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2 INT. LITTLE THEATRE: LIGHTS OFF OR DIM

2

The main entrance opens spilling light into the room, and Todd enters the room looking around at the array of chairs set out before him. He sighs with a smile and walks past the camera.

He approaches the light panel and flips on the house lights warming the room up.

The room feels much safer now without the spooky feelings from before, but as the camera pans we see that several of the chairs are now out of place. Todd approaches them with a look of confusion and starts to straighten them. As he does the lights begin to turn off again and as he turns to face the panel. Todd freezes and as the camera dollies behind him, a dark figure appears in front of the panel. The figure is darkened, and blends into the background (80% opacity) It turns to look at him, and he calls out, but it walks away into the hall beside it. He approaches to confront them but they are gone. He shakes his head frustrated and turns the lights back on, but is still shaken by the idea.

NIKKIE B. (VO)

Just picture it. Suddenly you're not alone!

3 INT. RECORDING BOOTH: WELL LIT AND COMFORTABLE

3

Nikkie sits in front of her recording booth in comfortable pajamas playing up her "spooky" atmosphere despite there being no camera.

NIKKIE B.

I don't know about you guys, but I wouldn't have stayed after that. Screw it all just cancel everything!

4 INT. LITTLE THEATRE: LIGHTS ON

4

Todd takes the main stage and starts to practice his presentation. A power point is playing behind him. He reads from notecards.

TODD

We all remember a few years back on this very stage Taylor Cobb gave a

lecture on criminology before he was brutally murdered by the man he profiled. I guess he should have done a better job. (Whisper) Pause for laughter.

The presentation behind him clicks off. And Todd turns to face it growing visibly frustrated. The speakers play canned laughter and he spins around looking for who might be messing with his presentation, but no one is there.

5 INT. RECORDING BOOTH: WELL LIT AND COMFORTABLE 5

NIKKIE B.

See like. Why are you even still in there? Whatever money you paid it's not enough. Just leave! It's soooo obvious!

6 INT. LITTLE THEATRE: LIGHTS ON 6

Todd approaches the computer which has gone dark. He rapidly taps the key board and clicks the mouse, but it remains inert. Todd sighs pulling his phone out of his pocket. It will also not turn on. Exasperated he tosses the phone onto the floor and takes his place back onstage.

TODD

I am here to pitch to you, Cobb!
 (He gestures towards the screen with a grand sense of self. This is important to him. He grimaces at the still blank screen. His tone shifts to petty irritation.)
 A biopic about the man who could crack every case, except for the one that cracked him.

Todd sways his arms giving up on reciting his pitch palming his face. He crouches wincing from the emotional pain.

TODD

If it's not one thing it's another.

7 INT. LITTLE THEATRE: LIGHTS OFF 7

Todd Sprints for the main door, but it is locked. Chairs can

be heard scooting and stacking. When Todd turns to face them they have parted to make a pathway up to the stage. A spotlight appears on a microphone. Todd timidly approaches.

NIKKIE B. (VO)

Todd, being an idiot of course followed the light. Honestly you guys I am starting to think he deserved it? Like am I wrong?

Todd takes the microphone.

TODD

H-hello? What do you want from me?

Slowly the dark figure appears beside him entering the frame just enough to see his lips in by Todd's ear.

GHOST

Run.

The spot light turns off and Todd screams

NIKKIE B.

Honestly Todd just seems like a clutz, because he freaks out and trips down the stairs.

Todd is thrown down the stairs tumbling on the ground.

8 INT. RECORDING BOOTH: WELL LIT AND COMFORTABLE 8

NIKKIE B.

Todd describes being attacked by the ghost, which I mean it's a dead guy, honestly what do you think he's gonna do to you?

9 INT. LITTLE THEATRE: LIGHTS OFF 9

Todd tries to run from the ghost who is no longer visible. Chairs fall in front of him causing him to fall again.

NIKKIE B. (VO)

Blah blah blah something about a sprained ankle.

Todd is in visible pain clutching his ankle when a whiteboard can be seen sliding in his direction. Todd pushes himself over but the whiteboard changes course now aimed at his head.

10 INT. RECORDING BOOTH: WELL LIT AND COMFORTABLE 10

NIKKIE B.

Ooooh that actually sounds pretty
bad... In order to stay monetized
we're gonna put a big ol' bandage over
that.

11 INT. LITTLE THEATRE: LIGHTS OFF 11

Todd now with a head bandage with a large red spot on his
forehead shakes himself awake.