



The Complete Series Teleplays

By

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# SHADOW BOUND

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## The Complete Web Series Teleplays

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Written  
by  
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*(Inspired by the works of H.P. Lovecraft)*

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EPISODE ONE

"Obscura Initia"

ALL DIALOGUE PRESENTED IN THIS SCREENPLAY WILL BE INDICATED AS TYPICAL DIALOGUE ON PAGE BUT WILL BE PRINTED AS TITLE CARDS IN THE FEATURE, AS THIS IS A SILENT PICTURE. OTHER LESS IMPORTANT SPEECH WILL BE HINTED AT OR PRESENTED IN THIS TEXT AS ACTION AND NOT TO BE PRINTED ON THE TITLE SCREENS.

FADE IN:

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL - 1933 -- NIGHT

JACK PICKMAN(32), sits in a pool of light emanating from a single bulb dangling from the ceiling of a padded cell. Otherwise the room is pitch black.

Jack feverishly scribbles in a journal, mouthing the words he pens. His disheveled hair and darkened features mirror the ink scratches in the well-worn journal with which he toils.

Suddenly he looks up and peers wide-eyed into the darkness. Sweat rolls down his twisted brow. He waits. Nothing.

He takes a deep breath and goes back to his work.

JACK (V.O.)  
(dialogue is, again,  
only title cards)

It seems almost a dream now, how these strange and horrifying events have befallen me. I write these pages that they may aid in correlating my fevered thoughts and allow me to hold onto what is left of my sanity...

Jack stops suddenly again, as if a noise from the darkness has startled him. His chin quivers as a single tear rolls down his cheek. He rushes back to his work.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It may seem difficult to believe. I would never have believed these horrors myself... In the beginning.

EXT. VERITAS TRAIN STATION - NIGHT -- ONE WEEK EARLIER

Jack stands beside his luggage on the lonely station platform. He is illuminated in the darkness by a single overhead lamp hanging from the aging brick station house.

Lighting a cigarette, he pulls a folded newspaper from under his arm.

JACK (V.O.)

It was one month ago today that I begrudgingly found myself standing on the very platform that bade me farewell all those years earlier. One reason only could have prompted the return to my childhood home of Veritas.

Jack unfolds the newspaper and reads the headline.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

A large photo of a handsome man in his mid-sixties, RICHARD PICKMAN, stares up at us. He wears a police uniform bedecked with medals. The *Veritas Herald* headline reads: "CELEBRATED LOCAL HERO FOUND DEAD IN HOME." \*

Under the photo reads-

"POLICE DETECTIVE, RICHARD PICKMAN, FATHER OF FAMED KINGDOM CITY WRITER, JACK PICKMAN, WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS HOME ON THURSDAY MORNING. IT IS SUSPECTED THAT THE CELEBRATED POLICE DETECTIVE MET HIS UNTIMELY FATE BY HIS OWN HAND. INVESTIGATORS CONTINUE TO LOOK INTO POSSIBLE..." \*

BACK TO SCENE

Jack looks up as a light flashes in front of his face.

A car pulls up to the platform, as Jack folds the paper and tosses his cigarette to the ground.

A DARK FIGURE steps from the vehicle and approaches him.

Jack smiles and holds out his hand to the Figure, who steps into the light revealing MR. KENNETH JACOBS, 60.

The two men shake hands.

JACOBS

The prodigal son returns.

Jack smiles darkly.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

Shame it's under these circumstances.

Jack nods before heaving his luggage under his arms and gesturing to the vehicle. Jacobs aids him in putting the luggage in the trunk and the two get into the car.

INT. JACOBS' CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jacobs starts the engine, pauses, then shuts it off. He nervously taps the steering wheel.

JACOBS (CONT'D)

I am sorry for your loss, Jack.  
Your father was a good man... and  
proud of all your accomplishments.

Jack chuckles to himself and shakes his head; "I'm sure he was."

EXT. VERITAS TRAIN STATION - NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

The car pulls onto the lonely stretch of road, driving off into the night.

JACK (V.O.)

As a writer of horror and the  
supernatural for a prominent pulp  
magazine, I had thought there were  
no terrors left in the world that I  
had not already imagined. If only  
I'd known what horrors awaited me in  
the darkness... I would have never  
stepped from that platform.

EXT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME -- LATER

Jack stands with his luggage on the steps of the Pickman Estate, a hulking stone mansion jutting from the twisted and overgrown earth.

Jacobs leans out of the window of his car.

JACOBS

There's a lot left to settle your  
father's estate, but it can wait  
until morning. We're just glad to  
have our famous writer home... if  
only for a short time.

Jack watches as Jacobs drives away, then turns and walks up the cracked stone steps.

He thrusts the key into the rusted lock and turns it, slowly pushing the massive door ajar.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - ENTRYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

From the drawing room Jack's diminutive shadow is dwarfed by those of the aged house.

He closes his eyes and breathes deeply before grabbing his belongings and stepping into the darkness.

Jack flicks on an overhead chandelier and surveys the house. At one time the home may have been grand and awe inspiring; a thing of beauty. Now cobwebs hang from the rafters and signs of neglect settle in every corner of the dingy hall.

Jack walks cautiously through the corridors stopping at a closed wooden door at the end of the main hall.

He places his hand on the knob, closing his eyes.

Jack turns the knob and slowly opens the door.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - RICHARD'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

Jack stands in the doorway casting a long shadow that blends into the darkness of the room. He flips the light on, illuminating the wreck of an office. He takes one step and stops. Frozen. He stares at his father's desk at the far end of the study.

FLASH

JACK'S IMAGINATION - INT. RICHARD'S STUDY

\*

Richard (*looking very similar to his obituary from the paper*) sits sobbing at his desk amidst his case files and papers. He takes a swig from a bottle of scotch. Then lifts a knife to his throat. Just as he is about to slit himself from ear to ear we...

FLASH

BACK TO SCENE

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - RICHARD'S STUDY

Jack flinches. He wipes his face before continuing to survey the room.

He notices something in front of a tattered book case, and bends to pick up a shattered picture frame.

INSERT - SHATTERED PICTURE FRAME

The image behind the shattered glass is of Young Richard (mid-30s) and TWO YOUNG BOYS, JACK and TIMOTHY.

\*

BACK TO SCENE

Jack carefully puts the picture back on the shelf and picks up a few more framed certificates and baubles. He grabs a key ring from his father's coat pocket that hangs on the wall by the shelf and places it in his pocket, then...

\*

\*

He spins on his heels looking about the room.

All the drawers are open.

Boxes turned upside down.

Padlocked cabinets ripped open.

Jack's brow raises. He walks around the desk.

Jack moves his father's chair with the utmost care and puts the drawers back in place.

He notices a piece of paper with a crudely scratched drawing on it.

INSERT - RIPPED PAPER WITH *STRANGE SYMBOL* SCRATCHED ONTO IT. \*

BACK TO SCENE \*

Jack reaches down to touch the symbol... \*

FLASH

DREAM SEQUENCE: INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME -- MAIN HALLWAY

We are moving slowly down the long empty hallway as curtains billow and wind rustles dead leaves across the floor.

FLASH

BACK TO SCENE

Jack winces.

FLASH

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - MAIN HALLWAY -- DREAM SEQUENCE \*

The door to Jack's father's office slowly opens, revealing a hunched SHADOWY FIGURE at the desk. LIGHTNING flashes outside.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - RICHARD'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

TIME IS MOVING SLOWER THAN IT SHOULD BE. Jack enters the room in a state of confusion. Papers flap on the walls and shadows dance about the room.

Jack moves closer.

The Figure is sitting at an odd angle with its hand violently jutting back and forth above the paper as if its movements were not its own; a marionette puppet being manipulated by an unseen master. \*

Jack steps to the front of the desk and peers down.

The Figure is scribbling in disjointed and clumsy handwriting, "*DO NOT LOOK*", repeatedly on the paper. \*

Jack looks up to the figure and his face changes with recognition. He mutters, "DAD?"

The Figure suddenly lurches to the side, rights itself, and lifts its head revealing, RICHARD PICKMAN. Only it isn't as Jack imagined him previously. His face is cracked and pale stone.

His eyes are two black hollow coals shining in the lamplight. Richard smiles, revealing a dark and hideous grin.

Lightning FLASHES outside. Jack looks up to the window. He looks back and...

Richard's nose and mouth are pouring dark blood down the front of his shirt and onto the desk. He is still smiling; frozen in a horrific grin.

A white hand with elongated gnarled fingers tipped with dingy talons slowly rises from behind Richard's back. The hand shakes with intensity as it slowly rests over Richard's face, and carefully lowers the "puppet" forward upon the desk. As Richard lays down, the *thing* begins to rise behind him, and we can glimpse the naked form's deathly pallor.

FLASH

BACK TO SCENE

Jack backs away from the desk in horror, shaking off the vision. He looks around. All is still. It was a dream.

A noise from the hallway catches his attention. He looks up.

A LONG SHADOW skitters past the door.

Jack rushes to the doorway and peers out into the hall.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - ENTRYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

At the far end of the hall the front door swings open on its hinges. Jack creeps cautiously to the door. He peers out into the night.

Nothing.

Jack closes and locks the door.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - JACK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jack awakens in his bed. Still in his shirt and trousers from the previous evening. He gets up and stumbles to the window.

FROM THE WINDOW - We see a car parked out front. A cheery man honks the horn repeatedly and waves up to the window. It is CHARLES NAUGHTON, 30. His hat is pulled back on his head and a loose tie dangles from his unbuttoned shirt.

Jack smiles and grabs his coat from the chair by the bed before rushing out of the room.

EXT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack shuffles up to the car, smiling.



JACK

Well, Charlie Naughton! It's been a long time.

The two men embrace. They exchange pleasantries before getting into the vehicle and driving off.

EXT. CASPER'S DINER -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie's car pulls up in front of a small diner. Pedestrians walk happily to and fro on the sidewalk.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Jack looks up at the neon sign of the diner and smiles.

CHARLIE

Thought you might like to see someone, ol' boy.

JACK

Is Tim in there? I'd have thought he'd have been over to the house last night when I arrived.

Jack springs out of the car, not noticing the saddened face of Charlie. Charlie swallows heavily and gets out of the car.

INT. CASPER'S DINER -- CONTINUOUS

Jack and Charlie enter the small diner.

The place is a bustle of activity. Jack looks around. Something catches his eye.

A beautiful waitress, LANETTE TREVES, 28, rounds the corner with a stack of plates and stops dead in her tracks. A smile sweeps across her face.

Charlie puts his hand on Jack's shoulder and nudges him.

INT. CASPER'S DINER -- HOURS LATER

The last lunch patrons put on their coats and exit. A busboy cleans up.

Jack, Lanette, and Charlie laugh as they finish their meal in a corner rounded booth. Charlie is seated slightly away from them as Lanette hangs on Jack's every word.

LANETTE

Sounds like the magazine business hasn't left you wanting for excitement.

CHARLIE

Don't let his depraved stories fool you, Lanette. Deep down he's still the same dull bookworm we knew and loved.

They laugh. Jack and Lanette lock eyes for a moment.

JACK

I better get running along. I've yet to see Tim.

Lanette suddenly looks up and exclaims, "Tim?!" She looks at Charlie, who avoids her eye contact.

JACK (CONT'D)

He wasn't at the house last night. I knew he and Dad weren't that close either, but...

Jack notices their expressions and asks, "What?"

EXT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM -- LATE AFTERNOON

The monolithic building slants, weathered with age.

A large sign sits askew on the lawn, reading, "H.P. BLOOMFIELD SANITARIUM". Underneath is a quote in smaller lettering reading, "COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

A storm rolls in.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM HALLWAY -- LATER

Jack, Charlie, and Lanette move briskly down the corridor led by NURSE CARLISLE, 22, and a tall man in a dingy lab coat, DOCTOR ASHWORTH, 55.

