

The Rake

by

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The definition of the word "*Fate*" appears against a black backdrop.

FATE [feyt] noun: The development of events beyond a person's control, regarded as determined by a supernatural power.

FADE IN

INT. MOSS HOME -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT

It is the middle of the night. The house is completely dark. And as quiet as a tomb.

CANDACE

6 years old, blonde and cherry cheeked, creeps down the hall towards her parent's bedroom, nervously looking over her shoulder as she hurries.

A sickly yellow tint emanates from the room, like it has a life of it's own and it is waiting hungrily for her to come back.

INT. MOSS HOME -- PARENT'S BEDROOM

The moon from the window creeps across the bed, bathing it in pale white light.

HARPER MOSS

30's, very large and looming, with a shaved head and tattoos down each arm, lies fast asleep in bed. His wife sleeps soundly next to him.

Candace quietly pushes open the door. It CREAKS as she peeks in. She walks across the room to the bed, and pushes on her father's giant arm.

CANDACE

Daddy.

Candace gets no response, so she pushes again.

CANDACE (CONT'D)

Daddy.

Harper slowly rouses from his deeply pleasant sleep.

HARPER MOSS

What--What is it sweetie?

CANDACE

The wrinkled man is in my room again.

HARPER MOSS

What?

CANDACE

He's in my room again.

HARPER MOSS

Come on, sweetie, daddy has to get up early. You want to sleep in here?

CANDACE

You never believe me. Come see him. He's in there. Just like he was last night.

HARPER MOSS

Alright, baby. Give me one second.

Harper reluctantly drags himself out of his warm bed and gives himself a second.

Candace grabs Harper by the hand and attempts to pull him up.

CANDACE

Come on daddy, before he goes away again.

Harper gets to his feet and exits the room with Candace.

Harper's wife rolls over, still sound asleep.

INT. MOSS HOME -- HALLWAY

Candace pulls Harper along as he lumbers down the long hallway, toward the now dark room. She pushes open the door.

INT. MOSS HOME -- CANDACE'S BEDROOM

The moon cuts through the darkness, revealing toys, and Stuffed animals lining the walls. Nothing out of the ordinary, except--

CANDACE

Look.

There, on the bed, sits THE RAKE.

The Rake sits at the edge of the bed, His twisted back is facing us, spine twisted and creeping up his paper-thin, pig flesh. His body contracts and expands heavily, like it hurts him to breathe.

Flies suddenly can be heard BUZZING throughout the room. The sound grows louder as the Rake slowly turns his head--

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN

INT. DANIEL'S CAR -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Daniel 30, Handsome, well-kept, well dressed yet modest, drives the car.

SARAH, 30, attractive, warm-looking, pleasant, sits in the passenger seat.

SARAH

Well that went well. Don't you think?

DANIEL

Are you being sarcastic?

SARAH

No! Of course not. I just want to know what you think.

DANIEL

I think...I think you hated every minute of it.

SARAH

No I didn't!

DANIEL

You did Sarah. You did. You want to know why you did?

SARAH

Why?

DANIEL

Because I did.

Sarah smiles amusingly.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It was excruciating. And I hated every single minute of it.

SARAH
Okay, got that of your chest. How do you think it went?

Daniel gives it a few seconds thought before replying.

DANIEL
I think it went well.

SARAH
And you did well. Well enough to give your bosses no reason whatsoever to not make you partner.

DANIEL
You think so?

SARAH
I do. And I'm proud of you.

DANIEL
(Blushing)
You're proud of me?

SARAH
Very. Whatever happens.

DANIEL
Wait a second. You aren't ever that mushy. What are you fishing for?

Sarah moves closer to Daniel. Close enough to kiss him.

SARAH
A kiss, to start.

Daniel turns his head just enough to keep an eye on the road and share a quick but passionate kiss with Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I also need to tell you something.

DANIEL
I'm listening.

SARAH

Well I was going to wait to tell you, but being that tonight is going so well I figured I would make the night that much more special.

DANIEL

What is it?

Sarah smiles warmly, but doesn't rush to divulge anything.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Come on Sarah! What is it?

SARAH

Well you know how I haven't been feeling well lately? So I went to the doctor...

DANIEL

And?

SARAH

I'm pregnant.

DANIEL

Wait, what?

SARAH

Yep. Found out this morning.

DANIEL

You're pregnant?

SARAH

Yeah! You're gonna be a dad!

Daniel has to focus to maintain control of the car.

DANIEL

Oh my god Sarah! Are you serious?

SARAH

Yes!

Daniel grabs Sarah and kisses her.

DANIEL

We're going to be parents?

SARAH

Yeah!

DANIEL
That's the best
news...well...ever! I don't even
know what to say!

SARAH
Well we have time. And since we
still have a ways to go before we
get home, I was thinking baby
names. What do you think of--?

A split-second flash of high beams and--

DANIEL
SARAH!

CRASH!

CUT TO BLACK:

We hear LAUGHTER. The twisted mixture of a hyena's call and
a child's anguished cries.

FADE IN:

INT. MIDWAY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -- DR. CHANNING'S OFFICE
-- DAY

"Six Months Later"

Comfortable but sterile office, with plush chairs, a desk
and a window to the outside.

Daniel sits in a chair facing the desk.

DR. CHANNING

Sits behind the desk but OUT OF FRAME. We hear his raspy
voice, along with pages slowly flipping as he fingers
through a notebook.

DR. CHANNING
So Daniel, how are you feeling
today?

DANIEL
Like shit. Sleeping less.

DR. CHANNING
How much?

DANIEL
Don't know. Three, maybe four
hours a night.

DR. CHANNING
And the dreams?

DANIEL
More frequent.

DR. CHANNING
Your prescriptions aren't helping?

DANIEL
No. It's not the pills anyway.
It's...

DR. CHANNING
Go on.

DANIEL
It's him...it.

DR. CHANNING
The man you spoke of before?

DANIEL
It's not a man.

DR. CHANNING
What is he then?

DANIEL
I don't know, I...I just know that
it is always there. I try to sleep
and it is there. I'm awake, it's
there. Day, night. It even matter
anymore. it's just there.

DR. CHANNING
Does it have a name?

DANIEL
What?

DR. CHANNING
What does it call itself?

Daniel grows uncomfortable even saying the name aloud. He squirms in his seat and instantly becomes irritated.

DANIEL
What does it matter what his name
is?

DR. CHANNING
Subliminal interpretation.

DANIEL

What?

DR. CHANNING

He could be a subliminal interpretation of someone you may already know. Maybe even something ugly that happened to you long ago that you are repressing. I am trying to discern that.

DANIEL

The Rake. He calls himself The Rake.

DR. CHANNING

You said you weren't seeing him often.

DANIEL

Well I do now. And it's worse than ever.

DR. CHANNING

What about the meditation we worked on? It was working before?

DANIEL

Fuck those exercises doc! Are you kidding me?

DR. CHANNING

No. I--

DANIEL

You spend a day--a fucking hour in my shoes, seeing the things I've been seeing and you tell me if you would be fucking meditating!

DR. CHANNING

I didn't mean to offend. I am trying to find a way to help you get through this.

DANIEL

Then what else do you propose we do, Doc? I'm all ears.

DR. CHANNING

We are working on that. This isn't an exact science, Daniel. We have set forth what I believe is the best plan of action to get you better.

DANIEL
Well so far, we haven't done shit.

DR. CHANNING
It has only been six months. We need more ti--

DANIEL
Are we finished doc? Can I go home?

Dr. Channing pauses before responding.

DR. CHANNING
Now is as good a time as any. You need to rest. I am not prescribing anything other than the pills to help you sleep. I don't want you to give up on the meditation. We were making progress with it.

Daniel leans forward in his seat and rubs his neck with his palms.

DANIEL
I know Doc. I know. Look, I'm sorry for the--outburst. I know you really want to help. But you have to know by now, I'm not crazy.

Dr. Channing stands and enters FRAME. He is an older gentleman, late 50's, graying hair, large but not overweight, wearing clothes that might be a tad small for his stocky frame. He walks around the desk and places a hand on Daniel's shoulder.

DR. CHANNING
I know you aren't crazy, Daniel. I established that long ago.

DANIEL
I just want to know what is happening to me.

DR. CHANNING
That is what we are going to find out. And you will get better, I promise. It has only been six months since your accident. We've only had three solid months of therapy. You have a serious issue that needs resolving but you also need to heal.

(MORE)

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
These things take time. Now go
home and make sure to get some
rest.

DANIEL
Alright. Thanks doc.

DR. CHANNING
Thank me when you are better.

Daniel gets up and exits the room.

A separate, barely visible shadow appears and slides along
the wall, following Daniel as he exits.

INT. BUS -- MOVING -- DAY

Daniel sits near the back of the bus.

A haggard OLD WOMAN is lurched in her seat in front of him.
She looks over her shoulder at him with suspicion, disgust.

Daniel ignores the woman, choosing to look out the window
at the dreary cityscape.

EXT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -- FRONT ENTRANCE -- DAY

Worn building. Clothes hang from some of the windows. Other
windows are dark and stained from years of weathering.

Daniel gets off of the bus and enters the apartment.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Small, constricting room. Nicotine stained walls, dark,
ratty furniture scattered about.

Daniel plops down on the couch and looks at the black
screen on the television. He can see his own reflection in
the screen...and the dark, blurred reflection of something
else.

THE RAKE

Stands behind the couch, over Daniel. It is not discernible
what it is, other than humanoid-shaped with elongated
extremities.

Daniel spots the Rake and is not shocked, but aggravated,
upset by it.

DANIEL
I can see you. Mother fucker. Why
can't you leave me alone?

The light sound of horrible laughter comes from everywhere
and nowhere like nightmarish whispers in Daniel's ear.

Daniel covers his ears and shuts his eyes tight.

The laughter grows louder, and LOUDER before...

DANIEL (CONT'D)
STOP IT!!!

SILENCE.

Daniel slowly opens his eyes and looks around the room.

The Rake is gone.

RING! RING!

Telephone rings.

Daniel is startled. He jumps before looking over at the
phone. He grabs it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Yeah?

CONNIE, daniel's sister, responds.

CONNIE
(On phone)
Hi Daniel. It's Connie.

DANIEL
Hey sis. Everything okay?

CONNIE
Not bad I guess. Was just checking
in on you. You haven't called.

DANIEL
I know. I'm sorry. I just...I've
had a lot on the brain lately.

CONNIE
I know. I've been worried about
you.

SLIGHT PAUSE

CONNIE (CONT'D)

I wanted to see if you would come and meet me.

DANIEL

Sure. Any reason why?

CONNIE

Because I'm your sister. More than enough reason I think.

DANIEL

I see. Where?

CONNIE

We can meet at that diner on the corner of Center Ave.

Daniel leans back into the couch, the thought of leaving the house nauseates him.

DANIEL

Uh-okay, Sure. Let me get cleaned up first.

CONNIE

Alright. I'll be there in an hour.

DANIEL

Alright.

CONNIE

You will show up, right?

DANIEL

Of course. See you in an hour, sis.

CONNIE

Okay. See you soon.

Daniel hangs up the phone, rubs his weary face and gets to his feet.

INT. DINER -- DAY

Small diner, filled with construction workers and people in suits rushing to finish their meals before returning to work.

Connie, 30's, attractive but not as together as she could be, sits in a booth by the front window, sipping coffee as she watches life go by outside.

