

THE PROTÉGÉ

CHAPTER II: SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE

WRITTEN BY

KENNEDY M. SABELKO

WGA # 2154546

US COPYRIGHT TXU2-309-197

BASED ON ACTUAL EVENTS...

KSABELKO@YAHOO.COM

(970) 402-5081

Onscreen: 1965 video footage/quote of Robert Kennedy's statement on visiting Willowbrook.

"I think that at the state institution for the mentally retarded, and I think that particularly at Willowbrook, we have a situation that borders on a snake pit, and that the children live in filth."

"There is very little future for these children, for those who are in these institutions." -Robert Kennedy

FADE OUT.

SFX:

Extremely loud rumble of thunder and crackling lightning while screen is black.

SUPER:1970

FADE IN:

DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. STATEN ISLAND HARBOR, NEW YORK 11:00PM.

The storm outside is raging in full force. Thunder cracks, lightning flashes, and rolling waves move the ferry towards shore.

A ferry is near docking. The FERRYMAN, in his 60's approaches a Caravanette parked in the carport ready to drive off when a brusquely old man demands to see his ticket, a slight hint of suspicion glinting in his eyes.

FERRYMAN

Hey! Where do you think you're going? Show you ticket.

A man with a hoodie pulled up over his head suspiciously glances around the carport, trying to make sure no one was watching. He reaches into his inner coat pocket and begins to pull out his ticket.

FERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Hold it there partner, slowly.

The Ferryman takes Angus's ticket.

FERRYMAN (CONT'D)

(looks at ticket and then  
Angus and grumbles).

Looks like you. Get off my boat.

The Caravanette pulls off the car port. The van pulls to the side and ANGUS SINCLAIR, 25 years old (The World's End Killer) retrieves a map from his glove compartment.

He sees Willowbrook State School on the map, circles it and drives to Willowbrook in the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.WILLOWBROOK STATE SCHOOL - STORMY NIGHT

The Caravanette sleds to a halt in the rain in front of the towering archways of the institution, silhouetted by the flashes of lightning that streak across the sky like cracks in an old window.

Rain pours down in relentless sheets as Angus grabs his poncho from the passenger seat and steps out into the storm. Underneath the poncho lay a newspaper with his face on the cover and the headline 'Angus Sinclair, The World's End Killer Strikes Again!'

He strides around to the back of the van and opens the trunk, revealing a bassinet cloaked beneath a pink blanket. With heavy steps Angus marches into one of the archways.

As lighting flashes, the Willowbrook State School plaque is revealed. Angus sets down the bassinet upon the wet stone floor. Lightning rips through the sky and a child's cry pierces through the deluge.

He looks on for a moment then turns away; his eyes dead and emotionless affect as he climbs back inside his vehicle, starts it up and drives off, watching in his rearview mirror as Willowbrook fades away into the night.

CAMERA PANS BACK TO BASSINET.

Wind has blown off the blanket covering the baby's head. The baby continues to scream and cry.

CAMERA PANS TO THE RICKETY RAIN GUTTERS 40 FT ABOVE THE INFANTS HEAD.

The gutters groan under the weight of the water rushing into them. Then, a crashing sound reverberating through the air as they violently buckle.

The torrential downpour pours onto the helpless infant. The infant is being waterboarded! With each wave of water, the bassinet fills higher until it threatens to reach the baby's nose. Struggling for breath, the infant thrashes against its invisible bonds in an anguished plea for mercy. The infant is drowning.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK STATE SCHOOL-NIGHT

Gwendolyn, an elderly woman who has the look of "Nurse Ratched" and a younger female nurse, Mellissa in her twenties, heard the crash outside.

NURSE MELLISSA

Did you hear that?

NURSE GWENDOLYN

What was that?

NURSE MELLISSA

It sounded like it was right outside the door.

NURSE GWENDOLYN

It was probably just a shingle falling from the roof. That wind is nasty out there. Pay no mind.

NURSE MELLISSA

Do you think we should check it out?

NURSE GWENDOLYN

No! We need to attend to our patients.

NURSE MELLISSA

I suppose your right.

Both nurses turn around and begin to walk down the long corridor back to their stations. Nurse Mellissa steps stopped abruptly, as an eerie, faint baby's cry filled the silent air.

NURSE MELLISSA (CONT'D)

Stop. Come quick, I heard a baby!

Nurse Gwendolyn drops her stack of towels. Nurse Mellissa instinctively turned back to the source of the desperate cry, sprinting down the corridor towards the main doors as the walls blurring together like an endless tunnel as she runs faster and further than ever before.

The wailing only intensifies, echoing off the walls and seeming to come from every direction at once, until Nurse Mellissa is enveloped by an unbearable cacophony of infant screams.

The nurses grasp the large door handles as they feverishly try to open them, straining against their weight. Just as they manage to pry it open a gust of wind slams the doors shut again.

Exasperated, they redouble their efforts until finally succeeding. Outside lies an overturned bassinet and Nurse Mellissa quickly tips the bassinet over and see a beautiful baby girl stare up at them.

As they carry the baby into safety, they set the bassinet down on the floor as the both push the heavy doors shut with an echoing bang, the heavy doors slam shut.

FADE OUT.

OPENING MONTAGE:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE: FOOTAGE: ON SCREEN GERALDO RIVERA  
WILLOWBROOK: THE LAST GREAT DISGRACE. [RUNS THROUGHOUT  
OPENING CREDITS]

INTERCUT: newspaper clippings of "Missing: Former Willowbrook  
Staff Members...is there a Serial Killer on the Loose?"

INTERCUT: clip of person in public bathroom collecting pubic  
hair from a urinal and stall floor. Clips of CSI dusting and  
processing fingerprints, using microscopes--zoomed in on  
hair, and DNA molecules, DNA testing, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. UPSCALE LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

A large, open-concept, posh penthouse flat. The interior of the penthouse is dripping with luxury, from the expensive marble floors to the velvet-clad walls adorned with erotic artwork.

The atmosphere of the room is thick with a 70's Arts Deco vibe, and an ominous, large raven stares down menacingly from its perch at the foot of the bed.

A beautiful Asian woman in her thirties lies seductively on her bed, her creamy skin and dark brown nipples exposed as she is only wearing knee high stockings.

The leather restraints creak and groan as she tightens them around her wrists, click after click of the locks snapping into place.

With trembling fingers she wraps a ruby-red velvet rope around her neck, feeling each cord against her skin like a caress.

Taking a deep breath, she pulls the rope taut with her arms, sending shockwaves of pain through her body as the pulleys take hold.

The strain on her neck growing more intense with each passing second until finally, she reaches between her legs for the ultimate release.

Her heart races in anticipation as she teeters on the edge of pleasure and unconsciousness. Suddenly, a figure wearing a haunting, emotionless PHANTOM RESIN VENETIAN DEATH MASK of the BALLAD and a black hooded shawl with grey latex underneath emerges from the shadows and menacingly strides up to the headboard.

The MASKED FIGURE is equipped with a go-pro camera, while they are live-streaming the murder back to another hooded figure who watches in real time from a computer from an undisclosed location.

The MASKED FIGURE tilts their head and looks down disdainfully at the woman and, with malicious intent, seizes the rope and yanks it so hard that her neck snaps while she reaches her climax in one final moment of ecstasy and the unknown.

As she lay lying sprawled across the bed, THE KILLER reaches out with their fully covered latex hands and run their icy fingers through the woman's hair while rubbing her nipples in a circler motion with their finger.

THE KILLER then slowly leaves the bedroom, carefully dropping damning evidence around.

Reaching into a plastic baggie, they yank out a single hair and place it on the hairbrush resting atop the end table.

THE KILLER'S eyes glint with menacing intent as they reach into their knapsack and pull out a small formaldehyde-filled jar.

With a heart-stopping slowness, they touch the finger on the nightstand next to their victim leaving fresh prints everywhere.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROOM, UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

The viewer's gaze is glued to the live stream of the killer planting evidence, their heart beating fast as the camera zooms in on the computer screen.

THE KILLER hones in on the bedroom door handle and touches the formaldehyde-stained fingers around it with a deliberate motion.

In silence, the killer slowly takes out a single clump of pubic hair from the Ziplock bag with metal tweezers.

Their hand tremors with intent as they delicately place the pubic hairs onto the bedsheets and then gently places them on the victim's privates.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. UPSCALE LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

THE KILLER The slowly walks down the hall to the bathroom, meticulously touching naked art pictures on the wall with his gloved hand. All of a sudden, they jab their finger through the vagina of one of the paintings and slowly tilts their head while looking at it.

Their eyes darting around to see if anyone else is present. THE KILLER grabs the toothbrush holder and digs deep into their pocket and slowly pulls out a toothbrush. THE KILLER places the toothbrush into the holder.

All of a sudden, an eerie crow-call echoes through the penthouse.

Abruptly, THE KILLER spins around, as they stare at through the bathroom door and then turn to head towards the shower.

FADE OUT.

INT. SAN DIEGO UPSCALE HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

The renowned abnormal psychologist, Dr. Chloe Sinclair with her striking blonde hair and green eyes, appeared far younger than her mid-fifties.

She is at her book signing of her top ten best seller, "Reflections," with an orderly line of people waiting to have their copy signed. A man approaches the table.

DR. SINCLAIR

(looking down while talking)

And for whom do I have the privilege of signing this?

MAN

(flat affect)

Greetings professor, I have been reading your research for years. It is incredible how the impacts of trauma can persist for so long.

DR. SINCLAIR

(Sinclair looks up)

Oh, Hayden! Didn't I see you in Miami last summer?

HAYDEN

Yes. It was nice seeing you again professor.

HAYDEN, a 46-year-old White male who looks disheveled taps his finger twice on her desk and leaves. The next person in line steps up, gets the book signed, and so on.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The phone rings. It is ARLENE, Dr. Sinclair's temporary receptionist. She is a 60-year-old black woman with tightly curled hair and red earrings and a red scarf around her neck. She has worked for Dr. Sinclair since she started her residency in D.C.



DR. SINCLAIR  
Hi Arlene, any new referrals?

ARLENE (V.O.)  
Yes, a couple of them.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Great! I'll be back Wednesday so  
schedule the first client for  
Thursday. I'll see Brad next week.  
Just put it on my calendar.

ARLENE (V.O.)  
Will do. How's the weather been?

DR. SINCLAIR  
It's been great as usual.  
I have to finish packing. Talk to  
you soon.

Dr. Sinclair finishes packing and turns on the TV: CNN  
BREAKING NEWS-Live Footage, "Gruesome Discovery at Nation's  
Capitol" runs across the ticker.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. BACK ALLEYWAY - EVENING

Pandemonium rages as sirens echo in the air. News stations  
broadcast footage of paramedics setting up shop in the  
alleyway adjacent to a luxurious penthouse apartment.

As police fill in the streets with their signature crime  
scene tape, other media outlets join the drama and produce  
stories from behind the barricade. Reporters provide their  
versions of what is taking place.

NEWS REPORTER  
This is Ty Goodman with WUSA9, your  
only source for breaking news from  
the capitol. We're here onsite of  
what police believe to be a  
suspicious death. A lot of high-  
ranking officials are here and  
we'll give you the scoop as soon as  
we know it! Bethany, back to you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSCALE LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT

SEVERAL UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS ARE OUTSIDE THE BACK ALLY SECURING THE SCENE.

TWO UNIFORMED COPS, Detective Chase Mason, a light skinned Mexican-American woman in her late 40's and Detective Charlie Ross a Caucasian male in his early 30's enter the apartment.

Both are dressed in jeans, black t-shirts and sneakers. They wear badges on their belts and carry radios and flashlights clipped to their belts.

TWO CSI TECHS, Janice Wentz and Philip Grimes, are on scene gathering evidence, dusting for prints, and taking pictures of the scene.

Janice, a 40-year-old seasoned CSI w/ "type A personality" is extremely thorough and very cynical. She is wearing a CSI lab coat and purple Chuck Taylor's tennis shoes.

Philip, 26 years old is a new graduate completing his residency. His lab coat is buttoned wrong. He is a bit naïve and somewhat of a conspiracy theorist.

The woman's lifeless corpse lays motionless on the bed, contorted in a grotesque position with her legs stretched apart and a red silk sash knotted tightly around her neck, pulled back from the tension of pulleys attached to the ceiling beam.

A chill creeps down Detective Chase Mason's spine as she surveys the body noting the rigidity and signs of rigor mortis and decay. Charlie Ross stands silently by his side, in shock of what he is witnessing.

DETECTIVE MASON

Hi Janice, how long?

JANICE

A couple of days, maybe a little more.

DETECTIVE MASON

Auto-erotic asphyxiation?

JANICE

On preliminary inspection, it appears that way.

DETECTIVE MASON

(Mason nods her head)

Fifty-to-one

JANICE

Fifty-to-one what?

DETECTIVE MASON

The ratio of men to women going out this way. Pretty rare for a woman.

(Mason pauses)

There was a case like this up in Boston around nine year ago if I recall.

Janice gets excited.

JANICE

Ooh! A serial killer?

DETECTIVE MASON

Probably not, so don't begin Poppin' corks!

Mason gazes around the room and then heads for the bathroom. Ross stays put, staring at the body.

DETECTIVE MASON (CONT'D)

Hey, let's go!

Mason motions for Ross to follow, looking annoyed. Ross starts towards her.

DETECTIVE ROSS

(to Janice)

Nice meeting you.

JANICE

(Bows and rolls hand)

My pleasure.

Detective Mason walks cautiously walks down the hallway towards the bathroom, while Ross trails behind her, half-concealed by shadows. A faint light from his broken flashlight casts a weak yellow glow.

As enter the bathroom Ross hears something behind the shower curtain. He flicks his light on and off, but to no avail. His unease begins to grow as he notices the shower curtain moving ever so slightly.

The detective readies their weapons as Ross takes a cautious step closer, heart pounding in his ears. With a swift yank of the curtain, a giant raven bursts out with an ear-splitting screech, knocking Ross onto his back in terror.

DETECTIVE ROSS

(pissed off)

Who the fuck has a raven for a pet?  
Fuck!

Detective Mason smirks and lowers her gun while shaking her head and offering a hand to Detective Ross. The raven flies through the condo and lands on a red velvet couch in the living room.

Detective Ross leaves the bathroom and heads back to the bedroom. Detective Mason stays back and looks over the bathroom one last time. She then leaves and heads back to the bedroom.

DETECTIVE MASON

(to Janice)

Make sure to process the bathroom, gather the evidence and bring it down to the crime lab.

JANICE

Yes ma'am, and look what the rookie found.

Phillip hold up the tweezers with the pubic hair. Detective Mason looks at it and Detective Ross carefully puts in it a zip-lock bag.

DETECTIVE MASON

Nice work Phillip. Get the rape kit and process the body. We may have just found our killer.

CSI finishes processing the crime scene while dusting for prints and gathering evidence. The coroner arrives, removes the body, and takes it to the morgue.

FADE OUT.

FLASHBACK:

INT. WILLOWBROOK STATE SCHOOL, SCIENCE LAB - DAY

There are visible cameras mounted high on the walls throughout the institution.

The LITTLE GIRL was Hispanic, eight years old with black locks and a light tan complexion, while Chloe Sinclair, slightly older, had blonde hair that brushed her shoulders.

Both are pale, gaunt, and their eyes sunken from hunger. It is evident that both are malnourished. Two other children in the distance approach the girls. Another light skinned Hispanic female around twelve years old joined the group and Kris, and Black kid from Brooklyn joins as well.

The girl walks over to a corner and bends down. They had set a makeshift snare the night before.

CHLOE  
(to girl)  
Did you get it?

GIRL  
Yes! I got the bastard!

The girl viciously crushes the rat beneath her bare feet, as the sounds of breaking bones echo in the large room.

Group of kids' jaws drop. Older girl puts hand over mouth.

BOY  
Aww, shit girl! What the fuck?

THE GIRL then hands the dead rat to CHLOE with a devilish grin. Chloe walks over to the door, and punches her fist through the glass door window.

Shards of glimmering glass fall to the ground and Chloe bends to the floor and clutches one of the broken pieces in her hand. Her knuckles are white as blood drips from her hand.

GIRL  
Oh, you're bleeding!

CHLOE  
(licks blood on hand)  
I'll be alright. Give the rat to me. Watch. First cut off the head. Then, take the glass and hold up the belly skin. Be sure you don't get into the guts. You then just slice the belly all the way up to the neck. See? Once you've done that, bite the skin on the back of the neck and pull down to begin skinning it. After it's skinned, reach up into the ribcage and pull out all of the innards just like this. Done! Let's go eat.

The group walks over to a table and turn on a Bunsen burner and cook the rat over the flame. The rat's corpse is consumed ravenously by the group of kids as meat is ripped from its body.

END OF FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE AIRPLANE - DAY

Dr. Sinclair wakes up. She is on an airplane about to land. The airline stewardess is on loudspeaker.

AIRLINE STEWARDESS (V.O.)

Please put your seats back in an upright position and make sure your trays are secured. Prepare for landing.

Dr. Sinclair looks confused for a moment and sits up in her seat. The airplane lands and taxis to the terminal. People begin getting bags from overhead and exit the plane.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Dr. Sinclair arrives back in D.C. from her book tour. She is completing her year-long residency at Georgetown University and is running late for her last semester of her classes before her residency ends.

She is scurrying though the airport to the rideshare section outside.

CONTINUOUS:

EXT. RONALD REAGAN AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Dr. Sinclair's phone rings as she is waiting for her ride. Airport is loud as planes are taking off and landing.

DR. SINCLAIR

(almost shouting)

Arlene, how are you?

(pause)

No, I just woke up. I must of dosed off on the plane. I'm waiting for my ride. What? Really, how many times did he call?

ARLENE (V.O.)

At least three. He sounded upset.

DR. SINCLAIR

Just let him know I'm back in town and I'll try to catch up with him later tonight. Oh, gotta go my ride's here. Thanks Arlene. Okay, bye.

