

BLOOD TRAIL

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BARN - DAY

Dark, no movement except for a bird perched in a nest, above the doorway.

The sound of a CHAIN, as it snaps in two and falls to the ground.

Doors swing open. The bird swoops over the heads of TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS, one with a pair of bolt cutters in hand, the other with his gun drawn.

And right behind them, DETECTIVE MEGAN BARNES (30), attractive in a casual way, though a bit of a tomboy.

She ducks the flying bird and cautiously steps inside. Her face twists with disgust, then she gags, covers her nose and mouth with the back of her hand.

Flashlight beams scan the darkened building.

Lined up like porcelain dolls, half a dozen young female corpses pose in rickety chairs, dressed to the hilt in jewelry and designer clothes.

They make their way around the bodies, all in various degrees of decomposition.

Megan shines her light on the face of one corpse, still pretty, looks almost as though she's still alive.

OFFICER #1  
(to officer #2)  
Hey, this remind you of anything?

Officer #2 shines his light around, slowly nods.

OFFICER #2  
The Mangler...

MEGAN  
Mangler?

OFFICER #1  
Yeah... a few years ago. He liked to cut 'em up like this.

OFFICER #2  
Just like this... creepy.

Megan kneels down by one of the bodies, studies several deep cuts on the chest and neck.

OFFICER #1  
Yeah, but the Mangler's long gone... inmates took care of that sick bastard for us.

OFFICER #2  
Hey, what was his name? Connelly... yeah, Mark Connelly - detective, couple of years ago. He was the last one that came across somethin' like this.

MEGAN  
Connelly? The same Connelly that's on death row?

Officer #2 nods.

OFFICER #2  
Not for much longer though. Execution date's set for next month.

Megan stands, dusts her hands off.

MEGAN  
(deep sigh)  
Get on the horn, tell them to send somebody from crime scene.

Officer #2 exits the barn.

OFFICER #1  
So what do ya' make of it - maybe a copy cat?

Megan shakes her head, deep in thought.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Magazines scattered on end tables, clothes and empty fast food bags here and there.

Megan sits on the sofa, hunched over papers and file folders. She flips through documents, autopsy photos of young women. Then she sighs heavy, runs a hand through her hair.

INT. PRISON - DEATH ROW - DAY

A long corridor with cells on both sides, dimly lit, too quiet and desolate.

Muffled voices and dripping WATER bleed into the silence.

Apprehension clouds her face, as Megan walks along the corridor.

Leading the way is an overweight GUARD, with a nightstick in one hand and a folding chair in the other.

She trains her eyes on a cell at the far end, where smoke floats through the bars.

A sudden growl from the side and Megan jumps.

A forty-ish INMATE, heavily tattooed, long greasy hair, presses his face into the bars and waggles his tongue at her.

The heavysset guard grins sarcastically at Megan. At the --

LAST CELL

MARK CONNELLY (42), lies on a cot. Cigarette in is lips, he stares at the ceiling. Dark, slicked back hair makes his face look even more pale and weary.

The guard raps on the bars with a nightstick.

GUARD

You got a visitor, Connelly.

Mark sits up, eyes Megan from head to toe, then lets out a slow puff of smoke.

GUARD

(nods down the corridor)  
Any problems, I'll be right at the  
other end.

(to Mark)  
You behave yourself now.

Mark shoots the guard a patronizing glare.

He unfolds the chair, then makes his way back down the  
corridor.

Megan forces a smile, then sits down and opens her oversized  
purse, pulls out a notepad and pen.

MEGAN

Mr. Connelly, I'm detective Megan  
Barnes. I need to ask you some  
questions, if you have the time.

MARK

Time's all I've got.  
(scoffs)  
But really, I guess I don't even  
have that... do I?

Megan stares at him for a second, at a loss for words. She  
glances down at her notepad.

MEGAN

Well, I'll try not to take up too  
much of it.

She flips the notepad to a fresh page, clicks her ballpoint  
pen.

MEGAN

I'm here because I need your help.  
There's something... Well, I just  
can't figure it out. I've been over  
and over the files but...

MARK

I know why you're here. He's at it  
again.

Megan furrows her brows at him.

MEGAN

Who?

Mark sighs, snuffs out the cigarette in an already overflowing ashtray, then immediately lights another one. With the first drag he hacks until he can't breathe.

MEGAN

You all right? You need some water.

MARK

I need more than that.  
(another cough)  
Cancer.

Megan nods, a somber look on her face.

MEGAN

You were saying... he's at it again. What did you mean?

MARK

Baker, Roland... Wilkins. Take your pick.

Megan shoots him a curious look. She pulls a file folder out of her purse, flips through it.

MEGAN

Wilkins; your partner?

A far away look crosses Mark's face.

MARK

Yeah... good kid.

MEGAN

But you shot him.

MARK

I was cleared. That's not why I'm here. But you already know that.

Megan's eyes scan the folder contents, then she glances up at Mark.

MEGAN

You see, that's just it. The case files... reads like a bunch of jibberish. None of it makes any sense.

MARK

Uh huh... and you keep going over and over it, trying to put it all together. The murders almost six years ago, then another rash of them. Me, Wilkins...

He takes along drag of the cigarette, blows it out slowly, with a tortured look on his face.

MARK

Shana Cole... all of us, right in the middle of it. Now it's happening again, and you wanna know why.

MEGAN

Yes. It's the details... so meticulous. I think it has to be a copy cat. I mean, I know it does but then...

MARK

How many times, Detective? How many times would you tell the same story, when nobody's listening?

Megan sighs, swallows hard, then stares directly into Connelly's eyes.

MEGAN

Until someone does.

Mark leans back against the wall, snuffs out the cigarette. He stares in silence at the wall across from him, covered in newspaper clippings "FORMER DETECTIVE'S EXECUTION DATE SET", "DEATH PENALTY OPPONENTS RALLY AGAINST CONNELLY EXECUTION".

MARK

It was just another case of being in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Empty except for one van, parked beneath a flickering security light.

SHANA COLE (28), well dressed with upswept hair and high heels, loads paintings in the back of the van.

MARK (V.O.)

She was an artist. The gallery parking lot was empty that night.

Feet SHUFFLE quickly from behind.

Shana gasps and whips around. A fist slams into the side of her head.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN (MOVING) - DAWN

Mark drives. In the seat next to him is rookie DETECTIVE PETE WILKINS (28), tall, thin and boyish.

Through the back window, a couple of police cars follow them, with lights but no sirens.

On the seat between them is a map with several small red circles. They cluster in almost circular fashion, around a bare area of the map.

Wilkins picks up the map, studies it. He just shakes his head.

WILKINS

So damned many of them.

MARK

Yeah, we better hope I'm right. Because if not, I give the captain a week tops before he brings in those FBI fucks.

EXT. FARM - DUSK

Rundown and abandoned, a grain silo in the background. Tall weeds surround a rustic barn. Dim light seeps through cracks in the walls.

MARK (V.O.)

That was the last thing we wanted -  
having to turn over our case. For  
months we worked on it. Every day a  
little closer to the truth... a  
truth, it turned out, that nobody  
believes anyway.

A frantic scream pierces the air.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Bits of hay lie scattered on the ground. Horse stall doors barely hang on broken hinges.

A lantern sways from a rusty nail, casts a soft glow on six female corpses, all dressed in jewelry, hats and extravagant clothes.

Bound to a rickety chair in nothing but panties and a torn, dirty T-shirt, is Shana Cole.

Tears stream down her mascara streaked face. Blood trickles from the side of her head.

A tall shadow approaches.

Shana sobs, head down at the floor, twists her wrists and feet beneath layers of duct tape. She looks up with pleading eyes.

A lantern sits nearby, atop a large wire spool, overturned as a makeshift table.

JOHN ROLAND (40) grimy shirt, covered in blood, long scraggly beard and moustache, leans over Shana, his face illuminated by the lantern.

SHANA

Please! Please let me go!

Roland just stares at her. A hand reaches out, strokes her cheek lovingly.

ROLAND

Never... I could never let you go.

SHANA

Help! Somebody help me!

Roland sighs with irritation, then plops a metal toolbox down on the spool.

All around Shana are female corpses, fully dressed and posed. She sobs harder, tries to twist free until the duct tape cuts into her skin.

MARK (V.O.)

At first it didn't add up. See, some of the missing girls came from eighty... even a hundred miles away.

Roland opens the toolbox. Shana's eyes roam to the butchering utensils within.

SHANA

No... Oh God!

He removes tools - a scalpel, a small saw, a paring knife.

ROLAND

Shhh... I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

He whistles the melody of "Hush Little Baby".

SHANA

Please! Don't! I'll do whatever you want!

Roland stares at his reflection in the shiny blade of a large butcher knife for a moment, then he suddenly drops the knife and instead reaches for a scalpel.

He hovers over Shana while she sobs. A slice across the chest. Thin rivulets of blood flow.

Shana screams.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The farm draws closer. Mark's eyes settle on the faint light from the barn.

Police cruisers, ambulance and the sedan pull up short, a good distance from the barn.

EXT. BARN - DAWN

They all step out, leaving their doors open.

Mark gestures to the four POLICEMEN. They nod and sneak around the side, guns drawn.

Mark and Wilkins position themselves at the front of the barn.

A muffled male voice and Shana's whimpers waft through the door.

Mark nods to Wilkins, who looks rather pale. Sweat rolls down his face.

In a flash, Mark clicks on his flashlight, kicks the door open.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Roland spins around. The flashlight beam lands square on his face. The scalpel in his hand is covered in blood.

MARK

Freeze! Don't fucking move!

A rear door bursts open and the other four policemen rush in, guns drawn on Roland.

He turns, glances at Shana. He lunges at her with the scalpel

Several SHOTS ring out. Smoke floats from the end of Mark's gun.

Shana screams at the top of her lungs.

Roland looks down at his chest, where blood seeps through his filthy shirt. Then he turns his eyes on Shana, a sorrowful expression on his face.

He mouths something incoherent, gurgles and coughs up blood, then flops to the ground, face first.

Mark rushes over, holsters his gun. Behind him, Wilkins keeps a bead on Roland.

Mark takes out a pocket knife.

Shana screams bloody murder, tries to shrink away, but she can't.

MARK

It's all right. I'm just gonna cut you loose.

Shana seems to calm, her eyes no longer frantic. She sobs, exhausted and overwhelmed.

Mark cuts away the duct tape from her wrists.

MARK

It's okay. You're safe now.

A pool forms very quickly around Roland's body, then travels along the ground as if it has a will of its own.