FATHER NANCE

Sits across from Connie. Not a handsome old fellow but he carries a very peaceful and warm aura about him. The wrinkles in his brow are proof he has seen a lot in his 50+ years. He also sips on a cup of coffee.

FATHER NANCE

So how is he?

CONNIE

He's been having a really tough time since Sarah's passing. I feel like there is this sudden--disconnect between us. He doesn't come around anymore, Julia hasn't seen him in months I--I don't know what to do.

FATHER NANCE

Well, that's normal for people who have suffered a loss. There are two extremes: They either overly crave the need for love because they feel they no longer have enough time, or they distance themselves from the ones they care about for fear of losing them too.

CONNIE

Well Danny has definitely distanced himself.

FATHER NANCE

He will come around. Just make sure you keep him in your life. His pains will eventually fade. They will never burn out, but they will fade.

Father Nance spots Daniel getting off of the bus outside. He gets up and puts on his hat.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

Well here he comes. I will leave you two to talk.

Daniel enters the diner and grins at his kid sister as he makes a beeline across the diner.

Connie's face lights up the instant she spots Daniel moving through a small crowd of patrons at the front door.

DANIEL
Hey sis. (a bit surprised) Father
Nance.

Daniel extends a hand.

Father Nance smiles gently and shakes it.

FATHER NANCE
Hello, Daniel. It's been some
time.

DANIEL
It has.

FATHER NANCE
How are you holding up?

DANIEL
I been better, but I'm trying.

FATHER NANCE
That is all one can ask for.

Connie leans forward and smiles warmly as Daniel approaches and kisses her on the cheek before sitting down.

DANIEL
How have you been?

FATHER NANCE
Not bad. Busy these days. In
troubling times, you would be
surprised how many faces you
haven't seen in years turn up.
Well, I will leave you two to it.

DANIEL
Leaving so soon, Father?

FATHER NANCE
Yes. I have things to tend to at
the church. Connie, I will see you
on Sunday. Daniel, you take care
of yourself. And you come and see
me, if you need anything at all,
spiritual or otherwise.

DANIEL
Thank you. I will.

Father Nance exits.

CONNIE
Did you want something to eat?

DANIEL
No I'm fine thanks.

A young, unkempt yet polite WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
Can I get you something to drink?

DANIEL
Coffee, please. Black. Thanks.

WAITRESS
You got it.

The waitress walks off.

DANIEL
So, Connie. How are things?

CONNIE
Good. Nothing new really. Greg is still working nights. Julia is turning six on Saturday.

DANIEL
Really? I completely forgot it was her birthday. I'm sorry.

CONNIE
It's alright. It hasn't passed yet so you have time. Which is partly why I wanted to see you today. She's having a birthday party and she wants you to be there.

Daniel becomes apprehensive.

DANIEL
Well, I--

CONNIE
She asked specifically for you to be there, Daniel. She might be little but she knows you are going through something and she misses you. So do I.

DANIEL
I know. I miss you guys too. I just--There are things that I'm going through right now, and I don't want either of you to have to deal with it.

CONNIE

I want to deal with it, Daniel. Look, I know it's only been a short time since the accident. But I want to help you get through this. I spend a lot of time worrying about you and lately, I can't help but think the worst.

DANIEL

It helps just knowing that you are concerned, Connie. It really does. But it's not just the accident now. It's become something else. And I need to--

CONNIE

What is it?

DANIEL

I need to deal with it--this on my own.

The waitress brings Daniel his coffee and sits it on the table.

WAITRESS

There you go, hun.

Daniel nods.

CONNIE

We are family, Danny. You are the only family I have left.

DANIEL

No I'm not. You have your own family now.

CONNIE

You know what I mean. Mom and Dad are gone. I'm not going to lose you too. All I want is to be in your life more. That's all.

DANIEL

Alright. I'll call you every week from now on.

CONNIE

You've said that before.

DANIEL

I know. I will this time.

CONNIE
Twice a week then, to make up for
all that time you said you were
gonna call and didn't.

DANIEL
Deal.

CONNIE
And you will come over once a week
for dinner, and--

DANIEL
Connie--

CONNIE
And you will be at Julia's
birthday party tomorrow. And I
won't take no for an answer.

Daniel knows he doesn't have a choice. He gives in.

DANIEL
Alright.

CONNIE
Promise me. Me and your niece.

DANIEL
Alright, I promise.

CONNIE
Good. Party is at three o'clock.
See you then.

DANIEL
I'll be there.

CONNIE
Good. I've gotta go. Have to pick
up Julia from her violin lesson.

Connie gets up and kisses Daniel on the cheek.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I will see you tomorrow.

DANIEL
Alright, sis.

CONNIE
Love you.

DANIEL
Me too.

Connie flashes that warm smile again and exits the diner.

Daniel sips his coffee as he watches his sister pass the front window and disappear. He checks his watch and gets up, dropping cash on the table before leaving the diner.

EXT. DINER -- DAY

Daniel exits the diner and walks to the corner, where he stands amongst a group of pedestrians either waiting on the bus or waiting to cross the street.

He suddenly becomes drawn, almost overwhelmed with a sense of panic. Something begins to eat at him, but he cannot figure out what it is.

He looks around, trying to sense where his panicked feeling is coming from. Then, Daniel spots him.

A tall, THIN MAN in all black stands within the crowd. He is pale-skinned and gaunt, wearing headphones that blast metal music.

The thin man appears normal at first, then, very suddenly, he changes. His eyes change. There is suddenly something behind them that only Daniel can see.

His eyes roll in Daniel's direction, and his parched cheeks stretch apart, revealing a menacing grin.

Daniel stands there, staring, petrified, knowing that the man who stares at him is no longer himself beneath the skin.

He can see his tormentor behind the thin man's eyes. He can see The Rake.

DANIEL
(Fleeting)
You...

THIN MAN
There is nowhere for you to run
Daniel. Give in.

The thin man keeps smiling as he lifts a leg and steps off of the curb and into traffic--

BAM!

Blood spatters a YOUNG WOMAN as the thin man is blown off his feet by an on coming truck!

YOUNG WOMAN
AAAAAAHHHHHH!!

Chaos ensues. Cars SCREECH to a halt, some panicked pedestrians move forward to get a better look, while others run off.

Daniel stands there, his eyes closed, splattered with blood. He works up the nerve to look.

The man lies on the street, his brain hanging half out of his head. His eyes are wide open, staring at Daniel.

Daniel is sickened. He looks away and hurries off.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Daniel walks in a daze down the avenue. His mind is racing, his thoughts overwhelmed with has just transpired.

Indiscernible WHISPERS on the wind...

Daniel walks and looks over his shoulder as leaves swirl behind him, gaining ground, like they are following him. He quickens his pace.

The wind picks up, becoming a whirlwind at Daniel's heels.

Daniel quickly rounds the corner and slams head first into a filthy HOMELESS MAN, scaring the hell out of both of them.

DANIEL
Jesus!

HOMELESS MAN
Whoa! I'm sorry pal.

DANIEL
No it-it's okay. It's my fault.

The homeless man notices Daniel's flushed skin.

HOMELESS MAN
You okay pal?

DANIEL
Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks.

HOMELESS MAN
Okay. Take it easy.

Daniel continues on his way.

Homeless man stares over his shoulder at Daniel as he passes.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
Give in, Daniel.

Daniel abruptly stops. The homeless man's words send chills down his spine. He turns--

The homeless man is gone.

Daniel takes a second to gather himself. He takes a deep breath and hurries off.

EXT. CITY STREET -- IN FRONT OF CHURCH -- DAY

Father Nance stands on a ladder, updating a bulletin board.

Daniel turns another corner and spots Father Nance. He hopes the old man won't notice so that he can keep moving.

FATHER NANCE
Daniel?

DANIEL
Oh, hello Father.

FATHER NANCE
Didn't expect to see you so soon.

Daniel attempts to continue his walk to avoid conversation.

Father Nance climbs down and stops Daniel in his tracks. He can sense the tension.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)
Something wrong, son?

DANIEL
Yeah. I'm fine. Im--

FATHER NANCE
You seem to be carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders. Come inside for a bit. Talk to me.

DANIEL
No, that's alright, Father. I--

FATHER NANCE
Oh, Nonsense. We haven't had a talk in a very long time and I think you need it. Come on.

(MORE)

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)
Come inside, if only for five
minutes. Mind the ladder.

Daniel has no response. He reluctantly enters the church
with Father Nance.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Sunlight streams in through stained-glass windows, bouncing
streaks of color off of the walls of the beautiful yet very
old church.

Daniel and Father Nance sit in the front pew, facing the
altar.

Daniel's eyes dart nervously around the church as if he is
waiting for something to happen.

FATHER NANCE
Whatever you are waiting to
happen, I can assure you, you are
safe here.

DANIEL
(Under his breath) I don't know
about that.

FATHER NANCE
Pardon?

DANIEL
Nothing.

FATHER NANCE
Well I just want to make you aware
that your sister isn't the only
one that supports you. You can
come in anytime to talk to me.

DANIEL
I know--

FATHER NANCE
I would hope so. I baptized you in
this building. Your wedding was
here too. You should think of this
place being as much of a home as
your own.

DANIEL
I also said goodbye to Sarah here.

FATHER NANCE

Yes. Yes I know. A very sad day indeed. For all of us. I can only imagine how you felt. How have things been?

DANIEL

Not so good. I just--

FATHER NANCE

Go on, son.

DANIEL

I just feel like I'm being punished. Like some--thing is punishing me for what happened the day she died.

FATHER NANCE

Daniel, her death was not your fault. Not in the slightest. The Lord would not punish you for her death.

DANIEL

Maybe he isn't the one who is punishing me.

FATHER NANCE

What do you mean?

DANIEL

I don't know. It--It would sound crazy anyway.

FATHER NANCE

Well if you are referring to Lucifer, while I can't deny his existence, his power only lies in leading good men to do evil things.

DANIEL

Then maybe he is driving me to that.

FATHER NANCE

I don't believe so. You have undergone something that no one should ever have to go through in their lives. Something so tragic as that would make you feel like you have lost a part of yourself.

(MORE)

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

And the entire world around you
can appear to change when
something like that happens. The
evils of the world tend to be more
visible.

DANIEL

What do you think then?

FATHER NANCE

Are you still seeing your
therapist?

DANIEL

I am.

FATHER NANCE

Well that is a start. It can only
help. But you can also come and
see me as well. I know he has all
of the scholastic accolades and
what not but sometimes the best
help comes from close friends.

DANIEL

Thanks Father. That would be nice.

Suddenly the doors burst open from a sudden draft.

Daniel is so startled by it that he jumps to his feet. He
stands there, listening. Waiting.

A soft, vile CHUCKLE can be heard, riding in on the wind.

FATHER NANCE

Darn doors. All it takes is a
slight wind. Are you alright
Daniel?

DANIEL

I'm fine. I--

Daniel spots a figure cloaked in darkness just as it
disappears at the far end of the church.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I need to go.

FATHER NANCE

Are you sure you are alright?

DANIEL

I'm fine, Father. I just have to
go. Thank you for the talk.

Daniel rushes toward the double doors leading out of the building.

FATHER NANCE
Remember, the doors here are
always open, son.

DANIEL
I will, Father. Thanks.

