

## 8 Habits of Highly Murderous People

Written by  
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**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Sunlight streaks through the windows to land on the cherubic, smiling face of ETHAN COLBY (6, white), with well-combed hair and a button-down shirt. Wanting to look like a grown-up.

The cushioned chair Ethan sits in is way too big for him. Unable to reach the ground, his legs swing back and forth.

ETHAN

Copper was so loud. Every day, I'd get home from school and he'd bark. And then Theo would get home from school and Copper would bark *again*. And then all night, he'd howl. It was so frustrating.

Sitting across from Ethan, nodding with understanding, is DR. MARTIN PARK (40s, Korean American). He carries himself with a cocksure intellectual swagger and looks good in a sweater, though a bit paunchy in his middle-age. Hot professor vibes.

This room-- tidy, bright, academic-- is Martin's office.

MARTIN

So two different sounds, then? Copper barking at you versus howling at night?

ETHAN

Well, obviously. A bark is shorter. Like *arf, arf*. But a howl is, um...

MARTIN

Go ahead.

Ethan tilts his head back and gives a full-blown *AWOOOOO!* He tries to hide his grin after, but he's practically laughing.

MARTIN

But you didn't like either noise?

ETHAN

Yeah.

MARTIN

And that's why you stabbed Copper to death with a screwdriver?

Ethan keeps swinging his legs like he didn't hear Martin.

ETHAN

(quietly)  
*Awooooo--*

MARTIN

Ethan, we just want to know the truth. If it was you, I won't be mad. Neither will your mom.

Ethan just SHRUGS. So Martin adjusts to a new tactic.

MARTIN

Kid, I know this is scary. You probably didn't even realize what you were doing, did you? Just one big awful mistake--

ETHAN

No. It was on purpose.

Martin nods. The faintest of smiles. *Breakthrough.*

MARTIN (V.O.)

If you pay close enough attention, you can spot a serial killer.

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

Martin sits at a table in front of a rapt audience. Behind him are posters for a book. *Recognizing Evil: Second Edition.*

MARTIN

It's difficult. Often they make themselves, by design, someone to be overlooked. But the signs will be there.

He holds up a hardcover book from a stack ready to be signed. It's really thick. The kind of book you might assign in a college course or use to bash in someone's skull.

MARTIN

Five years ago, I published the first edition of *Recognizing Evil*, based on my years of experience as a psychologist for those with unexplained violent urges. People who, if not for me, might become serial killers themselves. In it, I outline eight traits to watch out for. One, two, and three are the famous Macdonald triad.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

Martin walks to the elevator with Ethan's mother, MRS. COLBY, visibly exhausted and out-of-her-depth. She holds Ethan's hand and looks at him with genuine love.

MARTIN (V.O.)

In children, we look for arson, bed-wetting, and animal cruelty.

The doors close on the Colbys. Martin's frizzy-haired deadpan assistant ZOE DIEMER (30, white) looks up from her computer.

ZOE

Cute kid.

MARTIN

He stabbed a dog through the eye with a Phillips head.

ZOE

But at least he doesn't sing the song from *Moana* all the time. I got a nephew that does that.

Martin smiles. He crosses to a door which opens to--

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - CONTINUOUS**

An IDENTICAL ROOM, right down to the artwork on the walls.

Waiting alone by this room's elevator is FRED VASQUEZ (40s, Hispanic) with a thick mustache, tucked-in Polo shirt, and sipping from a "Grand Canyon" coffee thermos.

MARTIN

Hey Fred. Come on back.

FRED

Okie-dokie.

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

Martin holds up a fourth finger.

MARTIN

Sign number four is an affinity for collecting or making trophies. Before moving on to locks of their victims' hair, prospective killers may display trinkets often corresponding with key life events.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Fred extends the thermos so Martin can see the Grand Canyon.

FRED

Yeah, I bought a whole mess of these knick-knacks.

FRED (CONT'D)

The kids said I was being too much of a tourist, but I just want to remember that trip forever. I hope they will too. Great trip...

MARTIN

Doesn't seem like that's all, Fred.

FRED

It's just... Once the kids are asleep, there's not a whole lot to do in a tent, and my mind got to wandering. And, uh, I know it's not good but I got to thinking it would have been real easy to toss someone in. Make it look like an accident.

MARTIN

Do the souvenirs remind you of the trip? Or of this fantasy?

FRED

It's not just one or the other.

Martin holds up a bin. Fred reluctantly drops in his thermos.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY**

In Fred's place, KYLE EGAN (30s, white) sits curled up in the chair. He has an anxious finger-nail-chewing energy, but also seems painfully earnest. Like a kid who does musical theater.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Five. A personal relationship with those they desire to kill. Could be as close as their mother or as incidental as--

KYLE

The mailman came yesterday. I had to sign for a package. But what I really want him to deliver is himself. I want to open him up like one of his boxes and see what's inside. I spent five hours after thinking about how much I love him, which I fully acknowledge is a bit of a break from the daily routine.

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

Martin smirks at the crowd, really working them.

MARTIN

Number six is everyone's favorite.  
The conflation of sex and death.  
When the urge for a sexual release  
and the urge to commit violence  
become linked. To put it bluntly,  
killing makes them horny.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

DUSTIN KELLY (20s) has pasty white skin, unkempt hair, and hunched posture from too much time at the computer.

DUSTIN

Look, I'm not saying she *deserves it*. I'm saying that if you insist on wearing clothes that show everyone your tits, then maybe don't act like it's the biggest shock in the world when men want to fuck or murder you or whatever.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

Dustin stands at the reception desk. Nervous, uncomfortable, staring at the floor. Zoe types into her computer's calendar.

ZOE

Wednesday at noon. You are all set.

Dustin looks up at Zoe. Stares for a beat. Then walks out. Martin strolls out of his office as the elevator doors close.

ZOE

That one's gonna kill me, right?

MARTIN

Not if I do my job. That's lunch.

**INT. ALONZO'S CAFE - DAY**

A waitress brings Martin a chicken sandwich. He nods his thanks and then carefully takes the pickles off.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Trait seven. A desire, bordering on obsession, to appear normal.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin sits opposite TERRY TOMLINSON (50s, Black), overweight, with a gregarious laugh. Martin seems relaxed.

TERRY

I'm out most of the time. But for my family, being gay's still out of the ordinary. Even if they did accept me-- which who knows-- I'd still *stick out*. Honestly, Doc, I'd rather they know about my old fantasies of strangling Mr. Right to death than the new ones where I settle down with him in Portland.

Terry cracks a smile. Martin returns the expression.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

Martin waves as the elevator closes on Terry. Then, to Zoe:

MARTIN

Mind locking up? I have to get to the signing.

**EXT. MARTIN'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - DAY**

In his bright red convertible, Martin enjoys the breeze as he leaves the quaint town of Raven Lake in his rearview.

To his left is the LAKE ITSELF. Surrounded by thick Maine forests, the leaves just beginning to change color.

MARTIN (V.O.)

Now the final trait won't present itself until after the person has begun to kill, but it's the only one that appears in every case...

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

MARTIN

A desire for recognition. Deep down, they want their evil deeds seen by the world. And yes, this is the trait I discussed at length in a certain court room.

A ripple of MURMURS through the crowd. Apparently they know what Martin's talking about even if we don't.

MARTIN

But if you want more information on that, you can read about it in the all new chapter, exclusively in *Recognizing Evil: Second Edition*.

Martin cracks a smile. The room breaks into APPLAUSE.

**EXT. PARK HOUSE - EVENING**

Martin's LAKESIDE MANSION is surrounded by trees, secluded from the rest of town. Its size and glassy modernism would no doubt clash with Raven Lake's sleepy New England aesthetic.

Martin hops out of his car in the driveway and approaches the garden. His wife JESSICA (30s, white), drop-dead gorgeous with dark hair and gentle eyes, tends to the flowers.

JESSICA  
How was your day?

MARTIN  
Good. Same-old, same-old. What did you get up to?

Jessica gestures at the rows of meticulously planted flowers.

JESSICA  
Do you think peonies just look this good naturally?

Martin smiles lovingly, pulling her in for a KISS. She wraps her arm around him, putting a SOIL HANDPRINT on his shirt.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jessica prepares tea with the precision of a trained chef.

She blends different types of loose-leaf, adds lemon juice, and sprinkles in powder from her spice cabinet. Keeping careful track of both water temperature and steep time.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Entering from the adjacent kitchen, Jessica hands Martin a STEAMING MUG of tea. She curls up next to him on the couch to CROCHET. He works on his laptop, but has left the TV on mute--

The News shows a balding, tired MAN (50s, white) walking out of prison and ducking into a car. The banner below reads: "PSYCHOLOGIST TIED TO KENTUCKY BOGEYMAN MURDERS IS RELEASED."

Jessica looks at the screen uneasily.

JESSICA  
What do you think of this?

MARTIN  
It's even better than normal. You try something new?

Martin points to his tea. Jessica stares him down. He SIGHS.



MARTIN

He served his time. Only way this concerns me is boosting book sales.

Martin returns his focus to sipping tea and typing. Jessica looks back to the TV. The News now shows a TERRIFYING MASK. A dark wrinkled face with red eyes and scraggly hair.

**INT. COURT ROOM - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

*NOTE: Dream sequences are visually distinct from the rest of the film in some way (a change in aspect ratio for instance). Whether a scene is dream or reality should always be clear.*

A stern-face judge BANGS his gavel. The man from the news, RICHARD HOROWITZ, is crying as he's led from the room in handcuffs. He looks right at us. No, not at us...

He's looking at MARTIN, sitting next to Zoe in the crowd. For a beat Martin holds Horowitz's gaze, but then he TURNS AWAY--

**EXT. COURT HOUSE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin TURNS AWAY from reporters SNAPPING photos. He puts his head down and walks forward--

**EXT. COURT HOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin walks to a FORD TAURUS. As he sticks the key into the lock, a HAND REACHES OUT from behind to GRAB his shoulder.

Martin SHOUTS in surprise, spinning around to see JESSICA, mid-20s now. Startled, she drops a THICK BOOK to the ground.

MARTIN

Jesus. Thought you were a reporter.

JESSICA

No, I'm sorry. I was just--

Martin leans down to pick up her book: *Recognizing Evil*.

JESSICA

Hoping for an autograph.

Jessica smiles, embarrassed. Turning on the charm, Martin grins and pulls out the Sharpie he always has at the ready.

JESSICA

I read it for class, and--

MARTIN

Dear god. Don't tell me I wrote a textbook.

JESSICA

No, I really liked it. I did. I had questions actually about the kinds of people in it, but you seem all reporter-ed out.

Martin looks up and re-caps his Sharpie. He nods to her: *Go on.* Jessica considers the best way to phrase this.

JESSICA

So, like... Why?

MARTIN

Why do they kill people? Oh because they want to. Like really badly.

JESSICA

Okay yeah, but *why* do they want to?

MARTIN

Darling, if you're asking that, then you've already lost. The *why* doesn't matter. The important thing is that I catch it early.

JESSICA

So you're sure you could tell if one of your patients was...

MARTIN

Positive.

Jessica nods, liking his self-assurance. Martin POPS the cap back off the Sharpies to write something new inside her book.

JESSICA

But I mean, I wet the bed as a kid. Does that make me dangerous?

MARTIN

No. Most people will display at least one of the traits. They only become a problem if you start stacking them on top of each other.

Martin hands her book back. Jessica looks at his inscription.

JESSICA

Actually I'm a bit worried you're displaying one of the traits right now.

MARTIN

What's that?

JESSICA

I've been asking you about death,  
but it seems like you might be  
thinking about the other thing.

**INT. MARTIN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

They stumble into the room, MAKING OUT sloppily. She yanks off his jacket as he runs a hand down her body. They collapse back and just as they make contact with the bed, we CUT TO:

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING**

Martin LURCHES awake on his bed. He takes a couple breaths, cooling off from the dream's steamy finish.

Jessica emerges from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel.

MARTIN

I just had a dream. About the night  
we first met.

Jessica cocks her head and walks over to their book shelf.

JESSICA

So you were thinking about the  
news?

MARTIN

No. I was thinking about *you*.

JESSICA

I thought you never remembered your  
dreams. Catch.

Jessica finds what she's looking for and tosses her copy of *Recognizing Evil* to Martin. He smirks at the sight of his PHONE NUMBER scrawled beneath his signature.

MARTIN

Maybe it's because I woke up before  
it could get to the end.

JESSICA

Too bad. If I remember, the end of  
that night was the best part.

MARTIN

Eh, what are you gonna do? I can't  
believe you held on to this book--

Jessica cuts him off by pressing her lips to his. They kiss hungrily. Passionately. Martin pulls back the sheets. Jessica drops her towel. They pick up right where the dream left off.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY**

Martin pulls his car into a "RESERVED" spot outside a three-story building, by far the biggest structure on the street.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY**

Swigging coffee, Martin speedwalks past signs for the optometrists and therapists who also use this building. In the corner, an electrician examines a broken security camera.

Martin hits the elevator call button. Checks his watch. *Late*. He steps into the elevator and scans a KEY CARD that allows him to hit the THIRD FLOOR button. The doors close. DING!

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

DING! Martin steps out of the elevator, already apologizing.

MARTIN

Sorry I'm late. Something came up  
at home and I just had to--

The words freeze in his throat. He blinks.

In front of him, ZOE'S SEVERED HEAD sits atop her desk.

Her mouth hangs open to show a swollen tongue. Her glasses affixed in front of eyes rolled back into her skull.

Her TORSO lies naked and bleeding on a TARP and her arms have been severed at the shoulder. One of them hangs askew off a waiting room chair. The other is nowhere to be seen.

Martin swallows a couple times and sets his coffee mug down. TOTALLY MISSES THE TABLE. The mug CLATTERS to the ground.

Martin glances down at the dark coffee seeping out into the carpet next to a WIDE ARC OF BLOOD DROPS. He looks up to see--

Zoe's other arm is TIED TO THE CEILING FAN. Intermittently dripping blood on the carpet as it goes round and round.

One more silent beat. And then in an unnervingly calm voice:

MARTIN

Okay.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - LATER THAT DAY**

Martin sits quietly in his own reception area with his hands crossed. He already seems to have his emotions under control. Back to his calm, slick self.

In front of him, the Raven Lake Police Force-- four men in total, all white-- snap photos. Bagging and tagging evidence.

CHIEF O'DONNELL (50s) sits next to Martin. A big, ruddy-faced cop who couldn't afford to retire but figured transferring to a small lakeside town was basically the same thing.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

I'm real sorry for your loss there,  
Dr. Park.

MARTIN

Thanks Chief. I appreciate it.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

So do you have a name for us? Or a  
list of names?

Martin takes a long beat to consider the question. He watches OFFICER GODWIN (25), a doe-eyed rookie, struggle to get Zoe's severed arm off the fan. Finally, he speaks with assuredness:

MARTIN

I'm sorry, but I can't give out  
personal information unless I  
believe a patient is a threat to  
himself or others. And I don't  
think one of my patients did this.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

With all due respect Dr. Park, this  
kind of thing doesn't happen in  
Raven Lake if you're not here.

MARTIN

Violent psychopathy is not region  
specific.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

But these people move here for you.

MARTIN

Yeah. They do. If you want my  
honest guess, I'd say someone moved  
here for my services, came in  
yesterday to set up a first  
appointment, and when I wasn't  
here, they just snapped.

*CRACK!* Godwin accidentally pulls the whole fan down along  
with Zoe's arm.

GODWIN

Fuck. Sorry. Sorry.

Chief O'Donnell pinches the bridge of his nose in annoyance.

MARTIN

My patients have violent desires,  
Chief O'Donnell, but I can tell you  
with absolute certainty that none  
are currently at risk of bending to  
those desires. I'm good at my job.  
Let's hope you're good at yours.

(beat)

And I expect the police to cover  
the cost of that fan.

Martin stands and crosses to the elevator. O'Donnell stays seated and rubs a stressed hand across his head.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

This is above my pay grade. I'll  
have to get the feds involved.

MARTIN

Yeah, I don't care who pays for it.  
Just need the air circulation.

*Ding!* Martin gets in the elevator and the doors CLOSE.

**INT. FBI PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

This office is a good deal smaller than Martin's. It's also more cluttered and warm. It feels lived-in. Less calculated.

Slouched in a chair, AGENT HELAINE ROSS (50s, Black) wears a loose-fitting blazer and doesn't try to hide her boredom. She MUNCHES on Sour Patch Kids opposite the bookish DR. LIZ WARD.

DR. WARD

And are you working on anything?

ROSS

I've been, uh, delegating mostly.  
Frankly, Doctor, everything the  
Bureau sends me these days is  
boring.

DR. WARD

The violent murder cases?

ROSS

People just aren't killing with the  
same pizazz they used to.

Ross begins to contemplatively lick the sour sugar off her fingers. Avoiding eye contact.

ROSS

I spent twenty years pissing my life away in the name of doing a job. And now, even that job sucks. I just don't have a lot.

DR. WARD

Well, the good news, Helaine, is you don't need a lot. This idea you need to have it all-- friends, work, hobbies, sex-- It's a myth. In reality, one or two things can be more than enough to give you purpose. What can that be for you?

ROSS

Mr. Cuddles?

Dr. Ward smiles. She reaches into a shopping bag and pulls out a CAT TOY. A plastic stick with a feather on the end.

DR. WARD

Every week, without fail, you steer the conversation back to that cat. I'm not saying Mr. Cuddles is the only reason to live, but a companion can certainly be someone to lean on in the hard times.

Ross takes the cat toy, genuinely touched by the gift.

**INT. AGENT ROSS' APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY**

Ross DROPS the toy in a TRASH CAN.

She crosses the lobby to the elevator. A YOUNG WOMAN walking by eyes the feathered-stick jutting up out of the bin.

