

(Name of Project)

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(Based on, If Any)

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FADE IN

INT. DRESSING ROOM

We see an oscillating CEILING FAN rotating slowly.

Slight light discolorations show in the upper corners of the picture. To the left, we see a mirror with a row of light bulbs above it.

We see a chair in front of the mirror. "MAKE UP" is written in bold white letters on the back.

A door opens. Standing under the door frame a man wearing a headset with a microphone hitched at his mouth looks overworked.

MAN  
(in hallway)  
KAREN!!! MAKE UP!

We see Darren Jacobs, 31, disheveled, looking as if he just woke up. He rubs his eyes. He yawns. He has a sleep line across his face.

MAN  
(looking at clipboard)  
Mr. Jacobs, we're on in five...

Darren looks at him and sighs. He gives an acknowledging smile and hunches into the couch.

INT. TV SET

INSERT: TV MONITOR with the words LIVE captioned in the corner. Darren looks to his right in the camera.

HOST  
Is this a dated work? Recently used  
for the score?

We switch to another TV MONITOR framing the HOST; an invigorated, overly enthusiastic man. He seems to be looking in Darren's direction. He holds cards and smiles broadly.

We switch from Darren to the host for the rest of the scene.

HOST  
May I ask...  
(looks away from Darren)  
...when it was written?

DARREN

A little over 5 years ago.

HOST

Indeed. Curiously, you retired after this monumental point in your career...

DARREN

I worked non-stop for roughly 7 years... After that, inspiration hasn't been... It's much easier to point someone in the right direction...

HOST

Yes, producing! A fruitful and daunting task, but why retire all together?

DARREN

My wife.  
(smiles)  
She's my calling.

Beat.

HOST

(looks at cards)

In an interview, just before the completion of your final piece, you said: "I can never stop. My brain is never satisfied. Never stops going. Can't imagine what would happen if I had to stop... It's a calling." Six months later, you retired... Does satisfaction bring retirement? Does it murder the calling?

The host looks as if he's just come to the pinnacle moment in a drama.

Darren thinks about the question. His lower lip drops slightly in thought.

DARREN

(mumbling)

I-

Beat.

DARREN  
(sighs heavily)  
Excuse me... I have to-

Darren takes off the microphone that was attached to his shirt. He stands up out of frame and leaves the screen.

The host looks confused. We hear the crew chatter helplessly as Darren's chair sits empty on the TV monitor. The camera shakes once.

The empty chair looms.

The camera shakes again into...

TITLE SEQUENCE/MONTAGES

A subtly abrasive electronic/rock mood piece plays to different images: Hands, a computer screen on the fritz, a keyboard being played, odd paintings, morbid tattoos. The titles scroll on a home movie screen as light is projected onto a far wall. The same images are seen on the computer.

We flash on Darren's eyes. We see his crazy stare. We see a looping effect take place on the screen as we get to the director title. It sends us around Darren's work space and into the movie screen, then into WHITE.

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE-DUSK

The sun shines brightly in the air. Darren looks out as he stands on the porch, tapping his fingers to some rhythm on his legs. He stretches out. He holds a thin, metal box cutter.

He opens and closes it. He's deep in thought. The clicking of the box cutter turns into a slow rhythm.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
What do you hear out there?

Darren turns around. He pockets the box cutter.

Bonnie, 24, Darren's wife, stands behind him, smiling at him as she squints. A long streak of white contrasts her jet-black hair.

She wears a crucifix necklace around her neck. She puts her hand up to her face to cover the sun. Darren doesn't compute.

Darren looks at her crucifix with some sort of disdain.

Bonnie mockingly taps her legs, shoulders, and head in a spastic rhythm. She laughs.

Darren turns around away from her. He looks out to the sun.

DARREN  
I'm fucked up.

Bonnie grabs him and pulls him toward her. She puts his arms around her waist. She kisses him. Darren doesn't reciprocate.

BONNIE  
It's alright.

Darren drops his arms from her waist. She looks at him as sadness fills her eyes. Darren pulls away.

DARREN  
No, it's not...

Bonnie throws a quick "tsk" and heads into the house.

BONNIE  
What happened to you up there?

Darren snaps at her.

DARREN  
How the fuck should I know?!

BONNIE  
(muffled)  
Can't be around you like this!

Darren turns around and looks into the house. He looks up to the second floor window. He sees a light turn on in the window.

DARREN  
I don't know.

INT. DARREN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Darren walks slowly in a small hallway. He walks near a door and stops next to it. He doesn't look at it. He just waits. His hand reaches for the door knob.

He touches it then moves past the door.

INT. KITCHEN

A BOOK sits on the counter. It says "MAGIC SPELLS". Darren picks it up and looks at it. He grazes the spine then reads the side.

INT. RICKS HOUSE-NIGHT

On the TV, we see the empty chair Darren was in. We suddenly see the channel change. We hear a religious chanting, then we see a fat woman kneel at some old mans feet. He throws water on her.

The old man turns to the screen. He raises his hands. He's smiling broadly.

WOMAN ON TV

Thank you Lord!! Save me... save me!

OLD MAN

Yes Lord! Deliver us from evil!

The old man holds the fat woman's hands.

RICK (O.S.)

Fuckin priceless...  
(disbelief)  
Look at this... Fat, surgery  
needin', bitch. Pitiful.

Darren looks at it then tries to look interested. His smile fades as he turns his attention to Rick.

DARREN

Shouldn't judge people. You don't know what she's going through.

Rick is behind a homemade kitchen bar making a drink. He's holding a bottle of Jack Daniels.

RICK

Six happy meals a day.  
(chuckles; to Darren)  
LIT?

Darren looks at the bottle.

DARREN

LIT is vodka, rum, triple sec, gin  
and tequila with a touch of coke.  
(MORE)

DARREN(cont'd)

Be reasonable. And Jack? Why do I have to tell you this? You know this.

RICK

No, would've been more than satisfying.

DARREN

Don't say that word.

Beat.

RICK

What happened up there?

Darren rolls his eyes.

DARREN

Nothing...fuckin' amateurs.  
(scanning his brain)  
Bonnie's reading up on voodoo now.

RICK

(holds up glass)  
Sure you're good?

DARREN

Water?

Rick opens up the fridge. He hands Darren a water. Darren takes it and pops the cap.

DARREN

She's saying I'm detached.

RICK

Are you?

DARREN

Of course... I always am. She's using my innate detachment against me. She thinks I can't see it. Last thing I fucking need... And I think she's fucking someone else.

Rick sits quietly, pondering this weight revelation as Darren looks atg him, waiting for a response.

RICK

Are you serious?

Darren nods his head and sips water at the same time.

RICK  
Nah. I think you're going over  
board, man.

Darren starts shaking his head.

RICK  
Man, you got the girl every body  
wanted. Remember when you met her?  
Remember the good shit. Chill out,  
Doc.

Darren laughs it off.

RICK  
(raises glass)  
To?

Rick raises his glass. Darren raises his water.

DARREN  
I can't even think right now.

RICK  
To Darren: the luckiest FUCK I know  
and the most paranoid. And to the  
girl every guy wants...and some  
women too, Bonnie Jacobs.

Darren's not amused, but he raises his glass as a knock hits  
the door.

RICK  
(walking to door)  
Fuck...

Darren takes a sip.

DARREN  
Live in my shoes for a day.

Darren looks into his water. He peels the label.

Rick opens the door to reveal two freaky, Gothic vampire  
wannabes. They smile excitedly. Darren looks disgusted.

They enter with Rick. Rick rests a canister of film with RED  
Sharpie scrawling on the counter.

RICK  
Darren, you know Cain and Abel  
right?

Cain and Abel look mildly excited to meet Darren. Darren doesn't pay any attention to them.

DARREN  
I'm gonna go, Rick.

Cain and Abel look shocked. They stare at each other for a moment. They move into the main room with the TV. They bring the canister with them.

Darren heads for the door. He hears a mumbling and some demented laughter.

Rick follows Darren to the door. As Darren steps out, he gestures for Rick to follow him.

EXT. RICKS HOUSE-NIGHT

Darren looks pissed. Rick looks like he's groveling.

DARREN  
Producing? Come on, you can barely write music. Horror's a dead scene anyway. Believe me, I know.

RICK  
OK, man. It's really good, I think...

DARREN  
You own Hootie records. Your taste is questionable to say the least.

RICK  
(offended)  
Hey! Fuck you, all right!

DARREN  
How much are you making off these dumb fucks?

RICK  
Just because you quit doesn't make you an objective judge on the creative world. Let me do my thing...

DARREN  
(a look of revelation)  
You were going to ask me to work on it! Or was my math fucked up?  
(MORE)

DARREN(cont'd)

No, one plus one equals two, like  
always.

Rick looks down and heads for the door. Darren grabs his arm.

Beat.

DARREN

I hate those fucking scenesters.

RICK

Don't judge a book by it's cover.  
They remind me of you in a way. You  
look like you're in prison, man. I  
think it might help.

DARREN

Whatever... What should I do about  
Bonnie?

Rick hesitates.

DARREN

Cat got your tongue?

RICK

(opens door)

I've never seen the slightest sign.  
And I know women. Trust me.

Rick goes halfway in the doorframe. Darren can see the TV  
from the door. An image of a HALLWAY on the TV screen piques  
Darren's interest. He tries to get more of a look, but Rick  
blocks his vision.

DARREN

Yeah.

RICK

Stop thinking so much, it doesn't  
help. Give your brain a rest.

Darren looks at Rick.

DARREN

(annoyed)

Here's some insight, Rick, free of  
charge: It only takes one fact to  
turn paranoia into awareness. And  
on that note...

RICK

(closing the door)

I'll see ya.

As Rick closes the door, Darren sees an image of a key and a heart-shaped box with a lock on the TV screen. As the door closes, Darren's eyes fill with excitement and fear. He tries to speak...

The door slams in his face. He's sweating and fidgeting. He stares at the door, trying to look through it.

DARREN  
(dumbfounded)  
What the fuck...

He looks to the floor, scratching his head. He keeps on scratching. He looks at the door again.

DARREN  
What the...?

Beat.

Darren stares ahead. He looks back at the door. He puts his ear to the door. He hears muffled voices.

He knocks on the door.

INT. BONNIE AND DARREN'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The room is very organized; nothing seems out of place. Darren looks at a bookcase. Several "Sandman" graphic novels are lined up in order. He pulls one out and thumbs through some of the pages. He sees a child with a gun laughing and shooting.

Darren smiles.

DARREN  
Do you think that some people are  
better than others?

Bonnie rises from her book to think about the question.

BONNIE  
No.

DARREN  
What if I hit someone with my car  
and killed them?

BONNIE  
It depends, I guess. But I don't  
think one deed is enough to condemn  
a man.

DARREN  
What about crazy people?

BONNIE  
They are neutral.

Darren laughs. Recognition shines on Darren's face. He sways in a zeitgeist-motion.

DARREN  
...Like a different plane. Like  
your soul.

BONNIE  
Yeah. Your soul runs free, I think.

DARREN  
What?

BONNIE  
In the music...

DARREN  
Huh?

BONNIE  
When you used to perform. Your  
eyes. It was-

DARREN  
Liberating.

BONNIE  
Crazy in a way. Fun.

DARREN  
Scary.

Bonnie laughs. She hits his leg and smiles so seductively, the blood begins to rush. She gets a look in her eyes of pure sex. We hear a gradual sound of erotic sex pass as we see them strip their clothes off.

Darren and Bonnie lay down in bed relieved. Open and alive.

DARREN  
I'm gonna work again.

Bonnie tenses up a bit.

BONNIE  
We talked about this.

DARREN

Yeah.

Bonnie lay on her back looking at the ceiling fan. It's not moving. It's stagnant.

DARREN

I had a dream about Ethan. It was bad -- really bad -- and they're getting worse.

Bonnie just stares at him.

DARREN

The tension, the building; I feel like I'm turning into someone or something else. Because of that, I think...

Bonnie's on the verge of tears. She touches Darren's face. She snuffles and shakes her head 'no'. A tear rolls down her cheek.

DARREN

I'm sorry...

Darren rubs Bonnie's shoulder.

BONNIE

No I am. I'm sorry.

DARREN

I gotta let my soul free.

BONNIE

Yeah, you do, I guess.

DARREN

It's called "Symphony Of The Apocalypse". Indie thing. I went out with the directors and Rick.

BONNIE

Oh Rick?

