

VENGEANCE

by

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Quaint, well-groomed houses line this typical city street. A moderately priced sedan drives down one side while a PAPERBOY rides his bike up the other.

INT. MICHAELS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

ATHENA MICHAELS, late twenties with a pretty face and a smile that says "life is good," slaves away in her well-adorned kitchen moving very deliberately making an all-American breakfast.

Bit by bit, the breakfast elements are divided onto two plates. Once finished, she carries the plates into the dining room table containing two perfectly matched table settings, following it up with glasses of juice, milk and silverware.

With a satisfied look, she exits.

INT. MICHAELS HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

HANK MICHAELS, late twenties, stands in front of a mirror adjusting his tie. He is a smashing, young college professor who is very handsome with a face to show that he knows it.

As he adjusts, a pair of arms wraps around his waist, and he smiles. Athena's head appears next to his shoulder and she admires him in the mirror.

ATHENA

You look good, Professor  
Michaels.

HANK

Well, thank you, Mrs. Michaels.

They look at each other, and he gives her a loving peck on the lips. She turns to leave the room, and smacks his bum.

ATHENA

Come on. Your breakfast is  
getting cold.

HANK

I'll be there in a moment.

Athena exits, and Hank grabs his suit coat and drapes it over his arms. He moves to exit when he feels something in the inside pocket of the coat and stops.

He holds the coat up to feel in the pocket, and out comes a SINGLE EARRING. He smiles as if it holds a good memory for him, replaces it in the pocket, and heads for the dining room.

INT. MICHAELS HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Hank enters. Athena sits at the table, patiently waiting for him. She smiles at his approach, and he smiles back.

He hangs his coat on a small coat rack just inside the dining area, and sits down. They reach across the table, take hands, and bow their heads.

HANK

Dear Lord, thank you for this  
food and all our blessings.  
Watch over us, care for us, and  
save us all; in Christ's name:  
Amen.

ATHENA

Amen.

They take their napkins, place them on their laps and begin eating.

ATHENA

It's another beautiful Tuesday.

HANK

So you'll be heading to your  
mother's in the Springs-

ATHENA

-and staying the night.

HANK

Athena, it's been a year.  
Don't you think your mother  
can get along without you coming  
over every week by now?

ATHENA

Of course, but ever since dad  
passed on, mom just doesn't  
have anyone else to spend time  
with.

HANK

What about those church people?

Athena stops and stares at him with a "you know what I mean"  
look.

HANK

Ok, I get it. I wish you didn't  
have to go, but I admire what  
you're doing. You're a fit  
example to us all on parental  
care.

ATHENA

Well you call yours, which  
is more than a lot of people do.

HANK

At least I get points for that,  
right?

ATHENA

Yeah, but you get points for a  
lot of things.

They smile at each other again as they continue eating their  
perfect breakfast.

INT. MICHAELS GARAGE - DAY

Hank enters, now fully dressed in his suit coat and carrying his  
briefcase, and presses the button to open the garage door.

As the door rumbles upward on its tracks, Athena comes out and throws her arms around his neck. They embrace quite fully for a few moments.

The door reaches its apex. He pulls away.

HANK

I gotta go.

ATHENA

Ok, I'll miss you, Hank.

HANK

I'll miss you too, Athena. Be careful out there.

ATHENA

I will. Have fun in this big house alone without me.

HANK

I'll try.

Hank turns to the car to leave.

ATHENA

I love you.

HANK

I love you, too.

Hank gets in his car and starts it. Athena waves at him, and he waves back. She watches him drive out, and the door closes as he backs away.

EXT. BLUFFS UNIVERSITY - DAY

Well-manicured lawns and new architecture make Bluffs University an attractive place to attend college.

INT. HANK MICHAELS' PSYCHOLOGY CLASS - DAY

Hank has a modest sized class of 20 to 30 students in a traditional classroom setting. The only odd thing here is that the blinds are down and the door window is covered. He wraps up his lecture.

HANK

When revenge consumes the psyche of an individual, they will go to any lengths to get the satisfaction they think they need. Then what? They fill that space by deciding everyone associated with the initial person is to blame for the problem and take out their revenge on them as well, instigating a long, vicious cycle of vengeance that can never truly be fulfilled.

A bell sounds and the students gather together their things and make for the door.

HANK

Test over this unit on Friday. You don't study, and my revenge will be on your transcripts.

The class empties out except for one girl, JODY YULE, who seems to be taking her time.

Once she has all of her things together, she saunters up to Hank, who simply looks at her as she approaches. She places her books on his desk and turns to him.

JODY

Professor Michaels, there were some things that I wanted to ask you about.

HANK

Yes, Jody?

She walks up to him, and in an instant they throw their arms around each other and kiss passionately. After a moment of this, they stop and she looks up at him.

HANK

Would you like to come over tonight? I have the house to myself.

JODY

You mean we don't have to meet in my dorm room again? Where's the little woman, Hank?

HANK

Athena's going to her mother's for the evening. She never gets back in until after I've left the next morning, so we'll have the place to ourselves.

JODY

What did you have in mind?

Hank runs his hands over Jody's figure.

HANK

Absolutely anything. How's ten o'clock?

JODY

I'm there.

HANK

Good.

They kiss again before Jody picks up her books and leaves the classroom. The door closes behind her.

INT. BRACKETT HOUSE - DAY

Athena's next-door neighbor keeps just as neat a house as Athena. Athena stands at a window in the kitchen that looks at her house. She fills a glass of water.

She walks from the window through the house to a room set up with home gym equipment. KATHY BRACKET, a very strong, fit woman around Hank's age, runs on a treadmill. Athena sits on a weight bench.

ATHENA

I just hate leaving him alone at home every week like this.

KATHY

He's a big boy, Athena, I think he can take care of himself.

ATHENA

But what if he starts hating me for it?

KATHY

Yeah right.

ATHENA

Come on, Kathy, how can you just say that?

KATHY

Because I hear all about him every time you come over. Honestly, I think the man would die before he'd leave you.

Athena smiles.

ATHENA

Everything is going really well for us. Hank just got a pay raise and we're actually talking about having a baby.

Kathy stops the treadmill. She towels the sweat off her face.

KATHY

Really?



ATHENA

Yeah, can you see me out to here?

She holds her hands a pregnant length from her stomach. They share a laugh.

ATHENA

We waited our two years, and in the next couple months, I'll come off the pill.

KATHY

That's exciting, Athena. I wish Mike was as accommodating as Hank. He never even talks about children. Move.

Athena gets off the bench. Kathy adjusts the weight setting, lies down on the bench, and reps intermittently with the conversation.

ATHENA

What's he doing now?

KATHY

He's taking care of some deal out in Tampa. He calls sometimes, but- Oh, nevermind, I'm being stupid.

ATHENA

No, you can tell me.

KATHY

I worry if he's having an affair.

Athena gasps.

ATHENA

How can you say that?

KATHY

You know, he leaves for extended periods, won't call, won't answer when I call... All the psychological indicators.

ATHENA

I'm sorry.

KATHY

Yeah, well, be grateful you can't say the same for Hank.

ATHENA

You really should find some time to come over and meet him.

KATHY

I'd like to, but our schedules never line up with him working days at the college and my working nights at the mental hospital. That aside, it would be nice to finally meet Mr. Wonderful. Some girls have all the luck.

ATHENA

I do feel lucky. Everything's really starting to fall into place for us.

KATHY

I'm happy for you.

ATHENA

What would you do if you were right about Mike?

Kathy stops her reps and sits up.

KATHY

Let me tell you: if I ever caught him in bed with another woman, he wouldn't have to worry about alimony, if you know what I mean.

ATHENA

You wouldn't...

KATHY

I would.

ATHENA

This has been going on awhile, huh?

KATHY

Too long my friend, way, way too long.

ATHENA

I am sorry.

KATHY

It's ok. Sometimes, when he's home, I think I'm just being delusional. He is very busy.

Athena nods. Kathy glances up at a clock.

KATHY

Well, it's about that time.

Athena glances at the clock and nods in agreement.

They walk to the front door

KATHY

I promise you can workout with me.

ATHENA

Maybe next time.

KATHY

That's what you said last time.

Athena laughs. They reach the door and exchange a friendly hug.

KATHY

Take care, you.

ATHENA

I will.

KATHY

Call me when you get there.

ATHENA

I will. Be back at the usual  
time.

KATHY

I know.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

Athena waves to Kathy. Kathy closes the door behind her.

Athena crosses Kathy's lawn and gets to her car. She pauses for a moment to look at her house and her life before she gets in her car pulls out.

INT. BLUFFS UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY

Hank walks down the hallway after a class. He smiles at several female students who subsequently smile back at him. He reaches the teacher's lounge and enters.

INT. UNIVERSITY - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Hank places his briefcase on a table, and goes over to a kitchenette area. He gets a coffee mug out of a cabinet, and pours himself a cup.

As he pours, he hears the door open and shut behind him. Then he hears someone lock it.

He turns around to find DARLA HEMMINGWAY, a woman in her mid-twenties dressed smartly with a smug face, standing with her back to the door, looking at him.

HANK

Miss Hemmingway.

DARLA

Mr. Michaels.

HANK

So, what brings you to this neck of the campus?

She walks towards him.

DARLA

Oh, I just wanted to talk to you.

HANK

I see.

He takes a sip of his coffee, places it on the counter, then looks at her.

HANK

About what?

She has reached him now, and they are very close. He grabs her and kisses her. She doesn't fight the kiss, but appears reluctant to continue it. She breaks away.

DARLA

Actually, Hank, what I wanted to talk to you about is a future to this relationship.

HANK

A future? You know, of course, that I'm married.

DARLA

Seems we both do. What are you going to do about that?

HANK

What do you want me to do,  
Darla?

DARLA

Well, to get to the point, when  
are you going to leave your  
little wife for me? When can I  
see you outside of all this  
secrecy?

HANK

Why?

DARLA

Why? Because otherwise, this  
relationship is a total dead  
end.

HANK

I never said it would be  
otherwise.

DARLA

No, but in the beginning, you  
also never said you were  
married. You acted like you were  
available and this was going  
somewhere and as soon as I start  
talking about the future, you  
drop this bomb of some wife at  
home. That wasn't fair to me.

Hank non-chalantly sips his coffee and places it on the counter  
behind him.

HANK

So what do you want?

DARLA

I want to be your life. I want  
you to leave your wife and stop  
flirting with everyone on campus.  
It's a wonder your wife doesn't  
know, but I do, and for me it  
would have to stop.

HANK

Why? You aren't getting enough action out of me now? You want more?

DARLA

I want you exclusively.

HANK

Exclusively? Do you honestly think that I'd be faithful to you when I'm not even faithful to my own wife?

DARLA

Maybe you don't love her like you love me.

HANK

I love a lot of people, but she is an excellent housewife. A lot better than the last one I had, for sure. She's like the free maid that I can do every once in awhile. What would you bring to me? You can't cook; you can't clean; and I wouldn't be faithful to you anyway. I already get what I want out of you; I don't need anymore than that.

Darla looks dumbstruck. She slaps him hard across the face. He is not phased.

DARLA

You bastard. How dare you speak to me that way? I'm not some cheap whore you can just screw whenever you feel like it.

HANK

I don't know; you've made a good one so far.

Darla draws back her hand to slap him again. As she brings her hand forward, he grabs her wrist, stopping her.

HANK

Miss Hemmingway, Please do not redden my face before my next class.