DR. ASHWORTH

I'm afraid your brother's imagined fears continue to pervade.

They stop outside of a cell numbered "13".

Ashworth and Nurse Carlisle step back. Jack steps to the door and peers through the small window in its center.

FROM THE WINDOW - (*a familiar scene*) The cell is pitch black save for a single bulb dangling from the ceiling. A figure is huddled in the dim pool of light. This is TIMOTHY PICKMAN, 36, a disheveled wisp of a man, ground down to skin and bones.

Jack commands, "OPEN IT."

Ashworth and Nurse Carlisle look at each other. Ashworth nods to Jack and steps with a large ring of keys toward the cell door.

DR. ASHWORTH (CONT'D)  
 I warn you, Mr. Pickman. He's no  
 longer the man you knew. We shall  
 be right here in case...

He swings wide the door, and Jack steps into the room.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - TIMOTHY'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

DR. ASHWORTH  
 ... of another *incident*.

Dr. Ashworth closes the heavy steel door, leaving Jack in  
 darkness.

Jack slowly approaches his brother, who is crouched,  
 scribbling in his journal.

Jack steps into the light. He utters, "TIM?"

Tim tenses and slowly turns. The expression on his face  
 makes Jack stumble backwards.

Tim lunges at him, suddenly grabbing Jack by the shoulders  
 and swinging him into the light of the room. He throws Jack  
 against the wall, staring wildly into his eyes.

Jack is about to speak but is cut off by Tim locking him in  
 a tight embrace.

Jack looks toward the door, where Dr. Ashworth and Lanette  
 are about to enter. He waves them back.

Tim slowly straightens and looks into his brother's eyes,  
 inches from his face.

TIM  
 You shouldn't have come back.

Jack asks, "What are you saying?"

Tim sits on the floor.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 It's too late for me. Dad knew that  
 deep down... But he kept trying  
 anyway.

Jack asks, "Trying to do what?"

TIM (CONT'D)  
 To save me...

Tim fixes his gaze onto a specific point in the darkness of  
 the cell. He begins to cry. Jack turns to peer into the  
 darkness as well, but sees nothing.

TIM (CONT'D)

He couldn't save me anymore than he could himself.

JACK

If Dad thought he could help you,  
then maybe he --

\*

Tim jumps from the floor and pins Jack to the wall with both hands clasping Jack's face desperately. He screams, "NO!"

TIM

Don't help. Don't snoop around or talk to anyone. Don't look!

Jack asks, "What?"

TIM (CONT'D)

Go back to Kingdom City. You've done so well at forgetting us... now is not the time to play the part of the caring brother.

Being cautious to stay within the light, Tim backs up to the adjacent wall and slides to the ground.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm dead already. I beg you...  
Leave now... while you still can.

They stare at each other for a long moment, though it is clear Tim is done talking. Jack spins to see the large metal door opening.

\*

Jack turns back to this brother. Nothing more to say. He crosses out of the light into shadow, and exits the room.

The door closes. Tim weeps and curls into a ball in the middle of the light.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM HALLWAY - OUTSIDE TIM'S CELL - CONT.

Jack and Charlie look in on Timothy from the cell window. Lanette touches Jack's shoulder. He brushes her arm away.

JACK

Why did no one see fit to tell me?

LANETTE

We thought you knew. He's been here over a month.

CHARLIE

Sorry ol' boy. He'd been helping your father with information regarding that last case --

JACK

What?

CHARLIE

Your father's last case. The child murders? You hadn't heard about it?

Jack shakes his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It made national headlines, Jack. Children disappearing from all over the three counties? Ritualistically murdered?

JACK

I never...

LANETTE

Tim had ties to some high profile experts in occult studies from his work at the museum... but he should never have gotten involved.

CHARLIE

Poor Tim didn't have the constitution for it. The pressure must have-

Jack yells, "NO!"

JACK

You didn't see his face... There's something else going on here that Tim isn't saying.

Lanette utters, "What?"

Jack turns to her, "I don't know."

JACK (CONT'D)

But I'm not leaving Veritas until I find out.

He turns back to look into his brother's cell.

INSIDE THE CELL - Tim huddles in the lamplight. He rocks back and forth talking to himself.

We push into the cell. Moving in close to Tim as he scribbles in his journal.

INSERT - TIM'S JOURNAL

Amidst the strange writings, a lone symbol stands out at the center. It matches the symbol from Richard's desk.

FADE OUT

## EPISODE TWO

## "Repositus"

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ROLL CREDITS

FADE IN:

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL - 1933 -- NIGHT \*

Once again we see JACK PICKMAN sitting in the pool of light in his padded cell as he feverishly scribbles in a journal. \*

JACK (V.O.)

(title cards.)

It pains me to recall the events leading to my incarceration in this asylum, yet I must record every detail, that the world may know the truth... For years I penned tales of horror and the supernatural, yet never believed such things existed in the world.

He closes his eyes and leans back against the wall, crying.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If only I could return to such blissful ignorance.

FLASH

EXT. SHADY HILL CEMETERY - SIX DAYS EARLIER -- EVENING \*

Rain pours from the ominous sky as a procession of SHADOWY FIGURES carry a wooden casket up a hill. They move slowly and with great precision through the headstones.

JACK (V.O.)

The evening after my arrival to my childhood home of Veritas, I buried my father.

Jack follows the casket along with CHARLIE, LANETTE, and MR. JACOBS. DR. ASHWORTH and other mourners straggle behind.

Holding the casket are DETECTIVE WALT BENEDICT (45), along with DETECTIVE SPENCE (40), DETECTIVE FINNLEY (30), and OFFICER DALTON (25), dressed in their formal uniforms. \*

They set the casket beside a gaping hole in the earth. The rain continues to fall heavily upon the mourners. \*

All stand around the casket as FATHER RYAN (60), approaches the pulpit at the head of the casket, and begins to speak. \*

Jack stares at his father's casket.

Charlie and Lanette stand huddled together watching him from across the burial mound. Just behind them is GERALDINE GOODWIN (36), a strong and beautiful woman, who writes softly in a flip cover notepad. She watches the scene unfold. \*

The pallbearers stand strong at the foot of the casket with Benedict staring intently at Jack. \*

Jack takes notice of Benedict's harsh gaze and turns his attention back to Father Ryan.

Amidst the other mourners is HOWARD LAGRASSE (55). He watches with sympathetic eyes as Jack throws dirt onto the casket and the congregation breaks. \*

EXT. SHADY HILL CEMETERY - FRONT GATES -- MOMENTS LATER \*

Jack walks toward Charlie's car but is stopped by Lanette. \*

LANETTE

Jack, this is Howard Lagrasse. He wanted to meet you.

Howard shakes Jack's hand. Jack introduces himself, smiling.

LAGRASSE

I am so very pleased to meet you, Jack. Your dear brother worked for me at the museum. We are still praying for his recovery. \*

Jack thanks him, and Lagrasse continues to talk.

As Jack listens, he takes notice of Detective Benedict watching them. Benedict stomps out a cigarette before getting into his car.

JACK

(cutting off Lagrasse)  
Who is that?

Lanette looks.

LANETTE

He's your father's partner, Walt Benedict.

Jack excuses himself and hurries off leaving Lanette and Lagrasse confused.

Benedict is pulling away from the curb as Jack rushes in front of this car. Benedict steps from the car indignantly.

BENEDICT

Something I can do for ya, Jack?

Jack smiles coldly.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Look kid, your ol' man may have  
thought you were a stand-up guy.  
But we know the truth, huh?

Jack asks, "What is that?" Benedict smiles and gets into his car.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Comin' back here after all these  
years. What'd ya think would happen,  
a parade?

He peels out, forcing Jack to jump out of the way. Jack stares after him, then gets an idea and runs to Charlie's car.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits in the passenger seat listening to the radio. Jack jumps in, "Let's go."

CHARLIE

Whoa ol' boy! Where we goin' in  
such a hurry?

He holds up the key ring from his father's office, smiling. Charlie rolls his eyes and they speed off.

JACK (V.O.)

My father had been one of the finest  
detectives on the force. I needed  
more information into the case that  
had cost him his life and my brother,  
his sanity. So I went to the source.

\*

EXT. KINGDOM CITY POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

The streetlights outside illuminate the old brick building.

OFFICER FISCHER (25) and Detective Spence strut out of the front double doors, laughing. They walk down the sidewalk past a dark alley.

\*

As they pass, Jack and Charlie emerge.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

A tired FRONT DESK RECEPTIONIST sits listening to the radio as the front doors to the station burst open.

The Receptionist jumps from her seat as Charlie bounds into the station flailing his arms wildly and causing a huge scene.



As she attempts to calm him, Jack slips into the side hallway.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Jack creeps down the hall, reading every door as he passes. He finally stops.

The door reads, "Detective Richard U. Pickman." Jack pulls the key ring from his pocket.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - RICHARD'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack enters and closes the door carefully behind him. He begins snooping around the office.

On the far wall is a horrific collage of postmortem and crime scene photos.

Jack walks to the wall, producing a lighter from his pocket, and studies the collection of gruesome evidence.

INSERT - EVIDENCE WALL:

- PHOTOS of dead children laid out in a circle around an altar, symbols carved into flesh, DRAWINGS of occult practices and infernal deities, etc.

- NEWS CLIPPINGS from around the world and TORN PASSAGES from books are pinned around the photos. A few words stand out:

*"Child murders", "Ritualistic killings", "The hollow ones", "Darkness shall once again swallow the world", "Gateway", "Do not take notice of them", "Beware not only the things in the shadows, but their acolytes"...*

BACK TO SCENE

A noise from the hall spins Jack on his heels. A shadow appears from under the door. Jack quickly leaps under his father's desk as the door creaks open.

A SHADOWY FIGURE enters the room and clicks on a flashlight. The Figure scans the room.

FROM UNDER THE DESK - Jack tries hard to not breath. He notices something taped crudely to the underneath side of his father's desk drawer.

He picks a piece of loose tape and his eyes widen as he notices an envelope marked with the same *strange symbol* from his father's home office.

IN THE DARK OFFICE - The FIGURE clicks off the flashlight and leaves, closing the door.

Jack hears the Figure leave and breaths deeply. He rips the envelope from the desk and gently places it in his jacket

pocket. He clamors out from under the desk and slowly slips out of the office.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - HALLWAY-- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack slinks cautiously down the hall. He stops a few doors down. Light leaks from a partially closed door. The door's nameplate reads, "DETECTIVE W. H. BENEDICT". \*

He creeps to the door.

JACK'S POV - \*

Through the crack in the door we see Benedict smoking at his desk talking with a WOMAN, whose back is to us. \*

BENEDICT

...There is NO story here! We stated that last month at the press conference.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - BENEDICT'S OFFICE -- CONT. \*

Benedict downs a glass of scotch, pouring another.

WOMAN

Detective, your partner killed himself, his son was put in an asylum. The only surviving suspect from the police raid is rotting in that very same Asylum. ...And you, it appears, are drinking yourself into an early grave. It would seem everyone who's touched this case--

BENEDICT

Ok, take it on the heel and toe, lady. You're trying to make a name for yourself. Well, forget it.

WOMAN/GERALDINE

Now that's--

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - HALLWAY-- CONTINUOUS \*

Officer Dalton has walked into the hall behind Jack.

OFFICER DALTON

Hey, buddy!

Jack spins on his heels.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - BENEDICT'S OFFICE -- CONT. \*

Benedict and Geraldine turn to the commotion in the hallway.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack struggles to keep the envelope hidden as the Officer approaches. \*

OFFICER DALTON  
What the hell are you doin' anyway?

Jack stammers.