Dr. Sinclair hangs up and while rushing to get into the car, bumps her head on the upper door frame. While in the back seat, she pulls out her compact, tilts her head to the side and looks into the mirror with a glaze as her rideshare pulls off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Students are walking through campus with groups of students sitting on the campus lawn, eating lunch and studying.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

A moderate size class of graduate students are already seated. The clock on the wall reads 3:00pm, then 3:10pm, then 3:15pm. A few students are about to get up and leave when Dr. Sinclair enters the hall and walks to the podium.

DR. SINCLAIR

Greetings everyone, my sincerest apologies for arriving late. My rideshare driver thought he'd take the scenic route to campus! Ah, I see some familiar faces out there from last semester. Welcome back. As some of you know, I'm heading back to CU Boulder once this semester is over. For those who just joined us or transferred in, welcome to abnormal psychology. If you are in the wrong class, then there's definitely something wrong with you, so you might want to stay a while!

Class laughs.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

You should have already received your syllabus, so you know that we will be discussing psychopathology and the traits that drive abnormal behaviors, such as serial killers.

(MORE)

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

To start off our exploration, the first part of our conversation focuses on the most common cognitive distortions found in serial killers: Always being Right, Self Serving Bias, personalization and blame.

Dr. Sinclair looks up at class. Some students are looking at their phones.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Um, this is where you take notes.

Students get out their notebooks and laptops and begin taking notes.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

As I was saying, narcissistic traits can be seen in behavior such as being convinced one is always right and acting in one's own self-interest. Furthermore, personalization causes individuals to assume that others' words or actions are directed at them with malicious intent, making them blame everyone else for their issues. Such behavior might lead to sociopathy or psychopathy. Before we start the assignment, let's get to know each other a bit better. Returning students, why not introduce yourselves to your colleagues and explain why you chose Psychology? Who wants to start?

JOSÉ

Yeah, I'll go. Hi wassup, my name is José and I achieved my bachelors degree in Humanistic Psychology. You know I got into a lot of trouble with the law when I was younger and I wanted to see if it was all my fault or if I just have, what do they call it? Mommy issues!

Class chuckles.

MINA

Hi guys, most of you all know me from last year.

(MORE)



MINA (CONT'D)

My parents were one of Richard Ramirez's victims and I want to become a profiler so I can prevent other children from becoming orphans.

THOMAS

The Night Stalker. That dude was nuts! Sorry professor, but he scares the shit out of me!

DR. SINCLAIR

Thank you for your colorful opinion. Anyone else?

DULYASIA

Hello, my name is Dulyasia and I identify as an African American transgender woman. It has taken years to embrace who I am. I always thought I was abnormal! I want to help others so they will at least have coping skills when they have to deal with transphobia and don't go shoot our asses!

Applause and finger snaps from class.

KAI

Popcorn me. Hello class my name is Kai and I was born in Hawaii. I chose abnormal psych because I'm fascinated with serial killers and what makes them tick! I've studied the likes of John Wayne Gacy, Bundy, Dahmer, Arlene Wuornos, and the World's End Killer. Wasn't his last name Sinclair also. Hey Doc, any relations?

Dr. Sinclair pulls down her glasses and glares at Kai without saying a word.

DR. SINCLAIR

Alright then. Thank you for sharing. Please review the twenty most common types of cognitive distortions and submit an 8-10 page paper in one week. Please be able to discuss how these cognitive distortions can be overcome by Cognitive Behavioral Therapy.

JOSÉ

One week?

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes, as you know, this is an accelerated program. So this semester will be over in nine weeks.

Some groans from the class. The class rises from their seats and exits. José shakes his head and walks past Dr. Sinclair.

JOSÉ

(under his breath)

Boomer.

Dr. Sinclair abruptly turns her head.

DR. SINCLAIR

What?

JOSÉ

Sooner, I'll try to get it done sooner.

José walks with his head down and leaves the hall. Dr. Sinclair packs up her laptop and prepares to head to home to her private practice.

CUT TO:

EXT. PSYCHOLOGY BUILDING -LATE AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair steps outside the psychology building and quickly orders a rideshare, her eyes darting anxiously around the surrounding area. She pulls out a copy of Psychology Today and hastily scans its pages as she waits for her ride to arrive.

Suddenly, an ominous large black Ford Raptor truck emerges from the side street and revs its engine. With a concerned look on her face, Dr. Sinclair looks at her phone to see how far the ride share is.

The Truck begins to slowly drive towards Dr. Sinclair. Dr. Sinclair begins to walk abruptly when finally her rideshare arrives. The Rideshare leaves as Dr. Sinclair watches the truck until it finally turns in the other direction and disappears into the night.

FADE OUT.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S VICTORIAN HOME/OFFICE - EVENING

Dr. Sinclair resides in a newly renovated Victorian home, where she runs her private practice on the ground floor and lives on the upper level.

Once inside, she takes off her shoes and heads to her office, grabbing a glass and a bottle of wine from her mini-fridge. She then ascends the spiral staircase to her bedroom.

Dr. Sinclair changes into a long red sweater and lights an illicit joint, sending the smoke out of the window. Afterwards, she gets comfy in bed and pours herself some wine before taking a sip.

Dr. Sinclair pulls out her reading glasses and takes out a book titled, "Sapiosexuality" and begins reading while rubbing her inner thigh.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Alexa, put me in the mood.

Music: Zero 7 - "In The Waiting Line" STARTS PLAYING.

After the line from the song, "Do you believe, what is real" there is a knock on her door and another, then pounding. She is visibly startled. Music fades out.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
What the hell? Alexa, cameras.

Dr. Sinclair's heart is in her throat as the pounding on her door intensifies. Her mind races as she enters the code on the wall with trembling hands, a panel on her wall as her panic room door opens. The video camera reveals a figure cloaked in darkness and armed with malicious intent.

Moments pass in agonizing silence, then Dr. Sinclair scrambles from her panic room and grabs her 9mm from the nightstand drawer.

She takes the winding stairs to the main floor, double checks all locks, but still can't shake an overwhelming sense of dread as she peeks through the drapes - a blanket of fog blocking any sign of life outside her front door.

Gripping her phone tightly in one hand, Dr. Sinclair calls 911 with a desperate plea for help.

911 OPERATOR  
911 how can I assist you.

DR. SINCLAIR

I think someone tried to break into my house. I need assistance.

911 OPERATOR

I have you at 462 MLK Blvd. Is that correct?

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes. Hurry.

Dr. Sinclair takes a seat in the reception area waiting for the police arrive.

Two officers, COOK, a Black man in his 30s, and CARTMAN, a White man in his 50s, wearing matching uniforms appear at Dr. Sinclair's door. She peeks through the window curtain to find them standing there.

She then places her gun in a small desk drawer and opens her door.

OFFICER COOK

Metro police officers Cartman and Cook. What appears to be the issue?

DR. SINCLAIR

Someone was pounding on my door and trying to get in. I have video footage.

OFFICER CARTMAN

Can you provide us a copy?

DR. SINCLAIR

Alexa, download tonight's video footage. Send it to my phone.

ALEXA

Downloading now.

OFFICER COOK

In the meanwhile we will circle your property to see if there is any damage to your doors. We've been getting reports of some kids trespassing around this area. They have been tagging the fences around here. It was probably just a bunch of idiots messing around.

ALEXA

Download complete. Sent to phone.

Officer Cook pulls out a police business card and hands it to Dr. Sinclair.

OFFICER COOK

Here is my phone number. Send the file to me. We'll take a look but I wouldn't worry too much about it. We will be here for a while so I doubt if you'll have anymore disturbances tonight. Try to get some rest.

Both officers leave and head around the back of the house. Dr. Sinclair heads upstairs to her bedroom and tries to fall back to sleep.

FADE OUT.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA-LATE MORNING

Dr. Sinclair wakes up, gets dressed and heads to her kitchen where she pours herself coffee. She grabs her clipboard and heads down her spiral staircase.

Arlene sits at her desk reading a book. The cover of it reads "Reflections," and underneath that, "Dr. Chloe Sinclair."

DR. SINCLAIR

Hey, Arlene. Whatcha reading?

Arlene shows her the cover.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Ooh, I hear good things about that.  
(winks at her)

ARLENE

(somber affect)  
I'm on Chapter 13 where you describe your time at Willowbrook State School. I can't believe they did that to children.

DR. SINCLAIR

It was bad. They didn't separate us from the adult patients. I saw things a child has no business seeing.

(shakes her head back and forth)

The things the orderlies did to us. The shock treatment. The drugs. The screams. To tell you the truth, I don't know how I made it.

ARLENE

Does it still impact you?

DR. SINCLAIR

I have my moments. I can still taste the stench of shit in my mouth from that place.

ARLENE

Jesus Chloe.

DR. SINCLAIR

You know it really perturbs me when my clients can't become self-sufficient like I had to. They're so damn co-dependent. Anyways, speaking of screams, I had an exciting night.

ARLENE

What do you mean?

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh, some kids were playing ding dong ditch.

ARLENE

You said dong.

DR. SINCLAIR

Arlene! Hey, did you finish the new intake forms?

ARLENE

Yes, it captures the client's name, address, phone number, place of employment, work schedule, demographics, gender identity, sexual orientation, marital status, mental health history, current mental health issues, credit card information and insurance information. Chloe, you know way too much about your clients!

DR. SINCLAIR

(Smiles)

Ah, the better to know you my dear said the big bad wolf!

Dr. Sinclair begins walking to her back office.

ARLENE

Jeez! So people are willing to give you all of this information?

DR. SINCLAIR

(Raises her eyebrows and grins)

It's a little frightening, isn't it? I'm aware of all the patterns of their day-to-day lives - who is around and who isn't. Hmm!

Dr. Sinclair walks back to her office. Arlene continues to file paperwork and then BRADLEY WILLIAMSON, a 21 year old male wearing black gloves, walks into the reception area and checks in with Arlene.

BRAD

Hi, I'm here for my for my session with...

Brad struggles to pull a card from his pocket but Arlene interjects. She then opens her computer.

ARLENE

Dr. Sinclair.

BRAD

Yeah, that's it.

ARLENE

Let's see, oh great! It looks like you already completed your psych-social and consent-to-treat forms online. I'll just need your \$35 co-pay and you're all set. I'll let her know you are here.

Brad again struggles to get his wallet out of his pocket. He then uses his teeth to pull out his credit card. He then hands Arlene his card and she runs it.

Arlene messages Dr. Sinclair. Dr. Sinclair walks out to reception area and greets Brad.

DR. SINCLAIR

Hi Brad, welcome to Reflections Counseling Services. You can head down the hall to the first room on the left.

Both walk down the hallway to Dr. Sinclair's office, enter and both take seats.

CONTINUOUS:

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dr. SINCLAIR  
How are you?

Brad tilts his head sideways with dumbfounded look on his face.

BRAD  
I'm in a counseling office.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Fair enough. I really need to stop asking that question.

Dr. Sinclair opens her tablet and skims through it.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
It looks like you indicated on your intake form that you've had a traumatic brain injury and suffer from insomnia. Can you tell me more about that?

BRAD  
When I was five, my neighbor and I tied my Radio Flyer red wagon to her tricycle. She started pedaling and I stood in the back of the wagon. Unfortunately, when she took off I flew backwards and landed headfirst on our driveway. I remember being in the hospital with electrodes and wires attached all over my head. Ever since, I can never fall asleep.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Ouch! Aside from the insomnia, do you have any other lingering symptoms?

BRAD  
You know, I've had anger issues my entire life.



DR. SINCLAIR

Emotional dysregulation is very common with TBI's. I can certainly help with that. Now, the elephant in the room. About the gloves? It looks like you don't like touching things. You're not alone, germaphobia is the most typical type of obsessive-compulsive disorder out there.

BRAD

Yeah, about that.

Brad struggles to pull off his gloves with his teeth, revealing only an index finger, ring finger and thumb on his left hand, and pinky, middle finger and thumb on his right hand. He holds them up for Dr. Sinclair to see.

DR. SINCLAIR

That is...not typical.

Dr. Sinclair has an odd look on her face as she turns her chair around and gets a book off of her shelf.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

I remember a case like yours when I was a grad student.

She opens the book, thumbs through the pages and finds what she's looking for.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(reading from book)

"Apotemnophilia, also known as body integrity identity disorder. It is characterized by the overwhelming desire to amputate healthy parts of the body."

BRAD

So that's what I have?

Brad holds his hands up tuning them back and forth while looking at them.

DR. SINCLAIR

I'd say it's a strong possibility. It's believed to be a neurological disorder, so it could have been caused by your prior brain injury. When was the first time you...

BRAD

Chopped off a finger? That's easy, my 15th birthday but I use to self harm long before that.

DR. SINCLAIR

Why have you gone untreated for so long?

BRAD

My parents were public figures in our small community. They took me to doctors of course, to treat the aftermath, but they kept it our little family secret. It would have been an embarrassment to them to have a gimp child.

DR. SINCLAIR

Ok, I understand that as a child, but now you're 21. What took so long?

BRAD

Well, first of all because it distracts me from my emotional pain and I only do it once a year on my birthday. It replace my emotional pain with physical pain and all of my past trauma is gone..at least for a little while. Also the urges are getting stronger.

Brad begins to tear up. Dr. Sinclair nods solemnly at him.

DR. SINCLAIR

I understand your emotional pain Brad. A little self-disclosure, I also experienced a tremendous amount of trauma during my childhood.

BRAD

Really?

DR. SINCLAIR

It's why I became a therapist.

BRAD

Oh wow.

DR. SINCLAIR

I think many of us in the field have suffered some sort of trauma.

(MORE)

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

It can be very cathartic to help others and becoming self-sufficient so you can manage your symptoms on your own. Intrinsic reward at its best! Can I ask when you're cutting, what are you thinking about?

BRAD

My head is filled with a ceaseless rage that pulses through my entire body. The voices grow louder and more insistent, demanding that I make my way to the basement by the furnace. As I descend, I'm overcome with an inescapable feeling of dread - wherever I'm going, it's not a place of peace and comfort. Flames from the furnace blur my vision, and I know with certainty that Hell awaits me below.

Dr. Sinclair jots in her notebook.

DR. SINCLAIR

Jesus Christ Brad! I'm sorry. I, I never heard anything like this. So you have a support system? Do you live alone?

BRAD

Short straw again. I am an only child. My parents died in a car crash when I was 17 years old and left me the house. My aunt moved in to care for me until I was 21 and then she moved out. I think she was frightened of me.

DR. SINCLAIR

I'm so sorry. That's very young to be left on your own.

BRAD

Hey, you do what you gotta do. Anyways...

DR. SINCLAIR

So, you're in your basement looking at the fire, and?

BRAD

Yeah, and then before I realize it, I take out my Swiss army knife that my dad gave me and then, well, you know, I begin to sever my fingers.

Dr. Sinclair grimaces.

DR. SINCLAIR

Jeepers Brad. Well, would you be alright taking medications?

BRAD

I guess? What will that do?

DR. SINCLAIR

I'm going to prescribe Duloxetine, Cariprazine and Trazadone. They are mood stabilizers and Trazadone is sedative so it can help initial insomnia as well.

Dr. Sinclair looks at her tablet again.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

It looks like you already identified your pharmacy So I'll send those over now. Your medication should be ready in a couple of hours. Most importantly, call me the instant you feel the need to, um, alter your appearance.

BRAD

Thanks Doc.

DR. SINCLAIR

You're welcome. That's it for today. How do you feel.

BRAD

I feel pretty good. It was nice being able to tell someone about my issue.

Dr. Sinclair watches as he pulls his Black gloves back on with his teeth and then stands up.

DR. SINCLAIR

Tell Arlene to put you down for the same time next week.

BRAD  
Will do.

Brad schedules with Arlene and exits. Dr. Sinclair stares at the door, then takes a big breath and lets out a sigh.

DR. SINCLAIR  
(to self)  
Whoa.

FADE OUT.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad and José are on the couch drinking beer, smoking pot and playing video games.

BRAD  
Dude, I'm about to reach master sniper!

JOSÉ  
Right on, bro! You got this!

JUMP CUT TO:

Brad struggles, but rapidly presses buttons on his controller with what fingers he has left and then he reacts to the screen.

BRAD  
Yes, Master Sniper!

JOSÉ  
Sweet!

José stands up to give Brad a "high five" but realizes the awkward moment he is in. He slowly lowers his hand.

JOSÉ (CONT'D)  
Alright man, sorry but I gotta dip.

BRAD  
Really? Smoke another bowl.

JOSÉ  
Can't do it. You gonna be around tomorrow night?

BRAD  
Uh huh.

JOSÉ  
Cool. Same bat time?

BRAD  
Yep, and same fucking bat channel!

JOSÉ  
Alright bro, catcha later. Oh,  
how'd it go with the doc today?

BRAD  
Good. She seems cool.

JOSÉ  
Told ya. Did you, you know...

Brad holds up one of his hands.

BRAD  
Talk about this? Yeah.

Brad takes a big hit from the pipe and exhales smoke rings. Brad's phone buzzes and he picks it up. He slides his finger across the screen. He raises his eyebrows in excitement.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Dude, you gotta see this Tik Tok.  
It's so hot!

JOSÉ  
Nah, that's cool. I really do gotta  
get going. I have a paper due in a  
week.

BRAD  
Alright, later man.

JOSÉ  
Later.

José walks out the front door. Brad takes another hit off the bowl then gets up and goes into the kitchen.

CONTINUOUS:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brad grabs beer from his refrigerator, leaving the door wide open. He bites down on the beer tab with a loud grinding sound that echoes through the room as he opens it with his teeth.

Out of the corner of his eye he notices the refrigerator door is shut. It had not been shut before. Panic fills his veins as he realizes something has entered the room while he was distracted by opening his beer. He stands frozen in terror, clinging onto his beer as he looks over to the pantry door.

BRAD

Fuck this!

Brad walks over to his pantry door, but turns his head to take a drink of his beer as he slowly opens it. He reaches his hand around to try to turn on the light switch.

He fumbles around but eventually turns it on. Brad grabs a bag of chips and heads back to his living room.

Brad has already taken a chip out of the bag and is munching on one when he stops in mid-chew as something gets his attention. His eyes widen and tunnel vision sets in as he stares at the basement door, it is partly open!

BRAD (CONT'D)

Fuuuck...

