

ShadowGirl: Episode One

by
ShadowDog Productions

ShadowDog Productions
shadowdog.productions@gmail.com
www.shadowdogproductions.com

ShadowGirl: Haunting

NARRATOR

ShadowGirl: Haunting, by ShadowDog Productions.

(beat)

1.

(beat)

McKile's apartment was a comfortable 2 bedroom unit that afforded him plenty of room since he technically lived alone.

(beat)

McKile, 25 years old and handsome, was lounging on the sofa, wearing only a tee shirt and shorts. Whisper, a very pretty girl with long dark hair who looked to be about 20 years old, was sitting on the counter between the kitchen and living room. When she spoke she leaned back on the counter and kicked her feet to accentuate her words.

WHISPER

Lisa's a stupid name. It's boring and generic, like David or Richard.

MCKILE

(snarky)

Oh yeah, it would be much better to have retarded parents who think "Whisper" is something cool to name their kid.

WHISPER

At least they were thinking outside the box, jerk.

(retarded voice)

Ooooo, let's open up Star Magazine and see what fruit Paltrow used on her latest kid! Hyuck!

MCKILE

Look, I'm dating her and that's that. If you don't like it then tough titty. It's not like you can be any more annoying that you already are, so what are you going to do about it?

WHISPER

Oh, you really don't want to pull
my bitch card, Mac. I'll go Sparta
on your ass so fast your head'll
spin!

(laughs evilly)

SFX: Whisper's scathing laughter is interrupted by a knock on
the door.

NARRATOR

McKile jumped up and ran to the
door.

WHISPER

(scathing)

Oh, mustn't make her wait!

MCKILE

Do you think you can manage to not
be an ass this time?

WHISPER

(evil)

I'll be good. I promise.

NARRATOR

McKile opened the door to reveal
Lisa. She was very skinny, very
blonde, and very fashionably
dressed.

WHISPER

(muttering, irritated)

Fucking stick insect.

NARRATOR

McKile glared at Whisper, who put
on an innocent face and pointed to
the far wall at a nonexistent bug.

(beat)

Lisa stopped in the middle of the
living room and turned to McKile.

LISA

(suspicious)

You're not dressed.

NARRATOR

McKile glanced down at himself.

MCKILE

Um, yeah I am!

LISA

You're going to the party like that?!

MCKILE

(stupidly)

That's tonight?

NARRATOR

Lisa turns away from him and covers her face in her hands.

LISA

This is not happening. This is not happening!

WHISPER

(giggling hatefully)

Yeah it is. I knew if I kept you distracted with silly small talk, you'd forget all about her stupid little party.

MCKILE

No way!

(quickly)

Look, what time is it oh my God it's already 6:30 okay we can fix this all I need to do is run through the shower I washed my hair last night so that's not too long ago and then I'll throw on my clothes I'll be ready in ten minutes max okay?

NARRATOR

Lisa collapsed into a sitting position on the coffee table. It was a fragile spindly legged thing, but Lisa was so light that it barely wobbled.

LISA

This isn't happening.

WHISPER

You're an Aviation Blonde, aren't you?

SFX: Whisper continues to giggle evilly.

NARRATOR

McKile rushed from the room.

(beat)

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

2.

(beat)

Lisa was sprawled out across McKile's sofa like a limp dishrag. McKile rushed out from his bedroom, freshly showered and dressed in a soft blue sweater and black dress pants. His hair was impeccable and he was spraying cologne in front of him and walking through it as he rushed into the room.

MCKILE

(flustered)

I'm ready!

WHISPER

She called her mother while you were gone.

(beat)

Hey McKile, what does "emotionally parsimonious" mean?

NARRATOR

McKile mouthed the words "shut up" in her direction just as Lisa got up from the sofa.

LISA

(flatly)

We're not going.

NARRATOR

McKile's manic energy drained from him.

(beat)

Her work done, Whisper hopped down from the counter and headed for the bedroom.

WHISPER

(evil)

I'll give you two some privacy.

MCKILE

What do you mean?

NARRATOR

Suddenly, from the bedroom, there came the sound of the TV turning on.

LISA

What was that? Do you have someone here?

MCKILE

No. Um, that was just the TV.

LISA

Turning itself on?

NARRATOR

Lisa brushed rudely past him and headed for the bedroom. McKile followed her.

(beat)

Whisper was laying on the bed watching TV as Lisa entered. She got very amused watching as Lisa searched the bedroom, the adjoining bathroom, and even under the bed.

(beat)

McKile, staying in the doorway, glanced at Whisper as his friend fought giggles.

(beat)

Lisa started checking the closets.

WHISPER

Maybe I'm under the rug, you stupid skeleton.

MCKILE

(snappish)

Maybe this fantasy person is under the rug.

WHISPER

(pissed)

Oh you thieving bitch! Don't use my lines to snark at her!

NARRATOR

McKile's snark worked. Lisa stopped searching and her face reddened.