Shana lifts her feet, continues to sob.

Mark cuts the duct tape from her ankles and she falls forward, clings onto him.

He pats her on the back, just as a female PARAMEDIC enters the barn.

He notices a few long cuts, some pretty deep, on Shana's arms and chest.

MARK

(to paramedic)

Got a couple of deep cuts here.

He gently pushes Shana off of his shoulder, looks her in the eye.

MARK

She's gonna take good care of you  
okay?

Shana shakes, tears roll down her cheeks.

The paramedic helps her to the ambulance.

The other officers shine flashlights around the barn, aghast  
at the condition of the six corpses.

They vary in degree of decomposition - some look only days  
old, others months.

MARK

(to officers)

Go ahead and mark it off, then  
we'll take it from here.

One OFFICER nods. He and the others shine their lights around  
once more, faces covered in disgust, then they exit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The ambulance speeds down the highway, lights on and sirens  
BLARING.

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

On a stretcher, the paramedic cleans and wraps Shana's arms  
and chest. She trembles, turns her head to the side and just  
stares at the ambulance wall.

INT. BARN - MORNING

The doors are open. Crime scene tape now surrounds the barn.

MARK

Jesus Christ... look at them all.

Wilkins just shakes his head.

WILKINS

One sick fuck.

Mark shines his light on the face of one corpse, still pretty, just barely starting to decompose.

WILKINS

Hey, this remind you of anything?

Mark shines his light around at the other dead bodies.

MARK

Like what?

WILKINS

The Mangler... back in ninety-nine.

MARK

Mangler?

WILKINS

Yeah... Oh, that's right. You were still on the beat in Philly then.

Wilkins takes a step, feels something under his foot. He looks down and a finger sticks out from beneath his shoe, partially covered in hay.

WILKINS

Awww... God.

MARK

Shit... step back.

Mark pulls out a small notebook, tears a piece of paper and lays it on top of the finger.

Wilkins sighs heavy, runs a hand through his hair. Now he can't help but to look at the ground all around him.

MARK

So, this Mangler...

WILKINS

Yeah, because he liked to cut them up. Killed twenty-three women, exactly... exactly like this.

Mark shakes his head, looks confused.

MARK

I checked the database for unsolved cases. Why the hell didn't it come up?

Wilkins looks at Mark like he's just not getting it, shakes his head.

WILKINS

Not unsolved. He's ashes to ashes man... guess they didn't like him much in prison.

Mark furrows his brows as the awful truth dawns on him.

MARK

So what we've got here... is a copycat.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Shana sleeps, bandages on her chest and arms, an empty pill cup and a water pitcher by her bed. She sweats, tosses and turns fitfully.

Next to her, DEBBIE, twenties, frumpy brunette, holds her hand, stares at Shana with sorrowful eyes.

INT. BARN - MORNING

There are now several battery powered lanterns inside.

A male CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATOR (40) opens what looks like a doctor's bag, withdraws gloves, storage bags, various containers and test tubes.

Wilkins kneels down, turns Roland over. Dead eyes stare at the wood beams overhead. When he pulls his hand back, it's covered in blood.

WILKINS

Shit.

He shakes his hand, then wipes it on his pant leg.

The CSI notices, steps over with a pair of gloves.

CSI  
Careful. No telling what he might  
have.

Wilkins reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pair of his own  
gloves.

WILKINS  
Thanks. I got it.

Meanwhile, Mark walks around in awe of the bodies, all the  
care that went into dressing them.

MARK  
Meticulous...

He reaches out, touches a pair of expensive earrings dangling  
from a corpse's decaying ears. The earlobe falls off, takes  
the earring with it.

MARK  
Ughhh... God.

The CSI turns to him, with a stern look.

CSI  
Connelly, are you screwing up my  
evidence?

Mark backs away from the corpse, tries to look innocent.

CSI  
Can't you find somewhere else to be  
- let me work?

MARK  
Yeah, yeah. Sorry. I'm already  
gone.

He passes by Wilkins, still kneeling over Roland's body.

Wilkins looks pale, nauseous. He wavers and has to put a hand  
down on the ground to steady himself.

Mark stares at him for a second, then reaches out for his  
shoulder.

MARK

Hey, you all right?

Wilkins nods, covers his mouth with one hand.

WILKINS

I don't know. I just feel...

He turns his head and vomits.

CSI

Dammit! Get the kid outta here  
would you?!

Mark tilts his head at the CSI, mouths 'sorry' and helps  
Wilkins --

OUTSIDE

Wilkins leans against the sedan.

MARK

You okay?

Wilkins nods, blows out a ragged breath.

MARK

Shit... you'd think you've never  
seen a dead body before.

Wilkins gags, nearly vomits again. He shakes his head, leans  
over, hands on his knees.

WILKINS

I don't know... I had Chinese last  
night. Maybe some bad foo young or  
something.

MARK

Hmm... That'll do it. Listen I'm  
gonna stop by the hospital.

Wilkins shakes his head, waves a hand at Mark.

WILKINS

Yeah, I'll catch a ride home.

Wilkins pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his mouth.

MARK

Take an antacid, get some rest.

Wilkins nods, gags again and shakes his head, disgusted with himself.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mark sneaks in quietly.

Debbie stands, pats Shana's hand softly.

MARK

Detective Connelly. How's she doing?

Debbie glances over her shoulder at Shana. Shana thrashes around, whimpers.

DEBBIE

Not so good. Nightmares...

She turns back to Connelly, sticks both hands in her pockets.

DEBBIE

This is my fault.

Mark shoots an accusing look at her.

DEBBIE

I was supposed to be there, at the gallery. They were showing some of her paintings.

MARK

So, she's an artist?

DEBBIE

(nods)

And a damn good one.

MARK

This is nobody's fault. I don't know if anyone's talked to you yet, but...

DEBBIE

Just what I overheard from the nurses. And that was... quite enough.

MARK

Listen, I'm gonna hang around for a while.

Debbie looks at her watch.

DEBBIE

Shit... that'd be great, because I really have to go. If she wakes up, would you please tell her I'll be back in the morning?

Debbie grabs a jacket and purse, exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

A few NURSES pass by the room. They pause, whisper and stare at Shana.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME

Mark hears their whispering, goes and closes the door, right in their faces.

He then sits down next to the bed. Even in bandages and with dark circles under her eyes, Shana is striking.

He reaches out, moves a wisp of hair from in front of her face.

Her eyes spring open. She bolts upright and gasps, then inches away from his touch.

MARK

Whoa... take it easy. It's okay.

Shana swallows hard, rubs her eyes. She looks down at the bandages on her arms and winces.

MARK

How're you feeling?

SHANA

Sore.

She relaxes against the pillow. Her lips look parched, very dry.

SHANA

I remember you. You're a cop.

MARK

Guilty.

He pours a glass of water, hands it to her.

MARK

Relax. You're safe.

Shana stares down at the glass of water.

SHANA

So he's dead?

Mark nods.

Shana sighs, takes a sip of water and closes her eyes tightly, as if to block out the memories.

MARK

You're one lucky girl, you know.

SHANA

Lucky? Well, I'm alive, if that's what you mean.

INT. DOUGHNUT SHOP - EARLY EVENING

Wilkins sits at a booth, elbows on the table and his head resting in his hands. He looks pale and sickly.

Sue meanders over, a cup and coffee pot in hand a look of concern on her face.

She pours the coffee and sets the cup in front of him, but still Wilkins doesn't look up at her.

SUE  
You all right sug'?

WILKINS  
(cold, distant)  
I'm fine.

SUE  
You sure I can't get you somethin'  
else?

Wilkins moves his hands from his face and his eyes flash with rage. He just stares at her like he could kill her.

Sue's face clouds over with confusion. She takes a step back.

SUE  
I could drop a batch of those bear  
claws for you or...

WILKINS  
Are you deaf? I said just the  
coffee. Now get your old, tired ass  
outta my face.

Sue's bottom lip quivers. Tears form in her eyes. She quickly scurries away.

Wilkins stares after her for a few seconds, confused by his own actions.

The expression dissipates quickly and he stares blankly out the window.

INT. WILKINS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A slip of light comes from an adjoining bathroom, its door slightly ajar.

The room is immaculate, with dark lacquered furniture and a stark white bedspread.

Wilkins lies on the bed, the spread down around his knees. He sweats profusely, tosses and turns, a pained expression on his face.

MONTAGE

(DREAM SEQUENCE)

INT. BARN - DAY

Roland dresses one corpse, hums a tune while he works - "Hush Little Baby".

He moves to the next corpse, brushes her hair, applies lipstick. It's as if he's playing dress-up, in a room full of porcelain dolls.

Another young WOMAN, pretty with dark hair and frightened eyes, sits tied to the chair.

Roland slices her neck and she screams. He slices her shoulder and she cries out again. He slices away, stabbing and cutting.

She grows still. He leans down, kisses her firmly on the mouth and then sighs with pleasure.

He turns to gaze upon the other women in his flock, and smiles at them, quite satisfied.

POLICE STATION, EVIDENCE LOCKER - NIGHT

An older uniformed POLICEMAN snoozes in a chair. On the desk in front of him is a sign-out sheet and a set of keys.

Hands reach down, silently nab the keys.

Inside the cage it's dimly lit. Boxes are stacked high, labeled 'evidence', with case numbers and dates.

Hands reach out for a box, open it and pull out Roland's toolkit.

END DREAM SEQUENCE/MONTAGE

INT. WILKINS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilkins suddenly bolts upright. His face draws tight. His body contorts into positions that seem physically impossible.

He writhes, as if trying to fight off some invisible force. Then a deep exhale escapes him and he lies motionless, hands twisted and curled up at his chest.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

The sounds of phones RINGING, feet SHUFFLING.

FEMALE VOICE (ON INTERCOM)  
Paging Dr. Brown. Dr. Brown, report  
to the O.R.

Mark wakes, rubs his eyes hard.

On the bed, Shana sleeps soundly.

Mark stretches, then grabs his coat from the back of the chair.

INT. VENDING ROOM - MORNING

Machines full of sodas, snacks, sandwiches, etc., a few tables and chairs.

Mark waits for coffee to drip into a tiny foam cup, at a vending machine.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

A shadow crosses at the foot of Shana's bed. She stirs.

Someone, his face unseen, stares down at her.

FOOTSTEPS down the hallway.

From his P.O.V. - The mystery visitor ducks behind the door, just as it opens.

A NURSE (50's) steps in with a food tray, places it on a rolling tray. She reaches out, gently shakes Shana's shoulder.