GERALDINE  
He's with me, officer.

She has appeared in the doorway. Jack is shocked but goes along with her rouse. She grabs him by the arm and escorts him out, sending a sly smirk toward Benedict.

Benedict and Dalton watch them exit. Benedict fumes.

EXT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER \*

Jack and Geraldine step into the cold and damp night.

GERALDINE  
Golly, *THE* Jack Pickman.

JACK  
You seem to have me at a disadvantage,  
miss...

She holds out her hand. He reaches to shake it, but instead finds himself holding her card.

INSERT - GERALDINE'S CARD \*

"GERALDINE GOODWIN. VERITAS HERALD. FEATURE REPORTER."

BACK TO SCENE

Jack starts with, "Look, lady-" \*

GERALDINE  
Mr. Pickman, you and I came here for  
the same reason.

Jack stares at her in amazement, "What?" \*

GERALDINE (CONT'D)  
We writers always keep digging for  
the heart of a story. \*

She lights a cigarette. Jack smiles.

GERALDINE (CONT'D) \*

Don't dig too deep there, handsome...  
never know what you might uncover.

Jack's smile fades. Geraldine turns down the steps.

## GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Lemme know when you need help getting  
out of your hole, Jack.

Jack watches her leave and lights his own cigarette. He looks up to see Charlie waiving from across the street.

Jack nods and pulls the envelope from his jacket. He smiles as he places it back, and jogs across the street.

FROM A WINDOW - at the side of a building, Benedict watches them drive off. \*

EXT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - FRONT CIRCLE DRIVE -- LATER \*

Jack and Charlie sit in the car staring up at the building.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack pulls the envelope from his pocket and carefully rips the tape.

Charlie watches in confusion.

Jack reaches inside the envelope and carefully pulls out a *tintype photographic image*.

INSERT - TINTYPE PHOTO \*

The image is fuzzy and degraded, as is common with tintype images of the mid 1800s. However we can make out a woman laying in an ornate bed. She is twisted in a state of dreaming as would indicate a vivid nightmare. \*

BACK TO SCENE

Jack inspects the tintype closer, when Charlie startles him. \*

CHARLIE

What else can we possibly find out  
here, ol' boy?

Jack looks up at him, places the photo in his pocket, then looks up at the imposing stone edifice.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM-- FRONT DESK-- MOMENTS LATER

Jack steps to the front desk where NURSE CARLISLE sits, reading HORRIFYING TALES MAGAZINE. A subheading on the magazine reads, "FEATURING FAN FAVORITE, JACK PICKMAN." She looks up and smiles. Jack smiles flirtatiously. \*

MOMENTS LATER she is leading him away from the desk as a *now autographed* copy of HORRIFYING TALES MAGAZINE lays neatly on the front counter. \*

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER \*

Nurse Carlisle leads Jack to a dingy corner of the asylum. \*  
She stops and unlocks a large iron door.

NURSE CARLISLE  
I can get into a lot of trouble if  
anyone finds out, Mr. Pickman.

JACK  
Please, call me Jack.

She smiles.

NURSE CARLISLE  
I hope this helps with your next  
story... Jack.

She opens the door.

NURSE CARLISLE (CONT'D)  
Oh, and don't worry. He's sedated.

Jack steps into the darkness. She closes the door and walks  
away, smiling.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - CULTIST'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

A lone FIGURE sits at a table with his back to us. A kerosene  
lamp serves as his only light. He is folding small sheets  
of paper into various origami animals which adorn his desk. \*

CULTIST  
(still facing away)  
Welcome, friend.

Jack steps into the cell, confused. He asks, "Do I know  
you?" \*

CULTIST (CONT'D)  
We know you.

The CULTIST spins in his chair to face him. \*

CULTIST (CONT'D)  
JACK.

Jack stumbles backwards.

The Cultist's wild eyes bulge from his grinning face. His  
teeth are bright white and shine in the dim lamplight. A  
familiar symbol is carved deeply into the flesh of his bald  
head. \*

JACK  
You make those? \*

Jack steps closer. The Cultist turns back to his work.

CULTIST

Yes. For the children. They loved them so.

Jack rushes to the Cultist and grabs his shirt, spinning him around in the chair. The Cultist giggles in delight.

JACK

Why?! ...what is happening in Veritas?

CULTIST

Veritas is only the beginning. When the artifact is again in our possession, the Hollow Ones shall spill forth from the shadows and reclaim the world lost to them.

Jack slams the Cultist against the wall.

CULTIST (CONT'D)

(laughing)

The innocents unlock the door, the artifact opens the perception, and the world returns to the stygian void from whence it came!

Jack releases the Cultist, slowly backing to the door. The Cultist creeps toward Jack with great intensity.

CULTIST (CONT'D)

SHUB NAGURATH, IN CATUGALLA NACHT  
MIDIGAN!

As he chants, we...

FLASH

FLASHBACK

EXT. VERITAS OUTLYING WOODS - OLD STONE CHURCH CEMETERY -  
ONE MONTH AGO -- NIGHT

\*

SIX CHILDREN are lashed together with ropes in a circle.  
CULTISTS prepare a stone alter.

The LEAD CULTIST places the TIN TYPE Photo at the Center of the Alter lit by torches.

FLASH

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - CULTIST'S CELL - SIX DAYS AGO

\*

Jack winces. As the cultist gets closer and closer, still chanting.

FLASH

DREAM SEQUENCE/ FLASHBACK

\*

EXT. VERITAS OUTLYING WOODS - OLD STONE CHURCH CEMETERY -  
ONE MONTH BEFORE- NIGHT

FROM THE FIELD BEHIND THE CHURCH - RICHARD PICKMAN and  
Detective Benedict draw their guns and nod in agreement.  
Benedict waives other OFFICERS to sneak into the cemetery.

FLASH SERIES OF SHOTS -

- A knife is raised.
- Blood is splattered across the LEAD CULTIST's smiling face.
- GUNSHOTS fired from a revolver.
- DETECTIVES SPENCE and FINNLEY chasing CULTISTS through the  
cemetery and woods.
- OFFICER FISCHER, weeping as he holds a slaughtered child.
- RICHARD pushing the dead CULT LEADER off of him, nursing a  
stab wound.
- BENEDICT chasing down and apprehending THE CULTIST in a  
field.
- RICHARD lifting the TINTYPE from the altar and placing it  
in his pocket.

FLASH

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - CULTIST'S CELL - SIX DAYS AGO --  
CONTINUOUS

Jack places a hand on his breast pocket, which contains the  
tintype. He breaths heavily and looks back at the cultist.

CULTIST

They see you, Jack. Our masters.  
Your role in the great awakening has  
been foretold for eons.

Jack asks, "What are you talking about?"

CULTIST (CONT'D)

Not yet. Soon.

He grins a horrifying grin and reaches out his pale hand,  
the fingers of which are tipped with filed razor-sharp  
fingernails.

CULTIST (CONT'D)

Pleasant dreams, Jack.

The Cultist rips his own throat open, never breaking his  
wide-eyed stare as the life pours out of him onto the floor.

FLASH

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - RICHARD'S STUDY -- NIGHT

The grinning "puppet" monstrosity from Jack's vision smiles as blood pours from its mouth and nose onto the desk. \*

FLASH

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - CULTIST'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Jack exclaims, "NO!" He rushes from the room as the Cultist falls lifeless to the floor. \*

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - HALLWAY-- MOMENTS LATER \*

Jack rushes down the hall and runs into Dr. Ashworth.

Dr. Ashworth exclaims, "Whoa there." Jack is pale as a sheet. He stammers not knowing what to say. \*

DR. ASHWORTH

A little late to visit your brother,  
isn't it?

Jack nods and briskly shuffles out of the asylum. Ashworth stares darkly after him.

EXT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME -- NIGHT

Rain pours and lightning flashes. A light comes on in the windows.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - RICHARD'S STUDY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack sits at his father's desk. He is drinking heavily from his father's half empty bottles, staring intently at the envelope stolen from the police station.

He lifts it to inspect it under the light and turns the envelope over. \*

INSERT - THE ENVELOPE \*

The back side has messy handwriting which reads, "*DO NOT LOOK.*" And across the flap of the envelope it reads, "*TRUST NO ONE.*" \*

BACK TO SCENE

Jack opens the envelope and closes his eyes. He takes a deep breath and then peers down at the tin type. Something catches his eye.

INSERT- THE TINTYPE

The woman lying in the bed has a look of pain upon her face. The darkness around her obscures much of the boudoir in which the image was captured.



Curtains appear to be billowing in the background... but *something* is above her on the ceiling. A pale *smudge*.

Jack's thumb attempts to rub it away, but to no avail.

BACK TO SCENE

He grabs a magnifying glass from the drawer and leans down, inspecting the image.

INSERT - THE TINTYPE

\*

The pale smudge is blurred. As it comes into focus, we can make out A FACE. Some THING'S HIDEOUS FACE and upper torso are protruding from the shadows above the woman's bed. It appears to float effortlessly above the bed. A thin wisp of white smoke flows from the woman's mouth into the horrid gaping maw of the THING from the shadows.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack sits up and rubs his eyes. His face glistens with sweat. Lightning flashes outside. He leans back down.

INSERT - THE TINTYPE

\*

The THING's face is pale with glistening black eyes. Rows of long and jagged teeth adorn its elongated mouth. To call the THING humanoid would be slightly unjust, but from lack of comparison to any known living entity on earth it has to do.

\*

\*

Suddenly and without warning the THING in the image **URNS AND LOOKS AT US!**

BACK TO SCENE

Jack jumps from his seat, blinking wildly. Lightning flashes outside. Jack startles.

\*

He wipes his face and looks to the empty glass by the bottle. Jack shakes his head and laughs to himself.

He places the tintype, now appearing perfectly normal as before, back into its envelope and into the desk drawer.

\*

Jack grabs the bottle and glass and saunters to the wet bar in the shadowed corner of the room.

After he sets down the glass and bottle, he turns to walk out of the room.

As he passes we see the **THING** from the photo standing, grinning in the shadows of the corner.

FADE OUT

## EPISODE THREE

## "Insomnium"

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FADE IN:

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL - 1933 -- NIGHT \*

Once again we see JACK PICKMAN sitting in the pool of light in his padded cell, feverishly scribbling in his journal.

JACK (V.O.)  
(via title cards)  
Perception is reality.

Jack laughs to himself, and wipes his brow.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Yet if the entire world's perception  
were to suddenly change, would we  
even notice?

He looks up as if watching something in the room. His eyes follow the unseen entity as it crosses in the darkness. He swallows hard and goes back to his writing.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
One of the many questions I began to  
ask myself the evening I first brought  
that photograph home. The very  
evening that my nightmares started...

INT. PICKMAN HOME - JACK'S BEDROOM - 5 DAYS AGO -- NIGHT \*

Jack tosses in his sleep. He awakes screaming and looks around the darkness. From the moonlight through the window we can see in the dark room. Satisfied the room is empty, he lays back in bed. Jack looks up to the ceiling and freezes, wide-eyed.

JACK'S POV - \*

Out of the darkness in the corner of the room a pale elongated hand slowly emerges.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack is frozen as he watches the THING in the far corner, high up on the ceiling.

JACK'S POV -

The THING from the photograph slowly crawls down the wall and across the floor to the foot of the bed. It moves more like an animal than a man or woman. Its movement is disjointed and pained, pushing forward in odd angles and disturbing ways. As it reaches the foot of the bed, it drags its elongated leg and tail-like protrusion behind. We can no longer see it. \*

BACK TO SCENE

JACK'S eyes widen with fear... He looks to the door, judging if he can make it or not. He looks back to the foot of the bed.