Darren stops a moment.

DARREN

Yeah, Rick. He says I have to do justice to you and our relationship. And this is how he thinks I'll do it.

(MORE)

DARREN(cont'd)

But the directors are interesting.  
Kinda funny.

BONNIE

But you never listen to Rick.

DARREN

I decided to take his advice.

Bonnie looks at him suspiciously.

DARREN

The directors are like brothers,  
but they're not. It's weird,  
they're like my... alter egos or  
something. But, Rick's producing  
it, so... I figured I'd help him  
out.

BONNIE

I like Rick. Good guy.

DARREN

Questionable. But he's a friend.

BONNIE

Stop it.

DARREN

He ain't got no soul either --  
terrible on the dance floor.

BONNIE

(laughs)

You say he's good with the ladies?

DARREN

Oh please! I could be good with the  
ladies if I didn't have you. See  
what I'm saying? He knows how to  
talk to 'em nice. He's a hoe.

BONNIE

It's his eyes that do it for him.

DARREN

I've seen Jaws and, uh, no thanks.

BONNIE

I'm going to sleep.

Darren laughs and hits her with a pillow. He reaches to turn  
out the light. He sits on his knees in bed and flicks the  
switch.

The light goes out.

DARREN

Sweet dreams, shark lover. Sweet  
dreams... Sweet dreams  
(slows down; looks up)  
Sweet dreams, Ethan...

Darren looks out to the moon and stars. Darren looks to the ceiling. He tries to look through it. The ceiling fan hangs idle, staring back. Blocking his way.

EXT. CLIFF-DAY

We see a knife stabbing fresh dirt.

Little Bonnie, little Rick and little Darren sit on the edge of a cliff. They are about 6 years old. They dig in the ground with a small knife. Their hands are dirty.

Little Darren holds Bonnie's hand. He smiles. But she doesn't look at him. She just watches the dirt being turned and stabbed.

She stands up, as if a light bulb went on in her head.

LITTLE BONNIE

Who wants to go with me?

Both boys stand up. They look at each other, then at Bonnie. Darren doesn't smile. He just looks at her as he holds the dirty knife.

Little Rick smiles.

LITTLE RICK

I do, I do! I'm better...

Darren looks at Rick jump up and down. Bonnie takes his hand and disappears behind a boulder.

Darren snuffles. A tear rolls down his cheek. He kneels down to the dirt. He stabs the dirt. Darren hears laughter from behind the big boulder. Evil fills his eyes as he stands up and grips the knife.

Darren walks behind the boulder.

DARREN

(raises knife)  
I win...

We hear laughter, then a scream and stabbing.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Darren watches Bonnie jab a fork into the pickle jar over and over again.

Darren looks lost in thought.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
Hey, sleepy. Rick called. He's at  
the coffee shop waiting for you.  
You're late.

Darren looks her up and down.

DARREN  
Left a message?

BONNIE  
On your cell. Missed call.

Darren looks at his cell phone on the counter.

DARREN  
Let's go eat.

Bonnie shakes her head 'no'. Darren pushes her lightly.

DARREN  
You have a date? Come on. I'm  
coming out of retirement.

Bonnie sighs. She puts on a smile.

INT. COFFEE SHOP-DAY

Rick, Bonnie and Darren sit at a window table, chatting.  
Darren's taps the film canister erratically.

He then taps the canister rhythmically. He looks over to the  
waitress. She's beautiful. Darren gives her an extra look.

DARREN  
Excuse me, may I have my coffee?

The waitress looks at Darren and smiles. She strides over to  
bring the coffee.

Darren sighs.

Darren looks through the window and sees a bum in an alley looking through the garbage.

BONNIE (O.S.)

It's a revenge spell that turns a person into a zombie, or "zevumbra." They guard a particular area and kill who ever inhabits it forever. They never die.

DARREN

Can you put that spell on yourself?

Bonnie looks at Darren.

RICK

(to Bonnie)

Is that immortality?

BONNIE

No. They are under a spell. They have one purpose: they kill. Vampires are immortal.

Darren smiles and suddenly stops tapping the canister.

DARREN

We're all immortal.

Rick smiles.

RICK

Off to wonderland.

Rick rolls his eyes and sticks his tongue out to the side. Bonnie laughs and hits Rick. Darren watches Bonnie's hand graze Rick's face.

In slow motion, we see Rick lock eyes with Bonnie.

DARREN

(outburst)

Just 'cause you can't understand my level, don't try to bring me to yours. Stay where the fuck you are.

Darren stands up. He looks lost. He moves to the bathroom.

The waitress looks at him with a smile.

DARREN

Look, I don't see myself with you in 5 years, so back off.

INT. COFFEE SHOP BATHROOM

Darren sees Bonnie and Rick's reflection in the bathroom mirror as he slams the bathroom door. He turns on the faucet and puts his hand underneath it. Water runs through his hands.

Darren holds his stomach. He looks in the mirror and gulps up air. He tries to burp, but can't.

Darren looks at the tattoo on his arm in the mirror. Skulls, ghosts, and zombies float out of a man's head. All the eyes are X'ed out with rope.

Darren touches it and looks in the mirror. He's sweating.

DARREN'S REFLECTION  
(convincing himself)  
Nothing's going on... Nothing's  
going on...

Beat.

DARREN'S REFLECTION  
Best friend. Wife.

He stares into the mirror with conviction. He makes a face intentionally.

Darren laughs. He shakes his head as he shakes his hands to dry them off.

DARREN'S REFLECTION  
Stop acting like a girl. Get a  
grip...God!

He sighs, then opens the door. The mirror catches Rick and Bonnie's reflection.

They are whispering into each other's ears. They look like they are telling dark secrets.

Darren's eyebrows touch his scalp. He opens the door then directs his attention to Bonnie and Rick.

They become aware of his disposition. Rick smiles. Bonnie looks concerned but slightly embarrassed.

Darren walks quickly, bumping into Rick as he grabs the canister off the table.

DARREN  
What were you saying? About me.

BONNIE  
Darren, we-

DARREN  
No, I saw you two.

Rick stands up.

RICK  
Nah, man.

DARREN  
No, get away. I need some time  
alone. Need to think.

Rick sits down. He looks at Bonnie and she looks at Darren.

The door opens and closes quickly as we see Darren disappear  
to the street.

EXT. MAIN STREET-CONTINUOUS

Darren sits on the curb, mumbling to himself. The canister  
lay next to him. He picks it up and looks at the side. It  
reads in red Sharpie: S.O.T.A. Darren breathes heavily. He  
looks up.

DARREN  
Please...

VOICE (O.S.)  
He ain't out there. No use calling.

Darren looks up, but his vision is blocked by the sun's rays.

DARREN  
What?

VOICE  
We're all on the wrong side of the  
coin, son. (chuckles) Got any  
change?

Darren digs in his pockets. He pulls out some change and  
hands it to the bum without looking.

VOICE  
Your tail's up...

The man walks away. Darren watches the man cross the street.

DARREN

Hey...

The man turns around.

DARREN

What'd you--

Something speeds past the man. Darren is startled. In a split second he hears screeching tires then change hit the ground. He stands up quickly then looks down the street.

There's nothing. No car. The street seems dead. The bum lay bloody in the street with his arm laid out and his lifeless eyes open.

Darren walks slowly towards the bum as he begins to twitch. Darren cringes. He walks toward him. He looks in his eyes.

DARREN

Fuck, man... Fuck.

The bum lay dead. He doesn't move.

Darren moves down on one knee to get closer. The bum reaches out and grabs Darren's arms. He looks in Darren's eyes.

BUM

It's all black...

The bum looks like he recognizes Darren as he begins to fade. Darren watches the man, stunned.

Beat.

BONNIE (O.S.)

My god, Darren. What happened?

Darren holds the bum who is now lifeless.

DARREN

Hit and run, I think.

Darren hears sirens. Bonnie and Rick look at the dead body. Bonnie is holding the crucifix around her neck in a tight fist. Darren notices the coins on the ground.

RICK

Fuck man, that's weird.

Darren turns around.

DARREN  
Back up.

Rick points to the ground.

DARREN  
Yo, back up.

RICK  
(pointing to coins)  
Today wasn't his lucky day.

Rick twitches as if a ghost ran through his spine. Darren looks at the coins. They all shine in the afternoon sun. They all lie tails up except for one.

The sirens get closer.

DARREN  
Luck doesn't exist. No such thing.

Darren picks up the coins, one by one. He looks up to see three bums in an alley watching the scene.

BONNIE  
Honey, don't... do that.

Darren gets up and puts the change in his pocket.

BONNIE  
Did you see the plate number or a--

DARREN  
Will you shut the fuck up please?  
This is serious.

As Darren looks off to the approaching police car, Rick watches Bonnie stare at Darren in shock. Darren covers his eyes from the sun.

We hear tires screech. Darren stands up. Two officers are blocked by the reflections in the cars windshield. Both doors open at the same time.

EXT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

We see a brick windowsill. Swarming ants, roaches and assorted bugs crawl over each other. Through the window we hear voices.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

Two police men stand in front of Darren as he sits. One police man is Black. He has a shaved head. He's the CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Sounds like one of those splatter movies I seen. This story, you sure those movies didn't get to you?

Darren looks at the other officer. He has blonde dreads and he's really beefed up. He's looks like an animal out of a cage. A big one, at that. He's the ENFORCER. The bad cop.

DARREN

That's the story. I know, it's crazy--

CAPTAIN

How do you not see anything? It happened in front of you. Right in front of you!

DARREN

I know what I heard, but I didn't see it. I tried. To see it. The sun-

The Enforcer stands in the corner. He's obedient. Darren eyes him.

DARREN

Isn't there some sort of, ummm...  
(points to his hair)  
...dress code?

CAPTAIN

He's the Enforcer. My Enforcer. You're lucky this is a John Doe situation...

The captain moves to the door and opens it up. He holds a file in his hand.

CAPTAIN

Just sign your statement on the way out. You're free to go.

(inches closer)

Murders don't look good on the record. Especially when the murderers roaming free. Makes the quality of life look low. Ya hear me, son?

Darren walks by the Enforcer. He nods.

DARREN

I wonder what's gonna happen when I finally do kill some body? Hang me up and gut me?

The Captain looks at Darren with out any kind of real emotion.

DARREN

OK.

CAPTAIN

Hope you find solace in that work a yours. I almost mistook you for one of those trouble makers around town.

(looks to enforcer)

The Dreamers they call 'em?

(hands Darren a pen)

Can you sign?

Darren looks confused. The captain holds out a pad.

CAPTAIN

The wife loved "Undead".

DARREN

'Cause that's some good shit.

Darren signs the pad. He draws two pinwheel eyes at the end of the signature then two quick dots.

INT. POLICE STATION. HALLWAY

Darren walks down the shadowed hallway. He can see the two officers shadows engulfing him as he walks away.

DARREN  
Little dark in here. Uncle Sam  
should turn on the lights.

CAPTAIN  
Stay out of trouble.

DARREN  
Don't worry, I won't.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

The clock reads 11:49.

Darren rests his head on the kitchen table. He stares at the side of the canister. S.O.T.A shines in red.

DARREN  
"Symphony of the Apocalypse."  
Motherfuckers...

He smiles.

Bonnie comes down the stairs. She has her hair wrapped in a red bandana. She opens the fridge. She seems to be lost. Darren looks at her bandana and smiles.

DARREN  
Hey...

Bonnie turns to him. She doesn't say anything. She just stares off aimlessly.

BONNIE  
Why'd you pick up that poor man's  
change?

DARREN  
He wasn't going to use it. I'm an  
Indian-giver, what can I say?

BONNIE  
What the hell is wrong with you? I  
can't do this anymore.

Bonnie slams the fridge door.

DARREN  
Do what?

BONNIE

The head games. With you, it's so hard. I thought-

(pensive)

Do you still love me? That... This can't be what love is...to be that cruel.

(backs away)

What happened to my Prince? The one who was going to save me! Remember?

Darren looks in Bonnie's eyes with disappointment.

DARREN

We're all abandoned souls.

BONNIE

No we're not! You are. You. You. You make these fucking movies in your head. Everything is a movie. Drama, drama, drama!

Bonnie looks at Darren eyeing the canister.

BONNIE

Just go.

Bonnie backs away.

DARREN

No.

BONNIE

Save yourself.

DARREN

I've never had to try so hard. This is... different.

Bonnie backs away further.