Father Nance watches Daniel hurry out of the building, sensing the poor man's uneasiness dragging out of the door with him like a shadow.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Daniel enters his apartment and closes the door behind him. He locks his door with all four deadbolts. He puts his back to the door and looks around the room.

DANIEL
Come out. You bastard. COME OUT!

The apartment is quiet. Empty. A deafening silence fills the room.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Stay away from Nance!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Four hard RAPS on his floor.

Daniel almost jumps out of his skin.

The raspy-voiced NEIGHBOR that lives beneath him calls out.

RASPY-VOICED NEIGHBOR
Hey! Keep it down up there!

Daniel nervously tries to calm himself, closing his eyes and taking a few deep breaths.

The room slowly becomes a little brighter, the light from the windows creating beams of warm across the dust covered floors.

DANIEL
Sorry. I'm sorry.

Daniel calms somewhat from the sunshine on his face. He takes a heavy breath before walking down the hall.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- DAY

Steam creates a heavy mist in the room, fogging the mirror. Daniel stands in the shower, watching the slightly tainted water as it circles the drain. A weary scowl stretches across his face.

A silhouette stands behind him on the other side of the shower. It is The Rake, standing as still as a statue, taunting him, quietly eating at his senses.

Daniel stares down at his razor and suddenly has a thought. He reaches down with a shaking hand and grabs it. He takes the single blade and holds it to his wrist with a shaky hand.

Hot water runs freely down his arm, causing his vein to pulsate. He presses the blade, creating a trickle of blood.

The Rake continues to stand there, his twisted and contorted body heaves in and out slightly as his barely audible, yet monstrous BREATHING is heard just under the HISS of the shower, daring Daniel to end it all.

Daniel adds pressure to the blade, causing more blood to trickle. The pain causes Daniel to wince. His hand becomes more unsteady.

RING! RING!

The phone in the living room rings.

Daniel stands there, watching the blood ooze from his wrist. His brain tells his hand to finish it, but his hand refuses to budge.

RING! RING!

Daniel slides the blade a bit more, but the shock of pain goes up his arm and causes him to drop the razor.

DANIEL

Shit!

RING! RING!

Daniel stands over the razor, defeated. Dejected. Once again, beaten by The Rake.

Drops of his blood mix with the water as it runs down his hanging hand and into the drain.

The Rake CHUCKLES again. That devilish laugh.

Daniel turns and rips the curtain open!

The Rake is gone.

Daniel steps out of the shower.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Daniel walks into the living room wearing only a towel. He pushes the answering machine button.

DR. CHANNING
 (On Machine) Daniel, its Dr.
 Channing. Just calling to make
 sure you are coming to tomorrow's
 session. Give me a call.

Daniel picks up the phone and dials.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
 (On phone) This is Dr. Channing.

DANIEL
 Doc. It's Daniel.

DR. CHANNING
 (On phone) Hello Daniel. I just
 called to make sure you were
 coming to our session tomorrow.

DANIEL
 I'll be there.

DR. CHANNING
 (On phone) Very well. Is
 everything alright? You don't
 sound well.

DANIEL
 We can talk about it tomorrow.

DR. CHANNING
 (On phone) Are you sure? You
 already know that I am always
 available, no matter what time.

DANIEL
 I know. I'll see you tomorrow Doc.

DR. CHANNING
 (On phone) Alright. Tomorrow then.

Daniel hangs up and looks down at his wrist. Blood trickles to the floor. He puts pressure on it and walks back to the bathroom.

EXT. CITY -- DAY

The sun slowly creeps behind monolithic structures, casting long ominous shadows over the cityscape as it slowly turns to night.

INT. DR. CHANNING'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Dr. Channing stands at a file cabinet, looking for a file. He pulls a thick folder with Daniel's name on it, looking it over as he returns to his desk. He flips through the file, looking over old newspaper clippings about Daniel's accident, diary excerpts, medical records. He stops on a copied newspaper clip with a page with a photo attached.

FULL SCREEN SHOT

Of Harper Moss. His eyes are sunken and black, like he hasn't slept in weeks. He is wearing Cedarhouse Psychiatric Institute overalls.

The NEWSPAPER CLIP READS: "Harper Moss, 38, of Saginaw Michigan, was diagnosed with acute paranoid schizophrenia six months ago after the death of his daughter..."

Dr. Channing becomes intrigued. He walks to his computer and begins scrolling through names on the asylum docket. Finding nothing, he grabs the phone and dials.

RING! RING!

FILE CLERK

(On phone) Records room.

DR. CHANNING

Yes this is Dr. Channing.

FILE CLERK

(On phone) How's it going doc?
Doing a little overtime huh?

DR. CHANNING

Of course of course.

FILE CLERK

(On phone) What can I do for you?

DR. CHANNING

I'm looking for a little
information on a former patient of
ours. His name is Harper Moss.

FILE CLERK

(On phone) Oh yeah. Harper. I remember that guy. Real piece of work there. Hot footed out of here a few months ago. Must not have liked the grub. Give me a sec.
(Pause) Here we go. Moss, Harper. Schizoid.

DR. CHANNING

Yes, that would be him. He's passed away since then. I am just looking for a little more information on him. I have a client right now that seems to be suffering from the same symptoms that Mr. Moss had.

FILE CLERK

(On phone) Really? Well that's no good. He always used to say there was a monster following him around. Guy was a loon.

DR. CHANNING

Are you able to email me that file?

MAN

(On phone) No problem doc. Give me a couple of minutes and I'll send it right up.

DR. CHANNING

Thanks.

Dr. Channing hangs up.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel lies on the couch, barely awake. A strange cartoon on the television creates odd hues of blues and yellows around the room.

Daniel flips through channels. He drops the remote as he slowly nods off--

START REMEMBERED TIME

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

Thick shards of glass and metal swirl about the truck as it rolls over and over, slicing at Daniel and Sarah as it rips

apart around them! Daniel reaches across, trying to use his arm to secure Sarah as the windshield bursts, showering them in glass!

A BLADE OF GLASS rips a hole in Daniel's arm, splattering Sarah with blood!

DANIEL
AAAARRRRGGGHH!

Sarah calls out in desperation--

SARAH
DANIEL!

Sarah's seat belt comes apart and her head is pressed between the headrest and the roof. Her neck breaks with a sickening SNAP, and she drops out of the window to the grass as the truck continues to roll!

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

All slowly becomes calm as the truck slowly grinds to a halt on its roof. The blinding pieces of metal and glass settle.

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

Daniel slowly comes around. He tries to focus but a serious head wound keeps him in a daze. He manages to unlock his seat belt and falls to the truck roof.

DANIEL
AAAARRRRGGGHH!

Daniel can barely move without causing excruciating pain to every part of his body. Blood pours from every appendage as he manages to work up enough strength to drag himself out of the truck--

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

Daniel crawls out of the truck, his legs numb. Blood clouds his eyesight.

The driver of the other vehicle is sprawled out face-down on the hood, mangled and barely identifiable. Daniel looks around for Sarah.

DANIEL
S-Sarah? Daniel spots her. Oh God!
Sarah!

Sarah lies on the grass amongst twisted steel. Small fires dance about all around her. She is still.

Daniel is pained as he tries to speak.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
S--SARAH!

Daniel only has enough strength to crawl on his stomach towards his wife. He reaches her and places a hand on her chest, feeling for any sign of life.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Sarah? Baby?

Sarah does not respond.

Daniel tries to shake her.

Sarah's eyes weakly open.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Sarah?

Sarah tries to speak.

Daniel holds Sarah as close as he can, comforting her with a trembling hand.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It's going to be okay, baby. I'm going to get some help. Just stay c-calm. Okay?

Sarah whispers something indiscernible to Daniel.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
What?

Daniel holds Sarah closer.

SARAH
I love you, Daniel... Sarah begins to cry. Our baby, Daniel...Our...

Sarah's eyes roll towards the forest then widen with fear.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Oh my god...What is it?

DANIEL
What? What do you see?

SARAH
Something...

Daniel looks around. He can see nothing.

DANIEL
What do you see, Sarah? Wh--what
do you see?

SARAH
It's a monster--a--a--demon.

Sarah becomes frightened.

SARAH (CONT'D)
There is a demon standing there!
It's waiting for me! I don't want
to die!

DANIEL
There is nothing there,
sweetheart. And you are going to
be fine. Just try to remain calm.
I'm going to get some--

Sarah inhales deeply as she turns to Daniel and stares at
him like she is suddenly possessed.

SARAH
Beware The Rake, Daniel...he is
coming for you. Beware...

DANIEL
Sarah? What are you...

Sarah snaps out of her weakening trance.

SARAH
I love you, Daniel. I do. Forever.

Sarah's eyes roll closed. She is gone.

DANIEL
Sarah? SARAH?

Daniel curls himself up next to Sarah's body and places his
head on her chest. His crushed ribs cause him to heave as
he sobs. He ignores the welling agony of his bleeding lungs
and inhales deeply before calling out!

DANIEL (CONT'D)
SARRRRRAAAAHHHH!

CUT TO:

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel opens his eyes. He rubs sweat from his brow, realizing that he lies safely in his bed. He groggily sits up and instantly freezes--

The Rake is at the foot of the bed, his eyeless face stretched in a demonic, razor toothed grin! He snatches Daniel by the ankles and rips him out of bed!

END REMEMBERED TIME

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel snaps awake from his feverish dream. He sits up on his couch.

It is still dark out, but birds can be heard outside.

Daniel gets up.

INT. DR. CHANNING'S OFFICE -- LOBBY -- DAY

The office lobby resembles a hospital, sterile with lots of white.

A young, attractive SECRETARY, 20's, sits behind a desk facing the front door. She types into a computer and smiles warmly when she spots Daniel.

Daniel enters the room.

SECRETARY
Good morning Mr. Brewer.

DANIEL
Hey.

SECRETARY
Dr. Channing is waiting on you.
You can go on in.

DANIEL
Thanks.

Daniel passes the secretary's desk and enters Dr. Channing's office.

INT. DR. CHANNING'S OFFICE -- DAY

Dr. Channing sits in a large chair with his back to the door flipping through a file. A video camera on a tripod stands next to him.

DR. CHANNING
Good morning Daniel.

DANIEL
Doc.

DR. CHANNING
Take a seat.

Daniel passes Dr. Channing and sits in a large chair across from him. Dr. Channing instantly knows something is amiss.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
Something troubles you.

DANIEL
I don't even know where to start.

DR. CHANNING
At the beginning is fine. You sounded stressed last night. What happened?

DANIEL
Well I--

Dr. Channing clicks on the video camera.

Daniel is not comfortable with it. He never has been. He tries not to look at it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I saw a man walk into an oncoming bus yesterday.

DR. CHANNING
Oh my God, Daniel. I am sorry you had to see that.

DANIEL
Yeah. Me too.

SLIGHT PAUSE

DR. CHANNING
Do you want to talk about it? Something like that can weigh heavily on the mind.

DANIEL

It was different this time. I know it was--it was him. He caused it.

DR. CHANNING

This "Rake" creature you've spoken of?

DANIEL

Yes.

DR. CHANNING

How do you know it was him?

DANIEL

I just know. The man--his eyes changed.

DR. CHANNING

What do you mean?

DANIEL

They just clouded black right in front of me.

DR. CHANNING

And you are sure you didn't know this man?