ROSS

If you want it, take it. Someone got it for me as a gift, but I don't even own a cat. Clearly, they don't know me very well.

**UNCLEAR WHERE WE ARE. WE'RE TOO TIGHT ON:**

ROSS' FACE. She seems emotional. Nervous, sad, confused. She takes a few deep breaths, and--

*BZZZT!* She answers her vibrating phone:

ROSS

Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE  
 Hey, Ross. It's Connors. You busy?

We cut out to REVEAL:

**INT. AGENT ROSS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Ross holds her service weapon, a GLOCK 19M, up to the side of her head. Her finger on the trigger.

ROSS  
 Uh, somewhat.

CONNORS (O.S.)  
 Listen, we got a thirty-year-old female ripped to pieces up in Maine. Local law enforcement are asking for assistance.

ROSS  
 Come on, Connors, one murder? Can't we send Osborne? Or Reinders? I re--

CONNORS (O.S.)  
 She's from Raven Lake.

ROSS  
 Is that supposed to mean--  
 (realizing)  
 Martin Park?

Ross slowly lowers the gun from the side of her head.

ROSS  
 Okay.

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY**

In the front of the CAVERNOUS CHAPEL, a coffin is set up in front of a large photo of Zoe. Closed casket, of course. At the lectern, a priest drones on.

Martin and Jessica sit in the back, out of the way of Zoe's grieving family. But that doesn't stop a few of them from turning to GLARE at Martin as they whisper to each other.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Martin lies in bed, sipping tea and scrolling on his phone. Jessica gets dressed in her pajamas and paces. Clearly off put by the funeral.



JESSICA

I mean, I knew Zoe quite literally as long as I've known you. One day, she's in our lives, she's like a member of the family. And the next, she's gone. It's heartbreaking.

Martin sips his tea, not nearly as rattled as Jessica is. There's something else on his mind.

MARTIN

Did you see the way everyone was looking at me? They blame me.

JESSICA

Well, maybe we should take a vacation until things go back to normal. It's already tough enough working to blend in here with everyone knowing about your job. If they also blame you for... It might be the perfect time to get away.

Martin seems very tempted, but he shakes his head.

MARTIN

I can't. My patients need me. And all this is going to make filling Zoe's position very difficult. Unless you're interested?

Jessica smiles at his lame joke, but realizes--

JESSICA

Are you serious?

MARTIN

Until I find someone new.

JESSICA

You know, I'd love to help, but I don't want to follow the, um...

Martin finishes his tea and puts his empty cup on the night stand. He STIFLES A YAWN and looks lovingly at his wife.

MARTIN

You have nothing to worry about. I will protect you. Always.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin sits in his usual chair, listening to a patient we can't see and can only barely hear. Martin SIGHS. Bored.

He glances out his open office door to reception where Zoe, still very much alive, types at her desk. She rolls her eyes at Martin, and gestures to him as if to say "Wanna switch?"

Martin smirks at her and turns back to his patient.

MARTIN

Mmmm... Talk more about that.

He turns back to Zoe. From MARTIN'S POV, we see a PALE OLD MAN with matted hair and filthy clothes standing by the elevator, five yards behind Zoe. He stares at Martin. At us.

Zoe doesn't seem to notice. She continues to TYPE away.

Martin moves to stand, but can't. He's STUCK to the chair. The fabric grips the skin on his arms like it's super glued.

In the other room, the Old Man begins to shuffle towards Zoe.

Martin opens his mouth-- GAGS. Unable to call out as he chokes out a BLOODY, MATTED WAD OF COARSE HAIR.

Zoe must hear the gagging, because she finally looks up at Martin. Once again rolling her eyes at him.

Then the Old Man reaches out and smoothly TEARS HER HEAD OFF.

Martin forces himself to stand, RIPPING off his skin still stuck to the chair, and--

The other room is completely empty. No Old Man. No Zoe. Martin slowly sits back down. *Must have been a false alarm.* He turns back to his patient, and we REVEAL--

It's the Old Man himself. Zoe's decapitated, bloody head resting on his lap. They're BOTH SMILING. And we SLAM TO:

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**

Martin sits BOLT UPRIGHT in bed. Across the room, Jessica checks out her first-day-of-work outfit in the mirror.

JESSICA

Another dream?

MARTIN

Nightmare.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - MORNING**

Martin stands at the reception desk, showing Jessica how the schedule works on the computer. The room has been cleaned of evidence of Zoe's murder. Though the fan is still missing.

MARTIN

Privacy's paramount. Even the patients shouldn't know who other patients are. So when building the schedule, alternate waiting rooms so they never cross paths...

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Martin settles in at his desk. He glances out the door to the other room where Jessica types loudly and slowly. Hunt-and-peck style. CLACK, CLACK, CLACK. Working hard. Martin smiles.

But then his expression falters, perhaps thinking back to his dream from the night before where he looked through that same doorway out to Zoe. He turns away and gets to work.

**INT. ROSS' HOTEL ROOM - MORNING**

Ross eats POP ROCKS by the handful. They CRACKLE in her mouth as she sits on her hotel bed, looking like she hasn't slept.

Her open laptop plays Martin Park book tour interviews. He's smiling, suave, and cocksure. More like a celebrity on Fallon than a criminal psychologist on a news program.

She reaches back into her Pop Rocks package to find it empty. She's eaten them all. She stares blankly at the screen while she fumbles for something off her night stand.

She pulls her Glock 19M off the table, slides the gun into her mouth, and-- RING!

Ross glances over at the bedside phone. She can't help but CHUCKLE on the gun barrel. *This is the second time this has happened.* She pulls the gun from her mouth and answers:

ROSS

Go for Ross.

(listens for a beat)

No, I'm up. You ready for me to come down to the station and meet the team?

(listens a beat longer)

Oh, yeah. That works too.

**EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY**

A CHARRED CORPSE leans up against a BLACKENED TREE TRUNK on a patch of SCORCHED GRASS. His SEVERED HEAD rests in his lap.

Raven Lake Police bustle back and forth in the small, grassy clearing. The dense trees surrounding the burnt one have been wrapped in CAUTION TAPE which Agent Ross ducks under.

ROSS  
I guess this is the place?

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Agent Ross. Chief Greg O'Donnell. I really appreciate you being here. This isn't exactly drunk college kids on jet skis, you know?

Ross breezes by O'Donnell. She SNAPS on plastic gloves and kneels down to inspect the body. She YAWNS, almost bored.

ROSS  
Burn marks on the grass seem older.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
About a week ago. Unauthorized bon fire got a little out of control.

ROSS  
So he kills them in private, then chooses the best place to present his work. Just like the first girl.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
And another beheading. We figure he messed something up this time and burnt the body to destroy evidence.

ROSS  
Good guess, Chief, but not quite. A clean cut through the neck means it happened *after* the fire. Compare that to the wounds around the wrist which cauterized real nice, probably from trying to get free of restraints. No, this poor sucker was burned alive. Head's like the location. All *style*. Speaking of...

O'Donnell looks from the wrist wounds to Ross in admiration. She doesn't notice. Too focused on pulling out a handkerchief to dab a STICKY WHITE SUBSTANCE on the corpse. She SNIFFS it.

ROSS  
And I thought my sweet tooth was out of hand. Our boy went and toasted a marshmallow over the body. Only the most depraved sickos for Dr. Park I guess.

Ross stands, drops the kerchief in a plastic bag, and heads into the trees. O'Donnell FOLLOWS BEHIND, clearly smitten.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

This was everyone's fear when Park moved to town. We'll go talk to him.

ROSS

No. Not yet. There's plenty of other things to do.

Ross and O'Donnell step out of the trees to--

**EXT. WOODSIDE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

They approach a winding road cutting through the forest.

ROSS

I'm going to talk to my burn guy. You and your boys should focus on this road, here. It's probably where the killer parked his car, but it's about to get scuffed the hell up by news vans. We'll touch base later.

With that, Ross strolls off down the road. O'Donnell watches her go, in awe. Behind him, Officer Godwin approaches.

GODWIN

How is she?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Oh my god, incredible. She's-- Wow. Um, we should focus on this road. You know, before the news vans, and uh-- Give me a second.

O'Donnell nods like that made sense and rushes off. Godwin squints after him, no idea what he's supposed to do.

O'Donnell hustles up behind Ross, thoroughly out of breath.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Agent Ross-- One more-- What are we waiting on-- For Dr. Park?

ROSS

Don't know yet. Something.

(then)

A guy that slick, if you tell him he's wrong, he'll push back without thinking. But if he hears about this on the news, doubt might creep in on it's own. We'll check in once he's had a couple sleepless nights.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin STIFLES A YAWN. He's in a therapy session with Dustin who is recoiled in his seat like he was sprayed by a skunk.

DUSTIN

No, look, a guy like me could never land a slut like that. But she's fucking throwing sex at you because you write books and shit.

MARTIN

You're talking like you're back on the internet.

DUSTIN

Well, I'm not.

MARTIN

Surely you like Jessica more than you liked Zoe, at least?

DUSTIN

I didn't kill her if that's what you're implying.

MARTIN

I wasn't.

DUSTIN

I was at home. I can prove it. Same with last night.

(off Martin's look)

The guy who got barbecued in the woods. You haven't seen this?

MARTIN

No, I... You said you could prove you were home. How exactly?

Dustin STEWS, clearly doesn't want to say. Martin waits, knowing it's just a matter of time until...

DUSTIN

My internet history.

MARTIN

There we go.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT**

The room is practically split down the middle. One side is Jessica's cluttered art studio; the other is a sparse home office where Martin sits at his desk, sipping tea.

He looks between OPEN FILES on his desk and NEWS STORIES about the burned victim on his computer. Jessica peaks in.

JESSICA

Being back in the work force really takes it out of you. I'm going to bed. Are you...

Jessica eyes the files laid out on the desk showing pictures of Kyle Egan, Fred Vasquez, and Little Ethan Colby. And next to each photo is a "Risk Level." LOW. MODERATE-LOW. NONE.

Martin catches her eyes, trying to be reassuring.

MARTIN

I'll be right up. I could use a good night's sleep.

**INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin, in a suit, looks around the dark, cavernous room.

The pews are filled with SILENT MOURNERS, their faces covered by veils. At the front, a PRIEST stands by a coffin. He seems to be the same OLD MAN who killed Zoe in Martin's last dream.

Martin stands. The mourners watch as he slowly walks the length of the Church. No sound but his ECHOING FOOTSTEPS. He reaches the coffin, grabs the lid, and lift it to REVEAL--

No body. Instead, the coffin is full to the brim with LIQUID.

MARTIN

Where's Zoe?

The Priest APPEARS behind Martin. In one motion, he shoves Martin into the coffin. Viscous liquid SLOSHES out onto the floor. Martin SCREAMS as the Priest SLAMS the lid.

**INT. COFFIN - CONTINUOUS (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin THRASHES and WRITHES. SLAMS his open palms against the wood. He GASPS for air, the liquid rushing into his mouth. He PUSHES desperately and the lid finally gives way. Opening to--

**EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin stands from the coffin at the bottom of a DEEP HOLE. Above, the Mourners gather around. No longer silent, they expel their grief in a terrible chorus of WAILING.

Martin digs his fingers into the dirt and begins to climb up towards the ANGUISHED CRYING. Soil slides free beneath his feet, but he forces one hand up after the other until--

He reaches SOLID, GRASSY GROUND. Martin pulls himself up just as the Priest walks from among the Mourners and KNEELS at the grave. Face-to-face with Martin, the Priest LIGHTS A MATCH.

And Martin who is still coated in the liquid from the coffin-- *in gasoline*-- GOES UP IN FLAMES.

He falls back. Into the hole. Into the coffin filled with gas. The whole thing catches fire, and the lid SLAMS SHUT.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Martin awakens SCREAMING. Drenched in sweat. Jessica sits in a chair by his side. Hands him a cup of water.

JESSICA

It's getting worse. I felt you moving last night. I'll call Kyle Egan, cancel your morning session. You should see a doctor.

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin sits on the examination chair, chatting with DOCTOR MELNYK, Ukrainian and impossibly cheery.

MARTIN

They're horrific, but as hard as I try, I can't wake up. And when I finally do, I feel exhausted. Until recently, I never even had dreams.

DR. MELNYK

Have you started sleeping in a new environment?

MARTIN

No.

DR. MELNYK

How about medicine? New medication can cause an uptick in dreaming.

Martin shakes his head.

DR. MELNYK

Are you under a lot of stress?

Martin doesn't even answer this one. Dr. Melnyk smiles wide.

DR. MELNYK

A lot going on at Raven Lake these days. The whole town's probably having nightmares.



DR. MELNYK (CONT'D)

And walking in on your mutilated secretary is, in my medical opinion, probably not very helpful.

MARTIN

Is there any chance it's my brain trying to tell me something?

DR. MELNYK

Do you use a lot of Freud with your patients, Doctor?

Martin shakes his head as Melnyk leads him to the door.

DR. MELNYK

Then don't start now. You dream because you're stressed. You're stressed because people are being murdered. This makes sense, no?

MARTIN

Actually the nightmares began with the murders, but the dreaming started the night before.

DR. MELNYK

Well, was anything stressing you before the murders?

Martin thinks and we FLASH TO: The news. A psychologist let out of prison. A brief glimpse of a terrifying mask. Then in a DREAM, the man is led out of a court room in handcuffs.

Martin nods to Dr. Melnyk and exits the office.

**EXT. LAKESIDE ROAD - DAY**

Martin SPEEDS down the road. Over the lake, storm clouds roll in towards town, crackling with electricity. Thunder BOOMS.

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY**

The rain POURS DOWN. Martin jumps out of his car and rushes towards the building when something catches his eye.

Standing across the street, soaking wet, is that same balding man released from prison: RICHARD HOROWITZ. Rain drips off his glasses as he stares at Martin. Martin steps forward--

Right under the outstretched umbrella of Special Agent Ross.

ROSS

Gonna catch a cold, standing out here Dr. Park.

Martin's barely listening. He tries to get a good look across the street, but the man-- *Horowitz?*-- now has his back to them, walking away. Martin turns his attention to Ross.

MARTIN

And you are?

ROSS

Special Agent Ross, FBI. They sent me to replace your fan.

Ross gestures to a BIG BOX under her arm which, sure enough, advertises a full-size ceiling fan. Martin looks humorlessly.

MARTIN

You're not stepping foot in my office. Let's get lunch.

**INT. ALONZO'S CAFE - DAY**

Martin sits up straight, hands folded in a well-rehearsed posture. Ross slouches opposite him, a bemused smirk on her face. For a beat they just take each other in.

Realizing Martin doesn't want to make the first move, Ross CHUCKLES. She reaches into her bag and pulls out THREE THICK FILES. She sets them on the table. Flips open the top one.

ROSS

Tell me about her.

Martin looks down at photos of Zoe Diemer. All while she was STILL ALIVE. In one, she's standing by him on his book tour.

MARTIN

Zoe had been with me a long time. She was hard-working, dependable, and brutally ripped apart by a murderer who I really wish the FBI would do their job and catch.

Martin means it as a jab, but Ross nods understandingly.

ROSS

You found her body in your waiting room, right? That must have been upsetting. How'd the killer get up there, you think? I wasn't able to.

MARTIN

Breaking in without a warrant?

She TAPS the box on the floor.

ROSS  
Fan installation.

MARTIN  
You need key card access to get to our floor but we turn it off overnight for maintenance. You see, privacy is very important to my patients. It's why I don't do things like give their personal information to law enforcement.

Ross CLAPS, her tone of understanding slipping away.

ROSS  
See? I knew you'd react this way. Exactly why I didn't come to you...

She FLIPS OPEN the second file to reveal images of a CHARRED CORPSE and a MARSHMALLOW-COATED HANDKERCHIEF.

ROSS  
When someone used Ray Montez as kindling for s'mores. Clearly somebody with extreme violent impulses. Know anyone with those?

MARTIN  
No one at risk of acting on them.

ROSS  
I understand your hesitation Dr. Park, but I assure you we won't harass your patients. If you're right, we'll cross them off our list and move on.

MARTIN  
It's not hesitation. It's a legal obligation. I can't betray their trust unless I think they may harm themselves or others. And all my patients are improving. Trust me.

ROSS  
And trust *me* that you'd be surprised what a shrink will buy when they want to believe a patient is getting better.

Martin STEWS on this comment for a beat as his eyes fall on the THIRD FILE. Still un-opened on the table.

ROSS

This is from this morning. Hasn't hit the news yet. Take a read.

Ross opens the file and SPINS it around to Martin. He looks at several photos of RATS crawling over the body of a DEAD MAN. A BLOODY HOLE clean through his chest. He reads coldly.

MARTIN

Victim Alan Oswald Rigby was found dead in his apartment.

**INT. ALAN RIGBY'S APARTMENT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Ross and Chief O'Donnell stand in a DARK apartment which would seem messy even if not covered in rat droppings. They shine their flashlights on the rat-covered corpse.

MARTIN (V.O.)

It appears a heat source was held to a bucket of rats which then burrowed through the victim's body to escape. It is unclear at this time whether cause of death was blood loss or the failure of either the victim's heart or lungs. Both had been mostly consumed at the time of law enforcement's arrival.

Ross CLICKS off her flashlight and turns to O'Donnell.

ROSS

I'm ready for Park.

**INT. ALONZO'S CAFE - DAY**

Martin looks up from the files. Keeping his emotions cool.

MARTIN

That's awful. But it has nothing to do with me or my patients.

ROSS

And if you're wrong, more people die. And maybe you do time for criminal negligence. Hell, isn't there already a shrink in jail for that? Didn't you put him there?

MARTIN

He just got out actually.

ROSS

So there's a free cell?

Martin has had enough. He defiantly STANDS up to march away.

ROSS

Okay, I get that you're making a point, but your food's not even here yet. So just...