Brad stands, walks over to the basement door, then stops at the foot of the stairs and shakes his head.

BRAD (CONT'D)

No fuckin' way! I'm calling  
Sinclair.

He picks up his cell but is having a vey difficult dialing the numbers. He slowly dials her number one digit at a time.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(whispering into phone)  
Hey doctor, its Brad. You told me  
to call you if I started freaking  
out. Well, I'm losing my shit here,  
so call me back!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

POV: Through the killer's eyes (mask), the killer slowly begins walking towards the bottom of the steps headed up towards Brad.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Brad hears a noise in the basement.

BRAD

That's it, I'm calling the 5-0.  
91...

Brad then attempts to dial 911 but due to his missing fingers, the phone fumbles around in his hand and it falls down the stairs.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Mother fucker!

Brad gently pushes the creaky basement door all the way open. He reaches to the side of the wall and attempts to turn on the light but the light switch isn't working.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Give me a fucking break!

Brad reaches in the dark trying to locate a book of wooden matches that he keeps on the shelf for emergencies. He lights a match and takes a step down the pitch black staircase.

He makes it down two steps and the match dies. Brad footsteps and feverously attempts the relight another match and by the third strike it lights.

Brad takes two more steps down his staircase and we can faintly see a lightbulb with a cord hanging from it. Brad makes it down three more steps and the match dies again.

Again, Brad feverously attempts the relight another match and he is striking it so hard that the match breaks.

BRAD (CONT'D)

God Dammit!

Brad takes out another match and lights on the second attempt. Brad takes three more steps and has made it to the bottom of the basement. He reaches up and pulls the light cord. The light flickers a bunch but is working.

Brad pulls out his Swiss army knife from his pocket and opens it with his teeth. His hands are shaking as he heads towards the furnace.

CONTINUOUS:



INT. BRAD'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

BRAD  
(under his breath)  
No. No, no, no!

As he starts to turn around to head back up stairs, the killer with the black Venetian death mask is right behind him with a Go-Pro camera attached to their shoulder. The killer brings down a syringe towards Brad's neck, but Brad blocks it.

They struggle and fall to the floor. Brad manages to slice the killer's arm with his pocket knife. The killer simply tilts their head sideways and looks at the cut and slowly shakes their head no. The killer then turns back to Brad.

Brad jumps up and tries to flee but the killer kicks his foot out, tripping him. Brad falls to the ground and the killer stabs the syringe into his neck. A moment later, Brad loses consciousness.

The killer looks around Brad's basement and finds a wood saw hanging on the wall over a work bench and grabs it. The killer walks over to Brad, pulls down his pants exposing his genitals.

The killer bends over Brad and slowly lowers the saw blade towards Brad's groin. Slowly bypassing Brad's genitals, the killer begins sawing Brad's left leg off at the kneecap.

First, flesh is sticking to the saw. Then, the saw turns red and then white as the killer reaches the bone. Still alive, Brad wakes up and lets out a horrifying scream as he tries to crawl away.

The killer reaches out, grabs Brad's leg, and begins to pull it, tearing away the remaining flesh still attached to the bone. Brad passes out. His body twitches as he bleeds out. The killer reaches over their shoulder and shuts off the camera.

FADE OUT.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Dr. Sinclair is in mid-lecture. Mina, Dulyasia, Jose and Kai are in class and engaged in discussion.

DR. SINCLAIR

So, based on the cognitive behavioral model, is it possible for someone to change their irrational beliefs and subsequent maladaptive behaviors?

MINA

Yes, but only if they are able to recognize their negative, hateful irrational thoughts.

DR. SINCLAIR

Do you all agree?

Heads nod in the affirmative.

JOSE

Can psychopaths change?

THOMAS

(shouts out)

Why would they want too?

DR. SINCLAIR

Ah, that is the question, isn't it? So Dulyasia, what do you think? Can psychopaths change?

Dulyasia stands up and motions up and down her body with her hands.

DULYASIA

I did honey, from head to toe!

Class roars in laughter.

DR. SINCLAIR

Well played Dulyasia! Well played. This is what I would ask you to think about when formulating your thesis. If you conclude they are unable to change, then think about what motivates them and how to identify their patterns. If you think they can change, then think about what treatment modalities might be more favorable.

Dr. Sinclair checks her watch.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Alright, that's it for today. Good discussion.

(MORE)

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Please review chapter four before  
our next class and focus on  
antisocial traits and the  
correlation to psychopathology.

She closes her notebook and gathers her things as the class  
files out. Dr. Sinclair exits the lecture hall and walks down  
to the common area.

POV: Someone is watching Dr. Sinclair. Dr. Sinclair looks  
backwards but the figure is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DC METRO CRIME LAB - DAY

CSI techs, Janice and Phillip, sit looking over some lab  
results. Phillip is also munching on some carrots.

JANICE  
This makes no sense.

PHILLIP  
What are you looking at?

JANICE  
Results on the dead woman they  
found last month. You know, the one  
all tied up doing the whole self-  
pleasure thing.

PHILLIP  
So, what doesn't make sense?

JANICE  
Hold on.

Flips through her paperwork.

JANICE (CONT'D)  
First of all, the DNA from the  
toothbrush is male.

PHILLIP  
So, some guy left a toothbrush  
there.

JANICE  
That's not it.

PHILLIP  
Well, was it human?

JANICE  
Smartass. It came back matching a  
missing person from 1989!

PHILLIP  
You must of cross contaminated.

JANICE  
I ran it three times.

PHILLIP  
What? You need to call Detective  
Mason ASAP!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DC METRO POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Mason is at her desk typing when her phone rings.  
She answers it.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Hello, Detective Mason.

JANICE (V.O.)  
Mason, have I got some news for  
you.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Good or bad?

JANICE (V.O.)  
Interesting.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Uh huh. I'm waiting.

JANICE (V.O.)  
That woman who went out with a  
bang. The one with the red velvet  
sash around her neck. Well, DNA  
from her toothbrush and hairbrush  
match a male who was reported  
missing in 1989. So, either she was  
a really shitty housekeeper or...

DETECTIVE MASON  
Someone planted false evidence  
there.

JANICE  
Wow, Mason you should be a  
detective!

DETECTIVE MASON

Yeah, that's what they tell me.  
Could you do me a favor? Call one  
of your buddies in Boston and have  
them send you the file on that  
woman who went out the same way up  
there.

JANICE (V.O.)

I knew it, a serial killer!

DETECTIVE MASON

Just keep this under wraps. Call me  
when you have it.

JANICE (V.O.)

My lips are sealed.

Janice hangs up phone. Turns and looks into her microscope.

FADE OUT.

FLASHBACK.

EXT. MIAMI HOTEL POOL/HOTUB- DAY

Dr. Sinclair is cloaked in a large shawl of DARK RED fabric  
that covers her entire head, a mask of darkness that conceals  
her face from the world.

The protective covering reflects the unbearable heat of the  
midday sun as she basks in the hot tub, but her peace is  
suddenly interrupted when an unfamiliar figure begins to join  
her in the water.

Warily, she watches as the stranger's silhouette slowly moves  
closer, blocking out the sun and looming ominously until all  
she can see is a female figure. Dr. Sinclair removes her  
shawl.

WOMAN

Well fancy meeting you here.

Dr. Sinclair slides her sunglasses down her nose and looks up  
at the woman. The water reflection and the sun only allows  
glimpses of the woman face.

DR. SINCLAIR

Do I know you?

JUMP CUT TO:

SFX: BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Sinclair wakes up in her bathtub. Her eyes open wide as she looks over to a clock on the bathroom sink. It reads 9:45pm.

ALEXA  
Smoke detected Zone 2.

SFX: BEEP!BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Dr. Sinclair stands up in her tub. Visible on her thighs are old scars from self-harm (cutting). As she turns and reaches for her red silk bathrobe, briefly seen are old bed sore scars on her back. She puts on her robe.

SFX: BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

DR. SINCLAIR  
(index finger over her  
mouth)  
Alexa, shhh!

THE BEEPING STOPS.

Now in her robe, Dr. Sinclair opens her bathroom door and smoke is visible in the air.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Shit! The tortellini.

Dr. Sinclair walks briskly to the kitchen and shuts the stove off. Dr. Sinclair waves her hands to try to clear the smoke.

She grabs two oven mitts and takes the tortellini off the stove. It is black. Dr. Sinclair takes it over to the sink and places the pot in the sink and turns on the water.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Alexa, ventilation fan.

Ventilation fan kicks on and sucks the smoke out of the room. Dr. Sinclair heads back upstairs to her bedroom. She gets in bed and reaches over to her nightstand.

She takes two pills from a bottle labeled "QUVIVIQ" She takes them with a glass of alcohol, curls up in fetal position and falls asleep.

DREAM:

EXT. MIAMAI HOTEL POOL/HOTTUB-DAY

Dr. Sinclair turn on her music player, puts in her earphones and hits play.

MUSIC: RAVING GEORGE FEAT. OSCAR AND THE WOLF - YOU'RE MINE

The SONG STARTS and plays THROUGHOUT.

Dr. Sinclair is in the hot tub wearing a large red shawl, sunglasses, and a one-piece bathing suit. Another woman gets into the hot tub.

WOMAN

Well fancy meeting you here.

Dr. Sinclair slides her sunglasses down her nose and looks up at the woman. -- it's PAIGE, the murdered Asian woman wearing a black two piece suit. Paige appears intoxicated.

DR. SINCLAIR

Do I know you?

PAIGE

It's me, Paige.

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh my god, Paige Chen. How are you?

PAIGE

Much better! I took your advice and re-channeled my sex addiction into something beneficial -- I'm now an escort!

Dr. Sinclair frowns. Paige laughs at Dr. Sinclair's reaction.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Hey, you told me over and over again, I'm sovereign over my own body, right?

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes, but...

PAIGE

Hey, I'm using it to make a very good living off rich and horny middle-aged men bringing a little joy into their miserable, boring lives.

Paige laughs again.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

Actually, I consider myself a "social worker" if you know what I mean!

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, that's one way of putting it.

PAIGE

So, what brings you to Miami? I'm here because there's a dental supplier convention here at the hotel. Easy pickings.

DR. SINCLAIR

I'm in town for a book signing.

PAIGE

You wrote a book, good for you!

She places her hand onto Dr. Sinclair's leg. Then, she begins stroking it.

PAIGE (CONT'D)

So, what are you doing tonight Chloe? Wanna have some fun? On the house, of course.

DR. SINCLAIR

Um, Paige, you're my client.

PAIGE

Ex-client. You're my client now!

Paige's hand moves up her thigh.

DR. SINCLAIR

I have to admit, I've always had fantasies about you.

PAIGE

Show me.



Both get out of hot tub and hold hands as they enter the hotel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL ELEVATOR-LATE AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair and Paige begin feverishly making out in the elevator. Paige puts her hand down Dr. Sinclair's bathing suit and vice versa.

Their lips meet in a passionate embrace as they explored each other's bodies. The doors opened, but neither of them noticed, continuing to make out down the hallway until they reached Paige's bedroom.

Paige quickly removes her clothes and then undresses Dr. Sinclair. A deep desire had taken over them both and they moved towards the bed.

Suddenly, Dr. Sinclair throws Paige onto the mattress, pushing her legs apart with force. She slowly licks her fingers before reaching down between Paige's legs to pleasure Paige. Deep moans filled the air as Paige felt herself torn between pleasure and fear.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOME-EVENING

Dr. Sinclair wakes up from falling asleep on her couch. She looks at the clock which reads 3:00am. Next to her is a stack of graded thesis papers.

ALEXA

Oh, Dr. Sinclair, I see you are awake. I want to remind you that tomorrow is the deadline for submitting final grades.

Dr. Sinclair yawns and stretches.

DR. SINCLAIR

Thank you Alexa. I also need to respond to my emails and write a recommendation for professor Jones. Why am I talking to a machine?

ALEXA

Because Dr. Sinclair, there's no-one else.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Well, now that's not entirely true.

ALEXA  
Goodnight Dr. Sinclair.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Goodnight Alexa.

Dr. Sinclair heads upstairs to her bedroom and begins grading papers in her bed.

FADE OUT.

INT. DC METRO CRIME LAB - DAY

Phillip and Janice are speaking when Detective Mason and Ross enter.

PHILLIP  
(to Janice)  
...okay, well define "power ballad"  
then.

Janice turns away from Phillip with her middle finger sticking up behind her back and heads to the detectives.

JANICE  
Agents Mulder and Scully, have I  
got a mystery for you! So, I got  
that file from that other auto-  
asphyxiation victim in Boston.  
There was inconsistent DNA at their  
crime scene as well.

DETECTIVE MASON  
What? It matches ours?

JANICE  
Sort of.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Excuse me, but it's DNA. It either  
matches or it don't.

JANICE  
"Sort of" because their DNA is also  
from someone who went missing. It's  
just not the same someone.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
What do you mean?

JANICE

It matched a deceased male they found over on Staten Island back in 92'. The victim was a former staff member at a place called Willowbrook State School. Some old insane asylum.

DETECTIVE MASON

It wasn't an asylum, it was a State hospital for developmentally disabled children and adolescents.

DETECTIVE ROSS

What the hell is going on here?

DETECTIVE MASON

Let me check on a few things. Thanks for your work Janice.

FADE OUT.

INT. LECTURE HALL - NEXT DAY

Professor Sinclair is giving a lecture on psychopathology. Class is in session.

DR. SINCLAIR

As previously discussed, MRI scans have recently been discovered that psychopathic people have an overactive and 10% larger striatum with increased cluster of neurons in the subcortical basal ganglia of the forebrain than regular people. This represents a clear biological distinction between psychopaths and non-psychopathic people. In addition, we also know that individuals with psychopathology present with egotistical and antisocial disposition. This is often characterized by a lack of empathy for others. Who can give me some other characteristics we see in a psychopath?

MINA

Superficial charm.

DR. SINCLAIR

Excellent. Let's just popcorn this around the class. Who else?

JOSE  
Inflated sense of self-worth.

DULYASIA  
Pathological lying!

THOMAS  
Being manipulative.

MINA  
Lack of remorse or guilt.  
(to Thomas)  
Know anyone like that?

THOMAS  
(deadpan)  
No, I don't.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Ah, Thomas you just got another  
one, shallow emotions!

The class laughs, except for Thomas, who looks pissed. Thomas whispers to Mina.

THOMAS  
Thanks for making me look like an  
asshole.

MINA  
You're welcome.

DR. SINCLAIR  
As a final assignment for the week,  
I want you to discreetly analyze  
someone you know. It could be a  
family member, friend, romantic  
partner, or even a co-worker.  
Determine any psychopathology they  
may present with, while doing so  
anonymously and without their  
knowledge. This exercise will help  
to hone your criminal profiling  
capabilities. Hope everyone has a  
great weekend!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY - WINDY CLOUDY DAY

Students spill out of a building. Mina quickly walks away  
with Thomas right on her heels.

THOMAS

Mina!

Still storming off and not turning around, she holds up her middle finger to him. Jose joins him, and they continue walking.

JOSE

Wow, she's pissed, huh?

THOMAS

Whatever. Hey, I'm going to the Rusty Bucket tonight. Wanna join me for a couple?

JOSE

Can't. I told Brad I'd come over and hang with him.

THOMAS

Brad? Oh right, that guy who always wears gloves.

JOSE

You know what? Fuck it. Let's do this.

THOMAS

No, I'll just come with. I remember he had some dank weed.

JOSE

I dunno...

THOMAS

Well, call him and ask if it's okay.

JOSE

Alright.

Jose takes out his phone and dials. After listening for a moment the ringing stops and it goes to Brad's voice mail.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey man, it's me. I'm going to bring Thomas with me tonight, okay? We'll see you in a while.

He hangs up.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT

As it begins to rain, Jose and Thomas step up to the door. Jose rings the doorbell. No answer.

THOMAS  
Ring it again.

Jose does, still no answer.

JOSE  
He knows we were coming over. Maybe he's taking a dump or something.

He tries the door and finds it unlocked. He and Thomas step inside. Simultaneously, a huge lighting bolt hits the power line conductor and blows out the power.

CONITUEOUS.

INT. BRAD'S HOUSE - STORMY NIGHT

Thomas shuts the door behind them, and Jose calls out to Brad. Thomas pulls out his cell phone and turns on the light. Jose shakes his cell phone and light comes on.

JOSE  
Knock! Knock! We're here. Brad?

No response. Jose spots the open basement door and heads to it.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Hey, man, you down there? Hello!

He slowly walks down the stairs and sees Brad's body lying in a pool of blood.

JOE  
Ahhh! What the fuck?!!! Thomas, get down here.

Thomas goes down to the basement. He slips down the stairs and land in a pool of blood.

THOMAS  
Ahh, my back. What the shit! Dude we gotta get the fuck up out of here.

JOSE

You idiot! You just stepped in blood. You know they can match shoe prints, don't you?

THOMAS

Fuck off. Let's go!

Thomas looks at the bottom of his shoe and attempts to wipe it away with his sleeve. Both leave the basement and head upstairs. Thomas heads to the bathroom to try to clean off his shoes.

SMASH CUT TO:

Moments later sirens are heard approaching the house. Detective Mason and Ross knock on the door. Jose opens it.

DETECTIVE MASON

Who are you and why are you inside this house?

JOSE

I'm Jose and this is Thomas. We were invited to come over to Brad's tonight for some gaming.

DETECTIVE MASON

Gaming you say? What else were you doing here?

THOMAS

Don't say anything, these idiots think we did it.

DETECTIVE MASON

Did what?

JOSE

Look downstairs.

Thomas looks at Jose with a "WTF" look on his face.

THOMAS

(Under his breath)

Didn't I just tell you not to say anything!

Detective Mason and Detective Ross head to the basement. They both turn their flashlights on and at the bottom of the stairs they see Brad dead, lying in a massive quantity of blood.

Detective Mason presses her com and calls for back up. She calls the stations and requests dispatch run their names. Jose comes back with a hit.

DETECTIVE MASON

(Into walkie-talkie)

Detective Chief Inspector Mason investigating a 22-2101. Send back up and CSI. I also need a background check on Jose Ortiz, date of birth 8/17/98 and Thomas Harper date of birth 11/9/95.