DANIEL

No. But I know it was him. I know it was. I could see him there. Behind those eyes.

DR. CHANNING

Daniel. I am sorry for what happened to you yesterday. I am. And I know you believe that this creature you are seeing is real, but maybe you have been somehow manifesting him over the guilt you feel about the accident.

DANIEL

No. He *is* real. I don't feel any guilt over the accident. I feel guilt because I am here and Sarah isn't. I would give anything to trade places with her.

DR. CHANNING

It is normal that you feel this way. She was a good person. Don't you think she would want you to dig your way out of this?

DANIEL

She would. There's nothing else she would want more and I know that. I don't like being like this doc. I am trying so hard to push through only because it's what she would want. But him, he is a constant reminder of that night. He is in my dreams, he is there when I'm awake...he's trying to make me crazy. And it's working. No matter what I do, he won't let me forget.

DR. CHANNING

When did you first see him?

DANIEL

Right after the crash. But it feels like he has always been around. Which is why I know he is real.

DR. CHANNING

Daniel--

DANIEL

If I could prove that he is real, do you think you could find a way to help me stop him?

DR. CHANNING

Daniel. I realize that what you have been through and the things you have seen are very visceral and terrible, and I can only imagine what that must be like, but the things you are seeing--

DANIEL

Doc, he is real.

DR. CHANNING

He is not real, Daniel.

DANIEL

How do you know?

DR. CHANNING

Because there is no such things as monsters.

DANIEL

(Annoyed)

Am I done here?

Dr. Channing only gestures, not wanting Daniel to leave just yet, but not denying him either.

Daniel gets up.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Daniel walks towards the exit and stops. He turns and looks at the doctor.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You told me that I'm not crazy. I know I'm not crazy, yet I see monsters. You ever meet anyone that you thought was telling you the truth?

DR. CHANNING

Very rarely.

DANIEL

Ever thought maybe it was you?

Dr. Channing watches Daniel leave, growing more concerned for his patient.

INT. DR. CHANNINGS OFFICE -- LOBBY -- DAY

Daniel storms through the lobby, not angry at Dr. Channing, but frustrated that he does not understand.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Daniel enters the room and is immediately greeted by a RINGING phone.

Daniel walks over to the phone and gathers his thoughts before picking it up.

DANIEL

Hello?

CONNIE

(On phone) Hey Daniel. Just reminding you that your niece's birthday party is today. Somehow I thought you might forget.

Daniel DID forget. He puts his hand over the phone.

DANIEL
 (To Himself) *Shit*. No, no I didn't
 forget. I'll be there. What time
 is it again?

CONNIE
 (On phone) It's at three.

DANIEL
 Got it. On my way.

CONNIE
 (On phone) Okay. See you then.

Daniel hangs up and rushes out the door, grabbing his jacket on the way. As Daniel runs past the television, The Rake appears within the reflection. His head turns slightly, as if he is watching Daniel as he leaves.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOME -- BACKYARD -- DAY

A morbid-looking CLOWN with a hardly funny grin painted on his mug entertains a small group of CHILDREN in the yard. The children are nonetheless amused at the funhouse horror.

TWO PARENTS stand nearby, amused as well, but only because the children are.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOME -- FRONT STEPS -- DAY

Daniel walks up the pathway to the steps.

Connie opens the front door and walks down the steps to greet her brother with a hug.

CONNIE
 Hey Danny. I'm so glad you came
 out of hiding for this.

DANIEL
 Hey Sis.

Connie looks at Daniel and can sense something is amiss.

CONNIE
 Are you okay?

DANIEL
 Yeah. I'm fine. Doc just pissed me
 off this morning is all.

CONNIE
 What did he do?

DANIEL
Nothing. Just a difference in
opinion.

CONNIE
Well that shrink isn't the only
answer, Daniel.

Daniel knows what is coming. He rolls his eyes.

DANIEL
I know, I know. Father Nance.

CONNIE
You need to go and see him. He's
been waiting for you to come and
see him for ages.

DANIEL
I'll get around to it. I just--I
never feel entirely comfortable
going there.

CONNIE
Why?

DANIEL
I'm not exactly a church goer,
Connie. I can't even remember the
last time I was actually at a
service.

CONNIE
Well there is a first time for
everything.

DANIEL
I spoke with him already anyway.
Besides, I'm afraid I'll step in
there and my skin will melt off or
something.

CONNIE
(Chuckles) There's my brother. I
knew he was in there somewhere.
Come on. Your niece wants to see
you.

Daniel puts an arm around Connie's shoulder as they head up
the steps.

INT. CONNIE'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

GREG

30's, a handsome, strong and well-kept police officer, stands above a large birthday cake on the counter, snapping a photo. Daniel and Connie enter the kitchen.

CONNIE
Look who's here!

Greg sees Daniel and gives a welcoming smile as he extends a hand.

GREG
Daniel! It's been a while.

DANIEL
Yeah it has. Hello Greg.

GREG
It's good to see you out man. We miss you here.

DANIEL
Yeah. Thanks. I missed you guys too. Stuff has been a little crazy lately.

GREG
I heard. Well, make yourself comfortable. *Mi casa es su casa*, you know the deal. Beer's in the fridge.

DANIEL
Thanks man.

GREG
I'm gonna run outside and get a couple of extra photos before we take out the cake.

DANIEL
Where's Julia?

GREG
She's outside with the kids, watching that horrible, horrible clown.

CONNIE
He's not horrible. He's a nice guy.

GREG
He's a freak show. Gonna give the kids nightmares.

Daniel smiles in amusement.

CONNIE
Oh, stow it and go outside and
take your pictures. Goof.

GREG
(Heading outside) He is
terrifying. You seen that guy yet,
Dan? Stephen King's "It" is in our
back yard.

Greg exits the room and walks outside.

DANIEL
Sorry I wasn't able to bring
anything. Didn't have a ton of
time to stop.

CONNIE
Well then you can buy her twice as
many Christmas gifts to make up
for it.

DANIEL
I will.

CONNIE
She's just going to be happy you
are here.

Daniel looks out the window and can see Julia.

Julia Sits front and center with a wide smile on her face
as the clown makes a fool of himself.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
You can go see her if you want to.

DANIEL
I will. Let her have her fun
first. I'll be here for a little
while anyway.

CONNIE
Good. I like that too. Say, you
remember when we had that party at
Aunt Lucy's house--

Daniel begins to CHUCKLE. He knows what is coming.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
--And the clown we had caught his
hair on fire when you threw the
trick candle into his hair?

The two share a heartfelt LAUGH.

DANIEL

He was swiping and swiping, but that candle just--it wouldn't go out! He had to dunk his head into the toilet!

CONNIE

Mom and Dad were so pissed at you!

DANIEL

Hey, they weren't pissed at me. They were pissed that they had to pay the guy for a replacement wig. Besides, nobody could prove I threw it.

CONNIE

I know you did.

DANIEL

No you don't.

CONNIE

You know you did.

DANIEL

I'll never tell. And you can't prove anything.

CONNIE

Oh come on! That was so long ago. I think it's time to come clean.

DANIEL

Nope. I'll take it to my grave.

CONNIE

You're such a jerk! Those were good times.

DANIEL

Yeah. they were.

Daniel looks away.

Connie can tell he is beginning to think about his current struggles again. She tries to snap him out of it.

CONNIE

Hey, come in the living room. I want to show you something.

Connie exits the kitchen.

Daniel follows her.

INT. CONNIE'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Large, inviting room. Light from the half drawn curtains paints the room in a warm glow.

Daniel takes a seat on the couch.

Connie grabs a photo album from a hall closet and sits next to Daniel.

CONNIE
Look at this.

Daniel opens the album.

INSERT of photo album. Inside, are page after page of Daniel and Connie as children, as well as their family. Every photo shows them smiling. Shows them during a better time.

Daniel flips through the pages, trying to keep a smile but slowly saddening with each turn.

DANIEL
Wow. Where did you find these old relics? I didn't even remember them.

CONNIE
A box full of negatives in the attic.

DANIEL
Wow. Brings back so many memories.

CONNIE
They are the only proof left that our family was even here.

Daniel chokes a bit as he stares at the pages.

DANIEL
It's been a long time.

The CLOWN enters the room and looks around, appearing lost.

CLOWN
Excuse me, didn't mean to bother you.

CONNIE
No that's fine.

CLOWN
Where is the bathroom?

CONNIE
Oh, down the hall on the left.

CLOWN
Thanks. Need to freshen up.

The clown smiles and continues down the hall. A shadow moves behind the clown, appearing to be his own, but out of sync with his movements.

Daniel and Connie continue to flip through the album.

INT. CONNIE'S HOME -- BATHROOM

Clown enters the bathroom and locks the door behind him. He pulls out a small make-up case and looks in the mirror as he touches up his face.

CLOWN
Alright, Earl. Keep in mind why
you do this. It's for the kids.
For the innocent fucking darling
kids.

THE MIRROR appears to darken and slowly fades to black as the clown applies his make-up. He doesn't seem to notice.

A barely audible WHISPER can be heard. Clown is not sure, but he suddenly feels like he is being watched. Like someone is breathing on his shoulder.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
Hello? Someone there?

Clown listens for a second but gets no response. He shrugs it off and continues to apply his make-up. He smears a little.

CLOWN (CONT'D)
Shit.

Clown looks around for the toilet paper. He grabs a wad and returns to the mirror--

BAM!
The Rake stands in the reflection!
His image is blurred and fuzzy,
like he appears on a bad
television station, but he is
there.

Clown suddenly takes a massive gulp of air! Vessels in his eyes pop and turn his eyes blood red as veins pulsate in his forehead! He stumbles backward, trying to maintain balance as his chest distends and contracts! Then, very suddenly, he calms. He gets to his feet and stands there, arms dangling at his waist like they are suspended from puppet strings. He grins as he exits the bathroom.

INT. CONNIE'S HOME -- HALLWAY

Clown lumbers down the long hallway, not appearing to move on his own volition. He passes a cracked open door that leads to the garage. He enters--

INT. CONNIE'S HOME -- GARAGE

Tools and all types of lawn machinery are neatly placed about the walls.

Clown drags his feet across the room and eyes the tools. He looks toward the workbench. A pair of freshly sharpened hedge trimmers leans against the wall. They glimmer at him.

Clown grins with pleasure like the demon he has become, revealing a yellowing, fang-filled mouth. He stares at the blades, adoring them in a way that a serial killer adores his favorite weapon of choice. He lightly CHUCKLES without moving his lips. The sound is only vaguely human.

INT. CONNIE'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM

Daniel and Connie continue to look at the pictures.

CONNIE
You remember that one?

DANIEL
Yeah I do. Silver Springs.

Clown passes the living room, his feet dragging as he plods along, toward the kitchen. He pauses for only a moment and stares at Daniel, his smile widening as he continues on his way.

Daniel and Connie don't notice. They don't even look up.

Daniel continues to flip. The photos abruptly stop.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
That's all of them?

CONNIE
For now. The rest are for new
memories. I want us to fill it up.

DANIEL
That would be nice.

Connie takes out her phone.

CONNIE
Hold still.

Connie holds the phone out and presses her face against
Daniel's.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Now smile.

Connie smiles wide, her bright eyes, seem to brighten both
of their faces.

Daniel smiles as warmly as he can.

Connie snaps the photo.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Good. The first of many.

Connie puts down the phone.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
You said you saw your doctor
today?