Her eyes open slowly to see the nurse's smiling face.

NURSE

Ms. Cole? Morning. How 'bout a little breakfast?

Shana glances at the tray, then rolls over, her back to the nurse.

NURSE

Come on now. You have to eat something.

Silence. Shana stares at the wall.

The nurse sighs, purses her lips.

NURSE

Well, I'll just leave it here for you then.

INT. VENDING ROOM - MORNING

The coffee cup is finally full. Steam rolls off the top of it.

Mark yawns, takes a careful sip and exits the room, heads back down the --

HALLWAY

NURSES and DOCTORS scurry about.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Mark passes by the nurse on her way out. He glances at Shana, and the nurse just shakes her head as if to say, 'she's not doing so hot'.

BEHIND THE DOOR -- Mystery Visitor's P.O.V. - phones RING, feet SHUFFLE outside in the hallway.

As Mark approaches the bed, the mystery visitor slips out, unseen.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

A nurses' station counter sits off to one side. The nurse scribbles something in Shana's chart, then lays the folder on the counter, and steps away.

Thin but masculine hands reach down, open the folder.

Eyes scan the pages and lock on Shana's home address.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Shana stares blankly at the wall, her back still turned away. She pulls the blanket tight around her neck.

Mark leans down, sniffs the breakfast and grimaces.

MARK

Listen, I have to get back to the station. I'll stop in later to check on you, okay?

Silence.

MARK

Maybe I can bring you a burger or something if...

SHANA

No. Look, I appreciate it officer...

MARK

Detective - Connelly or... Mark if you like.

SHANA

Detective... Thanks, but I really just want to be left alone. Please.

Mark stares at her back, a sad and helpless look on his face. He pulls a card out of his pocket, sets it on the bedside table.

MARK

I'm gonna leave my card. Just...  
call me if you need anything.

He turns to leave.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Mark catches a brief glimpse of a male figure in a dark jacket and cap, rushing to an exit door.

He passes by the nurses' station counter, where Shana's file sits open.

Name, medical chart and more importantly, her address is out in the open for anyone to see.

Mark closes the file, glances down the hallway as the exit door slams.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Photos of the beautiful young women lie scattered on the desk. Each one is paired with the corresponding corpse photo.

Mark sips on coffee, drags on a cigarette. He shakes his head in disgust as he looks through the photos.

He flips on his computer, pulls up a document labeled with a case number, and begins to type the report.

He refers to names on the backs of the photos, a photo of the barn, then reaches for a file folder.

Inside is a photo of the killer, smiling, very wholesome looking, nothing like the madman he'd become.

Mark reads on; 'married, no children, no criminal record'.

MARK

(to himself)

What happened to you? Why did you  
snap?

DORIS (O.S.)

Pretty freaky, isn't it?

Mark looks up at Doris. There's a folder in her hand.

MARK

Huh?

DORIS

I said it's freaky... like the  
Mangler all over again.

Mark glances down at the folder and the photos. He looks exhausted.

MARK

So I'm told. Can't say I'm sorry I  
missed that one.

DORIS

You know he had a thing for  
dressing up his victims --

She tilts her head to Roland's file.

DORIS

-- Just like your boy there.

Doris hands him the folder.

MARK

What's this?

DORIS

The Mansfield murders. Thought you  
might wanna take a look.

Mark nods, opens the folder.

VOICE (ON CB)

Dispatch, this is seventeen.

Doris sprints back to the radio to answer.

Mark flips through the folder and it's the same scenario -  
young female corpses, dressed to the hilt.

He sighs deeply, rubs his eyes hard. In a few moments he  
picks up the phone and dials.

On the other end of the line it rings... rings... rings...  
but no answer.

He hangs up, grabs his coat from the back of the chair, along  
with both the Mangler folder and the file of the current  
psycho, Roland.

He pauses at the reception/dispatch desk.

MARK

Hey Doris, you heard from Wilkins  
today?

DORIS

Nope. He's M.I.A. - didn't call in  
either. Captain's gonna have his  
ass, you know.

MARK

So what else is new?

Doris smirks at him.

MARK

Probably still sick. Last time I  
saw him he was looking pretty green  
around the gills.

Doris just shakes her head.

DORIS

That's what he gets for eating at  
Chan's every night. I tried to tell  
him.

Mark shoots her a sideways grin.

MARK

I'm going to see if he's still  
alive. Anybody needs me, I'm on my  
cell.

INT. APARTMENT BLDG. HALLWAY - DAY

A few lights line the hall. MUSIC pounds from inside one of  
the apartments.

Mark knocks. No answer. He knocks harder.

MARK

Wilkins... hey, open up. It's me.

He dials on his cell phone.

The phone rings repeatedly from inside Wilkins' apartment (O.S.)

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The nurse pushes Shana in a wheel chair, fully dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, out the front door.

Debbie waits by a cab, waves to Shana.

She flashes Debbie a weak smile.

INT. APARTMENT BLDG. HALLWAY - DAY

Mark knocks again, harder and harder. The door creaks open a couple of inches.

MARK

Wilkins?

INT. WILKINS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Modern furniture, a big screen TV, everything in perfect order.

The place is silent as a tomb.

MARK

Hey, kid? You here?

Mark steps through the living room and into a --

BEDROOM

MARK

If you think you're sticking me with all the paperwork...

He flips on the light and gasps.

MARK  
Mother of God...

On the wall, in what looks like a child's handwriting is a message: 'God Help me'.

MARK  
What is this?

A black marker lays on the bed, the cap open and a huge black spot of ink seeps into the white bedspread.

Next to the marker is Shana's address, poorly scrawled on a torn and wrinkled scrap of paper.

Mark stares at the message, then Shana's address. Confusion covers his face. He races out of the room.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Small, few cabinets and a bistro style table with two chairs.

Debbie makes a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on the counter top.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Hair in a pony tail and dark circles under her eyes, Shana stands in front of a colorful painting. It's very avant garde, like a modern day Picasso.

There are dozens more paintings; portraits and landscapes of all kinds, on the floor and on easels all around the room.

Rage comes over Shana's face. She haphazardly squeezes a tube of black onto the painting, then smears it all over, frantic and angry, until it covers all the vibrant colors.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Someone works on the lock with a pick. The knob releases beneath his hand and he slips inside.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

DEBBIE

There wasn't a whole lot in your  
fridge. I hope you like peanut  
butt...

A hand covers Debbie's mouth and she tries to scream, eyes wide, arms flailing. She drops the plate and sandwich to the floor.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Glass SHATTERS (O.S.) from the kitchen.

Shana takes a timid step in that direction.

SHANA

Deb?

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees the front door is open. She backs away slowly, toward the bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

In a split second, the attacker brings a knife to Debbie's throat and slices deep.

Debbie grabs her neck, stumbles back against the counter top.

Blood spurts like a water hose. There's a look of desperation and horror on her face. She's dying and she knows it.

She slides down to the floor, looks up at her attacker --

--WILKINS, dressed in all black, with a blank stare on his face, completely void of emotion.

He reaches down, quietly picks up the toolbox from the floor.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Shana inches around the back of the sofa. Her eyes fall on the floor at the entrance to the kitchen. A pool of blood seeps toward the carpet.

Shana starts to cry.

SHANA

Debbie!

Just then, Wilkins rounds the corner, the toolbox in one hand and a bloody knife in the other.

Confused and terrified, Shana just shakes her head and sobs.

SHANA

No... no!

Wilkins tilts his head sideways, just stares at her.

She bolts for the bedroom, but he's hot on her heels.

INT. MARK'S CAR - SAME

He races through the city, running red lights, whipping in and out of traffic, nearly takes out a pedestrian or two.

INT. SHANA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shana screams, tries to close the door, but Wilkins' arm is caught in it. She slams it hard... harder, until he pulls his arm back.

Shana locks it, goes to a dresser and pushes it in front of the door.

Wilkins POUNDS with all his might. Hinges RATTLE. He groans with frustration, drops the toolbox to the floor.

Shana trembles, slides down the wall and huddles into the corner.

More POUNDING and POUNDING. The knife SLAMS into the wood, punches through.

Shana cowers in the corner, screams and covers her ears.

The dresser topples over and Wilkins pushes the door open.

INT. APARMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

An elevator DINGS, stops at Shana's floor.

Mark squeezes through when it opens just enough for him to fit, then flees toward her apartment.

INT. SHANA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark enters, hears the POUNDING and screaming. He draws his gun, inches along the wall toward the noise.

He rounds a corner, immediately lays eyes on Wilkins.

For a split second he lowers the gun, confused and in shock at the sight.

The bloody knife is in his hand, and the toolbox sits turned over at the doorway, devices spilled out onto the floor.

Shana screams again. Her eyes dart to Mark.

MARK

I don't know what the fuck is going  
on, but step away from her,  
Wilkins! Now!

Wilkins slowly turns to look at him, but there's nothing in his eyes, no remorse, no anger - just blank, as if Mark's presence makes no difference.

MARK

Drop it!

Mark raises his gun higher, draws a bead on Wilkins.

MARK

God dammit Pete! I said drop it  
now!

Wilkins turns back to Shana, raises the knife and prepares to lunge.

Mark fires once, hits Wilkins in the side.

Shana slithers away, presses her back into another corner.

Wilkins stumbles back, looks down at his wound. He goes for Shana again.

Mark fires again and again, strikes Wilkins in the shoulder, back and chest.

Wilkins drops to his knees, flops over. Blood pools around him. He writhes and contorts. A GROWL that sounds like a lion radiates from deep inside him.

Mark moves closer, confusion and disbelief on his face.

MARK

Jesus... kid. Why! Why?!

Wilkins struggles against the writhing prison of his own body.

WILKINS

I can see... but I couldn't...  
stop.

He gags and coughs.

There's a phone on a table, near Shana.

MARK

Call 911.

Shana reaches out a shaking hand, grabs the phone and quickly sinks back into the corner with it.

Mark approaches but Wilkins holds up one bloody hand to stop him.

WILKINS

No! Stay away!  
(deep, animalistic voice)  
Um atrium seperattum...

(in English this basically means to "separate". This demon is attempting to separate from Wilkins' dying body)

A deep groan and then a high pitched screech permeates the air.

Wilkins sobs, grabs at his chest wound and writhes in agony. There's a pleading and frantic look in his eyes. He has to make them understand!

WILKINS

(mumbles)

It wasn't me... wasn't me.

As he lies there dying, he softly hums 'Hush Little Baby'.