(Long pause)

Is that right. 10-4. Jose, tell me a little more about that history of violence of yours. Your record indicates that when you were 18, you punched a guy and put him in hospital.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Sounds like you've got some anger management issues.

THOMAS

Don't say anything. He wants a lawyer.

DETECTIVE MASON

Why? He's not under arrest. We're just shooting the shit here. Right, Ross?

DETECTIVE ROSS

Just shootin' the shit.

JOSE

Okay, well I'm not tellin' you shit.

Mason leans down close and gets right in Jose's face.

DETECTIVE MASON

You don't want to say anything about how Erica Lentz tried to get a restraining order against you?

JOSE

That stuff with Erica was bullshit. She was a nut-job. That's why I dumped her. She made that up about me stalking her just to get even.



DETECTIVE ROSS

Yeah, we will be talking with her soon.

CSI Janice and Phillip arrive at the scene. They head inside and stop to talk to Mason and Ross, then proceed downstairs.

JANICE

Hello Detectives, what do we have here?

DETECTIVE ROSS

The party's downstairs.

Janice and Phillip head down stairs and begin examining the body, collective evidence, taking pictures, measuring blood splatter, and locating the weapon.

PHILLIP

Look here Janice, there is a puncture wound on the back of his neck.

JANICE

Nice work rookie! Get photo-evidence of that.

Janice and Phillip finish processing the scene and walk upstairs. Detective Mason leans up to see Janice and Phillip coming out of the basement holding the bagged murder weapon and plastic bags with evidence in them.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(to Detective Mason)

Looks like the poor bastard died sometime last night.

DETECTIVE MASON

Huh. You said you were here last night, right Jose?

THOMAS

Don't answer her.

Jose leans back on the sofa, crosses his arms and doesn't say a word.

DETECTIVE MASON

We are detaining both of you as persons of interest. Turn around and spread your legs. Hands behind your back. Act like you've been here before Jose.

Police escort Jose and Thomas to their police cars and leave for the police station.

FADE OUT.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE/OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Sinclair pulls up to her home and notices a squad car parked on the street in front of her house. She enters her home.

DR. SINCLAIR

(to Arlene)

How long have the police been here?

ARLENE

About a half hour?

DR. SINCLAIR

Did they say why they're here?

Dr. Sinclair walks down the hall to her office to find Detective Mason seated in her chair and Detective Ross looking at the books in her bookcase.

Detective Mason gets up out of Dr. Sinclair's chair and gets very close to Dr. Sinclair as she attempts to scoot past her.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

(clears her throat)

I'm sorry, what did you say your names were?

DETECTIVE MASON

Dr. Chloe Sinclair? I'm Detective Chase Mason and this is my partner Detective Charlie Ross. I've been following your work since for decades. I have to admit, I'm a bit of a fan.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Your gonna wanna sit down. Please, have a seat. We understand that you have profiled some pretty sick individuals in the past leading to their captures.

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, yes. What is this about?

DETECTIVE ROSS

We think we have a serial killer working right here in DC and we'd like to bring you on as a profiler.

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh, I appreciate the offer but I'm afraid I'm just too busy right now. I am about to teach annotated bibliographies structure for my students thesis projects and..

Mason and Ross share a serious look.

DETECTIVE ROSS

(to Mason)

She doesn't know.

DR. SINCLAIR

Know what?

DETECTIVE MASON

Two of your students found the body of Bradley A. Williamson last night. I believe he was your client.

DR. SINCLAIR

What! I just saw. This can't be. Anyways, as you know, due to HIPPA and patients right to privacy, I can't confirm or deny if he is or was a client of mine.

DETECTIVE MASON

Doesn't that end when the individual is deceased? Also, this is part of an investigation and I believe there are exceptions right?

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, I.. How did you know he was a client of mine? Who?

DETECTIVE MASON

Thomas Billings and Jose Ortiz.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Did you know Mr. Ortiz had a history of violence?

DR. SINCLAIR

No, what? Why would I?

DETECTIVE MASON

Well, we took both into custody. So, unless we find who did this, they, or at least Jose is our prime suspect.

Dr. Sinclair let's all this sink in before responding.

DR. SINCLAIR

You mentioned serial killer. Who are the other victims and what connection is there?

DETECTIVE MASON

The other victim was a woman we found dead a couple of months ago. Both Bradley and this woman had inconsistent DNA evidence found at the scenes. It looks like someone is killing people and planting evidence from old missing persons cases and old homicides dating back decades.

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes, I'll help. But how did Bradley die? And why do you think he was murdered?

DETECTIVE MASON

He bled to death after his leg was sawed off. Hard to believe he did that to himself.

DR. SINCLAIR

I...I don't know. He had a history of self-harming.

DETECTIVE MASON

Well, this was a hell of lot more than just self-harming!

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes. But I do have to say, I don't think Jose is capable of murder.

DETECTIVE MASON

And that's your expertise talking?

DR. SINCLAIR

It is. He is one of my grad students and I've known him for three years.

DETECTIVE MASON

We'll see where the evidence lead us but it's not looking good for him.

DR. SINCLAIR

I'll get started on the profile as soon as we're finished here. I will need to see both files.

Detective Ross puts both files on Dr. Sinclair's desk.

DETECTIVE MASON

Good. I think we're done here. Thank you.

Mason and Ross head to the door. Mason stops when she notices Dr. Sinclair's book titled "Reflections" lying on her desk. She picks it up.

DETECTIVE MASON (CONT'D)

You're an author?

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes.

DETECTIVE MASON

(thumbing through it)  
I should read this.

DR. SINCLAIR

Take it. What's mine is yours.

DETECTIVE MASON

Thank you!

DETECTIVE ROSS

Ma'am.

The detectives exit. Dr. Sinclair goes over to her desk and begins paging through the files.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S OFFICE-LATE AFTERNOON.

Dr. Sinclair phone beeps and she looks at the time. Several hours have passed by. She walks to the front of the reception area. Arlene hands Dr. Sinclair a stack of sticky notes.

DR. SINCLAIR

What's this?

ARLENE  
Messages. Six of them.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Really? Why didn't you message me?

ARLENE  
Because I knew you were busy and  
all the messages are from the same  
client.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Let me guess, Erica?

ARLENE  
Uh huh. She says she needs to see  
you immediately.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Did you tell her that I am...

The phone rings, cutting her off. Arlene picks up.

ARLENE  
Dr. Sinclair's office. Oh, hello  
Erica, one moment please.

She puts the call on hold.

ARLENE (CONT'D)  
Guess who?

DR. SINCLAIR  
I'll take the call in in my office.

Dr. Sinclair goes into her office as Arlene transfers the  
call.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Erica Lentz, a 5'4" 22-year-old woman with an unconventional  
pixie-cut purple hairstyle, and identifies as Emo, struggles  
with bi-polar disorder.

After years of trying to come to terms with her condition,  
she had managed to make it through most days without incident-  
but today was different. Her emotions were running high and  
"needs" to talk to Dr. Sinclair.

ERICA

Okay, that'd be great. Thanks for squeezing me in.

Erica hangs up her phone and puts her hands up and cheers. She skips over to mirror and smiles as she draws a huge smiley face with lipstick on it.

She then makes a frown with her face and smears off the smiley face and draws a frown. She again wipes off the frown, smiles and then and draws a smiley face.

Erica then leaves her bedroom and grabs her e-scooter from her porch and leaves for Dr. Sinclair's office.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DC CITY STREET - DUSK

Erica recklessly rides her e-scooter down the busy street, zigzagging through traffic.

Erica zips down the street recklessly on her e-scooter, weaving through traffic without wearing a helmet and with her headphones on.

She ignores the stop sign, causing an angry car to HONK at her as it skids to a stop. Undeterred by anyone else around her, she pulls up in front of Dr. Sinclair's house.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA -DUSK

Erica opens the front door and enters with her scooter. Before Arlene can greet her, Erica starts rambling.

ERICA

(To Arlene with pressured speech)

Hi Arlene, did I tell you that it was my first day of my MBA program! I made some new friends and joined a student organization for clean energy and my parents bought me a new scooter after I wrecked my last one and I ate this incredible burrito that was totally delicious but was too big to finish, so I gave the rest of it to this homeless guy and do you know what channel Netflix is on?

Arlene jumps in, cutting her off.

ARLENE

Wow, full day, huh? Dr. Sinclair is ready for you.

ERICA

Oh. Okay, Thanks!

Erica rides her scooter down the hallway to Dr. Sinclair's office. As she enters Dr. Sinclair's office, she runs over Dr. Sinclair's foot.

DR. SINCLAIR

(scowling)Ouch!

ERICA

Oh, I'm so sorry!

Erica leans her scooter next to the door and begins pacing. Dr. Sinclair's is seated in modern office chair.

DR. SINCLAIR

Is everything alright Erica?

ERICA

Just a bit pumped up tonight!

DR. SINCLAIR

What triggered this mood?

Erica frowns at her.

ERICA

Whatever.

She immediately transforms and brightens with a wide smile.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Well I'm telling you; I haven't felt this good in a minute!

DR. SINCLAIR

And how long have you been feeling this way?

ERICA

What day is it?

DR. SINCLAIR

My point exactly! You're experiencing mania right now. You become very impulsive and engage in high-risk behaviors like riding that thing without a helmet.

(MORE)



DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing you haven't been  
taking your lithium?

ERICA  
Oh. Well...

DR. SINCLAIR  
Take them. Please. We've been down  
this road before and you know where  
it leads. The last time, it was a  
jail cell.

Erica scoffs.

ERICA  
Oh that? That was just for public  
urination. What was I supposed to  
do? I had to go!

DR. SINCLAIR  
Erica, please, take your meds. Your  
mood is dysregulated and will  
eventually transition to severe  
depression. You know that.

ERICA  
Okay, fine, fine, fine, I'll take  
them. So, what else happened today?  
Oh right! I was very goal directed  
and cooked everything in my kitchen  
last night! I ended up having a  
killer burrito. Oh, sidebar. Do you  
ever get the feeling like your  
being followed?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Well, it's interesting you say  
that. Why do you think you're being  
followed? You know psychosis and  
paranoia can occur with mania. I'm  
glad to hear your appetite is good.  
Did you purge it?

Erica proudly pats her belly.

ERICA  
Nope, still in there! Hey, want to  
go grab a beer?!

DR. SINCLAIR  
Erica, I told you...

ERICA

Gotcha!

(winks)

Worth a shot, right? Anyways, this black truck keeps driving by my house. Did I tell you I'm seeing someone? I don't remember if I did or not.

Dr. Sinclair jots something in her notebook and underlines it.

DR. SINCLAIR

No, you didn't.

ERICA

Well he's like majorly fucked up, like me, so we have that in common. So yeah, he's cool but he does have some issues. I was hoping maybe you could help him?

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, perhaps. It would have to be in the context of a couples session if that's alright? Have him call Arlene and make an appointment.

Erica puckers her lips and kisses the air towards Dr. Sinclair, making an audible kissing sound.

ERICA

You're the best! See ya!

DR. SINCLAIR

Wait a minute, we just started. That's it?

ERICA

Got to study to get the money! See ya next week.

Erica gets on her e-scooter and rides down the hall out of the office. Dr. Sinclair shakes her head and begins writing her therapy note.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DC CITY STREET - NIGHT

Erica whizzes around the corner on her e-scooter, narrowly dodging a car that blares its horn and slams on the brakes.

She continues without stopping, riding recklessly into a red light in front of an oncoming Tesla.

Adrenaline pumps through her veins as she takes a sharp turn to weave between passing cars, pushing the limits of speed until she reaches safety on the other side of the street. Her gaze now turns up to the menacing freeway on-ramp, daring her to take it on.

ERICA

I got this!

Erica rubs her hands together and is about to take off when from the opposite lane, the Black Ford Rapture slams into Erica sending her body flying. It is THE KILLER wearing the VENETIAN DEATH MASK.

Erica lies in the street, a shattered, crumpled heap of flesh and bone. The twisted metal of her scooter is mangled and scattered nearby, a testament to the unspeakable violence she has endured.

She tries to roll over, but a piercing pain shoots up her spine and she moans in agony, her tattered body barely conscious. Her collarbone is sticking out in an unnatural angle from her skin like a broken branch, while one of her legs is twisted backwards at an impossible angle. In the brink of death, she whispers for help.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Help, someone please..

Erica Dies.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BLACK FORD RAPTURE-NIGHT

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S POV, the SUV stops, looks into the rearview mirror, reverses and runs over her again. THE KILLER then spins out on Erica's body with pieces of flesh shooting out from beneath the tire. THE KILLER takes off.

Erica's twisted mess of a body lies lifeless with her eyes wide-open and the back of the skull completely crushed.

STILL THROUGH THE DRIVER'S POV, the Ford Rapture keeps driving as THE KILLER'S hand reaches up and turns off a small camera mounted on the dashboard.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WASHINGTON-TILLARD UNIVERSITY-DAY

Kai, Mina and Dulyasia are sitting in a circle under a tree, books and laptops open.

KAI

Did anybody find that article on the psychopathic characteristics of by R.B.Speck?

DULYASIA

I gotchu. I'll send you the link.

KAI

Thanks.

Mina walks up looking thoughtful, then sits.

MINA

(to Kai)

Hey, man.

Kai doesn't respond, lost in thought.

MINA (CONT'D)

Hello?

KAI

Oh, hey. Sorry, just thinking.

MINA

About?

KAI

That girl who got killed last night.

DULYASIA

What? Who?

KAI

It was a hit and run. Myself, Thomas and Jose were in a class with her last semester. Erica Lentz

DULYASIA

Really?

MINA

I don't remember her.

DULYASIA

Who was she?

KAI

Erica's that chick who rode her scooter into the fountain. Remember that? She was protesting the university still having the statue of Confederate Vice President Alexander Stephens.

DULYASIA

Oh no, her?

MINA

Fuck. Anyone see the asshole who did it?

KAI

No. But I think she had been seeing the professor for a while.

All are sitting looking bummed.

MINA

Speaking of the professor...

DULYASIA

Right, time for class and some more "abnormal fun."

They all gather their stuff up and head off.

MINA

(to Dulyasia)

Any piece of shit that hits someone and then just drives off has to be abnormal as fuck, if you ask me!

The group gets up and walks through campus to the psychology building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL-DAY

Sign on door: CLASS CANCELED Dr. Sinclair is sitting at desk looking through paperwork. Kai knocks on the lecture hall door. Dr. Sinclair motions for him to enter.

KAI

Professor Sinclair?

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes?

KAI

I... well...

DR. SINCLAIR

What is it Kai?

KAI

Well, um, you knew Erica, right?

She looks at him and pauses before answering.

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes, I did. Why do you ask?

KAI

She was a friend of mine and also dated my friend Jose. By the way, where has Jose been? I haven't seen him in over a week.

DR. SINCLAIR

I...

KAI

I was wondering, how do you process it when one of your clients die?

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, I had a heartbreaking experience when I was working as a social worker for child protective services in my undergrad days. A very young girl, around six or seven years old, was brought into the state's care because her mother was a drug user. Over the span of two months, the mother's health deteriorated fast and she started to present with suicidal thoughts. Then one day, my supervisor told me that the mother had passed away from an apparent suicide by overdose. As the case manager of this young child, it became my responsibility to bring her to her mother's funeral—which was an open casket service. Watching the little girl breakdown and sob as she saw her mother's corpse left me in tears too. Since then I realized that I needed to keep myself emotionally detached while dealing with cases like this otherwise the emotions can get overwhelming.

KAI  
For you or the client?

DR. SINCLAIR  
In my experience, both. But, to  
your question about how one feels  
when one of them dies...

KAI  
In this case, murdered.

They share a solemn look.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Yes, well Kai, even though you have  
to detach, it still makes one feel  
a certain way.

KAI  
Yeah.

Kai leaves and Dr. Sinclair packs up her belongings and  
leaves campus.

FADE OUT.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA-LATE AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair leaves her office to find Detectives Mason and  
Cooper standing in the reception area in front of Arlene.

DR. SINCLAIR  
I was wondering when you were going  
to show up.

DETECTIVE MASON  
This is becoming a pattern. We  
understand that Erica Lentz was  
also a client of yours. Her parents  
told us that you met with her a few  
days ago.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Yes, I'm aware what happened to  
her.

DETECTIVE MASON  
We think she was killed right after  
leaving here. You may have been the  
last person to see her alive.

DR. SINCLAIR  
I, I don't know what to say.  
Was it an accident?

DETECTIVE MASON  
Absolutely not. Whoever hit her,  
ran over her at least two times.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
No skid marks.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Did she mention if she was in any  
kind of trouble? An angry ex or  
anything like that?

DR. SINCLAIR  
She briefly mentioned she felt  
someone was following her, but she  
was also in a full blown manic  
episode which can produce paranoia  
and even psychosis. Come into my  
office and I'll look over my notes  
on Erica.

All three enter Dr. Sinclair's office. Dr. Sinclair opens her  
laptop and quickly closes a tab.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
According to my notes, last year  
she felt paranoid that someone was  
following her after she staged a  
protest at the university about  
race relations. Maybe there's  
something there. She did mention  
she was seeing someone with mental  
health issues. Other than that,  
nothing remarkable.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Thank you professor. We'll be in  
close touch.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Of course.

FADE OUT.

INT. DC METRO POLICE STATION - DAY

Mason and Ross are at their desks looking through Dr.  
Sinclair's profile on Jose.



DETECTIVE MASON  
What's your take on Sinclair's  
profile?

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Honest opinion?

Mason nods.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Yes.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Not much. I was expecting, I don't  
know...

DETECTIVE MASON  
Something useful?

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Yeah, it doesn't fit Ortiz, or any  
of her students for that matter.  
Do you think Dr. Sinclair is  
connected in any way? It seems  
unlikely that this could be a mere  
coincidence; as the saying goes,  
'Fool me once, shame on you. Fool  
me twice, shame on me'. I'm just  
putting it out there..