JACK'S POV -

The PALE CLAWED HAND slowly raises and shakes with intensity as it grabs the comforter at the foot of the bed, pulling the PALE CREATURE up slowly. Its eyes are black. Its mouth is elongated and lined with row upon row of needle-like teeth. It smiles as it slowly moves closer and closer to us.

Just as it is about to envelope us, we...

FLASH

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - JACK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jack wakes up screaming, frantically looking around the room.

Nothing.

He jumps from the bed and checks the closet and under the bed, before sitting back onto the sheets. He sighs with relief and reaches over to rub his shoulder. He winces with pain.

Jack pulls up his shirt to reveal a long scratch across his left shoulder.

He looks up in horror.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - TIM'S CELL -- DAY \*

TIM and Jack argue in the cell lit by sunshine pouring through the barred window high in the wall. Tim flails about in anger. \*

TIM

YOU HAVE KNOW IDEA WHAT YOU HAVE  
DONE! I begged you not to look...  
not to get INVOLVED!

Jack tries to console him, "I couldn't just leave." Tim turns on him, grabbing his shoulders tightly.

TIM (CONT'D)

It starts with the nightmares. They toy with you first... flavoring the meat before-

Tim looks to the cell door, bitterly.

DR. ASHWORTH peers through at them. Smiles. And walks away. \*

Jack asks, "Before what?" Tim lowers his head.

TIM (CONT'D)

You've taken notice of them, and in turn... they have taken notice of YOU.

He backs away from Jack.

JACK

Perhaps there's a way to stop all of this? If that accursed photograph is somehow to blame... maybe I could take it --

Tim cuts him off, shaking him violently, "YOU STILL HAVE IT?!" Jack nods, "Yes."

Tim rushes to his mattress at the center of the light and produces a ragged booklet from under it. It is the very JOURNAL Jack has been writing in as our story began.

He slowly walks to Jack and places the book into his hands. Tim utters, "Take it."

He kisses his brother's forehead and turns away, shuffling back to his mattress on the floor.

TIM

As long as you have the key they seek you're in danger, Jack. The acolytes are everywhere, poisoning this town long before that print was brought to these shores.

Jack holds the journal to his chest. Tears fill his eyes as he turns to leave.

JACK

I will find a way, Tim.

Tim looks up, smiling.

TIM

I'm so sorry, Jack.

Jack knocks on the cell door. It opens. He walks out, then turns back before leaving the cell. The cell door closes.

EXT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM -- DAY

The wind shakes the gnarled branches of the trees.

INT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - OCCULT WING -- CONT. \*

Jack sits reading through his brother's journal. Stacks of various occult books lay open on the oversized table around him.

JACK'S POV: Series of shots - \*

- Various drawings of demonic figures and hideous monsters. \*

- One book reads, "The Hollow Ones shall once again drown the world in the dark abyss from whence it was born." \*

- Another reads, "Beware their acolytes. For they are spread throughout the lands and take root where the shade is thickest. The dark cult of Catugalla." \*

- Tim's journal reads, "The cult worships these ancient beings and prepare the way for their return." \*

BACK TO SCENE

A pale hand with elongated fingers slowly rises behind Jack. As it SLAMS down on his shoulder...

Jack screams and spins to see-

HOWARD LAGRASSE, smiling over him.

LAGRASSE

A bit of light reading, I see.

Jack looks up at him.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Perhaps I could be a bit of assistance.

INT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM -- OCCULT WING -- LATER

The two men pour over various books, discussing and gesturing emphatically.

JACK

Thank you, Mr. Lagrasse. I know you were instrumental in my brother and father's research as well.

LAGRASSE

I'm only too happy to lend my considerable knowledge of the occult to a *willing* audience for a change.

Both men laugh.

## LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

However, Mr. Pickman, try and remember practitioners of infernal magics gain power not by the deities they worship, but by the power of their shared altruistic beliefs.

Jack looks to the books. The *symbol* from his father's office appears in the middle of the page. He stares at it. Lagrasse closes the book.

## LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Belief can be a dark and powerful thing... Be careful, Mr. Pickman.

Lagrasse walks away. Jack turns back to his books.

From the second floor, a DARK SHADOW watches Jack.

The Shadow steps into the light, revealing CHARLIE NAUGHTON. He watches Jack with much interest before slinking back into the darkness. \*

DREAM SEQUENCE - \*

EXT. VERITAS OUTSKIRTS - FOREST -- NIGHT \*

Jack walks through a dark forest with several books under his arm. He looks up and stops.

Ahead of him a bonfire illuminates the forest. He sets his books down and slowly approaches the light.

He comes to a vast clearing. DARK SHADOWS are dancing around the fire. Jack looks closer.

They are the SIX DEAD CHILDREN from the news clippings. Symbols are carved in their flesh and their black eyes weep dark liquid down their pale cheeks. They stop dancing and turn to Jack in unison, smiling hideous grins.

Jack backs up and turns to the woods. The Children run after him. A few begin running on all fours like dogs. Jack runs faster but then trips and falls down an embankment.

He looks up and he is surrounded by four of the Children. They part and the final two Children walk toward Jack, holding hands with the HOLLOW ONE. All are smiling oversized hideous smiles.

JACK'S POV - \*

The Hollow One and Children smile, leaning in toward us with unblinking black eyes.

Just as they are about to take us over, we...

FLASH

INT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - OCCULT WING -- EVENING \*

Jack screams and startles awake at the research table. He looks around the room. Others stare at him as he gathers his books and rushes out.

INT. LANETTE'S HOME - ENTRYWAY -- AFTERNOON \*

Lanette's door opens to reveal a disheveled Jack slumped against the frame.

Lanette rushes to him, taking him into her arms.

INT. LANETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -- LATER \*

Lanette sits with Jack on her couch. She pours him a glass of scotch. He downs it in one gulp.

LANETTE

They're only dreams, Jack.

Jack looks up at her, "Are they?" She hugs him in a tight embrace.

LANETTE (CONT'D)

You honestly believe that there are creatures in the dark waiting to --

Jack stands, holding up the journal.

JACK

It's all here in Tim's research, Lanette! *The Hollow Ones* feed on our darkest fears --

She takes the journal from him and starts thumbing through it as Jack walks around the room.

LANETTE

You said they cannot effect us physically unless we "take notice" of them, right? Only then could they cross over?

JACK

Don't you understand what's happening!?! With that photograph they could shift the reality of the entire world! Suck everything into darkness and chaos.

LANETTE

Even if this were true... That photo was lost in the police raid!

Jack pulls the envelope containing the photo from his pocket. She reaches for it and he pulls it back, "No. Not you too." \*

EXT. LANETTE'S HOME - FRONT LAWN -- CONTINUOUS \*

UNKNOWN POV - Looking through the window at Jack and Lanette talking inside. A black gloved hand wipes dew from the window to see more clearly.

INT. LANETTE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack puts on his jacket to leave, but is stopped by Lanette.

JACK

If I can use their own artifact  
against them somehow...

LANETTE

Let me help you.

Jack cuts her off, "NO! ... I can do this."

They look into each other's eyes and she leans in, kissing him deeply.

EXT. LANETTE'S HOME - FRONT LAWN -- LATER \*

Jack exits the home after a brief goodbye with Lanette at the door. He walks down the dim street into the night. \*

EXT. DOWNTOWN VERITAS -- NIGHT

Jack walks down the sidewalk, illuminated by various street lights and signs. He stops. He looks back.

On the other side of the street a DARK FIGURE steps from the shadows.

Jack turns and briskly continues, aware of the Figure following him. \*

Jack rounds a corner and stops in an alley. He leans flat against the wall.

As he waits, in the blur of the darkness behind him. WE SEE a PALE GAUNT FIGURE slowly rise. It stands almost seven feet tall and smiles as it slowly creeps toward the oblivious Jack. Behind the FIGURE, two more FIGURES appear, one crawling along the wall. They inch slowly closer to Jack as he waits. Just as the TALL FIGURE's elongated hand is about to grasp Jack... \*

The DARK FIGURE walks past the alley and Jack springs on him.

The two men wrestle and fall into the light on the sidewalk. Jack turns the Dark Figure over. The Figure's hat falls off, revealing CHARLIE NAUGHTON. \*

Jack stares wide-eyed in horror, "Charlie?" Charlie tries to reason with him but Jack continues to recoil and stands.



JACK  
Why are you following me?

Charlie stands and faces Jack.

CHARLIE  
You can't trust anyone, Jack. They  
are everywhere. You have something  
they want...

JACK  
How the hell do you know about that,  
Charlie?

Charlie takes a step toward Jack. Jack looks down, seeing  
the briefcase Charlie had been carrying. Books and papers  
have slipped out onto the pavement.

INSERT - CONTENTS OF CHARLIE'S CASE

A book entitled, "Necronomicon", close-up photographs of the  
SYMBOL from Richard's desk tattooed on a person's wrist and  
back, and a copy of a woodcarving containing the visage of a  
horrid tentacled creature hang from the case.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack looks back to Charlie and shakes his head. He runs off  
into the night.

Charlie starts after him, but stops to gather his things.  
He grabs his suitcase and stands. As he does...

WE SEE the THREE HOLLOW ONES staring at him with great  
intensity directly behind him in the alley.

Charlie leans back down to grab his hat. He stands to brush  
it off and place it on his head.

The HOLLOW ONES are now gone. Charlie sighs and walks off.

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME -- LATER

Jack rushes into the house and slams the door behind him.  
He locks it and leans against the wall.

Jack steps into the living room, walking past a PALE FIGURE  
in the dark corner of the room behind him. He realizes  
something is wrong, and moves to the standing victrola in  
the corner of the room. \*

As he reaches for the arm of the needle, WE SEE that the  
Pale Figure is gone. He removes the needle and spins on his  
heels. \*

Standing behind him is DETECTIVE BENEDICT. He lights a  
cigarette. \*

BENEDICT

A little jumpy this evening, aren't we, Jack?

Jack responds with, "What the hell are you doing here?"

Benedict smiles.

\*

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Been over to the nut house recently?

Jack shrugs, "Well my brother..."

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Come now, Jack.

Benedict surveys the room as he circles Jack.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

The nurse came clean; said you had a little chat with our child killer. I hope you got everything you needed...

Jack looks confused.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

...We found him dead this morning.

Jack looks away.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

But you wouldn't know anything about that, would ya?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

I buried my father yesterday-

BENEDICT

And I buried a partner.

JACK

I wonder what he would say about you breaking into his home and harassing his son.

Benedict puts his cigarette out in an ashtray and stares at Jack.

After a moment he grabs his hat and heads for the door. Jack follows.

\*

Benedict turns and steps up to Jack.

## BENEDICT

You didn't know anything about your  
father. I'll be watching ya, Jack.

Jack slams the door behind him and locks it. He pulls the envelope from his pocket and removes the photograph.

INSERT - TINTYPE PHOTO

We see the pale figure "feeding" off of the woman in the bed.

Jack flips the photo over.

ON THE BACK is a signature reading, "Louis Daguerre."

BACK TO SCENE

He then places the envelope back in his pocket and goes up the stairs. \*

INT. PICKMAN ANCESTRAL HOME - JACK'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jack is reading his brother's journal in bed.

INSERT - TIM'S JOURNAL

In scratchy handwriting the book reads, "*I have seen them. They know me now. My only hope is to cling to the light. The Hollow Ones can enter our world through shadow only. They cannot harm me or anyone else in the light.*" \*

On the opposite page, Tim has drawn a crude representation of the PALE FIGURE standing in the corner of a room.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack lowers the drawing, realizing that it is the exact corner of the room in which he now lays. Jack breathes heavily, closes the book, and places it on the nightstand. He stares at the corner of the room as he reaches to turn off the lamp by the bed. He stops. Swallows. And leaves the light on. He lays down and rolls over, wide-eyed in fear.