Shana drops the phone from her ear. Trembling, she just shakes her head..

Wilkins takes one final gasping breath, then dies.

Shana trembles and whimpers in the corner.

Mark reaches down, feels for a pulse. The look on his face says there is none.

He stands and just stares for several moments. The silence is thick as molasses, and the look on his face, utter dismay.

He finally breaks out of his stupor, goes to Shana. He kneels down and lifts her up by the shoulders, cradles her to his body.

Weak kneed, she tries to walk, but Mark has to practically carry her from the room.

MONTAGE:

Shana sits on the sofa, a blanket wrapped around her.

Police mark the kitchen and bedroom with crime scene tape.

One OFFICER writes in a notebook while he and Mark speak M.O.S..

Mark's hands shake as he rapidly puffs on a cigarette.

The officer glances at Wilkins' dead body, then at Shana and shakes his head.

Two other OFFICERS kneel at Wilkins' body, both wearing gloves.

The body is rolled over and a huge blood stain marks the carpeting.

A body bag is zipped closed over Wilkins' face, also by gloved hands.

In the kitchen, the broken sandwich plate, now covered in blood, is placed inside an evidence bag.

Debbie's body bag rolls out of the kitchen on a stretcher.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARK'S SEDAN (MOVING) - DAWN

On the seat between Mark and Shana are two file folders.

Shana stares straight ahead, dried tear stains on her cheeks.

Mark takes a deep drag of his cigarette, blows it out slowly.

MARK

It's gonna be all right. I'll take  
you someplace safe.

Shana scoffs, rubs her eyes roughly.

MARK

Is there a friend - somebody you  
can stay with?

SHANA

No. There's no one.

Mark sighs.

Bright lights from an oncoming vehicle shine in Shana's eyes. She should need to blink, but she doesn't, just stares stoically into the light.

Mark furrows his brows, stares through the window like he's a million miles away.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Very manly, socks and a stray tie hangs over the back of a chair. An autographed baseball sits in a glass case.

Several photos of Mark and Wilkins, Mark and other officers hang on the walls.

On a fireplace mantle - a smiling photo of Mark and a pretty forty-ish woman.

The sound of a lock TURNING. The door opens for Mark and Shana.

He steps aside to let her in first.

MARK

It's not much, but it's safe.

A photo slips out of the Mangler folder and floats down to the floor. He quickly picks it up, but not before Shana gets a glimpse of it.

SHANA

Safe... safe... you keep saying that.

Mark looks disgusted, exhausted and beaten down.

Shana takes a few timid steps inside. Her eyes are drawn to the photos, lastly the photo of Mark and the woman.

There's a small table with a fax machine, next to a wall. Mark places both the Mangler file and the latest psycho's (Roland's) file there.

MARK

You want some coffee... Something to eat?

Shana moves to the photo, picks it up and studies it. She doesn't seem to hear him.

Mark stares at her for a few seconds, then goes to the --

KITCHEN

A couple of empty liquor bottles sit on the counter, alongside an open pack of crackers.

Mark opens a cabinet, pulls out a can of coffee.

FLASHBACK

INT. SHANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilkins lunges at Shana with the knife.

Mark fires, fires again.

Wilkins lies on the floor, clutches his chest. Blood seeps into the carpet around him.

WILKINS

It wasn't me... wasn't me.

END FLASHBACK

KITCHEN

Brows furrowed deep in thought, Mark pours coffee grounds in a steady stream - the filter full, grounds now spill down onto the cabinet and floor.

He shakes his head as if to dislodge the memory.

MARK

Shit...

He sweeps coffee grounds off the counter haphazardly, pours some out of the filter, and down the sink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Shana replaces the photo of Mark and the woman. Her eyes settle on the two folders.

She casts a cautious glance toward the kitchen, then goes for them.

Mark enters, two coffee cups in hand.

Shana stops, turns for the sofa as if she was headed there all along.

Steam rolls off the top of the cup.

MARK

Careful...

A shaking hand reaches out, accepts the coffee.

Mark plops onto nearby chair, exhausted.

Uncomfortable silence follows for several moments.

Shana sips the coffee, stares down at the floor. With each sip the hot liquid sloshes at the rim.

When finally she looks up, her eyes wander to the photo of Mark and the woman.

SHANA

Your wife?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

We didn't make it that far.

Shana nods, sips slowly on the coffee.

A look of sadness and longing briefly crosses Mark's face.

MARK

I started working homicide a couple years ago... guess I brought the job home one too many times.

Shana's eyes roam to the folders, but she quickly averts them. She stares into space silently for a moment, then tears begin to form in her eyes.

MARK

Look, I know this is a shitty situation - having to stay in a strange place, with somebody you don't even know.

Shana scoffs. A tear falls. She stares at Mark like he's crazy for a few seconds.

SHANA

(weak, trembling voice)

In the last three days I've been kidnapped, carved up, now my friend is dead, and all you can say is it's a shitty situation?

MARK

I know... I know what you're going through but...

SHANA

No. Don't say that. You have no idea what I'm going through.

Mark sighs deeply.

MARK

You're right. How could I? But I want you to know, I'm gonna do everything I can to get you back home. In a few days all the evidence will be collected and...

SHANA

Get me back home?

She scoffs, runs a hand through her hair.

SHANA

Look, I appreciate this. I mean, I'm sure you don't just... bring victims home with you.

Shana rubs her eyes hard.

SHANA

But you really think I want to go back there?

(MORE)

SHANA(cont'd)

Your partner tried to kill me, and  
if you hadn't shown up...

MARK

I know. I mean I know but...

Mark lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag.

MARK

I thought I knew him.

Shana sighs deeply, runs a hand through her tangled hair.

SHANA

Surrounded by death... all the  
time, maybe it was too much for  
him.

Mark's brows furrow, deep in thought. He stands, sets his  
coffee on the table.

MARK

Look, I'm exhausted, and you've  
gotta be wiped out. We should try  
to get some sleep.

Mark crosses toward a bedroom door.

Shana glances at him, over her shoulder.

SHANA

Detective?

MARK

Mark.

Shana nods, swallows hard.

SHANA

You saved my life.

Mark pauses, a serious expression on his face, before he  
steps in the door.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sheets and bedspread barely wrinkled, as if the bed hasn't been slept in lately. A light film of dust covers the dresser.

Mark opens a closet, reaches for a set of sheets on a high shelf. The tip of a gun butt hangs over the edge.

He reaches up, slides it back out of sight.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Shana sits with her face in her hands, rocks back and forth slightly.

She blows out a ragged breath, casts a glance at the front door to see that the lock is chained. She leans against the arm of the sofa, closes her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The pile of used sheets sits crumpled on the floor.

Mark puts the last clean pillow case on, smooths the sheets, then flips the light on, in an adjoining bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

He enters with bandages and tape in hand. Shana's on the sofa, eyes closed and legs stretched out in front of her.

Mark covers her gently with a small blanket from the back of the sofa.

He picks up the files, then quietly turns out the lights and closes the mini-blinds.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

On the bed with two pillows to prop him up, and a cigarette in hand, Mark opens the Mangler file.

A name and date on the tab of the folder - 'Martin Baker, June 1999'.

His eyes project awe and disgust as he flips through twenty-three photos of corpses, almost identical to the ones in the barn.

He flips to a report, and the words seem to jump out:

"Recommend refer suspect to staff psychiatrist. Baker makes claims of a psychotic nature. Contends that he had no choice. Further states that he cannot stop, the compulsion to murder is beyond his control and, (quote) It's in my blood."

Mark reads on, shakes his head in disbelief. A newspaper clipping headlines the story: "Mansfield Mangler Dies in Prison".

Also inside is a death certificate:

"Prisoner Martin Baker #139725 - Cause of Death: severe head trauma".

A photo of a bloody and beaten Martin Baker is stapled to the back of the death certificate, dressed in a prison uniform, and sprawled out on the floor.

The Coroner's Signature at the bottom of the certificate: 'John K. Roland'. His brows furrow.

MARK

(mumbles)

What... that can't be right?

He lays the folder down open, picks up the other one. It's much more crisp than the other - new and pristine.

Inside it's the same thing; more photos of the six young women and their corresponding corpse photos.

There are two photos of Shana as well, one normal and the other in her post-kidnapped state, bloody and bruised.

Mark reads on about the attacker:

"Married, no children, occupation: Coroner, Mansfield County".

A look of shock and confusion covers his face as his eyes roam down to a name - 'John K. Roland'.

Mark's breathing quickens, without even looking he snuffs his cigarette out, doesn't notice he's missed the ashtray and snuffed it out on the bedside table.

He rushes into the --

#### LIVING ROOM

With both folders in hand, grabs keys and a jacket from near the sofa, and sneaks to the front door.

Shana stirs, but doesn't wake.

Mark quietly closes the door, steps into the --

#### HALLWAY

He locks the dead-bolt from outside.

CUT TO:

#### INT. MARK'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Mark speeds down the street, siren and lights on. He puffs away rapidly at a cigarette, glances down apprehensively at the folders on the seat next to him.

#### INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shana whimpers in her sleep, hair soaking wet with sweat.

She suddenly bolts upright, glances around nervously. She's all alone, the room silent as a tomb.

She looks toward the kitchen entrance.

#### SHANA

Detective?

(glances toward the  
bedroom)

Mark?

She chews on her bottom lip as if in deep thought.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Shana opens drawers, finds a small wad of wrinkled money. Then at the closet, she finds some women's clothes hanging.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Mark heads for his desk.

Several DETECTIVES, male and female whisper and look at him with pity in their eyes.

He spots a couple of evidence bags on the desk of an OLDER DETECTIVE, with "Wilkins" written on the side.

The older detective quickly averts his eyes from Mark.

After he sits, Doris timidly approaches.

DORIS

Hey.

Mark barely looks up at her.

MARK

Doris.

DORIS

How you doin'? You okay?

Mark sighs deeply, digs in his desk drawer and eventually pulls out a small stapler.

MARK

I've been better.

DORIS

I heard... I mean we all... I just wanted to say I'm sorry.

MARK

Yeah. Thanks.

DORIS

He was a good kid. We all liked him.

Doris glances around, sees the other detectives still staring.

DORIS

There's a lot of rumors - lot of questions... about what really happened.

MARK

And I wish I knew the answers, Doris.

(mumbles)

I wish I knew.

Mark turns on his computer monitor, pulls up a template for his report. He types in 'Detective Peter Wilkins' in the name spot.

DORIS

If there's something I can do, you let me know, okay? I mean that.