BONNIE

Well... You've had it easy, then.

(beat)

Go. And this better work!

Bonnie walks up the stairs.

Silence.

Darren looks at the door he passed earlier. Then he looks at the canister of film. He listens to Bonnie's footsteps on the stairs.

DARREN

It will.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-MIDNIGHT

Darren walks down the steps slowly. They creak with each passing step. On the floor, chaos is seen in the shadows. Outlines of all different types of things rest in the shadows.

As Darren gets to the bottom of the stairs he hits a switch. He hears a slight hum and then a generator-type sound. A tick-tick-ticking sound begins to infect the air.

The computer lights up and a white light shines a beam onto a large movie screen.

Darren walks up to the computer. He blows dust off of it. He presses a key on the keyboard. He feels goose bumps on his arm. Darren sits down.

DARREN

My love...

Darren pulls the film from the canister. It's like he's playing with fire. He gets up and moves in the direction of the white light beam.

He loads it into the projector. The white light from the projector turns to black as the film oscillates. Darren stands over the projector with his back to the movie screen. Titles flash across the black screen. With each title, Darren closes his eyes and sways. The tick-tick-tick seems to put him in a rhythm.

Darren turns around slowly and opens his eyes. He almost loses his balance. He sees Cain and Abel's names on the black screen in a raw horror font.

He walks toward the chair in front of his workstation. He holds the chair for balance, then sits down.

Darren locks eyes with the screen as we fade into the first image.

We see "FUCKING CUNT" written in grease and dirt on a filthy wall. We see a shadow on the wall. We hear moaning. Dragging.

We pan left as we hear dragging. The shadow moves on the wall in sync with the moaning and dragging. We move slowly to reveal another phrase.

"HELP ME"

We move on and pan to a tiled floor. A bathtub filled with dark water shows halfway through the open door.

Darren is sweating. As we get closer to the tub, his hand rises to the key board. Darren's hands tremble with anticipation.

His eyes look alive and energetic.

A note sounds out unexpectedly. Darren quivers from the excitement. He laughs.

We see Darren's tattoo moving with the music. The tattoo seems to breath life. The zombies and skulls seem to come alive.

We see an enormously engrossed Darren. He's playing a dreadful noise piece (Exorcist-ish) along with a woman's breast plate being cut open. We see gloved hands move into an incision near the heart.

Darren fucks up. He stops the tape then rewinds it. He's pissed. He plays it again. He flubs it again.

Darren's puts his hand to his head. He winces in pain. He shakes it off then hits the rewind button again.

Darren begins to loop the scene with music. It jump-starts back and forth. We see the gloved hands open a heart to reveal a heart-shaped box with a lock.

Darren's eyes lock with the image as the looping turns into some sort of tornado rhythm.

Darren starts to spin. His eyes get heavy. He sees the lock come closer and closer. His eyes spin. Darren is propelled into the lock to BLACK.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY-NEVER (?)

We see an oscillating ceiling fan turning at medium speed. The buzz of fluorescent lights moves in the air of the fan. The room is stagnant. Dry. Darren gets up and looks around. Darren looks to see a hallway engulfed in darkness. White slits of light trail upward, indicating doors. He sees shadows and hears voices but they seem distant. He walks toward the hallway.

BELLHOP (O.S.)

Tsk, eh eh eh...

Darren turns to see a BELLHOP behind a mirrored counter. Behind him there are many keys hanging from a mirror attached across the back wall.

BELLHOP  
(pointing)  
I bet I know what you're thinking.

DARREN  
This is a crazy dream. Feels so real.

BELLHOP  
Dream?

The bellhop looks around.

BELLHOP  
I guess it could be considered a dream, but that's so unfair for me, because then I'm not real.  
(smiles)  
Am I, Charlie?

DARREN  
Darren.

BELLHOP  
Right.  
(laughs)  
My mistake. So, Doc, Charlie, whatever your name is, whoever you are...

DARREN  
I haven't heard that nick name in a long time. What is this?

BELLHOP  
Where.

DARREN  
Where?

The bellhop points to his head and smiles. Darren eyes him.

Beat.

BELLHOP  
Do you believe in destiny?

DARREN  
Yes, I do.

BELLHOP

(claps)

Of course you do. Good, me too.  
Well, I have a game. It's called,  
taa daa, "The Destiny Game." A  
surprise there! And don't worry.  
It's nothing like chess.

DARREN

Who the hell are you?

BELLHOP

I'm sort of like an amusement park.  
Lots of rides to scare you, make  
your adrenaline rush. But most of  
all, I'm freedom.

DARREN

You are freedom? What the fuck does  
that mean?

BELLHOP

The other side of the coin; in the  
know. What does it matter? Freedom  
is freedom! It's a dream, all of it  
is. Take a chance!

Darren is persuaded by the enthusiasm.

DARREN

Sure why not?

BELLHOP

Think about this now.

The bellhop walks over to the back counter. There are seven  
keys lined up. The bellhop grabs the second key from the  
left. He walks to the front counter and puts the key on the  
counter.

Darren grabs for it, but the man blocks it.

BELLHOP

This isn't an easy game. But the  
rewards are mind blowing.

DARREN

What's the key for?

BELLHOP

Depends. Could be Tahiti, could be  
Heaven, could be Pandora's Box.  
Whatever you want it to be!

(MORE)

BELLHOP(cont'd)

You make the decisions, but the rewards, let me tell you, are out of this world.

DARREN

Rewards?

BELLHOP

Remember creating that movement in the earth? Remember the change in the world? You changed it forever and it can never go back. You felt full.

Darren grabs for the key. The bellhop stops him.

BELLHOP

The satisfaction won in this game is so good... So good, that you won't even remember what satisfaction is. There are snags along the way. Things may seem too real, but to win, you must move ahead. Fight! Win the game!

DARREN

I'll win.

BELLHOP

Another level. Above.

Darren grabs the key. It says 1 on it.

DARREN

Why seven keys?

BELLHOP

No. There are only two keys.

DARREN

No, there are seven keys.

We go to the seven keys. Darren looks at the first key. It's 0.

DARREN

0 is a key?

BELLHOP

Of course. 0 and 1 are the only two keys. But 0 is nothing. It'll take you back to the beginning and trust me, it's very boring there.

(MORE)

BELLHOP(cont'd)

What's the point of playing the  
game to be bored?

(smile)

I'll be sure to see you again. Last  
door on the right.

Darren moves to the shadowed corridor of doors. He looks at  
the bellhop. The bellhop waves and gives a big smile.

Darren seems to be pushed in the dark corridor. He holds the  
key tightly. White light shines across his face as he walks  
down the corridor.

He hears muffled voices behind the different closed doors. It  
sounds like his own muffled voice. At the end of the hall, he  
sees a door slightly lit.

Darren walks slowly down the dark hallway. Doors pass him on  
either side.

He slows down as the voices infest his brain. They scramble  
him as he moves to the end of the hall. He sees the door at  
the end that says 1.

He stands in front of it. To his left he sees a door with 0  
on it. Darren jiggles the door with 0 on it. It's locked.

To his right, a door says 2. The next one says 3.

Darren holds up the key. He enters it into the lock. The door  
cracks with bright light. Darren smiles and closes his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Darren sleeps silently. Bonnie sleeps next to him. We hear  
gusty wind and a rapping against the window.

Darren wakes up. He looks around sleepy eyed. Darren hear's  
faint laughter. He stands up and walks to the window. Darren  
looks to the bed. He sees Bonnie sleeping on her back. He  
hears laughter. Sobbing laughter. He moves closer to the bed.

The sobbing laughter is muffled. Darren puts his knee on the  
bed and leans in toward Bonnie.

Darren puts his ear against Bonnie's stomach. The muffled  
laughter turns to sobs and gets louder and louder.

BONNIE

(gravel voice)

Jesus, what are you doing?

Darren looks to Bonnie. Her skin is pale and her eyes are sunken in. She looks dead. Her eyes are pitch black. She moves to touch him but he backs away.

INT. BONNIE AND DARREN'S BEDROOM-DAY

Darren wakes up violently. Bonnie is sleeping next to him in the same position.

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Rick, Darren, Cain and Abel sit in a crowded bar. The jukebox plays. Cain and Abel look unimpressed. Darren looks at them as he sips water. They drink wine. Rick takes down a beer.

DARREN

Drink up guys. On me.

Cain smiles and raises his glass.

CAIN

Why thank you. Before you seemed...

ABEL

Unpleased.

Cain and Abel smile at each other.

DARREN

No, I'm just tired. Been thinkin' a lot, ya know.

Rick scoffs.

RICK

Coming up with paranoid delusions and theories.

Darren looks at Rick.

CAIN

Theories? Like a scientist?

DARREN

It's all theories. Everything is. Everyone has their theories. Lord knows, I have mine. You have yours...

RICK

What's your latest theory on?

Rick looks at Cain and Abel and smiles. Darren lowers his head like he's telling a secret.

DARREN  
About immortality.

They all stare at Darren.

CAIN  
Well?

DARREN  
It starts with being able to read minds. Psychics and shit.

Rick scoffs. Darren ignores him.

DARREN  
We all know what the zeitgeist is, so--

RICK  
The what?

CAIN  
Zeitgeist.

ABEL  
A particular train of thought...

CAIN  
...In a particular space in time.

Darren smiles with the recognition.

DARREN  
So two people would get the same ideas at the same time on opposite sides of the earth, as an example. That's the thought zeitgeist.

Rick looks up like he understands, but really doesn't. Cain sips his wine slowly like he's learning. Abel dips his finger in Cain's wine. Cain pulls the glass away.

DARREN  
Back in the day, man, I'd get so fucked up. Weed, liquor, coke. I'd feel like a zombie. I'd try for the physical threshold of the amount of substances I can take in my body. Blurry vision. Stumbling around.  
(MORE)

DARREN(cont'd)

I passed that threshold a bunch of times. I didn't give a shit.

(to Rick)

Remember the church?? Like that, just out there. In that state of mind, I 'd be in touch with a part of my mind that I wasn't aware of. To any person seeing me, they'd think I was just fucked up, but I was on another plane, man. Another level. And it was fuckin crazy. I'd walk past people and hear their thoughts...

Cain and Abel are fascinated by Darren's excitement. Rick smiles with doubt.

CAIN

Tuning in to someone's path. Like a radio transmission... Interesting.

ABEL

That could be very, very horrifying if you were the pawn of such a power.

RICK

If it were possible, that is. All of this is bullshit. Jacobs is living in a dream world.

DARREN

You're brain sends electricity all the time. Say what you will.

(to Rick)

Remember the fat bitch worshipping some God that none of us are sure exists, but so many believe it to be true? I'm a dreamer, but I'm not crazy. Those people. They are fuckin' nuts.

RICK

Walnuts or macadamia?

Darren doesn't laugh.

Rick nods his head "oh well". Cain smiles seductively.

CAIN

Do you believe in God, then?

DARREN  
My wife believes in Jesus. And it  
annoys me.

INT. BONNIE AND DARREN'S BEDROOM-DAY

Darren listens to Bonnie's stomach. He's tense.

BONNIE  
What are you doing, Darren?

Darren rests on Bonnie's stomach, trying to cover up.

DARREN  
Oh. Nothing. Just feeling you.

Bonnie looks down at him suspiciously.

DARREN  
I had this cool dream. Did I tell  
you about Cain and Abel?

BONNIE  
I was sleeping. I'm tired.

Darren takes his head off of her stomach.

She lies back down. Darren watches her go to sleep.

BONNIE  
Cain and Abel don't exist. Never  
did.

DARREN  
What?

Bonnie doesn't respond. Darren leaves the bedroom.

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE-DAY

Bonnie is sitting on the fresh grass by a big tree. She's leaning against it, reading a book. A crow gawks and lands on the ground right next to her. Darren watches Bonnie pet the crow. Confusion comes across his face. He walks toward her. Bonnie is whispering.

DARREN  
I never figured you for a  
naturalist.

Bonnie looks up for a second, then goes back to her book.

BONNIE  
People change.

DARREN  
I guess. What did you want to talk  
to me about?

BONNIE  
I've been having thoughts.

DARREN  
Thoughts?

BONNIE  
Yeah. And I've been thinking about  
our relationship. A lot.

DARREN  
Yeah, I have too.

BONNIE  
What have you been thinking?

DARREN  
I don't know.

BONNIE  
When are you going to stop being  
afraid of telling me what you  
thinking? What's going on in your  
head?