WE MOVE DOWN slowly from Jack on the bed to the darkness under it. An elongated pale face emerges faintly from the darkness. Smiling.

FADE OUT

## EPISODE FOUR

## "Sanguine Innocentium"

ALL DIALOGUE PRESENTED IN THIS SCREENPLAY WILL BE INDICATED AS TYPICAL DIALOGUE ON PAGE BUT WILL BE PRINTED AS TITLE CARDS IN THE FEATURE, AS THIS IS A SILENT PICTURE. OTHER LESS IMPORTANT SPEECH WILL BE HINTED AT OR PRESENTED IN THIS TEXT AS ACTION AND NOT TO BE PRINTED ON THE TITLE SCREENS.

FADE IN:

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL - 1933 -- NIGHT \*

A pool of light reveals a disheveled JACK PICKMAN sitting against the wall. He writes feverishly in his journal. \*

JACK (V.O.)  
 (title cards)  
 Before light there was darkness. A perfect void. But the darkness was not empty.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS WOODS -- NIGHT

We move slowly through a tenebrous landscape. NAKED WHITE FIGURES dance through the tangled darkness. Their movements are unnatural and disturbing.

JACK (V.O.)  
 Terrible beings thrived in the infinite darkness... Until light was born and the *Hollow Ones* were forced into the recesses of the remaining shadows.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS WOODS -- MORNING

The sun's rays peer through twisted black branches. The HOLLOW ONES twist with pain as they are pulled into the shadows.

JACK (V.O.)  
 And so our world came to be. But the *Hollow Ones* continued to thrive in the shadows, feeding off the despair of humanity... Gorging themselves on our nightmares.

FLASH

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAYS EARLIER -- NIGHT \*

The HOLLOW ONE smiles from the shadows under Jack's bed. His black eyes glisten and his jagged smile oozes black bile. \*

FLASH

JACK (V.O.)  
 Mercifully, mankind's lack of  
 knowledge of these beings rendered  
 them safe from physical harm...

INT. DAGUERRE'S STUDIO - 1851 -- NIGHT \*

A FLASH goes off in the INVENTOR's camera, while he huddles  
 under the black cloth behind it.

JACK (V.O.)  
 ...Until humanity's obsession with  
 innovation birthed a device capable  
 of permanently capturing the living  
 image.

INT. RICHARD'S STUDY - **FLASHBACK FROM EPISODE ONE** -- NIGHT

Close on the tintype as the Hollow One turns and looks at  
 us.

JACK (V.O.)  
 The photograph captured more than  
 its creator intended, and was proof  
 of the creature's existence in the  
 shadows... Some worship these *Hollow  
 Ones*, seeking to use the photograph  
 as a tool to bring them into our  
 world. \*

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - CULTIST'S CELL - **FLASHBACK** -- NIGHT \*

THE CULTIST is crouched at his desk, folding paper animals.  
 He turns and smiles.

JACK (V.O.)  
 If the photograph were made public,  
 the entire world would take notice  
 of the *Hollow Ones* and reality as we  
 know it would fall to darkness...

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL -- NIGHT \*

Jack continues to write feverishly.

JACK (V.O.)  
 I, too, have seen the nightmare in  
 the photograph. I've remained safe  
 within the confines of the light, as  
 it appears their power to physically  
 harm is bound to the shadows only. \*

INT. JACK'S BEDROOM - DAYS EARLIER -- NIGHT \*

Jack tosses and turns in his bedroom. The light is on.

JACK (V.O.)

I've come to discover, however, that  
they have more insidious methods of  
getting what they want.

\*

He wakes, screaming and dripping with sweat, looking past  
the foot of the bed toward the far corner of the room.

A chair stands in the corner, shrouded in a white sheet.

He sighs in relief and reaches for something on the  
nightstand, accidentally hitting the lamp with his elbow and  
knocking it to the ground. The bulb explodes.

\*

Jack slowly turning to the chair at the far end of the room.

LIGHTNING FLASHES outside the window, illuminating a HUMANOID  
FORM under the sheet draped over the chair.

Jack's eyes widen. He looks to the door.

The Figure under the sheet lurches to the side. A dark stain  
begins to grow where the Figure's mouth and nose would be.

Jack jumps from the bed, twisting his ankle. He falls to  
the floor and looks up in terror as the Figure slumps forward  
onto the floor across from him. Jack begins to crawl.

\*

The Figure moves slowly forward. A pale elongated hand with  
long dingy nails emerges from beneath the sheet. Another  
horrific hand emerges. The hands grasp the floor and pull  
the Figure out from beneath the sheet.

Jack watches in horror, slowly crawling backward.

The sheet slips from the Figure's head revealing TIM PICKMAN,  
or rather a horrific entity wearing Tim's skin. Its eyes  
are black and its mouth is filled with rows of jagged teeth.  
It smiles grotesquely and slips his black forked tongue in  
and out of his mouth like a serpent.

\*

\*

\*

Suddenly it skitters forward, quickly overtaking Jack. He  
screams as it bites down into his neck.

INT. PICKMAN ESTATE - JACK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

\*

Jack jumps awake on the floor of his bedroom. He looks around  
the room. Nothing. He lifts his hand to his neck, wincing  
in pain, and pulls away a bloody palm.

INT. PICKMAN ESTATE - JACK'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

\*

Jack examines the hideous bite wound on his neck. The mirror  
reflects his disheveled and sleep deprived visage. Jack  
wraps a bandage around his throat.

INT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- DAY

\*

Jack puts on his jacket and hat, reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a business card.

INSERT- BUSINESS CARD

Geraldine Goodwin's business card from the Veritas Herald.

EXT. VERITAS CITY PARK -- DAY

GERALDINE GOODWIN looks up, smoking a cigarette. She stands rigid as her long coat blows in the wild wind.

Leaves blow across the field as Jack approaches.

JACK

Thanks for meeting, Ms. Goodwin.  
You're looking well.

GERALDINE

Wish I could say the same for you,  
Jack.

He smiles.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

You know, your father had trouble  
sleeping too. As did your brother.

JACK

Why are you helping me?

GERALDINE

We have been trying to uncover what  
is really happening in Veritas.

Jack, "We?"

\*

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Yes. Charles Naughton and myself.

\*

Jack's eyes widen and he turns away from her in a grand gesture of defiance.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Please, Jack, you must believe we  
are trying to help you. We were  
working the story of your father's  
last case before being ordered to  
stop.

Jack turns back, "Ordered by who?"

Geraldine shrugs. Jack steps to her.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

This is larger than all of us, Jack.  
But we believe there's one thing  
tying all of it together... YOU.

Jack's eyes widen, "What?"

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Your presence in Veritas is NOT a  
coincidence.

Jack steps backward, confused.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

We believe you were **brought** here for  
a very different purpose...

Jack asks, "For what? By whom?"

\*

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Not sure... yet even the "Great Jack  
Pickman" must use caution. If they  
got to your father, they can get to  
you.

\*

She suddenly looks up and exclaims, "THEY'VE FOUND ME!"  
Jack spins.

From ACROSS THE FIELD, THREE MEN in dark suits and hats are  
rushing toward them.

Geraldine presses a torn piece of paper into his palm.

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself, handsome.

She runs off into the tree line. Jack looks down at the  
paper in his hand.

INSERT - TORN PIECE OF PAPER

\*

Scrawled in messy penmanship, "They are watching you. I'll  
make contact with you tonight when it's safe. Bring the  
photograph. -Your friend, Charlie."

\*

BACK TO SCENE

Jack looks up. The Men are gone. No one is around except  
for a PICNICKING FAMILY across the way. Jack places the  
paper in his pocket.

EXT. VERITAS CITY STREET -- AFTERNOON

Jack strolls down the sidewalk, passing various TOWNSPEOPLE.  
He pulls the paper from his pocket.

INSERT - TORN PIECE OF PAPER

\*



Close on the words, "They are watching you."

BACK TO SCENE

Jack places it back in his pocket and tries to avoid eye contact with the passersby. Every one of them, even the children appear to be staring intently at him. Something across the street catches his eye and makes him stop. \*

ACROSS THE STREET in a dark alley stands a pale and gaunt HOLLOW ONE. The Entity holds hands with one of the DEAD CHILDREN. Their black eyes glisten as their cracked elongated smiles stretch across their emaciated faces. The Child raises a pale dead hand, pointing at Jack. Dark blood pours from its smiling mouth. \*

Jack stumbles backward and turns directly into...

LANETTE TREAVES, who is equally startled. "Whoa there, Jack. Are you all right?" \*

Jack looks back to the alley. Nothing. He turns to her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LANETTE'S HOME -- LATE AFTERNOON \*

Lanette places a hot water compress onto Jack's forehead as he lays on her sofa.

LANETTE

You have to sleep, Jack.

He laughs at her and moves his collar to the side, showing his wound.

JACK

What I have to do, is stay in the light. They can't touch me in the light.

She sits next to him.

LANETTE

Jack, you know who you sound like?

He sits up, wild-eyed. \*

JACK

My brother isn't crazy, Lanette!

LANETTE

If this artifact truly is the cause of all of this trouble, why don't you destroy it?!

Jack turns to her, pondering the idea before shaking his head, "No".

JACK

There must be some way to use it to save Tim...

LANETTE

But what about you, Jack?! Charlie and that woman are filling your head with conspiracies and if you carry on in this manner, who knows what will happen to you!

Jack looks strangely at her.

LANETTE (CONT'D)

Charlie hasn't been the same for some time.

Jack's brow furrows.

LANETTE (CONT'D)

He scares me, Jack. I've heard things about him, I dare not repeat. And that Geraldine Goodwin. She's an outsider with an agenda all her own.

JACK

What does that make me?

She smiles and holds him tightly.

LANETTE

Oh, Jack. You've always belonged here in Veritas. Our famous writer, come home.

She kisses his cheek and exits. Jack stares at a magazine sitting on her coffee table.

INSERT - TERRIFYING TALES OF COSMIC HORROR MAGAZINE

\*

Headline reads, "Featured writer: The incomparable Jack Pickman has such a way with words that his dark realities become our own."

\*

BACK TO SCENE

Jack swallows hard and closes his eyes.

JACK (V.O.)

(title Cards)

\*

The lack of sleep and pervading night terrors were causing reality to blur for me. I met with Charlie late that afternoon in the hopes that he might bring a little clarity.

EXT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE -- LATE AFTERNOON

The estate stands darkly against the bright sky.

INT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

\*

Jack and Charlie talk in the foyer of the great hall.

JACK

This is exactly the kind of wild conspiracy theories that Lanette warned me about, Charlie!

CHARLIE

She's all balled up, Jack. Geraldine and I have been doing a lot of research into the history of Veritas.

JACK

But, Howard Lagrassé?!

CHARLIE

Think about it, ol' boy. An "Occult Expert" who has been a prominent figure in this community since his arrival six years ago, with ties to your brother, your father's investigation, and he's taken Lanette under his wing!

JACK

Surely you don't think that she...

CHARLIE

Of course not, ol' boy. But if one were bent on bringing you back to Veritas, what better way to go about keeping an eye on you?

Jack nods. He looks over a book that Charlie has placed in his hands.

INSERT - BOOK

*Woodcarving Print* of a robed figure in a dark mask raising a dagger over an unconscious victim. Under the print reads, "Innocent blood desecrates the path and the life force of the Prophet opens the doorway to darkness eternal."

BACK TO SCENE

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This town is poisoned, Jack. Early man believed this long before anyone settled here.

Jack rubs his dark and swollen eyes, shaking his head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Don't you see, Jack?! We have to  
get that artifact out of the city.

A knock at the door makes them turn. Jack shoves the photo  
back into his pocket as Charlie scrambles to get his notes  
and books into his satchel. \*

Jack cautiously creeps to the door and opens it. Charlie  
looks up and his eyes widen as DETECTIVE BENEDICT steps into  
the foyer, removing his hat.