DARLA

I could tell the board. Student-teacher relationships are forbidden. You'll be fired.

HANK

They also frown on adulterous relationships. How would this complaint look coming from a woman disgruntled with a sinful relationship with this teacher? You'll be fired too.

DARLA

I could tell your wife.

HANK

And I could tell her whatever I want. Who's she going to believe?

Darla fumes. She allows his statement to soak in, then makes for the door.

HANK

Leaving already? No romp in the lounge today?

DARLA

Enjoy your memories. They're all you'll have left.

HANK

I'll forget you tonight. I don't even need you.

Darla turns to look at him with all the hatred her face can muster.



DARLA

I swear, Hank Michaels, one of these days someone's going to kill you and wipe that nasty little grin right off your face.

She turns back to the door.

HANK

Yeah right.

A smile crosses Hank's face.

HANK

Oh Darla...

Darla turns around and gives him a "what do you want now?" look.

HANK

I found this in my coat.

He tosses her the earring and she catches it. She looks at it for a moment, then throws it back to him. It clatters across the floor.

DARLA

Keep it and remember what you're losing.

HANK

(non-chalant)

I'm not losing anything.

Darla leaves the lounge, slamming the door behind her. Hank laughs to himself, picks up his coffee and drinks it in silence.

After a moment, he walks over to the earring, picks it back up, and puts it back in his pocket.

INT. REYNOLDS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Athena sits in a chair while her mother, SHARON REYNOLDS, reclines on the couch in the living room. They both have cups of tea.

ATHENA

I really feel like we're finally ready to start a family. We've been talking about it, and he seems really enthusiastic.

SHARON

I still think you should consider waiting a little longer before bringing a child into your lives.

ATHENA

Of all people, I thought you'd be happy to hear that you might be getting some grandchildren.

SHARON

The thought thrills me, Athena. I'm just worried for you and the child if Hank decides he can't handle it.

ATHENA

Hank is so wonderful to me, mom. He cares for me, and he's not going anywhere. He's doing well at work, too. He works long hours sometimes, but that's his job. His students really seem to love him too. That's got to count for something.

SHARON

That's wonderful, honey. You just let me worry, and as soon as I hear the good news, I'll be happy for you.

ATHENA

Good. I just feel like my life is so perfect right now, nothing could go wrong.

Athena finishes her tea, and places the cup on the coffee table. Sharon picks up the cups and exits. Athena follows. They walk

INTO THE KICHEN

where Sharon brings the cups in to the sink and rinses them out.

SHARON

I can't help but wonder what your father would think of all this.

ATHENA

I don't know. He only let us get married because of me anyway. Poor Hank could never get on dad's good side.

SHARON

Your father was very perceptive, may he rest in peace. I wish I'd learned more from him before he passed on.

ATHENA

How're you holding up?

SHARON

As well as could be expected, I guess. I miss him terribly, but I'm glad you decided to visit me once a week.

ATHENA

Well, I couldn't have you trying to keep this place up all by yourself.

SHARON

And I appreciate it... More than you'll ever know. Speaking of which, you'll keep an eye on it while I'm on my trip, right?

ATHENA

Sure.

SHARON

I figure a month long mission trip is a decent start to my new life after a year.

ATHENA

Ok, but you better take care of yourself.

SHARON

I will.

They hug.

ATHENA

I love you, mom.

SHARON

I love you too, Athena.

INT. DARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Keys are heard in the door's locks. Darla enters, turns on the light, and crosses into the bedroom.

She throws her bag across the room in great anger. She follows that up by throwing her keys in similar fashion. She falls on the bed and sobs.

DARLA

Stupid Hank Michaels... Stupid,  
stupid, stupid man...

With tear-stained eyes she looks up at a nightstand beside her bed, where there stands a framed picture of Hank, looking as dashing as ever

She grabs it and throws it across the room, smashing the frame and glass.

After the momentary anger subsides, she quickly moves over to the picture, and recovers it from the broken glass.

She looks at it as she backs back towards the bed and sits. She holds the picture to her chest and curls up into a fetal position, still sobbing.

DARLA  
(falling asleep)  
Stupid Hank Michaels...

Darla passes out, fully clothed with the lights on.

INT. A GIRL'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

JENNY THURMAN lies on her bed, talking on the phone. She makes exclamations and other remarks, as if someone was on the other end talking dirty to her, and she likes it.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank talks on the phone with Jenny.

HANK  
So you like that do you, Jenny?  
... Oh, well, tonight's not too  
good for me, but maybe I can  
meet you at your room sometime  
and show you what I mean ...  
Sure.

Hank laughs. Suddenly, the doorbell sounds. Hank glances at the clock, which reads 10:00.

HANK  
Hey beautiful, I gotta let you  
go. I have company ... Hey,  
you can join us if you want  
... Oh, that's too bad.

Hank hangs up the phone, and moves to the door. He opens it to find Jody.

She flashes him a bright smile before she steps in, throws her arms around him, and they passionately kiss as the door closes.

EXT. BRACKETT HOUSE - NIGHT

Kathy, dressed in a workout outfit and holding a glass of water, stands at the window which looks over to the Michaels' residence.

Her face is expressionless, as if her head has no end to the thoughts going through it. She slowly backs away from the window, and a moment later, the lights go out.

INT. REYNOLDS HOUSE - NIGHT

Athena pulls her mother's door shut, and walks over to the phone to call Hank. She looks at the clock, which reads 10:10.

She smiles and trots to the phone. She dials a number. The phone rings on the other end. A groggy-sounding Hank answers.

HANK (V.O.)

Hello?

ATHENA

Hi honey. Did I wake you?

HANK (V.O.)

Yeah, but it's ok. How's your mom?

ATHENA

She just went to bed, and I'm about to turn in too. I just wanted to call and tell you I love you.

HANK (V.O.)

Well, I love you too.

ATHENA

And I'm sorry I woke you. I feel bad.

HANK (V.O.)

It's ok, really.

ATHENA

Well, I don't know nothing, so  
I don't want to keep you. I'll  
see you tomorrow.

HANK (V.O.)

All right. Good night.

ATHENA

Good night honey.

Smiling, she hangs up the phone, trots off to her room, and  
pulls the door shut.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

In the bedroom, Hank hangs up the phone. He lies in bed with  
Jody, who tries to stifle her laugh. Finally, she giggles.

JODY

I can't believe you just did  
that.

HANK

It's practice, my dear girl.  
I should have been an actor.

JODY

No kidding. How do you keep  
her in the dark about  
everything?

HANK

Practical application of  
psychology. Knowing what to  
say to whom and when to make  
them think whatever you want  
them to think.

JODY

Oh. Do you do that to me?

HANK

Do you care?

He rolls over on top of her, kissing all over. She giggles and audibly indicates that she likes whatever he's doing.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The quiet street is deserted at this hour of the night.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Jody are in bed, breathing heavily. She props herself on his chest, and they kiss. They appear very content.

JODY

Hm... You like that?

HANK

MmHm...

JODY

So, how long can I stay tonight?

HANK

I told you. All night.

JODY

I was just making sure you didn't "schedule" anyone after me.

HANK

Not tonight.

JODY

Good.

They laugh and she kisses him. She gets up.

HANK

Where're you going?



JODY

I thought I'd get cleaned up  
while you recharge for round  
two.

Hank smiles, places his hands behind his head, and stares at the ceiling, contented.

He turns his head in the direction of the window and sees a DARK FIGURE standing directly outside the window looking at him. Hank sits up, startled.

This figure is DRESSED COMPLETELY IN BLACK, and WEARS A BLACK CLOTH MASK, WHICH GIVES IT THE APPEARANCE OF HAVING NO FACE.

He closes his eyes and rubs them. He takes a deep breath. He looks back at the window.

No one is there. He breathes a sigh of relief and stares back at the ceiling.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jody showers. The door beyond the semi-transparent shower curtain opens slowly.

The dark figure enters. Jody's form can just be made out beyond the curtain.

Jody remains unaware of its presence as soap runs across her face into her eyes.

A black-clad arm slowly pulls the curtain to one side. Jody rubs her eyes and laughs.

JODY

You silly boy. I told you I  
had to get cleaned up.

No answer.

JODY

Hank?

Jody wipes her eyes free of soap and opens them. They go wide as a knife zips out of nowhere and slices her neck. She falls onto the floor of the shower.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank hears the thump coming from the direction of the bathroom. He sits up.

HANK

Jody?

Hank slips out of bed, puts on a pair of lounge pants, and makes his way to the bathroom.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As Hank slowly opens the door, he hears the shower going.

HANK

Jody? Jody, are you ok?

He slowly walks to the curtain. Red splotches show on its inside. He lifts his hand to one side of the curtain.

HANK

Jody?

He yanks back the curtain to reveal Jody lying on the floor of the tub with her throat cut.

Blood runs down the drain. Hank staggers back away from the tub into the hallway, and runs into the living room.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He picks up the phone and dials 911. He places the receiver to his hear. No sound. He stares at the dead phone for a moment, before he hears a noise behind him.

Hank turns around.

The dark figure stands across the room, looking at him.

The figure removes the mask, but the face is hidden in the shadows.

Hank looks confused as if the figure is familiar to him.

HANK

What are you doing here?

The figure speaks in a whisper. The voice is clearly female, but her identity is undecipherable.

FIGURE

Ensuring your vows are fulfilled.

The figure reveals a BLOODIED, STANDARD-ISSUE PSYCHO BUTCHER KNIFE in his hand.

Hank's confusion turns to terror. He backs away from the figure who approaches him. He falls over a table onto the floor, and freezes as the figure leans over him.

Only the shadow falls on him as he gasps for air, unable to scream.

The figure raises the knife and plunges it into him over and over and over. The figure makes a final plunge into the heart area and twists. Hanks jerks and with a guttural sound, the air drains from his lungs.

The figure leans down and gives Hank a kiss on his forehead. After the deed, the figure crosses the room, picks up her mask and replaces it.

The figure goes to the bedroom, removes a BLACK ADDRESS BOOK from the nightstand, flips through it to a particular page, and tears the page out of the book.

She replaces the book into the nightstand where she found it.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

Athena pulls her car into the driveway, and shuts off the engine.

She exits her car and looks suddenly confused. She walks over to a car parked in front of her house which has a Bluffs University Parking Permit hanging from its rearview mirror.

She looks at the car for a moment, then surveys the street for an owner.

With a final glance, she heads for her front door.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

The faint sound of a shower running sounds in the background.

Athena's keys turn in the lock of the front door. Athena enters with her overnight bag.

She puts her keys on a small table by the door, and walks toward the bedroom, carrying her bag.

Entering the main living room area she freezes and the color drains from her face. Her bag drops to the floor, and her hands go to her face.

She backs away from what she can only be looking at, knocks a lamp off of a table, breaking it, and stumbles to the floor.

She freezes and continues to look into her husband's dead eyes, which remain open.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

A plethora of emergency vehicles are situated outside the Michaels' home. WORKERS wheel one body bag to an ambulance. Police mill around everywhere, investigating the outside of the house.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE

Athena sits on the couch in her living room. Kathy sits with her.

Hank's body has been removed, and they are wheeling another body bag out. Athena numbly watches it go past her, and then looks at the floor, as if stunned.

DETECTIVE THOMPSON, a tough-as-nails police type, enters from the direction of the bathroom.

THOMPSON

Mrs. Michaels, were you aware  
that your husband was having an  
affair with one of his students?