DARREN  
I really don't know.

BONNIE  
You act like a little girl. Girls  
in my third grade class have more  
balls than you.

DARREN  
Back off.

BONNIE  
No. I won't!

DARREN  
I'm going out tonight. I'm actually  
in a good mood. I'm not going to  
allow you to ruin it.

BONNIE

I'm not happy anymore with you. I need you to not make this harder than it already is.

DARREN

What are you saying?

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

We see an empty alley with dumpsters, garbage and a very noticeable loading dock. Two cars turn into the alley. They drive slowly. We see shadows of bums walking in the darkness.

INT. DARREN'S CAR

Darren is all done up. He looks clean-shaven. He wears dressier clothes. He looks at his WEDDING RING and takes a moment to think. He sees a BUM looking at him through the glass. The bum points and two other BUMS come out of the shadows.

DARREN

Where the fuck you taking me, Rick?

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Darren and Rick walk.

RICK

So you can't tell no one about this.

DARREN

What about my broker?

RICK

Seriously.

DARREN

Come on, who the fuck am I gonna tell?

Rick comes to a stop and opens a door. It says 2 on it. Darren flinches for a second, but the music coming from the door engrosses him.

INT. HELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Rick and Darren step over a couple of people that are passed out in the hallway.

Words are spray-painted in black and red on the walls: "CUNT", "PLEASE HELP ME", "FUCK".

DARREN

So where's the music coming from?  
This looks like a house.

Rick stares at Darren

DARREN (CONT'D)

They live here, and shot the flick here. But they have a bar downstairs open for business. With bands. You can't hear shit outside. They make a killing.

DARREN

Fuckin' bastard-ass entrepreneurs!

RICK

You ain't the only one on the block with theories.

DARREN

I'm impressed.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

The carpet is stained red. A coffee table sits in the middle of the room.

There are countless amounts of beer and liquor bottles littering the top of the coffee table. Plastic blood packets sit on top of the bottles.

DARREN

Remember when I said I was impressed?

Rick chuckles to himself.

There's a fake head floating in the fish tank. The fish float at the top of the water. They are dead too.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
That's funny.

INT. HELL HOUSE. KITCHEN

Rick enters the kitchen with Darren. Cain and Abel are sitting there sipping on wine. They smoke cigarettes.

Rick and Darren sit down.

ABEL  
What a surprise! Cain, Darren is here.

CAIN  
...I am not fucking blind...

Cain sips some wine.

DARREN  
I think a homeless guy is sleeping in your hallway. You guys should lock your front door.

RICK  
That's their DP.  
(to Abel)  
You guys got a beer for this motherfucker?

CAIN  
I thought you were clean?

Darren shrugs.

DARREN  
It's a celebration. I want to party.

Abel laughs out loud.

ABEL  
Circle...

CAIN  
...Takes the X!

Abel opens the FRIDGE and pulls out a can of beer. He hands it to Darren. Darren looks at it then cracks the top.

The sound of the beer opening silences the room for Darren. He looks at the can, then takes a sip.

DARREN  
First drink in... 3 years.  
(looks around)  
Feels fuckin' good.

RICK  
(raises)  
Cheers, fuckers!

Darren cheers over-exuberantly. Cain could give a shit. Abel and Rick are the good sports.

ABEL  
Yay or Nay on "Symphony"?

Darren sips on his beer. He settles into his seat.

Rick taps Darren.

DARREN  
What?

Abel sips his wine.

ABEL  
"Symphony"

DARREN  
Oh yeah. I started yesterday. I didn't get a vibe for the finished film, but it looks very promising...

Darren takes a chug of his beer.

CAIN  
Promising? It is more than promising, it is real, it is-

DARREN  
I meant my work. I just started it, but it felt good. Really fucking good.

Abel smiles broadly. His fangs show.

RICK  
We're going to scare the shit out of who ever watches it, I told you.

DARREN

I don't see it as a whole until I'm done. It's this weird thing with me.

ABEL

What about the lower half of her body? Did you get to that part yet?

DARREN

Honestly...

(big chug of beer)

I don't see the images until I go back to the work objectively.

(another sip)

I get lost in the work. It's comfortable for me... Like I said, it's weird.

CAIN

That doesn't bother you?

DARREN

Why would it?

CAIN

To not have control.

DARREN

I have control, but I get really deep into my subconscious.

ABEL

Interesting. Who knows what you can do with out control! We always know what we're going to do before we do it. Always! Should we try the other way?

CAIN

Not at all.

ABEL

I didn't think so.

RICK

Both ways can work very well. But look...

(points to Darren)

Living proof that control doesn't necessarily equal success.

Darren raises his beer to Rick with a smile. The he downs the can. He raises it to the sky then brings it down against the table. The table suddenly collapses, spilling the red wine all across the floor.

ABEL  
Shit, shit, shit!

Rick pats Darren on his back. Rick and Darren laughs.

DARREN  
Can't you motherfuckers afford a sturdier table? Damn! I want another one!

RICK  
I'll go get some towels.

Rick heads out of the kitchen.

CAIN  
Don't slam on the table! The leg is broken.

DARREN  
My bad.

Abel picks up the bottle of wine then drinks from it. The last drops pour into his mouth. Cain storms out of the room.

ABEL  
Don't worry yourself! Blood on the floor is a very engaging conversation. Many possibilities for stories.  
(beat)  
Don't mind Cain, he's very serious about his wine.

DARREN  
Can I grab another beer?

ABEL  
Mi casa es su casa, right?

DARREN  
Can I grab another beer?

Abel licks his fang.

Darren opens the fridge to grab a beer. There are all kind of PROPS in the fridge: a JAR filled with goo; a fake TONGUE with a nail in it.

Darren just grabs the beer and closes the fridge.

DARREN (CONT'D)

You guys are pretty resourceful.  
You save everything.

ABEL

We find ways to reuse things.

DARREN

Of course... I reuse a lot of the  
same stuff. Certain things just  
work. Principles. Staples.

ABEL

If you use the same stuff too much  
though, it can be disaster for your  
work. But, you always have to find  
different ways to kill people...  
That's the tricky part in our  
films.

Rick comes back in with a roll of paper towels. He gets down  
and starts wiping the floor. The paper towels stain red as  
Rick cleans up. Cain enters.

CAIN

Waste of good fucking wine...

Darren drinks his beer. He looks around at the surroundings.  
He shakes his head then laughs.

INT. HELL HOUSE. BAR-NIGHT

A three-piece, hard, metal-edged, punk band rocks out in the  
basement. They are dirty and edgy. They just don't give a  
fuck! They are covered in blood. Two people spray blood on  
the crowd as they move to the fast beat.

Red splashes them from different angles. The blood stops  
shooting. The band plays as everyone gets soaked. The female  
SINGER moves like a snake to the music.

Two punk rockers are in the corner refilling the canisters.

INT. BATHROOM

Darren is wobbling as he pees. He doesn't direct the stream.  
One hand has a beer, the other braces himself on the wall.

The band can be heard through the walls. The bathroom is covered with red hand prints as Darren pisses. He braces the wall for balance creating one more hand print.

He finishes peeing and zips his pants. He turns on the faucet. He looks at himself in the mirror. He smiles. He looks at his surroundings. He wonders for a moment. He looks at the blood splattered on the floor, on the sink, on the mirror.

The water faucet runs the red out of the sink. He wipes some of the red off the sink. He licks his finger.

DARREN  
Fuckin' corn syrup... Amateurs.

Darren washes his hands. He looks at his reflection.

DARREN'S REFLECTION  
There's pussy out there.

Darren looks at his ring on his hand. He wobbles back and forth.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Rick, Abel, and Cain sit in the living room as people walk in and out. The walls are stained with red and brown and are just plain dirty. Rick, Abel and Cain are used to this.

Darren walks in. He shakes his head and stumbles his way toward the couch. Rick smiles. He nods his head.

Abel and Cain laugh as they pass red wine between each other. Darren plops himself down. Rick offers him a beer.

DARREN  
Bonnie's leaving me; I'm almost  
really drunk... Give me that shit!

Darren takes the beer. He snaps the cap. But first he looks at his wedding ring. He takes it off and puts it in his pocket.

RICK  
Before the night's out we got some  
Northern Lights to really open your  
shit up!

Rick holds up a bottle of Jack Daniels.

DARREN  
Northern Exposure?

Rick ignores Darren. He taps the Jack Daniels bottle.

RICK  
Don't forget about Jack, now!

DARREN  
Oh fuck that!

Rick takes a little sip.

DARREN  
Fuck off... Who's downstairs? I  
mean, what's up with that shit?

Darren drinks the beer.

Abel and Cain stare at Darren. They are offended by his  
ignorance.

RICK  
The Gratefully Undead.

Darren laughs.

DARREN  
The Gratefully Undead?  
(beat)  
Seriously?

Darren sees a hot girl walk by. He stares a little bit. He  
catches himself and shakes the sexual thoughts out of his  
head.

ABEL  
The next generation...

CAIN  
...Of punk.

DARREN  
I thought their show was kinda  
cheesy. I mean, the fake blood...  
(Darren rubs his face)  
Come on. Have you ever heard of  
Gwar?

He drinks some beer. He looks to the table. Darren grabs for  
the Jack Daniels. He thinks about it.

CAIN

Gwar?!?

ABEL

GWAR?

RICK

You opened a can of worms, brutha.

Rick leaves the fold. He has a look of deceit in his eyes. He walks toward a girl soaked in blood. He whispers in her ear.

ABEL

The Undead have a vision. Their blood is not meaningless.

CAIN

Everything stands for something.

ABEL

Do you think we're mindless people just because we have fangs and blood on our walls?

CAIN

Everything has a vision.

Darren takes a sip of the Jack Daniels.

ABEL

Even when we're sleeping, our mind is at work, creating our vision.

CAIN

Universal vision!

DARREN

We are all fucked! I agree, but I'm doing a favor for Ricky boy over there. You don't need to keep selling me on the project.

CAIN

Selling you? We want to wake you up!

Darren finishes chugging his beer. He looks at his empty beer.

DARREN

I don't need to wake up. I need to drink another beer.

(MORE)

DARREN(cont'd)

I'm partying tonight, I'm not  
talking about work. Where can I get  
another beer?

Abel points to the floor.

CAIN

Downstairs.

Darren gets up. He's determined. Abel and Cain smoke their  
cigarettes. Darren collects his balance. He heads for the  
basement.

INT. BASEMENT-NIGHT

Darren walks along the wall as The Gratefully Undead plays.

For Darren, the world is silent. It's just him and his buzz.  
He looks to the bar in the corner. He sees some cups on top  
of it. He smiles broadly. The guy pouring drinks is all  
gothed out. Darren wobbles as he stands at the bar.

He shoots a drunken look at the band.

The Undead move slower now. The music stays the same speed.  
The blood trickles off of their skin as they play their  
music. The blood is more black then red. The singer catches  
Darren's eye. She's dressed like a dirty punk rocker, oozing  
sex appeal.

Her eyes lock with Darren as he balances himself on the bar.  
She nods to him and smiles. She puts three fingers up in the  
air and dances with them. She licks them.

She moves to the beat as she grabs her crotch. Her band mates  
move with her.

She opens her mouth to the blood. Darren's heart skips a beat  
when fangs are shown to him. She looks like a Queen with  
power. She turns away from Darren, she moves with the music.

The speed of the music almost makes Darren lose his balance.  
Darren waits for her to look at him again. Her body moves  
like a snake. The fast music starts to distort Darren's buzz,  
but Darren holds attention. Darren anticipates her turn.

When she turns, he looks in her eyes.

Fear falls over Darren. He recognizes those eyes; and those  
lips. So do we...

These are Bonnie's LIPS; Bonnie's EYES. A hand comes out of  
nowhere and slaps Darren's shoulder.

RICK  
You wanna fuck her? You can if you  
want.

DARREN  
Is this a joke?

RICK  
Nah, Cheryl's a nympho, dude!

Darren looks at the singer. It's definitely not Bonnie.

RICK (CONT'D)  
She'll be around tonight, I'll let  
you get some after me.  
(smoking on a joint)  
Here man. Smoke this.

Darren looks at The Undead. Disappointment comes over his  
face.

DARREN  
I wish that was Bonnie.

RICK  
Fuck Bonnie. Smoke this shit right  
here. Then you can see Bonnie!

Darren laughs.

DARREN  
You're as fucked up as me...