DANIEL
I did.

CONNIE
What did you talk about?

DANIEL
The usual. Football. My
hallucinations. The weather. You
know, guys stuff.

CONNIE
Wait a minute. Hallucinations?

DANIEL
It's nothing.

CONNIE
Tell me, Daniel.

DANIEL
You know, you don't need to know
everything about me, Connie.

CONNIE
Yes I do.

DANIEL
Why?

CONNIE
Because I'm your sister. I don't
know how many times I keep having
to tell you that. Your well being
is important to me. And not only
me, but Greg's too. And Julia's.
How can we ever help you if we
don't know what's going on?

Daniel gives it a quick, reluctant thought.

DANIEL
Alright. But this is not something
I want you spending every waking
moment worrying about. I've got it
under control.

CONNIE
Alright.

DANIEL
I've been--I've been seeing
something.

CONNIE
What? What are you seeing?

DANIEL
I don't know what it is. It is
tough to describe.

CONNIE
What is it? Is it like a man?

DANIEL
I don't know. The only thing I can
think to call him would be...a
demon.

CONNIE
A demon? Oh God.

DANIEL

Yeah. And the doctor was giving me these pills before that help me keep from seeing things. But lately, they haven't helped.

CONNIE

How long have you been seeing this--thing?

DANIEL

Right after Sarah died. At the crash. It was standing along the treeline.

CONNIE

Oh God, Daniel. What is it? I mean, what does it look like?

DANIEL

He is tall, thin, but he has this bloated stomach. His skin is stretched so tight over his bones that you can almost see through him. And he has this grin--

Daniel is sickened just describing his tormentor. He almost gags on his words. He calms himself before he begins to speak again.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

He has this--fucking grin that he tortures me with. And he is always there, Connie. When I'm sleeping, when I'm awake. He is there.

CONNIE

Does he ever say anything?

DANIEL

No. Never.

CONNIE

Did Sarah see him?

DANIEL

Right before she died. She said she saw a demon. Now I see him. And he is slowly driving me mad, Connie. I can feel it. And I don't know what to do about it.

CONNIE

Oh Daniel.

Connie attempts consolation by caressing her brother's face when she suddenly realizes that the fiend could be with them as they speak. She looks around the room.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Can you see him now?

DANIEL

No. But he is becoming dangerous now. Hurting people to get at me. And if he ever hurt you, or Ju--Julia, I don't know what I would do.

CONNIE

Dangerous? How?

DANIEL

I can't explain it. He is somehow able to infect people. Get inside them.

CONNIE

Infect people? How come he just doesn't infect you then?

DANIEL

I don't think he wants to. He seems to get off on tormenting me. I think that is his purpose. And I can't stop him.

CONNIE

Daniel, I know you are scared. But I am here. We are here. And I'm not going anywhere, okay? And we are not going to let anything happen to you. Whatever we have to do, we are going to help--

MULTIPLE CHILDREN

(Off screen)

AAAAAHHHHHHH!

CHAOS OUTSIDE.

Daniel and Connie leap to their feet and rush out of the room.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOME -- BACKYARD

Parents snatch up their children as everyone scatters about, running away from the clown.

Clown stands there, splattered in blood, clutching the hedge trimmers. His eyes are clouded over and he appears in a daze.

Lying beneath clown is one of the parents. He lies dead and covered in blood. The blade end of the hedge trimmers protrudes from his chest.

Greg stands firm as children run past him, He points a handgun at clown.

GREG
Alright asshole! Drop those things!

Daniel and Connie rush into the yard from the kitchen.

CONNIE
Julia!

Daniel looks at the clown.

DANIEL
Oh no--Connie, get Julia inside!

Connie grabs Julia and runs into the house.

Daniel walks toward the clown, knowing exactly who it is beneath all of the makeup and layers of flesh and fat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It's you, isn't it?

GREG
Back off, Daniel! What are you doing?

Clown looks over at Daniel and displays that vile grin as he rips the shears from the victim's chest.

DANIEL
You bastard! It's you!

Clown slowly approaches Daniel, shears dragging across the ground, creating a blood trail.

Greg takes a step forward in Daniel's direction.

GREG
Get back, Daniel!

DANIEL
It's you!

Clown raises the blades, and continues to approach. He opens them--

DANIEL (CONT'D)
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT FROM
ME!?

BANG! BANG BANG!!

Greg fires three shots at clown.

Clown stumbles back and stops, but he does not flinch. Doesn't even blink. He looks toward the kitchen window.

Daniel looks toward the window.

Connie holds Julia in her arms, keeping her daughter's head pressed into her shoulder as she watches the horrific event transpire from the window.

Daniel looks back to clown.

Clown looks towards the window at Julia and Connie. His cheeks painfully stretch apart, revealing a hellish, dagger-toothed sneer as he looks back at Daniel, his horrible sneer telling him: *They're next*.

Greg pushes Daniel out of the way.

GREG
Daniel! Get the fuck back!

Greg takes aim to fire again.

Clown turns the trimmers and places his head between the blades, his eyes never leaving Daniel.

DANIEL
NOOOOOO!

Clown snaps the blades shut on his neck!

Connie covers her mouth in horror and gets Julia away from the window.

Daniel looks away in disgust.

Clown stands there for a moment. His windpipe completely severed. Heavy GARGLING sounds bubble from the massive wound in his neck as his blood spews all over the yard. He drops to his knees, then to the ground.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CONNIE'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Red and blue lights from police cars flicker back and forth to hypnotic effect outside.

Daniel sits on the couch, overcome with anger, grief. Fear of what is to come.

Greg can be seen through the window, wearing his police badge on his belt, talking to a police officer.

Connie enters the room and takes a seat next to Daniel. She gently places an arm around him, attempting to comfort him the best she can.

DANIEL

How is Julia?

CONNIE

Finally got her to calm down and rest. Luckily she didn't see what the clown did to himself out there.

DANIEL

I told you. I knew this would happen. Fucking knew it.

CONNIE

Daniel, don't.

DANIEL

And I told you he was dangerous.

CONNIE

Are you talking about that--that thing you are seeing?

DANIEL

Yes. It was The Rake. I am not going to do it, Connie. This is too much and I don't need to get you involved.

CONNIE

Daniel, you are not going to use this as some sort of ploy to keep me away from you. I want to help--

DANIEL

This isn't a fucking game Connie! Look at what just happened! What you just saw is my life! You want to be a part of that?

CONNIE

Yes! I do! You are all I have,
Daniel! You know, I can barely
remember what dad looks like? The
only time I can even half picture
him is when I see you.

DANIEL

Dad is gone, Connie! Mom is gone!
They aren't coming back! Some
things you just have to learn to
let go of.

CONNIE

You have nerve saying something
like that. Especially you.

Connie turns away from Daniel, stung by his remark.

DANIEL

Look. I'm sorry. I shouldn't' have
said that. But this is something I
need to do alone. If I lose you or
Julia, I don't know what I would
do.

CONNIE

I'm willing to risk it, Daniel.

Connie places a firm, yet caring hand on Daniel's shoulder
and looks him sternly in his eyes.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We can beat this thing, Daniel.
Julia and I, Greg, we are your
family. Maybe that is what it
takes to beat this thing.

DANIEL

What?

CONNIE

Love. Love from family. Love from
friends. But you have to let us
in, Daniel. Maybe together we can
figure out a way to stop this.

Daniel is comforted by his sister's words, but knows he
will regret his decision. He responds only with an unsure
head nod.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Now let me take you home.

JULIA
(Off screen) Mommy!

CONNIE
Just a minute, sweet pea! (To
Daniel) I'll only be a minute--

DANIEL
No. Go upstairs and take care of
her. She needs her mother right
now.

CONNIE
I know. I'll be back. Will you
stay?

DANIEL
No. I'm going home.

CONNIE
Then I'll be over to check on you
later.

DANIEL
Alright.

Daniel places a key on the table.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Here's the key. You can let
yourself in.

CONNIE
You sure you are going to be
there?

DANIEL
I will. Just need to talk to
someone first.

CONNIE
Alright. But I will be over later.
So you had better be there.

DANIEL
I have nowhere else to go. I can't
hide, remember?

Connie and Daniel share a hug.

CONNIE
We will fix this, Daniel. We will.

DANIEL
I know.

Connie gets to her feet and heads upstairs.

Daniel stands and exits the room.

EXT. CONNIE'S HOME -- FRONT YARD -- NIGHT

Two Police cars sit alongside the curb. Coroners lift the clown's body into a van.

Daniel walks down the steps and towards the street.

Greg turns from the police officer and briskly walks after Daniel.

GREG

Daniel. Got a minute? Daniel stops and turns to Greg.

DANIEL

Sure Greg.

GREG

First off, Are you okay?

DANIEL

I'm fine.

GREG

Good. What's going on, Danny?

DANIEL

What do you mean?

GREG

You haven't been around in months, all of a sudden you do decide to show up and a lunatic dressed as a clown kills someone and then himself in my yard.

DANIEL

What do you want me to say, Greg?

GREG

Look, you are my wife's brother and my friend. My family. And I've got nothing but respect for you, you know that. And I know you are going through some tough shit right now--

DANIEL

Get to the point, Greg.

GREG
Okay. Did you know this guy?

DANIEL
Of course not.

GREG
Because he seemed awfully
interested in you.

DANIEL
I've never seen him before.

GREG
You swear to that?

DANIEL
I get what your'e trying to do.
You are trying to draw something
out of me.

GREG
Of course I'm not.

DANIEL
You think I'm crazy like that guy?
Well newsflash flatfoot, I'm not!

GREG
Hey, calm down! I'm just trying to
get to the bottom of this! Someone
died, was *murdered* in my fucking
back yard, Danny! Where my
Daughter, *your* niece plays every
goddamn day! If you do have
something to hide, I think I
deserve to know about it!

Daniel pauses for a second and takes a breath.

DANIEL
Alright. I'm sorry. I just--what
can I do? I don't know the guy.
Never saw him before today.

GREG
You're sure? Because the way he
was looking at you tells me that
he knew you and that this was
personal.

DANIEL
No. I don't know him. I wish I
could tell you more.

GREG

Alright. Well look. I'll drop by your place later on, alright? Give you a chance to cool down. Maybe we can talk before the investigators come by.

DANIEL

Alright.

Daniel turns to walk off.

GREG

Hey Danny, It was actually really good to see you again, man. You have to start coming around more. Julie misses you.

Daniel misses Julie too. He nods and walks off.

INT. DR. CHANNING'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Dr. Channing sits at his desk and clicks through files on his computer, looking over Harper Moss's info. He finds a video file marked INTERVIEWS.

He clicks the file, revealing a series of dates going back one year. He clicks on one of the files and stares at the screen.

Harper Moss appears on the screen. He is extremely worn-looking and half-cracked, sitting hand-cuffed in a chair in the center of a stark white room. He uncomfortably fiddles his fingers as he huffs a cigarette.

INTERVIEWER

(Off screen) Alright. Name please?

HARPER MOSS

What?

INTERVIEWER

Name please?

HARPER MOSS

Harper. Harper Moss.

INTERVIEWER

How are you doing, Mr. Moss?

HARPER MOSS

Feel like hell.

INTERVIEWER

Why?

HARPER MOSS

Haven't slept in a fucking week.

INTERVIEWER

Why?