Ross gestures at his chair. Realizing she's right, Martin slowly sits back down. After a SILENT BEAT, Ross shrugs.

ROSS

Three murders, three drastically different methods. Uncommon for a killer to mix up his MO so much.

MARTIN

But not unheard of.

ROSS

Sure. But it got me thinking. What if the difference is the point? What if he's saying something?

MARTIN

And what would that be?

ROSS

You wrote the book on this. What do your eight traits say?

MARTIN

They don't say why someone would kill. I always say if you're asking why, you've already lost. No, the traits are only to help spot potential murderers.

ROSS

I left my copy at home. Remind me.

MARTIN

Well, one through three are the Macdonald Triad. So in a kid we might see cruelty to animals--

*Thud!* Ross jams her finger down onto a photo from the Rigby crime scene. A rat with a badly singed tail. Martin swallows. Sensing where this is going, he proceeds slowly.

MARTIN

Also bed-wetting, and... Playing with fire.

*Thud!* Ross points to the burnt Montez body.

ROSS

He's using your book as a guide. To show he's outsmarting you.

MARTIN

No. No, why would he do that? And how would Zoe fit into this theory?

ROSS

He would do it because he is one. Of. Your. Patients. Making the deceased Ms. Diemer--

(THUD!)

Trait number five, a personal connection.

Martin stares at the three files, long and hard. For the first time, genuinely knocked back on his heels. Finally:

MARTIN

Okay, even if I agree in principal that this seems *pointed* in my direction, I still can't hand over the personal information of all my patients. But if one were to stand out as most likely to have done this... I could give you that file.

Ross smirks, seemingly satisfied with this outcome. Just then, a waiter comes with the food. Martin takes the pickles off his sandwich, wraps it in a napkin, and stands to leave.

ROSS

You know you can order it without the pickles, right?

MARTIN

I like the hint of pickle taste, but not the pickle texture.

ROSS

Huh. You know, I once caught a guy in Poughkeepsie who told me if he didn't kill every so often, his insides would fall out of his butt.

Martin stares at her, waiting for the point.

ROSS

At the time I thought that was the strangest thing anyone would ever say to me. But then you said that pickle thing and now I don't know.

Martin grabs the CEILING FAN and storms off. Ross watches him go, biting into her lobster roll. Outside, lightning CRACKS.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

*THUD!* Martin drops the fan box on Jessica's desk. Startled, she looks up from her needlepoint embroidery.

MARTIN

Call all the patients. Spread out appointments so there's no chance of overlap. We're only going to have one waiting room for a while.

JESSICA

What's happening to the other?

MARTIN

Personal project. What's the name of that crafts store you like?

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chief O'Donnell sits at his desk, squeamishly leafing through a copy of *Recognizing Evil*. He looks up as Ross enters.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

How was lunch?

ROSS

Okay. I still don't get what's so special about the lobster up here.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

So, um, will Park let us investigate his clients?

ROSS

Next best thing. He'll investigate for us.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

Martin DUMPS his purchases from the crafts store onto the desk. Markers, glue, scissors, and a DOZEN LARGE POSTERS.

He hangs up three of the posters and pastes on newspaper articles, internet print-outs, and photos. Zoe Diemer cut to pieces. Ray Montez burned to death. Alan Rigby eaten by rats.

On a fourth poster, he lists out his eight traits and circles "arson," "animal cruelty," and "personal connection w/ victims." By this last one, he adds a question mark.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - DAY**

Ross and O'Donnell stand in front of the other cops alongside a corkboard with their own list of the eight traits (the same three circled). OFFICER DUGAN (40s, cranky) speaks up.

DUGAN

If this is clearly a Park psycho,  
why not stake out his building?

ROSS

Too many people in and out for it  
to be helpful. No, we're focusing  
our limited manpower on finding  
other suspects. Just cuz this  
points to Park doesn't mean it's a  
*current* patient. God knows people  
relapse.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Or maybe someone moved here for  
Park, but never saw him. Asking for  
help can be the hardest step.

ROSS

An excellent point, Chief.

O'Donnell smiles, excited by encouragement from Ross.

ROSS

Either way, we're looking to talk  
to people who moved here *after* Park  
did. Let's get to work.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

On the adjacent wall, Martin hangs up a new poster. He writes out in Sharpie "Fred Vasquez" and then adds a photo of the smiling, innocuous family man.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin sits opposite Fred Vasquez in a therapy session.

FRED

Yeah, sure, I've been following it,  
but not in an unhealthy way.

MARTIN

How do you ensure it stays healthy?

FRED

I just do enough research to stay  
informed. Okay?



FRED (CONT'D)

I can't be with the other dads at Cub Scouts, and say, "Sorry fellas, I'm not up to date with the town's juicy true crime gossip, because I find the murders too inspiring."

MARTIN

You do?

FRED

I mean, culture ignores just how clique-y fathers can be. You know what the word is? Catty.

MARTIN

Fred. You mentioned inspiration.

FRED

Yeah, it's like we always talk about. It's the planning. Or the *fantasy* of the planning, right?

INSERT: Back in Reception Room "B," Martin writes on Fred's poster in RED SHARPIE: "Meticulous Planning"

FRED

But it's like I've been fantasizing of playing triple A ball and this guy's gunning for the hall of fame. He's elaborate, precise, and yet somehow makes it all seem random.

Fred's grown too excited. Martin moves to keep it in check.

MARTIN

And does your wife know you've been following these crimes like they're fantasy baseball?

Fred turns ghost white.

FRED

Please don't tell her.

INSERT: In green ink, Martin writes in all caps: "SOFIA"

**EXT. LAKESIDE DOCK - DAY**

O'Donnell and Ross stand with a quiet, moody FISHERMAN who sits in a folding chair, his line cast off the dock.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Mr. Trainer, we just want a sense of what brought you to town?

FISHERMAN  
I love lakes.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Sure... But why this lake?

FISHERMAN  
Good algae.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
And Mr. Trainer, what do you think  
about these recent murders?

FISHERMAN  
Bad.

ROSS  
Mmm. How bad?

Fisherman takes a long beat. Finally:

FISHERMAN  
Real bad.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

Jessica stands on a ladder, screwing the new fan in place.

MARTIN (V.O.)  
What do you think of these murders?

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

New day. New session. Martin sits opposite TERRY TOMLINSON.

TERRY  
I think it's one of your patients.  
I think you're going crazy trying  
to guess which one. And I think you  
can take my name off your list.

MARTIN  
How are you so sure it's one of my  
patients? You of all people should  
know I'm good at this.

TERRY  
Tou-fucking-ché Doc. Just make sure  
the cops know it's extra not me.  
Tough enough being one of three  
Black men in the whole town without  
being the sole overlap on the Venn  
diagram with sex killers.

Martin raises an eyebrow at "sex killers."

TERRY

Potential. Reformed. Whatever, Doc.  
Come on, you know I'm all better.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

Fred's poster is covered in red and green text. Next to it, Martin hangs up a new poster and pins on a photo of Terry. On this one, he write only one word in green: "RECOVERED."

**INT. RAVEN LAKE GENERAL STORE - DAY**

Ross and O'Donnell stand with a SHOPKEEPER, white hair and thick glasses, as he re-stocks shelves. Ross casually helps herself to SKITTLES off a discounted post-Halloween display.

SHOPKEEPER

I know what you think. That I'm one  
of Park's patients. That I killed  
all those people.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Are you?

ROSS

Did you?

SHOPKEEPER

No, I've never even thought about  
it. Killing is abhorrent behavior.

Ross shoots a quick, playful glance at O'Donnell.

ROSS

Have you ever said to someone, "I'm  
gonna kill you." Just out of anger?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Even I've said that one.

SHOPKEEPER

Well, I haven't said it.

ROSS

Said what?

SHOPKEEPER

That I'm gonna...

But he SUCKS IN HIS LIPS, refusing to finish the sentence.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin, beginning to look a little worn down, now sits with Ethan, our murderous little six-year-old.

MARTIN

Ethan, has your mother talked at all about why Miss Zoe isn't at the front desk anymore?

ETHAN

No. She just said she's gone.

MARTIN

How does that make you feel?

ETHAN

Sad. She was funny. I miss her.

Martin nods, not going to push it any further.

ETHAN

Just like I miss Copper.

Martin is caught off guard, STUTTERS, and falls silent. Then--

MARTIN

And what makes Zoe like Copper?

Not old enough to hide his thinking, it's very clear that Ethan is picking his next sentence very carefully.

ETHAN

Neither will come back. Even if you want them to.

Off Martin's unnerved reaction:

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

Martin stands at Ethan's poster where he's scrawled a ton of red notes: "Extreme fantasies (different methods)" and "Likes animals (Rats)" and "Recently acted on urges (Copper)."

Martin stares at the poster in HORROR. He numbly nods like everything is clicking into place all at once, and then--

Martin ROLLS HIS EYES. *What am I thinking?* In green he writes, "LITERALLY A CHILD." Then he THROWS the marker.

**EXT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY**

O'Donnell and Ross stand on a front porch.

ROSS

So we're just looking to get a sense why different people moved-- Sorry, you seem antsy. You okay?

REVEAL: Standing in his doorway and looking around nervously is Martin's mailman-obsessed patient, KYLE EGAN.

KYLE

I'm expecting a package.

**INT. CHIEF O'DONNELL'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY**

Ross and O'Donnell get in the car parked across from Kyle's house. Ross keeps her eye on Kyle, PEERING out his window.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

He was weird, right?

ROSS

We're all weird. Question is, who's *murder-people-with-rats* weird and who's *life-is-hell-I'm-just-trying-to-cope* weird? Put him as a maybe.

In his notes, O'Donnell writes "K-Y-L-E" and we match CUT TO:

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

On a poster, Martin finishes writing the name: "E-G-A-N"

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Kyle FIDGETS his hands like a squirrel trying to crack a nut.

KYLE

This goes far, far beyond not liking the daily routine you built. No, I *must* break it, I am compelled to in order to sign for my package--

MARTIN

Kyle, enough. Please, I need you to focus. I asked about Zoe's passing.

KYLE

Well, that's very sad. Clearly.  
(beat)  
Do you think I could mail her family a condolences card?

Martin runs a stressed hand through his hair and YAWNS--

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin, new clothes, now opposite Dustin, finishes YAWNING.

MARTIN

So you're happy Zoe was killed?

DUSTIN

No. Of course not. But if someone had to be murdered, it's not like she was the worst option. I mean obviously I jacked it to her a lot.

MARTIN

Dustin, can you think of a woman you don't hate?

Dustin nods instinctively. He then thinks, blinks a couple times, racking his brain until finally:

DUSTIN

Mary Todd Lincoln.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

Bags under his eyes, Martin stands at Dustin's poster, covered in red and green notes. No idea what to make of it, he steps back into to the center of the room.

Amid a mess of discarded take-out containers and excess craft supplies, he just sits down on the floor. Looking up at all his posters. *What the hell am I missing?*

Behind him, Jessica slides into the room.

JESSICA

Hey, I need to go home and start cooking for Mom and Dad.

She blinks, clearly taken aback by everything on the walls.

MARTIN

I thought we agreed you wouldn't come in here?

JESSICA

And I thought we agreed no secrets. So... This is one of your patients?

MARTIN

No. It's not. I would know.

But for the first time, he seems un-convinced.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jessica and her parents, CHARLIE and ANGELA WHEATLEY, chat warmly over a home-cooked meal of roast chicken and potatoes.

At the end of the table, Martin barely speaks beyond the occasional nod. He's too distracted. Mind elsewhere.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

You ever go fishing out in that lake, Marty?

**EXT. PARK HOUSE, LAKE SHORE - NIGHT**

Martin and Charlie stand at the lake's edge. GLITTERING as it reflects the stars. Charlie smokes a cigar. Martin sips tea.

MARTIN

Uh, no, I haven't.

CHARLIE

Oh, you gotta take Jess out. We used to go catch-and-release.

Charlie pulls up a photo on his phone. A YOUNG JESSICA, maybe nine, grins ear-to-ear holding a trout. Martin nods politely, but then looks right back out at the lake. MIND CHURNING.

As Charlie DRONES ON with his folksy New England story, Martin tunes him out. His voice FADING into the background:

CHARLIE

Every fish was her friend. I'd say, "Throw 'em back Jess." And she'd say, "Why? Is it hurting him? I want to keep him." And I'd say "Water's their home, sweetie. They gotta go home." You with me, Marty?

Martin snaps back to attention, but it's clear he missed all of that. Luckily, Jessica comes over to save him.

JESSICA

You embarrassing me over here?

CHARLIE

It's a father's job.

JESSICA

Mom's falling asleep. Hit her two point five Sauvignon Blanc limit.

CHARLIE

You trying to kick us out?

Martin YAWNS. Jessica puts her arm around him.

JESSICA

I think it's time for bed.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin and Jessica are naked as they CRASH down onto their bed which is COVERED WITH CRIME SCENE PHOTOS. The pictures CRINKLE and RIP beneath them. They don't seem to mind.

*CREAK!* From on top of Jessica, Martin cranes his neck to look over his shoulder to see Dustin Kelly standing just outside the room in the dark hallway. Totally still. Watching them.

MARTIN

You can't be here.

Martin turns back to Jessica, both of them acting like nothing happened. Kissing. Touching. *CREEEEEAK!*

He turns back again. Dustin has taken a step closer. Into the room now. Behind him, Fred Vasquez stands just down the hall, sipping from his Grand Canyon mug. Martin is annoyed.

MARTIN

I'll be right with you both.

He turns back to Jessica, who hasn't lost any enthusiasm. He tries to get back in the mood himself and-- *THHWP!*

Martin turns to find both Dustin and Fred have entered the room, joined now by Ethan Colby. In the hall, Kyle Egan RIPS packing tape off of a cardboard box. The source of the sound.

Martin barely pays attention to Jessica now. With each look over his shoulder, the room grows more SURREAL and HORRIFIC.

Kyle pulls ZOE'S HEAD out of the box... The room CATCHES FIRE... The ceiling fan rotors are replaced by human ARMS... RATS crawl out of Fred's thermos and gnaw into his face...

And with every fevered glance, the four specters move closer and closer until they are standing at the foot of the bed.

JESSICA

What are you looking at?

Martin shakes his head like it's nothing. Forcing himself not to look back. He THRUSTS with determination, his breathing grows rapid, he reaches the point of ORGASM and--

Someone reaches from behind to SLIT MARTIN'S THROAT. Spraying Jessica and the crime photos in an EJACULATION OF BLOOD.



**INT. MAYOR KINSEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ross and O'Donnell sit at a large desk with MAYOR EDWARD KINSEY (40s, white), rugged jawline, silver hair, blank-eyed charm. He slides two documents across the desk to them.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Mayor Kinsey, thank you for taking the time. We're just here to ask--

Mayor Kinsey CLEARS HIS THROAT and taps the documents which we now see are NON-DISCLOSURE AGREEMENTS. Ross rolls her eyes and signs hers. O'Donnell follows suit.

ROSS

So we're hoping to--

With the documents signed, Mayor Kinsey totally RELAXES.

MAYOR KINSEY

I know why you're here. These awful murders. Your attention naturally turned to Dr. Park, but he won't give up his patients so you're looking to people who moved here in the last five years. And I'm on that list.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Mr. Mayor, we don't mean to offend--

MAYOR KINSEY

Not at all, I used to fantasize about murdering people constantly. Dr. Park has worked wonders.

O'Donnell and Ross BLINK. Both a bit shocked.

MAYOR KINSEY

And as he could tell you-- But won't because he's a good doctor-- These aren't my style. My fantasies were always a variation of kidnapping someone, burying them in a box, and then commanding their loved ones to complete tasks in exchange for clues before oxygen ran out. Very convoluted but it boiled down to control. And Dr. Park helped me see there are ways to exert that control within the existing social contract.

Mayor Kinsey smiles blankly and CLAPS his hands together.

MAYOR KINSEY

And to that point, as a public servant, I wouldn't even have the time to commit these crimes. I'll have my assistant give you a copy of my schedule on the way out.

**INT. CHIEF O'DONNELL'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY**

O'Donnell and Ross get into the car, each holding a laminated copy of the mayor's schedule. A long beat.

ROSS

He seemed normal to me.

O'Donnell BREAKS OUT IN LAUGHTER. Big GUFFAWS. Ross smirks.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Oh, here, I got you something. You didn't care for our lobster, so I thought I might win you back with some New England salt water taffy.

O'Donnell grabs a WHITE PAPER BAG from his back seat which he hands to Ross while adding sheepishly:

CHIEF O'DONNELL

You have a sweet tooth, right?

Ross can't help but SMILE. Genuinely touched. O'Donnell smiles right back. Just as his radio CRACKLES on.

GODWIN'S VOICE

*Uh... Chief, come in, Chief. Got something-- Uh, seems important.*

**EXT. LAKESIDE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY**

Ross steps out of O'Donnell's cruiser to take in the tiny, slightly RUN-DOWN STRIP CLUB, nestled among the trees off the highway. She pops a TAFFY in her mouth and begins to chew.

**INT. LAKESIDE GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY**

O'Donnell and Ross sit with TINA (40s), a topless bartender.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Donald Calway was reported missing this morning and he was last seen yesterday evening on his way here.

O'Donnell, trying not to look at Tina's breasts, holds out a photo of a slimy-looking BUSINESSMAN. As Tina considers, Ross glances around the club. Mostly empty on a weekday.

TINA

If he was here, he didn't stand out. I'll ask the girls, but--

Suddenly, Ross sees something that makes her eyes BULGE.

ROSS

Excuse me for a second.

She walks off, passing a man resting his head on the bar, then two girls on stage (but with no one paying attention, they just chat), before finally landing at a table. She sits.

ROSS

You better have an airtight explanation what you're doing here.