RICK  
Not at all, bro. I'm a vet at this  
shit. I just lose my couth when I  
get a little in me.

Darren grabs the joint. Rick leads him back up the stairs.  
Darren takes a puff.

The singer looks at Darren leave as she rocks. We hear female  
voices whisper over the music as Darren makes his way back up  
stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Laughter and droning music is playing in the background.

Darren is sprawled out on the couch. His eyes are barely  
open. People just walk through the house anonymously. They  
are a bit blurry.

Darren sees Abel, Cain, Rick and two GIRLS in front of him. One girl gropes on Rick. The other one messes with Abel and Cain.

Darren drinks his beer. He looks to his left and sees the singer of The Undead watching him. She walks over toward him.

Darren turns his attention toward the impending threesome. He watches a show he should be paying admission for. His eyelids cover his eyes for a second.

BLACK

RICK (V.O.)  
Wake up, ya light weight! Don't  
quit on me now.

He opens them back up. He hears a voice as he turns his head left. He sees the singer looking at him.

SINGER (V.O.)  
The tail's up...

RICK (CONT'D)  
Look at this crazy nigga...

The girls kiss Rick as he laughs. Darren looks dumbfounded as he's stuck in a high. He looks to Rick. The Singer of the band grazes by Darren.

She looks at him. He locks eyes with her. His vision is blurry. The speech is slow and monotone

DARREN (V.O.)  
What's your name?

SINGER (V.O.)  
Seduction. You?

DARREN (V.O.)  
Darren. I like you.

SINGER (V.O.)  
I like you, too.

She smiles.

RICK  
Hey! Stop day dreaming!

Darren looks at Rick. The two girls are all over him. He watches the show...

He looks to where Seduction was. She's gone.

His eyelids fall again.

BLACK

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

BLACK AND WHITE

Darren is clean-shaven. He looks at Bonnie. There's no streak in her hair. Darren looks sad.

Bonnie sobs.

DARREN

I love you.

(beat)

Can we get past this?

(beat)

We have to.

Bonnie looks away. She inhales deeply.

BONNIE

Did you let her suck you?

Darren looks off. His eyes water.

DARREN

We were on a break...

Bonnie starts to cry.

INT. HELL HOUSE BEDROOM-NIGHT

BACK TO COLOR

Darren wakes up in a dark room to a humping sound. He looks around the room. It's empty. He sees a light on in the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

The sink is surprisingly clean. Darren throws up into the sink. He runs water as the humping from the other room continues.

Darren stumbles out of the bathroom. The faucet still runs.

INT. HELL HOUSE BEDROOM-NIGHT

Darren lay back down on the bed, he breathes heavily. The faucet runs for a bit.

Darren hears water spilling on the floor. We hear the sexual thumping and moaning with agony. Darren looks to the ceiling. A fan oscillates in the darkness.

The rhythm of the thumping in the adjacent room and the circling fan synchronize.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

BLACK AND WHITE

Darren walks in the bedroom. He's happy. He has a BANDANA for Bonnie. He sees the bathroom door is closed. He hides the bandana behind his back.

Darren KNOCKS on the door.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
(sobbing)  
Yeah?

Darren's mood turns.

DARREN  
Baby, you alright?

BONNIE (O.S.)  
No...  
(beat)  
Darren, I'm sorry. I'm so...

Bonnie starts to cry. Darren tries to open the door. It's locked.

DARREN  
Let me in. Come on!  
(beat)  
What did I do.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
Nothing... I-

Darren hears the door unlock.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

Bonnie is sitting on the toilet looking at something. She hides it in her hands. She's been crying for some time. She sniffles.

DARREN  
I got you something.

Darren hands her the bandana.

DARREN(CONT'D)  
You look so good in these.

Darren touches her hair. He pets her.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
It's alright.

BONNIE  
No...

INT. TRUNK OF CAR-NIGHT

BONNIE (O.S.)  
It's not...

Darren hears loud music in the car. The radio blares. Two female voices are in the car. Wind blows as he sees street lights speed past in the sky.

Cain and Abel sit on either side of him. They laugh and drink their wine. The road is right beneath Darren. He shakes as the car moves along.

The bumping and thumping from the road and the less than perfect shocks sicken Darren. Darren tries to hold it back. He hears sirens in the background.

The car hit's a bump. Darren loses his lunch again. The darkness over takes him.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

BLACK AND WHITE

Darren holds Bonnie as he pets her hair. She's STREAKLESS.

DARREN  
Shhh... It's alright.

Bonnie sniffles. She settles down.

BONNIE  
Darren...  
(beat)  
...I'm pregnant.

Darren stops petting her. He holds her tight.

DARREN  
But...

BONNIE  
We were apart...

Darren holds her tighter as his face grimaces.

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
You're hurting me...

Darren's eyes are demonic. Hurt, pain and desperation show in his face.

DARREN  
Did he let you... suck him?

Bonnie looks in his eyes. Fear fills her eyes as Darren's grip turns to a vice.

BONNIE  
I can't breathe...

Bonnie starts to flail around. She lets out a scream.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

BACK TO COLOR

Darren wakes up again. The darkness isn't as dark this time around. He sees a fully furnished room.

Darren hears the sexual huffing and puffing again. Darren feels his stomach. He runs to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

It's not the same bathroom as before. It's a hotel bathroom. He puts his hand down his throat. He dry-heaves. His stomach contracts as his face tightens up.

Darren buries his face below the bowl. Darren can smell the toilet water. He looks at his reflection in the water. He spits in the toilet.

Darren dry-heaves again, but he makes a louder noise. Darren sits there and waits.

DARREN

No wonder I quit this shit.

Darren breathes heavily. He feels it lingering -- that feeling in the pit of his stomach. Slowly, the thumping sound grows louder. The huffs and puffs grow stronger.

Little moans are heard in addition to the thumping. Darren lifts his head out of the toilet. He focuses. The thumping get's louder.

Darren stands up. He exits the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM.

The moans are louder now as Darren sticks his head against the wall. He listens harder. The sounds get louder and more violent. Slapping is heard.

Darren walks toward the door. He opens the door.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

All the doors are open on the floor. A party is going on, but it's all contained to the rooms. No one is in the hallway.

Darren smiles. He looks in one of the rooms. He sees a rock star fucking a groupie. He smiles at this. Confused, Darren looks at the end of the hallway. He sees the light in the lobby. He walks toward it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY.

The bellhop is wearing some trippy clothes, but still looks bellhopp-ish. The bellhop looks up to see Darren. He give an over-joyed smile!

BELLHOP

So! Having fun yet?

DARREN

Yeah, I am. How about you?

BELLHOP

You know me.

The Bellhop laughs.

DARREN

No, I don't.

BELLHOP

Well, call me Big D. Yes, call me  
Big D!

Darren looks around the lobby. Things are moved around. There are mirrors now in the lobby. A lot of them.

DARREN

Am I still wasted? I can't tell.

BELLHOP

Are you having fun?

DARREN

Yes! But I'm sort of lost. I don't  
know what's going on.

BELLHOP

That's why you took the key, silly.  
But your night doesn't end here.  
There's more fun to be had!

DARREN

What do you mean?

BELLHOP

Seduction is waiting for you at the  
end of the hall.

The bellhop gives a quick, evil smile.

DARREN

What?

The bell hop pulls out Darren's wedding ring.

BELLHOP

Naughty. But delicious.

The bellhop flips the ring to Darren. The bell hop goes behind the counter and grabs the last key to the right.

He looks at it. It says 6 on it.

DARREN  
Is this part of the game?

BELLHOP  
You're almost done. All you have to do is take this key to the end of the hallway and you win the game.

Darren grabs for the key. The bellhop pulls it away.

BELLHOP  
This is the final key to the road to salvation.

The bellhop gets evil.

BELLHOP  
The key to my world.

DARREN  
(confident)  
My world cause you are me.

BELLHOP  
Sure.

Darren looks down the hall and he sees Seduction. She looks at him. Her body is supple. Her breasts almost bust out of her shirt. Her shirt says "three".

Darren looks at the bellhop.

DARREN  
Are you going to be joining us or something?

BELLHOP  
Oh no. I'm not that crude! I watch other things that give me satisfaction.

Darren snatches the key before the bellhop can take it away. Darren looks at seduction. She puts three fingers into her mouth and places her fingers against her chest.

Darren looks at the key. It says 6. Darren walks toward the hallway.

BELLHOP  
Welcome to my world. I'll see you soon.

Darren walks toward the hallway, but stops.

DARREN  
What's up with this hallway?

BELLHOP  
Different ifs. Desires.

Darren thinks then walks into the hallway. Seduction isn't there any more.

As he walks past open doors he sneaks peaks inside. He sees a version of himself with long hair. He holds a microphone. People worship him at his feet. They write things on the walls. We see a cross on the far wall.

In the next door he sees Cain chasing Abel with a chain saw. Darren laughs. He gets closer to the final door. He looks at the key. As he looks toward the end of the hall. The door he wants glows. It's radiant.

He stops in front of it. It says 6.

DARREN  
Three plus three.

Before he puts the key in the lock, he looks to his left. The door says 0.

Beat.

Darren looks at the key that says "6". He enters the key into the lock.

As the door opens he sees a hotel room. In the bed, seduction waits. Darren enters as the door closes behind him and the number 6 shows on the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM 6

There is one small bed in the room. Darren looks at the bed. He rubs his crotch.

SEDUCTION (O.S.)  
Ready?

DARREN  
Yeah.

Seduction looks at Darren's crotch.

SEDUCTION  
Worship me.

DARREN

Worship you?

Seduction takes off her shirt then covers her self with the sheets. She pats the bed.

SEDUCTION

Come. Now.

Darren eyes her suspiciously. He walks over to the bed. He stands for a moment then sits on the edge. Seduction moves over to him and grabs his head in her arms. She moves his head to her breasts. Darren sucks the nipple.

DARREN

Your name fits you well...

Darren licks more.

SEDUCTION

Of course it does.

Seduction pushes Darren onto the bed. She smiles at him while she licks her fingers.

Darren and Seduction are both naked. They are moving in a rhythmic motion. They are engulfed in ecstasy.

SEDUCTION

Worship me.

Seduction bites Darren's neck. She draws blood.

DARREN

Hey!

Darren wipes his neck. Seduction wipes the blood and grazes it on her neck.

SEDUCTION

Now...

Seduction lays her head back.

SEDUCTION

The way I worship you.

Darren tries to get deeper in her but Seduction just holds her head back, waiting. He sees her neck. He sees his own blood on her neck. Darren awkwardly places his mouth on her neck. He bites her. Teeth marks become ingrained in her skin. Seduction laughs.

Darren bites her again. He leaves a deeper mark. Seduction laughs again but it's cruel. As if Darren were inadequate.

Darren bites her again. Blood spurts from her neck. She moans in ecstasy. Darren feels himself inside of her.

He bites her on the other side drawing more blood. She quivers as Darren holds her tight. Blood drips down her breasts as Darren wipes it all over her nipples and chest.

SEDUCTION

(moaning)

Worship me... Worship me...

We pull back to see them both bloodied but they moan and moan as we fade out.

SEDUCTION

Worship...

INT. COFFEE SHOP-EARLY DAY

Darren wears sun glasses as he sips coffee. Rick sips on coffee like the night was satisfying.

The waitress walks away from the table.

DARREN

Does that bitch ever go home?

Rick is definitely the vet of partying.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I needed that.

Rick laughs.

RICK

Earlier, I wasn't so sure you did.

Darren smiles it off.

DARREN

Nah... Come on.

(beat)

I realized the hold she had over me this morning.

Rick nods.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
I guess I needed to lose it, to see  
it.

Rick sips his coffee.

RICK  
I'd have to disagree.

DARREN  
What?

RICK  
Look, man, I never had you pinned  
for marriage. I'd say you'd have  
been single for life, but when I  
saw you with her, it was magic.  
Something changed in you. Don't  
throw that away.

Darren looks at his coffee. He can see himself in it. Doubt  
covers his face.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
So what happened last night? Did I  
do anything stupid?

RICK  
You were cool. Just real fucked up.  
You just passed out.

Darren holds his head.

DARREN  
I had a weird dream that I was in  
the trunk of some car. Then I  
spilled my guts...

Darren laughs. Rick sips his coffee then gives an unsure  
smile.

Beat.

RICK  
We did put you in the back with  
Cain and Abel. You threw up all  
over them. Really funny stuff.