BENEDICT

Gee, did I missed the tea party.

Jack steps to remove the unwanted guest. Benedict slaps a  
handcuff on his wrist and spins him into the wall.

Charlie steps up, "What is going on?!"

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

Jack Pickman, you are under arrest  
for the murder of Geraldine Goodwin...

Charlie's eyes widen in horror, as do Jack's. They both  
exclaim, "WHAT?!"

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

The poor woman's body was found not  
far from the park where witnesses  
state you both met this morning.  
Quite the argument as I understand.

He spins Jack around, causing the photo to fall from his  
pocket onto the ground. Charlie rushes for it but Benedict  
is too fast. \*

He lifts it into the light, "What have we here?"

Jack and Charlie scream, "NO!" Benedict slides the tintype  
from the envelope and peers at it. \*

JACK

Please, Detective, DO NOT LOOK! \*

It is too late, Benedict's eyes widen.

INSERT - TIN TYPE PHOTO \*

The Hollow One in the corner of the photograph TURNS TO LOOK  
AT US!

BACK TO SCENE

Benedict screams and drops the tintype. Charlie quickly  
picks it up and slides it back into its protective cover.  
Benedict turns slowly to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now they've seen you too. I'm afraid you and I are bound to the same fate, Detective.

CHARLIE

Unless we can figure out a way to stop them.

Benedict takes a deep breath staring in horror at the envelope in Charlie's hands.

INT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- LATER \*

Jack and Charlie converse with Benedict, who sits slumped in a chair. Jack is now free from the handcuffs. \*

JACK

So you will help us?

Benedict looks up in utter defeat and shakes his head, "Yes." \*

The phone rings. Jack and Charlie look at each other before Jack goes to answer it. "Hello?" \*

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - ASHWORTH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS \*

DR. ASHWORTH sits in his dim office, lit only by his desk lamp. He speaks into the phone while going through his case files. \*

ASHWORTH

Mr. Pickman, hello. This is Dr. Ashworth. I wanted to tell you the exciting news. \*

INT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack strains to hear, picking up the phone and turning to the others in the room.

JACK

Doctor, I can barely hear you. There must be a problem with the line...

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - ASHWORTH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS \*

Ashworth leans back in his chair.

ASHWORTH

In researching other cases such as that of your brother, Timothy, I have found a possible cure for his suffering. It isn't going to be easy...

INT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS \*

Benedict and Charlie approach Jack as he tries to make out what is being said on the other line.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - ASHWORTH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS \*

Ashworth stands triumphantly.

ASHWORTH

I shall force him to face his  
irrational fears, essentially scaring  
him back into his right mind...

INT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack's eyes widen in horror.

JACK

What are you saying, Doctor?

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - ASHWORTH'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS \*

Ashworth smiles.

ASHWORTH

I am going to turn off the light.

EXT. PICKMAN FAMILY ESTATE - FOYER -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack screams and rushes from the house with Benedict in pursuit. The envelope slips from Jack's pocket onto the floor.

The phone dangles from its cord.

Charlie gathers his things and notices the envelope on the floor. He walks over, stooping to pick it up. \*

The photo hangs from the envelope slightly. Charlie starts to slide the image out, but thinks better of his action and places it back within the envelope.

He goes to the phone and places the ear piece back on its stand before turning into...

HOWARD LAGRASSE, who now stands in the foyer of the great home, along with FOUR CULTISTS.

Charlie backs up against the wall, clutching the photograph.

Lagrasse smiles a wicked smile. His fierce eyes gleam.

LAGRASSE \*

I believe you have something that  
belongs to us.

EXT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM -- EVENING

The massive asylum juts from the earth into the dark and ominous sunset.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TIM'S CELL --  
MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Benedict burst through a throng of REPORTERS and POLICE OFFICERS, ASYLUM STAFF, and PATIENTS. All are gathered outside of Tim's cell.

Dr. Ashworth is being questioned by DETECTIVE FINNLEY. NURSE CARLISLE weeps uncontrollably in the corner as OFFICER DALTON consoles her.

TIME SLOWS as Jack approaches the cell. An ORDERLY attempts to hold him back but is grappled by Benedict. Jack locks eyes with Dr. Ashworth who looks down in shame.

FLASHBULBS explode as Jack enters the cell.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - TIM'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Long shadows dance along the wall as Jack approaches the dim pool of light from the bulb high in the ceiling. Another DOCTOR backs up past Jack, his hands clasped over his mouth.

A TWISTED SHADOW from Tim's unseen body is thrown onto the dingy stone wall. Tim's pale hand thrusts up into the air, frozen in a horrific state of shock.

Jack slowly approaches, eyes wide in horror, tears streaming down his cheeks. He screams and falls to his knees looking down at what has become of his brother. We do not see the body. Jack's expression gives us the detail we need.

Benedict pulls Jack from the floor and drags him, weeping, from the cell.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - HALLWAY OUTSIDE TIM'S CELL --  
CONTINUOUS

Jack throws off Benedict's hands and continues to walk to the corner of the hall away from the commotion. Tears well around his swollen eyes. He takes a deep breath. Benedict comes up to him and begrudgingly places a hand onto his shoulder. Jack slowly looks up and stares across the hall to a dark corridor at the far end.

IN THE CORRIDOR - From the shadows a tall and gaunt Hollow One steps forth, laughing.

Benedict helps Jack upright. Both men stare into the shadows in fear, and newfound determination. Jack turns to Benedict.

BENEDICT

Yeah, I see it too.

Jack reaches for the photo and realizes it is missing. He checks his other pockets. \*

JACK

It's gone!

BENEDICT

It must have fallen when we rushed from your father's place.

Jack's eyes widen with realization.

JACK

Charlie!

INT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - STOCK ROOM -- EVENING \*

Charlie suddenly opens his eyes and looks around the room. He is strapped to a wooden chair in a dim room. He is covered in bruises and has multiple lacerations over his bare chest.

AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM - LAGRASSE wipes his bloody hands onto a towel. THREE CULTISTS stand in the room as well; Two at the door, and One assisting Lagrasse with his jacket. \*  
\* This is AZAZEL, (35).

LAGRASSE \*

You surprise me, boy. Much stronger than I thought. The gifted Mr. Pickman is lucky to have such stalwart friends.

Charlie's head reels back and forth as his eyes roll about in their sockets.

LAGRASSE \*

Pity you cannot save him anymore than you can yourself.

CHARLIE

You killed Geraldine, you monster.

LAGRASSE \*

Don't be rude, dear boy. It's not becoming.

CHARLIE

You have what you want. Please...

Lagrasse quickly flies across the room at Charlie and leans in uncomfortably close. His eyes burn with an unearthly glow. \*

LAGRASSE \*

You are in no position to plead for ANYTHING, my boy.



Charlie begins to cry softly. Lagrasse sniffs him deeply, taking in his fear. He shudders with delight before turning.

LEGRASEE

Do not worry, Mr. Naughton. You shall receive exactly what you've been searching for.

Charlie looks up at him in confusion.

He laughs wickedly, handing the tintype to Azazel who removes the image from its envelope and slowly approaches Charlie.

Lagrasse laughs and slips from the room.

Azazel holds the photo outward in front of him and slowly creeps toward Charlie. Charlie realizes what is happening and screams, thrashing about in his bindings. The TWO CULTISTS rush to him and hold him in place. They pry his eyelids open as the TINTYPE gets ever closer to his face.

The photo comes into focus.

INSERT - TINTYPE

The Hollow One in the corner of the photo TURNS TO LOOK AT US AND SMILES.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie SCREAMS as we push into his open mouth and into blackness.

FADE TO BLACK

## EPISODE FIVE

## "Umbrata Ligatum"

ALL DIALOGUE PRESENTED IN THIS SCREENPLAY WILL BE INDICATED AS TYPICAL DIALOGUE ON PAGE BUT WILL BE PRINTED AS TITLE CARDS IN THE FEATURE, AS THIS IS A SILENT PICTURE. OTHER LESS IMPORTANT SPEECH WILL BE HINTED AT OR PRESENTED IN THIS TEXT AS ACTION AND NOT TO BE PRINTED ON THE TITLE SCREENS.

FADE IN:

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL - 1933 -- NIGHT \*

A pool of light reveals a disheveled JACK PICKMAN sitting against the wall. He writes feverishly in his journal. \*

JACK (V.O.)

(title cards)

Since my return to Veritas the nights seemed to grow ever darker... yet none as dark as that last fateful evening.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM - EVENING -- TWO DAYS EARLIER

Jack, BENEDICT, DETECTIVE FINNLEY, and OFFICER DALTON are huddled around a large table, going over stacks of books and files. Benedict paces. \*

JACK

It's been two days since they took Charlie. We are out of time!

The door bursts open and in rush DETECTIVE SPENCE carrying OFFICER FISCHER by the arm. Fischer has a deep gash that oozes down his face. Dalton and Spence lower him to a chair. Jack asks, "What happened?!"

SPENCE

Some mooks jumped him.

FISCHER

It's bad out there, fellas. Real bad.

Spence shakes his head, in utter shock.

SPENCE

In less than two days Veritas is completely topsy-turvy... I've never seen anything like it.

FINNLEY

Those that haven't already left town are looting everything in sight. We don't have enough guys to stop 'em.

JACK

Veritas is only the beginning!  
Charlie's well-being aside, if that  
photograph stays in their hands, the  
fate of the entire world is at stake.

\*

Spence glares out the window. Benedict throws the books  
from the desk across the room.

BENEDICT

Hell, we don't know from nothin'.

He moves to a map of the city pinned to the wall and sighs.

\*

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

This is bigger than all of us, but  
we can't afford to take any wooden  
nickels here, Jack. We need more  
time.

The men look to each other. Jack looks down.

INT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - BASEMENT ROOM -- NIGHT

CHARLIE NAUGHTON sits strapped to the heavy wooden chair.  
Blood flows freely from multiple lacerations on his bare  
torso. His head sways to and fro from exhaustion.

\*

TWO MEN laugh as they stare at the wounded man. They are  
AZAZEL and HARLOWE (42).

HOWARD LAGRASSE circles the wounded man and goes to the light  
switch at the corner of the room.

\*

LAGRASSE

You have behaved so poorly, Charles.

He puts his hand to his ear in a grand dramatic gesture.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Oh no! I think I hear mommy and  
daddy coming home. What would they  
say if they knew what a sour young  
lad you've been?

Azazel and Harlowe smile darkly, sharing in Lagrasse's game.

Charlie rubs the fraying rope binding his hands against the  
rough side of his chair, frantically.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Shall we ask them?

He turns off the light, plunging the room into darkness.

Charlie's eyes widen in horror.

At the far corner of the room rises a grotesquely tall and pale Hollow One. Three more crawl along the floor behind it. All are intently focused on Charlie. With outstretched hands, they slowly creep toward him.

SUDDENLY Lagrasse turns the lights back on. The room is empty, save for the cultists and Charlie.

Lagrasse smiles wickedly, and turns out the light again.

NOW IN DARKNESS the THINGS are even closer than before, as if they haven't stopped creeping forward.

Again, the lights return. Charlie begins to weep desperately.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

That's better.

He plunges the room in darkness again.

**NOW THE MONSTERS ARE RIGHT ON TOP OF US, OVERTAKING US.**

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- EVENING

The men frantically move about the room, cross referencing books, files, maps, and photos. Jack slams down the phone.

JACK

Officer, if you would be so kind as to see that Lanette is safe at home. I've been unable to reach her.

Dalton puts on his hat and jacket and pats Jack on the shoulder. \*

DALTON

I'm sure she's fine, Mr. Pickman. \*

He leaves.