BRITISH VOICE

Oh believe me, I do.

REVEAL: Sitting with Ross, nursing an afternoon cocktail, is the man from the news. Fresh out of prison. RICHARD HOROWITZ.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY**

Fred Vasquez shakes hands with Martin as he exits his office. Across the room, Mrs. Colby paces back and forth nervously.

MRS. COLBY

Fred?

At the sight of her, Fred's face turns BEET-RED. He turns to Martin and SPEAKS LOUDLY as he speed-walks to the elevator.

FRED

Well, I had no idea you were *that* kind of therapist. You could have told me over the phone. Um, I won't be coming for a second session. I'll find someone else to treat my... Depression. Good afternoon.

Fred gets in the elevator. Realizing he never acknowledged Mrs. Colby, he gives an awkward half-wave as the DOORS CLOSE.

MRS. COLBY

I'm sorry. I did offer to wait in the other room, but she said, um...

Jessica shoots Martin a knowing look. He SIGHS.

MARTIN

No, that's-- That's perfectly fine. How can I help, Mrs. Colby?

MRS. COLBY

I brought my family to Raven Lake to help Ethan. It was the best and safest course of action. But now I need to leave for the same reason.

MARTIN

You've heard about the murders?

Mrs. Colby looks at Martin like he's crazy.

MRS. COLBY

Everyone's heard about the murders. And now no one can trust anyone here, because of-- I mean, Fred's in PTA with me.

MARTIN

Ethan and I still have a lot of work left to do.

MRS. COLBY

I don't need an argument, Dr. Park. I just wanted you to know.

Martin holds his composure while she gets in the elevator. But as soon as she's gone, he rubs his hands across his face.

JESSICA

You seem stressed.

MARTIN

Oh yeah? You think it could have something to do with my assistant being brutally murdered, everyone blaming me, and there being no signs of the killer slowing down?

Jessica raises an eyebrow. Martin looks down in shame.

MARTIN

Sorry. I know, I-- Sorry.

Jessica considers her husband. Usually suave and relaxed, he now looks like his whole body is clenched. Taking pity on him, she stands and WRAPS HIM IN A HUG.

Martin SQUEEZES back, and they stand there for a long beat, holding each other tight. Then Jessica leans in to WHISPER:

JESSICA

You know... With Ethan off the schedule, we have the next few hours off.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

The door SLAMS open, Martin and Jessica charge in. Kissing. Touching. Passionate. She UNTIES his tie. He SLIPS off her blouse... Then belts... Pants... Underwear.

They fall NAKED onto the bed. Getting lost in each other's bodies. Martin takes a quick glance over his shoulder.

JESSICA

What are you looking at?

Martin turns to his wife, didn't even realize he was doing it. No doubt thinking about his dream. Tries to play it off.

MARTIN

Nothing.

He pulls her in tight. She runs a hand down his BACK. He kisses her LIPS, then her NECK, then her BREAST--

FLASH INSERT: A rat GNAWS into Alan Rigby's chest.

Martin YANKS his head away. Shocked. He blinks, trying to re-orient himself. *What's going on with me?*

Jessica pulls him back in to her. He tries to stay focused on her. He *needs* to stay focused.

He gets rougher, thrusting with animal power. Jessica nods. Into it. He grabs her wrist and pins her arm above her head--

FLASH INSERT: Zoe's arm spins around on a ceiling fan rotor.

Jessica MOANS in ecstasy. Holding Martin tight. But she doesn't see his eyes, darting around with wild intensity.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - LATER**

Jessica catches her breath, basked in a sweaty, post-coital glow. Next to her, Martin is already back in a deep reverie.

JESSICA

I don't know about you, but I'm  
feeling less stressed. Got a little  
messy at the end though. Kleenex?

Martin turns to the box of tissues at the bedside table, and--

FLASH INSERT: White, sticky MARSHMALLOW coats a handkerchief.

Martin stares at the tissues, disgusted. Realizing her husband won't help, Jessica leans over to grab one herself and reaches under the sheets for cleanup. A beat passes.

MARTIN

I really don't think the murderer  
is one of my patients.

JESSICA

Jesus Christ, Martin.

Any residual mood killed, Jessica hops up to scurry to the bathroom. Martin continues to muse on his thoughts.

MARTIN

I know my patients. And yet I still  
feel like I'm missing something.

FLUSH! Jessica comes back out of the bathroom.

JESSICA

What you're missing is that your  
wife just fucked you on a Wednesday  
afternoon, and you're absolutely  
ruining the vibes babe.

MARTIN

Maybe. I'm gonna take a shower.

Martin gets up and walks past Jessica into the bathroom. With the door closed, she looks after her husband. Real worry creeping onto her face. And then-- DING DONG!

JESSICA

Martin, wait. Someone's at the--

*PSSSSHH!* The shower turns on. Jessica's worry instantly turns to annoyance as she scrambles to get dressed.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, FOYER - DAY**

Still frazzled, Jessica PULLS OPEN the front door to reveal Agent Ross, holding a full sleeve of OREO COOKIES.

ROSS

Special Agent Helaine Ross, FBI.  
Your husband around?

She steps into the house, licking out the center cream from an Oreo and tossing the cookie portion back into the carton like it's a shrimp tail with no meat left

JESSICA

Uh, yes. He should be down soon.  
I'm Jessica Park. Sorry, you caught  
us-- Just a bit busy.

Jessica catches her reflection in a mirror and tries to covertly smooth down her tussled hair. Rather than comment on that, Ross walks further into the house, head on a swivel.

ROSS

Quite the place you got here. Show me around?

**INT. PARK HOUSE, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica hurries to catch up with Ross who keeps slurping down Oreo cream as she inspects gaudy decorations, vacation photos, and artworks displayed from around the world.

JESSICA

Um, so, the original structure is from the 1800s or something like that. I actually oversaw the remodeling myself while Martin was on book tour. You'll notice that--

ROSS

Kind of big for these parts?

JESSICA

God, I know. I always pictured moving to Raven Lake in a cozy cabin. But he has this money...

ROSS

So it was your idea to move to town, then? Let's go this way.

Ross re-directs them down a hall. Unable to lead this tour of her own house, Jessica grows flustered.

JESSICA

Uh, yeah. I grew up nearby, but we'd do summers here and I always loved it. I got this in college.

Jessica finally gets in front of Ross and uses her arm to block a doorway. On Jessica's left wrist is A TINY TATTOO of a RAVEN in flight. Ross truly couldn't give less of a shit.

ROSS

Pretty.

She ducks under Jessica's arm into--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Jessica follows in behind Ross with thinly veiled annoyance.

JESSICA

Excuse me, Agent Ross, but would you prefer to wait in the kitchen? I could get you some milk. This is our *personal* office.

ROSS

Really? Which side's his?

Jessica goes to point to the less artsy half, but Ross has already taken a seat at Martin's desk. Jessica lowers her arm, realizing it was a joke.

ROSS

So what do you do, Mrs. Park?

Ross sifts through Martin's files. She finds legal papers, tax forms, but nothing on the patients.

JESSICA

Um, well, I'm helping as Martin's assistant right now. You know what they say. Behind every great man...

Ross barely listens to these trophy wife clichés as she TRIES TO OPEN the bottom drawer of Martin's desk. Locked. Jessica doesn't seem to notice, sliding her own chair opposite Ross.

JESSICA

I used to want to be a writer. But I guess taking care of this big house while still trying to fit into the community became sort of like my full-time job.

ROSS

That sounds... *really fulfilling*.

Ross scans Martin's desk, spots the key, and-- Jessica slides it off the desk into her own pocket. She SMILES SWEETLY.

JESSICA

How about you Agent Ross? Is your job *fulfilling*?

Ross cocks her head. A bit more bite than she expected.

ROSS

Not recently.

JESSICA

Oh. I figured work like that would be-- Obviously dark, I could never do it but... Exciting.



Realizing she's not getting that key, Ross settles back into the chair and grabs another Oreo. She shrugs.

ROSS

It used to be. I'll always remember my first. Someone was killing coeds out in Nebraska. Dead girls all had braces so we ran in circles looking for a dude with a braces fetish... Nothing. So I thought, maybe this shit's all subconscious. Maybe he's not *choosing* these girls, he's just making do with what's available. And I booked an appointment with Kieran Tufts, local orthodontist. Moment I saw him, I knew. I smiled at Kieran. And he smiled on back at me. I didn't have the proof, but I knew in my bones he was our guy.

Jessica leans in, blinking her doe-eyes. Fascinated.

JESSICA

And? Did you get him?

ROSS

Yeah. A week later he tried to scan into a dorm with a victim's ID. It was fucking stupid. That's what I learned as time went on. They're all stupid. And it's no fun looking in their eyes if they're just gonna get caught and do the job for you.

MARTIN (O.S.)

They're not stupid.

Ross turns as Martin enters, drying his hair with a towel.

MARTIN

They just want recognition. They start killing because they think they can get away with it, but they get caught because they want people to see what they got away with. It's the eighth trait in my book.  
(to Jessica)  
Thanks, honey.

Jessica nods a goodbye to both of them and leaves the office.

MARTIN

Sorry about the wait. How's the investigation going?

ROSS

Talked to your mayor. A lot of kidnapping people and putting 'em in boxes.

MARTIN

Ed never was great at one-on-one conversations. Hell of a public speaker though.

ROSS

And how's *your* investigation going?

MARTIN

Agent Ross, my patients are getting better. Hell, one's rehabilitated. I'm keeping my eyes open, but...

He trails off. Ross takes in his loose tie and unshaven face.

ROSS

You know, you look like shit. You should get some sleep.

MARTIN

And you look well-rested. You should work harder.

Ross BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER. Martin waits for her to relax.

ROSS

Well, I just stopped by to let you know a man went missing last night. Last seen at a joint called *Sad Lakeside Strip Club*. I don't know, I forget the name. But the first three victims went quick. He's holding this one for some reason. So if you could just check in with your patients if the name Donald Calway means anything to them, I'd appreciate it. You can have these.

Ross points to the Oreo sleeve on Martin's desk, consisting SOLELY of the cookie shells. She stands to leave.

ROSS

And let me give you some advice. Take another look at the one who's all better. Sometimes the one you take for granted is able to get away with the most in plain sight.

Martin lets this point sink in, and--

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "B" - DAY**

DING! Elevator doors open and Martin walks by poster after poster covered in text. He stops at the blankest one in the room. Terry Tomlinson's with only one word: "Recovered."

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin sits at his desk, reviewing Terry Tomlinson's file and cross-checking it with old hand-written case notes. The door cracks open and Jessica pokes her head in.

JESSICA

He's here.

Martin nods and shuts the file. Stretches his neck. *Showtime.*

Terry struts into the room with an exuberant joy (even by his standards). He extends a huge hand for Martin to shake.

TERRY

Dr. Park, it has never felt so good to say goodbye to someone I like so much.

Martin smiles as they settle into their CUSHIONED CHAIRS.

MARTIN

Since we're here at the end, I'd love to start at the beginning. Do you feel like you got what you wanted out of these sessions?

TERRY

Absolutely.

MARTIN

And what was that?

TERRY

Playing the hits, eh, Doc? Well, I wanted to stop dwelling on these fantasies I was having of extreme sexual violence. And like I said, mission accomplished.

MARTIN

Many of my patients are pressured into therapy by a spouse or family member who sees warning signs, but you came of your own volition. Why?

Terry shrugs.

TERRY

I wanted to get better.

MARTIN

These fantasies were always about men, correct?

TERRY

Yes, and let me tell you, learning I could repress the violence without repressing my sexuality was really the game-changer for me. It--

MARTIN

Are there any circumstances where you would kill a woman?

Terry's blinks a few times. His guard starting to go up.

TERRY

There aren't circumstances where I would kill *anyone*. What's going on here, Doc?

MARTIN

In early days, you said the reason you never gave into temptation was the fear of being caught. Wouldn't starting with a woman be a good way to throw people off track?

TERRY

Huh, I guess it would. But as you know, Doc, my fantasies never involved burnt bodies or rats--

MARTIN

Actually, in March you made a comment about burning evidence.

TERRY

Well, I don't remember saying that. Just like I don't remember killing anyone. And wasn't that your whole thing in that trial? People can't kill and not remember it?

This hits a sore spot with Martin. He looks away.

TERRY

Now, I came to say goodbye. Unless you think we need more sessions.

Martin takes a beat, then turns back to Terry.

MARTIN

No. No, this is it. Thank you Terry. You should be very proud of the progress you've made.

TERRY

Yeah, alright Doc.

Not the final session he had in mind, Terry trudges out of the room. Martin waits for the sound of the elevator. *DING!*

Martin BOLTS up and RACES out--

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - CONTINUOUS**

Martin storms in. Jessica looks up from her cross-stitch.

MARTIN

Cancel the rest for today.

JESSICA

You sure? Kyle Egan was really annoying last time we had to push.

MARTIN

We'll reschedule. Can you get a ride home? I need the car.

Jessica wants to say more, but the elevator doors have already CLOSED on Martin. Jessica bites her lip. Worried.

**INT. MARTIN'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - DAY**

Martin drives down tree-lined roads, trailing a hundred yards behind a JEEP with Terry's hulking figure in the driver's seat. Martin wipes sweat off his face. Getting tense.

Suddenly Terry makes an ABRUPT RIGHT, cutting into the woods. Martin eases to a stop at the place he made the turn to find a long DIRT DRIVEWAY leading to an old, beaten-up house.

At the house, Terry gets out of his Jeep and POPS the trunk. He pulls out LIGHTER FLUID and a LENGTH OF ROPE.

MARTIN

Oh no, Terry.

From the base of the driveway, Martin watches Terry hustle into the house with his arms full. Martin licks his lips. *Here we go.* He eases his foot off the brake, and-- *HONK!!*

Martin almost jumps out of his skin. Behind him, an ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN is also trying to turn her car into the driveway.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Come on. Let's get a move on. You going to Terry's barbecue too?

MARTIN

Uh, no ma'am. I'm meeting a friend up here to go bass fishing, I must have gotten turned around.

ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN

Yeah, if you're *fishing*, you're gonna want to head *to the lake*.

MARTIN

Thank you, ma'am. I'll uh-- I'll back up.

**INT. MARTIN'S CORVETTE - EVENING**

Martin has pulled his car off the side of the road opposite Terry's house. Inside his dark car, he snacks on a slice of pizza. The rest of the pie in a box on the passenger seat.

Martin stares through his windshield. Outside Terry's house, a huge fire pit roars to life as Terry squirts LIGHTER FLUID in. A dozen family members hang out, grill, and drink beer.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, PARKING LOT - EVENING**

Ross hops out of her car at a children's SLEEPAWAY CAMP. The entry sign is painted in happy, bright colors. Ross heads in.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, ARCHERY RANGE - EVENING**

Ross walks past a series of large ARCHERY TARGETS just as-- THWIP! An arrow zings into the bulls eye closest to her.

REVEAL: On the other end of the range, Richard Horowitz still holds his bow in position. His eyes seem vacant, like someone who's drunk, lost, or both. Ross approaches.

ROSS

Looked into your alibi for Zoe Diemer's murder. It checks out.

HOROWITZ

You mind not telling that bit to Park? Apparently I do have *some* pride left.

Ross gives a small nod. Satisfied, Horowitz tosses the bow away and slouches off towards rows of FAUX-WOODSY CABINS. Ross walks along side him. He doesn't seem to mind.

ROSS

So what exactly are you doing here?

HOROWITZ

These places are only open summers. Grease the right hands, you can stay in the off-season for cheap.

ROSS

But why come to Raven Lake at all?

HOROWITZ

Isn't it obvious? I have front row tickets to the unraveling of Dr. Martin Park. This is me.

Horowitz turns to a personal cabin on the LAKE FRONT, meant for management, not campers. He sits at an outside table where he left a GLASS OF IRISH WHISKEY. Ross stays standing.

HOROWITZ

I never was one for fate, but the fact that this is happening to Park is almost too perfect. Maybe there is some fucked up God out there who enjoys toying with us before he kills us. Wonder how many of the eight traits he has.

Horowitz realizes he's rambling and shuts himself up by sipping his whiskey. He gestures at the bottle.

HOROWITZ

Why don't you have a drink with me? I'm not a suspect anymore, right?

ROSS

I still think it's strange you were at the same strip club as our most recent missing person.

HOROWITZ

Not that strange. There's only one gentleman's club anywhere near Raven Lake. And I've gone every day since I got here.

Ross considers this sad man, staring into his glass of whiskey like he's trying to read tea leaves.

HOROWITZ

Prison can grind a man down, Agent Ross. I have no shame in telling you I am very lonely.

In response, Ross takes the glass from his hand and downs it herself. Horowitz looks at her with a SURPRISED CHUCKLE.

ROSS  
I know the feeling.

Ross sits in the other chair and pours herself a re-fill.

**EXT. TERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The sun's down and the barbecue's over. But cars are still parked around Terry's house. Family staying for the night.

The front door eases open and Terry exits, trying to be as light-footed as possible despite his husky frame. Under his arm, he carries the LENGTH OF ROPE as he gets in the Jeep.

He TURNS THE CAR ON, but rather than start the engine, he gets out. Holding the wheel through the open window, he ROLLS the vehicle forward. Walking it to the end of his driveway.

Only once he's put some distance between his sleeping family and himself does he jump in, START THE ENGINE, and drive off.

From his hiding spot just off the road, Martin can barely believe his eyes. He counts one Mississippi... Two Mississippi... Three Mississippi. Letting Terry drive away.

Then he too starts his car. He FLIPS the headlights off to avoid detection and sets off after the Jeep. And we CUT TO:

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE ROAD - NIGHT**

Martin has pulled over to the side of the road. Window rolled down. Police Chief O'Donnell has pulled him over.