Darren changes his tune.

DARREN  
What? Why?

RICK  
I had the two girls, I had to take  
the knuckleheads home, ya  
know...There wasn't any space, and  
you were all vomited up...

Darren wonders what to think. He sips his coffee.

DARREN  
I guess that's kinda funny.

RICK  
I guess it is.

DARREN  
Where's my car?

RICK  
Hell House.

Darren sighs. He sips his coffee.

DARREN  
I dreamt a lot.

He looks at a woman pushing a BABY CARRIAGE across the street. He stares at the carriage. The woman tries to get the baby carriage up on the curb. She struggles. The carriage looks like it's going to tip over.

Darren breathes for help. A man comes in to save the day. Darren smiles. His mood changes slightly. He sips his coffee.

RICK  
Everything will look up.

Darren sighs.

Darren looks back out to the curb. The lady is gone. Rick looks where he's looking. Rick digs into his pockets.

DARREN  
At least I'm working again.  
Balances me out.

EXT. ALLEY-MORNING

Rick's car pulls up. The bums loom near the loading dock and garbage.

INT. RICK'S CAR

Darren and Rick give the knuckle-to-knuckle "pound" greeting.

DARREN  
Thanks for the night.  
(opens door)  
I'll see ya

EXT. ALLEY-MORNING

Rick speeds out of the alley.

Darren opens his car door. The sun is coming up.

EXT. DRIVEWAY-MORNING

Darren's car enters the drive way. Pebbles shoot from under his tires. We hear a door slam as Darren pockets his keys.

Darren stands, looking at this foreign place. He walks up the steps. Darren struggles on the last step. He pulls out his keys. They drop to the porch. As he picks up the keys, he realizes his wedding ring isn't on.

He digs in his pocket, but can't find it.

INT. KITCHEN

Darren tip-toes in the house.

The kitchen is empty. Nothing indicates Bonnie's presence. The air is still. Darren looks in the FRIDGE.

INT. BEDROOM.

Darren walks in the room.

Bonnie lies in the bed; she's sound asleep. Darren watches her back. He watches her lips as air circulates in and out of her lungs. Bonnie's breaths get louder. With the sound of Bonnie's breathing, a woman's moans are heard; subliminally, sex rings in Darren's brain.

Bonnie sleeps silently. Darren snaps out of it. Darren walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Darren is brushing his teeth. In the mirror, Darren looks at Bonnie and grimaces.

He shakes his head as he spits out the toothpaste. Darren opens the creaking cabinet and looks for something. He pulls out a bottle of Advil. He pops 4 Advil into his mouth. He turns on the faucet.

Darren cups his hands under the water. He sips water from his hands and swallows the Advil.

Darren turns off the faucet. He closes the cabinet. Darren is startled.

DARREN  
What the fuck!?

Bonnie is waiting behind the cabinet. She touches his hair. She looks in his eyes. Darren hides his hand from her.

BONNIE.  
I'm glad you're home.

Bonnie rubs Darren's cheek. She follows her hand with her eyes as she strokes Darren's face. She pulls her hand away. Bonnie walks out of the doorway. Her walk is serpentine.

Bonnie's feet are dirty. Footprints stain the carpet. Bonnie gets back in bed.

Darren looks at the foot prints, then shakes his head in disbelief.

DARREN  
You alright?

Darren goes back to the sink. He looks at himself in the mirror, then he looks at Bonnie in the bed.

Silence.

He spits in the sink.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Fuckin' bitch.

Darren hits the light.

INT. BEDROOM.

Bonnie lay down in her bed, looking solemn, still.

Darren kisses her on the cheek. He kisses her on the neck. He gets in bed beside her. He lifts her nightgown up and moves his hand on her stomach.

RICK (V.O.)  
It's like magic...

He moves to her breast. He squeezes her breast.

She moans. She grabs his hand and moves it down to her pelvic area. He kisses the back of her neck.

He works her beneath. She moans some more. Darren takes his belt off. He unzips his pants. He moves Bonnie's gown and maneuvers. Darren enters Bonnie from behind. He's strong on her. He's forceful. He breathes heavy. She moans louder.

A final moan rings out as we see Bonnie's dirty feet.

INT. BEDROOM.

Darren lay down next to Bonnie. Bonnie's eyes are open as she lies on her side. She has some SCRATCHES on her hand.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Darren is on his cell phone, looking through the window.

Bonnie is sitting in front of the old tree. She touches the bark. She prances around the tree as if it were dancing with her. She smiles as the wind picks up.

Darren speaks in his cell phone.

DARREN  
Yeah, man. My reception is  
fucked... Bonnie's here, we made  
up, sorta... I'm going to work on  
it soon. Yeah, it'll be great,  
trust me... Have fun cleaning up my  
chunks.

Darren hangs up the phone. Bonnie is still prancing around the tree. She stops and turns to look at him. She smiles, then starts dancing again.

She's started digging a hole at the foot of the tree. A crow sits on the tree limb above her. It gawks.

The shovel leans against the tree. Bonnie pays no attention to Darren. It's just her shovel and the tree. Darren comes out of the house. Bonnie is digging some more.

INT. BEDROOM.

Bonnie walks in the bedroom. She's silent. Her HANDS are dirty. Her feet are leaving more FOOT PRINTS in the nice carpet.

Darren reads the "Magic Spells" book, but watches her walk around the room, then into the bathroom to wash up.

DARREN

Are you going to clean up this mess?

Bonnie smiles.

BONNIE.

It's just the earth anyway. I'm growing something.

Darren smiles and puts down the book. He walks over to her with his hands in his pockets.

DARREN

You are turning into a naturalist...

BONNIE. (CONT'D)

I want our baby to have a sibling.

Darren stops dead in his tracks. His smile turns callous.

DARREN

We don't have a baby. Remember?

Bonnie walks over to Darren and hugs him. Darren pushes her away.

Bonnie giggles.

BONNIE.

Oh stop it! I know where he is. I saved him.

Bonnie laughs. Darren turns his back to Bonnie. He pulls out the box cutter.

Darren walks toward the door and pockets the box cutter. Bonnie comes behind him and grabs his crotch.

BONNIE  
(childish)  
How come you don't cum in me  
anymore? You afraid you'll waste  
your precious little sperm on me?

Darren slaps her to the ground.

BONNIE. (CONT'D)  
(giggles; bloody mouth)  
I saved him for you, Darren.  
Because you loved him so much. More  
than me even.

Bonnie laughs louder now.

BONNIE  
How's it feel big boy?

Darren walks out of the bedroom. He grinds his fist into his thigh. He raises his hands to his temples and rubs in circles.

BONNIE. (CONT'D)  
He's in a jar.

DARREN  
Stop...

Bonnie sits down.

BONNIE. (CONT'D)  
Don't cook him by mistake. Oooh,  
that was cruel...

Bonnie laughs.

Darren comes back in the room. He punches Bonnie to the ground.

Darren hovers over her as he pounds his fist into her.

DARREN  
Ethan was my life! You took my  
life!

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Darren is on his PHONE again. Bonnie is DIGGING in the yard. She's BRUISED and BLOODIED. She has DIRT on her face.

He has BLOOD on his hand. He looks unsatisfied.

BONNIE  
(mockingly)  
I can't get no...

DARREN  
You're lucky I don't bury you in  
that fucking hole!

Bonnie laughs.

Darren storms into the house. He stares Bonnie down as she digs.

Bonnie lets out a childish 'Aawwww'.

BONNIE  
Don't be such a baby...

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

The lights in the work space flick on. We hear Darren mumbling into some sort of breakdown.

BONNIE (O.S.)  
Get it? Baby.

He storms down the steps. He looks at his work space. The computer screen has weird lines in it. It looks like it's flipping out.

DARREN  
God damn it. Why is my world  
falling apart?

Darren kicks at the chaos in the basement. He sits down at his work space. The hum is louder now. He taps his knee quickly. He navigates around the interface. The computer seems to work fine.

Darren looks at his projector. He walks over to it and clicks it on. The tick-tick-tick runs free in the room. Darren hits a switch and the lights go out.

He sits in front of his work space. He closes his eyes. A tear rolls down his cheek. He hears mumbling on the screen. He looks up to the screen. A small TV sits on a desk. A black and white image shows an empty room with a mirror on the wall. It looks like the police interrogation room.

Darren blinks his eyes quickly. He hears shrieking. He gets goose bumps all over his arms. He dives into his key board. We fade into BLACK.

We come back in and we see a SHOVEL. It has dirt and blood all over it. Darren is playing a piece, but his eyes are catatonic. He watches the screen as he smiles. His smile seems to hide something. We hear fast steps. We hear heavy breathing. The light from the film shines over Darren's face as he breathes heavily.

We see Darren's vague reflection in the computer screen. The last image we see is the bright sun shining through a window. We get closer and closer.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Darren sleeps alone in bed. The alarm clock goes off. He wakes up and hits the clock.

DARREN  
Shut the fuck up.

He sits up and looks out the windows. It's a cloudy day.

INT. KITCHEN

Darren cracks an EGG with precision. Then another. He dumps the eggs in a bowl.

He MIXES them up.

He takes a look at his CAR in the drive way. He smiles broadly. A crow lands on the hood. It gawks. He stretches and lets out a nice, "UUuuggghhh" of relief.

He looks around aimlessly. The eggs sizzle on the pan. He finishes eating the meal then dumps the plates in the sink. He sits down to read a magazine.

The silence in the air interrupts his focus. He puts down the magazine.

DARREN

Bonnie?  
(walks to the door)  
Bonnie?

INT. DRIVEWAY. GATE. CONTINUOUS

Darren opens the door.

DARREN

Bon?  
(walks along house)  
Bonnie?

He looks near the garden in the backyard.

Nothing.

DARREN (CONT'D)

(screaming)  
Bonnie stop fucking around!

The scream doesn't travel any farther than his porch. He looks out to the sky. The clouds don't move. A crow lands into the tree. Then another. They gawk every couple of seconds. He hears a child's laughter.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Darren is waiting in the chair looking for the sun.

The crows gawk faintly. His posture changes from stiff to nervous as the sky turns dark.

He stands looking through the window with disaster in his eyes.

He clenches his jaw. Darren puts his face in his hands.

EXT. DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Darren looks down at the pond. The water is fresh. A dead crow lies at the bottom of the pond. Darren looks over to the tree and sees a small hole in the ground.

The air is silent.

EXT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Darren pulls up and parks in front of the police station. He looks at the police station while the car still runs. It looks desolate.

Darren looks in his rear view mirror. He looks stressed out. He tries to hide it but can't. The sky behind the station is a bright purple. You can see birds fluttering behind the station.

Darren puts the car in park. He turns the car off. A knock is heard at his window.

A BUM is there.

BUM  
Change to spare?

Darren shakes his head no. The bum waves him off and walks in the opposite direction.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Darren walks into the station. Silence fills the empty room.

DARREN  
Hello?

Darren gulps.

DARREN  
I'm going fucking crazy...

The Captain comes out of the shadows followed by the Enforcer.

DARREN  
Thank God.

CAPTAIN  
Darren Jacobs.

The Captain looks at the Enforcer.

CAPTAIN  
This is him.

There's no one else in the station.

DARREN  
Where is everybody?

CAPTAIN  
Gave em the night off due to  
extreme circumstances. Due to  
Judgement Day.

The Enforcer looks more menacing now. He looks like a pitbull  
ready to attack.

DARREN  
I want to file a missing persons  
report.

The Captain pulls out a piece of paper. He reads from it.

CAPTAIN  
Victim. Bonnie Jacobs. 24 years of  
age; black hair with a white  
streak, grey-blue eyes. Married to  
Darren Jacobs. That would be you?

DARREN  
She was here?

The Captain looks at the Enforcer. The Enforcer approaches  
Darren. Darren backs away but the Enforcer snarls and grabs  
Darren's shirt. He leads him into a hallway.

The Captain follows.

DARREN  
This is a misunderstanding! Where  
is she? I want to see her!

CAPTAIN  
See her? You'll see her. Don't  
worry.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

We see a ceiling fan moving very fast. It cuts the air  
brilliantly. Darren's pushed forcefully into the room.

DARREN  
What are the charges?

The Enforcer and the Captain exchange a look.

CAPTAIN  
Murder...

DARREN  
No, no, no. That's all wrong!  
What's going on?

The Enforcer moves over to Darren and puts him in a chokehold. The Enforcer sits Darren down in a chair.

