

Episode #: 101

ARKHAM HORROR

"The Photographer, the Dilettante, and the Judge"

by  
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Series inspired by H.P. Lovecraft  
&  
Based upon characters created by  
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First Draft

EXT. ARKHAM, MA - DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT - **CIRCA 1926**

What should be a quiet, empty street in the dead of night is currently filled with star-crossed lovers enjoying midnight strolls.

The MEN and WOMEN are completely absorbed in their affairs. They take their leisurely time, without a care in the world.

Their blissful ignorance is soon shattered when the downtown streets are suddenly ambushed by a herd of THIRTY MANIACS. Although at first glance, these men appear human, a closer look proves otherwise.

The Maniacs are not humans, but MONSTERS. They are men gone mad, but were purposefully *made* so. Their once-thoughtful eyes are now vacant and flesh-hungry, veins pop out all over their bodies, and the rusty axes they carry are directed right at the townspeople.

The horde's attack immediately sends a wave of chaos and panic through the square. The men and women scatter, taking off in all directions. The women lead the way, SHRIEKING with every last ounce of their being, and the cowardly men aren't far behind.

The Maniacs chase after the townspeople but quickly fall behind due to their lack of speed. Soon, it would appear that only the Maniacs remain.

But then, TWO MEN and ONE WOMAN step out of the shadows, side-by-side, silhouetted. They remain still, completely silent. The Maniacs turn in their direction and begin to move slowly towards them. But as they get closer, their speed quickens until all thirty are charging towards the trio.

At the last moment, the trio whips open their coats, revealing an arsenal of firearms. They slide their weapons out of holster and open fire on the Maniacs.

SMASH TO BLACK

SUPER: ARKHAM HORROR

EXT. ARKHAM TRAIN STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

SUPER: 24 HOURS EARLIER

A SMALL CROWD of people wait anxiously on the platform. Soon after, the tracks begin to rumble and a train appears in the distance. The DEEP WHISTLING of the horn sounds and the townspeople begin to line up along the edge of the platform.

Moments later, the trains pulls in.

CONDUCTOR  
Last stop! Arkham, Massachusetts!

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUING

The moment the train stops, the TRAVELLERS slide out of their seats and begin collecting their coats, luggage and CHILDREN.

Only one traveller, JENNY BARNES (25), remains calmly seated, wearing a plain dress and matching hat. Jenny is an outspoken, hot-headed powder keg. Always out for number one, Barnes' "take no prisoners" mentality has more often proved an asset than a hindrance. Despite her flaws, Jenny's greatest strengths are her focus and determination.

Jenny holds on tightly to an envelope, dried blood crusted along the front. It seems as if she's in another world, her face filled with worry, as the other travellers finally depart.

The car now empty, the CONDUCTOR makes his sweep and immediately spots Jenny.

CONDUCTOR  
Ma'am? Last stop.

Jenny snaps out of her trance and turns to the conductor.

JENNY  
Thank you.

Jenny collects her suitcase, marked with a 'Paris' sticker, and departs.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NORTHSIDE STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Jenny passes through a revolving door and out into the Northside streets. She stops to take a look at her surroundings. Though most of the area is shadowed in darkness, tiny lights can be seen coming from numerous homes, the Curiositie Shoppe and the local Newspaper.

TAXI DRIVER  
How 'bout a ride? Miss?

Jenny looks down at the cabbie who looks up at her from inside his taxi.

JENNY  
No.

Jenny takes off and makes her way briskly down the street, right past the Newspaper.

INT. ARKHAM ADVISOR (NEWSPAPER) - PHOTO LAB - CONTINUING

In the darkened photo lab, DARRELL SIMMONS (32) develops a fresh batch of photos. Numerous pictures already hang-dry on pieces of thread that stretch from wall-to-wall.

Kind, thoughtful, and selfless, Darrell Simmons is our hero. Born and raised in Arkham, Simmons is motivated primarily by his desire to help his town and fellow man.

After hanging the final photograph, Darrell flips on the lights and takes a step back, looking over each and every photo. But, the more he looks, the more he is filled with an overwhelming anger. The content of the photographs becomes too much and Darrell puts his fist through the wall. When Darrell has finally cooled down, he admires his handy-work -

DARRELL

Shit...

EXT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - SOUTHSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Jenny continues down the Southside streets until she reaches a quaint, two-story home. The porch lights are still lit and a sign nailed to the front gate reads: "Ma's Boarding House - Affordable Room & Board".

Jenny opens the white-picket gate and approaches the house. She knocks and soon after MA (65) answers. Ma's 'charm' is often lost in her rough-around-the-edges, irritable personality. With a zero-tolerance for bullshit, the old landlord clearly has a ton of fight left in her.

MA

Whad'ya want?

JENNY

A room. If you have one.

MA

I've got two, but one's on hold.  
You a priss?

JENNY

No ma'am.

MA  
I don't want no bitchin' and  
moanin' if the room's not to your  
liking.

JENNY  
If it's got a bed and a pisser than  
I'm sure I'll be fine.

The tiniest of smiles curls Ma's lips.

MA  
You don't talk like the others.

JENNY  
That's the nicest thing I've heard  
all day.

MA  
I like you. C'mon in.

INT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUING

The boarding house, though not quite to the point of  
dilapidation, could definitely use some work. The floors  
creak, the walls are water stained, and the area rugs have  
faded. Drab paintings hang slightly-crooked along the walls.

Ma wears a single key on a chain around her neck. She leads  
the way to the second floor, not without a little effort.

MA  
Now, no bellyaching about the state  
of things. Call it cozy. It's late,  
so you'll have to wait for a tour  
until tomorrow.

JENNY  
It's fine.

When they reach the second floor, Ma leads Jenny down a  
hallway.

MA  
Your room's at the end.

Ma opens the door to

JENNY'S BEDROOM.

The bedroom's not much better - with nothing but a single  
bed, a nightstand, and a small desk and chair.

MA

It may not be much, but it's something. There's an extra blanket in the closet. And if you need anything else...

JENNY

Get it myself?

MA

You catch on quickly.

Ma motions Jenny inside.

MA

Now, goodnight.

Ma closes the door. Her FOOTSTEPS fade as she departs.

Now alone, Jenny takes a moment to familiarize herself with the room. It doesn't take long, after which Jenny sets her suitcase beside the bed. She lays down, an orchestra of CREEKS and GROANS immediately sounding.

Jenny looks up at the ceiling and tries to relax. Failing miserably, she sighs and sits back up.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE STREETS - NIGHT

Jenny take a leisurely stroll down the seemingly-abandoned Southside streets. Street lamps provide insufficient lighting, and Jenny continually falls in and out of shadow.

CUT TO:

OTHER SOUTHSIDE STREETS

Further down, Darrell patrols cautiously, keeping an eye on the surrounding area. Nothing moves. No Jenny in sight.

BACK TO JENNY

As she continues on. Suddenly, a ways behind her, A SHAPE leaps from a nearby tree, hitting the ground without a sound.