Just then, DETECTIVE JACK ELLIOT (38) a large man with broad shoulders, dark glasses and a black suit strides across the room.

He looks straight ahead, ignores everyone else, and enters a private office.

DORIS

Oh shit... I.A.

MARK

Um, I can smell him from here.

The CAPTAIN pokes his head out - late fifties, bald as a melon, with a cigar stuck between his lips.

CAPTAIN

Hey Connelly.

He tilts his head to beckon Mark over.

Doris pats his forearm, whispers.

DORIS

Good luck.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Photos and commendations fill a shelf at the back wall. An oversized desk with a puny reading lamp and an ashtray full of cigar butts.

The captain leans back in the chair, hands laced over his stomach, just stares Mark down.

CAPTAIN

Detective Mark Connelly - Detective  
Jack Elliot.

Elliot sticks his hand out, his face cold as stone.

ELLIOT

Internal affairs.

Mark shakes Elliot's hand, nods.

CAPTAIN

Grab a seat Connelly. We all know  
what this is about, so let's just  
cut to the chase, shall we?

Elliot pulls out a note-pad and pen. He flips a couple of pages, reads over some notes.

ELLIOT

If you could just start from when  
you last saw him. What you think  
may have brought about his...  
incident.

Mark swallows hard, shakes his head slowly. He glances awkwardly at the Captain and Elliot.

MARK

All due respect... fuck if I know.

Elliot slowly folds his sunglasses and tucks them in his breast pocket.

ELLIOT

All due respect... you were there.  
You saw him last. So I'm afraid  
you're gonna have to do better than  
that.

Mark narrows his eyes. He doesn't like being mocked.

CAPTAIN

Just start from the beginning...  
anything you can remember.

Mark rubs his forehead, blows out a ragged breath, stress  
showing on his face.

MARK

Pete... detective Wilkins - when I  
left him at the scene of the Roland  
murders, he was sick.

ELLIOT

Sick?

MARK

Yeah, said he might've had some bad  
take-out. I didn't think much about  
it.

The captain chews on his cigar, leans forward to glare more  
closely at Mark.

CAPTAIN

Then he wasn't acting strange...  
unusual in any way?

MARK

No... I don't think so.

ELLIOT

You don't think so?

Mark sighs heavily, leans forward with his head in his hands  
and elbows on his knees.

MARK

It was like... well I said to him,  
'this is homicide. You've seen dead  
bodies before'.

Elliot jots something down on his note-pad.

ELLIOT

Uh huh. So everything was by the book. Detective Wilkins seemed fine... until when?

Mark's brows furrow.

FLASHBACK

INT. MARK/WILKINS' SEDAN

Mark glances over at Wilkins. He looks anxious, but not sick or pale.

INT. BARN

Wilkins kneels down by Roland's body, turns the corpse over and gets blood on his hand.

EXT. BARN, BY THE SEDAN

Wilkins leans on the car, looks nauseous, struggles to keep from vomiting.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN

Connelly?

Mark shakes his head, as if to dislodge the images.

MARK

What... I'm sorry... just, I'm not sleeping lately.

CAPTAIN

So Wilkins seemed fine to you?

He lights the cigar, leisurely puffs out a big cloud of smoke.

ELLIOT

Aside from the puking?

MARK

As far as I could see, yes.

ELLIOT

And then what?

MARK

I found him... with the girl. And you know the rest.

Mark glances at both of them, a bit of accusation in his eyes.

MARK

His apartment's already been processed, right?

Elliot sighs, looks irritated.

ELLIOT

Why don't we just stop jerking each other around? What I want to know, Connelly, is why. The only survivor from the Roland case... so why do you suppose he went after her?

MARK

The truth?

ELLIOT

That's all I'm after.

MARK

When I find out what that is... I'll let you know.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT BLDG. - AFTERNOON

Busy city, rows of tall condos and sparse trees here and there.

Shana, now dressed in jeans and a floral blouse, hails a cab.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Mark carries two boxes stacked atop each other, down a long hallway with several doors on each side. The top one holds video tapes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

He flips on the light, locks the door behind him.

The room is empty except for a table, a few chairs and a TV/VCR combo unit atop the table.

He sets the boxes on the top, pulls out a tape marked "MARTIN BAKER - Interview #1 - February 1999".

He turns on the set and pops the tape in.

A quick glance over his shoulder at FOOTSTEPS and mumbling outside. The noises travel farther away, so he sits down.

Mark leans back in the chair with his arms crossed over his chest.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

Martin Baker is cuffed, seated at an interrogation room table.

He looks tired, but the aura of evil that surrounds him is unmistakable - dark soulless eyes, black hair slicked back, with a black goatee and beard to match.

He's questioned by an off camera detective.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

So tell me how it all started - The first girl.

Baker stares at the camera, a fiendish grin on his face.

BAKER

Ummmm... she was so sweet. Yes...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The same cloaked figure from Roland's vision slowly moves into the candlelight. He removes his hood. The face beneath is Baker.

He reaches down, picks up the goblet, now full of the young girl's blood.

Baker drinks the blood, sighs with pleasure, then takes a deep breath and spreads his arms out wide.

BAKER

In the name of Astrogul and Narn,  
Tavaros and Liniseros, I cojure  
thee. By the blood of this  
innocent, I summon thee to this  
domain! Come forth, demon.

(louder)

Et servitus nostros dominae! Reveal  
thyself to me, thy master!

A moment of silence.

Baker scans the room - nothing unusual.

Suddenly the whole place begins to shake. There's a loud BOOM! A bright yellow light floods into the darkness.

Baker shields his face as a burning sphere of fire bears down upon him.

Suddenly, Baker lowers his arms, holds out a hand toward the impending sphere.

BAKER

Halt! I command thee! Submit Demon!  
Thy will is mine!

The sphere stops in mid air.

Baker stares at it for a moment, takes a giant swig from the goblet. Blood drains down his chin.

BAKER

As this blood courses through my  
body, so shall your power flow  
through my veins!

Baker drops the goblet to the ground.

The ball of light transforms to a large creature, a hideous demon with wings the span of three men, fangs, an animal's snout and hooves.

The demon wails, rushes at Baker, overtakes him. The demon seems to meld with his body.

Baker falls to the floor. He screams as the demon takes over, his body twists and contorts. His eyes roll back in his head, then come back to rest, glazed over and milky white.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

ON TV SCREEN

BAKER

Yes, the first one. I remember her well. She screamed and it sounded like... music.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Shelly Myers. Nineteen years old. She had parents... two little brothers.

BAKER

Myers? Yes, I remember her. But no detective...

Baker sighs and grins, holding back the truth.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

And why did you target these women? Why them, not the girl down the street, or across town?

Baker laughs, throws his head back.

BAKER

Oh, detective. Only because I hadn't gotten to them yet.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

So you were just making the rounds... so to speak.

BAKER

Simple opportunity, nothing more. They were there... and so was I.

The detective begins laying out photos in front of Baker, points to them one by one.

DETECTIVE

Um hmm. Mary Crawford, Laura Donovan, Katie Beck... what about them?

Baker reaches out his cuffed hands, runs a finger longingly over the photos.

His breath comes in short, trembling gasps and the expression on his face is like sexual gratification.

The detective's hands snatch the photos away.

Baker gives him a look that could start a fire.

INT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Shana enters and looks past Doris, searching.

DORIS

You looking for someone?

Shana smiles ever so sweet and innocently.

SHANA

Hi.. yes, Detective Connelly. Is he in?

DORIS

Uh huh, he's right over...

Doris points and turns to look at Connelly's desk.

DORIS

Well, he was there a minute ago.

MALE VOICE (OR RADIO)

Come in dispatch, this is fifty-four.

Doris turns to the radio, picks up the transmitter.

DORIS

If you'll just have a seat, I'll find him for you, okay?

Shana nods, moves toward a small row of seats, all stuck together like theater chairs.

The second she's certain that Doris is busy enough, she sets off down a --

SIDE HALLWAY

All is quiet except for a faint mumbling at the far end.

Shana walks quietly, stealthily toward the door.

She presses her ear against it.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

You know what I think? Maybe you're just a nut-job. You think there was some purpose in it... or maybe you were called on by Satan himself.

The detective lets out a sarcastic chuckle.

Shana taps lightly on the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME

The ashtray is full of cigarette butts and the room thick with smoke.

Mark glances at the door, turns back around to the --

TV SCREEN

Baker tilts his head sideways, just smirks.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Yeah, we know all about your extra curricular activities... that sick shrine you had set up in the basement. Satan...

(scoffs)

Haven't you figured it out? It's just a myth to keep us all on the moral track.

Baker clenches his teeth.

BAKER

You know nothing. You cannot begin to imagine what darkness lies in me. What you are, detective, is sad. Truly... all of you.

AT THE DOOR

RAPPING hard and loud.

Mark grumbles, goes to open it.

MARK

Hey... what?

Shana skirts past him.

MARK

You can't be here.

SHANA

I already am.

Mark sighs, shoots her an aggravated look.

Shana's eyes immediately fall on the

TV SCREEN

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Twenty-three, Baker. Help me to understand... because I gotta tell ya', I just don't get it. Tell me how you could you mutilate, torture and murder people... innocent young women who did nothing to deserve the hell you put them through.

BAKER

Hell?

He laughs again.

ON SHANA AND MARK

SHANA

Baker? The Mangler?

Mark nods his head, as Shana pulls up a chair to sit.

MARK

Look, you can't just....

Shana pushes a chair out for Mark, urging him to sit down too.

Mark reluctantly sits, just stares at Shana like she has a lot of nerve.

TV SCREEN

BAKER

Hell? Again you speak of things you do not know. Hell is what we make of it...

He slams his cuffed hands on the table.

BAKER

What I made it, and you think that this will stop me? So naive. Imprison me... kill me. No matter.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Baker, you sick fuck, they're gonna fry you and you're too stupid to even care. But I'm gonna tell you something... I'll be there when they throw the switch. You can bet your life on it.

Baker makes a clucking, 'tut-tut' sound.

BAKER

You just don't see the true picture, detective. This legacy; hell, as you call it - my legacy, it carries on... gets in the blood until we have to give in.

FLASHBACK

INT. BARN

Wilkins wipes Roland's blood on his pants, then reaches in his pocket for a glove.

END FLASHBACK

Shana stares at Mark, waves her hand in front of his face to bring him out of the daze.

They glance uneasily at each other.

TV SCREEN

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Yeah, Baker, keep preaching that evil shit. Nobody's gonna hear it anyway... soon you'll be nothing but a bad memory.