DETECTIVE MASON  
You're barking up the wrong tree  
Detective. Dr. Sinclair is highly  
reputable and I'm not about to open  
an investigation on our profiler.  
I'm more interested in why someone  
is killing off her clients. By the  
way, I've already ordered Jose and  
Thomas's release. Put a tail on  
them, there not out of the woods  
yet.

Detective Ross eyes move to someone walking up behind Mason.  
It's CSI Janice, holding a file. She hands it to Mason.

DETECTIVE MASON (CONT'D)  
What brings you out of your natural  
habitat?

JANICE  
Finally got the results from  
Bradley Williamson.

DETECTIVE MASON

It's been a minuet.

JANICE

Hey, science is science. It takes how long it takes.

DETECTIVE MASON

Great. But why the hand-delivery?

JANICE

(flat affect)

Because I wanted to see the look on your face when you read it. I'm starting to feel more like Janice in Wonderland. This case has me so far down a rabbit hole..I feel lonely.

Mason flips through the pages of the file and then stops on a particular page. Reading the file, Mason's jaw drops.

DETECTIVE MASON

Are you kidding me?

JANICE

Ah, there it is. Hold that look for a second.

Janice takes out her phone and snaps a picture.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I told you! Yeah, someone out there is a real hoot. The DNA found Williams match our female auto-erotica friend!

DETECTIVE MASON

It almost feels like the perp knows our investigation tactics and is one step ahead of us. We're going to get this son of a bitch!

JANICE

This is why I became a CSI, it never gets boring!

Janice leaves the police station.

DETECTIVE MASON

Janice, delete the pic. That's an order.

JANICE

Yeah.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Dr. Sinclair opens the door to find Mason and Ross standing there. Ross is carrying a large binder.

DR. SINCLAIR

Please, come in.

Both enter.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything? Coffee, Water?

DETECTIVE ROSS

Coffee would be good.

DETECTIVE MASON

No thanks, we're both fine.

Ross rolls his eyes at Detective Mason

DR. SINCLAIR

So, what brings you all the way down here?

DETECTIVE MASON

Where to start. Well, during our investigation, we were provided a copy of a file from Boston PD who found the body of a woman a few years back who had apparently died of auto-erotic asphyxiation as well.

DR. SINCLAIR

Is this the other case you mentioned you were working on?

DETECTIVE MASON

Among others.

DR. SINCLAIR

You know that a woman dying that way is...

DETECTIVE MASON  
Highly unusual, right.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Which led you to believe that your  
current auto-erotic asphyxiation  
victim is connected.

Dr. Sinclair's cell phone buzzes.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry but I have to take this.  
It's my client crisis line.

Dr. Sinclair takes a few steps away from them and checks the  
CALLER ID: Hayden. She declines the call and turns back to  
the detectives.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
False alarm. Please, go on.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Okay, here's where it gets really  
weird. These other murders we're  
investigating all seem to point to  
one individual.

DR. SINCLAIR  
But didn't you say that the DNA was  
link to a homicide just a few years  
ago?

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Yes. Why?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Then couldn't it be plausible that  
whoever was involved in that past  
homicide is linked or is the  
perpetrator for these homicides?

DETECTIVE MASON  
So, what, this person has been on  
vacation for the past few years?

DR. SINCLAIR  
It's not out of the question. Take  
for instance Gary Ridgway aka The  
Green River Killer. He was active  
for 16 years and took several years  
off in between his work to raise  
his children.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
But why your clients?

Dr. Sinclair sits down on the edge of the desk in deep thought. She looks away, pondering this. After a few moments.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Sinclair?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Look, I deal with individuals struggling from mental illness. I can only provide the tools for individuals to change. It is up to them to implement their skills to become self-sufficient. You can lead a horse to water...perhaps someone feels that I didn't help them and their projecting. Sorry, I was trying to think if I missed anything in my notes. You were saying that the other DNA matches that you identified couldn't have been connected to someone who committed these murders?

DETECTIVE MASON  
That's correct.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Why's that?

DETECTIVE MASON  
Because they're all dead.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Or missing. Going as far back as the late 80's. We're still checking on how they may be connected.

Dr. Sinclair looks overwhelmed.

DR. SINCLAIR  
I'm sorry, I need a drink.

She opens the door and walks over to the kitchen. The detectives follow her.

CONTINUOUS

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mason and Ross take a seat at the kitchen table. Dr. Sinclair is at the counter, pouring herself a glass of Octomore 10.3 scotch.

DR. SINCLAIR  
You're sure you won't join me?

DETECTIVE MASON  
You have no idea.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Detective Ross?

DETECTIVE ROSS  
On duty.

Dr. Sinclair takes a seat at the table. Her cell phone buzzes. Again, she checks it and declines the call.

DR. SINCLAIR  
So, the DNA had to have been placed there by either someone connected to these murders going back decades or the killer themselves.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Exactly. The perp has us chasing ghosts.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Who were they?

DETECTIVE MASON  
Ross.

Ross sets the binder on the table and takes out files and photos and slides them over to Dr. Sinclair. She stops and gasps when she get to the fourth photo.

DETECTIVE MASON (CONT'D)  
What is it?

DR. SINCLAIR  
This man isn't dead.

DETECTIVE MASON  
How do you know that?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Because that was him blowing up my phone! He's a former client of mine. His name is Hayden O'Rourke.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Why didn't you tell us this?  
Listen, I've already said to much.  
I can lose my license for breach of  
confidentiality.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Well, what can you tell us about  
him?

DR. SINCLAIR  
I...

DETECTIVE MASON  
Do you think he's capable of  
murder?

She hesitates before answering.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Yes.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Why?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Because he's done it before. He  
served time in prison for  
manslaughter for "accidentally"  
killing a woman... during sex.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Did he know we were coming over?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Absolutely not. Why?

DETECTIVE MASON  
Because he may be watching us now!

Detective Ross and Mason abruptly get up and run down the  
hall. As they open the door, they see a Black Ford Rapture  
peeling out! Ross and Mason get into their car. Ross drops  
his keys as he fumbles to start the car.

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE MASON (CONT'D)  
Damn it Ross!

By the time Ross gets the car started the truck is gone.

DETECTIVE MASON (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Not all lost. I got the plates.  
Didn't I tell you I have a  
photographic memory?

DETECTIVE MASON  
No, but good to know. Nice job.

Ross talks into his microphone.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Dispatch, this is unit 11. Need a  
run a license plates starting with  
alpha, umbrella, gamma, one, seven,  
seven, zero. Description: Black  
Ford Rapture.

DISPATCH  
Plates come up registered to Hayden  
O'Rourke address is 929 Cameron  
Trail.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Several police units and SWAT team assemble outside Hayden's Home. SWAT positions themselves around the home. Mason and Cooper exit their car and head and put on their tactical gear.

Hayden's black Ford Rapture parked in the driveway. They shine their flashlights on it and see scrapes and a dent on the front bumper with bloody hair and flesh still stuck in the grill.

After knocking on the front door, Ross peeks into a little door window. ANGLE ON Hayden seated on the sofa, watching TV. They both put their hands on their guns. Mason knocks.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Hayden O'Rourke? This is Metro PD.  
Your house is surrounded. You need  
to come out with your hands up.

No response. Mason pounds on door.

HAYDEN (O.S.)  
Come in, it's open!

Mason slowly opens the door. As soon as Hayden is visible, they now see that he has a gun in his hand on his lap. He tilts his head sideways and smiles at them.



HAYDEN (CONT'D)  
Hello. Looking for me?

They both draw their weapons and point their guns at Hayden.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Drop the fucking gun! Drop it now!

DETECTIVE ROSS  
Get on the fucking ground now!

Begins laughing maniacally.

HAYDEN  
I'm just a tool.

Hayden ever so slightly begins to raise his gun. MASON AND COOPER OPEN FIRE hitting Hayden twice in the torso. Hayden slumps over. Detective Ross uses his police radio to call for paramedics and backup.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
11-41 ambulance is needed. 929  
Cameron Trail stat. Officer  
invovled Shooting. Victim is 42  
year old male.

FADE OUT.

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, ICU HAYDEN'S ROOM-  
DAY

A police officer in full uniform stands guard outside the ICU door. Next to him, Mason and Ross stand looking through the window at Hayden.

Hayden is in a bed, unconscious and unaware of his surroundings with a slew of tubes and monitors hooked up to him. Dr. Sinclair is sitting next to him. Detective Ross and Mason are outside his room looking through his room window.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
She's wrong, you know. She acts if  
he's the victim.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Yeah, well, you wouldn't  
understand.

DETECTIVE ROSS  
What?

DETECTIVE MASON

She had a therapeutic relationship with him for years. Transference-Counter Transference can occur with patient and provider.

DETECTIVE ROSS

What the hell does that mean?

DETECTIVE MASON

Sometimes, a therapist will shift their feelings onto a patient, and an emotional connection can be built between the two if they share similar experiences. This relationship is necessary in order to establish trust with clients in order to build rapport. Anyway, he's not going anywhere; let's go get something to eat. Is there anything you want?

DETECTIVE ROSS

(Snarky) Yeah! How about a Payday! No pun intended of course. I saw a vending machine down the hall. I'll come with you.

CONTINUOUS.

Mason and Ross head down the hall and arrive at the vending machine.

JUMP CUT TO:

Dr. Sinclair sees the detectives walking away. She looks down at Hayden and squeezes his hand. His eyes open and look up at her. Dr. Sinclair reaches up and begins tracing a tube back to the machine.

CUT TO:

Detective Mason and Ross are talking at the vending machine.

DETECTIVE ROSS (CONT'D)

How many other murders do you think he's committed?

DETECTIVE MASON

Well, what we discovered in his freezer sent chills down my spine - vials of blood from innocent victims, baggies of hair, and a gruesome jar filled to the brim with dismembered fingers and thumbs. There was no doubt that he had been on a killing spree.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Well hopefully he pulls through so we can we can ask him and then we can watch him fry!

DETECTIVE MASON

That's a 10-4.

OVER LOUDSPEAKER:

An urgent call echoes through the halls: "Code Blue, Code Blue. Critical response team room 417!" "Code Blue, Code Blue. Critical response team room 417!" Mason and Ross quickly trade glances and dart after three medical staff running towards the source of the call.

As Mason and Ross arrive, Dr. Sinclair comes out of the Hayden's room and the doctor and nurse rush in. Beep. Beep. Long beep. Flatline.

DR. SINCLAIR

He's gone. I should have known. I should have been able to help him.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Chloe, you can't stop stupid. You can't blame yourself. I'm sorry for your loss but he was killing off your clients. Do you remember anything you said or did to cause him to retaliate against you?

DR. SINCLAIR

No. I had such aspirations for him. You know at one point he was studying to become therapist. I guess you could say he was my first protégé.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. DC METRO POLICE STATION - DAY

Mason is at her desk, looking at a file. Ross, now with a mustache, walks and takes a seat at his desk. Mason stares at him.

DETECTIVE ROSS

What?

DETECTIVE MASON

The mustache has got to go.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Why?

DETECTIVE MASON

Because you look like a fucking cop with a mustache, that's why.

DETECTIVE ROSS

My mom likes it.

DETECTIVE MASON

(short laugh)

Bless your heart Ross!

Mason swivels in her chair and opens up a filing cabinet behind her. Ross opens up a newspaper and thumbs through it.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Well I'll be damned. Not that it matters much now. But it does make sense.

DETECTIVE MASON

What's that?

DETECTIVE ROSS

The DNA profiles of the victims from the O'Rourke case match those of some former employees of Willowbrook State School that went missing. It seems the school closed down in 1987. As it turns out, O'Rourke was one of the children that attended the school before it closed. Mason swivels in her chair to face him.

DETECTIVE MASON

Hmm. Janice mentioned something about Willowbrook. Huh? I heard that place was a nightmare!

DETECTIVE ROSS

How do you know?

DETECTIVE MASON

I'm somewhat familiar with it. By the way it sounds, those staff members, including the doctors and administrators probably had it coming. Reports of physical abuse, sexual abuse, emotional neglect and food deprivation surfaced after it closed. The kids were living in their own filth and were used as Guinee pigs. Over medicated, probed and prodded. Fuck, outright tortured! I guess what goes around does come around after all.

Mason swivels back to the filing cabinet.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Whoa, why don't you tell me how you really feel about the place!

DETECTIVE MASON

Well, you know, Lady Justice is my bitch. Just want to make sure things are equal.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Alright, this is weird...

DETECTIVE MASON

What?

DETECTIVE ROSS

According to the Federal Inmate Search database, O'Rourke never served time anywhere for manslaughter. He did a couple of stints at county for assault, theft and juvenile delinquency, but that's it. Why would he tell his shrink he committed past murders?

Mason swivels around again and thinks a beat before answering.

DETECTIVE MASON

Who knows? He was crazy. I'm sure he fed her all kinds of bullshit.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Okay, but why plant evidence? And, why the other murders?

DETECTIVE MASON

Look, like I said, who knows? He obviously got off on killing people. Let it go. Trying to figure out nuts like him can drive you a little nuts yourself.

DETECTIVE ROSS

Well, what about his connection to Sinclair? And, What about Sinclair's connection to the other victims?

DETECTIVE MASON

Let is go Ross. Case is closed.

Mason picks up Dr. Sinclair's book off her desk. She opens it and leans back in her chair and begins to read.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: JANUARY

EXT: BOULDER, COLORADO WINTER - MORNING

Dr. Sinclair has relocated back to her hometown of Boulder, Colorado and is ready for class to start at University of Colorado-Boulder.

She's changed up her look with a chic short hairstyle, jet black in color. Her house and her own clinic are situated in a magnificent mountain lodge in the foothills of the Flatirons.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair heads downstairs to her office. Karen, a White woman in her mid-sixties who is stuck in the 80's, is Dr. Sinclair's long time receptionist. She is wearing a purple Judas Priest Screaming for Vengeance T-Shirt.

DR. SINCLAIR

Good morning Karen, it is good to be home!

KAREN

It is good to see you again! Would you like some coffee? It's Amanté!

DR. SINCLAIR

Absolutely! Hopefully it can knock out this migraine coming on.

Karen hands Dr. Sinclair a huge mug.

KAREN

Be careful, it's hot.

DR. SINCLAIR

Thank you Karen. I'll be in my office taking it easy.

Dr. Sinclair closes her eyes and takes a sip, smiles and heads back to her office. She stares out her window.

FLASHBACK:

SUPER 1996

INT. COLROADO SPRINGS, COLORADO. ALTERNATIVE HOMES FOR OFFENDERS INPATIENT HOSPITALZAITON - DAY

Dr. Chloe Sinclair is leading her post-doctoral behavioral modification research group.

She, along with her colleagues are behind a two-way mirror while discussing positive vs negative reinforcement. A patient sits on the other side waiting at a table.

DR. SINCLAIR

I find it interesting when discussing operant conditioning that we have to be mindful of the words we use. Positive and negative don't mean good or bad, but rather adding something or taking something away. Reinforcement is increasing a behavior, and punishment is decreasing it. Positive and Negative reinforcement can both increase the likelihood of a desired behavioral response, which makes my Exposure Reflection therapy technique an alternative to punishment.

DR. BHAGAT

So you are proposing that punishment is obsolete?

DR. SINCLAIR

Punishment might work fast to mitigate bad behavior, but it has been well established that it is not effective over time. Look, the most effective way to teach an old dog new tricks is to literally throw them a bone! Your giving them a treat. Hence, Operant conditioning via Positive Reinforcement.

DR. BHAGAT

Ah, I see.

DR. SINCLAIR

If we look at our young man behind the glass, we can see that he's been charged with breaking and entering, theft and assault. The important thing to remember is that his frontal lobe area—which are influential in making decisions, controlling impulsive actions, and weighing out multiple outcomes—has not yet fully matured. By using positive reinforcement, we can not only anticipate his behaviors, but also influence them. Pay attention boys; you'll learn something here. He has pending charges for breaking and entering, theft and assault. The good thing to remember is that his frontal lobe area, which play a huge role in coordinating complex decision making, impulse control and being able to consider multiple consequences is not fully developed and by way of positive reinforcement, we can not only predict his behaviors, but we can shape them however we see fit! Watch and learn boys.

Dr. Sinclair exists the room behind the mirror and enters the room with the subject. She sits across from him at the table.



DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Hello, my name is Dr. Sinclair.  
What's your?

YOUNG ADULT  
You can call me Hayden

DR. SINCLAIR  
Well Hayden, it looks like you got  
yourself in a bit of trouble.  
Would you like to have these  
charges disappear?

HAYDEN  
(raises head off table)  
I'm listening.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Have you ever heard of deferred  
prosecution? It is when a District  
Attorney sets conditions of your  
release. If you abide by those  
conditions, your charges are  
dropped. Would you be interested in  
that?

HAYDEN  
What do I have to do?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Just do everything I tell you to  
and I'll take care of the rest.

HAYDEN  
What kind of things?

DR. SINCLAIR  
You know, comply with treatment,  
take medication if prescribed, no  
substance use. Nothing out of the  
ordinary.

HAYDEN  
Yeah sure, I'm game.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Excellent! We will be programing  
next week.

Dr. Sinclair turns towards the two-way mirror with a big grin  
and a thumbs up gesture.

END OF FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

The entrance of the office swung open and a middle-aged Black woman, accompanied by a distraught twelve-year-old boy, stepped into the lobby. The woman wore a stern expression as she walked in, whereas the child had a gloomy look on his face.

BLACK WOMAN

Hello, I was told to come here to get help for my son. I made an appointment online.

KAREN

Hello, what is your name?

BLACK WOMAN

My name is Ms. Johnson and this is Mitchell.

KAREN

Well, hello Ms. Johnson and hello fine fellow. Welcome to Reflections Counseling Services. Let's see...

Karen clicks her laptop behind the receptionist desk.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Yes, I have you on the schedule. Were you able to complete the consent forms?

MS. JOHNSON

No, I didn't have time.

KAREN

No worries, here ya go.

Ms. Johnson takes paperwork from Karen and sits down as she signs the forms. Her son, who is 12 years old is picking and scratching his arms. His mother grabs her son by the arm and verbally redirects him in an aggressive tone.

MS. JOHNSON

You'd better stop picking at that, boy.