Darren tries to breath but has a hard time. His skin is turning beet-red from the air restriction. His eyes are fixed on the table. He's confused.

Darren looks to the floor. He sees roaches under the table. The Enforcer lifts Darren's head from the floor. Darren sees a TV and a VCR placed neatly on the desk in the interrogation room. He looks up to the Captain. The Captain nods.

The Enforcer lets go of Darren and walks over to the Captain. They both stand behind the TV. Darren rubs his neck as he tries to compose himself.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
That's assault! I want to speak to-

The Captain clocks Darren on the bridge of his nose.

CAPTAIN  
Dreamers don't talk!! They listen!

DARREN  
(under breath)  
What the hell is this?

CAPTAIN  
We have the testimony on tape for  
all to see. It doesn't look good  
for you.

The Captain pulls out a tape with Red Sharpie writing on it. He inserts the tape into the VCR. The TV screen goes black for a second then we see a bruised and bloodied Bonnie sitting in the same room. Her back is to the mirror.

The TV image is a dreary black and white.

Bonnie looks like a zombie. She has dirt on her face. Her eyes are bruised, her lips are bloody. She wears a slight smile.

Darren soaks this in and looks to the Captain. He points to the screen.

DARREN  
I didn't do-- No this is all  
wrong...

The Captain slams the table. His voice gets lower. Some sort of static hisses behind his voice.

CAPTAIN  
I knew you were a Dreamer. Shut up.  
Watch. Learn.

The TV screen starts to have some static, just like Darren's computer monitor. Bonnie looks toward the ground in the TV screen.

There's silence for a moment.

BONNIE  
(monotone)  
That's when he said he was going to  
destroy me.  
(points to her face)  
So he did this.

Bonnie giggles. She smacks herself in the face.

BONNIE  
Like this.  
(smacks her face)  
And this.

VOICE  
Why do you think he did it?

BONNIE  
He hates me. He thinks I killed his  
baby.

Darren can't believe his eyes. He looks to the Enforcer. The Enforcer's pupils seem to have gotten bigger. Darren starts to sweat.

The Captain slaps him.

CAPTAIN  
Watch! Learn!

Darren's leg start to shake. He tries to look at the screen.

BONNIE  
Ricky would never hurt me. Ricky  
has beautiful eyes. You can get  
lost in them, almost.

Darren grabs his pants and bunches them up as his leg shakes. Bonnie giggles like a school girl.

BONNIE  
He's infatuated with an idea... Or  
a blue print.

DARREN  
I loved you. I gave you my heart!

BONNIE  
Rick's a good lover. Way better  
than him. That's why that dickless  
school girl did this to me. At  
least Rick cums inside of me. I'd  
let Rick cum all over me.

Bonnie smacks herself in the face again. She smiles. Her teeth are bloody.

DARREN  
What is this?

BONNIE  
Rick loves me. Oh, does he love me.  
(looks at Darren)  
You can't love anything. You hate.  
You despise.

Darren looks at the Captain and the Enforcer. They are trembling all over. The Captain moves in back of Darren.

Darren stares at them. His eyes grow wide with anxiety.

BONNIE  
HEY! I'm talking to you. You are  
the problem.

Bonnie gets up and crawls on the table. She gets closer to the screen.

BONNIE  
You are soulless.

Darren backs up but the Captain is behind him.

BONNIE  
You are dead...

Darren turns off the TV then stands up.

DARREN  
This ain't right!

CAPTAIN  
(static)  
Sit down!

DARREN  
NO! This isn't right!

The captain starts to tremble even more. His eyes look to the air. His mouth opens wide as a horrific sound leaves his throat and fills the room. It sounds like two four-ton metal doors scraping together.

The Captain grabs Darren's throat. His eyes are black like a shark's. His teeth are sharp and ragged for eating raw meat. Darren tries to hold him off.

The Enforcer grabs Darren from behind. Darren sees him in the mirror. He looks the same as the Captain.

CAPTAIN  
(static)  
This is who you are!!

Darren grabs the gun from the cops holster. He shoots the Captain in the stomach. The Captain falls to the ground.

He puts the gun up to the Enforcers head as they struggle. He sees the Enforcer in the mirror. He pulls the trigger. A shot rings out. Darren goes deaf as he sees blood splash the mirror. Sound comes back as The Enforcer falls to the ground.

Darren is mortified as he holds the gun at his thigh. His hand shakes as he sees his reflection. Fear and confusion flood his face.

The Enforcer shakes terribly as blood oozes from his neck. Darren backs away from him.

The Captain crawls toward him. He makes the same horrific noise as Darren aims the gun at his head.

DARREN  
This ain't fucking right!

He pulls the trigger. The room gets silent.

Beat.

The floor begins to vibrate. Darren hears a muffled version of the same horrific noise beneath him, but 100-fold. The Captain lay in the corner. His black eyes reflect the light.

CAPTAIN  
(static; slowly)  
This is who you are...

The Captain's eyes close as Darren looks at the gun. He throws it down then bolts for the door. The horrific shrieks grow louder. He hears foot steps rushing toward him.

EXT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Darren runs down the steps as fast as he can. He breathes heavily. The horrific shrieks get closer as Darren runs full speed.

He gets to his car and fumbles for his keys. He looks through the window. His keys rest on his seat.

The shrieks get louder and louder. Darren takes off down the street. We see him running as ten to twenty hybrid zombies bust out of the front door of the police station.

Darren runs for his life. The shrieks run through his spine. Darren sees the Alley.

EXT. ALLEY-NIGHT

Darren hides underneath the loading dock. The evil shrieks are ingrained in his skull. He hides in the shadows as much as he can. He sweats profusely as he breathes heavily. He sees a cluster of shadows pass the alley. The sounds and shrieks die down as the hybrids seem to lose track of him.

Darren sighs with relief. He rests for a moment. The air gets silent. Darren suddenly hears NOISES: CONSUMPTION, LICKING of the lips, etc. Darren moves closer as the shadows form into decipherable shapes.

Darren sees two bums standing over the BUM 1. Bum 1's face is in the ground, WIGGLING back and forth; HUFFING and puffing.

BUM 1  
I wish we had warm food.

BUM 2  
That'd be sweet.

BUM 3  
I can't complain.

Then we hear a burp.

BUM 2  
...Like a pigeon or something.

Fear washes over Darren's face. Darren hits a piece of metal with his leg. It rings out loudly.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
I-uh-

Darren slides out from under neath the loading dock. The main bum stops wiggling.

BUM 1  
(gargled tone)  
I think we've got a guest, boys.

Bum 2 sniffs.

BUM 2  
No, we've got food.

Bum 1 smiles with blood around his mouth.

BUM 1  
Not too bad to be the scum of the earth.

Darren stops breathing. He grabs a metal pipe for protection. Bum 1 stands up. He straightens his posture. The two bums stand behind him on either side. Darren looks to an awning and sees another one climb down a wall and look in his direction.

Darren's eyes lock in on BUM 1. Bum 1 holds a lifeless dog by the neck in his left hand. Darren looks at Bum 1's face. His mouth is covered in blood. His eyes are black.

His teeth are chiseled unevenly. Made for eating raw meat. His skin looks ravaged; infected; alive.

The bums line up behind bum 1. Bum 4 crawls on the ground like a monkey. Darren watches the zombie's grab their faces and run their fingers through their skin. Their skin stretches like wax and stays disfigured.

Bum 1 hisses blood through his teeth. He slowly pulls three fingers through his right cheek and then his left, then he slams the dead dog into the dumpster.

BUM 1  
Boys?

The four hybrids take chase lightning fast as they begin the hunt. Darren takes off out of the alley.

EXT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Darren turns around the corner out of the Alley. He's running with a metal pipe. He runs like the wind. The bums are getting closer. They start to shriek. Darren looks to his left and sees the first group of zombies.

DARREN

Fuck me.

Darren slams into his car. He throws the pipe through the window. He unlocks the door through his window as he looks at the zombies. They are gaining on him. The shrieks infest the air. Darren starts his car. He puts it into drive then speeds off.

Hands attack Darren through the window as he drives. Darren hits them with the pipe. He drives into the night as he outruns the zombies.

INT. DARREN'S CAR

Darren drives his car in the night relieved to be alive. He looks like train wreck central. He stops at a stop light. He lays his head back to catch his breath. Light shines on his face as he hears a train. He looks up.

An elevated train track confuses Darren.

DARREN

When did they put in an L?

The white light on Darren's face creates some kind of trance.

BELLHOP (O.S.)

Since I've been here!

Darren freaks out. He looks to his right. The bellhop is in the passenger side seat.

BELLHOP

Having fun? It's so much better than Great Adventure.

He smiles. Darren looks at him like he's the one who's crazy.

BELLHOP

Well, I am... if that makes you  
feel any better.

DARREN

Fun?? THAT!! I didn't sign up for  
this.

Darren points back toward the road.

DARREN

Hey Fuck you man! I can't tell  
what's real and what's not! My wife-  
Shit, fuck! My baby.

BELLHOP

It's all a game! Don't fret!  
(beat)  
I didn't say it was going to be  
easy.

DARREN

This ain't real. It's not. Zombies.  
No way.

BELLHOP

You've been searching for this your  
whole life.

DARREN

Not for this.

BELLHOP

Yes, for this.

DARREN

I may not know what I think most of  
the time, but I know the difference  
between fact or fiction.

The Bellhop looks at the windshield.

BELLHOP

You're so sure.

Darren nods with conviction. He squeezes the steering wheel.

BELLHOP

(points to windshield)  
Look.

The bellhop smiles as a train goes by on the L. White light  
shines off of Darren's face.

Darren looks at the windshield. Shock covers his face. He sees himself at his workstation. He's working, but he's catatonic.

Darren points to the windshield in disbelief.

DARREN  
How is this possible?

BELLHOP  
You're in my world now. Anything is possible.

The light still shines off of Darren's face as he hears the music he's making. He's scared of himself.

DARREN  
If I had known...

BELLHOP  
Stop worrying. There's one last step and you're almost there.

Darren has given up.

DARREN  
What's that?

BELLHOP  
Getting over one last hump, the only lie you truly believe...

DARREN  
(apathetic)  
Yeah? What's that?

BELLHOP  
The fear of God...

Darren looks at the Bellhop. He's gone. Darren looks at the windshield. All he sees is light and the motion of something moving fast.

The light shines off his face as he blinks trying to fight it off.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

Light shines off Darren's face as he slowly comes out of his catatonic state. He's not breathing. Darren vomits on the floor.

Darren breathes in and out heavily. He grabs his head and squeezes. He opens his eyes. His reflection looks back at him.

He falls into some sort of trance. His mentality perks up.

DARREN'S REFLECTION  
The fear of God?

Darren snaps out of it. He shakes his head.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

Darren sits in the dark room. He stares at the screen. His knee shakes.

DARREN (V.O.)  
The fear of God...

Darren looks at his keyboard. He looks at the blank screen.

Darren looks at the projector. He hears it whisper to him.

The TICK-TICK-TICK starts from the projector.

The screen runs white then switches to black. Credits fade in and out of the screen.

ON THE SCREEN: Written and Directed by Abel and Cain...

...Produced by Rick Dennehy.

The music starts.

Darren listens to his work.

He writes down little things on his notepad. He shakes his head and closes his eyes. He listens. We hear moaning and dragging mixed with haunting violin. Darren listens back to his score as the images flash over his face.

The score stops abruptly.

Darren snaps out of his self-induced haze. The film keeps going.

ON THE SCREEN: Two MEN are facing each other. One is though a screen door.

OTHER MAN  
Can I help you?

MANS VOICE

Jake?

OTHER MAN

Yes?

We hear a crash and a scream.

Darren smiles with determination.

He goes back to where he was on the score. He plays it back.

We hear a familiar piece. Darren walks over to his work station and plays along with the piece. It doesn't stop this time. He continues its flow.

Excitement fills his eyes.

ON THE SCREEN: We see the shovel. We see someone digging up dirt. The hole is deep enough not to see anything but shoveled dirt. The man comes out of the door and speaks to the woman.

Darren plays to the film. He hits a wrong note. He continues then hits another wrong note. He stops and watches the film.

ON THE SCREEN: A man and woman are arguing.

MAN (O.S)

I did it. I will not stop.

WOMAN

You're crazy.

MAN

I swear to God.

WOMAN

You'll be making up your own stories soon.