HARPER MOSS

Why? You people have me locked in this place, probing my fucking ass, shoving pills down my throat, just assuming that I am crazy. I've told you that I am not crazy, but none of you bastards believe me.

INTERVIEWER

I believe you.

HARPER MOSS

Don't patronize me, doc! I know you think I am! I can tell by the way you are looking at me right now! If you didn't think I was nuts, I wouldn't be sitting here handcuffed!

INTERVIEWER

No one thinks you are crazy, Mr. Moss. You are the victim of very tragic circumstances. We only want to assure that you are mentally healthy enough to continue a normal life without constraints.

HARPER MOSS

Yeah right. You know what makes me crazy? You do! Keeping me in here! That makes me crazy! Not sleeping every fucking night of my life is making me crazy!

INTERVIEWER

Anything else?

HARPER MOSS

What?

INTERVIEWER

Is anything else bothering you Harper?

HARPER MOSS

I see what you are getting at doc!
And you are not gonna pin this
whole thing on me, okay! I've told
you a hundred goddamn times that I
am not crazy! And that whatever
this thing is, it's real.

INTERVIEWER

Ah. The figure you have been
seeing. You mentioned him before,
but have refused to talk about
him. Care to talk about it now?

Harper gives no response.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Tell me about this man. When did
you start seeing him?

Harper sits there, hands shaking, about to pop, not
understanding why he is incarcerated or why he cannot go
home. He begins to sob.

HARPER MOSS

He ruined my life.

INTERVIEWER

When did you see him?

HARPER MOSS

(Through tears) The night--the
night Candace died.

INTERVIEWER

Your daughter?

Harper gives a trembling nod.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

How did you know it was him?

HARPER MOSS

My daughter saw him first. I
didn't believe her. She tried over
and over to tell me what she was
seeing...but I couldn't see it...I
didn't believe her. I couldn't
save her. And now I live with
that. Every day that passes I
share with a monster that won't
let me forget.

INTERVIEWER

Maybe the monster is your regret.
Your regret for feeling that you
somehow ignored your daughter's
pleas.

Harper uses his forearms to wipe his eyes.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

I am very sorry for your loss, Mr.
Moss.

HARPER MOSS

No you're not.

INTERVIEWER

I am--

HARPER MOSS

You're not! You have no idea what
it is like to lose a child. To
have to live with the fact that
you were completely helpless to
save her! You have no idea what it
is like to be reminded of that
every waking moment! That's what
he is there for. He is my
punishment. There to let me know
that I should suffer for letting
her die. It's what he does. If you
can't protect the ones you love,
you deserve to be punished. He
reminds you of that.

INTERVIEWER

Is it here?

HARPER MOSS

Always.

INTERVIEWER

Where?

HARPER MOSS

Doesn't matter.

INTERVIEWER

In the room with us?

Harper takes a deep huff of his cigarette.

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Does he have a name?

HARPER MOSS

"The Rake". My daughter called him that. So that's what I call him.

Dr. Channing is stunned when he hears the name. He pauses the video, snatches the phone and dials. The phone goes straight to the machine.

DR. CHANNING

Hello Daniel. It's Dr. Channing. I know it is late, but I need you to call me as soon as you get this. I believe I may have found something that has given me some insight into your dilemma. Give me a call back as soon as you can.

Dr. Channing hangs up. He leans back in his seat, concerned for his patient, wondering if he may actually be right.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Father Nance sweeps around the altar with a broom. The large front door CREAKS open, startling Father Nance. Leaves blow in from a light, swirling wind that blows throughout the pews.

FATHER NANCE

Hello? Is anyone there?

The wind HOWLS with an ominous voice as the door slowly closes.

Father Nance gently lays down his broom and walks toward the front of the altar. He looks around the church, sensing something is amiss.

Something watches him. Something otherworldly.

Father Nance cannot see it, but he knows something is there.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

Show yourself! I know you are there!

Father Nance focuses his eyes on the center of the aisle.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

SHOW YOURSELF!

Father Nance walks down the steps and stands at the front of the aisle. He attempts to calm his shaking fingers and clutches the cross dangling from his neck tightly.

The slightest demonic CHUCKLE greets him.

Father Nance jumps back, startled. Suddenly, he can see it.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

Oh my--

A transparent, two-dimensional humanoid figure stands before the priest.

Father Nance musters his faith and stands tall before the beast.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

Get thee back, foul spirit! You are not welcome in this house of God! He grants his will through me! You WILL not linger here!

The figure does not move.

FATHER NANCE (CONT'D)

YOU WILL NOT LINGER!

The doors BURST open from a blast of wind!

Father Nance stumbles backward and falls on the altar step.

The figure moves toward the holy man, slowly and erratically weaving back and forth as it approaches.

Father Nance lifts a shaking hand as it moves closer to him! Closer...CLOSER!

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The doors swing back and forth as the winds pick up.

FATHER NANCE

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Daniel walks down the dark avenue, fading and appearing within the cones of yellow streetlamps. He stops on the corner and stares anxiously at the church in the distance.

The church appears darker. More ominous.

Daniel notices the change but forces himself to approach. He crosses the street and pushes towards the church.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Daniel enters the church. He can immediately sense an unseen doom, a darkness that shrouds over him like a wet blanket draped over his shoulders.

DANIEL

Hello?

Father Nance sits quietly at the end of the pew in the front row.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Father Nance?

Father Nance shudders slightly, but it was not an elicited response.

Daniel pauses before he decides to take a weighted step. His eyes never leave the figure as he approaches, the walk seeming longer and more torturous with each step.

HACKING sounds of a parched, bloodied throat, barely audible, can be heard through the thickening blackness.

Daniel continues his approach, his brow beading with sweat, his lungs becoming heavier with each breath. He can only muster a WHIMPER:

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Father Nance?

Father Nance is slowly revealed as Daniel walks to his side. He sits in the pew, staring with bloodshot eyes at the Christ figure above the altar. A rotten-toothed grin painfully stretches across his face, causing the corners of his mouth to rip and bleed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Father?

Nance/Rake speaks with TWO VOICES through phlegm filled WHEEZES and GURGLES.

NANCE/RAKE

I have seen this man before. I stood there and watched as he resigned to his fate. They say he cheated me...I beg to differ.

DANIEL

Father?

NANCE/RAKE

Father Nance cannot help you
Daniel. He is...preoccupied.

Daniel's anger is quelled by his fear. He backs into the
pew across the row, his eyes never leaving the priest.

DANIEL

You.

NANCE/RAKE

It has been some time since I was
able to speak to someone. Forgive
my venomous tone.

Father Nance's neck CRACKS as it twists further than it
should in Daniel's direction.

The priest's bleeding eyes roll towards him and stare,
unblinking.

NANCE/RAKE (CONT'D)

You look afraid, Daniel. Are you
afraid?

Daniel says nothing. His eyes do it for him.

Nance/Rake's face stretches and contorts with amusement.

NANCE/RAKE (CONT'D)

You are afraid. I take pleasure in
your fear. It amuses me.

DANIEL

What are you?

NANCE/RAKE

I am everything you think I am,
Daniel. Your fears, your
anxieties, your doubts,
your...sadness. I am everything
you loathe about yourself.

DANIEL

Why did you pick me?

NANCE/RAKE

I did not choose you, Daniel. You
chose me.

DANIEL

How?

NANCE/RAKE

The decisions you have made throughout your life have brought us together. From the moment you were born, until now. Every decision, every person you have come across in your life has drawn me closer to you until inevitably, we meet.

DANIEL

I haven't done anything to deserve the things you have done to me! Why am I being punished?

Nance/Rake CHUCKLES.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(Angered) What?

NANCE/RAKE

The one before you said that too. As did the one before him. No one is promised a fair fate. But everyone is promised a fate, Daniel.

DANIEL

I have been a good man all my life! Sarah didn't deserve what happened to her either.

NANCE/RAKE

It has never been about what you do or do not deserve, Daniel.

DANIEL

So what now? You going to send me to Hell or something?

NANCE/RAKE

I am not of Hell. And I am not of Heaven. I have no origin. Some have called me Satan, Beelzebub. But those names are not mine. Satan does not decide fates. He just gives options. I am fate's enforcer. I keep the balance between life and death intact. I ensure that the scale never tips. And I will be by your side until the end of your days.

DANIEL
Death? You are Death.

Nance/Rake grins that horrifying grin.

NANCE/RAKE
I have been called that too. That
is a more accurate representation.

Daniel becomes ill. He lurches over in his seat and places his face in his palms, trying to quell the fear twisting in his gut like a knife.

NANCE/RAKE (CONT'D)
Do not fret, Daniel. You are not
the first, nor the last person who
will share their final days with
me. You are all inexorably linked
through me. You will not be the
last who will face me at the end.

DANIEL
So you spread from person to
person? Like an infection?

NANCE/RAKE
An infection? I find that
insulting. I am a necessity. A
necessity that no one wants to
come to terms with, but everyone
must accept. You will accept too,
in time. As will your successor.

DANIEL
Have you chosen the next one
already? My successor?

Nance\Rake bares those mangled teeth again.

NANCE\RAKE
That is not for you to know. It is
for them.

DANIEL
What do I have to do to make you
stop?

NANCE\RAKE
That answer is simple...you have
to die.

Daniel sits back in the pew, clutching his sickening gut.

NANCE\RAKE (CONT'D)

Your wife saw me too. Right before her death. Unfortunately she did not get to share your torment before she passed. She only had moments. I must confess, I've never been passed from one to another so quickly before. Usually it takes a while. But she was...receptive.

DANIEL

FUCK YOU!

NANCE/RAKE

In those final, fleeting moments of her life, she quickly passed me on to you. You should feel honored.

Nance\Rake Manages a choked-up GIGGLE.

Daniel shoots to his feet, enraged!

DANIEL

I am not going to let you do to anyone else what you have done to me!

Nance\Rake just stares at Daniel and continues to smile sardonically.

NANCE\RAKE

Ahhh, human enthusiasm. It never fails to amuse me. Most just consign to their fate and end their own lives when they have had enough. But you, well we both know you don't have it in you to do that...do you?

Daniel still fumes, but he backs off a bit, stung by the Rake's words.

NANCE\RAKE (CONT'D)

And all the while you have been consumed with trying to figure out how to rid yourself of me, you have already linked me to someone else.

DANIEL

Who?

NANCE\RAKE

This I cannot say. But be assured,
they will suffer as you have.

Daniel suddenly realizes who Nance\Rake speaks of. His skin turns pale and ice cold sweat drips down his cheek.

DANIEL

Connie...You are not going to
touch her!

NANCE\RAKE

It is not for you to decide. She
made her decision the moment she
let you into her home.

Daniel angers. He shakes like his blood is boiling.

DANIEL

I am going to stop you! I fucking
promise! You won't keep doing this
to people!

NANCE\RAKE

Ahh. If only your wife could see
you now.

Daniel snaps. He grabs Nance\Rake by the collar and punches him in the face!

Nance\Rake falls to the ground!

Daniel stomps on Nance\Rake in a rage! Over and over he brings his boot down on Nance's head!

Blood splatters his face and pools around the poor old man's head!

Daniel, realizing that he is hurting the Father, instantly stops his tirade.

Father Nance lies there, not moving, not breathing, covered in blood.

Daniel kneels over Father Nance's body and tries to cradle his head.

DANIEL

Oh my God. Father?