A small BREEZE picks up and Jenny wraps her coat more tightly around her, stuffing her hands in the pockets.

DARRELL

Is still alone as his patrol continues.

JENNY

Is seemingly-oblivious as a GHAST monster approaches her, its footsteps lost in the breeze. The Ghast is naked, its skin pale and human like. Its body thin but muscular, the Ghast is very similar in build to a human, save for its scabrous skin, bulbous eyes and long sharp teeth.

When the Ghast is mere feet from Jenny, it leaps high in the air and swoops down upon her. At the last possible moment Jenny pivots, whipping both hands out of her pockets, each brandishing a sharp knife. Crossing one knife over the other, she slices outwards, drawing two deep gashes into the Ghast's neck and dealing instant death. Jenny leaps out of the way as the Ghast hits the pavement where she stood moments before.

Now much closer, Darrell hears the Ghast's last CRY and rounds the final corner. He stops when he sees a shadowy figure (Jenny) standing above a second. Darrell pulls out a revolver and slowly approaches.

Jenny shakes her head as she looks down at the mutilated Ghast.

JENNY

That whole 'treading lightly'  
thing? Needs work.

Just then, a revolver cocks and Jenny freezes.

DARRELL

So much for a quiet night...

Jenny takes Darrell by surprise, thrusting an elbow into his side as she spins around. Darrell recovers with enough time to point the gun back at Jenny's head just as she gets a knife against his neck.

The two stop, each waiting for the other to make a move.

JENNY

I might be new around these parts,  
but I get the feeling that Arkham  
doesn't know the definition of  
quiet.

Again, they're silent for a moment, scanning each other's eyes.

Soon after, they both lower their weapons and take a step back. Darrell looks down at the Ghast and then back at Jenny.

DARRELL

Nice work.

JENNY

This one thought he moved silently.  
Like an assassin.

She gives the Ghast a small nudge with her foot.

JENNY

And I thought men were the  
overconfident ones...

DARRELL

Actually, the Ghast does move  
silently.

JENNY

Not if you know how to listen.

DARRELL

I'm Darrell Simmons. And you  
are...?

JENNY

I'm Jenny Barnes. But you can call  
me... nothing, actually - seeing as  
I don't intend on crossing paths  
with you again.

Jenny turns around and starts back to the boarding house, but Darrell follows close behind.

DARRELL

Wait! You're new here, right?

JENNY

So you *do* know how to listen?

Darrell catches up to her and blocks her path.

DARRELL

Just a minute. What's your business  
here in Arkham?

JENNY

You the sheriff?

DARRELL

No. But I have years on the Sheriff  
when it comes to this place.



JENNY  
Born and raised.

DARRELL  
That's right. You still haven't answered my question.

JENNY  
My business is precisely that, Mr. Simmons. Mine. And seeing as I just saved your town from that little creature, I think you can afford me what little privacy any of us have left.

Jenny continues on her way, and Darrell keeps in tow.

DARRELL  
Fair enough. I assume you're staying at Ma's?

JENNY  
Maybe. What exactly do you do, Mr. Simmons?

DARRELL  
I'm a photographer.

Jenny stops dead in her tracks, eyes wide. Darrell pulls out his camera to show her.

DARRELL  
I work for the local paper.

As Jenny spies the camera, she imagines flashes going off in her face. In her head, she hears the SHOUTING of a thousand reporters asking endless questions.

JENNY  
You're a reporter?

Darrell smiles.

DARRELL  
I guess men aren't the only poor listeners...

For the first time, Jenny sports a look of pure fear. Darrell easily reads it and takes a step towards her.

DARRELL  
You okay?

Jenny snaps to attention, her apathetic defiance taking control once more. Jenny pushes Darrell back with force.

JENNY

Get away from me. You're one of them!

DARRELL

What the hell does that mean?

JENNY

You're a parasite. You and your people - cleverly weaving your words in the name of profit. Turning the mob against the innocent. What you do destroys lives. You are nothing but scum to me.

Jenny takes off faster than ever and this time, Darrell watches her go, too dumbfounded to move.

INT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - JENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jenny bursts into the room and slams the door behind her. Rage boiling over, she opts for the bedside lamp in lieu of tears and emotion. She chucks the lamp across the room and it shatters. Then, she goes for the only other "tossable" item in the room - an alarm clock.

Soon after, a LOUD POUNDING at Jenny's door is followed by a BOOMING VOICE.

MALE VOICE

HEY! Keep it down in there!

Jenny whips her head in the direction of the door and throws it open. A big, BURLY TENANT fills the void.

JENNY

Oh, I'm sorry sir - was I disturbing you?

BURLY TENANT

As a matter of fact -

Jenny doesn't give him time to finish.

BAM! One punch is enough to knock the tenant out cold. Jenny looks down at his unconscious body.

JENNY

Let me know if the noise continues  
to be a problem.

Jenny slams the door again and sits at the edge of the bed.  
She takes a huge, shaky breath and continues to breath as she  
slowly gets a hold of herself.

A single tear rolls down Jenny's cheek and she quickly wipes  
it away.

JENNY

God, I need a drink...

INT. HIBB'S ROADHOUSE - EASTTOWN - NIGHT

The local Arkham dive - where a dank, dingy setting creates  
an atmosphere second only to the lively PATRONS. While groups  
of rowdy men pound back pitchers of ale, others shoot pool,  
and a few men whisper to beautiful women in dark corners of  
the pub. Throughout the entire bar, cigarette smoke hovers in  
the air, as if frozen in time.

An older gentleman (64) emerges from the back and immediately  
receives a hearty and affectionate greeting from nearby  
patrons. He's none other than the owner - HIBB.

ALL

HIBB!

They CHEERS to him, but fail to notice - in their stupor -  
that he's lugging (and struggling with) a crate of booze. An  
OUTRAGED LADY slaps her DATE on the shoulder.

OUTRAGED LADY

Are you blind! Can't you see the  
man needs some help?

The date and his BUDDY immediately rush behind the bar and  
help Hibb lift the crate onto the bar.

OUTRAGED LADY

I'm so sorry, Hibb. Some men...

HIBB

You, my dear, are a first-class  
gal!

He gently takes her hand and kisses it. She laughs.

OUTRAGED LADY

Hibb, you scoundrel!

The date ruffles Hibb's thin hair.

DATE

Hey! Take it easy on my woman!

But it's all in good fun, and the date gives Hibb a pat on the back before returning to his stool.

Just then, Jenny enters and heads straight for the bar where an open stool calls her name. A BARKEEP greets her.

JENNY

Give me a beer.

BARKEEP

Tap or bottle?

Jenny stares him down.

JENNY

This look like my "I give a shit" face?

The barkeep just shakes his head as he fills a pint from the tap.

BARKEEP

You're lucky you're a dame, with that mouth.

JENNY

And you're lucky I'm not drunk yet.