Baker stares at the ceiling, ignores the detective.

BAKER

And the utter surrender to it... to  
all guilt and conscience - ah, now  
that's something every mortal man  
should feel.

Baker stares into the camera, laughs a maniacal laugh.

TV CLICKS OFF

Shana looks down to see a remote control in Mark's hand.

He blows out a ragged breath, runs a hand through his hair.

MARK

Sick, twisted freak.

Shana stares for a second at the black screen, nods.

SHANA

Makes you wonder... what made him  
that way.

Mark shrugs.

MARK

It used to.

Mark goes to the door, opens it.

MARK

You really have to go, unless you  
want to get me fired.

Shana narrows her eyes, like she can read right through him.

SHANA

This has something to do with my  
case.

Connelly sighs, turns his eyes to the ceiling.

MARK

I don't know. That's what I'm  
trying to figure out.

Shana lets out slow trembling sigh, runs a hand through her hair.

SHANA

Mark...

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

It's not a democracy. This is a police station.

(opens the door wider)

Now come on. Let's go.

But Shana doesn't budge from the chair.

SHANA

Don't you even want to know why I'm here?

Mark steps back towards her, hands stuffed down in his pockets.

MARK

Okay. Why are you here?

SHANA

I have to tell you something. Now, it may not mean anything, or you might just think I'm crazy...

Seeing the serious look on Shana's face, Mark tilts his head sideways, just stares at her with empathy.

MARK

Never. Go ahead.

SHANA

It's this... song.

Now Mark looks confused.

MARK

A song?

SHANA

Yes, I can't get it out of my head.

Shana hums "Hush Little Baby".

Mark raises an eyebrow at her.

MARK  
Right, Wilkins.

Shana's brows furrow. She nods slowly.

MARK  
I'm sorry. I'm lost. What are you  
trying to say?

Shana looks apprehensive, swallows hard.

SHANA  
I don't know... but Roland, he was  
humming the same tune.

Tears form in Shana's eyes. She wipes them roughly with the  
back of her hand.

SHANA  
Over and over.

Mark just stares at her, a combination of confusion and  
concern on his face.

SHANA  
You don't believe me do you?

MARK  
No, it's not that. I just think...

SHANA  
You think I'm crazy. Well I'm not.  
I don't know what it means... but I  
know I'll never forget that song,  
as long as I live.

MARK  
Okay. It's okay.

A tear falls and Shana just shakes her head sadly.

MARK  
Look, I don't think you're crazy.  
Doesn't matter...  
(MORE)

MARK(cont'd)

whatever it is, you have to tell me, all right? It's all pieces of the same puzzle.

He takes Shana's shoulder, looks into her eyes.

MARK

You just have to trust me. Can you do that?

Shana shakes her head, wipes her eyes.

SHANA

Not so easy anymore... trust. I don't even know where to begin - how to put my life back together.

Mark smiles.

MARK

One piece at a time. You'll get there.

Shana smiles weakly back at him.

Her eyes roam to the Mangler folder, open on the table. The name on the tab jumps out at her.

She snuffles, slowly reaches for it and Mark tries to snatch it away.

MARK

No, Shana... wait.

She moves around the side of the table, and shoots him a quizzical, "what's your problem" kind of look.

MARK

That's a police file.

Shana ignores him, moves even farther away.

Mark rubs his forehead hard, like he doesn't quite know what to do with her.

MARK

Look... just give it to me, okay?

Shana flips through the photos, the news clippings and documents.

She paces around the table, keeping a wary eye on Mark, as if he might want to snatch it away again.

SHANA

Oh my God... What is this?

Mark sighs, just shakes his head.

MARK

Nothing. It's nothing.

SHANA

Bullshit. You want me to trust you?  
So when were you gonna tell me  
about this?

Mark looks at her like he's hiding something, sighs deeply.

MARK

And what would I say, huh? I don't  
even know what to make of it  
myself.

Shana opens Roland's folder (her attacker), snatches the death certificate out and shoves it at Mark.

SHANA

Roland was the county coroner in  
Mansfield?

MARK

Yeah... That's why the tapes. I  
thought, I don't know ... maybe  
there's a connection.

Mark slowly takes the document, his eyes scan it warily.

MARK

Look, I'm not holding out on you.  
It's just... I'm barely starting to  
put it all together.

SHANA

Then you won't mind if I help  
you...

(MORE)

SHANA(cont'd)

I mean, this is my life that's been turned upside down. You know?

Mark tilts his head sideways, just glares at her.

MARK

Victims don't work on their own cases.

Shana looks deflated.

MARK

I'm sorry. But that's the way it is. You'll go back home, try to start over... I'll get a new partner.

Shana spreads out some documents on the table, suddenly very excited and anxious. She glares at Mark with pleading eyes.

SHANA

Here... just look at these dates. Martin Baker - the Mangler... he was killed in prison, right?

Mark shrugs one shoulder.

MARK

He wasn't too popular... inmates just upped his execution date a little.

SHANA

Uh huh, and since Roland was the coroner, he would've taken care of the body, right?

MARK

Okay... and that means what?  
(raises an eyebrow)  
Where are you going with this?

Shana stares with a look of indignation. She crosses her arms over her chest and stares Mark down.

SHANA

I know what you're thinking...

MARK

(mumbles)

Well, that makes one of us.

He sighs deeply.

MARK

I think you're just desperate...  
reaching.

SHANA

Maybe. But come on, at least admit  
it. Tell me it's not a strange  
coincidence.

Mark glances at her, stares down at the documents. He sighs  
deeply, cups a hand to his chin.

MARK

Very... Yeah. It's weird, I'll give  
you that.

Shana chews on her thumbnail, paces a small area.

SHANA

What are the odds, do ya' think?  
Two psychopaths with the same  
style, and they just happen to have  
a connection?

Mark shrugs.

MARK

No, that's just it. See, Baker was  
dead before Roland ever laid eyes  
on him.

SHANA

That's not what I meant. It's this  
Baker - the Mangler. Some of the  
things he said...

Mark furrows his brows at her.

MARK

Baker was insane.

Shana drops her hands to her sides, defeated. She just shakes her head in disgust and goes for the door, pauses with her hand on the knob.

SHANA

It's all black or white with you,  
isn't it?

MARK

Black or white... truth or fiction.  
I'm a cop. That's how I see things.

Shana opens the door, starts to step out. She's aggravated, shaking her head, teeth clenched together.

MARK

Hey... listen, I wanna send  
somebody over to talk to you. I  
know a few doctors who are really  
good with this kind of thing and...

Shana looks wounded.

SHANA

I don't need a fucking shrink. I  
just needed someone to listen.

She slams the door in Mark's face.

Fast FOOTSTEPS retreat down the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Shana stomps down the hall with a wounded look, wipes a tear from her eye.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Mark sighs, looks disgusted with himself. The sound of SHANA'S FOOTSTEPS fades away.

MARK

Shit...

## MONTAGE

Mark mulls over the photos and documents. Tapes lie scattered on the table.

At his desk; Mark browses the Internet, pulls up article after article about the Mangler.

A clock on the wall ticks away the hours.

A nearby fax machine spits out pages upon pages.

There's a Roland family tree, records from work, income tax forms, a rap sheet - blank except for minor traffic tickets.

The same thing for Baker (the Mangler), except the rap sheet has a bit of everything; animal cruelty, illegal drugs, assault, etc.

Weary eyes scan the pages. He compares one killer to the next and his face grows more and more disappointed.

## MARK

Nothing... they didn't even know each other.

Back in the INTERROGATION ROOM --

Mark opens the second box - full of satanic symbols and necklaces, an upside down crucifix tacked to a black plaque, with flames painted beneath Christ's head.

Inside is also a Satanic Bible, various pages of scribbled notes in Latin. Bloody fingerprints on some of the pages.

He pulls out a dusty book, blows it off. The dust jacket is black with white lettering "DEMONS, CONJURE AND CONQUER".

Mark smirks, flips through the pages and tosses the book back in the box.

He pops in one tape after another.

ON SCREEN -- Baker grows more impatient, and his rage more apparent as the interviews continue.

With just a couple of tapes left, Mark can barely keep his eyes open. There's heavy stubble on his face and his coffee cup is empty.

Mark takes the last puff and snuffs out a cigarette - the butts threatening to overflow the ashtray.

He conceals two tapes in a greasy paper bag, crumpled on the table, and stacks the rest back in the box.

At his computer, Mark types reports, fast and furious. He clicks on "save", then "print".

On the floor next to his feet is the box. The tip of the brown paper bag sticks out from beneath the "Conjure and Conquer" book.

He pulls out two fresh folders, inserts the reports and applies a couple of labels - Wilkins, Pete, Det. - and Cole, Shana.

He tosses them into a basket marked "case reports" on the edge of his desk, then leaves the station, box in hand.

OUTSIDE, PARKING LOT - Mark pops the trunk of his sedan, places the box inside.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Shana pours sugar into a cup of coffee and stirs, seemingly in a daze. Her hair is a mess, dark circles under her eyes.

A RADIO in the background plays old jazz music.

VOICE (ON RADIO)

This hour brought to you by Mother  
Goose Melodies. Call now or order  
online! Your child will enjoy  
dozens of favorites like; The Itsy  
Bitsy Spider, Three Blind Mice,  
London Bridge, Hush Little Baby...

The room seems to spin. Shana drops the coffee cup and it shatters against the tile.

FLASHBACK

INT. BARN

Shana cries, bound to the chair while Roland hovers over her. He whistles "Hush Little Baby".

INT. SHANA'S BEDROOM

Wilkins lies on the floor, a pool of blood seeping into the carpet. He hums "Hush Little Baby".

END FLASHBACK

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Shana stands still as a statue. She stares down at the smashed cup, but blankly, as if she doesn't really see it.

She blinks several times. Her lip quivers.

A DOOR OPENS. Shaking hands reach down to pick up the broken glass.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

VOICE (ON RADIO)

Supplies are limited, so call or go  
online today and get your copy of  
Mother Goose Melodies.

Mark enters, hears the GLASS dumped into a garbage can, goes in the --

KITCHEN

He spots a small pile of glass shards with a cup handle, and the dust pan in Shana's hand.

MARK

Hi. Everything okay?

Shana nods, then suddenly her brows furrow, her face sets in a pout, and she bursts into tears.

Mark Takes her by the shoulders, forces her to look in his eyes.

MARK

Hey... hey, look at me. It's okay.  
It's just a stupid cup.

Shana just shakes her head, can't speak through the sobbing.