MARTIN  
I'm sorry Chief, I just forgot to flip the headlights. Here I'll--

He turns them on now. O'Donnell SIGHS.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
I'm still writing the ticket.

MARTIN  
Fine, fine.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Where are you going this late?

MARTIN  
Just driving. Easing my mind. It's been a long couple of days.



MARTIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing out so late,  
besides writing tickets?

Chief O'Donnell doesn't respond right away. He takes his time finishing the ticket. He hands it over to Martin.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Same as you. Long days.

Martin doesn't have time to push. He snatches the ticket.

**INT. MARTIN'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Martin SPEEDS ahead, headlights now on, squinting into the distance. Nothing but open road ahead. No sign of Terry.

Martin SLAMS on the brakes. Off to his right, nestled into the woods is a SEEDY MOTEL. Martin scans the parking lot--  
*There.* At the far end is Terry's Jeep.

**EXT. RUN-DOWN MOTEL - NIGHT**

Illuminated by moth-covered lamps, Martin crouches low as he walks outside the rooms. He pauses to look in through a window, the curtains tattered enough that he can see inside.

MARTIN'S POV: Inside, A woman chain smokes and watches TV.

Martin continues on, and looks through another window.

MARTIN'S POV: Inside, Terry looms large over the bed, staring down at a SKINNY, SWEATY MAN STRIPPED NAKED AND EYES BULGING. He has been gagged and tied to the bed with Terry's rope.

Martin collapses onto the ground. Hyperventilating. He WHIPS out his phone and DIALS a number. RING, RING--

**INT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, HOROWITZ'S CABIN - NIGHT**

Ross' clothes lie on the floor by a now empty whiskey bottle. *BZZT!* Her phone vibrates from within her pants pocket, but she's pre-occupied on the bed with Horowitz.

**EXT. RUN-SOWN MOTEL - NIGHT**

Martin, still ducked under the window, gets Ross' voicemail.

ROSS' VOICEMAIL

Hi, you reached Ross. If you're hearing this, I can't make it to the phone or I'm ignoring you. Or I'm dead. I don't know--

Martin hangs up. Inside, there's a muffled WHIMPER.

Martin takes another peak through the curtains: The man struggles on the bed. The light is on in the bathroom and a SHADOW moves on the other side of the door. Terry's in there.

Martin stands up. Tries the door handle. Locked. Then--

He places his hand on the window and-- BREATHES A GASP OF RELIEF-- as he's able to slide the glass up with flat palms.

He eases himself up over the edge of the window sill into--

**INT. TERRY'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Martin puts a finger to his lips as the man on the bed stares at him with a terrified expression.

First thing's first, Martin grabs the chair from the desk and quietly shoves it under the bathroom door handle. *That should buy them some time.* He then goes up to the man on the bed.

MARTIN

Donald Calway? My name's Martin and I'm going to get you out of here. Trust me, I know what I'm doing.

The man has tears in his eyes as he pulls on his restraints. Martin grabs his wrist, and begins to untie the knot himself.

MARTIN

I know this is scary, but we have to stay quiet and move quickly.

Success! The knot comes free. And immediately the man SHOVES Martin back and RIPS the gag from his mouth.

TIED-UP MAN

Red! Red! Red!

The bathroom door SLAMS open, the desk chair clattering to the ground. *Didn't buy them any time.* Terry stands huge in the door frame. On his face is a look of pure... Concern.

TERRY

Oh baby, I'm sorry. I knew those knots were too tight.

TIED-UP MAN

Terry, there's a fucking guy in our room.

The Man points and in an instant, Terry lunges and grabs Martin, easily picking him up off the ground and SLAMMING him into the wall so hard he gets the wind knocked out of him.

TERRY

The fuck you doing in-- Doc?

Martin gasps for air. Still can't speak.

TIED-UP MAN

Do you know this guy? Terry, this isn't cool.

TERRY

No, it isn't. You really don't trust me at all, do you?

Heartbroken, Terry deflates, letting Martin down to his feet.

MARTIN

It's not that. I-- Terry, you've made such progress. I don't want you to take this as a reflection--

TERRY

Just get out of here. And be thankful I'm not pressing charges.

Martin, deeply ashamed, gives a tired nod.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT**

Martin SLUMPS in through the front door. Exhausted. Defeated. He shuffles forward and calls out through a SIGH:

MARTIN

Hey, I'm home.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Martin enters the kitchen to Jessica SLAMMING the fridge shut. She's clearly frustrated, trying to keep her breathing calm. Martin proceeds carefully, in no mood for an argument.

MARTIN

Hi. How you doing?

JESSICA

I've been better. Do you know, um-- The lemon juice?

Martin points to one of the cabinets. Jessica crosses to it and pulls out the lemon juice. She begins the complicated process of making Martin's tea just the way he likes it.

JESSICA

My mom ended up giving me a ride home today.

MARTIN

How is she?

JESSICA

We made it all they way here before she asked where you were. And I had to tell her I had no idea.

Jessica hands Martin the tea, which he accepts thankfully.

MARTIN

It was just work. Following up on a hunch about a patient.

JESSICA

A *hunch*? For Christ's sake, Martin, I married a psychologist, not a criminal investigator. I walked through this whole house today with a woman who is so fucking empty from doing this, from chasing these people. And I can't watch that happen to you, so if there's even a chance this is one of your patients, then please just...

Her voice CRACKS into full-blown sobs. Martin puts his cup down and pulls her tightly into his arms.

MARTIN

Okay, okay. It's not one of my patients. I let her get to me but I'm sure now. It's done. I'm done. Things can go back to normal, if that's what you want.

JESSICA

It's all that I want.

MARTIN

Or at least as normal as they ever are with us.

Jessica lets out a SHORT LAUGH and has to wipe snot from her nose. Martin brushes tears off her cheek and holds her tight.

**INT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, HOROWITZ'S CABIN - MORNING**

A CLEARLY HUNGOVER Ross eases out of bed, trying not to disturb the fitfully sleeping Horowitz. She pulls on her pants and fishes her phone out of the pocket.

She WINCES. Both at the BRIGHTNESS of the screen as well as the sight of a dozen missed calls from "CHIEF O'DONNELL."

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE CEMETERY - DAY**

The hillside graveyard overlooks the lake. In a circle of caution tape, Ross and O'Donnell stand on a damp layer of yellow and orange leaves. Ross FLIPS through a case file.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Calway was stabbed to death, and his body dumped here. His wounds were all coated in, um, *semen*. But no ID on that DNA yet. Some kids found him, sneaking in here on a dare. Apparently a rumor's already started that this grave's haunted.

Ross eyes the nearest tombstone: ZOE DIEMER. She GROANS and turns away. Staring out at the lake bitterly.

ROSS

Abducted at a strip club. Left in a graveyard covered in sperm. Trait six: Conflation of sex and death. Sorry I wasn't here, Chief. I swear I used to be good at this job.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Don't beat yourself up. I think I handled it alright. Where were you?

ROSS

Following up on that English guy at the strip club. Richard Horowitz.  
(off O'Donnell's look)  
He's been in the news, just got out of prison. And Park is the one who put him there.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

You don't think he'd want revenge--

ROSS

Oh, he definitely wants revenge. But he's got an alibi for all this.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

How did Dr. Park put him in jail?

ROSS

You familiar with the Kentucky Bogeyman murders?

O'Donnell shakes his head. Ross takes a seat right on Zoe's tombstone. O'Donnell goes to sit on the one next to it, but decides it would be too disrespectful and stays standing.

ROSS

A few years back, I was part of a team that caught Arnie Krugman. He murdered twelve women, wore this freaky mask whenever he killed.

Ross shows O'Donnell her phone which displays a photo of the RED-EYED BOGEYMAN MASK we've seen before on the news.

ROSS

But that's not why the case is famous. It came out after that Arnie had this therapist who got locked up for not reporting him.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

But if Horowitz didn't file a report about the murders, that's not Dr. Park's fault.

ROSS

See, that's where it gets a bit prickly. To this day, Arnie Krugman insists he has no memory of putting on a mask or killing anybody. What he told Horowitz was he was having strange visions where he'd lose track of time. In hindsight, those visions lined up pretty obviously with the murders. So the question became was Horowitz right to take his patient at face value or did he ignore a barely veiled confession? And at first, public perception was he was a bit stupid maybe, but not negligent. Until a star witness took the stand to talk about the eight signs he should have noticed. After that, it was over. You know how convincing Dr. Park is. He'll sit right across from you and say his patient didn't kill this girl.

Ross TAPS Zoe's tombstone and stands, ready to leave.

ROSS

And you almost believe him.

Ross ducks under the caution tape and trudges through the graveyard towards the parking lot. O'Donnell follows.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

So what do you think about Krugman?

ROSS

I was there when he got arrested. I usually get a feeling when I look these guys in the eyes, but with him, I didn't get a thing. Maybe he doesn't remember. And if that's the truth, maybe Horowitz was right to believe it... Or maybe I have no idea what I'm talking about. Maybe I was never any good at this job.

A real darkness has set into Ross as they reach O'Donnell's cruiser. She reaches for the passenger door.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Well hold on right there--

*BEEP!* O'Donnell LOCKS the door before Ross can open it.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

I-- Agent Ross, I have been so impressed with how you've handled this case. You can ask Officer Godwin. Last night, you weren't here, and I kept asking: What would Agent Ross do? So I don't want to hear-- Well, you're entitled to your opinion, so I guess I'll just say mine which is that you are very good at your job.

Ross nods, genuinely touched. O'Donnell smiles sweetly.

ROSS

Unlock the door, Chief.

He does so and they both get in. As the cruiser pulls out of the lot, driving away from the cemetery, we FADE TO BLACK.

**OVER BLACK...**

The sound of a mattress SQUEAKING. Then blankets RUSTLING. Someone's moving around a lot. Almost sound like they're getting into bed. We SLAM TO:

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING**

Martin JOLTS AWAKE. Gripping his chest to calm a racing heart. He forces his breathing under control.

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Martin works with an especially fidget-y Kyle, seeming like he might vibrate right out of his skin.

KYLE

I know I shouldn't, but once he's at my door, I have to sign for the packages. And I have to talk with him to sign. It's a pickle, Doctor. I think maybe we should build some leeway into the daily routine.

Martin considers. He still seems tired, but for the first time in a while, he also seems present during a session.

MARTIN

Kyle, who sends you these packages?

KYLE

I don't know. Mother, perhaps.

MARTIN

You're not sure? She strikes me as the kind to check in. "Did you get that new blender I sent?"

Kyle shrugs, tapping his foot nervously. Martin thinks, putting the pieces together.

MARTIN

You're ordering them yourself. Checking the box that says don't deliver without a signature.

KYLE

It's the responsible consumer decision.

MARTIN

Kyle, by bringing him to the door, you give yourself an excuse to break routine. It is vital to your recovery that you stay on schedule.

Kyle SNAPS, standing up in a fit of incoherent frustration.

KYLE

But I don't *like* the routine! Being so controlled, it makes everything tighter. Always tighter. And my chest pushes in on my heart and it's only mail, you know? What if you're wrong? What if it's the routine actually doesn't help? What if it makes things worse?

Martin stares him down. Tired, but assured. In total control.



MARTIN

I'm not wrong, Kyle. Now, give me your phone so I can change your Amazon settings.

Kyle deflates and hands over his cell phone.

**INT. CERRATO'S ITALIAN JOINT - NIGHT**

Mid-scale Italian. The one "date night" in all of Raven Lake. Martin sits back down into his chair across from Jessica.

JESSICA

Long bathroom trip.

MARTIN

A lot of pasta.

JESSICA

I saw you talking to the owner.

MARTIN

Oh, yeah, I got caught in a conversation about their wine cellar. Apparently this used to be a stop on the underground railroad.

JESSICA

Uh-huh. Not buying it.

MARTIN

No, yeah, he said a lot of the older structures in town have like hidden basements and passages. It's a fascinating part of history.

JESSICA

Well, here they come now for a history lesson.

Behind Martin, the approaching wait staff begin to sing "Happy Birthday." As they place a cake on the table, Martin shrugs like he has no idea where this all coming from.

As the staff clears away, Jessica shakes her head and grins.

JESSICA

Thank you.

MARTIN

No. Thank you. I had a breakthrough today with a patient. Something I should have caught earlier, but had let slide.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I didn't realize how distracted I'd become. So *thanks* for bringing me back to normal.

JESSICA

You know me. Couldn't have you distracted for my birthday... It seems like the bad dreams haven't let up though.

Martin looks away, almost embarrassed.

JESSICA

Last night you were tossing and turning so much it practically felt like you were getting out of bed. And I get it. This most recent murder especially, it's... Tough.

MARTIN

That's not a murder, yet. It's still just a disappearance. You know what? No. No being distracted on your birthday, right? Let's just enjoy the night, the cake, each other. I won't even think about--

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE PARK - NIGHT**

MASSIVE PHOTOS OF A FAMILY-- husband, wife, two young sons-- hang behind Mayor Kinsey. He stands at a microphone, effortlessly working the crowd of a CANDLELIT VIGIL.

MAYOR KINSEY

The Gelman family, gone for four days now. You know, that first day, we didn't want to believe they'd been taken. We thought they'd left, like so many other families have. Fled from a vicious criminal senselessly killing the citizens of our town.

While Kinsey speaks, we CUT around to familiar faces in the crowd: Terry Tomlinson holds his boyfriend's hand. The shopkeeper Ross interviewed polishes his glasses.

MAYOR KINSEY

But he mustn't kill our spirit. I call upon you now to believe with me. Believe this evil man will be brought to justice. And believe that Amy, Steve, and their two boys will be found alive.

Fred Vasquez tries to fit in with the other neighborhood Dads. Dustin Kelly stands with an equally pasty friend who shows him something on his cell phone. We finally CUT TO:

**INT. CHIEF O'DONNELL'S POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT**

O'Donnell parked on a hill overlooking the vigil. In the passenger seat, Ross eats Starbursts and scans the crowd.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

You think our killer's down there?

ROSS

Could be, yeah. Hey, I don't like the orange ones, do you?

O'Donnell takes a candy from Ross and pops it in his mouth.

ROSS

I never imagined I'd be back in a guy's car on a dark hill in the middle of the night. Fewer hickeys this time though.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Oh. I-- I don't want you to think I'd ever-- I know we're working.

ROSS

Jesus, O'Donnell, I meant like when I was a fifteen.

O'Donnell turns as red as one of the Starbursts.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Oh, of course, yeah. I'm sorry.

She smiles and hands him another Starburst as a gesture of goodwill. He begins to play with the wrapper absentmindedly.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Since I've already made a fool of myself. How would you like-- to get dinner tomorrow night or something?

ROSS

That's sweet, Chief. But you don't want to do that.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

No, I really think I do, Helaine.

O'Donnell gets the candy unwrapped and puts it in his mouth. He's so nervous he can't even look at her. Ross considers.

ROSS

Okay. Okay, sure.

O'Donnell's face LIGHTS UP as he SPINS to Ross, shocked she said yes. And she smiles back. Letting herself be happy.

**INT. CERRATO'S ITALIAN JOINT - NIGHT**

Martin polishes off his cake as Jessica tells an animated story, enjoying the hell out of her birthday.

JESSICA

No, but I had said-- I told them I didn't want one candle shaped like an eight. I wanted eight candles.

MARTIN

So you took it upon yourself to craft *seven candles*? Out of what, play-doh? I assume that went great.

A waiter approaches their table with a bottle of champagne.

JESSICA

Yeah, it was bad, the curtain had caught on fire. If my dad hadn't smelled smoke, who knows what might have happened-- Hello, what's this?

WAITER

Present from the man at the bar.

JESSICA

That is so sweet.

Martin and Jessica turn to see who their gift-giver is, and their happiness EVAPORATES.

At the bar, RICHARD HOROWITZ toasts them both.

JESSICA

Martin, don't--

But Martin's already up, crossing the restaurant to the bar where Horowitz waves his empty glass at the bartender, asking for a fourth re-fill. Martin sits next to him.

MARTIN

And here I was, thinking I was going crazy. Seeing things in the rain. But it was you. What the hell are you doing here, Richard?

HOROWITZ

When I first got out, I had nowhere to go. Not like a man with no labor experience and a criminal record has a load of options. But then I saw that first murder on the news. I remember her too, she was at the trial. She was young, it's sad.

MARTIN

So you're saying you didn't come to Raven Lake until *after* the murders started. Any way to prove that?

HOROWITZ

Already did. To Special Agent Ross, FBI. Now there's a sad woman. Trapped in her own prison in a way. She spent the night with me. It was a nice distraction...

Martin's eyes go wide as the BARTENDER puts a whiskey sour in front of Horowitz.

MARTIN

Distraction from what exactly?

HOROWITZ

Watching you pull your hair out mostly. It's been fun from afar, but I wanted say hello before it all ends... *Hello*.

MARTIN

You seem sure the end is coming.

HOROWITZ

Isn't it obvious? Kidnapping a family, he's going big, gearing up for a grand finale. Your patient has a real sense of showmanship. I can't wait to see your sessions with him picked apart in court.

MARTIN

None of my patients are claiming to have visions of the murders.

HOROWITZ

Nor were mine! Krugman's visions, in retrospect, had similarities to the murders but you know how it is. These are volatile minds, Martin. We work in uncharted territory.

HOROWITZ (CONT'D)

You could have told them that, but you had a book to sell. And all the while, Krugman maintains he has no memory of his actions in the mask.

MARTIN

Wait, so you *actually* believe him?

SMASH! Horowitz throws his glass on the ground.

HOROWITZ

I do. You're fucking right I do.

BARTENDER

Sir, we're going to have to ask you to leave.

Horowitz stares at the broken shards on the ground. Then looks up at Martin with a sad smile on his face.

HOROWITZ

Incarceration filled me with such anger. It-- Well, you'll see.

(to bartender)

He'll pay for it.

Horowitz STUMBLES out of the restaurant. Martin looks around, all eyes are trained on him. A few couples WHISPER and point.

Martin's eyes land on Jessica, shell-shocked at their table, wanting to shrink down into herself. He gestures to her.

MARTIN

Come on.

**INT./EXT. MARTIN'S CORVETTE (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Martin SPEEDS through the streets of Raven Lake like a man possessed. His calm-- his "back to normal"-- all gone. In the passenger seat, Jessica is terrified.

JESSICA

Martin, what is-- Martin *SLOW DOWN!*

Martin SWERVES around a car, eyeing a BEATEN-UP USED SUBARU three vehicles ahead. Horowitz at the wheel. Martin smiles.

MARTIN

I need to see where he's going.

JESSICA

No, call the police. That FBI lady.

Up ahead, Horowitz goes through a yellow light.

JESSICA  
Martin, don't.

But he's already put his foot on the gas. Engine ROARING as he races after Horowitz into the intersection. Cars HONK, headlights approach, and-- **CRASH!!!!**

An incoming SUV SLAMS into the passenger side. Both he and Jessica twist like rag dolls amidst a rain of broken glass.

Air bags DEPLOY. Alarms BEEP. Metal CRUNCHES.

And then all is still.

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE INTERSECTION - LATER THAT NIGHT**

O'Donnell's cruiser pulls up amidst BROKEN GLASS and ORANGE CONES. O'Donnell hops out and rushes to help Officer Godwin who struggles to direct traffic around Martin's totaled car.

Ross gets out of the passenger seat and walks in the other direction, passing the SUV driver speaking to Officer Dugan.

MUSTACHED RETIREE  
Driving like that, it's a damn  
miracle he hasn't killed someone.

Ross strolls on by an ambulance where a medic shines a light in Jessica's eyes. She walks on a bit farther and--

ROSS  
Let me guess. You fell asleep at  
the wheel?

Sitting on the curb, icing his neck, Martin looks up at her.

MARTIN  
No, I was distracted. Guess who I  
ran into tonight.

Ross reads Martin's expression. She nods.

ROSS  
Let's go for a walk.

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Away from the chaos, Ross and Martin walk the area where most of the year-round residents live. Quaint, small-town America.

MARTIN  
Forgive me, Ross, but I have this  
weird hang-up where I don't trust  
agents who fuck their suspects.

ROSS

Okay, not that it's any of your damn business, but I didn't go near Camp Sunny Whatever til I confirmed Richard's alibi. He's clean.

MARTIN

Oh, so it's a coincidence then? That crimes making me seem negligent started right after he finished his sentence for criminal negligence? A sentence he blames me for and says ruined his life.

ROSS

And all because he wasn't looking for your eight traits, right?

MARTIN

No. No, that's what it became in the media. But the truth is...

ROSS

More complicated?

MARTIN

Simpler. I only mentioned the first seven once the entire trial. The eighth trait was the point of my testimony. People just forget that because it doesn't mention sex.

ROSS

The desire to be recognized?

MARTIN

Imagine you're one of these killers. You pull off your life's work, but have no way to take the credit. So you write letters to the press or kill more recklessly. Or, if you're Arnie Krugman, you brag about the murders to your therapist by lying about visions.

ROSS

And if he wasn't lying?

MARTIN

People don't commit multiple murders without knowing about it! Horowitz had a patient who said he wouldn't feel calm until he murdered women.



MARTIN (CONT'D)

Then that patient suddenly calmed the fuck down, and Horowitz said, "Wow, my therapy must be incredible." He was convinced Krugman was his magnum opus and because of that ego...

ROSS

Twelve women were killed.

MARTIN

Eh, the first few may have been unavoidable, but his ego killed at least nine. Legally, I made the case for six to be safe.

Ross stops walking, but Martin continues to pace around on the sidewalk, unable to stand still.

MARTIN

Standing outside my office in the rain, following me to dinner. The guy's erratic at the very least.

ROSS

Well, I don't arrest people for being erratic. Which frankly, you should be thankful for. Now, take a look where we are.

Ross points at the house they've stopped at.

ROSS

This is the Gelman's house, gone for four days. Now, I'm sorry I didn't tell you Horowitz was in town. But I didn't want you distracted. If this is one of your patients, you could still save this family.

MARTIN

Oh move on. I was right. It's not one of my patients. I gave up looking into that a week ago.

Ross can't believe it. She BLINKS at Martin, her usual boredom giving way to real passion.

ROSS

Have you considered that you're doing exactly what Horowitz did? Overlooking an obvious murderer in order to feel good about yourself?

MARTIN

None of my patients are my opus or pet project. Honestly, on a personal level I don't particularly care about any of them.

ROSS

You know, Park, "I don't really care about my patients" isn't the endearing argument you think it is.

Martin doesn't respond to the dig. He's focused on the house.

MARTIN

The eighth trait can manifest in many ways. One I forgot to mention earlier was returning to the scene of the crime.

Martin nods to the Gelman house. Behind a first-floor window is a SILHOUETTE. It flickers, like the light source behind it is irregular. But it's unmistakable: SOMEONE'S IN THE HOUSE.

Ross draws her gun. Then THROWS her cell phone at Martin.

ROSS

Call O'Donnell.

Martin fumbles to catch the phone as Ross rushes forward--

**INT. GELMAN HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

Ross walks into the house and flinches at a bad stench. She follows the source to--

**INT. GELMAN HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ross turns the corner, almost walking right into a MAN WAITING THERE with his back to her. She aims her gun.

ROSS

FBI. Don't move.

The man does as told. He stands STATUE STILL. He clutches something in his right hand.

ROSS

Drop whatever you're holding and put your hands on your head.

Our mystery man doesn't move. Ross grips her gun tight as she takes a step forward to face him.

ROSS  
I said, put your-- FUCK!

It's the sticky EMBALMED CORPSE of Mr. Gelman. He's held up by wires attached to the ceiling. His vacant eyes are pried open, and his mouth is pulled into an unnatural grin.

He holds a briefcase and has a jacket around his arm. He looks like he's just coming home from a day of work.

Ross STUMBLES BACK, almost stepping on the GELMAN BOYS (8 and 9) lying on the carpet, heads propped in their hands with the same smiles and dead eyes. Staring at a TV showing STATIC.

Ross looks around with wild eyes. She rushes into--

**INT. GELMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Here, MRS. GELMAN is held up by wires, standing at a table set for dinner. She wears a flowery apron and her hair is well-coifed. She holds a POT ROAST which must be days old based on the FLIES that surround it from all sides.

Ross can't help herself. She VOMITS.

**INT. GELMAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Officer Godwin plugs his nose while he mops up the vomit. Ross nods to him apologetically and then heads to the doorway where Martin currently lounges.

MARTIN  
The desire to *appear normal*. Only three traits left. Horowitz said the Gelmans were the beginning of the end.

ROSS  
Drop it, Park. And get the fuck out of this active crime scene before your sleep-deprived ass starts bumping into shit.

Martin turns to go, but clocks Chief O'Donnell who stands up against a wall with a hand over his mouth in shocked terror.

**EXT. GELMAN HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Martin pulls O'Donnell around the side of the house, keeping himself out of view of any windows so Ross won't see.

MARTIN  
Chief. You need to look into Richard Horowitz. He's the killer.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Um, thank you, but my understanding is Special Agent Ross looked into this. You should ask her.

MARTIN

No. She can't be trusted on this. She's, um... sexually compromised.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Hold on there Dr. Park. Agent Ross is a law enforcement professional. And gender has nothing to do with--

MARTIN

What, no. I'm saying she fucked him. She admitted it. She told me.

Uncomfortable, O'Donnell turns away. Looking through a window into the house where Ross works the scene. In her element.

MARTIN

Chief, speaking as a psychologist, Ross needs help. She's depressed, unstable, and now ignoring an explanation right in her face. So I'm asking you to do your job.

O'Donnell turns away from the window, back to Martin.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Where's Horowitz staying?

**INT. PARK HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A FIRE ROARS in the fireplace. Martin sits on the couch, sipping his tea. He stares at his phone, willing it to ring. Jessica, dressed for bed, stands behind him. Worried.

JESSICA

Coming to bed?

MARTIN

Yeah, just hoping to hear back from Chief O'Donnell. He went to Camp Sunny Days to check in on Horowitz.

JESSICA

The man you pulled into oncoming traffic to chase?

Martin nods. *Yup, that's the one.* He turns and finally makes eye contact with Jessica. Seeing how worried she is.

MARTIN

You go. I think this is all about  
to be over. I just want to be sure.

Martin rises and kisses Jessica on the cheek.

MARTIN

And happy birthday.

Martin sits back down. Shadows from the fire flicker across his worn face as he sips his tea. No signs of going to sleep soon. Disturbed, Jessica edges out of the room.

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

SPLASHING. GURGLING. SCREAMING. *What's going on--*

GASPING. THRASHING. Martin takes a step back.

He's standing in the lake, the water an unnatural inky black, up to about his waist. He's dressed in a button-down like he just came from work. In front of him, a MAN COMES UP FOR AIR.

And Martin, as if by instinct, FORCES him underwater again.

Martin's scared, like he doesn't know why he's doing it, but he holds the man there as he THRASHES, KICKS, and PUNCHES.

Seconds tick by. Martin seems about to let go. And then--

All is still. The man goes limp and SINKS DOWN into the water. Swallowed up into the blackness.

Martin looks around. Alone in the lake. Crickets CHIRPING in the distance. He seems scared.

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE SHORE - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

Martin swims out of the lake and crawls onto the shore. He catches his breath which clouds up in the cold night air.

He looks around. The crickets have stopped. It's gone DEATHLY SILENT. He turns to the shadowy, dense forest behind him. He squints to see if something moves just past the tree line--

*SHWP!* A hand reaches out of the lake to grab Martin's ankle.

Martin turns to see the DROWNED MAN crawling from the water, covered in lake muck. Is it Horowitz? One of his patients? Every time we get a glimpse, it looks like someone new.

The man pulls hard on Martin's leg, and Martin opens his mouth to SCREAM-- But what comes out is nothing more than a MUTED, DULL GROAN. It sounds like he's miles away.

The Drowned Man pulls Martin towards the lake, and Martin tries to claw his way away, the whole time trying to call out, but his screams sound like he's DEEP UNDERWATER.

The man YANKS, and Martin is pulled into the shallows.

Another PULL, and Martin dips below the lake's surface--

And only once submerged do his SCREAMS COME LOUD AND CLEAR.

The man wraps Martin in a hug, and they sink down towards the bottom of the jet black lake together, Martin's screams getting LOUDER and CLEARER the deeper they descend.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - MORNING**

Martin JOLTS THE FUCK AWAKE still on the couch fully dressed. So wet with sweat he may as well have come from the lake.

He grabs his phone off the coffee table. No new calls.

JESSICA

You never came up last night.

Martin looks up. Jessica sits in the adjacent kitchen, eating cereal and working on one of her crafts, super-gluing some sort of glass cube sculpture based on an instruction booklet.

MARTIN

I drowned someone.

Jessica DROPS her spoon in shock. Martin darts off the couch.

MARTIN

In my dream. I held someone under the lake until they stopped moving. Push my morning sessions. I have something I need to check on.

**EXT. PARK HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Martin heads to his SUV. Jessica chases after him, but with no shoes on she stays up on the porch and CALLS OUT TO HIM.

JESSICA

Martin, you've been pushing sessions left and right. Your patients need stability. I do too.

With the car door open, Martin turns back to face his wife. She's pleading with him now:

JESSICA

Can't this wait until after work?

MARTIN

Maybe.

With that, he gets in the car. Jessica watches him pull back out of the driveway with pure worry in her eyes.

**INT. ROSS' HOTEL ROOM - DAY**

Ross paces the room, with her phone pressed to her ear.

ROSS

Hey, Chief, it's Helaine. You kind of disappeared last night. Hope everything's okay. Um, so we had talked about maybe doing something tonight. No hard feelings if you changed your mind, but I'd... I'd still like to. Either way, call me.

She hangs up, and stares at her cell phone. Willing it to ring... Waiting... Nothing.

She takes out her gun and puts it to her head. Stares at the phone: *Come on, this worked before.*

The phone stays silent and she THROWS the gun away.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, PARKING LOT - DAY**

Martin hops out of his SUV, looking sick to his stomach. Parked two spots away is O'Donnell's abandoned police cruiser. Martin walks towards to the camp entrance.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, CABINS - DAY**

Martin moves past rows of deserted, faux-woody cabins. He approaches the management cabins, located right on the lake front. He turns the corner at the end of the row to find:

Horowitz's cabin has been TORN TO PIECES. The door hangs on its hinges. Belongings are strewn out in a path towards the lake. Martin whips out his phone and taps the screen.

MARTIN

Ross, you need to get to Sunny Days Camp right now.

ROSS (O.S.)

(over phone)

The hell are you doing, Park?

MARTIN

It's about O'Donnell.

Martin hangs up and follows the destruction to the lake where some of Horowitz's belongings float on the surface: books, a coffee pot, even a MATTRESS which A RED KAYAK floats into.

Martin squints, seeing the reeds and tall grass behind the boat are bent and broken in a trail leading up to the DOCK.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP DOCK - DAY**

Wood CREAKS underfoot as Martin crosses the large, multi-pronged dock. He passes a post the kayak had been tied to, now broken in half. *Signs of a struggle?*

Martin reaches a storage shed to find the lock has been snapped off and lies broken on the dock. He reaches out and puts his open palm on the shed door. He gives it a push.

*CRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEE--*

**INT. STORAGE SHED - CONTINUOUS**

*--EEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKKK!*

The space is lit by musty light through grime-coated windows. Everything has been tossed around with no real regard for storing it properly: Kayaks, life preservers, floatie toys.

And there, against the back wall, O'Donnell is tied to the floor in a shallow puddle of blood. His head is tilted down.

MARTIN

O'Donnell. Thank god. Ross is on her way. Are you okay?

Martin rushes forward and O'Donnell looks up to REVEAL HIS LIPS HAVE BEEN CUT OFF. His teeth and bloody gums make an involuntary grin. PURE TERROR in his eyes.

MARTIN

Jesus. What did Horowitz do?

O'Donnell seems confused by the question. He opens his mouth to reveal his tongue has been cut out. He tries to speak.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

*OOOUUUGHIIIGHE.*

It's incoherent. Martin leans forward to undo his restraints. Tugging at the wet, frayed ropes. The whole time, O'Donnell keeps GROANING. Desperately trying to say something.

And then from behind Martin-- Unmistakable-- CREAKING WOOD. Someone is approaching from the dock.



Martin looks over his shoulder. Split-second decision.

He dives away from O'Donnell, taking refuge behind a stack of kayaks just as someone throws the door open and STOMPS in.

Martin keeps his breathing under control, trying to peek his head around the kayaks, but there's no way to get a good angle. His eyes light up with an idea.

He pulls out his phone and pulls up the camera. SELFIE MODE. He maneuvers the phone around the edge of the kayak stack.

On the phone's screen, he gets a glimpse of a FIGURE, wearing long black robes, bent over O'Donnell. Unable to see the figure's face, Martin pushes his phone out farther into--

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT coming through the window. A glare reflects off the phone's screen and the killer SPINS AROUND to reveal:

A wrinkled face. Scraggly hair. Red eyes.

He's wearing the KRUGMAN BOGEYMAN MASK.

Martin scrambles away on all fours, wedging himself into the corner of the shed amid some inner tubes. Nowhere to run.

Martin screws his eyes shut to avoid hyperventilating. O'Donnell GROANS in pain, and then-- *Thud, thud, thud, SLAM!* The Bogeyman leaves the shed. Martin stands to see:

O'Donnell's throat is slit. The knife still sticks out of his neck. His head hangs over a GOLD TROPHY on his lap. The cup fills with up his gushing blood and begins to overflow.

Martin approaches with crazed passion in his eyes, and without thinking, he YANKS the knife out of O'Donnell's neck.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, CABINS - DAY**

Martin sprints through the rows of cabins, clutching the BLOODY KNIFE. He sees the killer in the distance.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, ARCHERY RANGE - CONTINUOUS**

Martin rushes over to the archery range. At the far end, the fleeing Bogeyman passes the targets. Almost to the tree line.

MARTIN

Stop!

Incredibly, the killer stops running. Martin does the same. Slowly the Bogeyman turns around to face him.

They stand in the open field. Fifty yards apart. Eye-to-eye.

MARTIN  
That's enough, Horowitz.

No response. Martin cocks his head to the side.

And the Bogeyman does THE SAME THING.

Martin begins to raise his hand with the knife and the Bogeyman also raises his hand. A perfect MIRROR IMAGE. The Bogeyman copies all of Martin's gestures. In sync.

MARTIN  
Now, Horowitz...

Martin takes a step forward. The Bogeyman does the same. They walk towards one another. In perfect unison.

Martin stops. And the Bogeyman does too. They both shake their heads. *This is too weird.* Martin raises his knife--

The Bogeyman grabs a BOW AND ARROW leaning against a target.

Martin moves to rush forward, but the Bogeyman has already NOCKED and AIMED his arrow right at Martin's chest. From this range, he won't miss. Martin has lost his upper hand.

MARTIN  
You gonna shoot me now!?!?  
(then, confidence fading)  
Horowitz?

Nothing. No response. Just silence. And then--

SIRENS. Martin turns to see a trio of cop cars pull up onto the camp ground, LIGHTS FLASHING. He turns back.

The Bogeyman is gone, disappeared among the trees. The bow lays back up against the target like it never moved.

**EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP DOCK - DAY**

Martin, his mind racing, approaches Ross who stands stock still in the doorway to the storage shed.

MARTIN  
Horowitz was here, wearing the Bogeyman mask. O'Donnell almost got him, there's clear signs of a struggle.