The man walks out of the room. The girl smiles in victory. The man goes out to the shed. He grabs a shovel. He drops the shovel on the fresh dirt. Then he walks into the house.

Darren begins to play again. In the hallway, the man writes in blood the word "FUCKING" on the wall.

He stops for a moment to think. Then he goes into the bath tub and turns on the faucet.

ON THE SCREEN:

The man is slamming the shovel downward as his pants are sprayed with blood. He does it over and over again. His teeth are showing.

Darren falls deeper into the film. He plays more beautifully the more violent it gets. Darren rises as he plays. He crescendos as the bloody shovel is pushed into the dirt.

Darren stops playing as he lets out a long breath. Darren stops the projector.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Darren walks in the kitchen, exorcised. He's feeling better. He opens the fridge.

SHOCK invades his eyes.

In the fridge, there is a JAR filled with OOZE and BLOOD. There's DIRT on the jar. Darren picks it up and looks closer. Darren screams in horror and throws the jar into the corner. It clinks against the floor. Darren backs away from it.

The jar circles around on the floor. Its momentum slows down. Darren stares at it. It inches around in circles.

When it stops, the FETUS inside looks at him. Darren sees the fetus' eyes blink then it places a hand on the glass.

FETUS

Daddy...

Darren runs out to the porch.

EXT. PORCH-DUSK

Darren vomits over the side of the porch. He coughs up more stuff as he looks up.

DARREN

Fuck me...

A HOLE is dug in front of the tree. The shovel is stuck in the ground. Darren walks down the steps as he wipes his mouth. The sky is dark. Rain starts to fall. Darren looks to the sky. Then he looks at the house. He hears a phone ring.

Confusion and fear inflict Darren.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Darren slowly opens the door as he gets an eye on his ringing cell phone. He walks slowly toward it.

The ringing dies out. Darren grabs the phone and stares at it. He looks out to the driveway.

Darren analyzes the phone. He moves on to the back porch.

EXT. BACK PATIO-NIGHT

Darren dials again. We see Rick's name come up on the phone. Nothing.

Darren looks at the second floor of the house. He looks at his phone.

INT. STAIRWAY-NIGHT

Darren gets a signal on the stairs. He walks up the stairs as he listens.

INT. HALLWAY

The phone drops to the floor. Darren looks at the hallway. The walls are painted with the words: "FUCKING CUNT HELP ME PLEASE" in blood.

Darren sees the words lead to the bathroom. The bedroom gets Darren's attention. He walks toward it.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

The rain is coming down hard. Darren looks at the room with horror. There's BLOOD on the walls, footprints on the ground, and blood soaked in a big stain on the carpet. The blood soaked in the carpet leads into the bathroom. Darren hears a moaning.

DARREN

Oh God...

He hears water spilling.

INT. HALLWAY

Darren walks slowly along the wall. He doesn't breathe. He just inches closer and closer.

He hears water spill on the floor. He can see the tub. A shower curtain covers everything.

As Darren gets closer, Bonnie comes into view, holding herself up with two arms in the red water. She moans.

DARREN

Bon, what's wrong baby?

Darren moves closer. Bonnie looks at him seductively.

DARREN (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

INT. BATHROOM

The shower curtain hides Bonnie's lower half. Darren moves his hand to the shower curtain. He gulps. He pulls the shower curtain away. He looks into the tub.

Darren can't believe what he sees. He puts his fist in his mouth and bites down as hard as possible. Every single emotion crashes Darren's psyche at once. The room spins.

Tears push out from his eyes.

Bonnie grabs for Darren's leg as she moans. Water spills out of the tub onto Darren's pants. Darren screams and backs out of the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY

Bonnie pulls herself out of the tub. Her arms are doing all of the work. Bonnie pulls herself on the floor. Her legs move a second after her arms pull her.

Darren backs up in awe and fear. He looks into the bedroom. The BLOODY SHOVEL is in the corner of the bedroom.

Darren backs away from the bedroom. He backs away down the stairs as Bonnie follows him.

BONNIE

(gurgling)

Don't run away from me.

Darren loses his footing and everything circles around. As he hits his head on the floor he can see Bonnie making her way down the stairs on her hands.

Her lower half gets caught on the top stair as she pulls her legs from her body completely. She crawls toward him slowly as blood stains the stairs.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. DARREN'S HOUSE-DAY

The sun doesn't show. It is a dark, grey sky.

Darren wakes up on the floor at the foot of the stairs. We see long black hair next to Darren's head. The hair touches his face. He sees blood in the white streak. He looks to his stomach and sees Bonnie's arm draped over him. It's bruised. He pushes it away and blood wipes all over Bonnie's arms.

From a heaven's view we see Bonnie's upper half laying near Darren and her lower half at the top of the stairs. Dried up blood is everywhere.

Darren grabs his face and screams so loud he pops blood vessels in both eyes.

EXT. LAWN-DAY

The crows wait by the hole in the ground. They gawk at Darren. Darren pats the dirt level with the dirty, bloody shovel.

Darren falls to his knees. He starts to cry.

DARREN

I'm sorry...

Darren's phone rings.

He shoots a look to the house. He looks at the dirt.

INT. KITCHEN

The ringing stops. Darren checks the phone.

CELL PHONE: RICK

Darren looks out to the hole. He looks at his bloody hands.

DARREN  
(on phone)  
Hey, Rick.

RICK (O.S.)  
Ya get my message?

DARREN  
Uh, no.

Beat.

Determination fills Darren's bloody face.

RICK  
You alright brutha? You sound a  
little...

DARREN  
No, I'm fine. I'm just a little  
discombobulated, ya know.

RICK  
Discombobulated.  
(beat)  
Well, I wanted to hear what was  
going on with "Symphony".

DARREN  
(devilish smile)  
I'm finished.

RICK  
What? Already!

DARREN  
Uh huh.

RICK  
So? How do you feel about it?

DARREN  
Can you say "modern classic"?

RICK  
Fuck, man. I'm coming over. I can't  
wait to hear it.

Darren looks at the hole in the yard.

DARREN  
I'll be here.

Rick hangs up.

DARREN  
I'm waiting...

EXT. DARREN'S HOUSE-DAY

The black clouds still sit over Darren's house. Darren is sitting in a chair just watching the crows sit by the grave. Darren's cleaned up his bloody hands. Darren clicks the box cutter in and out as he waits.

Rick's car pulls up in the drive way. Darren hides the box cutter in his hand. Rick comes out of the car smiling until he sees Darren's condition.

RICK  
What the fuck happened to you?

Darren looks at Rick suspiciously.

DARREN  
I got sick.  
(points to eyes)  
Fucking me all up.

Rick walks up the stairs concerned.

DARREN  
Bonnie told me some things.

Rick backs away.

RICK  
Like what?  
(looks in house)  
You alright?

Darren points inside the house.

DARREN  
She wants to talk to you. She's in there...  
(chuckles)  
She's in pieces, really broken up about something.

Rick looks at Darren. He knows something's wrong.

RICK  
The fuck you do, man??

Rick runs into the house.

Darren pulls out the box cutter and looks at it.

DARREN  
Nothin' really.

Darren walks into house.

INT. BATHROOM

Darren looks at the red water-filled bathtub. He looks in the cabinet. His hands are bloody again. He pulls out some razors.

He looks at himself in the mirror. He examines his bloodshot eyes. He holds up an eye. It's Ricks.

DARREN'S REFLECTION  
The third eye?

DARREN  
He knew things. He had vision.

Darren looks at the razors. His hands won't stop shaking.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

Darren looks at the white screen..

Darren tries to turn on the projector. He finally hits the button.

The ticking begins.

DARREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Will my work set me free?

Darren shuts out the light. Darkness overcomes him in the room. The film starts.

Darren sits at his work station. He watches the screen in front of him. The music plays back. He just watches helplessly in his chair.

ON THE SCREEN: We see Darren carrying the knife.

Sadness falls over Darren's face. He pulls a razor from a sleeve.

EXT. LAWN-NIGHT

The wind kicks up and whips dirt over the hole. The wind stops-we just see the dirt.

The dirt starts to move.

DARREN (V.O.)  
I'm not scared.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

Darren starts to play. The blood has dried up on his hands. The music plays through out the montage.

ON THE SCREEN: Darren on the screen working on the symphony. We see someone go through the light.

CUT TO:

ON THE SCREEN: Darren grabbing Bonnie in the kitchen and covering her face. Bonnie screams. Darren bites her neck. Blood flows from his mouth.

Darren just stares into the screen like a mental patient.

EXT. LAWN-NIGHT

In the dirt, a hand pops out. It feels around the edges. It grabs hold.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

ON THE SCREEN: Darren throws Bonnie in the bath tub. He puts his foot on Bonnie's chest then raises the shovel. Darren's eyes are dead, automatic.

ON THE SCREEN: Darren turns on the faucet. He moves Bonnie's legs the opposite way, like they are detached.

Darren, locked into the screen, gives a quick laugh.

EXT. LAWN-NIGHT

There's dirt every where. But the hole is no longer covered. Something crawled out of it. We hear dragging.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

Darren can't take it.

ON THE SCREEN: Darren grabs a clear jar and dumps it into the bath tub. He pulls it out and then he tightens the lid.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

We look at the corner where the jar was laying. It's gone. A TRAIL of BLOOD leads away from the corner.

We hear moaning and dragging.

INT. DARREN'S BASEMENT WORKSPACE-NIGHT

Darren looks to the DOOR.

ON THE SCREEN: Darren carries a big bag. It's raining. He throws the bag into the hole. His hands are dirty and bloody. His eyes are lifeless. He picks up the shovel. He shovels one more dirt pile into BLACK. On the screen:

The credits start to roll.

Shock falls over Darren's face. His eyes are locked on the screen.

ON THE SCREEN: THE END

CREDITS: DARREN JACOBS as THE KILLER

Darren looks at his REFLECTION in the computer screen.

Darren grabs for the razor. He opens the package. He turns away from the computer screen.

He hears scratching against the door. The door opens a crack letting the moaning audible.

A BRIGHT LIGHT shines through the crack. He hears dragging.

We hear the door open. Darren turns around.

BONNIE  
(static gurgling)  
Honey?

Bonnie is dragging herself on the floor, holding the jar. She drags herself closer as Darren drops the razor to the carpet.

BONNIE  
Till death do us part...

The screen goes BLACK as the film starts to FLAP from the projector.

Bonnie moans. Her eyes are sunken. She's the living dead. She wants to feast.

Darren sinks into his chair. He lets his arms fall. He arches his head back.

DARREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This is the fear of God...

Bonnie climbs up Darren's body. Darren sees her crucifix and grabs it. He rips it from her neck. Bonnie sinks her teeth in. Darren screams and screams.

The necklace falls to the floor, perpendicular to the box cutter. It creates a symbolic cross.

The FLAPPING of the projector keeps going.

EXT. MAIN STREET-DAY

The streets are lively. The same bums hang in the street. They ask for change.

Police cars speed past them.

INT. COFFEE SHOP-DAY

The waitress pours coffee for the Captain.

The Enforcers radio goes off.

EXT. HELL HOUSE-DAY

The door is boarded up. The sun shines bright on the house.

POLICE CARS speed past the house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY-MORNING

Darren's car sits in the driveway. It's untouched and brand new.

INT. WHITE ROOM

Darren sits in a white, mental patient uniform. He stares into the corner, talking to himself. He smiles. He holds an imaginary crystal ball in his hands. His fingers move slowly together.

He smiles broadly as he stares into a corner.

In the background, undead Bonnie holds the jar...

There's a mirror in the room.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM

The Bellhop, dressed in a Doctor's Uniform, Bonnie and Rick watch through the glass.

BELLHOP/DOCTOR

Every day. The same routine. His work must've got to him. He's some where else. I tried everything and can't seem to get through.

BONNIE

Is there a chance he'll get better?

BELLHOP/DOCTOR

Theoretically, he could just snap out of it. But most theories, ya know, are inconclusive. But... he's mine until he does.

Rick looks through the glass. He holds Bonnie and squeezes her hand lightly. She rests her head against his shoulder.

BONNIE

...At least he looks happy...

Rick kisses Bonnie on the cheek as we watch Darren sit in the corner. We fade back as Rick and Bonnie leave the frame.

We see the bell hop look through the glass as Darren looks in the corner. The bellhop pulls out a pen, writes down in his little notebook then clicks his pen and puts it back in his pocket.

THE END

FADE OUT.