Athena shakes her head.

THOMPSON

So you wouldn't have any idea  
as to whether or not your  
husband was having more than  
one?

Athena looks surprised. She cranes her head to look at Thompson.

ATHENA

(choked)  
More than one?

THOMPSON

When was the last time you  
talked to your husband, Mrs.  
Michaels?

Athena emits a large, exhausted sigh.

ATHENA

Around 10 last night.

THOMPSON

And was he here?

Athena nods.

THOMPSON

So, it's likely the girl came  
in after that.

ATHENA

I don't know.

KATHY

Actually, I saw her get here right around 10:00 last night.

THOMPSON

You saw that girl get here at 10?

KATHY

Well, I don't know if it was exactly that girl, but a girl who wasn't Athena got here around 10 last night. I assume it was the same one.

THOMPSON

And have you ever seen Mr. Michaels have night visitors before in the absence of Mrs. Michaels?

Athena looks intently at her.

KATHY

Sir, if I had, I'd have told my friend because she doesn't need to be with scum like that.

THOMPSON

You don't have a very high opinion of Mr. Michaels then?

KATHY

No, sir.

THOMPSON

How did you happen to be looking out the window at the instant she came up?

KATHY

I had come to the kitchen for water during my workout.

THOMPSON

You work out?

KATHY

Your point?

THOMPSON

Mrs. Michaels, what did you do  
after you talked to your husband?

ATHENA

I went to bed.

THOMPSON

Do you have someone who can  
vouch for your whereabouts?

ATHENA

I was staying over at my  
mother's.

THOMPSON

And why were you doing that?

ATHENA

Because my father died last  
year, and I go over there once  
a week to help her out and I  
stay the night.

KATHY

It's true; she does. Every  
week, just like clockwork. I  
could set my watch by her.

A younger OFFICER enters the scene carrying Hank's black book  
that the figure tore the page out of earlier.

OFFICER

Detective Thompson, I found it.

THOMPSON

Good.

He takes the book from the officer and shows it to Athena.

THOMPSON

Ma'am, this is your husband's address book, right?

ATHENA

Yes, I believe so.

THOMPSON

Have you ever looked through it?

ATHENA

No. I don't know why I would. He just keeps numbers he uses in there. I don't really know enough people to have one.

THOMPSON

Would you mind if I held on to it for awhile?

ATHENA

I guess.

THOMPSON

Thank you.

He places the book in his pocket.

THOMPSON

Mrs. Brackett, what did you do after you saw the girl come to see Mr. Michaels last night?

KATHY

I went to bed, detective.

THOMPSON

And do you have someone to vouch for you?

KATHY

I'm a married woman home alone. Who would I have to vouch for me?



THOMPSON

Why didn't you call Mrs.  
Michaels?

KATHY

Nothing she could have done  
last night. I planned to let  
her know today.

THOMPSON

Of course.

KATHY

Anything else?

THOMPSON

No, that's it for now. Thank  
you.

KATHY

Then if you need us, we'll be  
at my place.

They leave the house. Thompson watches them go, and then turns  
to another officer.

INT. BRACKETT HOUSE - DAY

Athena sits at the window she stood at the previous day, which  
allows her to look at her own house. Kathy walks up behind her.

KATHY

I was going to work out some.  
It helps to pass the time. You  
want to come?

ATHENA

Everything he said; everything  
he did; was everything nothing  
but a lie? How many women was  
he having on the side, do you  
know?

Kathy shakes her head.

ATHENA

If I had kept that book, I could have tracked those women down and ask them why they decided to do this to me.

KATHY

Let's not be irrational.

ATHENA

Irrational? Who are you to tell me about irrational? Yesterday, I was dotting while you complained, and now look at it. It's all turned upside down. Explain that to me. How does that make sense?

KATHY

I don't know.

Athena opens her mouth to respond, but nothing comes out. Her eyes fill with tears. Kathy offers her shoulder. Athena leans on Kathy and cries yet again.

ATHENA

All I wanted was the fairy tale.

INT. UNIVERSITY - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Darla sits at a table with SHERRY DUKE, ANNA BRINKLEY, and COLETTE PORTER.

DARLA

Well, girls, now that he's dead, and nobody gets him, was anyone at this table, besides me, trying to bag the guy?

COLETTE

Not me. I've been through one divorce and that's more than enough for me.

SHERRY

He slept with you too Darla?  
Here I thought I was special.

ANNA

Sherry, I never would have  
guessed that you would have  
been one of his. What about  
Bob?

DARLA

What can I say? I was smitten.

COLETTE

Well, I was never one of his  
harem. Disgusting how some  
of you were just taken in by  
him.

SHERRY

Bob's ok, but he's always away.  
I had to find someone to fill  
my time.

ANNA

There's no denying that he was  
handsome.

DARLA

He may have been handsome, but  
he was a bastard.

COLETTE

Well, that goes without saying.  
All men are bastards.

SHERRY

He may have been a two-timer  
and all, but I got what I  
needed out of him.

ANNA

Maybe so, but it's a shame that  
he's dead.

DARLA

I don't think so. I, for one  
am glad he's dead.

The others gasp and look at her.

ANNA

You can't be serious.

DARLA

I am serious. That man was a  
no good, two-timing, son of a  
bitch, who deserved to die.  
Whoever off'd him deserves a  
Nobel Prize or something for  
freeing the world of that  
scoundrel.

SHERRY

Darla, you better not let the  
police hear you talking like  
that when they come by.

COLETTE

And you know they will. They'll  
be saying that you did it.

DARLA

Humph. Wouldn't that've been  
nice?

ANNA

Come on-

DARLA

No, you come on. He screwed me  
in more ways than one, and I was  
fed up. If I had done it, I  
would've admitted it. I doubt  
anyone would've cared. Frankly,  
I think his wife did it.

Another teacher comes into the lounge, breaking up the little  
group's conversation.

DARLA

Well, this is enough excitement  
for me. I've gotta get to class.

Darla leaves them all looking at each other, gape-mouthed.

EXT. BLUFFS UNIVERSITY DORMS - NIGHT

A window goes up on the side of the building on the first floor. A head pops out and looks both directions. It is Jenny Thurman, the girl who was speaking to Hank on the phone.

She leaps down out of the window, landing softly on the grass.

Someone watches Jenny from a distance as she creeps along the side of the building, staying just below the windows.

She reaches the end of the building and has stopped. She cranes her head about, looking for someone.

JENNY

Scott? Scott, are you there?

Someone comes up behind Jenny and grabs her. Jenny screams, but a hand comes over her mouth quickly to muffle her.

She turns her head to see

SCOTT OWEN

a typical looking college kid and a boyfriend of hers, holding her. She hits him, laughing. He puts her down.

SCOTT

Did I scare you, Jenny?

JENNY

You jerk, of course you scared  
me; I almost wet my pants.

SCOTT

Well, then we'd just have to  
take them off, huh?

Jenny giggles. Her eyes gleam brightly at him.

JENNY

Besides, what if the R.A. is wandering around again?

SCOTT

So we blow curfew again.

JENNY

And get fined for it.

SCOTT

But it's all worth it.

He holds her to him and kisses her neck. She laughs and pushes him away.

JENNY

Is our spot ready?

SCOTT

You bet.

Someone watches them both now as they trek off into a wooded area. It follows them silently and at a good distance.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Scott and Jenny enter where their blanket has already been spread out. They both sit on the blanket and make out.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - NIGHT

A SMALL TREE being held up by TWO STAKES. Black-clad legs come into view and a hand removes the tie from one of the stakes, pulls it from the ground, and continues walking.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Scott and Jenny are really hot and heavy into each other now.

He lies on top of her kissing on her neck. He brings her shirt up to the base of her breasts, when she suddenly stops responding. He moves right on top of her so his face is even with hers.

SCOTT

What's wrong beautiful?

Then he notices she's looking at something behind him. He turns and sees the faceless figure standing right there wielding the tree stake.

Before they even have a chance to scream, the figure brings the stake down hard, goes all the way through both of them and into the ground, killing them instantly.

The figure leaves as nonchalantly as he entered.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

On the counter sits a small TV. A TV ANCHOR speaks of current events.

TV ANCHOR

Today, on News 3 at noon: the city council voted 8-4 yesterday in favor of using the vacant wing of the Bluffs Mental Health Facility as a temporary holding pen for maximum security prisoners. More on that coming up a little later.

But first, our top story: Bluffs University experienced its second loss in only two days in the form of another double homicide. Scott Owen and Jenny Thurman were found by police this morning stabbed to death in a wooded area just outside their dorms. Our KBLF correspondent, John Franklin, is on the scene. John?

A HAND

reaches out and turns the TV off. It's Athena. She looks pallid and tired, yet disgusted.

ATHENA

Did you sleep with her too,  
Professor Michaels?

She picks up a tub of cottage cheese from the kitchen counter with spoon already in it, and takes a bite.

ATHENA

Make me sick...

The doorbell rings.

She puts down her cottage cheese, and walks towards the door.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Athena reaches the front door, but not before the caller rings again.

She opens the door to find a COURIER standing there with a small package. He cringes at her flaring eyes. She signs for it and he leaves.

She shuts the door and goes to the living room. A look on her face indicates that she knows what's in the box addressed to her, but that she doesn't want to open it.

ATHENA

Happy birthday, Hank.

In a fit of anger, she heaves the box across the room. It crashes against a wall, shattering its contents, then hits the floor.

ATHENA

Everything I did for you!  
Everything! And for what?

The doorbell rings again. She rolls her eyes and opens the door.

ATHENA

(still angry)

What?



There is no one there.

Athena walks outside off the porch to see if she could see who rang the bell and left.

ATHENA

Hello?

She looks left and right, but the street appears clear. She shrugs and walks back inside.

Inside, she shuts the door, not noticing the faceless figure standing directly behind the door. She walks into the living room. The figure reaches over and snicks the lock on the door.

She freezes. She turns around and stands face to face with the figure.

FIGURE

If a person sins and does what  
is forbidden in any of the  
LORD's commands, even though she  
does not know it, she is guilty  
and will be held responsible.

ATHENA

Who are you?

FIGURE

The angel of death.

The Figure's hand moves to reveal the butcher knife.

Athena breaks for the back door. The Figure runs after her.

Athena reaches the back door and fumbles with the lock. The figure is only inches away, running for her.

As she reaches her, Athena gives up on the lock. She ducks and runs for the front door.

The Figure steps one foot onto the wall and leaps off of it to follow her in the other direction.

Athena reaches the front door well ahead of the figure. She unlocks the door and rushes out.

EXT. BRACKETT HOUSE - DAY

Athena runs full speed across the lawn to Kathy's house. She reaches the door and bangs on it.

ATHENA

Kathy! Kathy, he's here.  
Ohmygod, he's here!

No answer. Athena turns around with her back to the door and looks back across the lawn at her house. There's only the open door, but no sign of the faceless figure.

Athena's world spins for a moment before someone comes up behind her. She utters a short scream before discovering that it is Kathy, dressed in a bathrobe.

KATHY

Athena, what's wrong?

ATHENA

(shuffling Kathy in)  
Quick, get inside. Shut the door.

INT. DETECTIVE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Athena's elbows rest on her knees. Her face is exasperated. Kathy doesn't look too much better, and Thompson's face betrays his disbelief.

He looks from one to the other, then taps his index and middle fingers to his lips, such as an ex-smoker might do, while he thinks.