MITCHELL

You gonna whoop me again mama?

MS. JOHNSON

You wanna find out, just keep

Karen has a frown on her face. Ms. Johnson returns paperwork. Karen picks up her phone and dials Dr. Sinclair's extension.

KAREN

Ms. Johnson, I know this isn't my place to say, but Dr. Sinclair is required by law to report any signs of abuse. She is a mandated reporter as stated in the disclosure statement. You know, it baffles me how Black people can think that it's acceptable to whip their children when they were whipped as slaves! If I was seen whipping my dog, I'd be arrested for animal abuse. If I used a switch or belt and hit my partner, I would be felony assault. Yet, somehow it's okay to whip a defenseless child. Just something to mull over. In any case, I'll let Dr. Sinclair know you're ready.

Ms. Johnson's is speechless, But she lowers her head and avoids eye contact realizing the truth.

MS. JOHNSON

Well, I suppose your right. If you put it that way.

Karen messages Dr. Sinclair. Dr. Sinclair walks out to reception area and witnesses Mitchell picking his legs as he sits on the chair.

DR. SINCLAIR

Ms. Johnson how are you? I'm Dr. Sinclair. Looks like someone really likes to pick!

MS. JOHNSON

Hmm mmm.

DR. SINCLAIR

Why don't you follow me back to my office.

All individuals walk back to Dr. Sinclair office and they take a seat on couch. Dr. Sinclair sits on a chair across from Mitchell.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
How long has this been going on?

MS. JOHNSON  
Oh lordly, he's been doing this  
since he was six years old. He  
won't stop.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Oh, you poor soul. Can I pull up  
your sleeve.

Dr. Sinclair pulls up his sleeves.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
Mitchell can I ask you a question?  
Do you pick at healthy skin, or  
skin with minor irregularities,  
like moles or mosquitoes bites?

MITCHELL  
I don't know, both I guess.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Ms. Johnson, your son is likely  
experiencing Excoriation disorder.  
It is characterized by the repeated  
picking or scratching at one's own  
skin which results in skin lesions  
leaving horrible welts and scars  
and infection if left untreated.  
Has he picked or scratched so much  
he's bled?

MS. JOHNSON  
Yes!

DR. SINCLAIR  
Interesting.

MITCHELL  
Why you say that?

DR. SINCLAIR  
Oh, nothing, nothing. So, Ms.  
Johnson, it says in your charts  
that you been to therapy before at  
Boulder Community Hospital. What  
type of treatment was it?

MS. JOHNSON  
They had a specialist who worked  
with obsessive-compulsive  
disorders.

DR. SINCLAIR

I see, well I think my treatment will get this behavior to stop. In fact, I'm very confident he'll never pick again. Mitchell, I see you're holding some football cards. Do you like football?

MITCHELL

Yes, it's my favorite sport.

DR. SINCLAIR

I'll make a deal with you. Can I have one? I'll give it back to you when you are all cured plus I will throw in two brand new packs of Fleeer! How does that sound?

MITCHELL

Bet.

Mitchell hands Dr. Sinclair one of his cards.

DR. SINCLAIR

Brock Purdy, now that's a keeper! This is his first year card with the San Francisco. Are you sure you want to give me that one?

MITCHELL

Yeah, Arron Rodgers is my favorite QB anyways.

DR. SINCLAIR

Ms. Johnson, I usually avoid prescribing medication to kiddo's, but because of the severity of Mitchell's condition, I'm going to prescribe clomipramine - it is the most effective medication out there for treating Obsessive-Compulsive disorder. In addition, I'll be referring you to a dermatologist for topicals such as an antibiotic steroid cream that will assist you with the inflammation and pain. It's critical that we avoid infection in those sores. Please schedule a follow-up appointment in two weeks so that we can begin formal treatment, which will include Exposure therapy, Habit Reversal Training and Cognitive Behavioral Therapy.

(MORE)

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

In the meanwhile Ms. Johnson, here are some latex finger cots to put over his fingers so he won't scratch until he bleeds. Thank you so much for trusting me take care of your star quarterback.

Dr. Sinclair winks at Mitchell. Ms. Johnson and Mitchell exits Dr. Sinclair's office.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE MS. JOHNSON'S VEHICLE, PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON.

Mitchel gets into the back seat of her minivan and buckles in. As soon as Ms. Johnson sits down in her seat, she reaches back and hits Mitchell upside his head.

MS. JOHNSON

Boy, do you know how much this is going to cost me! All because you pick at your damn arms. I swear, I'm gonna tan your ass when we get home.

As Ms. Johnson pulls out of Dr. Sinclair's driveway and heads down the foothills, an Olive Green Jeep Wrangler with tinted windows almost cuts her off. Ms. Johnson looks up in her rear view mirror.

MS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(to self)

This Mother Fucker!

The Jeeps begins to tailgate Ms. Johnson then abruptly turns and heads down a side road out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MS. JOHNSON'S HOME - SUNSET

As the sun sets beyond the hills, Ms. Johnson drives her minivan into their driveway. She and Mitchell step out of the vehicle, entering their home. Around a corner, the JEEP appears.

From the point of view of the Jeep, we can see Ms. Johnson whipping Mitchell with a belt through his bedroom window.

THROUGH FRONT WILDSHIELD

Clad in a the same Venetian Death Mask, black T-shirt, and black gloves, the Figure takes out their phone and begins recording while sporting a binary-coded tattoo that coils around their arm like a living serpent.

Afterward, Ms. Johnson leaves the bedroom leaving Mitchell alone in the bedroom as he sobs inconsolably. The Figure tightens their grip on the phone as they record every second of this horrific scene.

Mitchel eventually grabs his coat and escapes through his window. Mitchel runs away from home. The Figure stops recording and begins to follow Mitchell.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO, BOULDER CLASSROOM - DAY.

Dr. Sinclair is giving lecture. A few students enter late.

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh, good day everyone. Please, take a seat. Jordan Louis, my Grad assistant should have sent all of you the syllabus that outlines what this class is focused on: recognizing and comprehending our most abnormal psychological states. You were assigned to research irrational fears - known as phobias. According to Dr. Theodore Killinger, an alienist from 1872, a phobia is an extreme anxiety or terror, usually for something that poses no actual danger. Now, who can tell me which disorder would be classified under this definition? Several students raise their hands. Dr. Sinclair is picking students to respond. You in the back. No the one that came in late earlier.

Class laughs.

JOHN

Sorry about that. Hi my name is John. I got this. Arachnophobia?

DR. SINCLAIR

Of course, the proverbial fear of spiders. Yes, good. Anyone else? You with the hat on.

SOPHIE

Hi my name is Sophie. Alright, self disclosure, I have katagelophobia

DR. SINCLAIR

Ah, yes. Fear of embarrassment. That's a good one. Another one that goes hand in hand is Glossophobia, or fear of public speaking. How about one more.

JASMINE

Hi, my name is Jasmine, and my mother has Agoraphobia.

DR. SINCLAIR

Ah, very common, the fear of public spaces or going outside. Alright, it looks like you have a pretty good grasp on Phobia's. Please read over chapters 6-13 on how these disorders can manifest into some very abnormal behaviors such as hording to piggyback off of Jasmynes response. Alright, that's it. Class dismissed see you in a week.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dr. Sinclair leaves her classroom and heads down the hallway. A colleague passes her and they begin conversation.

PROFESSOR CARTER

Well, hello Chloe. Welcome back! Just in time for winter!

DR. SINCLAIR

I know, but I love the snow! Everything seems so pure.

PROFESSOR CARTER

How's your book doing?

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, my publisher said that I've sold over 23,000 units which made it New York Times best seller last month!



PROFESSOR CARTER  
Congratulations Chloe. We'll see  
you around.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Thank you Grady.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. BOULDER WINDING FOOTHILL ROADS-AFTERNOON.

Dr. Sinclair exits the building and walks to the parking spaces. She gets into her car and drives up the foothills to her private practice office.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA - AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair parks and enters her home. Karen is behind the counter on the phone. Karen is describing a new referral to Dr. Sinclair.

KAREN  
Okay, I will. Thank you goodbye.  
What's up doc? I've always wanted  
to say that!

DR. SINCLAIR  
Good. It's always nice having fresh  
meat.

Karen laughs.

KAREN  
Faces, I'm sure you mean faces!

DR. SINCLAIR  
(Snarky)  
Of course, faces.

KAREN  
I just took a new referral for you.  
Her name is Ann. She is 17 years  
old. It appears she suffers from  
claustrophobia with panic attacks.  
Her name is Ann Montgomery. I  
booked her for 6:00 pm.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Great! Thanks Karen. I'll be in my  
office. I'm not feeling well.

(MORE)

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
 I think I have some elevation  
 sickness. I'm going to rest for a  
 bit. Buzz me when she arrives.  
 Thanks Karen.

KAREN  
 Oh, that's no joke. It'll take a  
 couple of weeks before your  
 acclimated again. Drink lot's of  
 water.

DR. SINCLAIR  
 Thanks Karen.

CONTINUOUS.

Dr. Sinclair walks back to her office and has her hand on her forehead. She enters her office and opens her purse. She takes two pills from a pill bottle and lays down on her black couch.

FLASHBACK:

A 14-year-old girl lies on a hospital bed at Willowbrook, restrained and struggling against the orderlies attempting to administer a medication. The girl puts up a strong fight, but is succumbs to the four male staff member.

After they leave, Chloe emerges from behind the door and witnessed the entire event. She is distressed by what she has witnessed and approaches the girl in an effort to comfort her.

GIRL  
 (screaming)  
 Get me out of this fucking thing!  
 Help! I'm going to kill all of you!

Chloe sneaks over to the girl and unstraps her. The girl is drowsy and Chloe helps her off the gurney. They sneak down a corridor to an unoccupied room. They go in and close the door.

CHLOE  
 (lock arms)  
 Hold my arm. This way.

GIRL  
 Do you hear me motherfuckers! I'm  
 going to ghost you!

CHLOE  
 Shhh! Keep quiet. What's your name?

GIRL

My name is Chasity, what's yours?

CHLOE

My name is Chloe. We have to get out of here.

CHASITY

I know. I can't take it anymore. I think of killing myself everyday, but how?

CHLOE

I don't know, security is so tight. They have guards 24/7 at all the exits.

CHASITY

I know. How long have you been here?

CHLOE

Since I was one month old, so I'm told. I was dropped at the front door.

CHASITY

That sucks! Jesus. This is all you know.

CHLOE

(somber)  
Yeah, How about you?

CHASITY

Two weeks ago. They kept me in the infirmary. Said I had scabies. Thank you for helping me. I don't know anyone here.

BUZZZZZ.

END FLASHBACK:

Dr. Sinclair's phone is buzzing. She sits up on the couch and answers it.

KAREN (V.O.)

Dr. Sinclair, your client is here. Should I send back?

DR. SINCLAIR

Yes, that's fine. Thank you.

Karen sends Ann back to her office. Dr. Sinclair opens the door.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Hello Ann, my name is Dr. Sinclair. Won't you come in. What brings you in for therapy?

ANN

Well, I'm a freshman and I'm not so good. I continue to have panic attacks when I'm in small spaces. My chest gets tight and I can't breathe. It feels like I'm having a heart attack.

DR. SINCLAIR

I see. I'm so sorry. How long has this been going on?

ANN

Ever since my parents would lock me in the closet when I was bad. Probably around 4-years-old.

DR. SINCLAIR

How terrible! I'm so sorry you had to experience that. What about now? What seems to trigger the episodes?

ANN

To tell the truth, everything it seems. Just sitting at a coffee shop or in class I start to perspire. I'm always looking to see where the nearest exit is.

DR. SINCLAIR

It appears you are suffering from claustrophobia. What have you tried in the past to become self-sufficient in order to manage this on your own?

ANN

Nothing. I don't know how to. That's why I came to you.

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, you made the right choice. Have you ever heard of exposure therapy is a technique in behavior therapy? It is used to treat anxiety disorders such as yours.

ANN

No, what is it?

DR. SINCLAIR

It involves exposing the patient to the anxiety source or its context. By doing so, it desensitizes the individual, so they are no longer in fear. I would like to try this with you.

ANN

You mean I have to get locked in a closet again?

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh no! I'll have my assistant take you around town and find some safe spaces and monitor you. The more your exposed, the less fear you will have because you'll realize that there's no threat of harm. How does that sound?

ANN

I guess, if you think it will work.

DR. SINCLAIR

I promise once you've experience this, you'll never be the same again! I'll have Jordan, my grad assistant call you this week and tell you where to meet. She is a former student athlete. You'll love her. She's 26 years old, about 5'9 and wears double stranded braids. She has a tattoo of crossed ski poles on her forearm.

ANN

Oh she skies? I love skiing! Open space and all.

DR. SINCLAIR

Splendid. Have Karen book a follow-up session in two weeks on your way out. It was very nice meeting you Ann.

Ann exits Dr. Sinclair office. Dr. Sinclair spends some time at her computer and then shuts the lid.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

That's enough.

Dr. Sinclair walks to her bathroom, her face an emotionless mask as she stares into the mirror. She methodically goes about her nightly routine, unwrapping a new toothbrush and brushing her teeth with a vengeance.

Taking out a razor blade from the drawer of her nightstand, she slowly drags it across her thigh, watching in morbid fascination as the blood trickles down her leg.

With shaking hands she applies the large bandage to stop the flow of blood before extinguishing the lights and heading off to a dreamless sleep.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COLORADO UNIVERSITY OF BOULDER-AFTERNOON

Students are at a CHEBA HUT eating and drinking. A group of students finish their burritos and begin walking under the bridge to get to campus.

SOPHIE

Hey guys, I'm so excited Dr. Sinclair is back this semester!

JOHN

I know, she is so-fucking-smart.

RILEY

I cant wait to take her classes. This semester is going to be dope! Speaking of which..

Riley takes a hit from his vaporizer as they walk through campus to class.

CUT TO:

INT. CU-BOULDER STAFF OFFICES-AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair is in her office when Professor Carter knocks on her door.

PROFESSOR CARTER

Knock, knock. Hi Chloe, sorry to bother you but this was in my campus mailbox by mistake. It looks like it's for you.

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh, thank you Grady.

PROFESSOR CARTER  
No problem, have a good one.

The manila envelope says, In Care of Dr. Sinclair. Dr. Sinclair notices there is no return address on it.

DR. SINCLAIR  
(to self)  
Hmm, no return label. Probably junk mail.

Dr. Sinclair opens the envelope and pulls out the jump drive and hastily slides it into her laptop and hits play. The computer screen and theater remain pitch black while the surround sound of a cacophony of buzzing of mosquitoes, flies, and bees increases as it fills the theater.

A distant light in the back ground slowly grows bigger and brighter until it reveals a 4x6 plexiglass box with a boy inside, Mitchell! He screams in anguish as he feels bugs crawling over his body, biting and stinging him mercilessly.

He begins scratching profusely until his skin begins to peel off. The hauntingly beautiful chorus of "Room to Breathe" by You Me At Six kicks in, as if a requiem for Mitchell's suffering.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
What the?

STILL WATCHING BUT COPUTER SCREEN MORPHS INTO THE MOVIE THEATER SCREEN.

BOY  
(crying)  
Help! Help me! Someone please help!  
Get me out of here! I just want to go home.

In the corner of the box sits a can of RAID. Mitchell grabs it and starts spraying its contents around, only to be engulfed by the fumes.

He begins coughing up blood and eventually succumbs to poisoning; his body breaks out in welts and insects start burrowing into his skin.

Just as the light fades away, the audience catches a glimpse of THE KILLER wearing a Black Venetian Death Mask before everything goes dark. Dr. Sinclair slams her computer shut.

She looks around before taking out the USB drive and stuffing it into her purse. She pulls out her compact, dabs her forehead with a towelette, puts lipstick on and heads to class.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CU-BOULDER CLASSROOM-AFTERNOON.

DR. SINCLAIR

We have been discussing mental health disorders and the problems that can arise from abnormal behavior in society. As clinicians, it is our job to help our clients become self-sufficient so they can reintegrate back into the community. One of the key criteria to consider is if the behaviors violate social norms - when someone does something considered "abnormal" by society. You might be asking yourself, what defines "normal?" Is it normal for bystanders to record or live stream someone dying? Isn't that a common occurrence these days with cell phones capturing everything? Can anyone provide me with an example of what society would deem as abnormal?

Sophie raises her hand.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Just a reminder, you are in Grad school. We are all adults here so no need to raise hands. Sophie, go ahead.

SOPHIE

Masturbating in public.

Class snickers.

DR. SINCLAIR

Debatable. Anyone else?

RILEY

Digging up a corpse and having sex with it!

Class moans.



DR. SINCLAIR

Well, that's not far fetched.  
Remember Ed Gein? He did just that.  
He grew up in Plainfield, Wisconsin  
He dug up corpses and then skinned  
his victims and wore the skins as  
clothing. He also made furniture  
from bones and lampshades from  
human skin.

Chatter amongst the cohorts with looks of grimaces and  
disgust on their faces.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

A little trivia for you, did you  
know that movies, The Texas  
Chainsaw Massacre and Silence of  
the Lambs was based on him? There  
ya go! How about one more?

JOHN

Torture to small animals. I knew a  
kid when I was in middle school who  
tied a cat around a pole, doused it  
with gasoline and set it on fire.

DR. SINCLAIR

Yep, burning a cat alive might be  
against social norms. By a show of  
hands, who thinks these types of  
behaviors are biologically driven?

Over half the class raises their hands.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

And now, who thinks they are  
learned behaviors?

A few students raises their hands.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Well, it was kind of a trick  
question isn't it? It's both. We  
think that individuals are  
biologically predisposition to have  
abnormal behaviors, but something  
they witnessed, or an experience  
could trigger a change in their  
brain causing them to act out.  
On the other hand, there has been  
serial killers such as Bundy who  
described his childhood as  
"uneventful."

(MORE)

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Jeffery Dahmer said he had "a very loving and normal childhood." And Dennis Raider, the BTK killer who killed 10 women over a 17 year period was married during those years and had two children. He also served in the Airforce. He had a relatively good upbringing and he known as one of the most prolific serial kills of modern history. Alright class, that's it for today. For your assignment, I would like you to research at least five different serial killers and determine if they had a maladaptive childhood then write a 10-15-page paper on your findings. Your syllabus will provide details of what I'm looking for. Have a great weekend.

Class exits. Dr. Sinclair packs up her computer and exits the university.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BOULDER CITY STREETS - AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair leaves campus and heads to Chinese Tea Bistro and orders a Tieguanyin Tea.

BURISTA

What can I get for you?

DR. SINCLAIR

I'll have a Tieguanyin Tea. With a splash of honey.

BURISTA

That will be \$7.36

Dr. Sinclair hands the staff member her credit card. Staff runs her card and has her sign for the tip.

Dr. Sinclair walks over to a table and pulls out her computer and begins reading student papers. She then picks up her phone and makes a call to Jordan her assistant.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. JORDANS APARTMENT-LATE AFTERNOON.

Jordan is laying on her couch watching the 1995 film Copycat. Her phone rings. It's Dr. Sinclair.

DR. SINCLAIR (V.O.)

Hi Jordan, her name is Ann Snider  
She has dirty blonde hair about 5'5  
and wears horned rimmed glasses.  
Pick her up and take her to 2323  
Pearl street and meet at her Nitro.

JORDAN

Oh, great thinking. It's always  
crowded there. She should really  
feel the walls closing in. This  
will be great for exposure therapy.  
It will be a fun and safe space.  
I'll observe and report back to you  
next week.

Ann hangs up phone and puts on jacket and backpack. She leaves her apartment.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT-DAY

Billy, a construction worker enters a brewery warehouse, and his senses are assaulted by an overwhelming stench of death. As he looks around the warehouse, he makes out a plexiglass box at the far end of the building.

His heart sinks as he peers into it, seeing the limp body of a African American boy, no older than 12yrs old, dead and bloated with dead bugs all over him.

With trembling hands, Billy fumbles for his phone, dialing emergency services with a trembling voice. He waits in fear for an answer on the other end.

DISPATCH

What's your emergency?

BILLY

(shaky voice-upset)  
Um, I'm at the Bottom of the Barrel  
Warehouse over on Stover Street,  
and there looks like a body of a  
child over here.

DISPATCH  
Please repeat that.

BILLY  
There's a dead body over here on  
Stover Street. Send the police!

DISPATCH  
OK, are you sure it's a body?  
What's the actual address?

BILLY  
12921 N. Stover Street. Yes, it is  
a dead child. I think it's the one  
who has been missing.

DISPATCH  
Officers are on their way. I will  
be staying on the phone with you  
until officers arrive. Don't touch  
anything.

BILLY  
Alright.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BOULDER POLICE STATION-EVENING

Police cars are dispatched as sirens blare are squad cars  
speed away from the station and head to the scene.

CONTINUOUS.

EXT. BOULDER FIRE AND RESCUE-EVENING

Firetrucks and ambulances leave the station with sirens  
blaring and head to the scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE BARREL WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

Dozens of police cars arrive on scene. Officers are taping  
off the scene with police tape.

Detective Charlie Starks, a seasoned detective in his mid-  
fifties with balding gray hair and a limp, hobbles into the  
warehouse. Following closely behind him is Detective Ralph  
Lanarz, who towers over Starks with his hulking frame.

Then, two CSI technicians arrive: Julie Hobbs, a middle-aged African American woman, and Eric "Eagle Eye" Patterson, a young Cherokee Nations man with an exceptional attention to detail. Soon after, paramedics and fire trucks show up on the scene.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

(to patrol officers)

I want a 20 yard barricade around this enter warehouse. No one, and I mean not one media camera is to even come close to this scene. We are dealing with a minor here.

DETECTIVE STARKS

What the hell do you make of this?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

I have no idea.

Both Detective shine their flashlights towards the box.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Christ look at his body, there are scratch marks everywhere.

There's dead insects laying all over the body.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

What the Fuck! Look, he's locked in! (hits padlock) He didn't have a chance.

DETECTIVE STARKS

I think we just found our missing boy, Mitchell Johnson.

(to patrol office)

Get CSI in here to dust for prints. Hey you, take a picture of that can inside the box. Get the barcode.

Lanarz ducks under the police tape, making his way towards the CSI team and initiating a conversation. The CSI technicians enter the crime scene, dusting for fingerprints on the Plexiglass box before the firemen cut through the lock with bolt cutters.

The body is gently loaded onto an ambulance in a body bag which departs without its siren or lights on.

JULIE

(to Erik)

Look at this, they're are prints everywhere!

ERICK

Wow! This guy is a Tool! What idiot wouldn't wear gloves when doing something like this?

JULIE

That's why they always get caught!

CSI finishes dusting for prints, and then observe the box for any fibers or other evidence with florescent lights. CSI leaves scene and heads to morgue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CITY MORGUE-NIGHT

Body is lying on table. CSI Tech Erik calls Ms. Johnson to come down to identify her son. CSI tech Julie calls Detective Lanarz with the information.

Phone rings.

JULIE

Hello, Detective Lanarz this Julie with Boulder County Crime Lab.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

What do you got for me?

JULIE

Ms. Johnson identified the boy as her son Mitchel Johnson.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

So it is he boy whose mother reported missing a couple of weeks ago. I think I'll have my partner contact the her, I'm no good at this shit. Any word on the prints found all over the box?

JULIE

Working on it as we speak. I'll call you as soon as I have something. Take care Detective.

Julie hangs up phone. Looks out window and snow is falling.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to Erick)

Looks like the Eisenhower Tunnel will be shut down tonight.

ERICK

As usual.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOULDER POLICE DEPARTMENT-DAY

Detective Lanarz is at his desk eating a croissant. Detective Starks enters with coffee and crapes.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

(while chewing)

You might want to have a seat.

DETECTIVE STARKS

What's going on?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Received confirmation from Julie over at the crime lab that the boy in the box was Mitchell Johnson.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Shit! And let me guess, I get to interview the parent.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

(shakes head)

You know I always fuck it up!

Detective Starks takes a big sigh.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Alright. What's the corners name again?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

George Huntington

DETECTIVE STARKS

Did you talk to him?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Yes.

DETECTIVE STARKS

So, what's the official cause of death?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Officially, asphyxiation. However, he said basically all of his organs were mush. I seen shit like this in Bosnia from chemical warfare.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Who the hell would be that evil?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Oh, were going to catch him! I have no doubts about that.

Phone rings.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Speak of the devil. Well, hello Erick. Hold on, let me put you on speaker phone. Detective Lanarz is sitting here.

ERICK

Speak of the devil, I don't get it?

DETECTIVE STARKS

Nevermind. What do you have for us?

ERICK

What I got is that the prints on the box are from a homicide victim which occurred about 7 months ago-- in DC! His name is Brad Williamson. Have fun with this one!

DETECTIVE STARKS

What the Hell? Thanks. Goodbye.

Hangs up phone.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)

What's going on here?

Detective Lanarz begins typing his name into the police database.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Here we go. Brad Williamson. It says he bled to death after a serial killer, Hayden O'Rourke cut off his leg. It goes on to say that O'Rourke, who was shot and killed by police, collected evidence from his old crime scenes and planted it at his new crime scenes.

(MORE)



DETECTIVE LANARZ (CONT'D)

It says some of the DNA went back as far as 30 years! Something here about growing up in a State institution named Willowbrook.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Well, Brad's dead so it can't be him. But how did his fingerprints get on the box? A copycat?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Has to be and that's not good.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Why?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Because it means there will be more. When all said and done, O'Rourke was linked to over 11 murders!

DETECTIVE STARKS

Who was the detective on the case?

Detective Lanarz scrolls through his computer.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

It says the lead was a Detective Chase Mason.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Get a hold of her.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

I'm on it. I gotta call Sergeant first.

Detective Lanarz picks up phone and begins dialing.

FADE OUT.

INT. BOULDER, CO. NITRO CLUB-NIGHT

Jordan is lingering around and notices a young female that matches the description Dr. Sinclair gave her. Jordan walks over to Ann.

JORDAN

Hey, are you Ann?

ANN

Yes, do I know you?

JORDAN

I'm Dr. Sinclair's assistant,  
Jordan. We spoke on the phone. How  
are you?

ANN

Oh, hi Jordan! To tell you the  
truth, I'm a little nervous. All  
these people feel like the walls  
are closing in.

JORDAN

Well, that's part of the treatment!  
Remember, the more you feel out of  
your comfort zone, the more you'll  
get used to it and you won't have  
any anxiety!

ANN

Yeah, it makes sense but I'm still  
shaking.

JORDAN

Let's get a drink.

ANN

Let's!

Ann and Jordan walk up to the bar and order two Whisky Mules.  
They grab a table and begin drinking and people watching.

JORDAN

How ya doing?

ANN

Getting a buzz on! This drink is  
stiff, hard to swallow!

JORDAN

(winks)

That's what she said!  
How about we hit the dance floor?

ANN

Oh, I don't know.

JORDAN

C'mon it will be fun!

ANN

Alright.

Ann and Jordan head to the dance floor.

Music: "Faded" (Odesza Remix) by ZHU STARTS playing. Ann begins to hyperventilate as she squeezes through the crowd.

JORDAN

That wasn't too bad was it?

Ann takes a deep breath.

ANN

I'm Okay.

Ann and Jordan dance seductively with some guys and then together.

FADE OUT:

SUPER: MONDAY

INT. BOULDER POLICE STATION-MORNING

Detective Starks and Lanarz are at their desk working.

DETECTIVE STARKS

I had a chance to talk to Detective Chase Mason. She is very concerned. Not only is she is also worried about a copycat, but somehow the killer got a finger from Mr. Williamson corpse.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Now, how the hell would our killer get a finger from this Mr. Williamson?

DETECTIVE STARKS

Apparently. Mr. Williamson had a disorder called apotemnophilia.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Hey, layman's terms old man.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Apparently, Mr. Williamson had a disorder where he would chop off his appendages. I think she called it body integrity or amputee identity disorder? Something like that. She thought he may have sold his fingers on the black market.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

You know what? I fucking quit.  
People have lost their fucking  
minds!

FADE OUT.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT-MORNING

Ann is on the phone talking with Jordan.

ANN

Yeah, I had a really fun time the  
other night! Thanks for encouraging  
me to go!

JORDAN (V.O.)

Just doing my job. Are you ready  
for the next step?

ANN

What next step?

JORDAN (V.O.)

You must be exposed again so you  
become desensitized from the fear.

ANN

I know, I know. What's next?

JORDAN (V.O.)

Well, if you're claustrophobic you  
must love open spaces, right?

ANN

Why yes, I do! Hiking in the  
backcountry is one of my favorite  
pastimes. I love how much open  
space there is here. And since you  
mentioned it, I'm quite a novice  
snowboarder and I adore going up to  
the top of a Fourteener!

JORDAN

No way! I started taking lessons  
when I moved here 14 years ago!  
Let's make plans then. Would you  
like to meet me at Loveland Ski  
Area tomorrow? Unfortunately, I  
have some errands to run for Dr.  
Sinclair in the morning so I can't  
drive. What kind of car do you  
have?

ANN

I have a Subaru Crosstrek

JORDAN

Now, how you gonna own a Crosstrek  
when you're afraid of small spaces?  
That makes no sense!

ANN

My parents gave me their car when I  
began college. Didn't have much of  
a choice.

JORDAN

Ah, anyways I should be there by  
10:00am

ANN

OK, so how is this going to help?  
We will be on top of a mountain!  
Can't get more wide open space than  
that. I thought I was suppose to be  
in small spaces?

JORDAN

You'll see!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOVELAND SKI AERA RESORT-EARLY MORNING

Ann pulls in to the Ski area, parks her car grabs her gear  
and heads to the café. Unbeknownst to her a olive green Jeep  
pulls in a few spaces down and parks.

POV: THE KILLER wearing Black Ghosts Skull Ski Mask and  
goggles breaks into Ann's car and plants a micro camera in  
the visor and then disappears amongst the crown of skiers.

Ann is waiting for Jordan at the café. Jordan walks in  
promptly at 10:00am.

JORDAN

(waving to Ann)

Hey Ann, over here!

ANN

Good morning, are you ready to hit  
the slopes. I'm so stoked!

JORDAN

Yeah, lets do this!

They get their equipment ready and board the ski lift, heading to the top of the mountain. As they ascend, ominous clouds drift in and snow begins to fall. Once at the summit, they hop off and descend down the slope.

They hastily put on their gear and hop onto the ski lift heading to the peak. As they ascend, it starts snowing heavily as dark clouds approach. Once they get off the lift, they make their way down the mountain. At the bottom, a loud horn blares followed by an announcement over the loudspeaker.

SNOWPATROL

Winter Storm Warning in Effect.  
Mountain closed. All Skiers head to  
lodge immediately.

Skiers in line at the ski lift are upset complaining, Bummed out. Wind and snow picks up.

SKIER EXTRA

(shouting)  
Man this bites!

SKIER EXTRA II

Yeah, but I've been in these  
before. We should get to shelter!

Skiers head into the lodge.

JORDAN

Look Ann, you have a 4x4. Lets  
leave now and get ahead of this  
before the pass is closed.

ANN

Sounds like a plan.

Ann packs her equipment and prepares herself for the drive down the mountain. Jordan follows, but is soon met by an olive green Jeep that passes her by. Suddenly, it runs into Ann's Subaru from behind, throwing her car into a spin.

She narrowly avoids slipping off the road and barreling down an 80-ft embankment. But before she can recover, the Jeep takes another aggressive swing at Ann's car and sends it plunging over the guard rail. When it hits the bottom, the vehicle is completely buried in snow and Ann is knocked unconscious.

Once she regains consciousness, Ann discovers she is trapped under the snow. She begins to panic and screams out for help.

ANN (CONT'D)

(Screaming)

Oh no! no! no! Please, someone help me! Oh my God, Oh my God, I'm going to die. Help!

Panicking and crying, Ann frantically undoes her seatbelt and falls to the interior of her roof. With shaking fingers she thrusts against the window, trying desperately to roll it down.

The snow quickly fills the car before Ann can finish, a freezing white wave rushing into the vehicle. The snow keeps rising until she is completely engulfed.

Her breathing accelerates into a frenzied gasp as the snow pours into her mouth. Then with one final trembling breath, Ann's life ends. The entirety of the event broadcast live across the world.

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE STATION-AFTERNOON NEXT DAY.

Detective Chase Mason lands in Colorado and rents a Hummer from Denver International Airport. She then takes the car to Boulder Police Station to meet Detective Starks. She is at the counter and ask to meet with Detective Starks.

DETECTIVE MASON

I'm here to see Detective Stark.

Receptionist Picks up phone and dials extension.

RECEPTIONIST

Detective Mason is here to see you.

Hangs up phone. Detective Starks walks down corridor to front entrance and greets Detective Mason.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Detective Mason? Nice to meet you.  
Let's head back to my office.

Both Detectives walk to back office.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)

Oh, please have a seat.

Detective Mason takes a seat.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)  
First of all, thank you for coming  
and I'm so sorry you couldn't get  
here until today.

Detective Lanarz enters the office.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)  
(stands up)  
Detective Mason, this is my  
partner, Detective Lanarz.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Detective Lanarz. Nice to meet you.  
(shakes her hand)

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
So where are we at?

DETECTIVE STARKS  
Well, I was providing her a warm  
welcome to Boulder.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Yes, thank you, but all the same,  
we have work to do.

DETECTIVE STARKS  
Alright then. Here you go.

Detective Starks pulls the top file from a stack of cases.  
It's the Mitchell Johnson case and hands it to Detective  
Mason. Detective Mason slowly flips through the pages.

DETECTIVE MASON  
So, what's the motive here? What is  
the Plexiglas box about? And,  
what's up with the insects?

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
The purpose of the box, made out of  
Plexiglass, remains a mystery and  
we are unsure of the motive.  
We can only assume it was built to  
contain the insects, yet its  
transparent nature suggests the  
perpetrator wanted to relive their  
act every time they looked inside.  
The camera mounted on the wall is  
evidence that this deed was being  
recorded.

DETECTIVE STARKS  
Snuff Films?



DETECTIVE MASON

Could be. Alright, well let's address the elephant in the room. How the hell did my victim's prints from DC get on your box over 1500 miles away?

DETECTIVE STARKS

We were hoping you could tell us.

DETECTIVE MASON

Who was the victim?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

A boy named Mitchell Johnson.

DETECTIVE MASON

What's the story on him?

DETECTIVE STARKS

Looks like there was some parent/child relationship issues. He ran away from home. Looks like CPS was involved last year. The Mother was investigated for abuse due to all marks all over the boys body. It turns out that half of the injuries were self inflicted. Something about a scratching disorder.

DETECTIVE MASON

Excoriation disorder. Also referred to as chronic skin-picking or dermatillomania. It a mental illness related to obsessive-compulsive disorder. It is characterized by repeated picking at one's own skin which results in skin lesions and bruising if severe enough. Can I take this file back to my hotel room? I want to thoroughly review it.

DETECTIVE STARKS

It's all yours. By The way, how come you know so much about this?

DETECTIVE MASON

It's more common than you think.

Stark hands Mason the file and Mason leaves.

FADE OUT.

## INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S PRIVATE PRACTICE-EVENING

A young woman, Sharon Roth, sits in the waiting room for her first consultation with Dr. Sinclair. She looks uncomfortable and is dressed in loose clothing, as if trying to hide something beneath them. Her hat is pulled low on her head, casting a shadow over her features.

KAREN

Hello, Sharon, looks like you're a little early. Dr. Sinclair is finishing some notes. I've already ran your insurance so were all good. I'll let her know you're here.

Karen calls back to Dr. Sinclair's office and lets her know Sharon is here for her appointment. Dr. Sinclair comes to the front office.

DR. SINCLAIR

Hi Sharon, I'm Dr. Sinclair. What brings you in today?

Sharon Pulls of her hat.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Trichotillomania

SHARON

Tricho-what-till-mania?

