

SHADOWS

written by

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INT. PATIENT BEDROOM - PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

JOHN, 35, rugged, weary.

He sits on his bed, hugging his knees, teeth chattering.

His eyes are closed tight.

An empty bed sits on the other side of the room.

INT. HALLWAY

ORDERLY #1 stalks the halls, peaks into every doorway.

INT. PATIENT BEDROOM

He reaches John's room. Knocks.

ORDERLY #1  
Lights out, John.

John breathes a sigh of relief, but his eyes remain closed.

ORDERLY #1 (CONT'D)  
You ready?

JOHN  
Please.

Orderly #1 flicks the switch. Shuts the door.

John opens his eyes.

Darkness.

He smiles to himself. Snickers.

A light pierces through the window from the courtyard.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
No!

He leaps from his bed, yanks the curtains together.

Light still creeps from the perimeter of the curtains.

He glances to the empty bed across the room. Squints.

A silhouette, a SHADOW, towers over it from the wall.

Sinister giggles fill the air.



He stuffs it into the crack.

He stands up and steps back.

A beam of light from the peephole on the door shoots through the room like a laser.

He slaps his hand over it, looks around.

Coast is clear.

He notices a drawing that he did on his bureau.

He takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, runs to the bureau.

He hits his knee on it so hard that the lamp almost falls.

JOHN

Argh!

The lamp wobbles back and forth, back and forth...

He grabs his drawing, jets back to the door, and covers the peephole with it.

Back and forth, back and forth...

The drawing is mostly in dark colors, blacks and grays with heavy shading, but in the center of the picture is a flame.

Back and forth, back and forth...

Coming out of the flame is the shadow, a hideous creature with jagged teeth and conquering eyes.

John watches the lamp. The wobbling becomes less and less.

It leans onto the edge of its base and hangs there for what seems like an eternity.

John stares intently.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on, come on, come on...

The lamp gives way to gravity and tumbles off the bureau.

CRASH!!!

JOHN (CONT'D)

No!

He rushes over to try to clean it up, but the drawing falls to the ground, and the beam of light shines through.

He slams himself back against the door to cover it.

He murmurs an incomprehensible prayer to himself.

Footsteps approach from the hallway.

Closer..

Closer..

The door knob turns.

Orderly #1 tries to open it, but John presses it shut.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

John. What's going on in there?

JOHN

Nothing! Nothing. I swear.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

I heard glass break.

JOHN

It's nothing. I just bumped my knee, that's all. I'm sorry. I'll clean it up. I promise.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

You know I can't let you do that. I can't leave you alone in there with broken shards of glass. Now, let me in or I'll force my way in.

He tries to open it.

John relents at first, and almost allows him, but changes his mind and slams the door.

JOHN

I can't. It's not safe. You need to turn the light out.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

The light is out, John.

JOHN

No. The hallway light. It's not safe with it on.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

I can't do that. Just open the door.

JOHN

No. You need to turn the light off.  
I won't do it.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

Last chance. This is my final  
warning. Open the goddamn door!

JOHN

Turn off the fucking light!!

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

That's it..

The orderly pushes against the door hard. John tries to push back, but he's losing ground.

The orderly gets an arm through the door and tries to grab at John's shirt.

John lunges at the door, crushing the orderly's arm.

John opens it enough for him to pull his arm back out. The orderly falls back and yelps.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help!!

John closes the door again.

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're gonna regret that, John.

JOHN

I'm sorry! Please, I didn't mean  
it!

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

Too late.

John looks around. Grabs one of the broken lamp shards.

He utters another incomprehensible prayer, opens the door,  
and makes a run for it.

INT. HALLWAY

John tries to hop over Orderly #1, who manages to grab him by the pantleg. John trips and falls. He kicks at the orderly's hand to no avail.

He looks up at the ceiling. Winces.

Bright white fluorescent lights.

Blinding. Excruciating. Oppressive.

Orderly #1 still has his pants. John continues to kick, but can't break free. He raises the lamp shard and stabs at the orderly's hand. The orderly yelps and releases his grip.

John springs to his feet, races down the corridor.

The shadow blasts through the door and into the hallway.

It chases him on all fours like a rabid gorilla, zigzagging and moving up and down and across the walls.

ORDERLY #2 steps into the hallway.

John is headed right for him.

ORDERLY #2

Stop!

But John isn't stopping. He's speeding up.

Orderly #2 braces himself.

John barrels right into him. They both go down, but John quickly gets back up and continues to run.

He turns his head to look.

The shadow scurries down the hall. Pounces on Orderly #2.

It claws at his face, wraps its hands around his throat.

John looks toward the end of the hall. A clean exit. He looks back to Orderly #2. He shuffles his feet, trying to decide what to do.

ORDERLY #2 (CONT'D)

Help! Somebody help me!

John runs toward the shadow.

He jumps on its back and wraps his arm around its neck.

JOHN

Let go!

The shadow hisses and growls, but doesn't let go of its grip.

Orderly #2's face is beat red. He's losing consciousness.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I said let go!

A GROUP OF ORDERLIES rushes into the hall. They grab John from behind and try to pry him away.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Stop!

He elbows one in the face, bites another.

He goes to grab the shadow again, but when he looks down he sees that his hands are wrapped around Orderly #2's throat.

He looks up. The shadow stands over him.

Orderly #2 digs his fingernails into John's forearms.

The group of orderlies grabs him again, finally yanking him free. They drag him down the hall.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
It isn't me! You don't understand.

He cries and moans.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Cursed be the light!!

He slides across the bright white tiles.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Cursed be the light!!

They drag him back into his room...

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It breathes life into my shadow!!

...and slam the door shut.

The shadow observes from the end of the hall.