Nance\Rake opens his eyes and GIGGLES, amused.

NANCE\RAKE

What? Are you concerned for the priest? No worries. He was dead as soon as I exposed him. His feeble heart..it burst the moment I entered his body.

Daniel gets to his feet and rushes out of the church.

Father Nance's body begins to weaken as the blood exits his wounds. He is only kept alive by the wretched soul that has possessed him.

NANCE\RAKE (CONT'D)

It will not be long now Daniel. Your end is in sight. I will be there. Waiting.

Daniel storms out of the church.

Nance\Rake's deriding LAUGH echoes throughout the church as his mouth opens wider, WIDER, until it tears completely open, causing blood to pour down Father Nance's cheeks!

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel enters his apartment and angrily SLAMS the door, startling Connie, who enters from the bathroom.

CONNIE

You scared me, Daniel.

DANIEL

Sorry.

CONNIE

Are you okay?

DANIEL

No. I'm not.

CONNIE

What happened?

DANIEL

I don't--Look Connie. I know you want to help me and that your intentions are good. But I need you to go home.

CONNIE

No. I won't.

DANIEL
Connie, you need to go home. Go
home to your daughter.

CONNIE
My daughter will be fine.

DANIEL
Not without her mother.

CONNIE
What is that supposed to mean?

DANIEL
This whole thing has just taken
another turn and I don't know what
is going to happen next. Everyone
I care about is in more danger
than they know. Especially you.

CONNIE
What happened?

DANIEL
I went to see Father Nance.

CONNIE
Well that's good. What did he say?

DANIEL
He's dead.

Connie is shocked.

CONNIE
What?

DANIEL
It was the Rake. It got to him
before I got there.

CONNIE
Oh my god. How do you know--

DANIEL
He's dead, Connie.

Connie goes to the table and grabs her phone.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

CONNIE
Calling Greg.

DANIEL
You can't.

CONNIE
Why not?

DANIEL
Because they are going to think
that I did it, Connie!

CONNIE
He's not going to think that! He
knows you! he knows you're not
capable of--

DANIEL
What can I say that will convince
him otherwise, huh?

CONNIE
After what happened earlier today,
I think he'll believe anything you
say. Let him, us, help you Daniel.

DANIEL
Do you believe me?

CONNIE
Yes. Of course I do. And
I am not going to leave you when
you need me the most. We can
finish this together.

DANIEL
No.

CONNIE
Daniel, we--

DANIEL
(Interrupts)
NO, Connie! There is no "We" here!
It's just me and him. And I'll be
damned if I'm going to let you end
up like me or worse!

CONNIE
No. I'm not leaving, Daniel.

Daniel slams a fist into the door!

DANIEL
GO HOME, CONNIE!

CONNIE

You want to get violent now? What are you going to do? Hit me?

Daniel calms himself.

DANIEL

Of course not.

CONNIE

Well it will be the only way you are going to get me out of the house. Like it or not, I'm here for the long haul. And we are going to figure out a way to fix you.

DANIEL

There is no way to fix me.

Daniel leans against the wall and places his hands over his eyes, attempting poorly to keep from crying.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I can't do this anymore.

Connie takes Daniel in her arms and holds him close.

CONNIE

I am not going to lose you Daniel. I refuse to.

DANIEL

I miss Sarah, Connie...I miss her.

CONNIE

I know.

Daniel gathers himself after a moment. He wipes the tears from his eyes.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

And she would want you to get better. Live your life.

DANIEL

You're right. You are right. It's what she would want.

CONNIE

It is. If you can't do it for me, Then do it for her.

Daniel continues to wipe tears streaking down his cheeks. He takes a deep breath.

DANIEL
Thanks, sis. For everything.

CONNIE
Don't thank me. We're family. I
know you would do the same for me.

DANIEL
Yeah. I would.

Daniel uses his sleeve to wipe his face.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Alright then. If I'm going to get
it together, then I'm going to
need to get cleaned up.

CONNIE
That's fine. I'll be out here.

DANIEL
Alright. I'll be a minute.

Daniel heads toward the bathroom.

CONNIE
Daniel?

Daniel stops and turns towards his kid sister.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I saw you and Greg talking
earlier. What did he say to you?

DANIEL
Nothing. Just that some
investigators are coming by to ask
me some questions about today.

CONNIE
Greg can be a hard-ass sometimes.
But he means well.

Connie walks over and stands in front of Daniel.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
I'm going to ask you something.
And I want you to say yes.
Alright?

DANIEL
What is it?

CONNIE
Come live with us.

DANIEL
Connie--

CONNIE
Come on, Daniel. We have more than
enough room for you. Besides, I
think a change of atmosphere will
do nothing but help.

DANIEL
No--

CONNIE
Please?

DANIEL
No. I can't intrude.

CONNIE
You aren't intruding if I'm
inviting you.

DANIEL
No, Connie.

CONNIE
Why not? At least stay for a
couple of days out the week. You
can spend time with Julia. I
figure if you are going to your
therapy and spending time with us
it's at least a step in the right
direction.

DANIEL
I'll think about it.

CONNIE
You will?

DANIEL
Yes.

CONNIE
Good. I hope you do.

DANIEL
Can I go take a shower now?

CONNIE
You may.

DANIEL
Thanks, ma'am.

CONNIE
Shut up, Daniel. So full of it. I
am going to call home and make
sure everything is okay.

DANIEL
Alright. And don't tell anyone I
was crying.

Daniel walks off.

INT. GREG'S CAR -- NIGHT

Greg drives up the avenue.

Cell Phone RINGS.

GREG
Hey babe.

CONNIE
(On phone)
Where are you?

GREG
I'm on my way to Daniel's place.

CONNIE
Daniel needs your help.

GREG
Of course. What's up?

CONNIE
He said he went to see Father
Nance and he found him dead.

GREG
What? Did he report it?

CONNIE
No.

GREG
Shit. Does he know what happened?

CONNIE
No.

GREG
We he is going to have some
serious explaining to do if they
place him there.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

He'd be connected to two deaths in a matter of hours.

CONNIE

You were there earlier, Greg. You know he didn't kill anyone.

GREG

I know he didn't kill the clown. You have to think it's a little strange.

CONNIE

He's my brother. IF he's says he didn't do it. He didn't.

GREG

I hope so for your sake.

CONNIE

For his.

GREG

No, I hope so for yours. You have been through enough. I'm going to send a unit to the church.

CONNIE

Alright.

GREG

I'll be there shortly.

CONNIE

Okay.

Greg hangs up and anxiously runs his hand across his face.

INT. DANIELS'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Connie hangs up and puts the phone on the desk.

A WHISPER.

Connie thinks she heard the sound. She looks around the room, waiting for something unseen to reach from the netherworld and grab her.

CONNIE

Daniel? Was that you?

A shadow creeps along the floor and stretches down the hall toward Connie.

Connie slowly turns, knowing that something sinister has it's eyes on her.

The shadow moves from the floor, slithering up the wall behind Connie.

Connie turns--

The demon-shaped shadow hovers over her, reaching out to her.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

DAN--

The shadow thrusts itself into Connie's mouth!

Connie is jolted off of her feet as the shadow pours out of her back and drags her down the hall toward the bedroom!

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Connie struggles with all her might but is enveloped by the demonic shadow! She suddenly becomes stiff and closes her eyes.

The rake's LAUGHTER can be heard throughout the room.

The shadow drops Connie on the bed.

Connie lies on her back in a deep sleep.

The shadow slowly peels itself from Connie and slides across the floor, disappearing back toward the living room.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel stands in the shower, letting the water run down his face.

Daniel turns and can see Sarah's figure on the other side of the curtain.

DANIEL

S--Sarah?

Sarah's figure lifts an arm and touches the curtain with a finger.

Daniel lifts his trembling hand and touches the curtain.

Sarah slowly begins to fade away just as they touch.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Stay.

Sarah is gone.

Daniel feels a weight has lifted from his body. He knows his wife is at peace. He sobs quietly.

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel walks out of the bathroom and looks around. The television is on, but Connie is not around.

DANIEL

Connie?

Daniel looks around, his chest tightening with tension.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Connie?

Daniel walks down the dark hall and pushes open his bedroom door.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Conni--

Connie sleeps soundly on the bed.

Daniel SIGHS with relief. He turns and closes the door, walks back to the living room and takes a seat on the couch.

He flips through the channels on the television, stopping on a news report. He fights it, but slowly begins to doze off--

BEGIN REMEMBERED TIME

EXT. FIELD -- NIGHT

The echo of anguished CRYING pours into the night sky.

The pickup truck that caused the accident sits on the side of the road, mangled, smashed.

Harper Moss, lies dead on the hood of the truck, his face covered in blood and glass. He wears a charred, blood-splattered white jumpsuit that reads: CEDARHOUSE PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE on the back.

Daniel lies amongst flames and rubble, barely able to hold himself up.

He holds Sarah tightly in his arms as he sobs. Suddenly, he spots something through the flames, standing in the distance, just along the tree line.

A HUMANOID FIGURE.

Daniel squints in an attempt to clarify what he is seeing.

The Rake stands in the tree line, watching Daniel, with that unending sneer stretched across his face...

END REMEMBERED TIME

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel pops awake. He is suddenly concerned. Feverish. He sits up and looks around the room.

DANIEL

Connie?

Daniel stands and hurries toward his bedroom. He abruptly stops.

BAM!

The Rake is there, half hidden in shadow, revealing his thin, venous skin and bulbous gut. Flies can be heard BUZZING around the eyeless horror's rotten-toothed hole for a mouth.

He stands in the doorway between Daniel and Connie.

Connie sits on the bed, staring at Daniel with soulless eyes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Connie!!

The Rake doesn't budge.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

You killed Father Nance, Now you think you are going to take my family from me? I am not afraid of you anymore. Do you understand? That is where you get your power from, isn't it? Everyone is so afraid of you that they just let you drive them insane. Well it stops tonight!

The Rake still stands there, only responding with terse breathing.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I am NOT afraid of you anymore!

The Rake remains defiant. He steps backward, closer to the bedroom.

Daniel rushes to the kitchen sink and grabs a large knife!
He rushes back and stands before The Rake.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
GET OUT OF MY FUCKING LIFE!

CONNIE
(Off Screen) Daniel!

The Rake peers over his shoulder. He gestures toward the bedroom.

DANIEL
STAY AWAY FROM HER!

Daniel runs at The Rake and leaps through the air!
The Rake becomes shadow and fades into darkness.
Daniel hits the floor hard but is unfazed. He looks up.
The Rake stands over Connie, raising a taloned hand as the door begins to swing closed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
CONNIE!

Daniel gets to his feet and rushes the door, his furious eyes never leaving his sister.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
CONNIE!

The Rake grins as the door slams shut.

Daniel SLAMS his shoulder into the door, trying desperately to get it open as the sounds of flesh being sheared can be heard just on the other side of the door!

DANIEL (CONT'D)
CONNIE! Open the door!

Again and again, Daniel RAMS the door, to no avail.

Suddenly, a trickling sound beneath his feet. He looks down--

Blood free flows into the hall from beneath the door.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
CONNIE! NOOO!

Daniel turns and leans against the door. Tears streak down his face in defeat.

The Rake's labored BREATHING creeps from the darkness as the front door CREAKS open.

Daniel looks back down the hall, towards the living room.