DR. SINCLAIR

Trichotillomania, it is a mental condition classified under Obsessive Compulsive Disorder commonly called OCD. It involves recurrent, irresistible urges to pull hair from the scalp, eyebrows, eyelids, and other areas of the body. How long have you been experiencing this?

SHARON

Since adolescence.

DR. SINCLAIR

Does pulling out your hair provide relief?

SHARON

Sometimes.

DR. SINCLAIR

Do you want to stop? I have a treatment that might work.

SHARON

Of course, that's why I'm here.

DR. SINCLAIR

I am going to work with you one on one and I'm going to refer you for medication evaluation. Lorazepam seems to work pretty well for the this. Here is the name of a psychiatrist. His name is Dr. Kenneth Weston.

Dr. Sinclair hands her a piece of paper with his name on it.

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Second, I would like to conduct community-based counseling in your home, so you feel most comfortable. Is that alright with you?

SHARON

Yes, I hate going out in public.

DR. SINCLAIR

Excellent, what does your schedule look like next week?

SHARON

I'm available after 5:00 pm most nights.

DR. SINCLAIR

Let's look at next Thursday at 6:00 pm.

FADE OUT

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

INT. SHARON ROTH'S HOME-AFTERNOON

Dr. Sinclair arrives at Sharon's home for a community-based counseling session. Dr. Sinclair knocks on the door and Sharon answers.

SHARON

Dr. Sinclair, please come in.

Dr. Sinclair enters Sharon's home.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Please have a seat. So, thank you for coming to my home, it does trigger a great deal of anxiety when I go out in public.

DR. SINCLAIR

Oh, no worries! So, tell me, when do you find yourself pulling out your hair?

SHARON

Well, loneliness and boredom. Other times I'm very anxious.

DR. SINCLAIR

One of the treatments for this is habit reversal training.

SHARON

What in the world does that mean?

DR. SINCLAIR

Well, you learn how to recognize situations where you're likely to pull your hair and how to substitute other behaviors instead. For example, you could chew gum or put a rubber-band around your wrist and snap it whenever you have the urge. You could start a journal or exercise. Do you have any hobbies you could do?

SHARON

Well, I do like photography.

DR. SINCLAIR

Good, but I thought you said you hate going outside?

SHARON

I do. I look horrendous. I look like Jason Voorhees when he jumped out of the lake!

Dr. Sinclair chuckles.

DR. SINCLAIR

I'd like to see a bunch of photos next time I see you. Does that sound like a plan?

SHARON

Yes. When do you want to meet again?

DR. SINCLAIR

How about two weeks?

SHARON

That sounds great. Thank you!

DR. SINCLAIR

No worries. I'll see you in a couple of weeks.

Dr. Sinclair leaves Sharon's home.

FADE OUT:

INT. CRIME LAB-DAY

CSI techs, Julie Hobbs and Eric Patterson are running tests on hair fabric and hair samples.

JULIE

Mitochondrial DNA came back from the red hair found in the car. It doesn't make sense; it matches a missing woman from 2007.

ERICK

How old is the car?

JULIE

It's a 2017 Subaru

ERICK

That doesn't make any sense. Let's contact Detective Mason.

Julia calls Detective Mason. Phone rings. Detective Mason answers.

JULIE

Detective Mason this is Julie with CSI. We came across DNA from a hair follicle which matched a missing man from 2007.

Isn't this consistent with the evidence you were finding in DC? DNA going back years?

## DETECTIVE MASON

What is going on? This leads me to believe we have a copycat killer on our hands. Somehow the individual knows the case files we collected in DC and is trying to make the evidence at the new crime scenes incongruent with the evidence. This is what Hayden was doing. But what is the connection? Let me get back to you after I wrap my head around this.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER.

EXT. SHARON WILSON'S OPEN CONCEPT HOME-NIGHT

POV: THE KILLER wearing the Black Venetian Death Mask is outside, carefully planning his attack. Inside, Sharon is washing lettuce over the sink, unaware of the horror that awaits her.

She's in the kitchen washing lettuce over the sink. THE KILLER manages to break in without Sharon detecting him and sneaks up behind the couch where he takes out a machete.

Sharon hears a noise and turns around only to see THE KILLER suddenly standing right behind her. She belts out a blood curdling scream while being streaming live.

With one fierce swoop, he scalps her with such force that a chunk of her skull is removed and her brain is left exposed. She drops lifelessly to the ground and dies instantly, but her eyes shuttered forever.

The Killer picks up her scalp and puts it in a bag. He then pulls out surgical scissors from his pocket and cuts off her eyelids.

After that, he grabs a medical blood bag and pours it over her. He escapes without trace, leaving only a trail of fresh blood behind out the doorway.

FADE OUT:

INT. POLICE STATION- NEXT DAY

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
 (to Detective Starks)  
 Any movement on the case?

DETECTIVE STARKS  
 I haven't received any updates from  
 Detective Mason. I plan to check in  
 with her today.

Dispatch comes over police scanner.

DISPATCH  
 All units available. Vehicle found  
 down a ravine off of Hoosier Pass,  
 11 miles south of Breckenridge.

Police, firetruck and paramedics take off towards crash.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOVELAND PASS-DAY

Detective Starks and Detective Lanarz jump in their cars and head to Hoosier Pass, where a collection of emergency services are waiting for them.

When the Detectives arrive, paramedics, fire trucks, The Army National Guard and a large tow truck are all present.

They remain at the top of the pass while the National Guard and Firemen attend to the car. THEY ARRIVE AT THE FLIPPED VEHICLE. The Army National digs out the vehicle.

ARMY NATIONAL GUARD (EXTRA)  
 We have a body in here!

Firemen use Jaws of Life to enter the vehicle and pull out the body. An army National Guard notices the micro-cam in the rearview mirror.

The National Guard attaches nylon strap to the vehicle and the large tow truck pulls the vehicle up to the road at the top of the ridge.

ARMY NATIONAL GUARD (EXTRA) (CONT'D)  
 (to Detective Lanarz)  
 Take a look at this.

Points to a micro-cam in rear view mirror.

ARMY NATIONAL GUARD (CONT'D)  
What do you make of this?

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
I have no idea. Rideshare driver?

DETECTIVE STARKS  
I don't like it. I've never seen  
one this small. This almost looks  
like a closed-circuit spy cam. Why  
would this be in the car?

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
(to paramedics)  
We'll meet you at the morgue.

The scene is cleared, and vehicles drive off.

FADE OUT.

INT. MORGUE-NIGHT

The coroner, George Knight is examining the body and realizes that there are no catastrophic events to the body. George is taking into a recorder.

GEORGE  
The left side of the victim's face  
has a shallow cut that is only 5 cm  
in length. The neck seems to be  
undamaged and there are no other  
external injuries on the body. In  
addition, hypothermia did not  
appear to have been a factor in her  
death. There was a large amount of  
Co2 in the victim's system  
suggesting she had been  
Hyperventilating when she died;  
cause of death appears to be  
asphyxiation due to the oxygen in  
the vehicle being depleted.

FADE OUT.

INT: BOULDER POLICE IMPOUND-NEXT DAY.

Detectives search the car and notice obvious damage to the side panel and rear bumper of the vehicle. They also find a book on how to overcome claustrophobia.



DETECTIVE STARKS

(to Detective Lanarz)

If this young girl was suffering from claustrophobia, what a horrible way to go. Was this just an accident due to the conditions or vehicular homicide?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Let CSI do their work to see if they can find any evidence that would point to a homicide. I'll call over to CSI techs, Julie Hobbs and Eric Patterson to see if they found anything.

FADE OUT.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL-DAY

Class is already in session.

DR. SINCLAIR

In review from last week, we discussed mental health disorders which can lead to violent behaviors. I'd like to hear from some of you what you found when writing your papers. Who would like to take a stab at it...no pun intended!

Class laughs

SOPHIE

Well, it looks like adolescents with intermittent explosive disorder can become quite violent with little provocation.

DR. SINCLAIR

Excellent Sophie, that's right. But don't let the age fool you, I've seen this in adults as well. Who's next?

JOHN

Well, my grandfather was diagnosed with organic brain syndrome and he, out of nowhere, would become very violent towards my grandmother. He would throw his coffee cup at her and break things around the house.

DR. SINCLAIR

Thank you for sharing. Today we use the term Neurocognitive disorders and you're right, they most commonly occur in older adults, but they can affect younger people as well. In older adults this can take on the form of dementia, Alzheimer's disease or more recently, chronic traumatic encephalopathy or CTE. It is a neurodegenerative disease caused by repeated head injuries such as concussions. You may have heard of football players getting this. How about one more?

Jasmine raises her hand

JASMINE

What about psychosis?

DR. SINCLAIR

Absolutely. Anytime someone is psychotic it can lead to extremely aggressive behaviors. They may be experiencing hallucinations or delusion where voices tell them to kill. The Son of Sam is a classic case. When caught, he said his dog was telling him to kill people.

Class chuckles

DR. SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Ah, you laugh but remember when they experience auditory hallucinations, they are hearing voices that are commanding them to complete an act. It is very real to them. Nice job class. You'll want to know these types of disorders as an abnormal psychologist in order for you to develop a profile of the perpetrator. Alright, that's it for the semester. Turn your thesis in to me by the end of next week. Have a wonderful winter break and we'll see you next year!

FADE OUT:

INT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Detective Lanarz, Detective Starks and Detective Mason are in an office with photos, reports and evidence laid out on the table.

DETECTIVE MASON

Ok, let's review all of the evidence to see if we can find a connection. Detective Starks what do we know about the boy in the box?

DETECTIVE STARKS

Not much, only that we found some old scars which leads us to believe his mother was using "corporal punishment" on him. The marks are consistent with a belt and/or a cord. Mother reported that they had just begun therapy when he ran away. Apparently, he had some sort of picking disorder.

DETECTIVE MASON

Interesting. What about the victim in the car?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Well, we found a self-help book on claustrophobia in the car with her. We also found a small camera attached to the rearview mirror. We were thinking the victim was a rideshare driver in her spare time.

DETECTIVE MASON

Claustrophobia? Do you know if she happened to be in therapy as well?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

As a matter of fact, she was! Her mother stated that she had begun therapy about a month ago. What's the connection?

DETECTIVE MASON

I'm not sure yet, but all of my victims in DC were also in therapy.

DETECTIVE STARKS

I'm not following you.

DETECTIVE MASON

Well, Hayden's first victim died of strangulation, but it was made to look like auto-erotic asphyxiation. The victim apparently had a sex addiction. Victim # 2 was seeing a well renowned psychologist for the treatment of bipolar disorder. It appeared she was manic at the time and was run over by Hayden with his truck. Victim # 3 was seeing the same psychologist for a disorder where he would cut off his appendages.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Brad. What the hell.

DETECTIVE MASON

Apotemnophilia, you should look it up! Anyways, his fingerprints are what was found on your boy in the box. So, including the boy in the box who had picked and scratched himself to death, and the claustrophobic victim, those five homicides were not only connected to a therapist, but their deaths were based on their disorders as well.

DETECTIVE LANARZ

So, are you saying that a therapist is killing their clients? I thought you said Hayden was linked to all of your murders and that you found evidence of all of the victims at his home.

DETECTIVE MASON

True, but something stinks! Can you get me the name of the therapists who was seeing your two victims?

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Sure, thing give us a few days. You know with HIPPA there's a lotta red tape.

DETECTIVE MASON

Yes, of course. Thank you all for your time.

Detective Mason exits the police station and heads back to her hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S HOME-EVENING

Dr. Sinclair is in her bedroom lying on her bed staring at the ceiling. She turns her head and closes her eyes. Music: BANKS "This is What it Feels Like" PLAYS THROUGHOUT dream sequence.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. CHLOE'S BEDROOM AT WILLOWBROOK-DAY

Chloe, looking disheveled is now 18 years old. She is naked kneeling on her bed pounding her first on the thin mattress. She begins shaking.

CHLOE

(yells)

I fucking hate this place!

Chloe gets dressed and grabs a load of dirty clothes and head towards the bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLOWBROOK BATHROOM-NIGHT

Chloe shuffles down the hallway like a zombie, and ends up in the bathroom. The room is filled with flies and filth. She bends over the bathtub and starts washing her clothes in the dripping water.

CHASITY enters and pulls down her underpants before sitting on the toilet to answer nature's call. Chloe turns her head and notices how attractive Chasity has become. As she finishes in the bathroom, she passes by Chloe on the way out their hands briefly touch as they brush past each other.

END OF FLASHBACK

FADE OUT.

INT. BOULDER COLORADO POLICE STATION-LATE AFTERNOON.

Detective Lanarz calls Chase Mason as new evidence has come in. Phone Rings.

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
Hello, Detective Mason.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Yes, this is she.

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
Hi, this is Detective Lanarz. We received a hit on CODIS, the Combined DNA Index System and it Matches a Jordan Louis's finger prints. It looks like she was arrested four years ago for DV with her partner but was released on deferred prosecution agreement if she sought treatment. Guess with who?

DETECTIVE MASON  
Dr. Sinclair. Thank you. I'll be right there.

FADE OUT.

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S PRIVATE PRACTICE-EVENING

Dr. Sinclair is smoking a joint while reviewing paperwork. She gets up and immediately reaches for her computer which is lying on her nightstand. She opens a file labeled, Willowbrook State School.

She pulls up video footage from Geraldo Rivera's secret taping, The Last Disgrace and pauses the video on Chasity.

DR. SINCLAIR  
(to self)  
Why can't they just become self-sufficient like we had to?

CUT TO:

INT. JORDANS APARTMENT-EVENING

Detective Starks and Lanarz arrive at Jordan's apartment and have a No-Knock Warrant. Detective Lanarz kicks the door in and enter Jordan's apartment.

Jordan trembles fearfully in her bedroom at the back of the apartment, knowing that an inevitable death sits just outside. With a solitary thought the inevitable, she takes a knife and slits her throat, blood spilling over her hands like a river.

The detectives come crashing through the front doors and barge into the bedroom, Lanarz ripping down the door with ease. They stand still in horror as Jordan chokes on her own blood, gasping out her last breaths until finally she lies still as death claims its victory.

Detective Starks calls for paramedics but it's too late - Jordan is gone. He looks around for clues and his heart sinks at what he finds - micro camera devices and wires, a book on claustrophobia, Brad's finger and the scalp of Sharon preserved in a jar of formaldehyde. He knows what kind of malignancy lurks here.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Dispatch Code 10-56 we have a  
suicide send paramedics. Urgent.  
Lanarz stay with suspect. I'm going  
to check the rest of the apartment.

Detective Starks leaves bedroom and begins checking out the apartment. As she opens the pantry door, she sees the jars of formaldehyde with body parts.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)

Lanarz, come here!

Detective Lanarz leaves the bedroom and walks out to the hallway. Starks opens a closet door and a black mask falls to the floor.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)

Look at this!

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Jesus Christ! What the Fuck!

DETECTIVE STARKS

And this! It looks like a scalp and  
there, eyelashes! Look at that,  
it's a finger!

DETECTIVE LANARZ

Do you think?

DETECTIVE STARKS

Who else would keep a finger?

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
Look up here. What's this?

Detective Lanarz finds a book on Claustrophobia.

DETECTIVE STARKS  
Well, I think we've found out who  
killed Ann, the body we pulled from  
the car.

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
I would say so. What about the  
scalp?

DETECTIVE STARKS  
I don't know. There is also a  
football card. Only one person who  
would have that..

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
Mitchell.

DETECTIVE STARKS  
You got it!

DETECTIVE LANARZ  
I think we've found our killer.

DETECTIVE STARKS  
There's no question.

Paramedics arrive and take the body into the ambulance.

DETECTIVE STARKS (CONT'D)  
(to detective Lanarz)  
Call Mason.

Phone Rings. Detective Mason answers the phone.

DETECTIVE MASON  
Hello?

DETECTIVE STARKS  
We are at the home of Jordan  
McBride, we have found evidence  
that links her to our unsolved  
homicides. When we entered, she  
committed suicide.

DETECTIVE MASON  
What did you find?

DETECTIVE STARKS  
Everything!



DETECTIVE MASON

Alright, I'm almost in Boulder. I will catch up with you at the station.

DETECTIVE STARKS

Copy that!

FADE OUT.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. DR. SINCLAIR'S BEDROOM-EVENING

Dr. Sinclair, wearing her red robe is sitting at her desk that has keyboard, mouse and large monitor on it. Her left hand slides down under her robe between her legs and she clicks the mouse with her right hand.

DR. SINCLAIR

Alexa, put me in the mood!

MUSIC: THE GLITCH MOB'S "I CAN BE ANYTHING" PLAYS THROUGHOUT

On the computer screen, Paige's bedroom mirror reflects the figure of the Killer in a Black Venetian Death Mask as he approaches her naked her body on the bed.

Dr. Sinclair clicks the mouse and the footage changes to that of the Killer, from his point of view, crashing into and running over Erica.

The doctor clicks again and this time and it's Brad getting his leg sawed off.

She clicks again, and the audience sees the Killer standing in the corner of the room, wearing his mask and watching her watch the recordings.

She clicks again and it brings up footage of Sharon being scalped.

One more mouse-click reveals that the figure has moved closer--and when Dr. Sinclair clicks once more, old footage from Willowbrook's wall mounted camera shows the rat eating scene as both girls wiped the blood from their mouths, they turn to each other.

AUDIO.

CHASITY  
Thanks again Chloe for the food.

CHLOE  
(winks)  
Your welcome Chasity.

CHASITY  
For the last time, call me Chase!

Dr. Sinclair clicks again and THE KILLER is standing right over her!

As Dr. Sinclair is climaxing, THE KILLER leans forward as they take off the Black Venetian Death Mask revealing CHASE MASON is her co-conspirator and lover since their days at Willowbrook! She kisses Dr. Sinclair on the cheek...

DETECTIVE MASON  
(whispering in her ear)  
Come to bed baby, we have a big day tomorrow.

DR. SINCLAIR  
Oh, why?

DETECTIVE MASON  
Looks like it's time to find you a new Protégé!

FADE TO BLACK.

CLOSING CREDIT SEQUENCE: MUSIC: DUSTED COMPASS FEAT. LILA ROSE (PHUTUREPRIMITIVE REMIX)