Jenny chugs half her pint and then slams it back down on the bar. The seat beside her becomes vacant and is immediately swiped by a dashing man, VINCENT ASHER (late 20's).

In a casual, yet fancy suit - far too classy for Hibb's - Vincent makes for a striking, confident individual. A too-phoney-to-be-true smile is permanently plastered on his face, and his calculative eyes are virtually undetectable.

VINCE

A Vodka, kind barkeep!

BARKEEP

Rocks?

VINCE

No, sir!

The barkeep disappears for a moment and Vince turns to Jenny.

VINCE

What a character. It's like he thinks we're a bunch of high class customers, or something...

Jenny ignores him, but Vince just continues smiling.

VINCE

Name's Vincent Asher.

JENNY

Jenny. Listen, there something I can do for you?

VINCE

Two hours. Three max.

JENNY

For Christ's sake... What?

VINCE

The numbers of hours you've spent in our little town. Am I warm?

JENNY

Well, that's a new record - a stalker before I even had a chance to finish my first, lousy beer.

Vince laughs.

VINCE

I'm no stalker, I assure you. In fact, I don't move around much at all. When I find a place I like, I stick around.

JENNY

And that's here?

VINCE

And the rest of Easttown.

JENNY

That's lovely.

VINCE

Aren't you the least bit curious as to the source of my psychic abilities?

JENNY

The answer might surprise you.

VINCE

It's your face, or rather, my unfamiliarity with it. I know everyone here.

JENNY

I thought you don't get out much.

VINCE

But if there's one place in little old Arkham that's prime, it's Hibb's. Everybody shows up here sooner or later. So tell me - two or three?

JENNY

Two and a half.

Vince snaps his fingers in victory.

VINCE

Spectacular. Now, how about I buy you a drink.

JENNY

Still working on this one.

VINCE

You don't strike me as the type of gal who stops at one.

Jenny makes a point of looking around at her company.

JENNY

Doesn't take psychic powers to figure that one out.

VINCE

I guess not.

JENNY

And besides, I like to drink alone. My misery doesn't like company.

Jenny finishes her drink and stands to leave. Vincent slides a hand over Jenny's, temporarily halting her. She looks up at Vincent, and their eyes meet.

VINCE

I'm good for more than a drink, you know...

Suddenly, Jenny seems to be enthralled by Vincent and his penetrating gaze.

JENNY  
What the hell.

EXT. HIBB'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

From the shadows, Darrell watches Jenny and Vincent take off.

INT. JENNY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Once they're both inside, Jenny closes the door and turns to Vincent. They look each other over for one final moment before throwing themselves at each other, hands and mouths everywhere.

Soon after, Vincent tosses Jenny back on the bed. He moves to the foot of the bed and watches Jenny strip down to her undergarments.

Once she's finished, Jenny looks up at Vincent, waiting. Vincent takes a step towards the bed and the lights suddenly dim. The cheery-facade on Vincent's face is replaced with a malevolent grin and Vincent begins to laugh. At first, the laugh is low and quiet. But then, the volume begins to rise and an other-worldly, demonic BOOMING begins to overlay his cackling.

The laugh now fills the room and Jenny can only watch, frozen to the bed. A wind begins to pick up in the bedroom and Vincent stretches out his arms. His clothes fly off revealing a cloak underneath. The hood slides upwards, on its own, over Vincent's head. Vincent is a WARLOCK, identical to a human, but comprised completely of dark magick.

A staff materializes in the Warlock's hand and he raises it above his head. As the Warlock begins chanting, a magical essence begins to emanate from the staff.

At the last possible moment, Darrell bursts inside. Wasting no time, he thrusts a long dagger into the Warlock's back and drives it upwards, ripping him in half.

The magic immediately dissipates and the Warlock falls to the ground, dead. Jenny snaps out of her trance and locks eyes with Darrell.

JENNY  
What was that?

DARRELL  
A warlock. I've had my eye on Easttown for weeks trying to find him.

JENNY

What the hell is a warlock?

DARRELL

A sorcerer - one that uses the darkest of magicks. Believe it or not, these guys are the easy ones to hunt down. They pick high populated areas where they can blend in with the crowd. This one's killed at least four or five already.

JENNY

But he was... He looked just like -

DARRELL

- A man? He may look like us, act like us, but the one thing he is not, is human.

Darrell has no trouble reading the surprise and confusion on Jenny's face.

DARRELL

What? You think all monsters are hideous creatures? Some are quite... dashing.

Jenny suddenly remembers her disgust for Darrell and the walls immediately go up.

JENNY

Get out.

DARRELL

I'd love to, but apparently you can't tell the difference between man and monster. And that is a very dangerous quality to possess in Arkham.

JENNY

I can take care of myself.

DARRELL

Yes, I'm sure that's been your defining trait all your life. And I'm just as sure that once you give yourself enough time to get to know this place, you will once again possess that oh-so-precious ability. But for now, you need me.



Jenny laughs incredulously.

JENNY

You!?

She slides off the bed and stands before him.

JENNY

You are nothing but a little boy,  
playing with pointy knives and  
pointy words.

DARRELL

This is no ordinary dagger, I  
assure you.

JENNY

I want nothing from you.

DARRELL

Well unfortunately for you, Ms.  
Barnes, I believe you owe me at  
least fifteen minutes in exchange  
for saving your life.

Jenny struggles to find a loophole, but fails.

JENNY

Fine.

DARRELL

Excellent. Now, get your clothes  
on. Dressed like that, you make a  
striking witch.

JENNY

Excuse me?!

DARRELL

Never mind...

INT. NEWSPAPER - OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Darrell leads Jenny to the back of the room, past a number of cubicles. The entire office is plain and practical, the conditions suitable but leaving much to be desired. Darrell unlocks a door labeled "DARK ROOM."

Darrell steps inside but Jenny remains just outside the threshold. Frozen in place, she stares into the dark abyss. It almost seems as if the darkness is reaching for her.

DARRELL  
Jenny? You okay?

No answer. He takes a step towards her.

DARRELL  
No tricks. I promise.

JENNY  
For your sake, I sure hope not.

They move into the

DARK ROOM.

Darrell flicks on the house lights. Still attached to three lines of string are the dozens of pictures. But this time, their content is all too visible.

Monsters of all kinds - human-like, flying, creepy-crawly, and all the other traditional monsters - seem to mock Jenny and Darrell in their current, untouchable state.

Jenny has little time to process the horror before her when Darrell joins her side.

DARRELL  
This is what we're dealing with.  
This is Arkham.

Darrell pulls out his camera and takes a snapshot of Jenny's stunned expression. The flash ignites an immediate fire in Jenny and she goes for Darrell's jugular. He (barely) manages to hold her back.

JENNY  
You sonofabitch! Give me that camera!

DARRELL  
Hey! Relax!

When Darrell's satisfied that Jenny's rage has run its course, he lets her go. Darrell hands her the photo.

DARRELL  
It's for you, okay? Consider it a souvenir.

He gets up close until they're face-to-face.

DARRELL  
For the next time you have the  
audacity to call me a 'little boy.'

Instead of arguing, Jenny heads straight for the door.

DARRELL  
Wait!

JENNY  
I've given you your fifteen.

DARRELL  
Jenny, please!

She stops, but refuses to face him.

DARRELL  
As much as I hate to admit it, I  
need you.

JENNY  
I belong to no one.

DARRELL  
Not like that.

JENNY  
What, then?

DARRELL  
You're strong. You took down that  
Ghast earlier like it was nothing.  
And that baggage you're carrying,  
no matter how heartbreaking, is an  
asset.

Jenny turns her head a little, in Darrell's direction. Still  
no eye-contact.

JENNY  
What could you possibly need me  
for?

DARRELL  
Let me introduce you to a friend of  
mine. He can explain it better than  
I can.

Jenny thinks about it.

DARRELL  
Will you come with me?

Jenny finally meets Darrell's gaze, the smallest ounce of sympathy beginning to form.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - NIGHT

Darrell and Jenny's FOOTSTEPS echo on the marble floors as they make their to the back.

The courthouse is at once enormous and elegant. The oak pews, like new, still have a gloss to them, and lady justice has been carved into each of the four wooden ceiling arches. The judge's seat overlooks the entire room, but is currently empty.

The peaceful silence is suddenly disturbed by a BLOOD-CURLING HOWL that fills the room. Jenny slows to a stop, but Darrell takes her arm and continues to lead her.

JENNY

What was that?

DARRELL

Looks like George found himself a friend.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The honorable GEORGE BARNABY, 52 but impressively built for his age, stands before a CHAINED MAN. Bound by his arms and legs to two thick metal poles, the man is naked except for underwear. Red, oozing marks cover his body and he looks into George's eyes, panting.

George is marked by his dark eyes and surprising strength. Arkham's Judge for many years, George has his own twisted ideas about justice, and unique methods of punishment.

A small grin curls George's lips as he swings a large whip back behind his head and slashes it down on the man's body. The man HOWLS again.

DARRELL

George!

But Darrell's call is lost in the man's cry. Jenny watches from the door in horror as Darrell continues towards George.

GEORGE

Pain is the greatest evil, Saint Augustine once said.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)  
But I think he might just have re-evaluated that statement if he had met the likes of you!

As he speaks, George slips some brass knuckles on. He slams his fist into the man's face.

DARRELL  
GEORGE!

He finally catches George's attention, and George turns his head.

GEORGE  
Ah, Darrell!

He spots Jenny at the back.

GEORGE  
And a lady! My apologies for the current state of things! Who might you be?

Darrell turns to Jenny and beckons her over.

DARRELL  
It's alright.

Jenny reluctantly makes her across the room and George looks her over.

GEORGE  
You are absolutely exquisite, my dear. I'm George Barnaby. I am Arkham's judge. And you are?

Jenny swallows a lump of fear.

JENNY  
Jenny Barnes, your honour.

George takes Jenny's hand and kisses it.

GEORGE  
Thank you for the sentiment. But there is little honour left to be found in these parts. Especially here.

JENNY  
What are you doing to that man?

George raises an eyebrow.

GEORGE

Man?

George turns back towards the chained man and moves quickly towards him, pulling out a knife. Jenny's eyes go wide.

JENNY

Oh my God.

George drives the knife into the man's gut and he CRIES once more.

GEORGE

Hey! Look at me.

With his free hand, George lifts the man's face until their eyes meet, and whispers -

GEORGE

Show her what you are.

The man only looks back at George with defiance. He spits in George's face, but it doesn't seem to faze him. George wipes the spit away and steps back.

GEORGE

No? Let's see what we can do about that.

George begins to wail on the man, using nearly every hard part of his body to induce a reaction.

JENNY

NO!

Darrell holds Jenny back.

George takes a break and, finally, the man begins to GROWL, revealing vampiric teeth. The growling becomes louder and louder until it turns to a YELL. George steps back a safe distance.

Suddenly, the man spontaneously combusts. His whole body is on fire but yet, he does not suffer. The man is a FIRE VAMPIRE. He dashes towards George but doesn't get far, the chains holding him back. Then, without warning, the vampire soars off the ground, testing the limits, and strength, of the chains yet again. It flies towards the ceiling with all its might but still cannot break its bonds. Defeated, it extinguishes itself and returns to the ground, falling to its knees.

DARRELL

Enough of this, George.

In a volume audible only to himself -

GEORGE  
It's never enough...

George pulls out another weapon - a stake - and stabs the fire vampire in the heart. It bursts into ashes, gone within an instant.

For a moment, the room is completely silent. Then, George rejoins the others. He turns to Jenny.

GEORGE  
I apologize if that frightened you.  
But the harsh reality usually is.  
What you just witnessed was the  
execution of a special kind of  
demon - a fire vampire. It defies  
the very nature of a traditional  
vampire but yet, it exists. But  
like all monsters, they share one  
common trait. They feed on  
destruction.

JENNY  
What did it know?

GEORGE  
I beg your pardon?

JENNY  
I assume you were torturing it for  
some kind of information.

George and Darrell exchange a quick, unamused glance.

GEORGE  
Young lady, monsters possess many  
things, but information is not one  
of them. I simply like to take my  
time -

DARRELL  
- Where as I, on the other hand,  
don't like to take my chances.

GEORGE  
What's the point of living if we  
don't take the time to enjoy the  
little things?

JENNY  
What is this? The two of you?

GEORGE

Not much at the moment, I'm afraid.  
Recruitment's been a touch slow.

JENNY

Recruitment?

DARRELL

Jenny, there's so much you have to  
learn about this town.

JENNY

I think your pictures did a fine  
job of filling in all the blanks,  
Mr. Simmons.

GEORGE

(smiles)

You showed her.

DARRELL

It is important that you understand  
why Arkham has become overrun with  
these creatures. This place... it's  
like a magnet for them. We don't  
know how, or why, but we do know  
that they never stop coming. There  
is something here that is allowing  
monsters to invade our town.

GEORGE

Yes, and the numbers continue to  
grow every day. There is only so  
much that the two of us can do.

JENNY

Then why don't you give the police  
a call? Because being a judge does  
not give you the right to kill  
whoever you want.

GEORGE

'Whatever' would be the correct  
term, my dear. And the police have  
absolutely no interest in what goes  
bump in the night.

JENNY

So you want me to join your little  
vigilante group?



GEORGE

You may not care what happens to this little town of ours, but it may interest you to know that if we lose this fight, if we lose Arkham, it won't be long before the entire world falls into darkness.

DARRELL

Jenny, I don't know why you've come or how long you intend to stay, but if anything ever mattered more than your personal stake, it's this. We need you. Will you join us?

Jenny looks between the two men, a serious decision before her. Finally, she takes a step back, shaking her head.

JENNY

I can't.

Jenny flees. After she's gone -

DARRELL

Damnit... We needed her, George.

GEORGE

And we might have her yet...

EXT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny bolts up the steps and into the house.

INT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She SLAMS the door behind her a little too loudly. She takes a moment to let everything sink in.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Still lost in thought, Jenny sits at the edge of the bed. She slides her suitcase out from under it and retrieves the same envelope from before.

Jenny has a FLASHBACK.

INT. STUDIO - PARIS - DAY

Not long ago, Jenny sits across from a canvas, painting, minus her hat. She paints nothing in particular. Just lines of color. But there's a small smile warming her face.

Jenny is completely content. TWO FEMALE ARTISTES slide up behind her, swooning over Jenny's amateur art. Jenny tilts her head to exchange kisses on the cheek with one of the women, while the other hands Jenny a champagne flute.

They toast, and down the champagne in one gulp.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny unfolds the letter. As she reads it, the tears immediately begin to flow. When she finishes, she sets the letter aside, but the tears are far from over.

Jenny allows herself a completely unguarded, emotional breakdown.

INT. DARRELL'S HOME - NIGHT

Darrell enters, closing the door with slightly more tact than Jenny. He moves through the dark house, decorated with dozens of small plants, family photos, a curio cabinet and other knick-knacks.

Clearly the home of a woman.

Darrell quietly opens another door and enters his

BEDROOM.

With just enough room, Darryl slides inside assassin-like - completely silent. Still facing the door, he closes it behind him and turns. He does a double-take, GASPING.

Moonlight pours in from a bedside window, silhouetting a SMALL FIGURE. The figure sits at the side of the bed, facing the window.

DARRELL  
(under his breath)  
For Christ's sake...

Darrell switches on a lamp and moves around to the far side of the bed. He kneels before an elderly woman, his MOTHER (early sixties).

His mother appears almost catatonic as she stares out into the moonlight, barely even blinking. Darrell softly rubs her legs over top a plain dressing gown, but she still shows no signs of awareness.

DARRELL

Jesus, Mommy - 30 odd years and  
you're still the scariest thing  
I've ever seen.

Still no response.

DARRELL

Why are you here? This isn't your  
room, anymore. Remember?

MOTHER

Did you get 'em?

DARRELL

Not this time.

Darrell stands and slowly guides his mother to her feet. He leads her to the door.

DARRELL

Let's get you back into bed.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - RIVERTOWN - NIGHT

A light fog rolls along the uneven ground of the Arkham cemetery. George trudges along past hundreds of graves stones, carrying an unlit torch. Finally, he reaches a small, family mausoleum.

Engraved above the door is the family name: "Barnaby."

INT. BARNABY MAUSOLEUM - CONTINUOUS

The thick stone door leaves no other option but a LOUD SLAMMING as it shuts tight. For a moment, all is dark until George ignites the torch.

In the middle of the room are four stone coffins. George touches the first three in turn, revealing the names "Martha Barnaby 1877-1923," "Constance Barnaby 1913-1923," and "Joseph Barnaby 1917-1923."

George stops, his hand still on Joseph's coffin. His bottom lip begins to tremble, but George keeps his emotions in check. When he's had his moment, George moves to the wall and slides the torch into a holder. Afterwards, he moves to the final coffin, his own, and uses all his might to slide the top off - just enough for him to climb inside

HIS COFFIN.

George lies down and slides the lid back in place. As he's plunged into complete darkness, he has a MEMORY.

INT. BARNABY KITCHEN - DAY - FLASHBACK - CIRCA 1923

Bright sunlight pours into the small kitchen. George enters, a leather bag slung over his shoulder and a stack of legal documents in hand.

MARTHA BARNABY stands motionless by the sink full of soapy water and dirty dishes. George moves up behind her and places a hand on her shoulder.

Martha slowly turns to face George. Her eyes are strangely empty.

GEORGE

Martha?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GEORGE'S COFFIN - NIGHT

The FLASHBACK ENDS but the rest still plays out in George's head.

Sounds of TISSUE RIPPING AND ORGANS BURSTING are followed by -

GEORGE (V.O.)

MARTHA!

George squeezes his eyes shut and a single tear runs down his cheek.

INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Under the covers now, Jenny looks up at the ceiling. She struggles to keep her eyes open but they soon fall closed and she immediately begins to drift into DREAM.

EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK - CIRCA 1907

A BLONDE GIRL (age 4) giggles as she runs from her pursuer (unseen).

BLONDE GIRL  
Come get me!

The FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. DARRELL'S ROOM - CONTINUING

Fast asleep, Darrell tosses and turns as he has a NIGHTMARE.

INT. SIMMONS HOME - MORNING - CIRCA 1900

Christmas morning. Darrell (age 6) sits under the tree reading a thick book, a mess of wrapping and tissue paper scattered around him. His mother joins him, holding another present.

MOTHER  
Sweetheart, there's one more.

DARRELL  
For me?

She nods, and hands the present to him. Darrell quickly unwraps the gift, revealing a small, square box. He looks up at his mother, who only continues to nod, and opens the box. Darrell SCREAMS. A severed head is inside.

Darrell looks up at his mother, now appearing as she is in 1926. She sits on a rocking chair, in her near-catatonic state, off to the side.

Suddenly, she whips her head in Darrell's direction.

The NIGHTMARE ENDS.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS - SUNRISE

The scenic outskirts of Arkham provide a seemingly-endless field, where a sliver of sun forms on the horizon. As the sun rises, it's light quickly becomes overwhelming.

Day has come.

INT. DARRELL'S HOME - BASEMENT - MORNING

The morning light has barely found its way into the dank, sparse basement. In the center of the room, Darrell has constructed a small weight/training room.

In nothing but slim-fitting pants, Darrell completes a series of pull-ups, using an iron bar affixed to the ceiling. Darrell faces the small, ground-level window. A dark grimace never leaves his face.

Darrell takes a break and wipes his forehead with a small towel. After tossing back a glass of water, he continues. As he stares out into the backyard, he begins to visualize a TRAUMATIC MEMORY, seen only in quick flashes.

1. A tall, burly FIGURE wearing a trench coat enters

DARREL'S FOYER - CIRCA 1909

2. He quarrels with Darrel's father. The figure pins him down and raises a sharp dagger.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUING

Soon, Darrell's pull-ups, and breathing, begin to quicken. Unaware of the strain on his now-bulging muscles, Darrell ignores the burn and carries on.

The visions continue with Darrell manifesting himself in the scene. In this

DARK ROOM

The figure stands on the opposite end - waiting. Taunting. Darrel charges the figure and drives a fist through its gut, completely eviscerating it.

BACK IN THE BASEMENT

Darrell cries out in pain and lets go of the bar. He hits the ground and struggles to catch his breath.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Completely dressed, Darrell enters. Mother sits at the kitchen table, staring out into the yard.

Darrell watches her take a sip of coffee, and smiles.

DARRELL

Ma, you made coffee. That's great.

MOTHER

I can do some things right, you know.

Darrell grabs a mug and begins to pour himself a cup.

DARRELL

You remembered to throw out the old filter?

MOTHER

Hm?

Darrell takes one sip and barely keeps it down. He flips open the coffee maker top and sighs when he sees the double-brewed beans.

DARRELL

Oh, Ma...

He rushes over to Mother, barely stopping her from taking another sip of the murky, gritty coffee.

MOTHER

What's the matter?

Darrell smiles, gently taking her hand. She jumps a little, but fights the instinct to yank her hand away.

DARRELL

Nothing. We'll make some more later. Let's take a walk.

Mother smiles and looks back out the window.

MOTHER

Isn't it beautiful?

Darrell helps his mother up and leads her towards the door.

MOTHER

Where will we go?

DARRELL

Let's go see dad.

## INT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - MORNING

Ma leads Jenny on the tour of the house, as promised. They descend towards the ground floor.

MA

You've already seen the upstairs. Bedrooms and bathroom. Bathroom's first-come-first-serve. And don't be takin' all day, either.

JENNY

Got it.

MA

And I'm sure I don't have to tell you that the other bedrooms are off-limits.

JENNY

And yet, there it is...

Ma stops.

MA

Hey! No sassback! I heard all the commotion last night! Big Bill don't look to good this morning.

JENNY

He come and tatttle to you? "Oh Ma! The new girl hurt me!" "Oh, sweetheart - tell me where it hurts!"

MA

He didn't say nothing. I could feel the whole house move when he hit the floor. Thought it was an earthquake.

Ma smiles.

MA

Let's continue. Sittin' room's on the left...

## THE SITTING ROOM

contains a couple of moth-eaten couches on each end of a chipped, wooden coffee table, an old fireplace, two armchairs and a radio.



MA

Radio still works fine. Heard of those new television thinga-ma-bobs they got in the works? Maybe we'll get one of them one day.

The continue on.

MA

Kitchen's up ahead. We don't got no dining room, so we do our eating in here. I make all the meals. Better than any pub in town. And don't you dare say otherwise!

THE KITCHEN

is no more promising, with only the barest of necessities - a fridge, stove, and a table large enough to seat eight.

MA

Breakfast's at eight, lunch at one, and dinner at five.

They reach a small

HALLWAY BEHIND THE STAIRWELL.

MA

Linen closet's at the end. Don't go rummaging through there. I got it all organized. Just let me know what you need, and I'll see what I can do.

Jenny turns her head to the right, and her eyes stop on a door underneath the stairwell. For a long moment she just stares at the mysterious door, tuning everything else out.

MA

That's about it.

JENNY

Where does that door lead?

MA

What?

JENNY

That door? Under the stairs...

MA

Leads to the cellar. I don't  
stockpile, so I have no use for it.

Even Ma can tell that Jenny has an interest in the cellar door. She takes a step closer to Jenny and lowers her voice a little.

MA

I'm only gonna' say this once,  
missy. You don't need to go down  
there. Not ever. You understand?

Jenny finally breaks her gaze with the door and turns to Ma. She sneaks a quick look at the silver key around Ma's neck.

JENNY

Won't be a problem.

MA

Good. I best be gettin' started on  
breakfast. I suggest you return to  
your room. Nothing's open yet  
anyhow...

Ma leaves without another word and Jenny follows suit. Jenny deliberately takes it slow until Ma's out of sight, and then returns to the cellar door.

She reaches for the handle and gently turns it. The door is locked.

EXT. ARKHAM STREETS - RIVERTOWN - DAY

Darrell leads his mother down the empty street, their arms intertwined. A light breeze ruffles mother's hair but otherwise, she seems to be enjoying herself.

MOTHER

Your father and I used to take  
walks like this all the time.

DARRELL

I know.

MOTHER

You came along sometimes.

DARRELL

Every time.

She seems to be putting the pieces together in her mind.

MOTHER  
And the last time...

They turn into the front yard of a quaint home. Darrell knocks but there's no answer. He waits a few moments and then tries again. Still nothing.

DARRELL  
(under his breath)  
Not again, George...

MOTHER  
Why have we stopped? Where are we?

DARRELL  
Sorry, mother.

They leave, and turn the corner onto a more populated street. Mother continues her attempts to sort things out in her mind, unaware that the two are now among a handful of CITIZENS going about their daily routines.

As Darrell and Mother pass the General Store, an OBLIVIOUS MAN accidentally bumps Mother and she SHRIEKS.

MOTHER  
It's him!

Darrell struggles to calm her down as he forcibly keeps her in motion.

DARRELL  
No, Mom - it's just a man!

MOTHER  
It's a trick! He's an interloper!

Darrell pulls her in close.

DARRELL  
It's okay. Just keep walking.

Mother is now very aware of her surroundings as they continue on. Mother surveys every person in sight, and her imagination tricks her into seeing them as all wearing trench coats.

A small wail of agony escapes her mouth as she grips Darrell tightly.

DARRELL  
Just another minute. We're almost there. It'll be nice and quiet.

But another PASSER-BY gets too close and Mother SHRIEKS again in terror, escaping from Darrell's grasp and fleeing across the street into the graveyard.

DARRELL

Ma!

INT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jenny enters the kitchen where numerous TENANTS have already taken their seat around the table. Ma finishes serving perfectly-cooked bacon and delectable scrambled eggs with a side of crisp toast onto the last plate. She exchanges a quick glance with Jenny as she moves to the sink.

MA

Don't be shy. Pull up a chair.

Ma drops the pan into the sink and takes a seat at the head of the table. Jenny follows suit and the group begins to eat.

MA

Let me introduce you. They probably won't acknowledge you while they're eating. In fact, they'd probably prefer it if you didn't bother 'em at all.

Jenny takes in each house guest in turn as Ma makes introductions.

MA

This here's Thomas, Warren, Louis, Gary and, finally, Luna. Apparently that means 'moon.' Who in their right mind would name their child after a hunk of rock!?

THOMAS, WARREN and LOUIS (all late twenties) are virtually indistinguishable, with sad, lifeless eyes - the eyes of the "working man." It's all they can do to GRUNT in acknowledgement. LUNA, by comparison, stands out like black on yellow. She even goes to the trouble of exchanging a curious glance with Jenny. Jenny nods, and Luna quickly drops her gaze.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS sound from above and begin descending soon after.

MA

That must be Bill.

BIG BILL enters and stops dead in his tracks the moment he spots Jenny. He tries to inconspicuously cover up his black eye as he takes a seat opposite Jenny. Bill immediately begins shoveling food into his mouth.

MA

Bill, it seems you've already made acquaintances with our newest tenant.

BILL

Guess so...

Ma finishes first and drops her plate in the sink.

MA

Everything goes in the sink when you're done. I'll do 'em up later.

Ma leaves, but quickly reappears moments later.

MA

One more thing. I take my afternoon nap at two in the sitting room. You'll keep outta' there from two to three if you know what's good for you.

EXT. RIVERTOWN GRAVEYARD - DAY

Darrell moves past tombstones, grave markers and the like, towards his mother who kneels before a grave. She cries silently. Darrell reaches her, and places a hand on her shoulder.

The grave is marked "Edward Simmons, 1875 - 1900"

MOTHER

I sometimes have this strange desire to come here, except I can never remember why. But as soon as my shoes touch the grass, then I know.

DARRELL

I've been meaning to bring you here more often. Things keep coming up, I guess.

MOTHER

Life's always full of surprises. I know my memory's mostly gone. But not that day. Never that day.

DARRELL

Me too.

MOTHER

It's funny how we forget the things  
- the ones - we cherish most. But  
the things we wish we could  
erase...

They share a moment of silence. Then -

DARRELL

Will you be alright if I leave you  
for a moment?

She nods and Darrell takes off towards a George's mausoleum.

INT. GEORGE'S COFFIN - DAY

George still lies in the coffin, DREAMING.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT - DREAM

THREE SHADOWY FIGURES step out of the darkness. Although much  
is blurred and distorted, it is apparent that the trio is in  
some sort of town square. The streets around them are dimly  
lit.

A HORDE OF SHADOWY FIGURES hurries towards them. Slowly, the  
vision becomes clearer. Just as it's about to make sense, the  
SCRAPING of stone rips George from his vision -

GEORGE'S COFFIN

Soft daylight hits George's face. He begins blinking to clear  
his eyes and soon after, Darrell is visible hovering over.

DARRELL

Again, George?

GEORGE

I do my best thinking here.

DARRELL

You're here more nights than you're  
home!

GEORGE

Everything I've ever considered  
'home' is here.

(MORE)

GEORGE (cont'd)  
And besides, the quiet helps me  
think. You disturbed me.

DARRELL  
Forgive me, oh great one. See  
anything?

GEORGE  
I was about to. But no matter. I  
think I know where they'll be.

DARRELL  
They?

GEORGE  
Oh yeah... A lot of 'em. Fifteen?  
Twenty? Maybe more.

DARRELL  
And we're only...

He pretends to "crunch the numbers," using his fingers.

DARRELL  
...Five or six short?

GEORGE  
Or maybe only one.

DARRELL  
I appreciate your optimism, George,  
but I don't know how we're going to  
sway her in time.

GEORGE  
All the words in the world won't  
sway even the least stubborn of us.  
But spend a day or two in this  
town... and I imagine just about  
anyone's mind can be changed. It's  
our nature, you know... to fight.  
And all it takes is hope... for  
something better.

INT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Ma is fast asleep in an armchair, lightly snoring. Jenny  
tiptoes into the room, and after confirming Ma's state, moves  
in. Suddenly, Ma moves in her sleep. As she settles, she  
subconsciously grabs the key at the end of the chain.

Jenny remains frozen to the spot, unsure of her next move.

JENNY  
C'mon, grandma...

Jenny waits a while longer and soon after Ma rolls over again, releasing the key. Jenny sighs and slowly reaches for the key. Just as she's about to grab it, she's pulled into the

HALLWAY.

Jenny stands face-to-face with Luna.

LUNA  
What are you doing!?

Jenny pushes Luna off of her.

JENNY  
Get off of me! None of your business.

LUNA  
Well, if it involved getting yourself thrown out than I apologize for ruining your ridiculous plan.

JENNY  
God, I hate women...

LUNA  
Do you really think you could've gotten that key without waking her? Let alone using it and returning it?

JENNY  
I need that key.

LUNA  
Why?

JENNY  
Again - none of your business.

LUNA  
Is it because of her?

Jenny stops, her interest piqued. But just to be sure -

JENNY  
Who?



LUNA  
So you're Jenny.

JENNY  
Great one, Nostradamus. I guess  
someone was paying attention at  
breakfast, after all.

LUNA  
No - Jenny *Barnes*. She talked about  
you a lot.

JENNY  
WHO!?

LUNA  
Isabelle.

Luna now has her in rapt attention.

JENNY  
You knew Isabelle?

LUNA  
Ma forgot to mention I've been here  
for almost ten years. So yes, I  
knew Isabelle.

Jenny tries to process the information.

JENNY  
Oh my God...

LUNA  
Figured the trail would be cold by  
now, didn't you? Turns out you have  
a lead. But I'm not going to help  
you if you try another stupid move  
like that.

JENNY  
Where is she?

LUNA  
Not now.

Jenny's volume begins to rise.

JENNY  
Where is she!?

LUNA

Keep your voice down. Listen - we didn't keep in touch after she left, but things had gotten pretty bad. There was a darkness in her that wasn't there when she arrived.

JENNY

What happened to her?

Luna starts towards the door.

LUNA

I'll tell you everything I know, but not now.

JENNY

Wait -

LUNA

- I'm already late. I'll be back tonight. I'm sure you'll wait up for me?

She opens the door, and turns back to Jenny once more.

LUNA

And for what it's worth... you might want to be careful about who you bring home.

Jenny just watches her go, in stunned silence.

EXT. HORIZON - SUNSET

The same field. It falls into an eerie darkness as the sun sets.

EXT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

Jenny exits, but stops short when she sees Darrell at the gate, smoking a cigarette. She rolls her eyes and continues on past Darrell.

DARRELL

You think about what I said?

JENNY

Not too hard. Us women get headaches, you know...

Darrell takes off after her, but at a leisurely pace. Jenny easily pulls away.

DARRELL

I meant it. We need you.

Jenny stops and faces him. There's still distance between the two.

JENNY

For what, exactly? What could the two of you be so incapable of that you need me? You want me to hold them back while you beat the living daylights out of them? That it?

DARRELL

That sounds a lot like working *for* us.

JENNY

You figured that, too?

Jenny shakes her head and continues on. Darrell doesn't move.

JENNY

Not interested.

DARRELL

What about working *with* us?

Jenny stops one last time, but doesn't turn.

DARRELL

The Newspaper. We leave at nine.

Jenny continues on.

EXT. MERCHANT DISTRICT - RIVER DOCKS - NIGHT

Small booths line the River Docks, each containing MERCHANTS selling imported goods and curiosities. A FEW SHOPPERS take their time admiring the items while the merchants attempt to upsell their merchandise.

Jenny takes her time as she moves along the docks, paying no attentions to the heckling merchants.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NEWSPAPER - OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Darrell and George arm themselves for battle.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. RIVER DOCKS - NIGHT

At the end of the booths stands a YOUNG PROSTITUTE, not much younger than Jenny, in tattered clothes. As MEN pass by, she fails to seduce them and each shrugs her off in turn. Jenny sees the display and stops to watch.

The area around her now clear, the prostitute pulls her worn shawl tightly around her, practically shivering. Standing there, vulnerable and alone, she makes for quite a heartbreaking tableau.

Soon after, the prostitute senses eyes on her and turns in Jenny's direction. It may be dark, but the woman's face immediately triggers Jenny's MEMORY.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY - FLASHBACK

In Boston, circa 1921, JENNY (20) pokes her head out of a train window. Her gloved hands are outstretched as they grip another pair.