LISA

(sheepish)

I'm sorry. I - I ... the TV just turned itself on.

WHISPER

You disarmed this snippy feather
with my material! You are such a
punk, McKile.

MCKILE

(irritated)

As I was trying to tell you in the
living room, it does that
sometimes. I think the dude next
door has the same model, so his
remote works on my TV.

LISA

(sheepish)

I'm sorry. I feel horrible for what
I was thinking.

NARRATOR

McKile moved in and pulled her into
an embrace.

MCKILE

And I feel horrible for spacing out
on the party tonight. I know it
meant a lot to you.

SFX: Whisper makes puking sounds.

NARRATOR

Whisper, pretending to vomit,
rushed from the room.

MCKILE

We'll just be fashionably late,
okay? They're probably not even on
the second painting yet, right?
And yours is 6th? We have time to
get there if we leave now.

LISA

Great!

NARRATOR

They headed for the door.

MCKILE

I'm excited to finally see your
extra secret painting.

NARRATOR

3.

SFX: Crowd talking in the background.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

40 people, all dressed better than McKile, were mingling around, talking, eating, and drinking.

(beat)

McKile and Lisa were talking with several people near the front of the room, near the in which a dozen paintings in different styles hung. Harlan Jackson, a cultured man in his mid 50s, was standing in front of a painting of a twisted, messed up looking ghost haunting a young man who looked very suspiciously like McKile.

HARLAN

Is Lisa Morgan here?

NARRATOR

Lisa rushed up and stood next to Harlan. The older man draped an arm over her shoulders in the way a proud father might.

HARLAN

Lisa painted this next piece, entitled "The Past Haunts."

NARRATOR

McKile glared from the painting to Lisa and back again.

HARLAN

Lisa is one of my brightest private art students and this is her first showing.

(beat)

She could really use the support.

NARRATOR

At that, a handful of people headed for a hand carved lush looking wooden box with a slit in the top. They lined up to write a number on a card and drop the card through the slot into the box. Harlan nodded approvingly at this.

HARLAN

Ah, Mr. McKile. What a talented young lady you have here.

MCKILE

Yeah, her work is ... interesting.

NARRATOR

Lisa couldn't meet his eyes.

MCKILE

Thanks so much for your support,
Mr. Jackson. It means so much to
Lisa.

NARRATOR

Harlan smiled at this but wasn't
really paying attention. He caught
someone's eye at the party and
gestured.

HARLAN

Mr. McKile, I believe you used to
be very close with my son.

NARRATOR

An out of shape and depressed
looking 25 year old came out of the
crowd to join them.

PHIL

Holy hell! Mac?

NARRATOR

A look of pure hate flashed across
McKile's face for the briefest
second, then he smiled.

MCKILE

(fake cheer)

Phil! How are you doing, man?

PHIL

What are you doing here?

HARLAN

You used to talk about McKile all
the time, son. And it's such a
unique name that when my dear Lisa
here started talking about her
boyfriend McKile I knew they had to
be the same gentleman.

PHIL

Wow. Small world, huh? So your
girlfriend is one of my Dad's
protegees?

MCKILE

Dude, you said your Dad was a painter and left it at that. You never told me he was one of the 50 greatest living artists!

HARLAN

(beaming)

I'm sure you have a lot of catching up to do. Lisa, come along and let's take a peek at the bids, shall we? I'll let you know if any of them are close to what I expect.

NARRATOR

Harlan took Lisa away.

PHIL

Wow. Small world, huh?

MCKILE

No shit. I can't believe this. What's it been, 5 years?

PHIL

Since Whisper killed herself, yeah.

MCKILE

(vicious)

There you go with that shit again. She didn't kill herself!

PHIL

Sorry, man.

MCKILE

Yeah, well, see you around.

NARRATOR

McKile hurried away as Phil watched him sadly.

(beat)

4.

SFX: Low audio from public domain movie entitled "War Dogs."

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Whisper was on the couch watching an old movie when the door opened. After confirming that McKile was alone, Whisper returned her stony gaze to the TV.

(beat)

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

McKile pulled off his sweater and started to remove his shoes.

MCKILE

(sheepish)

Hi.

(when she doesn't answer)

Whisper.

WHISPER

Have you ever seen this movie? It's about this dog who goes over to Europe to fight in World War II.

MCKILE

Um, yeah, that sounds really freaking stupid.

WHISPER

(hateful)

It's right up your alley then.

MCKILE

Come on, Whisper-.

NARRATOR

Whisper glared at the TV, which clicked off. The room fell into darkness. McKile irritatedly turned on the end table lamp next to him to give himself some light.

MCKILE

Hey, you owed me that cool line after turning on the TV right in front of her. You know the rules.

WHISPER

(snappish)

You suck so bad.

MCKILE

Hey, I love her. Deal with it.

SFX: Light bulb blowing up.

NARRATOR

The light bulb in the lamp blew up, casting the room into darkness again.

WHISPER

Oh, darn, it's dark again. Deal with *that!*