Jack checks his pocket watch and turns to look out the window of the office. \*

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - The sky swirls with an unnatural tempest in the distance. Bright flashes of lightning illuminate the darkness as the storm slowly roll in.

INT. VERITAS NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM - BASEMENT ROOM -- LATER

Charlie's head lolls back and forth as he is still lashed to the chair. His hair is now feathered with streaks of white and his eyes are wild with madness.

Lagrasse puts on his coat.

LAGRASSE

I must leave you and see to urgent matters, my dear boy. It has been fun.

He goes to the door.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

See you in the shadows...

He and Azazel briskly exit the room. Harlowe smiles as he brandishes a long curved dagger and steps to Charlie.

In a flash, Charlie rips through one of his frayed bonds, decking Harlowe and sending him careening to the floor. \*  
Charlie quickly undoes his other bond as he notices the dagger \*  
at the far corner of the room.

Harlowe sits upright in a daze, and also notices the dagger. \*  
Both men jump for the blade.

Charlie makes it a hair earlier and grabs the knife. He haphazardly slashes through the air just as Harlowe is upon him. Blood spatters across Charlie's horrified face.

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - OUTSIDE BASEMENT ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The door to the room slowly opens and Charlie peeks around the corner. He limps from the room, his bloody shirt loosely hanging over himself. \*

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Charlie limps down the long dark hall until he comes upon a side table with a phone sitting at its center. He smiles. \*

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- EVENING \*

The phone rings. All jump. Jack picks up, "Hello?"

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie turns in surprise, "JACK?!"

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack stands. All gather around him.

JACK

Charlie, my god! Where are you?  
Are you all right?!

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie looks around.

CHARLIE

Just swell, ol' boy. Never better.

He begins to cry softly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
I... I've seen them, Jack.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jack closes his eyes, shaking his head.

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie straightens.

CHARLIE  
You must hurry. It's happening at  
midnight, Jack... where they murdered  
those children.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Benedict and the men start for the maps.

JACK  
Hold tight, Charlie. \*

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Charlie notices something and utters, "What the...?"

In the corner of the hall, crouched in the darkness, is a  
FEMALE FIGURE, dresses in white. She shivers and holds  
herself tightly with her back turned to us. \*

CHARLIE  
Lanette?!

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS \*

Jack's eyes widen. Jack grabs the phone from the table,  
knocking the books onto the floor.

JACK  
It can't be... CHARLIE, WAIT!

INT. VERITAS MUSEUM - BASEMENT CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

The phone's ear piece swings back and forth from the  
candlestick receiver on the table.

JACK  
(from receiver)  
DON'T LOOK!

Charlie slowly approaches the Figure, his hand outstretched.

She shivers unnaturally. His hand ever closer. Closer. He  
gently touches her shoulder, and she turns revealing...

A GROTESQUE FEMALE HOLLOW ONE. Her eyes are black and her gaping maw reveals rows of jagged teeth. Charlie backs away in horror... He turns to run, coming face to face with a HOLLOW ONE. Charlie screams.

INT. VERITAS POLICE STATION - MEETING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jack drops the earpiece, clutching his face in his hands. He stumbles back slowly. Benedict steps to him, "What?"

JACK  
I could *hear*...

Finnley asks, "What, Jack?" Jack's hands come away from his face. His eyes, a turbulent sea of emotion. \*

JACK (CONT'D)  
...I heard them *feeding*.

Benedict grabs his tommy gun and his hat and coat. The detectives follow suit, gathering their gear.

Jack stands solemnly. His face is white and his eyes; dead.

The men stop and look at Jack as Benedict grabs his shoulder. \*

BENEDICT  
We're out of time, Jack.

Jack grabs his hat and looks at the swinging phone before following the men out the door.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- NIGHT

A lonely dirt road leads into a dark and ominous wood, illuminated only slightly by moonlight. A storm is rolling in as the heroes' darkened silhouettes step in front of the oversized full moon.

Jack, Benedict, Finnley, Spence, and Fischer stand tall against the harsh winds. Jack and Benedict carry bright lanterns as they survey the surrounding blackness.

FINNLEY  
This is it.

Benedict stops.

BENEDICT  
You see any, kid?

Jack lowers his lantern and peers into the night.

Wind shakes the dark and twisted trees. Leaves fall to the ground. Nothing else stirs in the shadows. Jack shakes his head, "No." \*

Finnley looks up and points to the sky over the trees in the distance. The clouds form an opening like a great mouth. Lightning flashes.

The men look to each other, brandish their respective firearms, and enter the shadows of the trees.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - DIRT ROAD -- MOMENTS LATER

\*

The bright moonlight illuminates a small SHADOWY FIGURE sneaking from the darkness. It is LANETTE TREAVES. She watches the men disappear into the tree line. She mutters, "Jack."

A HAND slowly raises behind her and slams down onto her back. She screams and brandishes a kitchen knife as she spins around to see...

Officer Dalton standing in the moonlight. He smiles warmly.

\*

OFFICER DALTON  
Whoa there, Miss Treaves.

Lanette's fear turns to confusion and then to a bitterness, "Jack."

OFFICER DALTON (CONT'D)  
Mr. Pickman had you pegged. Knew  
you would try to help... even though  
he told you to stay away.

Lanette defiantly argues. Dalton stops her suddenly. He pulls her into the shadows of a large twisted tree and brandishes his gun, staring intently up the dark road.

A SHADOWY FIGURE creeps up the road and into the tree line.

He motions for her stay in place as he creeps into the shadows.

Alone, she looks around and shivers.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- NIGHT

The men sneak slowly through the shadows. Benedict stops them. They duck into the bushes, peering across the clearing.

In the middle of the clearing, an oversized bonfire blazes high into the tempestuous sky. TWO DOZEN FRENZIED CULTISTS chant and dance around the fire as Lagrasse and Azazel prepare an ornate altar.

\*

Jack starts forward. Detective Finnley pulls him back down.

FINNLEY  
Not so fast, kid.

Benedict stands.



## BENEDICT

There's a small path around back of the old barn across the way. It's your best way in, Jack. Finn and I will create a diversion.

Jack stands. Benedict checks his tommy gun.

Finnley shakes his head and cocks his gun, standing to join Benedict.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- NIGHT

Lanette stands impatiently in the darkness. She hears something in the shadows and moves to investigate.

## LANETTE

Officer Dalton? Is that you?

Lanette passes into a patch of moonlight to find Officer Dalton. His back is turned to us.

Lanette sighs in relief, "Oh. For a moment I thought..." Something is very wrong.

Officer Dalton convulses and slowly falls backward. He is quite dead, covered in dark blood.

He drops to the ground revealing EVA (32). Blood covers her jagged teeth as she licks her fingers and smiles up at Lanette. \*

## EVA

I'm dreadfully sorry... I was just so hungry.

Lanette turns to run and stumbles into...

DR. ASHWORTH, who stands sternly looking down on her.

## LANETTE

Oh, Dr. Ashworth...

She looks at him strangely, "What are you doing here?" \*

He smiles wickedly.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Benedict and Finnley rush through the darkened woods. They stop and listen.

Suddenly FIVE CULTISTS step from the trees, surrounding them. They carry knives, clubs, and other rudimentary weapons.

Benedict looks to Finnley and smiles.

## BENEDICT

Remember, no shots until we absolutely must.

Finnley nods in agreement before the two men rush at their foes, Benedict using his tommy gun as a blunt weapon and Finnley pulling a hunting knife from his belt.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - OLD BARN -- CONTINUOUS

Jack, Fischer and Spence slink up behind the barn. Spence looks around the corner.

ACROSS THE FIELD- Lagrasse and Azazel place the photograph on the altar. \*

BEHIND THE BARN- Jack looks up and startles. \*

In the darkness behind the barn, several feet back, standing as still as statues, are FIVE HOLLOW ONES.

Jack holds out his torch in front of him. They are GONE. Jack lowers the torch and as he leans back against the barn...

A PALE SMILING FACE emerges from the darkness directly next to him. It is a CULTIST. Jack turns and falls back in horror. The Cultist leaps onto him, causing his lantern to roll out of his hands.

Fischer is about to aid Jack when THREE CULTISTS attack him.

Jack fumbles with his revolver and looses it in the struggle. A bright flash illuminates the darkness and the Cultist slumps off of Jack.

He looks up to see Spence, smiling. Spence goes to help Jack to his feet when a Cultist leaps upon him and knocks him to the ground

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - BONFIRE -- CONTINUOUS

Lagrasse and Azazel look up toward the barn, smiling.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Benedict and Finnley are in a violent struggle with the Cultists. Shadows dance around the overgrown forest, cast from their lanterns upon the ground.

Benedict and Finnley look up.

## FINNLEY

A gunshot!

He looks to Benedict. Benedict raises his tommy gun and lays waste to the four remaining Cultists.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - BONFIRE -- CONTINUOUS

Lagrasse and Azazel hear the shots from behind them and turn. Azazel is about head for the woods but is stopped by Lagrasse. \*

LAGRASSE

That won't be necessary. Mr. Pickman has his friends... and I have mine.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Benedict grabs a lantern from the ground and starts to move. Something catches his eye.

A HOLLOW ONE stands halfway behind a tree, grinning, watching... Waiting. \*

BENEDICT

Somethin' is very wrong here. We have to get to Jack.

He turns to Finnley and is stopped suddenly. He blinks and drops his tommy gun to the ground.

He slowly looks down as Finnley pulls a long curved dagger from his chest. Finnley leans in close and smiles.

FINNLEY

Don't worry. Jack is in good hands.

Benedict falls to the ground, coughing up blood. Finnley swipes up his lantern and laughs as he starts away.

FINNLEY (CONT'D)

This can't help you now, Walt. Our Masters have other plans for you.

Benedict winces as he reaches down to his hidden ankle holster, brandishing a small revolver. He takes aim at Finnley.

He cocks the hammer and is about to shoot. He smiles, lowers the revolver slightly, and fires.

The shot hits the lantern in Finnley's hand which explodes in a massive fireball. \*

Finnley is engulfed and screams, running for only a few steps before falling to the ground. \*

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - OLD BARN -- CONTINUOUS

Officer Fischer is overpowered as another Cultist stabs him from behind. He falls to the ground next to the fallen lantern which casts their shadows onto the wall of the barn. They stab him repeatedly. \*

Detective Spence decks a Cultist and turns to see the fate of his fallen comrade. He fires two shots.

The silhouettes of the two Cultists fall, lifeless.

Jack slides up the wall in horror as SIX HOLLOW ONES creep toward him in the darkness. Their elongated pale arms reach for him. Their movement is disjointed and animalistic.

Jack rushes for the lantern on the ground as a CULTIST grasps it first and blows it out. Jack screams, "NO!" He turns. The Hollow Ones are almost upon him. \*

Jack frantically runs toward the light of the bonfire as Spence yells after him, "Jack! NO!" Spence tries to follow and is overcome by THREE MORE CULTISTS who bite into him as he falls under their weight. \*

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - BONFIRE -- CONTINUOUS

A STORM rages above.

Jack runs to the edge of the light cast from the fire as several Cultists grab him by the arms. Jack glances back as SEVERAL HOLLOW ONES slowly emerge from the shadows, grinning their grotesque smiles. They slink just beyond the light of the fire. \*

LAGRASSE

Welcome, Mr. Pickman. It is a shame your friends couldn't stay for the main event.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - WOODS -- CONTINUOUS

Benedict lies bleeding on the ground. Next to him is the smoldering body of Detective Finnley. \*

Benedict looks up into the darkness and his eyes widen in horror.

From the darkness, TWO HOLLOW ONES slowly crawl toward him.

He slides back along the ground away from the Monsters and backs up against a large tree stump. He tries to stand but winces in pain and crumples back to the ground. \*

The Hollow Ones continue to stalk their wounded prey.