THOMPSON

So, some guy in a black outfit  
broke in, quoted scripture,  
chased you around your house,  
out into your yard, and he didn't  
catch you?

ATHENA

Obviously not.

THOMPSON

And you didn't see anyone.

KATHY

No.

Thompson narrows his eyes at them, then taps his fingers on his lips again.

THOMPSON

Ladies, here's my problem with all of this: to date, there have been four murders and no witnesses. Why did he let you live?

ATHENA

Let me live? I escaped. He didn't let me live.

KATHY

Athena, think about it. He doesn't believe you because you're a suspect.

THOMPSON

No one said you were a suspect.

KATHY

Detective, do you really think we're that stupid?

THOMPSON

I don't follow you.

KATHY

Well, let me lay it out for you. Her husband has been cheating on her with any number of bimbos and one night, he ends up dead. Hmm, who could the prime suspect be?

THOMPSON

Prime suspects get locked up.

KATHY

Then the following night,  
another one of his little tramps  
is taken out. Hmm, wonder  
what'll happen tonight?

Thompson surveys them once more, then taps his lips again.

THOMPSON

You are not alone in those  
sentiments, Mrs. Brackett...

ATHENA

Oh?

THOMPSON

Yes.

He looks over to Athena.

THOMPSON

As a result of all this, Mrs.  
Michaels, Mayor Chapman has  
ordered that each of the  
victims be guarded by a  
uniformed officer.

KATHY

To keep him out or her in?

THOMPSON

As you see it.

ATHENA

How many others do you know  
of?

THOMPSON

I'm not at liberty to discuss  
that.

ATHENA

Like hell you're not. That  
was my husband's book, and I  
have a right to-

KATHY

Athena...

Thompson appears unphased by Athena's instant tirade.

KATHY

Is that all, Detective?

THOMPSON

Unless you have anything else  
I need to know.

ATHENA

No. That's all.

Kathy and Athena exit. Thompson sits at his desk and pulls out the black address book.

He opens it to a marked page in the back, and pulls out a piece of paper. The right page has been shaded by a pencil to reveal writing.

Thompson sits back and examines the sheet of paper he retrieved from the book.

INSERT THE SHEET OF PAPER

"Darla Hemmingway - 777-6575 - single: 569 N. Porter  
Jenny Thurman - 777-6932 - Room 112, Zippel Hall  
Jody Yule - 777-9314 - Room 211, Zippel Hall  
Harriet Graham - 777-6840 - w/parents: 830 W.  
Sondheim  
Tricia Clark - 777-2076 - Room 106, Menken Hall  
Mindy Zimmerman - 777-6908, Room 208, Menken Hall  
Ashley Carter - 777-6247, Room 116, Zippel Hall  
Laura Taylor - 777-9252, Room 119, Menken Hall  
Sherry Duke - 777-0645, w/Fred, 748 N. Rimsky Dr."

Jody's name is highlighted.

BACK TO SCENE

Thompson takes a highlighter and marks through Jenny's name. He sits back and places his fingers on his lips.

EXT. DUKE HOUSE - NIGHT

A police cruiser is parked out in front of this modest suburban home. Inside the cruiser, OFFICER CARVER reads a newspaper and sips his coffee.

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS.

CARVER

Carver.

SHERRY (V.O.)

Officer Carver?

INT. DUKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherry stands at the vanity in her bathroom, dolling herself up for an evening.

Her bathroom has a door both into her bedroom and a door leading into the main hall. The bedroom side door is open while the hall side door is closed.

CARVER (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am.

SHERRY

Officer, I just thought I'd let you know. I'm going to have a gentleman caller this evening. I told him just to check with you and it'd be all right.

CARVER

Ma'am, I don't think-

SHERRY

Now, Officer, you just do your good deed and sit there, and let me have my evening, ok? He'll be here in about a half hour. Thanks so much. Bye.

She hangs up the phone.

She looks at herself carefully in the mirror. She nods with a smile and walks into the bedroom. She shuts the door.

EXT. DUKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Carver reads his newspaper and drinks his coffee. He glances up every once in awhile to check on the situation, but it remains quiet.

THUMP! Carver whips around to the back of the car. He checks his mirrors but sees nothing.

THUMP! He turns to the passenger side. He leans across the seat and looks out the window. Nothing.

THUMP! He turns to the front, peering over the hood. Still nothing.

He takes hold of his door handle. He removes his weapon from its holster. Then, without warning, he opens the door and jumps out to find-

NOTHING.

His guard, however, doesn't lower. He cautiously walks around the front of the car.

Someone watches Carver's feet as they walk around the car. The someone rises to look through windows at him looking away from the car.

CARVER

lowers his weapon. He stands at the rear of the car, and saddles his weapon. He looks both ways down the street. Not a sound. Not even headlights. He shakes his head.

CARVER

I hate guard duty...

He turns away from the silence and walks back to the driver's side and gets in.

He picks up his newspaper, and opens it. He reads the page.

TAP TAP. The paper moves with each sound. The taps come from the other side of it.

Carver lowers the paper. The faceless figure rushes up from the passenger seat floorboards drawing the knife. Carver's eyes widen as the figure descends on him.

INT. DUKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherry prepares the table, and hums a love song.

The doorbell rings.

Sherry goes to the door and opens it.

SHERRY  
Hell-o, darling...

She discovers, to her chagrin, that no one is there.

SHERRY  
Hello?

She looks around for a moment, and then shrugs and closes the door. She walks across her living room when

The doorbell rings again.

She stops, rolls her eyes, and goes back to the door and opens it.

SHERRY  
Yes?

Once again, no one is there. She sighs and slams the door. She once again walks back across her living when

The doorbell rings again.

Now she's pissed. She opens the door with teacher finger ready to scold.

SHERRY  
Look, you little punk, if you don't-



On the other side of the door stands the faceless figure, looking at her. She screams, slams the door, and locks it.

She hyperventilates and shakes, but manages to get herself over to the phone.

She dials Carver's cell phone number. She hears it ring through the phone, then hears a cell phone ringing outside.

She holds the phone, creeps over to the front door, and looks out the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

she sees the figure holding the cell phone in his hand.

SHERRY

hyperventilates and shakes again as she looks away from the hole.

The figure knocks again. Sherry jumps, screams, and crying, looks back.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Where the figure once held the cell phone, he now holds the head of Officer Carver.

SHERRY

screams, drops the phone, and backs away from the door. She is delirious.

SHERRY

The police... The rest of  
them... Uh... 911...

She crawls to where she dropped the phone, places it on its cradle for a moment, then picks it up to listen.

It has a dial tone. She punches 9-1-1.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-

The phone goes dead. Sherry looks at it incredulously.

Then, the lights go out.

Sherry screams and breaks down in tears. Weakly, she manages to stand up.

Behind Sherry, the backyard is visible through a glass patio door.

The faceless figure runs through the backyard and crashes through the plate glass window, amazingly unharmed.

He darts across the room to her with unbelievable speed.

Sherry tries to open her front door, but it is locked. As the figure reaches her, she runs past him down the hall.

She runs to her bedroom, closes and locks her door. She sits with her back against it, and sobs again, completely scared out of her wits.

She stands and turns to the door. Not only has the figure not tried the door, there isn't any sound or movement anywhere.

She runs over to the window in her room and undoes the locks on her bedroom window.

BEHIND HER

the bathroom door slowly opens.

SHERRY

tries opening the window, but it is stuck, as all good residential windows are.

While she struggles, the figure crosses the room.

Suddenly, Sherry becomes aware of someone else in the room with her.

She whips around, but it's too late. The figure grabs her by the neck, and pins her against the wall.

Her arms flail as he brandishes his butcher knife.

She manages to reach up, grab his mask, and pull it off. Suddenly, her fear and flailing becomes dumbstruck confusion as she looks upon the killer's face.

Before she can respond verbally, though, the figure raises the knife and jams it into her head. She falls to the floor, quite dead.

The figure's gloved hand picks the mask up off the floor. He returns it to his head, where it belongs.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

Just as in front of Sherry's house, OFFICER SPENCER sits in his cruiser, sipping his coffee and reading a newspaper.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

Athena lies in bed. She appears to be only half asleep, but content at least.

Her bedroom door slowly swings open.

Athena's eyes open fully at the sound of the moving door. She rolls over to look in the direction of the open door.

The door stands open, but the doorway is empty.

Athena pulls herself out of bed and goes to the door.

She looks back and forth up and down the hallway, but sees no one.

She shakes her head, assuming, perhaps, that it was the wind, and goes back into the bedroom.

She closes the door and gets back in bed. A voice drifts across the room.

FIGURE

If a person sins and does what is forbidden in any of the LORD's commands, even though she does not know it, she is guilty and will be held responsible.

Athena's eyes widen. She sits up and looks across the room. The Figure stands where behind the door would be. Athena hyperventilates.

ATHENA

Who are you?

The Figure walks slowly towards Athena.

FIGURE

If a person sins and does what is forbidden in any of the LORD's commands, even though she does not know it, she is guilty and will be held responsible.

ATHENA

Why are you doing this?

FIGURE

If a person sins and does what is forbidden in any of the LORD's commands, even though she does not know it, she is guilty and will be held responsible.

ATHENA

Who are you?

The Figure stops and leans down to her.

FIGURE

I am you. Or who you will become if I let this continue.

ATHENA

I don't understand.

FIGURE

You will Soon.

She raises her knife to strike, but Athena rolls off the bed. The figure stops the knife short of puncturing the mattress.

Athena runs out of her room straight towards the front door. A table has been moved in front of door, blocking the exit.

She looks back in the direction of her room, and sees the Figure coming out of it, hot to trot, and straight for her.

Athena breaks for the back door. The Figure swings her knife. Athena catches the swipe out of the corner of her eye, and tries to dodge, but trips herself in the process.

The Figure approaches her and prepares to stab, but when the Figure leans down, Athena grabs the Figure's arm, plants her feet on the Figure's chest and swings the Figure over her head in the direction of the kitchen.

Athena heads down the hall in the direction of the garage.

She looks back to find the figure coming back into the living room and looking for her.

INT. MICHAELS GARAGE - NIGHT

Athena runs to the outside door but finds that she doesn't have the key for this two-sided deadbolt.

She runs over to the garage door opener on the wall and hits the button. She runs to the garage door, itself, and waits for it to raise high enough for her to get under.

As she stands there, the Figure enters the garage, surveys the situation, spots the garage door button on the wall and hits it.

ATHENA

No...

The garage door grinds to a halt. Athena and the figure look at each other for a moment.

FIGURE

Go ahead. Run. I'll find you.

The Figure presses the button once more to lower the door.

Athena breaks for the garage door and rolls underneath it with just enough space to spare.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

Athena rolls to a stop outside the garage door, quickly recovers, and runs to Spencer's car.

Spencer sees her and gets out of his car, weapon at the ready.

ATHENA

Officer Spencer! Officer  
Spencer!

SPENCER

Mrs. Michaels, what's wrong?

Athena reaches him completely out of breath.

ATHENA

He's ... in there ... I got  
out ... through the garage ...  
blocked me in...

Spencer runs over to the garage.

SPENCER

(into walkie-talkie)

This is Officer Spencer at the  
Michaels' residence. I've got  
action over here. Requesting  
assistance.

As he runs off, his radio crackles.

DISPATCHER VOICE

Citizen reports an officer down  
at 748 N. Rimsky Dr. All units  
in the vicinity of 748 N. Rimsky  
Dr., please respond...