Mark pulls out a chair, leads Shana over to it to sit, and pulls out the one next to it, for himself.

MARK

Just calm down, all right? Take a  
deep breath and tell me what's  
going on.

Shana takes a deep, trembling breath, tries to compose herself. Her lips continue to shake as if it's subzero in the room.

MARK

That's it. Now... tell me what  
happened.

Shana sobs, snubbing, words coming in short spurts.

SHANA

I... I'm... I'm losing it. I can't  
sleep. I can't eat... can't even  
think anymore.

She collapses against Mark's chest.

He cradles her, strokes her hair. A look of helplessness crosses his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shana sleeps on the bed. Mark gently pulls the bedspread up to cover her.

On the bedside table is a bottle of sleeping pills and a half empty glass of water.

He stares down at her, concerned, then quietly turns out the light and closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Exhausted, overwhelmed, Mark collapses at the table.

He reaches for a decanter of bourbon, with a glass hung on top, pours himself a tall one and downs it quickly. He stares into space, rubs his eyes hard.

FLASHBACK

Shana sits in the chair of the interrogation room, her eyes wet with tears.

Mark takes Shana's shoulder, looks into her eyes.

MARK

You have to trust me, okay?

Shana nods, wipes her eyes.

SHANA

Not so easy anymore... trust. I don't even know where to begin - how to put my life back together.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark rises, a contemplative look on his face, and digs keys out of his pocket.

He crosses the apartment to the --

BEDROOM

Opens the door nice and soft. Shana sleeps soundly.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mark turns the key and wiggles the door back and forth to make sure it's locked.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Mark's sedan drives past stores, PEDESTRIANS, restaurants.

TEENS hang out on the corners. An occasional taxi stops to pick someone up.

INT. HALLWAY - SHANA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Mark approaches Shana's apartment door.

Before he reaches it he can see that the yellow crime scene tape has been pulled down, just hanging.

A curious look crosses his face. As he draws closer he can hear a VACUUM-LIKE sound.

The door is cracked a couple of inches.

Mark pushes it open, steps inside the --

APARTMENT

Neat and tidy, everything in its place. You'd never imagine what happened there.

Mark looks toward the origin of the noise - the bedroom door, wide open.

His eyes immediately settle on a MAN working a steam cleaner back and forth over the blood stained carpet.

The heavy set man (30) wears a beige uniform. He's Latino with black curly hair. He bops around and hums to music coming from headphones.

Mark reaches out to touch his shoulder.

The man spins around, nearly knocks over his steam cleaning machine.

A hand flies to his chest, just as Mark flashes his badge.

STEAM CLEANER

Oh... Oh Senore, you scare me.

He removes the headphones.

MARK

You sure you're supposed to be here  
now?

The man nods emphatically. He seems nervous, wipes sweat from his forehead, his voice shaky.

STEAM CLEANER

Si'. They call, say they finish.  
Say the carpet need cleaned. So, I  
come.

Mark pats him on the shoulder.

MARK

Okay. You just... carry on then. I  
need to grab a few things, then  
I'll be outta your way.

STEAM CLEANER

Oh, okay. Is no problem... no  
problem.

Mark leaves the room.

The steam cleaner keeps glancing at Mark as he shampoos, doesn't put his headphones back on either.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark picks up various painting supplies - tubes of paint, brushes, rags, a couple of small canvases.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A key turns in the lock.

Mark steps in the door, struggles with all the painting supplies.

He sets them down as quietly as he can manage, against a far wall just past the sofa.

He eyes the items, smiles, happy with himself.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mark showers, leans forward with both hands on the wall, lets the water pulsate against the back of his head, then directly into his face.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He steps out, a towel around his waist, hair still wet, and crosses the bedroom quietly.

Shana stirs.

Mark slides out a drawer, keeping an eye on her, then reaches in for some clothes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Now dressed in a T-shirt and sweat pants, mark flops down onto the sofa, covers himself with a small blanket and closes his eyes.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME

The Latino man carries the machine's receptacle over to the --

BATHROOM

Careful not to slosh the nasty reddish brown water on the floor.

He kneels down, dumps the contents into the tub. Most of it goes down the drain, except for what splatters onto his face.

He squints, wipes the watered down blood out of his eyes.

When it's empty, he drags his heavy frame off the floor and heads for the doorway.

Suddenly, a series of visions invade his mind -- corpses of all the young women, a demon screeching and clawing.

The man drops the receptacle on the tiled floor. Face set in a pained grimace, he grabs his head with both hands, stumbles forward.

More visions -- blood running down walls, interspersed with the faces of Baker, Roland and Wilkins. "Hush Little Baby" - two versions, humming and whistling, mingled together.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE - MORNING

The sun rises over a city street, busy with cars. PEDESTRIANS bustle along, an occasional bicycle courier or jogger breezes by.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Shana steps out of the bedroom.

The sound of something FRYING, from the kitchen.

Shana sniffs at the air, stretches, and makes her way that direction.

Groggy eyes fall on the canvases and paints on the floor.

Just then, Mark steps through the entrance from the kitchen, frying pan full of eggs in hand.

MARK

Hey... you're up. You hungry?

Shana glances at the art supplies, then at Mark. A confused look covers her face.

SHANA

What's this?

MARK

Oh... well, I thought... I just picked up a few things.

Shana goes to kneel in front of the supplies, picks up some paint, checks the colors he chose.

MARK

You said something about not knowing where to start.

He points a spatula at the supplies, as Shana mulls through them.

MARK

So, I figured this is a good place.

Shana runs her hand over the blank canvas, smiles weakly up at Mark.

SHANA

I'm almost afraid to think... what might end up on here - what's inside me right now.

Mark glances down, stirs the eggs in the skillet, brows furrowed like he doesn't quite know what to say.

SHANA

I'm gonna need some more stuff, but I guess I can get it from the craft store.

Mark sets the skillet on the coffee table.

MARK

Uhhh, yeah... I wanted to talk to you about that.

Shana doesn't like his nervous tone, she stands, casts an apprehensive look at him.

SHANA

About what?

MARK

Actually they've just about wrapped everything up, so...

Shana's brows furrow even more as she anxiously awaits the inevitable.

MARK

...you're welcome to stay as long as you need, you know... but CSI's are done. Now it's just the last of the clean-up.

Shana stares down at the floor.

SHANA

Oh.

Mark notices Shana's troubled expression.

MARK

You don't have to rush... the carpet was still being shampooed when I left, so I'm sure it won't be dry until at least tonight - maybe even tomorrow.

Shana nods, forces a big smile.

SHANA

That's great, right? I mean, I know I need to sort of... face my demons as they say, so... yeah.

MONTAGE

Mark works on the rest of breakfast in the kitchen - toast, coffee.

In the living room -- Shana lays an old sheet out on the floor, props the canvas against the wall and starts to paint.

She makes several strokes, pauses, then a few more strokes.

LATER...

Mark drives across town. He flashes his lights and siren at some OLDER BOYS, pushing around a YOUNGER KID.

Startled, they quickly flee down a side street. Mark grins, shakes his head.

In the Living Room - Shana steps back, studies her latest creation; a red face set against black shadows - half human and half devil.

AT A LINEN CLOSET - Shana reaches for a stack of sheets. They all tumble out. The tip of a gun butt hangs over the edge.

She hesitates, then pulls it down, rubs the smooth black metal with her thumb, contemplating.

AT THE POLICE STATION - Mark steps out of the captain's office, goes straight to the report folders on his desk.

He feeds pages into a fax machine - copies of both Wilkins and Shana's reports to: "INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION - ATTN: DETECTIVE JACK ELLIOT".

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark steps in the front door. In his arms is the box with the book and paper bag of tapes inside. All is very quiet and still.

MARK

Shana?

He removes and lays his gun belt across the back of a chair, peeks toward the kitchen, then the open bedroom door.

MARK

Shana?

He spots a note on the coffee table, goes to retrieve it.

SHANA (V.O.)

Dear Mark, I tried to find the right words to thank you for all you've done. I can only say that you were there for me - a friend when I had nothing left. And the rest, I can only hope that somehow you know. You told me once that I have to trust you. The truth is, I already do.

(MORE)

## SHANA(cont'd)

I know you'll find the answers we're looking for. But for me, the only thing to do now is put it all behind me, to put the pieces of my life back together. It may take time, but I know that I will, and I have only you to thank for that.  
Shana.

At the bottom there's a P.S. "Keep in touch" and a phone number.

Mark sighs deeply, stares at the painting still on the floor. The sheet, paints and brushes are all gone now.

## EXT. STREET NEAR SHANA'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A taxi pulls away. Shana pauses, stares up at her apartment building. Her face sets in determination and she starts off.

## INT. HALLWAY - SHANA'S BUILDING

The crime scene tape is all gone now. Only a small piece sits stuck to the carpet on the floor.

She pulls it off, wrinkles it up and sticks her key in the lock.

## INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shan steps inside. Her eyes scan the living room. Everything seems normal.

She pulls the gun from inside her jacket pocket, lays it on a tall table at the back of the sofa.

In the --

## BEDROOM

Shana kneels down, runs a hand across the carpet, where the blood stain once was. It looks like nothing ever happened there.

She rubs dampness from the carpet, between her fingers, then glances at a corner of the room

FLASHBACK

Shana huddles in the corner, while Wilkins lies on the floor gurgling and dying.

Mark hovers over him with the gun.

END FLASHBACK

Shana swallows hard, clenches her eyes shut.

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Mark, now dressed in sweatpants and a T-shirt opens the paper bag. The TV plays static. He sticks one of the tapes into the VCR and picks up the remote control.

ON SCREEN - Baker, in the interrogation room.

He rocks back and forth in the chair, laughs into the camera.

He lashes out suddenly, spits toward the camera, covering the lens with droplets.

Then he suddenly jumps up from the chair, attacks the interviewing detective (still off camera).

The sounds of a SCUFFLE.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

No! Stop! God dammit, Baker!

ON THE SOFA

Mark's brows furrow, face clouds over with expectation

ON SCREEN

A door SLAMS and more feet SHUFFLE into the room.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
Fuck! Let him go, Baker!

More SCUFFLING, a loud THUMP that sounds like a fleshy blow.  
Baker groans.

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)  
Shit! Get him down on the floor!

The camera tripod is knocked over. There's static for a few seconds.

Then - a shot of Baker, his face pressed against the floor. Two sets of uniformed arms hold him down.

He grunts and tries to wiggle free. Eyes roll back in his head.