Benedict checks the chamber of his revolver. One bullet. He snaps it closed.

He holds the gun under his chin. Sweat rolls down his face. The Hollow Ones are ever closer. He shakes as he is about to pull the trigger. Instead, he smirks as he holds the gun in front of him and fires at the monsters.

In the quick bright flash of the gun they disappear from the woods but are instantly back, even closer in the darkness.

Benedict sighs and leans his head back, looking up as...

The horrific face of a WINGED HOLLOW ONE descends upon him from above.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - BONFIRE -- CONTINUOUS

Azazel holds Jack in front of him. They stand across from the altar where Lagrasse stands, illuminated by the roaring bonfire.

The sound of Benedict's scream makes them turn. Jack lowers his head.

LAGRASSE

I'm sure the Masters appreciate you  
providing such delectable appetizers,  
Mr. Pickman.

The wind is viscous. The sky glows and swirls above the altar. Lightning crashes.

Cultists stand chanting around the altar. Jack notices the photograph at its center.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

(yelling over the  
wind)

We've waited for so very long for  
this moment.

The Cultists writhe in ecstasy. \*

CULTISTS

*UMBRATA LIGATUM NACHT IN CATUGALLA!*

Lagrasse raises the photograph to the sky.

LAGRASSE

The prophecy shall be fulfilled and  
the world shall return to darkness!  
The Masters shall once again dance  
in the eternal shadows of despair!

THE Cultists chant and writhe. \*

Jack turns to see Dr. Ashworth standing across the bonfire, holding Lanette tightly. She screams, "JACK!" \*

Jack starts for her and is held tight by Azazel. \*

Jack fumes with anger. Ashworth smiles.

Lagrasse lowers the PHOTOGRAPH to the altar. The other Cultists bow in reverence.

Lightning flashes. The sky swirls. Wind billows Lagrasse's robes wildly as he lifts a long curved dagger from the altar and steps smoothly to Jack.

JACK

Let her go, Lagrasse. I'll do whatever you want.

Lagrasse laughs.

LAGRASSE

You have performed your role beautifully so far, Mr. Pickman. I doubt greatly the fate of Ms. Treaves could effect the outcome of this evening one way or another.

Jack questions, "What?"

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

It is written that the prophet shall anoint the gateway, allowing the Great Old Ones to reclaim their rightful purchase on this world.

Jack shakes his head.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

It wasn't easy bringing you here, my dear boy. We devoted disciples have labored long setting events into motion before you were even born.

JACK

My father?

LAGRASSE

Of course the good detective was the best way to bring you back to Veritas and allow you to lead us to the stolen artifact.

Jack lowers his head, "My brother."

Ashworth smiles wickedly.

JACK

You bastard.

Lagrasse leans in close.

LAGRASSE

That is no way to talk to your number one fan, Mr. Pickman.

Jack looks up into his eyes.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Your father raised you, but it was I  
who forged you, Jack.

Jack stares at him in anger.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

From the shadows I cultivated your  
talents, skills, your success, and  
then... it was I who brought you  
back to fulfill your true destiny  
once you were... seasoned.

Tears form in Jack's eyes.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Surely you didn't think you became  
the prolific talent you did all on  
your own.

Jack and Lanette lock eyes.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

More people read your stories than  
they do any holy text, Mr. Pickman.  
It is only fitting that you be the  
one to show the world that the horrors  
you pen were true all along.

Lanette struggles in Ashworth's grasp.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

We are so very proud of our famous  
writer.

He brandishes the knife as Azazel holds out Jack's arm. \*

JACK

If all that is true it seems an awful  
waste of time to simply kill me.

They laugh. Lanette struggles against Ashworth.

LAGRASSE

For such a clever lad, you really  
are quite dense.

He lowers the knife toward Jack's wrist and suddenly slices  
into his palm. \*

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Nobody said anything about killing  
you. "The *blood* of the prophet opens  
the doorway," ... not the life.

He holds up the bloody dagger and the Cultists cheer. He  
goes to the altar and allows the blood to drip onto the  
photograph. It absorbs into the blackness of the photograph. \*

The wind picks up and lightning flashes.

Jack looks to Lanette. He smiles comfortably and nods. She looks confused for a brief moment.

Jack slams his head into Azazel's face.

JACK

Run, Lanette!

Lanette follows his cue and breaks an arm free from Ashworth. She claws his face deeply across one eye. He screams and falls to the ground.

She hesitates as she turns to Jack. They lock eyes as if to say, good-bye, before he urges her to, "RUN!" \*

She runs off into the night.

Jack rushes to the altar and grabs the dagger from Lagrasse.

Azazel is on his heels.

Jack spins and throws the knife. It plunges deep into Azazel's chest.

Lagrasse screams. The Cultists are frozen as Azazel falls lifeless into the bonfire and is engulfed in flames.

The storm rages at its zenith now.

Jack grabs the photograph and holds it over the flames. The Cultists start for him but Lagrasse screams, "NO!" They move back. Some retreating into the night. \*

Lagrasse eases forward around the altar toward Jack.

LAGRASSE

Think about this, Jack. The end has already begun. How do you know that destroying the photograph will accomplish anything at all?

Jack looks to the tintype in his hand and then around to the group. \*

More Cultists back away in fear and run off into the night. Others fall to their knees.

Jack turns to Lagrasse.

JACK

I don't.

Lagrasse smiles wickedly.



JACK (CONT'D)

But you didn't see this coming...  
and that's enough for me.

He throws the photograph into the fire. Lagrasse screams and rushes for Jack.

Lagrasse and Jack struggle by the fire. Many Cultists scream and run into the night.

The Hollow Ones writhe in pain and slink back to the shadows.

Lagrasse throws Jack into the large stone altar. Jack bounces off of it and falls to the ground. He crawls past the altar, coughing and holding his ribs tightly.

Lagrasse looks into the flames. The tintype melts away to nothing. Lagrasse fumes. He picks up a hatchet that has fallen to the ground and lumbers after Jack. His eyes are bright and full of anger. \*

A Female Cultist rushes to him and grabs at his shirt, pleading with him. Lagrasse cuts her down without a second thought, never breaking his momentum toward Jack. \*

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - THE CLEARING -- CONTINUOUS

Jack is crawling into the darkness toward the tree line. He turns to see Lagrasse closing in, carrying the bloody hatchet. Jack's eyes widen. He backs up on the ground, still cradling his ribs.

Lagrasse comes up on Jack and raises the hatchet. He is about to bring it down when something makes him stop. \*

In the darkness surrounding him are a MULTITUDE of HOLLOW ONES. They encircle them, snarling at Lagrasse. \*

Lagrasse drops the hatchet.

LAGRASSE

No. Please. I... I am ever your  
loyal servant, Masters. It was HIM!  
He destroyed the artifact!

Jack watches as a Hollow One rushes past Lagrasse, swiping its talon across Lagrasse's face, leaving a gaping open wound. Lagrasse holds his face and weeps hysterically, falling to his knees. \*

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Please! This is not how it is  
supposed to end!

He looks at Jack for help. Jack is at a loss for words.

The Hollow Ones descend on Lagrasse. He screams and falls backward as they overtake him.

Jack scurries past the frenzy. A Hollow One turns and snarls at him, blood dripping from his gaping maw. It watches Jack hungrily before going back to feed on Lagrasse.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF VERITAS - BONFIRE -- CONTINUOUS

Jack crawls to the safety of the bright bonfire. The Cultists are nowhere in sight. Jack breathes heavily and slumps into the dirt. His eyes fall closed. \*

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL - 1933 -- NIGHT \*

Jack's eyes open. We are back in his cell at the asylum, days later. His appearance is haggard as he touches the pages of the journal, stained with blood. He closes the journal and looks up. \*

Lanette steps from the shadows. She has tears streaming down her face as she steps into the pool of light. \*

LANETTE

Hello, Jack.

Jack smiles up at her.

JACK

I'm glad you came.

LANETTE

They wouldn't let me see you until now.

Jack nods. Lanette crouches next to him. She brushes the hair from his eyes and holds his face.

LANETTE (CONT'D)

It's over.

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

No, Lanette. Not for me. But you are safe now. The world is safe. And that is all that matters.

Lanette stands.

LANETTE

Why, Jack?! Why can't you give this up? You destroyed their artifact. You are safe now.

JACK

I have seen them and I cannot come back from that... only a matter of time now.

Lanette closes her eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 You must do something for me.

She nods. He holds up the journal.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 This is everything. The entire  
 account down to the last detail.

Lanette takes it and asks, "Why?"

\*

JACK (CONT'D)  
 I don't know but something made me  
 keep writing. I had to... to try  
 and make sense of everything.

He pushes it into her hands.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 You must not read it. Burn it and  
 forget about it... forget about me.

He looks back up at her, tears streaming down his face.

Lanette asks, "What?"

\*

JACK (CONT'D)  
 I can't stay in the light forever.

She steps back.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 That journal must never be read by  
 anyone. It is proof, you see. Of  
*their* existence. Just like their  
 artifact. You are the only one left  
 that I can trust to destroy it.

\*

\*

She holds it close and nods. Jack stands and embraces her.  
 He strokes her hair. He opens his eyes and notices something  
 on her neck.

He backs away from her slowly, never breaking eye contact.

LANETTE  
 I wish you could come with me, Jack.  
 It doesn't have to be this way.

Jack backs to the wall. His eyes are dead. But he smiles a  
 disturbing and knowing grin.

JACK  
 There is no other way it could end.

She places the journal in her satchel.

LANETTE  
 Goodbye, Jack.

\*

She wipes the tears from her eyes before turning and walking into the darkness. \*

Jack is alone in the pool of light as he slides down the wall in defeat. \*

INT. ASYLUM HALL - OUTSIDE JACK'S CELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Lanette steps from the cell as the ORDERLY locks the door behind her. She wipes away a tear and steps to a DARK FIGURE in the hall. She looks up at the Figure. \*

LANETTE

He has resigned himself to his fate.

The Figure steps into the light, revealing Howard Lagrasse, only he is not as we knew him before. His eyes are shiny and black. His face and hair are now stark white and a crude symbol (*the very symbol from Richard's office*) is burned into the flesh of his forehead. \*

LAGRASSE

*We knew he would come around eventually.*

From the shadows of the hall more figures step up behind Lagrasse. They are TWO CULTISTS, JACOBS, the POLICE RECEPTIONIST, and Dr. Ashworth. Ashworth's face is half covered with a blood-soaked bandage. He eyes Lanette coldly. \*

She winks at him as she pulls the journal from her satchel and holds it out to Lagrasse. \*

He steps to her and takes the journal, cupping her face with his other hand.

FROM BEHIND her we see a small black tattoo on her neck, just above the shoulder; a tattoo of the OCCULT SYMBOL. Lagrasse smiles, revealing sharp jagged teeth.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

*Splendid.*

He holds up the journal and all bow their heads.

He places the journal in his breast pocket.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

Mr. Pickman's publishers are hungry for his next submission.

He nods to Ashworth and turns, sauntering down the hallway. Lanette and the others follow in tow, leaving Ashworth by the door.

LAGRASSE (CONT'D)

*And we must not keep our Masters waiting.*

The horde sweeps down the long corridor and into the shadows.

Ashworth watches them go and then turns back to the cell door. He places his hand on the light switch by the heavy steel doorframe and peers in through the window of the cell.

INT. BLOOMFIELD ASYLUM - JACK'S CELL -- CONTINUOUS

Jack's eyes are closed. He looks up, smiling desperately. He laughs to himself; the laughter grows as...

We slowly move away from Jack and reveal in the shadows a multitude of PALE AND MONSTROUS HOLLOW ONES sitting...waiting. There are so many in the darkness of the cell that they cannot be counted before we --

SNAP TO BLACK