhouette raised both hands in the air, and with dagger in hand, appeared prepared to surrender to Mike.

SILHOUETTE
What are you going to do, Mike,
kill me...

The Silhouette chuckled.

SILHOUETTE (cont'd)
...I'm already dead.

Mike stood ready to kill The Silhouette with his hands around The Silhouette's head.

MIKE
(quietly and sternly)
Drop the knife.

SILHOUETTE
Pardon...

MIKE
(shouting)
I said drop the fucking knife!

The Silhouette appeared worried and fearful for his life as he dropped the dagger to the ground, allowing it to bounce ominously against the concrete floor.

As Mike held The Silhouette's head in his hands. The Silhouette looked back worriedly at Mike who held his life, or afterlife for that matter, in his very hands.

SILHOUETTE
Kill me if you must, Michael, but
only I hold within my grasp what
you cherish the most in this world.

Just then, what was seemingly a wall at the left of Michael began to split as if it were a sliding door.

The passageway split open revealing Mike's daughter and ex-wife knocked out and tied up as they were lying on the cold concrete.

Mike's eyes filled with tears as he observed his family lying motionless on the ground. His mind could not decipher the situation.

As Mike stared at his family, The Silhouette used his mythical telekinesis to take the blood-stained knife that he had dropped previously and raise it ever so slowly without Mike even noticing.

Then, with his mind-controlling abilities, The Silhouette commanded the dagger to swiftly enter Michael's thigh. Thus, the dagger drove deeply into the tissue of Michael's leg, twisting and contorting at the command of the mysterious, dark figure.

Michael let out a vicious scream as he felt his flesh and bone being mutilated by this agonizing blade. As he screamed he noticed the door/wall closing to conceal his wife and daughter behind itself.

Michael dropped to the floor holding his leg in intense pain as The Silhouette twirled to his feet.

The Silhouette stared mercilessly at Mike as his thoughts were comprised of nothing but hatred, loathing, and malice. Mike laid there motionless with the knife still planted deep, deep within his leg.

The Silhouette stuck out his hand and with his mystical powers lifted Mike to a knelt position.

SILHOUETTE

On your knees, boy!

Mike sat in pain as the Silhouette closed off the distance between them.

SILHOUETTE

How poetic... the very same person
whom I caused to have a loss of
faith kneeling before me as though
I were his one, true God.

The Silhouette took his hand and placed it upon Mike's head as if he were a faith-healer. He took his other hand and summoned a great deal of mystical energy around his hand as he prepared to unleash it upon Mike.

SILHOUETTE

What do you have to say for
yourself, Michael?

Just then, Mike reached down towards his thigh.

MIKE

Enjoy hell!

The Silhouette tilted his head in confusion as Mike ripped the knife from his leg and proceeded to jam it in the jugular of the Silhouette.

Then, The Silhouette dropped to his knees with a blank look upon his face as he felt the life escape him. The Silhouette brought his hands together as the mystical energy rested in his cold, dead hands.

Mike stood on his one good leg and look at The Silhouette with the greatest look of intense, pure, unadulterated hatred upon his face.

At that moment, Mike raised his rugged fist and began to viciously slam it into the face of The Silhouette.

With great force and anger behind his punches, Mike brutally beat the living hell out of the ghastly, ghostly-white, pale, nasty, vile figure before him.

Blood began to bust from the spots that Mike beat excessively. The blood stained Mike's fist as he refused to cease his punches.

The figure did not fall down, but he did wobble on his knees with the mystical energy within his hands dying.

As The Silhouette sat there knelt at Mike's mercy, he began to plead for his life.

SILHOUETTE

Please, Michael, have mercy on me.

Mike sauntered around The Silhouette stopping directly behind him.

The Silhouette could only sit there helplessly hyperventilating as he was Mike's mercy.

Mike stood behind him.

MIKE

Oh, don't worry. I won't lower myself to your level. I'm not going to adapt to your philosophy of an eye for an eye, because then, I'm just as blind as you.

Then, we get a close-up on The Silhouette's wrinkly, craterous face as he let out a sigh of relief hearing Mike's last words.

He was relaxed for a moment.

Next, we see him gasp as his eyes shot open wide.

Then, we hear:

MIKE (O.S.)

But just for shits and giggles, let's see what this does.