The Rake appears near the front door, again half hidden in shadow. His claws drip with fresh blood.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'M GONNA FUCKING KILL YOU!

Daniel runs down the hall full steam and stabs The Rake in the shoulder!

The Rake barely responds.

Daniel removes the knife and stabs him again! Again! AGAIN!

The Rake begins to stumble back, struggling to stay upright as his blood begins to splatter all over the walls and floor! He grabs at the knife but cannot get it away from Daniel!

Daniel keeps stabbing The Rake, over and over until it becomes a slimy, blood-covered pile of flesh and bile on the floor.

Daniel leans back against the wall, covered in crimson, feeling no relief as he tries to catch his breath.

The labored BREATHING begins again, followed by that demonic CHUCKLE.

Daniel cringes at the thought of The Rake still being alive. He shoots to his feet and looks across the room--

The Rake stands there, unscathed.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
No! No, no, NO! It's impossible!

The Rake's mocking, horrifying, child/hyena LAUGHTER bounces off of the walls, causing the windows to vibrate!

Greg's GARGLING, barely audible voice speaks to Daniel from the floor.

GREG
Da--Daniel...What are you...?

Daniel uses the wall to stay on his feet. He looks to the floor.

Greg lies lies on the floor covered in blood and in complete shock, with multiple stab wounds all over his body.

DANIEL

Greg? What are you--Oh God!

Daniel drops the knife. It sticks into the floor. He kneels next to Greg.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Greg! I'm sorry Greg!

Greg's eyes roll into is head. He closes his eyes.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Fucking GOOOD!

The Rake stands in front of the window.

Daniel can no longer take it. He takes a last disgusted look at The Rake.

The Rake stands in front of the window. The bedroom door CREAKS open.

Connie, awakened by the commotion, rushes from the bedroom.

CONNIE

Daniel? What's going--

Connie sees Greg lying on the floor.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

GREG! Oh my God! Greg!

Connie bursts into tears as she rushes to her husband's aid!

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Daniel! What did you--

Daniel stands there, hands covered in blood, staring towards the window at nothing.

DANIEL

You think I can't do it now? You think I can't do it? You think I'm fucking afraid now?

CONNIE

Daniel! Stop!

Connie is on the ground holding Greg and watching Daniel, who stands there yelling at nothing.

DANIEL

I told you this stops tonight! I
am not going to let you take her!

Daniel rushes the window as fast as he can at The Rake.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm coming home, Sarah!

The Rake lifts his arms, waiting to embrace Daniel in his loathsome grip!

Daniel leaps through the air!

They SMASH through the glass and out of the window!

CONNIE

DANIEL!!! DANIEL!! OH GOD,
DANIEL!!

Connie breaks into hysterics. It is too much for her to handle. She blacks out.

The shredded curtains hanging from the window dance about in a chilled breeze over the horrific scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Daniel's apartment is now a crime scene, teeming with the cops and investigators, trying to piece together what happened.

DETECTIVE B

Walks in. He is older and unkempt, his years of experience making him rather jaded to scenes like this. He masks his repulsion with sarcasm.

DETECTIVE B

Nice place. What's the situation?

DETECTIVE A

Young and clean-cut, stands by the window, staring at the glass on the floor. He peers out the window.

DETECTIVE A

Murder-suicide. Don't know much yet. It's a mess though.

Detective B steps over Greg's bloodied body now beneath a blanket and continues to look around the room, at photos, finger-flipping through a magazine on a desk as he passes.

DETECTIVE B
What do you think?

DETECTIVE A
I don't know. It doesn't add up.

Detective B kneels down and pulls up the blood-soaked sheet, revealing Greg.

DETECTIVE B
Nice. What doesn't add up?

DETECTIVE A
Motive. This guy was the jumper's brother-in-law.

Detective B notices the badge on his waist.

DETECTIVE B
Shit. He was a cop?

DETECTIVE A
Yeah. Witnesses have seen them together before. Said they were close.

DETECTIVE B
What about the jumper?

DETECTIVE A
The jumper has never even had so much as a parking ticket.

Detective A looks around the room and tries to piece together what happened.

DETECTIVE A (CONT'D)
I just don't get it. I mean, look at this place. What could have driven him to this?

DETECTIVE B
How long you been here?

DETECTIVE A
I dunno. Year, maybe?

DETECTIVE B
Give it time, kid.

Detective B looks around the living room and walks to the desk. He picks up a framed photo off of the desk.

DETECTIVE B (CONT'D)

Who are they?

DETECTIVE A

Jumper and his wife. She died a few months ago.

DETECTIVE B

The woman downstairs?

DETECTIVE A

His sister.

DETECTIVE B

Live-in?

DETECTIVE A

No. Her place is over in Maddox. Guess she was just visiting.

DETECTIVE B

Prints?

DETECTIVE A

Not that I'm aware of. Not yet anyway. The killer made a mess of himself down there. Won't get anything from him until forensics scrapes him off the street.

DETECTIVE B

What about her?

DETECTIVE A

What *about* her?

DETECTIVE B

She talking yet?

DETECTIVE A

They're looking her over now. Nothing yet.

DETECTIVE B

Well keep looking.

Detective walks back toward the hallway.

DETECTIVE A

Where are you going?

DETECTIVE B
To get some coffee. We've got a
long night ahead of us.

Detective B exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER -- DAY

The diner is as busy as usual. The morning crowd rushing to get their hot breakfasts or coffee before the bus comes.

Connie sits in a booth, wearing all black. Her sunken eyes are blood red. She sits there, still trying to grasp what made her brother snap.

Dr. Channing sits across from Connie. A manila folder is on the table in front of him.

DR. CHANNING
How are you holding up, Connie?

CONNIE
Not well. I still can't believe it. I've been trying to stay strong for my daughter but it's--it's been hard.

DR. CHANNING
I understand.

CONNIE
I just--I don't understand why he would do something like that. He seemed like he really wanted to get better. I never thought he would--

Connie stops as her eyes well with tears.

DR. CHANNING
You can't blame him for what happened. He was going through something that no one person should ever have to go through. Sometimes, when a person is hurting, they mask their real pain so as to not burden their loved ones. He was one of my best patients and a dear friend. I will miss him dearly.

Connie tries hard not to cry.

Dr. Channing attempts to quell the moment. He slides the folder across the table.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
I know you have to be going soon
and I don't want to keep you. I
called you this morning to give
you this.

CONNIE
What is it?

DR. CHANNING
It is Daniel's file.

Connie opens the folder and looks inside at the medical records, and the newspaper clippings.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
After our last session, I decided
to look into Daniel's file again,
to see if there was anything more
that I could find that could help
him. He and I were close, so I
figured that if I was going to be
of any help at all, I would have
to do more than just listen to him
talk about his issues. Did he ever
mention to you a man named Harper
Moss?

CONNIE
No.

DR. CHANNING
Well Harper Moss was a patient of
ours who suffered a devastating
loss, just like your brother. His
only daughter was killed in an
accident.

CONNIE
Oh my God.

DR. CHANNING
After his daughter died, he began
seeing things. Horrible things.
Eventually he escaped from our
care and went on the run--

BEGIN REMEMBERED TIME

INT. TRUCK -- MOVING -- NIGHT

Harper Moss, wearing a white jumpsuit, drives in his black pickup truck along a lonely road. He looks stressed, worn. Barely able to keep his eyes open. He slaps himself across the face to stay awake.

HARPER MOSS

Come on Harper. Stay awake.

Harper looks around the truck for something to help him stay awake. He takes his eyes off the road for a split second, then looks up--

THE RAKE stands in the road! His pink flesh glows in the headlights of the truck!

HARPER MOSS (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Harper forces the wheel hard left, forcing the truck into the oncoming lane!

BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS blind him!

CRASH!

END REMEMBERED TIME

INT. DINER -- DAY

Connie continues to look through Daniel's file as Dr. Channing speaks.

DR. CHANNING

He was killed in the accident along with Sarah. Moss was diagnosed with acute paranoid schizophrenia. Of course, I would have thought the same thing as they did--until I watched his taped sessions.

CONNIE

What was on them?

DR. CHANNING

Jabber mostly. But within all his talk, his foul language, his enraged outbursts, there was one constant. He believed that whatever he was going through was real.

(MORE)

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
Did your brother ever tell you
that he was seeing things also?

CONNIE
He did.

DR. CHANNING
What did he tell you he was
seeing?

CONNIE
He told me he was seeing--a demon.

DR. CHANNING
A demon?

CONNIE
Yes. And he called it something.
He called it--

Connie tries to remember but she cannot.

DR. CHANNING
He called it "The Rake".
Harper Moss was seeing the same
thing. And I believe that he saw
it before he crashed headlong into
your brother and his wife.

CONNIE
God.

DR. CHANNING
This is all speculation, of
course. I am not sure what any of
it means but I am beginning to
suspect that whatever Harper Moss
was seeing, he passed on to your
brother's wife and then to your
brother through their shared
moment of tragedy. Harper and
Sarah died at the crash. Daniel
started seeing it after.

Connie lets the bizarre thought sink in, and becomes
unnerved by the revelation.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)
Now I am not going to rush you
into believing all of this so
suddenly. Especially now. Believe
me, I am having a bit of a tough
time grasping it myself.

(MORE)

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)

I am only saying that there may be a correlation between the two. I am going to look into this more, and if I find anything I will be sure to let you know. For some reason, I have a feeling that your brother still has a story to tell.

Dr. Channing pulls a card out of his pocket and slides it across the table.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)

Here is my phone number. I would like you to call me if you begin to experience anything out of the ordinary. Or if you just need to talk.

Connie takes the card and looks at it. She looks up at the Doctor, rattled by his ominous, foreshadowing tone.

Dr. Channing gets to his feet.

CONNIE

Thank you.

DR. CHANNING

Very well.

Dr. Channing places a comforting hand on Connie's.

DR. CHANNING (CONT'D)

You take care, Mrs. Coulson.

Dr. Channing heads toward the exit.

CONNIE

Doctor.

Dr. Channing stops and turns back to Connie.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Do you think I should be concerned?

DR. CHANNING

Concerned? no. If anything, remain vigilant. Don't trust what your eyes tell you. And make sure you call me with any concerns, Mrs. Coulson.

CONNIE

I will.

Dr. Channing nods, places his hat on and exits the diner.

Connie sits there with suddenly stirring thoughts. She continues to stare at the card.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

A small group of mourners, all wearing black or gray, sit around Daniel's casket.

Connie sits in the center, with Julie to her left, holding her hand.

A PRIEST

Stands at the head of the casket, holding a bible and giving a speech.

PRIEST

Towards the end of his life,
Daniel was going through a
difficult time. But the bible
reminds us that God is our refuge
and strength, therefore we shall
not fear.

Connie lifts her eyes and looks at the casket, just above the flowers.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I know that as long as Daniel knew
that his family and his friends
would be there for him during his
time of need.

Connie spots something, off in the distance, standing near a large tombstone. Not sure what it is, she focuses her tear-clouded eyes.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

The lesson we should all take from
his passing, is that even though
he was going through the darkest
of his days--

Connie squints harder to see and makes out a figure. A HUMANOID figure.

She suddenly realizes what she sees...

PRIEST (CONT'D)

--He always had someone by his side, guiding his every move. And he will take that with him, in the next life, as he did this one.

Connie sees The Rake...

END: