

VENGEANCE

by

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Quaint, well-groomed houses line this typical city street. The quiet street is deserted at this hour of the night.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HANK MICHAELS, late twenties, lies in bed with JODY YULE, a girl in her early twenties. He is very handsome with a face to show that he knows it. She looks like the girl next door with a cute face and great body.

Hank and Jody breathe heavily, post-coital. 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.

Hank rolls over and grabs a pair of GLASSES from a nightstand beside the bed. He puts them on and looks back to 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 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 ear. No sound. He stares at the dead phone for a moment, before he hears a noise behind him.

Hank turns around. He gasps in horror.

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

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

Hank's horror turns to confusion as if the figure is familiar to him.

HANK

Why are you doing this?

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 her 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. Hank jerks and with a guttural sound, the air drains from his lungs.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY / INT. CAR - DAY

ATHENA MICHAELS, late twenties with a pretty face and a smile that says "life is good," drives along highways and through the quaint mountain town of Bluffs, Colorado. Little shops and tree-lined streets scream small, provincial town.

Athena turns down the street lined with more trees and well-groomed houses. She approaches her house and she seems to notice something. Her brow furrows.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

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

She exits her car walks over to the 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, and 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 is heard 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.

INT. MICHAELS GARAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Hank enters, dressed in a suit 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.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

Athena sits on the couch in her living room. Out the front window are multiple emergency vehicles. WORKERS wheel one body bag to an ambulance. Police mill around everywhere.

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, stunned.

KATHY BRACKET, a very strong, fit woman in her late twenties, enters the house through the front door and looks around frantically.

KATHY

Athena?

Athena runs to Kathy and throws her arms around her.

ATHENA

Oh, Kathy. I can't believe it.

KATHY

What's going on? I just woke
up and-

ATHENA

Hank's dead.

KATHY

Dead? How?

THOMPSON (O.S.)

Someone killed him.

Athena and Kathy look over to see DETECTIVE THOMPSON, a tough-as-nails police type, entering from the direction of the bathroom.

THOMPSON

I wasn't aware Mrs. Michaels
was expecting visitors.

ATHENA

This is, um...

Kathy extends her hand to Detective Thompson.

KATHY

Kathy Brackett. I live next door.

THOMPSON

I see.

(to Athena)

Do you mind if I ask you a
few questions?

Athena shakes her head. She walks to the couch and sits. Kathy follows. Thompson looks at Kathy.

ATHENA

Can she stay?

THOMPSON

I'd rather speak to you alone.

ATHENA

I'd like her to stay.

THOMPSON

Fine. Now, Mrs. Michaels, are you familiar with that car out there?

ATHENA

No.

THOMPSON

It belonged to the young woman we found dead in your shower. Jody Yule. Do you know her?

ATHENA

No. Is she a student?

THOMPSON

She is. One of your husband's students. Were you aware that your husband was having an affair with Ms. Yule?

Athena's eyes grow wide.

ATHENA

No. Are you sure that's why she was here?

THOMPSON

Most psychology lessons don't take place in the bedroom. Not that I know of, anyway.

KATHY

That's a little cold don't you think?

THOMPSON

Truth hurts.

ATHENA

Hank and I were in a happy,
loving relationship. Why would
he cheat on me?

THOMPSON

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

Athena stares off into space, as if thinking.

INT. ATHENA'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Athena walks over to a phone. 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. I'm
about to turn in too, but I
just wanted to say good night.

HANK (V.O.)

Cool.

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. I love you.

HANK (V.O.)

Love you, too.

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

END FLASHBACK

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

Athena emits a large, exhausted sigh.

ATHENA

Around ten 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.

THOMPSON

Mrs. Brackett, since you're
here, let me ask you: Did you
see anyone?

EXT. BRACKETT HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

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

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jody Yule stands on the porch. The door opens. Jody steps into Hank and throws her arms around his neck, giving him a passionate kiss.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - DAY

ATHENA

He kissed her?

Kathy nods.

KATHY

I'm sorry, Athena.

THOMPSON

Was it Ms. Yule?

ATHENA

Why didn't you do something?

THOMPSON

Mrs. Michaels...

ATHENA

Why didn't you march over here,
and ask him what the hell he
was doing?

KATHY

Athena, I-

ATHENA

I thought you were my friend, and
you let him get away with this?

THOMPSON

Mrs. Michaels, please calm down.
Now, Mrs. Brackett, whom did you
see?

KATHY

Well, I don't know if it was
this Yule girl, but a girl who
wasn't Athena got here around ten
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?

KATHY

No, sir.

THOMPSON

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

ATHENA

I went to bed.

THOMPSON

And you said you were at your
mother's? Why?

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.

THOMPSON

Are you on any medication?

Athena nods.

ATHENA

I haven't been handling my daddy's death so well. Hank has me a prescription for Zoloft.

THOMPSON

I see.

A younger OFFICER enters the scene carrying Hank's black address book.

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. He kept it locked in his nightstand. How did you get it?

THOMPSON

We used his keys. Mind if we hold on to it for awhile?

ATHENA

Ok.

He places the book in his pocket.

THOMPSON

So, Mrs. Brackett, why didn't you call Mrs. Michaels last night?

KATHY

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

THOMPSON

I see.

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. 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? Was she the only
one?

Kathy shrugs.

ATHENA

If I had kept that book, I
could have seen how many women's
numbers he had, track them 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?
What do you know about what
I'm going through. Have you
ever lost a husband? I don't
think-

KATHY

Yes, I have. I came here to
get away from all that.

ATHENA

I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

KATHY

It's ok. I felt the same way.

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.

KATHY

Me too...

EXT. BLUFFS UNIVERSITY - DAY

Well-manicured lawns and new architecture make Bluffs University an attractive place to attend college. Large numbers of students walk here and there across the expansive campus.

SCOTT OWEN, a typical looking college boy of about 20 years, walks rapidly across the campus toward JENNY OWEN, a young woman of about the same age.

SCOTT

Hey, there you are. Did you
hear about Professor Michaels?

JENNY

Hear what?

SCOTT

You know he got whacked last
night with Jody Yule in his
house. The board of regents is
pissed.

Jenny stares at the ground in shock.

JENNY

I heard something about his class being suspended but they never told us why. Oh my God.

SCOTT

I wonder if there'll be an investigation. That'd be cool, huh? Get everyone in a courtroom or something. I wonder if they'll let the law students ask any questions. I'd love to get in on that.

JENNY

You don't think they'll...

Jenny looks away. She appears disturbed. Scott stops and looks at her.

SCOTT

Hey, what's wrong?

Jenny shakes her head, tears coming to her eyes.

JENNY

I just...can't believe it.

SCOTT

What?

JENNY

Oh, God...

SCOTT

What, did you like him or something?

She shakes her head. Tears break into her eyes.

SCOTT

You didn't-

Jenny bites her lip. Scott's face turns to anger.

SCOTT

When the hell did this happen?

JENNY

Scott, it's nothing.

SCOTT

Like hell it is. How long has
this been going on?

She walks away from him, quickly. Scott follows.

JENNY

Nothing happened.

SCOTT

Then why are you acting this way?
Jenny!

She runs away from him. He chases after her.

From another direction, DARLA HEMMINGWAY, a woman in her mid-twenties dressed smartly with a smug face, walks along a sidewalk with SHERRY DUKE, a woman in her thirties with a permanent frazzled look about her.

DARLA

With a student! It's intolerable!

SHERRY

Oh, get over it. I've seen you
look his way a time or two.

DARLA

That is completely different,
and you know it. Who's going to
take over his classes? Hm? No
one knows psychology like that
man did.

SHERRY

He sure understood practical
applications of it.

DARLA

If you say, "Knowing what to
say to whom and when," I'll
report you too.

SHERRY

Well, I won't say it then.

DARLA

Oh, dear God, not you too.

Sherry shrugs.

SHERRY

Well, you know, I was having a lonely moment without Bob around.

DARLA

You get those a lot, I hear.

SHERRY

Well, I wouldn't want his side of the bed to get cold.

They walk onward.

Scott finally catches up to Jenny. He grabs her arm, gently. She stops.

SCOTT

Come on. Don't leave it like this.

Jenny looks away from him.

SCOTT

Come on, how long have we been together?

JENNY

Six weeks.

SCOTT

See? You can trust me. Talk to me.

Jenny looks at him.

JENNY

Scott, that could have been me.

SCOTT

So did you-?

JENNY

No!

Jenny sighs.

JENNY

At the beginning of this semester, Professor Michaels was very sweet to me. He took me out, and even invited me to his house.

SCOTT

But you didn't-

Jenny shoots him a look that could kill.

SCOTT

Hey, it's not illegal or anything. At least I don't think it is. It isn't, right?

Jenny rolls her eyes.

JENNY

Gimme a break. No, we fooled around. That's it. It bugged me, so I never saw him outside of school again.

Jenny looks away.

JENNY

He called me a few times, but I guess he eventually gave up. If I had kept seeing him, that would have been me instead of Jody.

She leans into him. He holds her.

JENNY

Do you hate me?

SCOTT

No. Of course I don't hate you.

He holds her by the shoulders and looks into her eyes.

SCOTT

We'll be ok.

He takes her in an arm and walks away with her.

From another direction, ASHLEY CARTER and HARRIET GRAHAM walk together with armloads of books.

ASHLEY

And I keep making Chris stay over because without him, I just don't feel safe. I hate living there alone.

HARRIET

I want to get in the dorms, but my mom just don't trust me. I'd be here for you, Ashley.

ASHLEY

What is it going to take, anyway?

HARRIET

An act of God? I dunno.

ASHLEY

Hey, there's Chris.

Ashley waives and calls out.

ASHLEY

Chris!

Across the way, CHRIS WILLIAMS, a boy around 20 looks over to her and waives back.

HARRIET

Hey, what do you think about Professor Michaels getting killed last night?

ASHLEY

Freaks me out, of course. That's why I'm glad Chris stays over.

HARRIET

You took his class, right?
Last year?

Ashley shrugs.

HARRIET

Do you ever...you know...

ASHLEY

Did I ever tell you about when Chris took a cold shower? Oh my God, it was so funny.

HARRIET

Ashley...

ASHLEY

Harriet, what happened happened, and I would rather move on. I'm not proud of it. Are you?

HARRIET

Well, that is how I passed psychology last semester. I came to him asking what he could do, and he told me. It was fun for a few weeks.

Ashley looks at Harriet, horrified.

ASHLEY

A few weeks?

HARRIET

It was a good summer vacation. What can I say? He even posed for me a few times. I ever show you the pictures I drew?

ASHLEY

That's ok.

HARRIET

Well, they're at home. Anyway, it all stopped when the new semester started.

ASHLEY

You or him?

HARRIET

Me. That old guy was a horndog. He probably just moved on to someone else.

They walk back into the throng of students.

ASHLEY

So, I hear you're seeing Brandon, how's he?

HARRIET

Brandon? He's the reason mom don't trust me.

Ashley laughs.

Darla and Sherry approach a door leading inside.

SHERRY

You don't suppose they'll shut down the school or anything, do you?

DARLA

Why would they do that?

SHERRY

Well, someone killed a teacher and his student. Won't there be an inquest or something?

DARLA

Maybe, but it's not worth shutting down the school. He wasn't worth much of anything, if you ask me.

SHERRY

I liked my time with him.

DARLA

I didn't need to hear that.

SHERRY

Don't worry, Darla. I know he always preferred the younger meat.

DARLA

You've got one sick mind, Sherry.

They enter the building. The students continue crossing the grounds. The lights dim as one by one they fade away until night falls.

EXT. BLUFFS UNIVERSITY DORMS - NIGHT

A dark figure sidles along the wall. It is Scott Owen. He looks both ways, reaches up to a dimly-lit first floor window, and knocks.

Someone watches Scott from a distance as he waits.

Scott knocks again. The window opens. Jenny Thurman pops her head out and looks both directions. She looks down.

JENNY

(whispered)

Scott? What are you doing?

SCOTT

I saw you were still up. I wanted to take you out. Make up for being a jerk earlier, you know?

JENNY

Are you crazy? We'll get in trouble for being out after curfew. Besides, I have a Sociology test tomorrow.

She thumbs back into her room. Scott peeps in the window. A small table lamp illuminates Jenny's bed where a book and several papers are spread out.

SCOTT

I've got tests too, but come on.
Where's your sense of adventure?

JENNY

My sense of adventure is wanting
to graduate and work with
children.

SCOTT

And when I pass the bar, I'll
acquit you for all the curfews
you've broken. Come on!

Jenny looks at him for a moment, indecision plastered all over her face. She looks back for a moment into her room.

Her roommate sleeps peacefully in a strange bed position.

She looks back to Scott and chuckles.

JENNY

You're impossible. You know that?

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

Someone watches them from a distance as Scott takes Jenny's hand and they creep along the side of the building, staying just below the windows.

They reach the edge of the building, and Scott turns toward the trees.

JENNY

Where are we going?

SCOTT

It's a surprise.

JENNY

What if the R.A. is wandering
around?

SCOTT

So we get busted for blowing
curfew.

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

I know what you're doing.

SCOTT

Are you complaining?

JENNY

No, but I said work with children,
not make them.

SCOTT

I promise I'm totally responsible,
and in the worst case scenario,
completely honorable too.

Jenny gasps in shock and smacks him. He laughs. She wraps her
arms around his neck and kisses him.

JENNY

Let's go, you mean old awful boy.

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

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Scott and Jenny enter where a 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 the stake 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 she 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 Three at noon: the city council voted eight to four 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 story and more in segment two.

(MORE)

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)

But first, our top story: Bluffs University experienced its second tragedy in only two days in the form of another double homicide. Two students were found by a groundskeeper 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

(with her mouth full)
Make me sick...

Athena carries her cottage cheese to the kitchen table and sits. It is set for two with placemats and everything. She drops her head and cries.

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK

Hank and Athena sit across from each other at the same kitchen table with the same perfect setup. Breakfast is in front of them. They take their napkins, place them on their laps and begin eating.

ATHENA

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 without dad, 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 you're a fit
example to us all on parental
care. Well done.

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.

HANK

And your going is just about your
mother?

ATHENA

Are you going to analyze me?

HANK

No, just asking. I noticed you refilled your prescription.

Athena pauses in her eating. She looks at him.

ATHENA

All right...doctor...maybe if you'd spend a little more time with me-

HANK

Now you know I need to work...

ATHENA

Yes, but late every day? Then you meet with friends? Sometimes, it feels like you're avoiding me.

HANK

I would never do that. You don't think I'm doing anything I shouldn't, do you?

He stares at her, waiting for the response. Athena stirs her breakfast around.

ATHENA

I guess not. If you were getting what you needed elsewhere, I figure you wouldn't still be having sex with me.

HANK

See? I do still love you.

ATHENA

I know. I just want to see more of you.

HANK

I'll see what I can do.

Silently, they continue eating their breakfast.

The doorbell rings.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The doorbell rings again. Athena starts, as if she'd been dropping off to sleep. Sweat beads on her forehead. She wipes the tears and snot from her face. The doorbell rings again.

Athena walks to the counter and tips a pill from a bottle into her hand. She pops it down and chases it with water. She walks toward the front door as the caller rings again. The bottle reads: "Zoloft."

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Athena reaches the front door. She opens the door to find a COURIER walking away with a small package.

He turns on his heel, and walks back to her. She signs for the package 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?

She collapses on the couch in tears and sobs. The doorbell rings again. She snuffles. Walks to the door and opens it.

ATHENA

(still angry)

What?

There is no one there.

Athena walks outside off the porch.

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. The figure speaks in its whisper.

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 workout clothes. A workout program blares in the background.

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. And I think he's
a she.

THOMPSON

A she?

ATHENA

She spoke to me in a whisper.
It was definitely female.

THOMPSON

Did you know the voice?

Athena sighs and shakes her head. Thompson rolls his eyes. He turns to Kathy.

THOMPSON

And you didn't see anyone.

KATHY

No.

THOMPSON

I see.

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. In addition, Mrs. Michaels, we've found that you've been treated for severe clinical depression over the last year making you prone to a large number of anxiety and panic attacks. Is that correct?

ATHENA

Well, yes, but I just lost my father.

THOMPSON

We know this.

KATHY

Detective, how is this relevant?

Thompson turns to her with a condescending look.

THOMPSON

Well, Mrs. Brackett, why don't you tell me?

KATHY

I'm sorry?

THOMPSON

According to the information you decided not to provide, you work at the mental hospital. Means you are probably more qualified than me to make this type of observation, aren't you?

KATHY

If you're suggesting this is some kind of hypomanic episode, I think you need to rethink it.

THOMPSON

I see. Ok, for the sake of argument, why did he - or she - let you live?

ATHENA

Let me live? I escaped. She 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

Who told you there was more than one?

KATHY

What?

THOMPSON

You said "any number of." I thought you might know something.

KATHY

Ok, so I assumed last night's killing was related.

Thompson looks at her for a moment and nods.

THOMPSON

Ah yes, the news story.

KATHY

Yeah, the news. So I can't help but wonder what you think will happen tonight?

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

THOMPSON

Interesting. So how many do you think there are?

Kathy sighs.

KATHY

All right. I assumed again.

THOMPSON

You do that a lot, but with uncanny correctness.

KATHY

Well, psychologically, it just seemed like he might be that kind of guy.

THOMPSON

I see. What I can tell you right now is that we have our eyes on more women that may be related to Hank Michaels' philandering. While I can't give you numbers, I can tell you that You can expect a uniformed officer to keep an eye on you tonight.

KATHY

House arrest?

THOMPSON

We have several reasons - protection is one of them.

Athena and Kathy look at Thompson for a moment, as if expecting something else.

THOMPSON

Is there something else you need?

ATHENA

No, I guess not.

THOMPSON

Ok, then. If you see any more shadows running around your house trying to kill you, you may need to start paying your friend here by the hour. Good day.

With a dirty look, Kathy and Athena exit.

Thompson watches them go for a moment before he quickly pulls out the black address book. He flips the book open to the first blank page. He holds it sideways to the light, looking intently at the page. He smiles.

He puts the book down on his desk. He takes a blunt pencil from a holder. He lightly rubs the side of the lead across the page, coloring it. As he does, indentations of names, addresses and phone numbers appear.

INSERT THE BOOK

From top to bottom, as Thompson rubs, the following names appear, accompanied by their phone numbers:

Darla Hemmingway
 Jenny Thurman
 Jody Yule
 Harriet Graham
 Tricia Clark
 Mindy Zimmerman
 Ashley Carter
 Laura Taylor
 Sherry Duke
 Linda Allen

To the right of each name is the address and phone number of each person.

END INSERT

Thompson sits back and taps his lips as he stares at the page.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Athena and Kathy walk out of the station. They walk toward the parking lot.

KATHY

You know, even if I did have a practice, I wouldn't charge you.

ATHENA

What am I going to do? They won't believe me.

KATHY

Well, your husband was murdered, and wives always rank first as suspects.

ATHENA

I was attacked!

KATHY

Are you sure?

ATHENA

What?

KATHY

I'm your friend, so don't take this the wrong way, but are you sure someone was actually in your house?

ATHENA

I saw her.

KATHY

I didn't say you didn't see something, but are you sure someone was there?

ATHENA

I don't understand.

KATHY

You described a shadow. That's it. You're still recovering from a depression when this hit you. I didn't want to give credence to the detective's ideas of hypomania, but it's possible in your condition.

ATHENA

What? What are you talking about?

KATHY

I don't think your Zoloft dosage is high enough, that's all. You've got some full blown anxiety and this recent episode sounds pretty hypomanic in nature.

ATHENA

I'm not going insane.

KATHY

Didn't say you were. But the detective has a point. Four dead, no witnesses. You survived.

ATHENA

Are you saying I killed him?

KATHY

No. But answer me this: what did you dream about that night?

Athena looks away, as if thinking.

ATHENA

I don't remember.

KATHY

You don't sleepwalk, do you?

ATHENA

Kathy, please...

KATHY

Athena, you'd better hope you never see this guy again, or that she bungles his next murder.

ATHENA

Why?

KATHY

Because if you see your shadow killer, and he kills everyone but you, you get psychoanalyzed. If that happens, you'd better know what you did.

ATHENA

But I didn't do anything.

KATHY

I'm just playing devil's advocate here, but if I were analyzing you, I might say you don't remember doing anything. Maybe your mind blocked it out.

ATHENA

And that's possible?

KATHY

You have no idea what's possible.

They reach the car. Athena looks at Kathy, curiously.

ATHENA

You never told me you had a psych degree.

Kathy shrugs.

KATHY

I never realized I never told you.

They reach the car.

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.

INT. DUKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherry sits in a chair in her living room with the remote. She flips through some channels before turning the set off and tossing the remote down. She sighs.

RING. RING.

Sherry picks up the receiver.

SHERRY

Hello?

BOB (V.O.)

Hey, Sherry.

Sherry's face brightens.

SHERRY

Bob. How was your landing?

BOB (V.O.)

Good. Sorry I had to let you go. They don't want you using even the airphones when landing.

SHERRY

It's ok. About what you were telling me-

BOB (V.O.)

I just feel guilty about it.

SHERRY

Bob, I've been feeling the same way, and I think we should just put it behind us.

BOB (V.O.)

Do you want to know who it was?

SHERRY

No. I've always known, Bob. I'm not stupid. And I'm sure you're not either.

BOB (V.O.)

No, I guess not.

SHERRY

I admit to having someone else when you're gone. But it's all so temporary. They still leave, and I'm still empty. I need you.

BOB (V.O.)

I'm in the cab now. I'm going to get a job in town. No more of this traveling nonsense. I married you to be with you.

SHERRY

I'll be looking for you. Please hurry.

BOB (V.O.)

Okay. Hey.

SHERRY

Hm?

BOB (V.O.)

I am sorry.

SHERRY

Me too. Forget it. Just us. I love you.

BOB (V.O.)

I love you too, baby.

Sherry hangs up the phone. She looks at it for a moment. A huge smile drifts across her face. She jumps up, the smile plastered on her, tears rolling down her cheeks. She holds her hands folded in front of her.

SHERRY

(praying)

Oh thank you, Lord. Thank you, thank you, thank you. Forgive me for my stupidity. Amen.

She squeals and runs down the hall into the bathroom.

EXT. DUKE HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Carver continues his vigil on the house.

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.

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. Is everything all right?

SHERRY

Officer, I just thought I'd let you know. My husband is coming home this evening. Please let him know what's going on and then let him in.

CARVER (V.O.)

When is he going to be here?

SHERRY

He's coming from the airport in a cab. I don't know. However long that takes.

CARVER (V.O.)

I'll keep an eye out.

SHERRY

Thanks.

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 freezes. He lowers the paper and finds the faceless figure sitting in the passenger seat. The figure turns to look at him.

He struggles for his weapon, but the faceless figure is on him before he can get it unholstered.

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 room 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, she 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... nine one one...

She crawls to the phone, and punches 9-1-1.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Nine one-

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.

The figure 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 the figure brandishes her butcher knife.

She manages to reach up, grab the figure's 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. She returns it to her 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. She closes her eyes.

INT. BRACKETT HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Athena stands in Kathy's kitchen.

KATHY

You're sure you want to do that?

ATHENA

I don't have anywhere else to go.
It's my home.

KATHY

I'd have trouble sleeping where a
double homicide occurred.

ATHENA

I'd have trouble sleeping anywhere
else. Hank was probably handing
out keys like candy. I'll change
the locks.

KATHY

Will that be enough though?

ATHENA

I don't know. I just feel like
despite its past, the only place
in the world I'll feel safe is
my own house.

KATHY

You can stay here.

Athena smiles and shakes her head.

ATHENA

Thanks, but I'd rather be at home.

KATHY

Ok, but I offered.

ATHENA

I know.

A creak sounds.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The 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 was once what you once were.

ATHENA

I don't understand.

FIGURE

You will.

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

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

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.

SPENCER

What's wrong?

Athena reaches him completely out of breath.

ATHENA

She'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 seven forty-eight North Rimsky
Dr. All units in the vicinity of
seven forty-eight North Rimsky
Dr., please respond...

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

Spencer kicks in the door. The table is no longer blocking it.
He walks into the darkened living room. No movement.

He turns on the light. The room is clean. Nothing is out of
place or messed up at all. He moves cautiously through the
house, gun raised.

He passes into the shadows by the kitchen. Something moves
behind him.

He moves down the hall to Athena's room. He pushes the door open
and turns on the light. Nothing. The bed is even made. He
wrinkles his brow in confusion.

He walks back toward the kitchen. The movement stirs again. He points his gun in the direction of the movement. The shadow in the kitchen holds still.

He steps into the kitchen and turns on the light. His reflection stares back at him in a wall mirror. He breathes out.

He presses the talk button on his walkie-talkie.

SPENCER

Spencer to dispatch...the house
is clear.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Roger, Spencer.

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

Spencer exits the house just as Thompson drives up. Thompson gets out.

THOMPSON

Trouble?

ATHENA

What do you think? I was in
there trying to sleep and
before I knew it, she has the
front door blocked-

Thompson holds up a hand to silence her.

THOMPSON

I see.

(to Spencer)

Officer Spencer. Was there
something blocking the front
door?

SPENCER

No, sir.

ATHENA

Yes, there was. It was a table.
It was blocking the door.

SPENCER

There wasn't a table in front of the door. In fact, her bed was made. Doesn't look slept in.

ATHENA

What?

Thompson looks at Athena.

THOMPSON

You sleep in a made bed?

ATHENA

No.

THOMPSON

You must have made it right before you ran out the garage door.

ATHENA

I didn't make my bed.

THOMPSON

And this mysterious table that stopped you from going out the front?

ATHENA

There was one there.

THOMPSON

And I imagine that you pushed the button to open the garage door, and the perp pushed the button to close it.

ATHENA

Yes.

THOMPSON

Are you sure?

Athena looks away for a moment.

FLASH INSERT

INT. MICHAELS HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Athena presses the button to raise the garage door. Presses the button to stop it. Presses the button to lower the door. Runs across the garage and rolls under the door. It closes.

END INSERT

EXT. MICHAELS HOUSE - NIGHT

ATHENA

No! She was there!

THOMPSON

Really? Mrs. Michaels... We've had a lot of deaths is the last few days. More than we're accustomed to. The victims were visited once by this guy. You know we got a call from another victim's house?

Athena looks at him, worry growing on her face.

THOMPSON

This guy not only killed his victim, but he decapitated a police officer who was there to protect her. 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. Explain that to me.

She points at Spencer.

ATHENA

He was out here the whole time!

THOMPSON

Sherry Duke's house is only a couple blocks from here. You could have walked.

ATHENA

I didn't!

THOMPSON

Officer.

He gestures to Athena. Spencer produces handcuffs and cuffs her.

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 Spencer puts Athena in the squad car.

INT. DARLA HEMMINGWAY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

A newspaper headline reads: "Wife of Slain Teacher Arrested!" with a picture of Athena. Darla reads down the page and shakes her head.

Out in her classroom, only one student sits. Her name is MINDY ZIMMERMAN, a 20 year old student wearing a cross around her neck. A Bible sits with her things on the floor. Darla looks at her for a moment. She looks back to the paper.

A picture of Hank sits within the text of the story. Darla touches Hank's face.

INT. UNIVERSITY - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Darla enters the lounge. Hank stands by the coffee pot. She closes and locks the door behind her. Hank turns to look at her.

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

She has reached him now, and they are very close.

DARLA

Hank-

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 laughs.

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. I know about your other flings. 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.

MINDY (V.O.)
Professor Hemmingway?

END FLASHBACK

INT. DARLA HEMMINGWAY'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Darla blinks and looks up. Mindy stands in front of her desk holding a paper.

MINDY
Sorry, it took so long. Weird
night last night.

DARLA
Yes, I'm sure.

MINDY
And then I had to get up earlier
than normal this morning. The
police wanted to talk to me
about Professor Michaels.

DARLA
Why would they do that? You
weren't one of those girls
who was...intimate with him.
Were you?

Mindy shrugs. She turns away, walking to her desk.

MINDY
It was stupid and sinful. The
beginning of my freshman year,
and I fall for a teacher. We
had a thing for awhile. Then I
found Jesus, and I cleaned my
life up. I'm not proud of
some of my past. He wasn't
my only guy during that time,
but I know that I'm forgiven
now, and I'm never going back
to that kind of lifestyle. I
even changed my major between
semesters.

DARLA

You're a theology major.

MINDY

I started in fashion. I found
a peace in this that suits me
fine.

Darla smiles. A little pain lurks behind her happy face.

DARLA

Good for you, Mindy. I'm glad
you found something worth
believing in.

MINDY

I did. And I'm not ashamed to say
it. I've gotta run. There's a
study on Matthew I don't want to
miss.

DARLA

I'll see you later. Take care.

Mindy exits. Darla looks back at Hank's picture.

DARLA

(to the picture)

Well, at least someone's life
got better since they met you.

She pinches his picture and rips it out of the paper. She tosses
it in the trash and keeps reading.

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.

The walls of the room are covered in drawings, paintings, and sketches, all worthy of a budding young and talented artist.

Harriet 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 grabs a sketch pad and a pencil. She draws as her mother talks.

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

See? I'm studying right now. I'm an art major, and I'm drawing. Aren't you proud? I actually have to call Ashley.

HARRIET'S MOM

Harriet, I don't think Ashley Carter is a good girl. I think she's a bad influence.

HARRIET

Actually, I chose my major on my own. You can stop blaming her.

HARRIET'S MOM

I'm not blaming her.

HARRIET

You always blame her. You want me to be a doctor, and she casually mentions I draw good. I know how you feel.

HARRIET'S MOM

Well, she has that boy in her room all the time, doesn't she? I don't even think that's allowed.

HARRIET

He's only there because you won't let me be there.

HARRIET'S MOM

That's terrible, though.

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 let me live in the dorms I'm 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 flips her drawing around. It's a caricature of her mother, but her mother's mouth looks more like a demon's with a forked tongue and a spat of fire. The words "Nag, nag, nag" hover over the drawn mother's head.

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 tosses down the pad.

She 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.

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

Oh, you know. The usual. You should see this drawing I did of my mom. It's pretty funny.

ASHLEY

You know, they're only that way because they care.

HARRIET

I wish they would care a little less. She harped on you again.

ASHLEY

You know, I mention your talent one time, and I'm a black sheep for life. She knows my major, right?

HARRIET

What is it, this week?

ASHLEY

Quit it. I've always been a journalism major. I would totally cover your art shows.

HARRIET

Oh yeah. We make such a good team.

ASHLEY

Hell yeah.

HARRIET

Hey, speaking of news, did you see the news today? They locked up Professor Michaels 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. You're not that good a storyteller.

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 Chris, who lies in bed with her.

CHRIS

That was short.

ASHLEY

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

CHRIS

Oh, is there something here you like?

ASHLEY

MmHm. You make me feel safe...

CHRIS

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!

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 looks up at their entry.

KATHY

Here we are.

ATHENA

Thanks for coming with me.

KATHY

No problem. I think having everyone in this room together is nuts. Not to mention cruel to you.

MINDY

Who are you?

ATHENA

Athena Michaels.

MINDY

Michaels?

ATHENA

I'm Hank's wife.

MINDY

Really? He was married?

KATHY

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

MINDY

I didn't know he was married. Oh, that makes it worse. I thought it was just fornication, but I've committed adultery! I've gotta pray.

Mindy bows her head. Kathy turns back to Athena.

KATHY

She's devoted.

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 struggles 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. Tricia walks to the other end of the table and sits near Mindy.

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.

TRICIA
Oh look. She cries. What a sweet little baby.

MINDY
(to Tricia)
Why don't you stop?

TRICIA
Won't don't you get laid again,
God girl?

MINDY
I am so glad I don't hang out
with you anymore.

TRICIA
Uh, we excluded you when you
wouldn't do what you were told
anymore. True Delta Phi Kappa
sisters do what they're told.

MINDY
I don't consider theft and drunken
displays of nudity to be conducive
to a productive learning
environment.

TRICIA
What? God girl, I don't even think
you know what you just said.

MINDY
Please don't talk to me.

Mindy moves to another seat closer to Athena and Kathy. Athena turns to her. Mindy looks at her.

MINDY
I'm really sorry.

TRICIA
I'm not!

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.

KATHY

Of course she has a choice. Do
you have a subpoena or something?

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. That I can
do.

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.

TRICIA

Who are you?

LAURA

Laura Taylor. Med student. The University only does pre-med, so I was going to transfer out in a couple years to finish up my doctorate. Does anyone know why we're here?

THOMPSON

We'll discuss that when everyone is here.

TRICIA

Apparently, we all screwed Professor Michaels at some point.

Laura laughs.

LAURA

Oh my God, are you kidding?

MINDY

Did you?

LAURA

No! He tried. I gotta give the man some credit, but no, I never jumped into bed with him ... or even his private office.

MINDY

Who are we waiting for?

The door opens. Darla enters.

ASHLEY

Professor 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 Professor Hemmingway.

LAURA

Careful how you use 'we'.

DARLA

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

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? ten-thirty. I hung up the phone at ten-thirty. The guy must have been in the room when I was trying to scare her. I had Chris 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 anyone know?

DARLA

How do we know she's not in league with the guy?

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

You want to know what you all have in common. 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

She wore a mask.

MINDY

A mask?

LAURA

She?

Thompson sighs.

THOMPSON

According to Mrs. Michaels, the killer is female and was dressed completely in black with no visible skin. Over her head, she 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 find the killer. It's very secure and you will be protected.

MINDY

You're locking us up? I have church tomorrow.

TRICIA

That's not fair. We didn't do anything. And it's a Saturday night!

LAURA

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

ASHLEY

How do we know no one else here did it?

The women all look at each other variously.

INT. HANK'S CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Laura stands in front of Hank's desk, waiving a sheet of paper.

LAURA

A C?! You're giving me a C?! This is ludicrous.

HANK

You just didn't make the cut.

LAURA

Is this because I wouldn't sleep with you?

HANK

Well, the grade can still be changed.

LAURA

I don't think so.

BACK TO SCENE

Laura shifts her eyes back and forth.

INT. HANK'S CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Mindy stands in front of Hank's desk. She is dressed a lot more flamboyantly than she does now.

HANK

You told me you were on the pill!

MINDY

Hey, dude, stuff happens. You deal with it.

HANK

How do you know it's mine?

MINDY

Oh, I'm sure a paternity test will clear that up.

HANK

I don't think so.

Hank takes her by the arm and leads her to the door.

MINDY

Where are we going?

HANK

Abortion clinic. I'm not dealing with children.

BACK TO SCENE

Mindy's head is bowed with her eyes closed. She sighs.

INT. HANK'S CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ashley sits in a desk, her hands shading her eyes like she's hiding. Hank stands next to her desk.

HANK

Remember me?

ASHLEY
(whispered)
Please go away. Please...

BACK TO SCENE

Ashley closes her eyes tightly as if forcing out a bad memory.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Hank is on top of Tricia, post-coital. He smiles.

HANK
Always a pleasure.

TRICIA
So am I up to A plus yet?

HANK
Nearly.

Twigs crack nearby. Voices murmur.

HANK
Oh no.

TRICIA
What?

HANK
Gotta go.

Hank scoops up all the clothes and runs out of the clearing.
Tricia jumps to her feet.

TRICIA
Hey, you took my clothes!

A car zooms away. Tricia crosses her arms over her bare chest
and looks around.

TRICIA
Oh, God...

BACK TO SCENE

Tricia shakes her head with an angry look.

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

What?

TRICIA

I don't think that made sense to
anyone.

LAURA

I can't help he put me in his
address book. I didn't ask for
that.

MINDY

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

TRICIA

Sure, two thousand years ago.
It's not a crime anymore,
though.

DARLA

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

THOMPSON

Sure, why not? If any one of
you runs before we meet over
there, consider yourself guilty.

Darla scoffs.

DARLA

You can't do that.

TRICIA

And we have no choice in the matter?

THOMPSON

No.

ASHLEY

Is that legal?

THOMPSON

I've got the support I need.

TRICIA

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

DARLA

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

LAURA

I'm not thrilled about being put away for doing nothing.

THOMPSON

Okay, how about this. We were supposed to have one more person join us here today.

INSERT: LINDA ALLEN, another student, gets into her car at the university. She starts the engine. A black-gloved hand grabs her head. She gasps.

THOMPSON

Which of you will be next? We've tried to protect you out there, but whoever this is beats our every move. I'll be honest with you. I want to require this. I want to force every one of you into this facility, but I can't.

(MORE)

THOMPSON (cont'd)

You're right. It isn't legal.
But this killer is getting more
daring with every kill. I leave
the choice to you.

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

DARLA

Well, I guess I'm sold.

TRICIA

Me too.

LAURA

This sucks, but I have a very
full life ahead of me. I kind
of want to live it.

THOMPSON

Do I have agreement from you
all?

As Thompson looks around, they all nod reluctantly.

DARLA

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

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
(MORE)

QUIRED (cont'd)

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, a muscular woman in security attire. Paul notices them on the security monitors, 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 monitors 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 just as shown on the monitor. They are pacing, reading, and overall, just sitting around.

TRICIA

Well, this is just about as much fun as I can handle in one evening. What're we supposed to do all night? I never go to bed this early.

Mindy reads her Bible. She speaks without looking up.

MINDY

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

TRICIA

But you're up past your bed time, aren't you, God girl.

MINDY

Please stop calling me that. I prefer the term "Jesus Freak." I think the idea in a place like this is to go to bed early.

TRICIA

But I'm not tired.

LAURA

Seriously, is this a worthwhile conversation?

ASHLEY

So, you're studying to be a doctor?

LAURA

Yup. General Practitioner. You?

ASHLEY

Journalism. I'll be there to report all your mistakes on national TV.

TRICIA

Hey, Doctor Laura. That's funny.

LAURA

Oh, that's original.

MINDY

She's full of them.

LAURA

So, Ashley, how did you come to be in this with Professor Michaels?

Ashley looks cornered. Suddenly, the room's attention is on her. She shrugs.

ASHLEY

Okay, well, it was between semesters and I was out at a club, right? Well, this cute guy starts dancing with me, and I didn't know anything about him. Well, stupid kid I was-

TRICIA

Was?

MINDY

(to Tricia)

For the love of God, please be quiet.

Tricia scoffs. Ashley continues.

ASHLEY

Anyway, I went home with him, and we fooled around. Well, I thought it was a one night stand until he called me, and I saw him a few more times over the summer -- always on Tuesdays, as I recall-

Athena hides her face in a hand. She chuckles through tears.

ATHENA

...just like clockwork...

ASHLEY

-and I thought we were getting close. Imagine my horror when I had him as a professor of Psychology next semester. He didn't have a problem with it. I called it quits. He called a few more times, but I wouldn't talk to him. I was just so embarrassed.

DARLA

The man has a knack for doing that to people. He would tell you just enough to get into bed with you.

TRICIA

I am so bored.

LAURA

Then go to bed. No one is stopping you.

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?

LAURA

It's a health facility. So yeah.

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?

TRICIA

Yeah, seriously, do I have to pick one of these losers to room with?

MINDY

I'll spare everyone else the pain, and deal with your complaining.

TRICIA

How unselfish of you.

MINDY

Oh, did I mention I read the Bible out loud at night?

TRICIA

Oh, my God, no. You can go on without me, Mindy.

LAURA

What are you going to do?

TRICIA

Lots of hallways in here. I always work out. I figure I'll walk in here to at least get in some kind of work out.

ASHLEY

We should really stay together.

DARLA

It would be a good idea.

TRICIA

Has anyone noticed we're behind locked and secure doors? Give me a break.

Tricia walks out and down the hallway. The other 4 watch her go.

ASHLEY

She'll be all right. Right?

DARLA

Well, of course. We're completely safe in here. Go on to your rooms for now. I need to talk to Athena.

Darla 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

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 sits for a moment. Finally, she nods and exits,
leaving Athena alone.

INT. FACILITY - EMPTY WING HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

She stops at a window to catch her breath. She looks 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, jogging. 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 jogs.

TRICIA

stops 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 jogging.

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

whips 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

SHE'S HERE! SHE'S IN HERE WITH US!

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

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

Did you hear a scream a little while back?

DARLA

We're in a loony bin. Screams are probably a normal thing here.

MINDY

Look, I was only joking about reading to her. Forcing it on her isn't the way to do it. Anyway, it just seems like a long time.

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

God forbid, right? All the same, though, we're locked up in a very secure facility. There's no way a killer'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 her 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. That's what my mom always says anyway. I guess it's a hard habit to break.

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

I won't be long.

Laura continues for a few strokes. Ashley watches. Laura looks at her.

LAURA

Do you mind?

ASHLEY

Sorry, it's just that 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

It's just logical, you know? It's
safe. Go to the room.

ASHLEY

Don't be too long, ok?

Ashley exits. Laura shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

LAURA

Professor Michaels wasn't in it
for the intelligence, was he?

Laura resumes shaving. 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. Mindy enters.

MINDY

You're shaving your legs?

Laura rolls her eyes and looks at Mindy.

LAURA

Don't start with me.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - 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.

(MORE)

THOMPSON (V.O.) (cont'd)

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 ... I'll be there.

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 (O.S.)

Hello?

Mindy opens her eyes. The figure approaches her bed.

MINDY

Tricia?

Mindy turns to the shadow approaching.

MINDY

What are you doing?

The figure has reached her bed. Mindy looks up at the figure.

MINDY

Tricia?

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 glass and 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

(sings, weakly)

Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so-

The figure brandishes her knife and stabs Mindy repeatedly.

Athena opens the door as she finishes her 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 her? She'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

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

ASHLEY

She walked out?

LAURA

You said you were standing at the door.

ASHLEY

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

ATHENA

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

DARLA

I'll bet it will.

LAURA

Why didn't she kill you? It doesn't make sense.

ATHENA

I don't know. She 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

She probably heard you coming.

DARLA

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

ATHENA

I don't know.

DARLA

Oh, you had us fooled didn't you? Athena 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

Keep an eye on her.

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. The someone 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

Professor Hemmingway... What's wrong?

DARLA

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

ATHENA

No answer?! She got her. She got her and now she'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...

LAURA

Let's be realistic here.

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 six 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?

Quired 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.

Quired 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!

Quiired 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 two 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.

The figure 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 her 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 her 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, she's real, she's reallyreallyreal. She'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.

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. She follows them.

The figure closes in on Darla. When the figure gets directly behind Darla, she raises her knife and brings it down on Darla's back.

Darla jerks and falls to the ground. The figure retains her knife as Darla drops out of the way.

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

Athena 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 the figure does, she tries to hold her with the blanket, but her hand was at the ready with the knife. She slices through the blanket into Athena's arm.

Athena screams and falls to the floor, taking the blanket and the figure's mask with her.

Athena 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.

A 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.

KATHY

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

ATHENA

What?

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.

ATHENA

What are you going to do?

KATHY

Do you know what it's like hearing about how wonderful your husband is from another woman claiming to be his wife? I considered killing everyone else and framing him for it, but my enthusiasm got away from me.

She chuckles.

KATHY

Couldn't let him live. He did piss me off, you know.

Athena looks confused.

ATHENA

Why let me live?

KATHY

Oh, the first time you were lucky, and I had a hell of a time getting back home through the back yards. When we got the reaction we did from Thompson, I decided to play with you while killing everyone else. That was really fun.

ATHENA

You're sick.

KATHY

The world is sick. Hank did what he wanted to, and that was ok with everyone.

ATHENA

What you're doing isn't ok.

KATHY

There's no one left to stop me.

Athena grabs the leg of a chair. Kathy lunges forward with the knife. Athena swings the chair, knocking the knife from Kathy's hand. Athena releases the chair and it knocks Kathy to the floor.

Athena climbs to her feet and limps toward the hall. Kathy grabs Athena's ankles, tripping her to the floor.

Kathy crawls on top of Athena and reaches for her neck. Athena grabs Kathy's hands.

KATHY

Come on, Athena. It's inevitable.
Everybody dies.

ATHENA

I'm not dying today.

Athena brings her knee up between Kathy's legs. Kathy flinches and relaxes her grip. Athena brings her fist back and decks Kathy in the face. Kathy reels back onto her knees.

A chair swings over Athena's head and nails Kathy in the side of her head. Athena gasps.
She looks behind her. Darla, bleeding, puts the chair on the floor.

DARLA

Are you okay?

Athena nods.

ATHENA

Yeah, I think so...

Athena climbs to her feet.

DARLA

Who is it?

ATHENA

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

DARLA

He didn't tell 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 floor.

No one is there. 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

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, isn't it?

Thompson nods.

THOMPSON

She married Hank Michaels about six years ago when they were in college. Her family helped to put him through. He left her two years later, but there was never any divorce filed. She killed him on their anniversary.

QUIRED

Tonight, she used her clearance as an employee to get past security at the gate. That's the only way she could get to you.

THOMPSON

Well, we have her now, so you have nothing to worry about. We'll take good care of her.

ATHENA

I hope so...

They watch as Workers load Kathy into the ambulance.

DARLA

So she lived next door to you.

ATHENA

Yeah.

DARLA

How is it Hank never knew who she was?

ATHENA

I never saw her when he was home. I told him about her, but he didn't care. The one day they almost crossed paths, she skipped out the back door. I guess I know why now.

DARLA

Weird.

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