INT. THOMPSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Athena is alone in the office with Thompson. Thompson has heard her story, and responds skeptically.

THOMPSON

Mrs. Michaels... 6 murders in the last 4 days is a lot around here. The victims were visited once by this guy. One of those victims was a police officer who was discovered decapitated on the porch of last night's other victim. He was there to protect her, and the killer took him out first. A trained police officer couldn't avoid being killed, but you've done it twice. He was also able to get into your house three times now without being discovered.

ATHENA

Detective Thompson, your guy was sitting in front of my house the whole time. I would have had to have gone on foot.

THOMPSON

You could have gone on foot. Duke's house isn't too far from you.

ATHENA

Why won't you believe me?

THOMPSON

How can I? This guy's got a perfect record except with you. What am I supposed to think?

ATHENA

I was home all night. He tried to kill me. I barely escaped with my life.

THOMPSON

There is only one way I will  
be able to believe you. And that  
is if he kills tonight.

ATHENA

What are you talking about?

Thompson buzzes someone outside his office. A very typical  
looking POLICE OFFICER, enters and handcuffs Athena.

ATHENA

Hey!

THOMPSON

Athena Michaels, you are under  
arrest for the murders of Hank  
Michaels, Jake Carver, Jody  
Yule, Jennifer Thurman, Scott  
Owen, and Sherry Duke. You  
have the right to remain silent.  
Anything you say can and will  
be used against you...

Thompson continues with the Miranda Rights as he and the officer  
lead Athena out of the office.

EXT. HARRIET GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

830 W. Sondheim is a nice little suburban home complete with two  
cars in the driveway, and a neat little lined walkway from the  
drive to the front porch.

Around one side of the house, HARRIET GRAHAM'S window sits open.

INT. HARRIET GRAHAM'S BEDROOM

The room is modestly decorated with a mix of Harriet's childhood  
and her early adulthood. While not an unspeakable mess, the  
floor is littered with things she has not deemed worthy to pick  
up and find a place for.



Harriet, 20, enters her room dressed in pajamas and drying her hair from a recent shower. She tosses the towel to the floor and shivers a little.

She looks curiously to an open window. She walks over to the window and looks out upon the dark, suburban street.

She shrugs and closes the window. Plops herself onto her bed.

HARRIET'S MOM (O.S.)

Harriet?

Harriet rolls her eyes, and turns to the door, expecting it to open in 3 ... 2... The door opens and Harriet's mother looks in on her.

HARRIET

Yes mother?

HARRIET'S MOM

Were you going to stay up and study at all tonight?

HARRIET

Maybe. Maybe not.

HARRIET'S MOM

If you want good grades, you really do need to study.

HARRIET

I got nothing to study right now. And I have to call Ashley anyway.

HARRIET'S MOM

Now Harriet, you know I don't approve of you going around with that Ashley Carter. I think she's a bad influence on you.

HARRIET

Come on, mom. She's my friend, not yours. If you don't like her, don't talk to her.

HARRIET'S MOM

That's not the issue and you know it.

HARRIET

Yeah, the issue is: if you'd let me live in the dorms like I've been asking, I wouldn't have to listen to your complaining and you wouldn't have to deal with Ashley's voice coming over your phone line.

HARRIET'S MOM

You watch your mouth, young lady, or...

HARRIET

Or what? You'll spank me? Wash my mouth out with soap?

HARRIET'S MOM

I'll take your phone right out of here.

HARRIET

Never stopped me before. I'll just find it and take it back.

Harriet's mom sighs and shakes her head, somewhat fighting back those tears of sadness.

HARRIET'S MOM

Good night Harriet.

HARRIET

Whatever.

Beaten again, Harriet's mom shuts the door to her room.

Harriet immediately rolls over, grabs her phone, and dials Ashley Carter's number. She assumes the girl-talking-on-the-phone position of lying on her stomach, legs up, facing the head of her bed against the wall.

INT. ASHLEY CARTER'S DORM ROOM

A typical college dorm room, sparsely decorated. The lights are off.

THE PHONE RINGS.

A HAND reaches over from the bed and picks up the phone. It is ASHLEY CARTER, 20.

ASHLEY

Hello?

INTERCUT HARRIET'S BEDROOM / ASHLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

HARRIET

Hey girl, what's up?

ASHLEY

Harriet! It's going real good over here, if you know what I mean.

HARRIET

Oh, do I need to let you go?

ASHLEY

Nah, it's cool. What's up?

HARRIET

Did you see the news today? They locked up Hank's wife. Can you believe she did it?

ASHLEY

Ohmygod, I know. Can't say I blame her, but geez, I don't know if I'd go around killing everyone. I feel safer with her locked up, though.

HARRIET

I know what you mean. I never would have guessed. I always saw her as the June Cleaver type.

ASHLEY

You got the Cleaver part right.  
(beat)  
Hey, what if she didn't do it.

HARRIET

What do you mean?

ASHLEY

Or, maybe, what if she has an accomplice who's still out there.

INT. HARRIET GRAHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

HARRIET

Give me a break, Ashley. If you're trying to scare me, it won't work.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

He could be in your closet, waiting for you to come in. And now, while you're all occupied, talking to me, he could come creeping out of the closet to get you.

Harriet turns around quickly and looks at her closed closet door. She shakes her head and nervously laughs.

HARRIET

You might as well give up, girl, you ain't gonna scare me.

The closet door slowly opens behind Harriet without a sound. The faceless figure steps out and does everything just as Ashley describes it.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

He'll be slowly opening your closet door and step out, really soft-like. Slowly, he'll walk across your bedroom floor and come up right behind you, but you'll never know it.

HARRIET

Come on, stop.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Silently, he'd reach for the phone cord and before you know it, he'll wrap it around your throat and strangle you to death.

HARRIET

Look, you're creeping me out here. I'm going to bed. Good night.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Good night.

Harriet moves to hang up the phone, but notices the cord running behind her. She looks back to see the

FACELESS FIGURE

behind her. Before she can scream, the Figure wraps the phone cord around her neck and holds her there, gasping for air, until she stops struggling, out of breath and panting.

The Figure releases her onto the bed, and then rolls her onto her back. The Figure pulls a knife out-

INT. ASHLEY'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley reaches over and hangs up the phone. She cuddles up to HARRY WILLIAMS, who lies in bed with her.

HARRY

That was short.

ASHLEY

Yeah, she hates being scared,  
so I tried to make it short.  
I wanted to get back to you.

HARRY

Oh, is there something here  
you like?

ASHLEY

MmHm. You make me feel safe...

HARRY

Do I?

ASHLEY

MmHm...

They kiss.

INT. HARRIET GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harriet's mom walks down the hall of the house and notices that  
Harriet's light is on. She knocks on the door.

HARRIET'S MOM

All right, Harriet. Lights  
off.

No answer. She knocks again.

HARRIET'S MOM

Do you hear me young lady?

She opens the door.

HARRIET'S MOM

Harriet-

She stops cold in her tracks and the blood runs completely out  
of her face. She screams and faints. This brings MR. GRAHAM  
running.

MR. GRAHAM

Honey, what's-

He looks into the room and sees

HARRIET'S BODY

an "A" cut deeply into her torso, and lying in a pool of blood on the bed. The phone cord is wrapped around her legs, lashing them together.

MR. GRAHAM (O.S.)

Oh my God, my God!

EXT. HARRIET GRAHAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Someone looks across the yard from one side of the house.

The person looks down at the page of the address book from the Michaels' house and crosses off Harriet's name.

INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Athena and Kathy enter a large, plain room with a large table, multiple chairs, a speakerphone, and a screen at one end. MINDY ZIMMERMAN, a college girl, looks up at their entry.

KATHY

Here we are.

ATHENA

Thanks for coming with me.

KATHY

No problem. If he invited all of Hank's little friends, then you could use some support.

MINDY

Who are you?

ATHENA

Athena Michaels.

MINDY

Michaels?

ATHENA

I'm Hank's wife.

MINDY

Really? He never told me he was married.

KATHY

I hardly think that excuses the relationship you had with him. Student-teacher relationships are very frowned upon.

MINDY

Only for the teachers.

Kathy rolls her eyes.

KATHY

That's bright.

ATHENA

I'm going to hate this.

KATHY

Oh yeah.

The door slams open. TRICIA CLARK walks in. She appears very conceited, like she's the only one that deserves to be in the room.

TRICIA

Well, here I am. When is this going to start?

Tricia looks at Athena.

TRICIA

Do I know you?

ATHENA

I don't think so.



TRICIA

Yeah, I do. You're Professor  
Michaels wife. I recognize  
your picture from your bedroom.

Athena puts her face in her hands in shame.

ATHENA

Oh, have mercy.

TRICIA

Yeah, after we made love, we'd  
lie in your bed all naked, and  
he'd tell me how much of a  
better screw I was than you.

KATHY

I guess when you prostitute  
yourself to enough people, you  
pick up a few tricks.

TRICIA

Who the hell are you?

Kathy stands. Next to Tricia, Kathy's built form is extremely imposing.

KATHY

Athena's friend.

TRICIA

Geez, chill Mr. Schwarzenegger.

Kathy grabs Tricia's shirt and pulls her close. Tricia struggle against Kathy's grip in vain.

KATHY

I think an apology is in order.

TRICIA

Right. Sorry.

Kathy puts her down and sits back down. Tricia walks away towards Mindy. She glances back.

TRICIA

Bitch.

Kathy shakes her head.

KATHY

Apparently, dear Hank was into children.

She looks at Athena, who is crying.

KATHY

I'm sorry.

ATHENA

In our bed. We bought that bed together. We spent our first night together on it. And he just defiled-

Kathy puts her arm around Athena.

KATHY

Sh, it's ok.

ATHENA

I can't do this.

Athena stands. She looks right into the face of Detective Thompson.

THOMPSON

I'm afraid you have no choice at the moment.

Thompson looks down at Kathy.

THOMPSON

Why are you here?

KATHY

To support my friend. She's a wreck. Look at her.

THOMPSON

I'm afraid this is a closed meeting. Only those who were invited may attend.

Behind Thompson, LAURA TAYLOR, another cute college co-ed, and Ashley Carter enter. Ashley's eyes are puffy from crying. They glance at Athena, eyes wide for a moment, and then move on to sit at the table. Athena watches them as they pass.

ATHENA

How many are there?

THOMPSON

One more.

He turns to Kathy.

THOMPSON

You'll have to leave.

ATHENA

Please don't make her leave.

THOMPSON

I'm sorry, Mrs. Michaels, but that's procedure. Good day, Mrs. Brackett.

Thompson walks to stand at the head of the room. He taps his fingers against his lips, waiting. Athena looks at Kathy.

KATHY

I'll be right outside.

ATHENA

Ok. Thanks for being here.

KATHY

Anytime.

They hug briefly. Kathy leaves. Athena turns to the group who just stare at her. Athena shrinks into her chair, detached from everyone else.

LAURA

So who are we waiting for?

The door opens. Darla enters.

ASHLEY

Miss Hemmingway?

DARLA

Oh, you have got to be kidding me. I knew he was boffing some students, but I had no idea who.

Tricia laughs.

TRICIA

We were getting shared with Miss Hemmingway.

DARLA

Apparently so, Miss Clark, and I would encourage you to remember that I still control your grade in Political Science.

Tricia stops laughing. Darla looks at Athena.

DARLA

So, we finally meet. The reason he wouldn't marry me. He said you keep a clean house. A shame you couldn't keep him clean.

Darla walks on. She sits away from the students.

Thompson looks over the room, still tapping his two fingers to his mouth. He brings down his hand.

THOMPSON

As you may know by now, Harriet Graham was killed last night by the assailant who has been plaguing us for the past several days. As Mrs. Michaels was incarcerated, she has been absolved of the guilt of these crimes.

ASHLEY

You know, I was talking to her right before it happened. You know when they said it was? 10:30. I hung up the phone at 10:30. The guy must have been in the room when I was trying to scare her. I had Harry over and didn't want to talk right then.

Ashley breaks down and Mindy holds her.

MINDY

Hey, Ashley, how could you know? How could any of us know?

DARLA

How do we know she's not in league with the guy? After all, she did survive him twice.

Darla gets agreement from some of the other girls.

THOMPSON

I understand your sentiments, ladies, but the probable cause under which we were holding her became moot last night.

Thompson surveys the room, and no one responds to this point.

THOMPSON

Hank Michaels had an address book which he kept in the nightstand beside his bed. Now I really couldn't care less what you've done with the guy in the past, but whatever it was, he felt you were worthy enough for him to scribble each of your names, addresses, and phone numbers in that address book. Hank's notation has made each of you a target.

TRICIA

But if he's got the page, how did you know who we were?

THOMPSON

I was able to make out the impressions left by Mr. Michaels' pen from when he made those entries. The killer and I have the same list and it contains all of your names, with the exception of Mrs. Michaels.

LAURA

So what's this guy look like?

ATHENA

He wore a mask.

MINDY

A mask?

THOMPSON

According to Mrs. Michaels, the killer was dressed completely in black with no visible skin. Over his head, he wore a cloth, black, featureless mask of some sort. Since no one else has seen it, we can't be sure of what it looks like.

DARLA

This is all well and good, but did you round us up just to warn us that one of us is getting toasted tonight, or is there another reason?

THOMPSON

It's been decided to take extreme measures to protect you

TRICIA

What kind of measures?

THOMPSON

Tonight, you'll be meeting up with Dr. Randall Quired, the director of the Bluffs Mental Health Facility.

TRICIA

The loony bin?

THOMPSON

The Facility has a vacant wing in which you can stay until we can round up all the evidence to find the killer. It's very secure and you will be protected.

MINDY

You're locking us up?

TRICIA

That's not fair. We didn't do anything.

LAURA

Oh, this'll look great on my college resume. Straight A's. Time in the loony bin.

ATHENA

Will all due respect, ladies, you wouldn't be here if you hadn't slept with my husband...

DARLA

And you wouldn't be here if you hadn't married him. See how that works?

ATHENA

I think you missed my point, Darla.

MINDY

You know, they used to kill people for adultery. It was like the same as murder.

LAURA

Sure, 2,000 years ago.

TRICIA

It's not a crime anymore, though.

DARLA

We're all still suspects, aren't we, Detective?

THOMPSON

Let's just say if any one of you bolts before we meet over there, consider yourself guilty.

TRICIA

And we have no choice in the matter?

THOMPSON

No.

LAURA

Is that legal?

THOMPSON

I can make it legal but for now, it's called "doing it for your own good."

LAURA

I prefer to look after my own good, thank you.

TRICIA

He just won't tell us we're all suspects to our faces, that's all.



MINDY

Yeah, I'm not big on being put away for doing nothing.

THOMPSON

Inside the facility, you'll all walk out alive. I can't make the same guarantee about staying home, based on the last few nights.

A silence hangs for a moment while the last line soaks in.

DARLA

Well, I guess I'm sold.

ASHLEY

Me too.

LAURA

I may hate losing my freedom, but I'd like to at least graduate.

THOMPSON

Do I have agreement from you all?

As Thompson looks around, they all nod reluctantly.

THOMPSON

I know you're all nervous about this, and I'm sure some of you are angry, but our options are running thin.

DARLA

Now, if this guy doesn't come after us tonight, and it's none of us, then what? Are we stuck there indefinitely?

THOMPSON

We're doing the best we can to protect you. We're hoping to be able to figure this out before you all think you're living there.

EXT. BLUFFS MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - NIGHT

A VAN emblazoned with the logo: "BLUFFS MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY" drives through manned GATES.

The van pulls up under a covered awning. DR. RANDALL QUIRED, an older gentleman with an air of calmness, stands under the awning, waiting.

When the van stops, he steps forward and opens the door. The six women look up at him.

QUIRED

Good evening, ladies. I'm Dr. Randall Quired. Welcome to the Bluffs Mental Health Facility.

INT. BLUFFS MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY

Dr. Quired leads the women to the SECURITY STATION, where PAUL WYATT, a security guard, sits. He looks up at their approach.

QUIRED

Good evening, Paul.

PAUL

Evenin', Doc.

Quired walks over to a set of steel bars off to one side of the station. Beyond the bars is a set of steel doors.

Quired nods to Paul. Paul pushes a button on his panel, and the gate unlocks.

Quired pulls it open, lets the women enter, then shuts it behind him.

Once that gate is shut, Quired holds a card up to a panel on the wall, and the steel doors unlock.

Quired opens those doors, allows the women to pass, then allows the doors to close and lock behind him.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY

Quired walks down a short hall with another door at the far end with the women in tow.

QUIRED

This wing is constructed identically to the wing in use right now. They both are designed to hold maximum-security patients. Steel doors, camera surveillance, electronic locks, the works. When a state hospital opened closer to the city, we lost a lot of our patients, but we do, however, keep it up, especially since the council voted to use it for holding regular prisoners on a temporary basis. There are bars on all the windows and locks on all the doors. Not only can no one get out, no one can get in either.

DARLA

Feel guilty yet, anyone?

ASHLEY

I feel safe, anyway.

Once they reach the other end of that short hallway, Quired holds his card up to another panel on the wall, and the last door unlocks.

Once the women are in, he passes through, and the doors shut behind them with a CLANG.

INT. FACILITY - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Later that night, Paul sits at the desk. Quired emerges from the steel doors accompanied by ARLENE JOHNSON. Paul notices them on the security monitor, and punches the button to unlock the gate for them.

Paul gathers his things as Arlene approaches the station.

QUIRED

They shouldn't give you any trouble Arlene, but if anything happens, even if it seems insignificant, call me immediately.

ARLENE

Yes, Dr. Quired.

Paul and Quired exit.

Arlene takes her seat, watching the monitor and the 6 women who are her prisoners for the evening sitting in a gathering room...

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING GATHERING ROOM

All 6 women are present in this room right now just as shown on the monitor. They are pacing, reading, and overall, just sitting around.

MINDY

Well, this is just about as much fun as I can handle in one evening.

TRICIA

Yeah, what're we supposed to do all night? I never go to bed this early.

LAURA

What Tricia means is she never goes to sleep this early.

TRICIA

Neither do you, Laura.

LAURA

I've always had favorable reviews.

MINDY

I think the idea in a place like this is to go to bed early.

TRICIA

But I'm not tired, Mindy.

MINDY

Neither am I.

LAURA

Besides, where's the fun in going to bed alone, anyway.

DARLA

This is really more information than I care to know about my students.

MINDY

Sorry, Miss Hemmingway. Kind of forgot about you being a teacher.

TRICIA

I am so bored.

ASHLEY

Me too, Tricia. I guess we have nothing to do, though, but go to sleep.

DARLA

Dr. Quired suggested we room with someone. With six of us, that works out to two to a room.

MINDY

Works for me.

DARLA

Everyone come with me.

Everyone except Athena gets up and follows Darla out of the Gathering Room and into the Hallway. They look down the hallway which goes dark around a corner in the distance.

Darla leads them to the first room. She turns the handle and they all enter the small room furnished with two beds. Each bed is made up with basic bedding.

TRICIA

Ew, do you think all the rooms are like this?

MINDY

Probably.

DARLA

-All right, girls, we'll be staying in the first three rooms here. I doubt anything will happen tonight, even if one of us is the psycho, since we were checked for weapons and such earlier. I'll take this room with Athena. The rest of you will take the next two down. Any questions?

The other 4 ad-lib their negatives, and file out to their rooms. Darla follows them into the hallway.

TRICIA

You can go on without me, Mindy. I need to stretch my legs, and there's plenty of hallway to do it in.

MINDY

Ok.

Darla passes by them and walks back into the gathering room where Athena continues to sit, alone.

Athena watches Darla as she walks around the room trying to summon up the courage to spit out what's on her mind.

Darla finally sits across from Athena, who simply continues to watch and listen.

DARLA

Athena... Can I be frank  
with you?

Athena shrugs.

DARLA

Look, I met Hank when he first got to the University. I didn't know he was married, and he didn't tell me. By the time I found out about you, I was already in love with the man. I was head over heels for him. I hated him for that.

Athena only looks at Darla, listening.

DARLA

I put him through hell trying to get him to be with me. When I found out about everyone else, I tried even harder. I gave him whatever he wanted, and he took it. I wish I hadn't...

Darla waits for some kind of reaction, but Athena only looks at her, listening.

DARLA

I'm not a bad person, Athena. I'm really not. I made a mistake trying for Hank, and I regret it fully. I know that can't change everything that's happened, and I know this won't make it feel any better, but for whatever it's worth, I'm sorry.

ATHENA

You're sorry?

DARLA

I'm sorry he treated you the way he did. I'm sorry I treated you the way I did. I'm sorry for everything.

ATHENA

Look... While I appreciate your honesty, here's what I'm going through: I had an image of Hank as the perfect husband, and if all I had to deal with were his death, that would be hard enough. But I had an additional bomb dropped on me in the form of you and everyone else in this place, so... Please go away.

DARLA

Is there anything I can do?

ATHENA

Nothing anyone can do.

DARLA

If you want to talk-

ATHENA

I would have nothing to say.

DARLA

Well, I'm here.

Athena nods. Darla exits, leaving Athena alone.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tricia walks through the myriad of hallways provided by this unused high-security wing of the Mental Health Facility.

As she walks, a dark shape passes in the foreground.



She stops at a window to look out upon the world she'll soon rejoin.

The faceless figure stands next to an open door across the hall behind her.

TRICIA

sighs and turns to head back. Along the wall, the figure is gone.

The figure watches her from inside a room as Tricia passes by it. She looks after Tricia as she walks.

TRICIA

stops walking as if she feels like she's being watched. She turns around to check the hall behind her.

It is empty.

Tricia appears a bit troubled, but continues walking.

She goes a few more steps and hears a noise from inside a room just behind her. Curious, she goes to the room.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING ROOM

She reaches around to turn on the light switch. Before she touches the switch,

A KNIFE

slices out of the darkness and slits her wrist.

TRICIA

screams, and holds her wrist. She backs away from the darkened doorway, hyperventilating, still staring at it.

THE FACELESS FIGURE

steps from the darkness. Tricia's face goes white, and she nearly falls running from it back to the others.

TRICIA  
HE'S HERE! HE'S IN HERE WITH US!

The figure moves with his unprecedented speed, catches her, wraps his arms around her throat, and stabs his knife in her up to the hilt.

FIGURE  
One down, four to go.

Tricia dies, and the figure drags her down the hallway.

INT. BLUFFS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Most of the lights in the station are off, and the occasional janitor can be seen cleaning the floors.

INT. DETECTIVE THOMPSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A very tired Detective Thompson sits at his desk in front of his computer reading information on the people involved in this case.