But then the train pulls away, leaving a BLONDE WOMAN (20) alone on the platform. Jenny waves from the train, and a few tears roll down the young woman's cheeks.

END FLASHBACK.

MERCHANT DISTRICT

The prostitute bares some resemblance to the young woman on the platform. The chance they could be one and the same is enough to send Jenny flying towards her.

But the prostitute is quick to react, and dashes away.

EXT. NORTHSIDE STREETS - CONTINUING

Jenny chases the prostitute into the Northside streets, and the train station soon pulls into view.

A LARGE CROWD makes for the perfect escape, but just before the prostitute loses herself in the crowd, Jenny catches up and whips her hand out, slapping it around the prostitute's wrist like a handcuff.

The prostitute CRIES OUT as Jenny grips the girl's shoulders and spins her around. Finally, Jenny gets a good look at her. In the light, the similarities are no longer as striking.

JENNY

God damnit...

Completely disheartened, Jenny fails to anticipate the wad of spit that comes flying right at her. It hits her cheek, and Jenny releases her grip just enough for the prostitute to wriggle away. She takes off again but Jenny doesn't follow.

Jenny takes a moment to let the disappointment wash over her. She turns and finds herself facing the Newspaper, in the distance. The lights are still on.

Soon after, the ROARING of a train sounds behind Jenny as it pulls into the station.

Jenny considers the choice before her.

INT. NEWSPAPER - OFFICE AREA - NIGHT

Darrell sits with his feet up, watching the clock. George moves up behind him.

GEORGE

It's almost time.

He continues towards the door, and Darrell shakes his head, muttering -

DARRELL

Damn you, Barnes...

Finally, Darrell stands and is met at the door by Jenny. An awkward moment of silence passes.

GEORGE

Ms. Barnes, what a surprise.

JENNY

Good. You're still here.

DARRELL

You almost missed us.

JENNY

Figured I might help out a little.  
After all, you're both grossly  
overconfident. Ego will get you  
killed.

Darrell smiles.

DARRELL

And you're here to fix that?  
Typical woman.

JENNY

I think I could bring a little  
perspective.

Jenny smiles back.

GEORGE

(hastily)

Perspective that is sorely needed.  
Now, let's go. Hurry, hurry.

Jenny and Darrell exchange one last glance before following  
George out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The HORDE OF MANIACS charges the trio. George, Darrell and  
Jenny whip out their weapons and open fire, slaughtering  
every last one of the heard.

It's a complete massacre. Blood and limbs fly everywhere and  
bodies hit the ground one-by-one.

As the guns go off, a small grin curls Jenny's lips.

CUT TO:

LATER.

The trio finishes piling the last of the corpses in a huge  
heap in the middle of the street. An assortment of limbs  
stick out every which way.

GEORGE

Well done, all. Fine job, indeed!

JENNY

What were these things? Zombies?

GEORGE

Not quite. Zombies bare deformities, but these men are nearly human. They're Maniacs, Jenny, but the insanity that drives them is anything but natural. They were made this way.

JENNY

Why?

GEORGE

Same reason as always. Some malevolent purpose. We may never know who sent them.

DARRELL

Emphasis on 'never,' because to date we still have zero on the people behind this.

George pauses for, perhaps, too long of a moment.

GEORGE

Yes...

Jenny takes another look at the finished heap.

JENNY

What now? I say we burn them.

GEORGE

Can you imagine the smell this town would wake up to? No, we won't burn them.

DARRELL

We can't just leave them like this, George?

GEORGE

That's exactly what we can do.

DARRELL

George... You know I don't like that smile. What are you thinking?

GEORGE

I'm thinking that this might be a fine opportunity to open up some eyes.

DARRELL

That could be dangerous. And you said it yourself - these aren't exactly monsters.

GEORGE

Baby steps, my boy. Even the most blissful ignorance can't withstand a strong slap in the face. I think a score of mutilated bodies should do the trick, don't you?

George takes off. Darrell and Jenny trail behind.

DARRELL

Well I guess that's that.

JENNY

What do you mean?

DARRELL

Grandpa always gets the final word around here. Feel free to refer to him as 'Almighty God.'

GEORGE

I heard that!

Darrell smiles.

DARRELL

I've never met someone as stubborn in my entire life.

JENNY

I get the feeling George is the type of man who could get blood from a stone if he set his mind to it.

DARRELL

Oh, he's made that claim before.

Jenny feigns surprise.

JENNY

What sorcery is this?

DARRELL

Don't get your hopes up. He just cracks a head open and shows you the stone.

Jenny laughs.



DARRELL  
So you do laugh.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER rings in Jenny's ears, and her smile quickly fades. Darrell sees this and goes silent.

EXT. RIVERTOWN STREETS - LATER

They reach George's house and stop just outside the picket fence.

GEORGE  
We'll meet in my chambers tomorrow morning. We'll see just how quickly news travels.

DARRELL  
Tomorrow then. Goodnight.

GEORGE  
Goodnight.

Jenny nods and she and Darrell continue on.

DARRELL  
Let me walk you home.

Jenny doesn't object.

EXT. MA'S BOARDING HOUSE - LATER

Darrell walks Jenny to the front door. An awkward silence passes.

DARRELL  
Well, goodnight.

Jenny watches him go. Then -

JENNY  
Wait.

Darrell turns back around.

JENNY  
There's something I need to show you.

## INT. JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darrell closes the door and Jenny takes a seat on the bed. She grabs the wobbly desk chair and uses her foot to slide it over to Darrell.

DARRELL

Thanks.

Darrell sits and Jenny pulls out the letter from her belongings. She hands it to him.

DARRELL

What is it?

JENNY

Just read it.

Darrell unfolds it and reads.

DARRELL

"If you're reading this, then there's still a chance for me. A chance for me to live. But I can't do it without you. Jenny... it's coming for me. It's closing in, and I don't know if I'll be able to fight it. You're my only chance at surviving this horror. This town... it's getting ready to swallow me whole. Please come. As soon as you possibly can. Help me. - Isabelle"

Darrell turns his gaze to Jenny.

DARRELL

Jenny, I don't understand... What is this?

JENNY

You wanted to know why I came to Arkham? I'm here to find my sister.

## EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

A run-down pickup truck pulls up slowly, stopping just short of the bodies. The headlights are extremely dim, as if they've deliberately been made that way.

Suddenly, the lamp lights start to go off, one-by-one, until the street is entirely cloaked in darkness.

TEN MEN jump off the back of the truck and head towards the pile. From out of the front seat, a WOMAN (early twenties) emerges. She is tall and lean, and her raven black hair flows past her shoulders.

Everything about her is flawless and magnificent: her figure, her pale complexion - her entire *essence*. No man could possibly resist the temptation to devour her with an unparalleled hunger.

The DARK-HAIRED WOMAN wears a masquerade-style mask, concealing her true identity.

END.