He hums "Hush Little Baby".

ON THE SOFA

Mark's mouth drops open, a tiny gasp escapes him.

ON SCREEN

The TV turns to static, then black.

ON THE SOFA

Mark pushes the rewind button, stares at the screen with a look of utter dismay. He rewinds again... again, and each time --

O.S. Baker hums the lullaby.

He turns the power off and stares at the blank screen. He shakes his head; can't believe it, can't make sense of it.

Frantic, he grabs the "Conjure and Conquer" book from the box, then flips through the first several pages.

A paragraph catches his eye. He reads, exasperated and breathless.

MARK

Conjuration, a risky practice that should only be attempted by the most experienced. A demon will take every opportunity to eviscerate the unwary.

(skips over to the next page)

Under no circumstances should a demon ever be allowed to roam freely, for it will surely embody itself within the first soul it encounters.

FLASHBACK

In the barn -- Wilkins touches Roland's blood.

In Shana's apartment -- He speaks in guttural Latin, hums "Hush Little Baby", as he lies dying on the bedroom floor.

On the interrogation tape --

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Baker, you sick fuck, they're gonna fry you and you're too stupid to even care. But I'm gonna tell you something... I'll be there when they throw the switch. You can bet your life on it.

Baker makes a clucking, 'tut-tut' sound.

BAKER

You just don't see the true picture, detective. This legacy - hell, as you call it, my legacy - It carries on... gets in the blood until we have to give in.

Then, Baker lies on the floor, held down by the detectives, and hums "Hush Little Baby".

END FLASHBACK

A look of horrified realization covers Mark's face. He grabs the note with Shana's number, rushes to the telephone.

INT. SHANA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shana washes her hair, hums in the shower.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

The phone RINGS several times.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - SAME

Mark pounds his fist on a nearby wall.

MARK

Come on... come on. Pick up!

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - SAME

An answering machine picks up.

SHANA (MACHINE RECORDING)

Hi, this is Shana. I'm not here right now, but leave a message and I'll call you back.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEEEEEP.

MARK

Shana, It's me. Listen, I know what's going on. I didn't figure it out before because I just couldn't... I couldn't make myself believe it. But it all makes sense now. Baker;

(MORE)

MARK(cont'd)

he was into some really dark shit.  
He was more than just fucking  
crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - SAME

The front door sits slightly ajar. A shadow passes by, then  
FOOTSTEPS scrunch on the carpet.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - SAME

MARK

(into the phone)

You see, it's the blood... Baker,  
then Roland was the coroner. He  
must've...

(deep, trembling breath)

Then Wilkins; when we were in the  
barn. And I know - I know how this  
sounds. Look, I'm coming over to...

A loud BEEEEEP - Out of time on the answering machine.

MARK

Shit!

He slams the phone down, grabs his jacket and gun belt and  
rushes out the door.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Shana steps in with a nightgown on, towel drying her hair.

From the corner of the kitchen someone watches her every  
move. He spies on her with anxious breath, short and raspy.

She hears the message machine BEEP and click off. She goes to  
the machine, presses the button.

MARK (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

Shana, It's me. Listen, I know  
what's going on.

(MORE)

MARK(cont'd)

It didn't figure it out before  
because I just couldn't... I  
couldn't make myself believe it.

There's a SQUEAK, like tennis shoes on tile. Shana's eyes  
dart around.

The RATTLING of silverware from the kitchen.

Shana trebles, steps back slowly toward the gun on the table.  
In the background, the message still plays.

MARK (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)

But it all makes sense now. Baker;  
he was into some really dark shit.  
He was more than just fucking  
crazy. You see, it's in the  
blood...

Shana turns, picks up the gun. A shadow rushes up from  
behind.

Shana whirls around, screams.

It's the Latino man, with eyes solid black and face void of  
all emotion.

He hits Shana hard in the side of the head. She falls to the  
ground and the gun bounces across the floor.

Shana crawls for it, crying and screaming.

He grabs her by the ankles, cuts her legs and feet.

She screams and kicks at him.

He grabs her again by the feet, knife still in hand and  
slicing into the outside of her ankle. He tosses her around  
like a rag doll.

Shana hits the wall, slides down, nearly knocked unconscious.

She drags herself up, lunges for anything she can find - a  
lamp, one of her paintings, a vase, an old chair.

The attacker gets hit, but seems unaffected. He tromps toward  
her, not running, just steadily stalks her like a cat.

SHANA

No! Get away from me!

Shana glances at the gun, too far away. She bolts for the front door, flings it open.

SHANA

Help me! God! Help me!

The attacker grabs the back of her hair, yanks her hard inside and slams the door.

He lunges for Shana with the butcher knife. She darts, weaves out of the way.

A low animalistic GROWL emanates from deep within his body. He slices at her again. The cloth of her nightgown is shredded.

Shana screams, darts around the side of the sofa. A look of desperation crosses her face.

As he approaches, she lunges for the gun, grabs it. She turns over onto her back, cocks it and fires.

The bullet strikes the wall, just past his head. He pauses, just long enough for Shana to fire again.

The sound of dry firing - either no bullets or it's jammed.

Shana's face cloaks in horror, then suddenly determination. She screams and runs at the man like a line backer, knocks him off balance.

Then she runs, mach speed toward the closest room - the bathroom.

He's hot on her heels, growling and shrieking.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shana slams the door and locks it, presses her back against it tight. Shaking, crying, out of breath.

The door rattles behind her. She sobs and stands firm against the door.

Suddenly, a knife juts through, just beside Shana's head. She screams, moves away from the door.

INT. SHANA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

Mark runs and as he draws closer he can hear her panicked screams.

A door opens across the hallway and an OLD MAN with a hearing aide and a cigar in his mouth, pokes his head out. He sees the gun in Mark's hand and quickly ducks back inside.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Shana shakes and cries. The gun in her hand now useless, she holds it out in front of her anyway.

POUNDING on the door. Screws rattle out of the hinges.

The door suddenly breaks open and the killer rushes at Shana.

She screams, drops the gun and puts her hands out in front of her.

At that moment, she catches a glimpse of Mark. She throws herself to the side and Mark fires.

The killer flails, stumbles back.

Mark fires, again and again, empties his gun into the killer.

He flops into the tub. The shower curtain rips beneath his weight and falls over him.

Shana runs to Mark, sobbing, hysterical.

He holds her tight, strokes her hair while she cries.

She pulls her face away from his chest slowly, stares at the dead body.

SHANA

Who is he?

Mark just shakes his head.

MARK

He worked on the clean-up. Must've touched it.

SHANA

What?

MARK

The blood... it's the blood.

Shana shoots him a confused look.

To their horror, blood pools together quickly on the shower curtain. It seems to come alive like a snake.

Shana slowly pulls away from Mark, takes one step to look closer. It moves faster, so she steps back.

SHANA

Oh my God...

Mark lunges forward.

MARK

Shana, no! Stay back!

Mark grabs the ends of the shower curtain, wraps the body tightly.

From inside the plastic, the blood wiggles around, pokes the curtain, looking for a way out.

Mark drags the body out of the tub, turns the hot water on full force.

A pinkish stream flows down the drain.

EXT. RURAL CLEARING - NIGHT

Mark stands in a deep hole, shovels dirt onto the ground above. His car sits off to one side, the trunk open.

Next to the hole is the killer, still wrapped tightly in the shower curtain.

Shana watches, tear stains on her cheeks. She glances over her shoulder as cars pass on the road far behind them.

Mark climbs out, uses the shovel to push the body into the hole.

As it falls, he turns to Shana. She stares into the freshly dug hole, her face a mask of misery.

SHANA

He told me... he said he'd never  
let me go. That's why... that's why  
all of this. I was the one that got  
away.

She starts to sob.

Mark reaches out, touches her face.

Shana sobs harder, falls against his chest.

INSERT CARD -- MONTHS LATER

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

A spacious building with several rooms, pristine, white walls.

High society and very well dressed PEOPLE walk around, gab about the merit of Shana's paintings.

In the center of the room, proudly displayed all by itself is the small painting Shana made at Mark's place.

Mark stands alone, uncomfortable and a bit out of place. He gazes around, loosens his tie as if it's choking him.

Shana, dressed to the hilt and striking, chats with a small group of DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN.

She spots Mark, smiles politely to the men, then excuses herself.

Mark spots her about the same time. He takes a glass of champagne from a WAITER'S tray, just as it passes by.

He smiles at Shana, raises the glass to her, then takes a sip.

Shana approaches. There's a big warm smile on her face as she reaches out to kiss Mark on the cheek.

SHANA

Hi. I'm so glad you made it.

MARK

Wouldn't miss it. Look at you...  
you look great.

SHANA

Thanks. And you - how've you been?

MARK

Ah, can't complain. Same old same  
old, you know.

He glances around.

MARK

Looks like you're doing okay -  
movin' up in the world.

SHANA

Hmm... Moved up, and moved out.  
Just too many bad memories.

Mark nods takes a sip of champagne.

An OLDER woman in the crowd waves at Shana. Shana waves back,  
flashes her brightest smile.

SHANA

(mumbles through her  
smile)

Just smile and wave.

She leans in to Mark.

SHANA

The old bag's loaded, so I  
better...

MARK

Oh, sure. You go ahead. Sell...  
sell.

Shana smiles, gives him a quick peck.

SHANA

Listen, hang around, okay? We can go have a drink or something after.

MARK

Yeah, I'd like that.

Shana turns for the old woman.

INT. SHANA'S OLD APARTMENT - DAY

Boxes lie about all over the place, some opened and some still taped shut.

A WOMAN (30's) carries more boxes in the front door; sets them down and then makes a beeline for the --

BEDROOM

A MAN (30's), just inside the open door, kneels down on his hands and knees, a carpet cutting knife in hand.

WOMAN

Oh, thank God. I don't think I could stand to look at this pukey color much longer.

MAN

Well, I'll have it out today. Then tomorrow you can pick up that ceramic tile you just had to have.

He grins and the woman kneels down to peck him on the cheek.

WOMAN

See? I knew you were good for something.

The man shoots her a patronizing glare.

She giggles, then leaves the room.

The man pulls up some carpet, notices the huge blood stain where Wilkins died.

First a curious look. He pulls the carpet up further and glances over his shoulder at his wife. The look on his face says "better not to say anything to her".

He places one hand on the floor, now bare, and pulls at another section of the carpet.

Next to his hand on the bare floor, the dried blood stain bubbles to life.

He doesn't notice as the blood slowly snakes toward his fingers.

FADE OUT