The light from the computer screen glares off his face as he goes from page to page.

He sorts through some depositions on his desk, scanning them for anything he might have missed.

He rubs his eyes as he picks up one of the files and reads it. His face shows that he may have missed an important point or person on this particular deposition.

Thompson punches the name into the computer, and his face reflects the loading of a screen.

As the page loads, his face shows a great deal of worry about what he has discovered. His face becomes intent and increasingly worried as he reads the information presented on the screen.

He considers his course of action for only a moment after reading it, then he grabs his coat and exits.

INT. FACILITY - DARLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Darla lies in bed, her eyes open and disturbed. Her door is closed.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Darla rolls out of bed, dressed in pajamas. She walks to the door and opens it.

Mindy looks at her. Her face is worried and nervous.

DARLA  
Mindy... Come in.

Mindy enters.

DARLA  
What's wrong?

MINDY  
It's Tricia. She's not back yet.

DARLA  
Now, it's only been a half hour since we broke our meeting, I'm sure she's roaming the halls somewhere.

MINDY  
I know Tricia. She walks, yes, but never for more than 15 or 20 minutes at the most. In a strange place like this, I doubt she'd be gone that long.

Darla places a comforting arm around her and they sit on Darla's bed, facing away from the open door.

DARLA  
Now Mindy, we're all a little afraid of what might be out there. We should be. It's not every day some homicidal psychopath makes you a target.

Mindy darts her a disgusted look. Darla smiles.

DARLA

All the same, though, we're  
locked up in a very secure  
facility. There's no way he's  
getting in here.

As she finishes her lines, the faceless figure walks past the door.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

The figure walks down the hallway. A sign comes into his view:  
"LADIES".

She pushes open the door to the bathroom.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING LADIES BATHROOM - NIGHT

Laura sits in the shower area, which is a large, quasi-public area kind of like a high school locker room or barracks, with the water running making a valiant attempt to shave her legs.

Behind her, the figure stops and watches her for a moment.

FLUSH! The figure turns and walks into a stall just as Ashley walks out of one.

Ashley appears where the figure once stood and observes Laura shaving her legs.

ASHLEY

We're stuck here all night and  
you're actually bothering to  
shave your legs?

LAURA

A girl's gotta look her best,  
no matter what.

ASHLEY

Maybe if there were a guy in here with us, but with a bunch of other women... I can wait until tomorrow.

LAURA

Suit yourself, Ashley, but don't complain to me when your legs feel all scratchy tomorrow morning.

ASHLEY

My legs don't feel scratchy.

She scratches one of her legs, before realizing what she's doing and stops.

LAURA

You say that now, but-

ASHLEY

I'm going to the room, Laura. When do you think you'll be done?

LAURA

Whenever I'm done. You can't rush perfection.

ASHLEY

I'd feel better about traveling together.

LAURA

Hey, there's no one in here with us. No one can even get past the gate, much less the guard and the bars and the doors.

ASHLEY

Still...

LAURA

They think they're doing us  
some big favor locking us away  
in here, taking away our  
freedom. How chivalrous...

ASHLEY

Don't be too long, ok?

Ashley exits. Laura resumes shaving.

LAURA

She's cute and all, but geez,  
Hank, where'd you find her?

The figure turns the corner into the shower area to see Laura still sitting there with her back to her, shaving away.

LAURA

is completely oblivious to the figure watching her. She quietly sings to herself as she continues shaving.

The figure walks away just as the door opens as Mindy walks in.

MINDY

You're shaving your legs?

Laura rolls her eyes and looks at Mindy.

LAURA

Don't start with me.

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Thompson parks his car by the curb of a suburban house

He exits his car and moves across the yard to the door of the house.

He knocks a few times, then tries the door. Finding it locked, he checks under the mat and above the door for a key to unlock the house.

He discovers the key, unlocks and opens the door, then enters.

INT. KILLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Thompson furtively walks through the house, careful not to disturb anything or anyone who may be in there.

He uses a small flashlight to look in various places and finds nothing of use. He comes across a door that is locked.

He pulls a credit card out of his wallet and sticks it in the door jamb.

INT. KILLER'S ROOM - NIGHT

SNICK! The door opens. Thompson walks in.

The minimal light from the hallway silhouettes his form in the doorway of this very dark room. His flashlight shines in the room as he walks in, shuts the door, and turns on the light.

The bare room illuminates showing a single desk and covered window.

Hanging from the ceiling are lots of photographs of Athena, Hank, the college, the Michaels' house, the various women that Hank has been with, and even their houses and rooms.

On the desk, there is a composition tablet, a wedding picture, a framed marriage license, a mug of pens and pencils, and some younger photos of Hank and the girl in the wedding picture.

Thompson picks up the wedding photo, and the girl in the photograph looks vaguely familiar, but she is definitely not Athena. The guy, however, is definitely Hank.

He puts down the picture and picks up the composition tablet. He notes there are several stacked next to the desk on the floor. He flips through the book to the final entry. He reads the page.

THOMPSON (V.O.)

God said: "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "the adulterer and adulteress shall surely be put to death." The time has come to act. It is time to remind him of our vows: "Till death do us part." His harem is as guilty as he and will reap the same fate. The time has come to purge the evil from the world. This mission begins tonight and will not end until every one of his tramps has met their fate. Father, I've done as you have asked. Happy anniversary, Hank.

Thompson puts the book down on the desk and makes a call on his cell phone. Having no answer, he hangs up and dials again.

THOMPSON

Dr. Quired, this is Detective Thompson ... Yes, I'm aware of the time, but I think we may have a problem ... I CALLED the facility, and there was no answer ... Meet me there as soon as you can.

Thompson hangs up and quickly leaves the room.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING GATHERING ROOM - NIGHT

Athena rests on a couch with her eyes closed in the gathering room. She flickers her eyes open to see the faceless figure standing at the doorway, looking at her.

She sits up and the figure disappears into the hallway.

Athena jumps up off the couch and runs to the hallway to look after it.

She looks down the hallway in the direction that the figure disappeared, but sees no one.



She looks confused.

ATHENA

Hello?

INT. FACILITY - MINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mindy lies in bed trying to sleep. She is turned with her face away from the door. The figure stands on the inside of her closed door, watching her.

ATHENA (OS)

Hello?

MINDY

(to herself)

Come on... Some of us ARE  
trying to sleep.

The figure approaches her bed.

MINDY

This is ridiculous. I could be  
doing any number of things than  
being in this loony bin. I  
could have gone to that mixer I  
heard about and at least gotten  
some.

The figure has reached her bed. Mindy turns her head to see about the presence beside her bed.

MINDY

What in the-?

The Figure "karate-chops" her hand onto Mindy's throat, crushing her voice box.

Mindy grasps for sound. She tries to scream, but of course, nothing comes out.

The figure grabs her hair and lifts her out of her bed. She walks Mindy over to the window, which has grating in front of the glass, and slams her face into it hard enough to break the glass behind it.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Athena hears the clattering of metal and walks in the direction of Mindy's room.

INT. FACILITY - MINDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The figure releases Mindy's hair and she falls onto the floor. The Figure kicks her over onto her back. She offers little resistance.

MINDY  
(weakly)  
Please...

The figure brandishes her knife and stabs Mindy repeatedly.

Athena opens the door as he finishes his work. Mindy is dead. Athena stares at the Figure, her mouth wide open in shock.

The figure approaches Athena. She backs up against the door and stares at her, dumbly, as the Figure approaches her. The Figure stands directly in front of her and looks into her face as she looks into the Figure's lack thereof.

FIGURE  
Soon it will be over.

The Figure moves. She closes her eyes. A door opens outside the room.

Athena waits for the inevitable.

DARLA  
Oh my God!

Darla stands at the door looking in horror at the body of Mindy.

Laura and Ashley arrive. Ashley screams. Athena faints.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING GATHERING ROOM - NIGHT

Darla gently slaps Athena awake. She comes to.

She lies on the couch where she was earlier sleeping. Darla sits closest to her with Laura and Ashley sitting in other chairs, looking at her with the slightest touch of fear on their faces.

ATHENA

Did you see him? He's here.

DARLA

No, you're here; we're here.  
No one else can get in.

ATHENA

Obviously, someone else got  
in. Mindy's dead.

DARLA

She's dead. Tricia is missing.  
You were the only one in Mindy's  
room when I got there. I didn't  
see anyone else.

ATHENA

He was in there when I showed  
up. He walked out before you  
got there.

ASHLEY

He walked out?

LAURA

You said you were standing at  
the door.

ASHLEY

Yeah, how could he get out if  
you were standing there?

ATHENA

He walked past me. He said, it  
will be over soon.

DARLA

I'll bet it will.

LAURA

Why didn't he whack you?

ATHENA

I don't know. He looked at me.

DARLA

Seriously, Athena, do you expect us to believe that this homicidal maniac killed one girl, then just looked you in the face, spoke a few words, and just left?

ATHENA

He probably heard you coming.

DARLA

Why should he care? You've seen him. Why didn't he just kill you, and let me see him?

ATHENA

I don't know.

DARLA

Oh, you had us fooled didn't you? She probably killed Tricia, then stashed her body somewhere before doing in Mindy.

Athena stares at Darla angrily.

LAURA

Well, if we have our killer, can we go home?

DARLA

I don't see why not. There's an intercom on the front desk out there that the Doctor said would let us talk to the guard up there. I say we call Arlene, get us out of here, and leave her in.

Darla stands, ready to go.

DARLA

You two stay in here and keep an eye on her. I'm going to call the front desk.

ASHLEY

I don't want to be with her alone.

LAURA

Relax. She's harmless. We frisked her.

ASHLEY

I still don't like it.

Darla heads toward the door.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darla emerges into the hallway.

Someone watches her walk down the hall toward the front desk.

Darla crosses around the desk and punches the intercom button.

DARLA

Hello, Arlene? Arlene, are you there? Arlene, this is Darla Hemmingway.

Darla looks confused.

DARLA

Hm. I wonder where she went off to. Probably had to pee.

INT. FACILITY - SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

The security station is in a shamble. Buttons are smashed, monitors are destroyed, and sounds of electricity SPARKING are heard. Darla's voice crackles over a busted speaker.

Underneath the desk, Arlene's body has been shoved into the cavity beneath the station.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darla shakes her head and walks back to the gathering room.

Someone watches her approach the room. He approaches her.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING GATHERING ROOM - NIGHT

Darla re-enters and sits down. The others watch her intently. She appears very thoughtful.

ASHLEY

Miss Hemmingway... What's wrong?

DARLA

Oh nothing. Arlene must have been in the restroom or something; there was no answer.

ATHENA

No answer?! He got her. He got her and now he's in here with us.

LAURA

You're delusional.

ATHENA

I'm not delusional.

LAURA

You are. Check it out.

Laura walks over to the hallway.

ATHENA

Laura! Don't go out there!

DARLA

Honestly. What's going to happen?

Laura steps out. She looks down the hallway one direction, then the other. Both ways are clear.

She turns back to the room shaking her head.

As she speaks, the bathroom door opens just down the hall from her.

LAURA

The hallway is completely empty.  
What's he going to do? Jump out  
of the shadows?

ATHENA

He could be hiding in a room.

ASHLEY

It's true. He could.

DARLA

Honestly...

INT. FACILITY - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

Detective Thompson and Dr. Quired enter the facility.

THOMPSON

Dr. Quired, where are your  
security personnel?

QUIRED

She's probably in the restroom.

THOMPSON

And you think she was in there  
when I called earlier?

QUIRED

Likely. I think you're  
overreacting.

THOMPSON

I'd rather overreact than do nothing at all. We have 6 women's lives at stake in here, and I don't want their deaths on my head.

QUIRED

Don't worry. This is a secure facility. You see that no one could even get past the gate without proper clearance.

Thompson has made his way around the station to look at the back side.

THOMPSON

Doctor, is your facility always in this condition?

Quiired walks around the station.

QUIRED

What are you talking about? We're state of the-

He sees the chaos of the station.

QUIRED

Good heavens! There is no excuse for this.

THOMPSON

I want to get back there.

Quiired reaches past Thompson and presses the unlock button on the panel.

Nothing happens.

He looks confused and presses it again.

Again, nothing happens.

He comes around the station and bends down to open the underside panel.



QUIRED

Let me see if I can see if anything's wrong underneath.

THOMPSON

You wire it yourself?

QUIRED

No, but I know the basics-  
Ah!

Quired stumbles backward from the station. Thompson bends to look inside, and sees Arlene's body.

Thompson looks up at Quired, intently.

THOMPSON

I want in there. Now!

Quired looks a little ill, but nods. He grabs his keys and heads for the gate. Thompson follows.

He reaches for the lock with his key, but stops.

QUIRED

Oh no.

THOMPSON

What is it?

QUIRED

Someone stuffed something in the lock.

The lock appears to be packed full of something like chewing gum.

THOMPSON

Can you reach the other side?

QUIRED

These bars are only 2 inches apart, Detective. I couldn't get my arm through there and neither could you. Besides, look at our next obstacle.

Thompson looks beyond the bars to see that the panel on the wall has been smashed, and the lock in the door has also been crammed full of gum.

THOMPSON

We're going to need some help.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING GATHERING ROOM - NIGHT

The figure comes out of the bathroom and closes in on Laura, still standing in the hallway.

DARLA

Athena, you're doing nothing more than trying to avert the blame from yourself. We'll just take shifts watching you so you don't take out any more of us.

LAURA

Makes sense to me. I'm going to bed.

Athena's eyes grow wide. She points to the figure.

ATHENA

Laura, Look out!

Everyone, including Laura, turns to see the figure standing right up next to Laura.

He grabs her by the head and with a twist to her neck, breaks it. She falls to the floor, dead.

The 3 remaining women are frozen in total shock. A moment of silence passes as the 3 women stare at the faceless figure.

Suddenly, with unbelievable speed and precision, the figure brandishes his knife, bolts into the room towards them.

This snaps the others to (except for Ashley). Athena grabs Ashley's wrist and makes for the door. Darla lags behind and swings a chair at the figure, slowing him down. Darla bolts after them.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING ROOM - NIGHT

The three run into a room, and Athena shuts the door behind them.

Ashley freaks out, screaming and babbling.

ASHLEY

Ohmygod, he's real, he's  
reallyreallyreal. He's in  
here. We're gonna die!

Darla grabs Ashley and slaps her hand over her mouth. All three of them are backed up against the wall with the door. They swing their legs along the wall.

Through the observation window on the door, the faceless figure stops and looks into the room, very quietly.

Suddenly, the intercom pops on. Athena jumps, and Ashley faints, but Darla holds her firm, sweating herself.

After a short moment, the intercom pops off and the figure moves on to another room.

The remaining women relax only a little.

DARLA

Oh Athena, I'm sorry.

ATHENA

Forget it, Darla. We have too  
much going on right now to worry  
about blame. We have to do  
something.

DARLA

(re: Ashley)

She's not doing anything.

Darla lays Ashley on the floor.

ATHENA

We can put her in the closet,  
and hope she doesn't wake up  
and scream.

Darla nods.

ATHENA

But doesn't help us.

DARLA

Can we try luring him into a room, then locking him in?

ATHENA

All these locks need a key to work from the outside. If we got him into a room, we'd have to try and hold it shut.

DARLA

That won't work. There's gotta be something in here we can use.

ATHENA

But what?

Athena looks over at the beds in this room.

ATHENA

This is going to be a long shot, but I have an idea...

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Athena and Darla peep out of the room and cautiously look both ways.

They make their way down the hallway toward the gathering room carrying everything from the beds in the room they were hiding in.

They pass by a door labeled "UTILITY ROOM." The door opens slowly and the faceless figure fades in out of the darkness and steps into the hallway. He follows them.

The figure closes in on Darla. When he gets directly behind her, he raises his knife and brings it down on her back.

She jerks and falls to the ground. He retains his knife as she drops out of the way.

Athena darts around to see the figure standing over Darla, knife at the ready.

She runs toward the gathering room, and the figure gives chase.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING GATHERING ROOM - NIGHT

Athena darts around the frame of the door and tears a blanket out of the bundle she was carrying. She stands ready for the figure to come through the door.

When he does, she tries to hold him with the blanket, but his hand was at the ready with the knife. He slices through the blanket into Athena's arm.

She screams and falls to the floor, taking the blanket and his mask with her.

She looks up only to see the knife swiping at her again, and she ducks out of the way with the blanket into the backside of the room.

She scrambles to her feet, and looks across the room to see if she can spot the figure. The room is empty.

She backs along the wall behind the couches in the middle of the room, looking for any kind of movement.

A GLOVED HAND

swipes at her ankle from underneath the couch, slicing it open.

Athena screams and falls to the floor. She looks underneath the couch to find no one there.

She tries to scramble to her feet when a foot kicks her down. She hits the floor.

THE HAND

reaches down to pick up the mask and puts it back on.

Athena crawls away from the figure, trapping herself in the corner.

The figure closes in on her. Athena cringes, preparing herself for the inevitable.

FIGURE

If a person sins and does what is forbidden in any of the LORD's commands, even though she does not know it, she is guilty and will be held responsible.

ATHENA

Why do you keep saying that?

The figure's voice changes to a clear female voice.

FIGURE

Because, that is you.

Athena's face registers complete shock.

ATHENA

Kathy?

The figure removes her mask to reveal the face of Kathy Brackett. Kathy smiles at Athena, a wild madness showing through her eyes.

ATHENA

Why?

KATHY

Anyone who sleeps with an adulterer commits adultery. It is a finite law of the LORD.

ATHENA

How does that apply to me? I was the one married to him.

KATHY

Wrong!

Kathy leans down to Athena.

KATHY

He left me without a divorce,  
so your marriage is void. You  
were sleeping with my husband.

ATHENA

But-

KATHY

(mocking)  
-you didn't know!

Athena looks away, the phrase dawning on her.

KATHY

The police were also confused  
about the boy, Scott Owens. He  
slept with an adulteress, and  
so was just as guilty. Same  
deal.

ATHENA

And the cop?

KATHY

Icing.

ATHENA

On what?

KATHY

You.

ATHENA

What about me?

KATHY

You will live.

Athena looks confused.

ATHENA

After what you've done to everyone  
else?

KATHY

No, no. After what YOU'VE done to everyone else.

ATHENA

What?

KATHY

I leave you alive to take the rap for everything that happened here tonight. You were always the prime suspect, and their suspicions will be confirmed.

ATHENA

That's why you never killed me.

KATHY

Of course I wouldn't. I had to make it look good, of course.

ATHENA

But I was in jail during one of the murders.

KATHY

Leading the police to wonder who your accomplice is.

ATHENA

I will tell them you are my accomplice.



KATHY

Have you learned nothing from Hank? Knowing what to say to whom and when to make them think whatever you want them to think. He kept you completely in the dark. It made me sick hearing about the wonderful Hank when I knew the truth about him. I know I'll be questioned, but I am as much the psychology major as Hank is. I'll avoid their questions and watch you rot. They'll concoct a reason why your accomplice disappeared.

ATHENA

But they will wonder about my wounds.

KATHY

A single survivor in a wing of 5 dead women? They may wonder, but they won't care. And don't you worry about the one you stowed away in one of these rooms. I'll just look for the one without the bedding.

ATHENA

How will you get out?

KATHY

An advantage to working here is knowing ways into this wing that even the administrator is unfamiliar with. I could wait until they reach that door out there, and still be gone before they get in. I'll be home before you can finish your story.

ATHENA

Why are you doing this?

KATHY

Because Hank screwed me too,  
Athena. And he was the first to  
go. Enjoy your stay in prison.

Kathy turns to walk out. She replaces the mask on her head.  
Athena stumbles to her feet.

ATHENA

What about the murder weapon?

KATHY

It'll be here. But I'm not  
about to tell you where.

Kathy walks through the gathering room towards the hall. Athena  
picks up a chair and throws it across the room. Kathy turns like  
lightning as it smashes into her, knocking her to the floor.

Kathy rises to her feet.

KATHY

Nice try.

Darla slams Kathy from the back with a chair from the room.

Kathy falls to the floor, unmoving.

Darla, bleeding, puts the chair on the floor.

DARLA

Are you okay?

Athena nods.

ATHENA

Yeah, I think so...

Athena bends down to Kathy and takes her knife away.

DARLA

Who is it?

ATHENA

Apparently, my next door neighbor  
is Hank's first wife who he never  
divorced.

DARLA

He didn't you he was married  
either, huh?

Athena shakes her head.

They hear a pounding behind them at the main doors, and they run  
to the hallway.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sparks fly as a cutting torch cuts around the lock of the door  
to this area. Once complete, the door flies open, and Quired  
and Thompson with back-up pour in.

They see Darla and Athena standing at the doorway to the  
gathering room, not looking too good.

QUIRED

(calling back)

We need some medical assistance  
here.

ATHENA

We got her in here.

They turn back into the room, and look at the corner.

No one is on the floor. They turn back to Quired and Thompson.

ATHENA

She was there.

Kathy rises behind the women, knife raised. Thompson draws his  
pistol.

THOMPSON

Look out!

They look and duck. Thompson fires, clipping Kathy, and knocking her to the ground.

Athena, Darla, Thompson, and Quired run over to where she fell.

DARLA

Did you kill her?

THOMPSON

She'll recover.

EXT. BLUFFS MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - NIGHT

Athena, Darla, and Ashley stand with Thompson and Quired. Two Medics wheel Kathy past them to an ambulance.

ATHENA

Detective, what made you come after us?

THOMPSON

I was reading the public records we have on all of you to see if there was anything that might make one of you a killer, and I discovered Brackett is your friend Kathy's maiden name.

ATHENA

It's Kathy Michaels now, isn't it?

Thompson nods.

THOMPSON

She married Hank Michaels about 6 years ago when they were in college. He left her 2 years later, but there was never any divorce filed. She killed him on their anniversary.

ATHENA

So tonight she used her clearance as an employee to get past security at the gate, and then in to kill us.

QUIRED

That's the only way she could get in.

THOMPSON

Well, we have her now. We should all try to get some sleep.

ATHENA

Yeah. It's over.

They watch as Workers load Kathy into the ambulance. They close the doors and pat them. The ambulance drives off.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

It rains. The streetlights do little to illuminate through downpour.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is barely visible through the rain. Lightning flashes, illuminating its dark form. No lights show through the windows.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Athena sleeps alone peacefully in her bed.

Outside her window, the lightning flashes lighting up the landscape of the yard outside her window. The yard is empty and peaceful.

The lightning flashes again. This time, a dark, faceless figure stands directly outside Athena's window, watching her sleep.

THE END