Ross turns to Martin, revealing there are TEARS IN HER EYES.

ROSS  
Why was he here by himself?

MARTIN

I tipped him off to look into Horowitz. This is--

ROSS

Horowitz was in the hospital the night Zoe Diemer was murdered. He had tried to kill himself. I've seen the records. For Christ's sake, I told you I cleared him.

MARTIN

No, but I-- There's an explanation.

Ross turns back to O'Donnell's lifeless body.

ROSS

This was a sweet man who wasn't cut out for this. He shouldn't have been alone.

Ross BREAKS DOWN crying. Martin stumbles away from her out onto the dock, trying to piece everything together. Looking out at the lake with all of Horowitz's belongings.

His eyes are once again drawn to the MATTRESS, which we now see has ROPES wrapped around it. His eyes go wide.

Martin runs forward and DIVES into Raven Lake. SPLASH!

#### **UNDERWATER**

Martin swims forward and down into the lake's murky waters until he is directly under the mattress. He looks up to see:

HOROWITZ'S BLOATED CORPSE is tied to the bottom. Martin lets out a SILENT SCREAM, and BUBBLES erupt from his mouth.

#### **EXT. SUNNY DAYS SLEEPAWAY CAMP, SHORE - DAY**

Martin, soaking wet, with a towel around his shoulders sits on the shore of the lake.

The scene around him is now wrapped in caution tape. A crane is in the process of lifting the soaked mattress, with Horowitz still tied underneath, up out of the lake.

ROSS

Wetting the bed. Cute.

Ross takes a seat next to Martin. She seems totally numb and empty. Back to the shell of a person we first met.

ROSS

And Gregory was trophies. Which means only one trait left. You know, usually I come to a town like this and there are two, maybe three, real suspects. But here, every last person I pass on the street is your patient. Or they were. Or they will be. You're a magnet drawing all the scum on the Earth to a small town in Maine. God forbid, someone good try to live here. They'll just be dragged down into your muck. End up with a slit throat and a missing tongue. We found fingerprints on the knife, by the way.

(a beat of false hope)

But they're probably yours. Because you just had to pick up the weapon, ruin the crime scene, and chase away the suspect. Who you insisted was Horowitz, which, uh--

The crane DROPS the water-logged mattress with Horowitz's bloated corpse on the shore with a WET THUD!

ROSS

It wasn't. This is entirely your fault Park. But go ahead, keep saying it wasn't. *Whatever helps you sleep at night.*

Martin CHUCKLES at this. Then CHUCKLES some more. It builds and builds into a LAUGHING FIT he can't stop. A deranged, hysterical CACKLING. He forces himself to calm down to say:

MARTIN

Jesus. Fine, you win. These are my eight traits. Maybe that means it's one of my patients, and I'm in denial. I'll turn it all over to you. But please, for the love god, don't accuse me of sleeping well.

Martin is sent back to his SLEEP-DEPRIVED LAUGHTER. Ross just stares out at the lake with dead eyes.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Police Officers walk through the house with HARD DRIVES and FILES from Martin's office. Ross stalls in the kitchen doorway, eyeing Jessica as she makes tea with SHAKING HANDS.

ROSS  
How you doing Mrs. Park?

JESSICA  
I'm, um, you know. Stressed. And tired too. He's been a bit of a restless sleeper. Some nights, it almost feels like he's getting out of bed. And then it's not like he settles down during the day.

ROSS  
Maybe take some time to yourself? There's no room for good people at Raven Lake right now.

Jessica nods, considering it. Ross gently takes the tea.

**EXT. PARK HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - NIGHT**

Ross sets the MUG OF TEA next to Martin who broods on his porch, watching cops load his belongings into their cars.

ROSS  
You'll be around? For questions?

Martin gives a weary nod. Ross forces a smile and walks off.

Martin sips his tea as all the cars drive away until he's ALONE. No noise except for the sounds of the CRICKETS.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

Martin's hard drives are plugged into computers and his files have been organized into stacks based on client. Ross stands in front of Raven Lake's three remaining police officers.

ROSS  
Everyone, get ready for a long night. This guy has seven traits under his belt. If we don't catch him before eight, he may disappear. So let's go catch this son of a bitch for Chief O'Donnell.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Still holding his mug, Martin pokes his head into the room to find an agitated Jessica PACKING HER SUITCASE.

MARTIN  
Going somewhere?

JESSICA

To my parents for a few days. Have you seen my charger?

Martin glances at the outlet on his side of the bed where a phone charger is plugged in. Jessica comes around to get it.

MARTIN

I know this is a lot. But if you're gone, who's gonna make me my tea?

JESSICA

You'll figure it out.

In no mood to be playful, she grabs her charger and exits. There's a FLASH OF ANGER on Martin's face before he follows--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS**

Careful not to spill tea, Martin tails behind Jessica who shoves her charger into her bag as she goes down the stairs.

MARTIN

Come on Jess, the best thing we can do right now is stick together.

JESSICA

I don't feel safe here.

MARTIN

Then I'll come with you.

JESSICA

No, Martin.

MARTIN

What? So you don't feel safe with me? Jessica, talk to me--

Jessica OPENS the front door, and Martin grabs her by the arm. FORCEFULLY. He holds her for a beat. Then he lets go and TAKES A BREATH, trying to appear calm and relaxed. But it only makes him seem more unwell.

MARTIN

Sorry. I've been under a lot of stress lately. And with these damn nightmares, even sleep feels exhausting. I just don't particularly want to be alone with my thoughts right now.

JESSICA

I don't want to be alone with your thoughts either. I'll call you.

There's no arguing with her. She walks out of the front door and SHUTS IT behind her.

Martin stands alone in his quiet, massive house. He brings the tea to his lips and sips the last drops. Delicious.

And then he SCREAMS in exhausted rage and throws the mug to the ground where it SHATTERS.

**INT. COURT ROOM - NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)**

In a suit, Martin takes the witness stand. At the defense table, Richard Horowitz wears DIRTY CLOTHES and IRON SHACKLES like he's in the Inquisition. His eyes dart around crazily.

MARTIN

I say, it is simply impossible to commit murder with no memory of it.

HOROWITZ

No! He told the truth, I swear it.

MURMURS RIPPLE through the crowded court room. An audience of VICTIMS somehow still alive: Alan Rigby covered in rats, the Gelmans giving inhuman smiles, Chief O'Donnell without lips.

MARTIN

Mr. Horowitz should have seen Krugman's lies and stopped him!

AGENT ROSS, acting as prosecutor, easily works the crowd.

ROSS

And yet you didn't stop the murders at Raven Lake, did you?

MARTIN

I am not the one on trial here!

The crowd GASPS at the court room theatrics. Raving mad, Horowitz SMACKS his head against the table. The JUDGE, the pale old man from Martin's earlier dreams, SLAMS his gavel.

JUDGE

Order. Order. The defendant is clearly deranged. Restrain him.

Terry Tomlinson, our bailiff, approaches Horowitz with his length of ROPE... And walks right by him, up to the stand, and ties Martin's hands instead. Martin turns to the judge.

MARTIN

What is the meaning of this?

JUDGE

You've lost track of reality, Dr. Park. You say you're not on trial. Yet of course you are.

MARTIN

I'm-- Then what is he doing here?

His arms tied together, Martin gestures at Horowitz.

LAWYER

He's *your* lawyer. Your defense. You're the one who put him in shackles... Bring in Exhibit Eight!

Terry now wheels in a GURNEY carrying a man in the KRUGMAN BOGEYMAN MASK. He lies there immobile, breathing roughly and heavily like a tranquilized ANIMAL.

Martin gets down from the stand and slowly approaches.

He stands over the gurney for a beat. Then looks up to find everyone has gathered around him to see what will happen now.

Martin reaches out with his tightly bound hands and grabs the Bogeyman mask. Then in one move, he yanks it off to REVEAL--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Martin jolts awake, covered in a cold sweat.

He gets his breathing under control and grabs his phone off his bedside table. He begins to compose a text message for Jessica. "Hey I want to say I'm sorry for the way--"

**INT. PARK HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY**

Martin takes a shower. Enjoys the water like it's cleansing.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - DAY**

Sitting at his desk, Martin digs into his morning cereal. He taps his phone screen a few times to call "CHARLIE WHEATLEY."

CHARLIE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Hello?

MARTIN

Charlie, hi. It's Martin. How's it going?



Behind Martin, we catch some MOVEMENT at the window.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Not bad. I'm enjoying my Sunday.  
Angela went to pick up some steaks.

MARTIN  
Oh, did Jessica go with her?

Movement at another window. This time Martin catches it in his peripheral. His SCANS intently outside while he talks.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Uh, maybe. I don't think so.

MARTIN  
I'm sure she told you we had a disagreement last night and I just wanted to apologize.

KYLE EGAN steps into view outside. Rather than his usual hunched, manic posture, he stands perfectly straight. A calm, serene smile on his face. He raises a hand to wave to Martin.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
Martin, I don't know--

MARTIN  
I'm gonna call you back.

Martin hangs up and rushes to the door.

**EXT. PARK HOUSE - DAY**

Martin moves apprehensively towards the perfectly calm Kyle.

MARTIN  
What are you doing here, Kyle?

KYLE  
This is the nicest house in Raven Lake. I always thought you might live here.

MARTIN  
You can't be here.

KYLE  
You cancelled our session yesterday. You've been doing that a lot recently. I wanted to tell you how much I've been improving. How much I've stuck to the routine.

MARTIN

You can tell me all about it  
tomorrow *in the office*.

Kyle nods, staring off into the middle distance, his calmness tipping over to downright vacant. Clearly concerning Martin.

MARTIN

Tell you what, I'll drive you home.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY**

Ross sits at the Chief's desk, WEARING O'DONNELL'S JACKET. Far too big for her. She sifts through Martin's files when Officer Dugan enters with two coffees.

DUGAN

How's it going?

ROSS

These are the most fucked up individuals I've ever encountered and I'm only getting half of it because Park's handwriting is unreadable. But there's no clear suspect. I hate to say it, but Park was... Not as wrong as I thought. How're the troops doing?

DUGAN

Trying to watch for missing persons but with so many people leaving town, it's hard to keep track.

Officer Godwin pokes his head into the office.

GODWIN

Dugan, Gloria Landridge is here.

Dugan rolls his eyes.

DUGAN

If only the rest of this small town got the message we're dealing with big city crime. We got an old lady saying her mail wasn't delivered.

Ross chuckles as Dugan leaves. She sips her coffee.

And then Ross sits BOLT UPRIGHT.

**INT. KYLE'S CAR - DAY**

Martin pulls the car into Kyle's driveway.

MARTIN  
Okay, I'll see you tomorrow?

Kyle nods. But then--

KYLE  
You probably would want to come in  
now. To see what I've done.

Kyle exits out the passenger side. No explanation.

Martin JOLTS forward to follow, but is pulled back by his  
seat belt. He CLICKS it off and rushes after Kyle--

**EXT. KYLE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Martin rushes across the lawn.

MARTIN  
Uh, Kyle-- Kyle, hold on.

He just reaches Kyle as he pushes forward into--

**INT. KYLE'S FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

The house is dull and neat. Every piece of furniture seems to  
be placed on a perfect right angle. There's no dust or  
decorations. IKEA sample rooms have more soul than this.

MARTIN  
What did you want to show me Kyle?

KYLE  
I don't *want* to show you anything.  
I said there's probably something  
you would want to see.

Kyle begins to walk upstairs. Martin follows behind.

MARTIN  
You're house looks very... Clean.

KYLE  
I've been following the routine  
like you said. *Just* like you said.  
Every day, I spend thirty minutes  
cleaning. But there's no time in  
the routine to make a mess. I've  
polished that table eighteen times  
since I last put anything on it.

MARTIN  
That seems a little overboard.

KYLE

I tried to tell you, but you haven't been very present. I was worried the routine wound me up so tight I was going to pop.

Now upstairs, Kyle reaches a STRING hanging from a door on the ceiling. He turns back to Martin.

KYLE

You may be disappointed in me, Dr. Park. But please do me the courtesy of not acting like this is a surprise.

MARTIN

Kyle, what did you do?

Kyle YANKS on the string and the LADDER to the attic comes collapsing down. He gestures for Martin to go ahead.

KYLE

Everything I've ever dreamed.

Martin steps forward and begins to climb the ladder. Up-- Up--

**INT. KYLE'S ATTIC - CONTINUOUS**

Martin GAGS at the horror and the smell. The room is Kyle's id brought to life.

Blood splatters the walls and pools on the floor. Rusty knives, chains, and burn marks surround the room's perimeter.

The centerpiece is an elaborate, rickety STRUCTURE of crossing WOODEN BEAMS that almost reach the ceiling. A piece of TWINE holds a METAL BLADE at the top of the contraption.

And bound in a kneeling position at the base of the homemade guillotine is a WHIMPERING MAILMAN, still in uniform. Beneath him, an EMBROIDERED PILLOW awaits to catch his head.

MARTIN

What in god's name--

Martin rushes forward to help the mailman just as Kyle finishes climbing up into the attic.

KYLE

Please, stop right there Dr. Park.

Martin glances back to see Kyle has drawn a REVOLVER-- a TAURUS JUDGE PUBLIC DEFENDER (a snubnose but a long chamber).

KYLE

Shooting you will bring me no release, but I will do it as a bit more foreplay if I have to.

Martin stops moving. He looks around the room.

MARTIN

Kyle... This was all you?

KYLE

I followed the routine perfectly every day, but then at night, I'd find myself becoming so tight I started to splinter into pieces.

MARTIN

Why didn't you tell me?

KYLE

I tried to.

A beat. Martin looks at Kyle. Sees pain in his eyes. And then Martin tiredly sits down on a nearby overturned USPS BOX.

MARTIN

No, of course you did. It's a weak therapist who blames his patient. I'm sorry Kyle.

KYLE

You gave up on me.

MARTIN

I'm here now. Let's just talk.

Martin gestures to another box. Kyle slowly lowers his gun and sits opposite Martin. Ready for a therapy session.

MARTIN

So the routine--

KYLE

Didn't work. It made things worse.

MARTIN

Yes. Yes, I can see that now, Kyle.

KYLE

Dr. Park, what's wrong with me?

MARTIN

I don't know. If you'll talk to me, we could try to find out together?

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Maybe that will bring you some peace. Because killing this poor man won't do that. Clearly the others didn't.

A different side of Martin. More humble than we've seen before. And Kyle looks genuinely comforted, although a bit confused. And then downstairs, a door BREAKS DOWN.

ROSS (O.S.)

Kyle Egan, this is the police!

Panic in Kyle's eyes as the police STOMP through his house.

MARTIN

Kyle--

Kyle ignores Martin, turning to the mailman.

KYLE

It's time my love.

Kyle points the gun and SHOOTS. The bullet rips through the twine, and the guillotine blade falls with a *WHOOSH!*

Martin DIVES and CATCHES the twine in his fingers. Holding the string TAUGHT, the blade hovering above its target.

MARTIN

Ross, stay out of here!

ROSS (O.S.)

The fuck? Park, is that you?

Kyle turns the gun to Martin, on the floor holding the twine.

KYLE

You called the police?

MARTIN

Of course not, Kyle. I've been with you the whole time. Agent Ross, Kyle is up here with me!

ROSS (O.S.)

And the mailman?

MARTIN

Him too. Things are a little complicated here so I wouldn't come up just yet. Kyle and I are having a conversation.

Martin turns to Kyle who still has the gun trained on him.

MARTIN

Now, I need you to be reasonable with me. Put the gun down.

KYLE

No, this is what I want to do.

MARTIN

If that's true, then why did you come to therapy in the first place?

KYLE

Because mother made me.

MARTIN

Okay, good, good. And why did *she* think you needed therapy?

KYLE

I told her-- I told her about the thoughts I was having.

MARTIN

And why'd you do that?

Kyle is beginning to TWITCH. Losing his sense of calm. Martin talks on, thoughtful and empathetic. In top therapist form.

MARTIN

Kyle, I was wrong about your routine. It's hard for me to admit that. I tend to dig my heels in and see things through even when it hurts people. But having admitted I was wrong, I don't feel tight at all. And I know I can do better in the future. Like I'm trying to do better now. So Kyle, if it's okay to admit you're wrong and not see everything through, are you sure you want me to let go of this rope?

With TEARS IN HIS EYES, Kyle stares at Martin for a beat. And then he lets his hand fall limp and he DROPS THE GUN.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING**

Kyle is back to his hunched-over, twitchy self. Ross sits on the other side of the table in this tiny interrogation room.

ROSS

Mr. Egan, you're going to talk to a lot of people in the coming months and things might start to get...

KYLE

Foggy.

ROSS

Good word. Foggy. So I just wanted to ask you now, while it's still clear. Why did you do all this?

KYLE

I guess my routine made me so tight that the thoughts got worse. And Dr. Park stopped paying attention.

ROSS

Good ol' Dr. Park. Bane of both of our existences. Why'd he stop paying attention, do you think?

KYLE

I think the murders distracted him.

ROSS

Now, Mr. Egan, think for a second, how could the murders distract Dr. Park if him being distracted is what caused the murders?

Kyle thinks long and hard, but he can't make sense of this.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

Martin sits at a desk, sipping cold coffee. Ross approaches.

ROSS

You're probably okay to leave. He still won't admit to anything.

MARTIN

With Kyle, it's sometimes like pulling teeth. You'll get there.

ROSS

Does it feel off to you? His murder for the eighth trait. The one he'll be recognized for is the mailman?

MARTIN

To Kyle, the mailman is everything. I bet he didn't even see the others as real killings. All pre-cursor to the only one that counts.

ROSS

But why base it off your book?



MARTIN

Who knows? Begging me to stop him?  
Which I should have. I deserve any  
negligence charges coming my way.

Martin YAWNS and stands. Ross watches him slump towards the exit, a man humbled and tired. He pauses in the door frame.

MARTIN

It feels like every time I had a  
nightmare in the last month, I'd  
wake up to news of a new murder.  
Hopefully now that they're done,  
I'll be able to get through the  
night. I'm going to sleep.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

At the counter, Martin tries to make himself a cup of tea,  
less assured than Jessica. He takes a sip. *Not quite right.*

He dumps that cup and starts fresh. Growing frustrated as he  
tries different ingredients. A bit of lemon. Some more honey.  
*What even is this powder?* He goes to pour the water--

*BZZZZZT!* Martin looks at his phone, vibrating on the counter,  
but forgets to stop pouring. The hot water overflows, SINGING  
his hand. Martin WINCES and drops the mug-- SMASH!

Martin quickly shoves his bright red hand under a cold tap as  
he answers the ringing phone with the other:

MARTIN

Hello?

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

Ross sits at a desk with her feet up, snacking on Skittles.  
Officer Godwin approaches, holding a BOX.

GODWIN

Any luck with the witness, Agent?

ROSS

Uh, he sort of half-admitted to the  
mailman. But we'll need forensics'  
blood work from the attic samples  
to confirm the others.

GODWIN

Speaking of the mailman, he came by  
to say thanks, but I told him you  
were busy. You don't strike me as  
the sentimental type.

Ross CRUNCHES down on a Skittle: *Good assumption.*

GODWIN

He also brought today's mail. This is for you.

Godwin hands over the box. Ross SLICES the tape off.

ROSS

You know, I keep expecting these cases to end with more excitement. But it's all just empty. You'd think I'd learn by now.

*RING!* Her cell phone rings. She answers:

ROSS

Go for Ross.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Martin picks up shards of broken mug off the floor. On the other end of the phone is Jessica's dad, Charlie.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

(over phone)

How are you doing, there, Martin?

MARTIN

Charlie, hi. Uh, I'm okay.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Jessica tells me you've been having a rough go of it. And I can see what she means. You were a bit all over the place this morning.

MARTIN

Yeah, sorry. Today was hectic. I'm sure you'll see on the news.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Did you get it all sorted out?

Martin notices that some of the spilled tea has seeped BEHIND THE REFRIGERATOR which seems to have been pulled slightly AWAY FROM THE WALL. He cocks his head. Confused.

MARTIN

I thought so.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

Ross hangs up the phone with an EQUALLY CONFUSED expression.

ROSS

That was forensics. The blood at Egan's place belonged to the mailman and Egan himself. But there's no evidence he ever held any of the other victims there.

On autopilot mode, she finishes opening her PACKAGE, but she's distracted. Talking through her thoughts out loud.

ROSS

Maybe Egan did just snap after his therapist was absent. Maybe he *only* went after the mailman. But then--

*THUD!* Ross dumps out the contents of the package onto her desk: A bloodied HUMAN ARM. She can't help but SMILE.

ROSS

That's more like it.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Martin approaches the fridge, phone pressed to his ear.

MARTIN

But please tell Jessica that I'm here. And no pressure, but I'm ready to talk when she is.

He PULLS the fridge further away from the wall to REVEAL A SECRET PASSAGEWAY. Going down under the house.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

See, that's why I'm calling Martin--

MARTIN

I have to call you back.

No time to deal with marital issues, Martin hangs up.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

Ross BARKS OUT orders as Godwin ushers the rest of the officers back into the bull pen.

ROSS

Get this arm to forensics. Figure out who it belongs to. The victim will represent the eighth trait. Gloves, Godwin, gloves.

Godwin's about to pick up the box and arm, but frantically starts to search his desk for a box of latex gloves.

Ross turns to the other cops.

ROSS

Our guy is still out there. This is our chance.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, SECRET BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Martin descends the CREAKING STEPS into a secret basement. In the TOTAL DARK, he fumbles along the wall for a light switch.

CLICK. Dull, FLUORESCENT LIGHTS flicker on overhead to reveal a DUNGEON OF HORRORS. Unlike Kyle's demented attic, this space is organized and well-kept. Like Martin's office.

ROSS (V.O.)

This is his culmination. Every murder based off of Martin Park's eight traits has led to this.

At the far end of the room is some sort of gurney. Martin slowly approaches it. He walks by neatly stacked EMPTY RODENT CAGES and SPOOLS OF THE WIRE used to string up the Gelmans.

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

DUGAN

So it's a different one of his patients?

ROSS

Maybe. Or just someone who was thinking about the traits. Okay, this shit's all subconscious, right? Krugman didn't even know he was committing the murders.

GODWIN

Isn't that sort of controversial?

ROSS

Horowitz believed it. Out of respect for the dead, we're gonna believe it too. Right, so Krugman was having these visions--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, SECRET BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Martin passes the KRUGMAN BOGEYMAN COSTUME...

ROSS (V.O.)

And without knowing it, he'd put on the costume. And he'd live a whole second life killing these people.

Martin walks by Chief O'Donnell's tongue in a GLASS TROPHY CASE and lands at the gurney. A BODY is covered by a sheet.

Martin reaches out and PULLS the sheet back:

**INT. RAVEN LAKE POLICE STATION, BULL PEN - NIGHT**

ROSS

And then he'd... He'd wake up to news of another murder. Oh.

Ross is hit by realization like a ton of bricks. Just as Godwin manages to get latex gloves on his sweaty hands, Ross RIPS the box from him. No care for her fingerprints.

GODWIN

Hey. I thought it was the key to the eighth trait or whatever.

ROSS

It is. Deep down in that fucked up subconscious, right next to the desire to kill, is another desire.

Ross REACHES into the box and pulls out the SEVERED ARM. She flips it over and practically WHISPERS:

ROSS

Recognition.

On the hand of the severed arm is a RAVEN TATTOO. *DING!*

**INT. PARK HOUSE, SECRET BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Martin's arm hangs limp at his side, still holding his cell phone which displays a text from Charlie: "Jessica's not here." *DING!* Another text comes in: "Is she not with you?"

Martin ignores the ding-ing phone. He stares numbly down at the gurney. At the face of his WIFE, lying totally still. Her left arm severed above the elbow. DEAD.

All at once, Martin's emotions pour out. He lets out a TORTURED WAIL, turns away from the horrific sight, and falls to his knees. He begins to shake with MASSIVE, RACKING SOBS.

MARTIN

Oh God! What did I-- No, no, no--

Sobbing becomes HEAVING. Hyperventilating. Trying to process.

MARTIN

I didn't-- I couldn't-- How could I not know? It's impossible--

Then, through the tears, he WHISPERS what we're all thinking:

MARTIN

This doesn't make any sense.

And behind him, JESSICA SITS UP ON THE GURNEY.

She steps delicately off, picking up from the floor a BLOODY KNIFE, perhaps the one that cut off her arm. She walks slowly to crumpled and crying Martin. And she STABS HIM IN THE BACK.

He SCREAMS in pain and spins around.

JESSICA

Martin, you're scaring me. You don't seem well.

She plunges the knife into him again. This time his stomach. Martin's mind races, trying to make sense of it all.

MARTIN

Jessica, wh-- Why?

JESSICA

You know, I used to ask myself the same thing. Why do I want to do this so badly? So I went to an expert and he told me.

Jessica finally DRIVES the knife into Martin's chest.

JESSICA

Darling, if you're asking that, then you've already lost.

**EXT. PARK HOUSE - NIGHT**

Sirens BLARE. Red and blue lights reflect off the dark lake.

Ross doesn't even wait for the car to fully stop before she's JUMPING from the passenger seat and running up the porch to--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT**

Ross draws her gun and SPRINTS forward through the house.

ROSS

Park! Where are you!?!

She turns the corner to--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Ross lets out a GASP.

There, crawling out of the secret passage behind the fridge, blood oozing from her stump arm, is JESSICA PARK.

JESSICA

Help me.

AND WE SLAM TO:

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE FISHING BOAT - DAY**

A gorgeous summer day out on the lake. Charlie helps his daughter, NINE-YEAR-OLD JESSICA, reel in a tiny trout.

Once the fish is in the boat, Jessica smiles sweetly for a PHOTO with her catch. Charlie grins back at his daughter.

CHARLIE

Great work, Jessie. Throw that back, let's see if we can get something a little bigger.

Charlie turns his attention to putting bait on a new hook and setting up a new fishing line.

CHARLIE

Alright, ready to cast away?

Charlie turns back to see her still SMILING at the fish.

CHARLIE

Jessica, dear, gotta put him back in his home.

NINE-YEAR-OLD JESSICA

But I don't want to.

CHARLIE

I know he's your friend, but he lives in the lake. So let him go.

Jessica clutches the fish TIGHTLY. Watching it GASP.

NINE-YEAR-OLD JESSICA

Why? Am I hurting him, Daddy?

CHARLIE

Uh, no, you're not hurting him, but just-- Jessica drop the fish.

*Splash!* Jessica finally drops the fish back into the water.

JESSICA (V.O.)

If you pay close enough attention, you can spot a serial killer.

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

In the SAME STORE where Martin promoted his book, Jessica sits in the front of a PACKED AUDIENCE. She's dressed in a suit, the left sleeve hanging limp with no arm to support it.

She reads from her bestselling book: MARRIED TO A MONSTER.

JESSICA

That's what Martin used to say. I didn't realize that he was mocking us, knowing no one would spot him. Of course, I do have some defense how this happened right under my nose. He was drugging me.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jessica prepares tea with the precision of a trained chef. She sprinkles in a STRANGE POWDER from her spice cabinet.*

**INT. PARK HOUSE, VARIOUS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*FLASHES of Martin drinking the same tea. Every single night.*

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Martin sleeps soundly. Jessica SLIPS out of bed.*

JESSICA (V.O.)

Which allowed him to leave the bedroom to go do his evil deeds without fear of waking me.

*In bed, the sleeping Martin begins to toss and turn.*

DR. MELNYK (V.O.)

*New medication can cause an uptick in dreaming.*

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

JESSICA

But the true nightmare came with the realization that while Martin killed for his eight traits, he also displayed each and every one. And none of us caught them. He would happily share childhood stories of the MacDonald Triad.

**EXT. COURT HOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jessica smiles the first time she met Martin.*



JESSICA  
 I mean, I wet the bed as a kid.  
 Does that make me dangerous?

**INT. CERRATO'S ITALIAN JOINT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Jessica laughs with Martin over birthday cake.

JESSICA  
 Yeah, it was bad, the curtain had  
 caught on fire.

**INT. JESSICA'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A roaring fire CONSUMES a set of pink children's curtains.

JESSICA (V.O.)  
 If my dad hadn't smelled smoke, who  
 knows what might have happened.

Watching the inferno, Young Jessica SMILES--

**EXT. RAVEN LAKE FISHING BOAT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

She has the same smile as she clutches a GASPING trout.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
 She'd say, "Why? Is it hurting him?  
 I want to keep him."

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING (FLASHBACK)**

Jessica tosses her signed copy of *Recognizing Evil* to Martin.  
 He smirks, can't believe she held on to it.

JESSICA (V.O.)  
 Sign number four is an affinity for  
 collecting trophies, often  
 corresponding with key life events.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT**

FLASHES of decorations and art from around the world. Then--

JESSICA (V.O.)  
 He loved to display all his little  
 trinkets. He'd make them too.

Jessica crocheting. Cross-stitching. Making and displaying  
 all her crafts. Lastly, super-gluing a GLASS CUBE sculpture.

**INT. STORAGE SHED - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Jessica CUTS OUT Chief O'Donnell's tongue--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, SECRET BASEMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Martin passes by the tongue enclosed inside Jessica's glass cube: A TROPHY CASE.*

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

The crowd leans in. Jessica has them in the palm of her hand.

JESSICA

Trait number five. A personal relationship with those they desire to kill. This one is... painful.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jessica paces back and forth, talking to Martin in bed.*

JESSICA

*I mean, I knew Zoe quite literally as long as I've known you. One day, she's in our lives, she's like a member of the family...*

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jessica is COVERED IN BLOOD as she UNFURLS a tarp with Zoe's body parts. She gingerly places THE HEAD on Martin's desk.*

JESSICA (FLASHBACK V.O.)

*And the next, she's gone. It's heartbreaking.*

**INT. PARK HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING (FLASHBACK)**

*Jessica stands in a hot shower, rinsing off Zoe's blood.*

JESSICA (V.O.)

Trait six. Everyone's favorite. The conflation of sex and death.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING (FLASHBACK)**

*Blood washed off, Jessica enters wrapped in a towel.*

JESSICA (V.O.)

Once the murders began, Martin's appetite became insatiable.

*Jessica drops the towel and straddles Martin.*

JESSICA (V.O.)

Just talking about the murders was enough to set him off...

**INT. RECEPTION AREA "A" - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Mrs. Colby leaves. Martin rubs a stressed hand over his face.

MARTIN

You think it could have something to do with my assistant being brutally murdered, everyone blaming me, and there being no signs of the killer slowing down?

Jessica raises her eyebrow. An expression we now recognize as AROUSAL. She stands and pulls Martin into an embrace.

JESSICA

You know... With Ethan off the schedule, we have the next few hours off.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

The door SLAMS open, and Martin and Jessica come in. Kissing. Touching. Passionate. She UNTIES his tie. He SLIPS off her blouse. Then belts... Pants... Underwear.

JESSICA (V.O.)

And based on DNA evidence, it seems those urges extended to at least one of his victims.

After their love-making is finished, Jessica leans over Martin to grab a tissue and reach under the sheets for cleanup. She then hops up to scurry to the bathroom--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)**

Where she drops the STICKY TISSUE into a plastic bag.

**INT. PARK HOUSE, SECRET BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Gloves on, Jessica dabs the tissue into the open wounds of DONALD CALWAY, gagged and bound to the gurney. She smiles, enjoying herself until--

MARTIN (O.S.)

Hey, I'm home.

Jessica turns and books it to the stairs. Taking them three at a time. Shedding her gloves as she goes--

**INT. PARK HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Martin enters the kitchen just as Jessica SLAMS the fridge shut on the secret passageway. She's breathing heavily.

*MARTIN*  
*Hi. How you doing?*

*JESSICA*  
*I've been better. Do you know, um--*  
*The lemon juice?*

*As the scene plays on, the sound FADES OUT. To be replaced by Jessica's continued reading at the book store intermingled with snippets of dialogue from throughout the film:*

*JESSICA (BOOKSTORE V.O.)*  
*Then trait number seven. Martin's*  
*constant desire to appear--*

*JESSICA (FLASHBACK V.O.)*  
*Normal. It's already tough enough*  
*working to blend in here... Trying*  
*to fit into the community became*  
*sort of like my full-time job...*

*And then, the DIEGETIC SOUND comes back up in the kitchen:*

*MARTIN*  
*Things can go back to normal, if*  
*that's what you want.*

*JESSICA*  
*It's all that I want.*

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

*JESSICA*  
*And finally the eighth trait. That*  
*was supposed to be me. Martin made*  
*sure the police were on their way,*  
*and if I hadn't overpowered him at*  
*the last second, his plan was to*  
*kill me as they arrived. To finally*  
*get recognition for his crimes.*

*Jessica flips the page. On the home stretch now.*

*JESSICA*  
*In talking with law enforcement, it*  
*seems Martin had mentioned strange*  
*visions. Was he laying groundwork*  
*for an insanity defense? Inspired*  
*perhaps by a famous case he once*  
*testified in? I don't know. But*  
*make no mistake, he knew what he*  
*was doing when he cut off my arm.*

*A few crowd members WINCE, looking at Jessica's loose sleeve.*

JESSICA

The question is... How long did he know what he was going to do? Did a dark and demanding job make him snap? Or did he always know? I often think back to when he first approached me.

**EXT. COURT HOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

*Jessica approaches Martin, a coy smile on her face.*

JESSICA (V.O.)

Did he know then what he planned to do? Was he already considering a twisted plan that-- if he had his way-- would end in my death?

**INT. CHAIN BOOK STORE - DAY**

Jessica SHUTS the book. She looks up and flashes a smile.

JESSICA

That's the foreword. You have to buy the book for the gory details.

Jessica's eyes land on SOMEONE in the crowd with their HAND RAISED. Jessica BLINKS, surprised. Her publicist stands.

PUBLICIST

Sorry, we're all out of time so no Q and A, but let's hear it for--

JESSICA

We can do one question.

Annoyed, the publicist sits down, checking her watch. Jessica looks to the crowd and nods.

And out in the audience, AGENT ROSS puts her hand down.

ROSS

Why do you think he did it?

Jessica stares at Ross, trying to read her. Then she shrugs.

JESSICA

Because he wanted to. He spent all day around aspiring serial killers, and my guess is he thought he could do it better than any of them. He thought he would be the best.

ROSS

And was he? The best?

Jessica thinks on the question for a beat.

JESSICA

No. No, in the end he was just as stupid and dull as everyone else compelled to do these evil things.

Ross raises an eyebrow. Jessica continues.

JESSICA

It's the damn eighth trait, you know? The paradox of wanting to be known for the thing that will put you away. In the end, his stupid ego got him caught just like the rest of them. For him to have somehow been better than that, he would have had to find a way to tell everyone about his crimes.

Jessica adjusts herself in front of her banner declaring her a "BEST-SELLING AUTHOR."

JESSICA

To re-live and revel in those vicious details. All while spending the rest of his natural life walking free. That would have made him the best. But of course that would have been impossible.

PUBLICIST

Okay, now, that really is all the time we have. Let's hear it for Jessica Wheatley.

The whole room breaks into THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. But Jessica keeps her eyes locked on Agent Ross.

Slowly, without averting her eyes, Ross begins to CLAP along with everyone else.

Jessica SMILES WIDE.

And Ross, more alive than we've ever seen her, SMILES BACK.

CUT TO BLACK. CREDITS. THE END.