Then, we pan out to see Mike's fist clutching the back of The Silhouette's cloak.

Next, Mike takes the Silhouette and slams his face into the mystical energy he held in his hands.

The Silhouette kicked, screamed, and writhed in pain as his body was drained of all life and made to feel the most intense pain he'd ever felt. The same pain he'd made his victims feel.

Mike backed away slowly as a bright, white, hot, beaming light began to emanate from the spot where The Silhouette was being executed by his own mysticism.

Then, suddenly, as The Silhouette's body contorted and died, the white light engulfed his body, transforming from a white light into a crimson burst of energy.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. PIER - DAWN

We fade in and see Mike waking up as he lies on the cold blacktop of the parking lot of an unknown Massachusetts pier (possibly off the coast of Nantucket or near those whereabouts).

Mike clearly feels fatigue as he rolls over and brings his hand to his eyes, rubs away the fatigue, sleep, and exhaustion from his head. Mike rolls over again and attempts to push up with his palms. His knuckles are bloodied, his face and body covered in dirt, grime, blood, and bruises, and his body aches with the worst kind of pain. He still pushes himself up, though, and makes an effort to get back up.

Finally, Mike makes it to a vertical base with an intense grimace upon his face. Clearly, he's in pain.

Suddenly, the thought of his own pain vanishes as he hears a loud, soft, angelic voice in the distance.

KAYLA (O.S.)
(shouting)

DADDY!

Just then, Mike gasps a little as he looks back and sees his little girl running toward him with her arms extended.

Behind her, walking gingerly, is her mother, Erin. Erin has a large grin upon her face as well as the two lovely ladies make their way toward Mike.

Finally, Kayla makes it to her dad, and wraps her tiny arms around his large neck. Mike grabs on to Kayla as tight as he can, and hoists her up into the air as they celebrate their existence in a loving embrace.

Mike holds Kayla in his right arm as Erin approaches them.

Mike throws his left arm around Erin, and the two share their own embrace.

Mike exhales with a sigh of relief as they all look out into the new day.

ERIN
(confused)
Mike... what happened?

Mike put Kayla down, but did not look at Erin. He kept his focus on the sky and the pier. He noticed his car in the parking lot of the pier.

MIKE

(elated)

It's a long story. Take Kayla to the car, and I'll be there in a minute to explain everything. Okay?

Erin took Kayla by the hand.

ERIN

Okay... C'mon, Kayla.

Kayla took her mother by the hand and the two walked happily and eagerly towards Mike car.

Mike turned around to face the ocean as he walked to the edge of the pier.

Mike breathed deeply as the ocean air filled his wanting lungs.

He stood there with his hands in his pockets and a giant smile upon his rugged, bruised face.

MIKE

I did it, Dad. I finally did it. It took me twenty long years, but I got him...

Mike looked down at his shoes as he tried desperately to fight back the tears.

MIKE (cont'd)

(sorrowful)

My only regret is that I couldn't save you.

A tear ran down each of Mike's cheeks, getting lost in his five o'clock shadow.

Mike sniffed a little, swallowed his pride, choked back his tears. Then, he turned, and ran to catch up with his ex-wife and daughter as they were en route to his car.

We hear the family carrying on, laughing and enjoying themselves as the scene fades out.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

We are introduced to a graveyard at around midnight on a dark, muggy, scary night.

The graves are dirty and haven't been cared for in a long, long time as grass nearly engulfs them all.

We close up on a specific grave. The grave is old and is rotting.

The name upon the tombstone reads, "PAUL LEBEAU".

Finally, through the night's sky we see a gray, wispy, mystical presence start to flow through the air. The energy stops and begins to swirl around LeBeau's tombstone.

Next, we see the mass of energy quickly and forcefully penetrate the ground in-front of the tombstone.

Our cameras travel through the dirt, until we are six feet below, and the mystical energy enters through the casket effortlessly, and enters the decayed remains of its inhabitant.

The decaying process begins to reverse itself rather quickly as flesh, bone, and blood begins to return to the once-deceased corpse.

Finally, eyes form within the hollow sockets of the skull, and they roll into place giving us a glance of a pair of very dark, mysterious, penetrating, and intriguing blue eyes.

We are left with the image of a young man's face, full of innocence and youthfulness as he gasps greatly taking in his first breath of air in many decades.

CUT TO BLACK: