

DIE SCREAMING

by

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BLACK

AMBIENT BAR SOUNDS - shitty country music, clinking glasses, the distant blur of conversation - slowly MIX UP.

PATRICK (O.S.)

What about that one? Would you fuck her?

INT. THE BEACHCOMBER BAR - NIGHT

STEVE O'CONNOR (25), a rugged, gym-built, man's man and his slight, weasily buddy PATRICK (24) nurse beers as they survey the slim pickings in this mostly empty local bar.

STEVE

Which one?

PATRICK

That one right over there. Would you fuck her?

A moment of deliberation.

STEVE

Eh, good from afar but far from good.

A long moment of silence. Patrick points.

PATRICK

What about that one, would ya fuck that?

A moment of consideration.

STEVE

I dunno, I might take my balls out, maybe roll 'em around on her face and neck for awhile, but nothing more than that.

An even longer moment of silence. Patrick points to an absolute BAR DOG at the end of bar.

PATRICK

How 'bout that one, would ya fuck that?

No consideration necessary.

STEVE

I wouldn't throw a grenade in that.

Patrick laughs, waves the BARTENDER over and points to the Bar Dog.

PATRICK

Give that little lady two of whatever she's having...make it three...and put it on my tab.

The Bartender nods and walks away.

STEVE

You're fuckin' sad, dude. Even you can do better than that.

PATRICK

Off season is what it is, my friend. And if what it is is pathetic, you gotta roll with it.

Steve downs the remainder of his beer and rises from his stool.

STEVE

Well I don't. I'm outta here.

PATRICK

C'mon, man...

STEVE

Look, I said I'd scope this place out with you. I didn't say I'd linger 'til closing in the hopes of throwing a courtesy-fuck into some P-Town shaft-hag.

PATRICK

And here I thought you were a true friend.

STEVE

A true friend would sock you in the melon and drag your sorry ass outta here.

PATRICK

C'mon, just stay for another beer. My treat. At least until the donkey responds.

Steve considers this for a moment, then retakes his seat.

STEVE

One beer. And I ain't doin' it for you, I'm doin' it for the sheer spectacle of your suckage.

PATRICK

I wouldn't have it any other way.

A BEEPING grabs Steve's attention - it's his cell phone alerting him to a text message. Steve regards it, smiles.

STEVE

I'm out.

PATRICK

Wait, man...come on...

Steve holds the phone up for Patrick to see.

STEVE

Booty calls, my friend.

Steve smiles, clasps Patrick on the shoulder.

STEVE (CONT'D)

See ya at the shop.

PATRICK

Traitor.

As Steve heads for the door, we HOLD on Patrick. He looks toward the far end of the bar.

PATRICK'S POV

as the Bartender lines up three drinks in front of the Bar Dog and indicates Patrick. The Bar Dog smiles, waves.

ON PATRICK

smiling broadly, arching his eyebrows as he points to the Bar Dog and then to his crotch, as if to say, "You want some of this?"

EXT. THE BEACHCOMBER BAR - PROVINCETOWN, MASS. - NIGHT

A cold winter night in a hot summer town. The Beachcomber is tucked nicely into a row of shuttered seasonal shops and restaurants in the shadow of Cape Cod's most recognizable landmark, the Pilgrim Tower.

Steve exits the bar, his breath visible as he blows into his hands to warm them. The streets are empty as he makes his way toward the public parking lot in the center of town.

As he's walking, Steve's phone BEEPS, indicating a new text message.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

displaying the following message:

"look to your right"

STEVE

What the...?

He looks to his right and...

A HOODED FIGURE DARTS OUT OF THE DARKNESS FROM HIS LEFT!

Snatches the phone right out of his hand and takes off running.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey motherfucker!

Steve chases after him.

EXT. PILGRIM TOWER MONUMENT - CONTINUOUS

At two-hundred and fifty-two feet tall, the Pilgrim Tower is the tallest all-granite structure in the United States and looms over Provincetown like a guardian from another era.

THE FIGURE races into frame in a blur. Although fast on his feet, Steve is no match.

(NOTE: THE FIGURE will always be obscured by shadow or angle, so we get a feel for his presence but no real definable details.)

As The Figure approaches the entrance to the monument, Steve slows to a stop.

Looks up at the imposing tower with trepidation. Then back down to the base to see The Figure slow to a stop and just stand there, with his back toward him.

What the fuck?

STEVE

Alright, you've had your fun. Just gimme back my phone and I won't mess you up.

Steve inches forward.

STEVE (CONT'D)

C'mon pal, I'm just gonna cancel it anyway, it's no good to you.

He continues forward, slowly closing the gap between them. The Figure stands stone still.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fine, you want the phone? Keep the fucking phone. Just take out the SIM card, will ya? No one needs to go through the horror of punching in all those fucking names and numbers again.

The Figure turns to face him and Steve stops dead in his tracks. They regard one another for a long moment until The Figure punches a button on Steve's phone, lighting its display, and waves it tauntingly.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Goddammit! Will you just give me the goddamn phone?!

The Figure shrugs, slips the phone into his pocket and backs into the tower entrance and out of view. Steve is pissed off...and torn. Clearly, he doesn't want to go into the monument. But why? Doesn't matter at this point because...

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Steve sprints toward the entrance.

INT. PILGRIM MONUMENT - BASE - NIGHT

Pitch black save the few slivers of ambient light that slip through the wrought iron gate.

Steve enters cautiously, feeling his way along the wall as his eyes adjust to the darkness.

STEVE

You're gonna regret this, pal. I'm gonna beat the stupid out of you and make a pie.

BEEPING from Steve's phone startles him. The flashing light indicating a new message directs him to the far corner of the room. He makes his way to the phone and punches a button, illuminating the immediate area with light from the display.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

revealing a new text message:

"u r trapped"

Just then, we HEAR the iron gate shut and lock. Steve whips around to see that the gate is indeed shut.

STEVE (CONT'D)

(not quite under his breath)

Fuck, fuck, FUCK!

He crosses to the gate and tugs on it...locked. He turns to face the darkness, using the light of the phone display as best he can.

STEVE (CONT'D)

This is way past being funny, alright?

The display dims and he's plunged into darkness once again.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Shit.

Just as he's about to punch a button, the phone BEEPS at him - new message.

"time to face your fears, steve"

Dread creeps across Steve's face for the first time. This isn't some random incident - someone is fucking with him. Big time.

He holds the phone in front of him and moves into the room.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey, you know what, fuck you! The beating you're gonna catch for this is gonna be legendary, man. Fucking legendary...

The display blinks out again - total darkness. We hear a THUD as Steve bumps into something. Steve GASPS, startled. Punches a button on the phone.

STEVE'S POV

as the phone's light reveals a FIVE-FOOT TALL BRASS SCULPTURE OF THE PILGRIM TOWER and the surrounding lot. Just as he's processing this, Steve's phone BEEPS again.

"the only way out is UP"

Steve is unnerved but tries not to show it as he backs away from the center of the room toward the wall.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, is that right, motherfucker? Why don't you show yourself, you little pussy, huh? HUH? What's the matter, don't have the guts to fight like a man?

Steve stumbles against the staircase in the far corner of the room, sending the cell phone clattering across the floor. He can't see shit except for the phone's blinking signal light several feet away.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

New message. Fuck. No choice but to go for the phone. He creeps forward in the darkness. Closer. Closer...grabs the phone and skitters backwards to the wall by the stairs. Punches the display button...

"WANNA SEE MY KNIFE?"

ON STEVE

who has barely an instant to react before a GLISTENING BLADE SLASHES OUT OF THE DARKNESS, slicing him from shoulder to sternum. Steve recoils in pain, falling back to the stairs.

He waves the phone in front of him, trying desperately to determine where the next attack might come from.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 (trying to remain calm)
 Look, I get it, alright? You're obviously pissed at me about something. I don't know what I did but I'm sorry, okay? I apologize. Can't we just talk this out?

His words hang in the air for a moment.

And then the display blinks off again.

Before he can reactivate it, the BLADE CRASHES DOWN AGAIN, plunging deep into the meat of his shin and retracting. Steve HOWLS, dropping the phone as he instinctively grabs his leg in pain and backs up the stairs.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 Jesus, man...I said I was sorry!
 What the FUCK do you want from me?

No real choice now - either stay where he's at and face the knife or head up into the monument. Steve struggles to his feet and moves as fast as he can.

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

ANGLE ON THE DROPPED CELL PHONE

as a new text message appears:

"I WANT 2 SEE YOU FLY"

INT. PILGRIM MONUMENT - MID LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Steve is running on pure adrenaline now, his terror increasing the higher up he gets. All the while he can hear the echoing FOOTSTEPS of his attacker close behind. As he reaches the halfway point to the top, he notices a small window to the outside world and pauses to scream.

STEVE
 HELP! PLEASE! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!!

EXT. PROVINCETOWN/PILGRIM MONUMENT - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT of the vacant town center, Steve's cries for help barely audible.

INT. PILGRIM MONUMENT - MID LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

CHINK! Out of the darkness, the blade comes down hard, striking the wall mere inches from Steve's head.

Reflexively, he kicks out into the darkness with his good leg and finds purchase. We HEAR The Figure absorb the full brunt of his kick and tumble down the stairs. Steve continues upward.

INT. PILGRIM MONUMENT - TOP - CONTINUOUS

Steve, panicked and out of breath, clamors up the final ramps, rushing toward the source of the moonlight at the top of the tower. He reaches the observation level and searches desperately for a way out.

But the only door, presumably to the top of the monument, is bolted shut. The "windows" that rim the observation deck? All covered in steel mesh, presumably to keep people from jumping.

Steve is hyperventilating by the time he grabs onto the mesh, yanking with all his might. No luck. He turns just in time to see a blur in the darkness an instant before something blunt and metal strikes him in the head, sending him to...

BLACK

Nothing but the sound of ropes creaking and groaning in the otherwise still of the night.

INT. PILGRIM MONUMENT - TOP - LATER

Steve awakens, disoriented, surrounded by inky blackness. His hands are bound in front of him and he appears to be hanging in space by his legs. Without warning, his world is illuminated with harsh light and Steve becomes aware of his surroundings.

STEVE'S POV

looking down. Way down.

HE IS HANGING FROM THE TOP LANDING OF THE MONUMENT,
DANGLING OVER ITS INTERIOR CHASM TWENTY-ONE STORIES
ABOVE THE LOBBY BELOW!

Steve FREAKS as the reality of his situation overtakes him.

CLOSE ON THE LANDING RAILING

as a gloved hand splashes lighter fluid on the two ropes supporting Steve.

STEVE, fully fucking out of his mind with panic, reacts to the smell of the lighter fluid and with great effort, bends at the waist in a hanging sit-up to see...

THE FIGURE as he ignites a lighter and touches flame to the ropes.

STEVE

Oh please God, no. I'll do anything, please, please....

Steve struggles with all his might to reach the next landing and grab on but it's just out of reach.

THE FIRST ROPE burns through, giving way with a SNAP. Steve is now hanging off balance, swaying from the shift in weight. It's only a matter of time.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Please. Don't do this. Please...

THE SECOND ROPE is just about there. The wait is agonizing. And then...

SNAP!

And Steve is free-falling through space.

But he's not giving up. He reaches out and miraculously manages to grab hold of the railing two stories down. He's all but exhausted by now, but he tries desperately to pull himself up.

Until he feels a cold liquid on his hands.

And looks up to see...

THE FACE OF THE FIGURE - A SMOOTH, FEATURELESS MASK
MADE OF A HIGHLY REFLECTIVE MATERIAL, LIKE MIRRORED
SUNGLASSES.

Reflected in the mask, Steve beholds the absolute
TERROR in his own eyes as The Figure ignites his
lighter.

And touches flame to Steve's fuel-soaked hands.

He fights against his instincts but the pain is just
too much to bear. First one hand releases. Then the
other.

And once again he is free-falling.

This time all the way down.

Until the cold brass of the Pilgrim Tower replica
pierces his torso an instant before his falling mass
impacts with a wet, sickening THUD, obliterating the
display and showering the lobby with warm viscera.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

A small bedroom devoid of anything resembling a
personal touch. Stacks of unpacked boxes line the
room, evidence of a recent downgrading of lifestyle.

A YOUNG WOMAN lies upon the room's twin bed, covers
pulled tight around her neck like a child. Even in
repose, it's impossible to mistake her natural
beauty. The soft, calming rhythm of her breathing is
all but hypnotic.

Meet KATIE HATHAWAY (21).

We watch as her eyes slowly begin to dance beneath
their lids as she transitions into REM sleep. Within
seconds, they are darting back and forth with an
unexpected intensity.

And with that her expression changes, her peaceful
countenance giving way to a mixture of anxiety and
confusion.

And fear.

Beads of sweat form on her brow as she sucks air in
arrhythmic gulps before stopping breathing
altogether. Five seconds pass...ten seconds...
...fifteen...

HOLD ON HER FACE for an agonizingly long time as she
tries to breath, tries desperately to cry out but is
unable to do so, until...

SHE EXPLODES INTO CONSCIOUSNESS

KATIE
(screaming)

HELP ME!

...red-faced, gasping for breath, too scared to cry but unable to stop the tears. She feels like an idiot.

KATIE (CONT'D)
God, I fucking hate this.

It takes a long moment for her to gain control of herself. She knows she's okay but her body doesn't seem to want to believe her. She rubs her breastbone and tries to regulate her breathing.

She looks at the clock radio on the night stand - 3:17 a.m.- and knows she'll never get back to sleep on her own.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Katie splashes her face with water. Stares at her red-faced reflection in the mirror for a long moment. Fuck it. She opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a prescription bottle. Pops a few tiny blue tablets into her open palm.

She pauses, regards herself in the mirror again. Looks to the pills and back again. She's clearly conflicted - she could take these pills and go back to sleep but...

She sighs and slides the pills back into the bottle.

INT. KATIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Much like the bedroom - too small, too much stuff, a vibe reeking of the temporary. Katie slides behind a makeshift desk and fires up her computer. Checks her buddy list. One name available - a name that makes her smile.

She clicks on the name and initiates a VIDEO CHAT. A moment later a window opens up ONSCREEN revealing BECKY FITCH (19), sitting in her college dorm room, beer in hand, in the midst of an impromptu party. Becky is definitely cute, but you know she's tough as nails before she even opens her mouth.

BECKY
 (clearly intoxicated)
 Hey there, Katie girl! What. The
 fuck. Is UP?

KATIE
 Nothing really. Just saw you were
 on and wanted to see a familiar
 face.

Becky spins and flashes her butt to the camera.

BECKY
 How's this for familiar?

Becky slaps her ass and Katie can't help but laugh.

KATIE
 I can see you're learning a lot at
 UW.

BECKY
 You know it, girl. I've learned
 more here since Christmas break
 than four fucking years at Nauset,
 I can tell you that.

A few MALE PARTIERS slide in behind Becky and start
 making goofy faces.

KATIE
 I'll bet.

MALE PARTIER #1
 SHOW US YOUR TITS!

KATIE
 Charming.

Beck turns and yells at the guy.

BECKY
 Hey shit-dick? This is my best
 friend in the world, you, you...
 dick covered in shit. Show a
 little respect.

KATIE
 And just who are these delightful
 guests of yours?

BECKY

These losers? Ah, just a coupla R-tards that followed us back from a frat party.

MALE PARTIER #2

Better watch your mouth, little lady. The term is "fraternity". You wouldn't call your sorority a sore, would ya?

MALE PARTIERS

(together)

NO WAY!

MALE PARTIER #2

You wouldn't call your mother a moth, would ya?

MALE PARTIERS

HELL NO!

MALE PARTIER #2

And you sure as shit wouldn't call your country a...

BECKY

Enough!

KATIE

And to think I'm missing out on all this.

BECKY

(suddenly serious)

You know it's still not too late.

KATIE

I know, I just...I don't know if I'm...ready.

BECKY

You need to get outta there, K.T. You know it as well as I do. You just gotta leave all that shit behind, get on with your life and say 'fuck you' to everything else.

Katie's knows she's right, but...

KATIE

I wish it were that simple.

BECKY

It is that simple. Look, I'm done with the lecture, but just promise me you'll think about it, okay?

KATIE

Yeah, alright.

BECKY

Thatta girl...

Just then, one of the frat guys grabs Becky's boobs from behind and HONKS like a car horn. Becky freaks, spins around in her chair and smacks the guy, sending his beer flying all over her laptop. An instant later, the connection is lost.

Katie smiles and sighs.

ANGLE ON THE COUCH

as Katie flops down, grabs the remote and switches on the TV.

A SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES showing the passage of time as Katie watches shitty late night programming all night long.

SAME ANGLE

as morning sunlight presses at the blinds and Katie remains awake. We hear an ALARM CLOCK blare OFFSCREEN. Katie lolls her head back.

KATIE

(softly, to herself)

Fuck.

EXT. MIDCAPE HIGHWAY - DAY

A long stretch of rural highway peppered with shuttered seasonal businesses. Katie's Jeep breezes through light morning traffic.

INT. KATIE'S JEEP - DRIVING - DAY

Katie, hair pinned up, dressed in a simple red and white uniform, sips from a huge cup of Dunkin' Donuts coffee, hoping the caffeine will do her some good. She switches on the radio just in time to catch the tail end of a news story.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ...North Eastham man was found dead
 in the lobby of the Pilgrim
 Monument early this morning,
 sending shockwaves through the
 tight-knit community of
 Provincetown. This is the first
 violent death on the Outer Cape
 since the infamous Hathaway Murders
 that rocked the town of Wellfleet
 four years ago this month...

Katie switches it off and continues on in silence.

EXT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A free-standing, chain-style pizza joint set apart
 from the big grocery and department stores in a
 gigantic, all but empty, shopping plaza.

Katie pulls into the a parking spot and climbs out of
 the car. As she's getting out, she notices through
 the windows that the restaurant is filled with smoke.

KATIE

Oh shit!

She rushes to the door, fumbles with her keys and
 unlocks it.

INT. PAPA GINO'S - CONTINUOUS

Katie waves smoke from her face as she makes her way
 to the source of the smoke - the restaurant's pizza
 oven.

KATIE

Shit, shit, shit!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh good, you're here. And only ten
 minutes late. That's a personal
 best, isn't it?

From out of the back room emerges RAYMOND GIGGOLOTTI
 (35), two-hundred and sixty-eight pounds of greasy,
 pockmarked loser. A guy who started working here
 back in high school and never left, despite his
 inability to rise above the rank of assistant
 manager.

KATIE

Look, Ray I...

Raymond makes a point of gesturing dramatically.

RAYMOND

And this...this is what happens
when you turn the fan off at the
end of the night and leave the oven
on. This is what happens when gear
grease dries and burns to a crisp.

He moves closer, gross and intimidating.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

But then you know this, don't you
Katie? Yet somehow you still keep
on doing it.

KATIE

I'm sorry.

RAYMOND

You know you could burn this whole
place down, don'tcha? All this
could be gone. Then where would
you be?

KATIE

(exasperated)

I don't know, Wendy's maybe?

RAYMOND

Don't get smart with me, Katie.

KATIE

There's nothing smart about working
at Wendy's, Ray.

RAYMOND

Why do you always gotta disrespect
me? Just because you're an
assistant manager too doesn't mean
you're my equal.

KATIE

Thank God for that.

Raymond glares at her.

RAYMOND

You think you're so fucking smart
don't you? You think you're such a
hot shit, huh?

KATIE

I said I was sorry, Ray. What more do you want from me?

RAYMOND

I want you to show me a little goddamn respect, that's what I want. Because I work damned hard and I've earned it. Unlike some people I know, I didn't get my position out of pity.

KATIE

Fuck you, Ray.

Raymond flashes a shit-eating grin.

RAYMOND

Nah, you wouldn't like it. I just lie there and sweat.

KATIE

Gross.

As she turns to walk away...

RAYMOND

Don't think I'm not telling Dani about this.

KATIE

Whatever.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Telling me what?

Just then, DANI MASON enters from the back room. Although only twenty-nine, those twenty-nine years have worn on her like fifty.

RAYMOND

Katie almost burned down the store again and I for one don't think...

KATIE

It was an accident and he knows it. I didn't mean...

Dani raises a hand, silencing them. Looks at Katie.

DANI

Are you sorry?

KATIE

Of course I'm sorry.

DANI
Will you let it happen again?

KATIE
No.

DANI
Good. Case closed.

RAYMOND
Come on, Dani. You gotta...

DANI
I don't gotta do shit, Ray. You,
on the other hand, have three
registers to prep. Get to it.

Ray is pissed but knows he can't do anything. Dani
heads back to the back room.

DANI (CONT'D)
(to Katie)
Put your shit away and meet me in
back.

INT. PAPA GINO'S - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dani cuts small slabs from a gigantic mound of pizza
dough and weighs them while Katie rolls the severed
chunks into dough balls.

DANI
You look like shit hit with a
brick. Why?

KATIE
Can't sleep.

DANI
Panic attacks?

Katie nods.

DANI (CONT'D)
Gettin' bad again?

KATIE
Sometimes four, even five nights a
week.

DANI

I don't get it. I mean, you've got the goddamn medicine. I don't know why you don't just take it?

KATIE

Because it makes me a zombie. And I don't wanna live like that.

DANI

Well you could always go back to group therapy. The company'll still pay for it.

Katie shoots her a look that says, "Not in a million years".

KATIE

With Dr. Rape Eyes? I don't think so.

DANI

I know the guy's a creep, but it was helping, right?

KATIE

Yeah, but the way that he looks at me just...it makes me feel...what's the opposite of safe?

DANI

Unsafe?

KATIE

He makes me feel unsafe.

DANI

Well something's gotta give, kid. Ray's an asshole but he's right. We can't have you almost burning down the place because you're so tired you can't see straight.

KATIE

I know. I get it.

DANI

Look, I like you, I really do. I appreciate what you've been through and I wanna help in any way I can. If you need time off, fine but...

KATIE

I'll take care of it, I prom-

DANI

You can't fuck up again. If you do, I'm gonna have to fire you.

Katie nods, lets this sink in.

INT. KATIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Katie, dressed in her civilian clothes, sits parked in a dimly lit lot, lost in thought. Fog mists before her mouth with every measured breath.

After a moment, she resigns herself to her choice and gets out of the car. We FOLLOW her as she makes her way to the entrance of an imposing brick Professional building.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A group therapy session is just getting started. FOUR PATIENTS, two men and two women, one of whom is in a wheelchair (I'll get to describing them all in detail as it becomes necessary) sit facing an intense, unconventionally handsome man.

This is DR. MICHAEL SPELLMAN (39). You probably won't notice the nondescript SPEAKERPHONE sitting on the small table beside him. But don't worry, I won't hold it against you.

DR. SPELLMAN

Well, I guess we're all here so let's get started. As you may have noticed we have a new...

Just then, Katie appears in the doorway. She and Dr. Spellman lock eyes for a moment and he smiles, just a knowing little smile that says he knew she'd be back. The other patients turn to see Katie in the doorway...

MALE PATIENT

Oh great. The party begins anew.

...and she immediately feels self-conscious. She quickly takes a seat.

DR. SPELLMAN

...we have a newcomer to the group. Everyone, say hello to Liza Ryman.

EVERYONE
(together and unenthusiastic)
Hi, Liza.

LIZA RYMAN (26) is the woman in the wheelchair I mentioned earlier. Blonde and beefy yet not entirely unattractive, Liza looks like a tomboy all grown up. Someone who could easily beat you in a 5K race if her legs weren't completely useless.

LIZA
Hi everybody. Can't say I'm glad to be here, but what I can say is that I do find some measure of comfort in knowing that I am not alone in my disorder.

DR. SPELLMAN
Welcome, Liza. Right up-front, let me say a few words about our group. First and foremost, I want you to understand that this is a safe place. You can say whatever you want without fear of it leaving the room.

He looks to the various group members, making sure that they acknowledge and accept this.

DR. SPELLMAN (CONT'D)
Having said that, we are all part of this group because we share in the belief that the best way to deal with our panic disorder is not through the use of prescription drugs, but rather through a two prong approach in which we confront our anxieties head on and learn how to control them. Learn how to recognize the signs of a coming attack and use the power of rational thought and understanding of our illness in order to moderate our response to anxiety and thereby diffuse it.

The male patient who spoke up earlier - PETE McDERMOTT (25), handsome, crew cut, dressed in the uniform of a paramedic - speaks up once again.

PETE

What he's trying to say is you can learn how to talk yourself out of a panic attack if you're willing to identify and face your fears.

DR. SPELLMAN

Well put. Why don't we take a moment and go around the room, have you all introduce yourselves and give Liza a brief idea of what brought you here. Let's start with you, Pete.

PETE

Name's Pete McDermott. As you can see, I'm a paramedic and firefighter with Brewster Rescue, Station One. I come to these meetings because the department pays for it...and because I've been having panic attacks on and off for over a year now to the point that they're interfering with my ability to do the job.

DR. SPELLMAN

And what is it that you believe triggered these attacks?

Pete steels himself, reluctant to talk about it.

PETE

'Bout sixteen months back, me and my partner Mikey got a call out to Cobb's Pond, you know, some old guy's vapor-locked and needs us to come unfuck his heart. Only when he called it in, seems the old fucker forgot to mention something, something pretty goddamn important.

EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - COBB POND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

(NOTE: Flashbacks play without ambient sound - just Pete's voice telling the story.)

A PARAMEDIC TRUCK, lights flashing, rolls to a stop in front of a modest home. MIKE MCGUIRE (28), an affable looking guy with a broad open face and a thick blonde mustache, hops out of the passenger door with his jump bag and heads inside.

PETE (V.O.)
 So we roll up, Mikey jumps out,
 heads in first, not expecting
 anything but a dying old man.

Pete exits the driver's side door and heads to the back of the truck to grab some equipment.

PETE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And just as Mikey hits the porch,
 this guy's pit bull comes flying
 out of nowhere and is on Mikey like
 THAT!

Pete looks to the porch just in time to see A FEROCIOUS PIT BULL TERRIER pounce on Mike and knock him to the ground.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shocked looks from the others as Pete relates his story.

PETE
 Goes right for his fucking nuts,
 just chews them all to mulch. And
 Mikey's losing his shit, just
 punching and screaming and bleeding
 all over the fucking place.

EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - COBB POND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mike screams in agony as the pit bull tears at his genitals, a frothy blur of blood, saliva and teeth. Pete tries everything he can to get the dog to stop.

PETE (V.O.)
 And I'm punching and kicking this
 thing and it doesn't phase him in
 the least, I mean he's got a
 mouthful and ain't given it up for
 nothin'.

Pete breaks off and runs back to the truck, grabs a heavy steel FLASHLIGHT from the back.

PETE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 So I run back to the rig to grab
 something - ANYTHING - to beat this
 motherfucker with and...

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pete's voice begins to crack...

PETE

...when I come back, he's got Mikey by the neck and...well, I just start wailing on him with my Maglite and you know, after a few solid shots to the head, I finally get his attention.

EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - COBB POND - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Mike lies unconscious in a pool of blood as the pitbull savages his neck. Pete swings the flashlight down and connects solidly with its head.

PETE'S POV

as the pit bull turns, snarls, and leaps right at him.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETE

Long story short...

He pulls down his collar to reveal a patchwork of scars on his upper chest and neck.

PETE (CONT'D)

I got a hundred and fifty-eight stitches on my neck and torso...

He pulls up his sleeves to reveal scars on both forearms.

PETE (CONT'D)

...another thirty or so in each arm. And Mikey? Well, he'd lost more than eighty percent of his blood volume before anyone could treat him.

LIZA

Oh my god, that's so horrible. Did he die?

PETE

No, but I bet he wish he did. If he could wish.

PETE (CONT'D)

No, Mikey's gonna live out the rest of his life plugged into a wall.

LIZA

And the old man?

PETE

Oh that's the best thing. Guy was dead before we even got there. Perfect, huh? He stays dead and Mikey becomes an electric turnip for trying to save his life.

Liza closes her eyes and mouths a silent prayer.

PETE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I started having these attacks anytime I had to go into an unknown residence. I mean, look at me - I'm not scared of nothing. We get called to a fire, nine times outta ten, I'm the first guy in.

Pete pauses, like he can't believe what he's about to say.

PETE (CONT'D)

But now, I just...whenever I'm in a situation where there might be an animal, I can't help but fucking react. I mean, christ, I know old Miss Stuart's fucking cat isn't gonna eat me...but it could, if I was incapacitated and it got hungry enough. The thought of some fucking animal serving me up for dinner...I just...

His voice trails off.

DR. SPELLMAN

Okay, thanks Pete. Why don't you go next, Brooke?

All eyes turn to BROOKE WEIDITZ (22), an attractive, somewhat mousy girl whose dress and countenance seem determined not to make an impression.

BROOKE

Hi, I'm Brooke and I'm afraid of water.

The group waits for more but Brooke says nothing.

DR. SPELLMAN

Perhaps you could elaborate a bit
for Liza's benefit?

BROOKE

I don't want to drown.

Another long pause. It's gonna be torture getting
details out of this chick.

DR. SPELLMAN

Come on, Brooke. We've talked
about this...

BROOKE

(defensive)

Look, I don't know why I am afraid
of water, okay? I just am. I
always have been.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A rural, rain-slicked road on an overcast day.
Brooke is walking, listening to her iPod, seemingly
oblivious to everything but the music.

BROOKE (V.O.)

I know it's not rational, I know
it's all in my head. But it's
real, the panic it causes me is
real.

She stops abruptly when she finds herself too close
to a large puddle formed by the recent rainfall.

The expression on her face is at once comical and
terrifying as she slowly backs up, then steps around
the puddle, giving it a wide berth.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BROOKE

Consider this; the human body is
composed of, like, seventy-five
percent water, right? We're
practically made of water, yet it's
possible for someone to drown in
less than an inch of water in a
bathtub or a bowl of soup.

Brooke bows her head.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

On a cosmic level, it just doesn't
make any sense.

That's about all we're gonna get out of Brooke. Dr.
Spellman shifts his gaze from Brooke to Katie.

DR. SPELLMAN

Katie, you're up.

Katie takes a deep breath.

KATIE

I'm Katie Hath-

LIZA

(interrupting)

Hathaway. Oh my God, you're Katie
Hathaway!

Katie, a bit surprised, nods.

LIZA (CONT'D)

I knew you looked familiar. I've
been trying to place your face
since you came in. I'm so sorry
about what happened to your family.

KATIE

Thanks, thank you.

LIZA

Such a shame. That your father
could do something like that to his
own wife and kids...and that you
had to find them and watch the
police shoot...

KATIE

Well, since you seem to know my
whole life story, I guess there's
not much point in me talking.

LIZA

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...
it's just that it's not every day
that you meet a celebrity.

PETE

Oh please, she's not a celebrity.
She's a victim.

DR. SPELLMAN

Now, let's not get into...

KATIE

I'm neither, all right? I'm just messed in the head like the rest of you and I wanna get it straightened out, just like the rest of you. I thought I had this thing beat but I was wrong and I...I just wanna get it straightened out.

This hangs in the air for a moment, and then...

LIZA

Well, I for one think you're very brave.

KATIE

Can we move on?

DR. SPELLMAN

Yes, of course. Andy, why don't you...

The remaining male patient, ANDY FLAGLER (25), dumpy-looking, statistically obese and twitchy as hell, stands to face the group. He points at Pete and speaks in short, spastic bursts.

ANDY

Phagophobic.

PETE

What did you call me?

ANDY

Phagophobic. You have phagophobia.

PETE

Ha! I ain't afraid of no faggots.

ANDY

No, no. Phagophobia...fear of being eaten alive.

He points to Brooke...

ANDY (CONT'D)

Hydrophobia, fear of water.

...then Katie...

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Lyssophobia, fear of going insane.
 Like your father did.

KATIE
 Hey! That's not true.

...then Dr. Spellman...

ANDY
 Necrophobia, fear of death and
 dying.

DR. SPELLMAN
 Andy...

...and finally Liza.

ANDY
 You, I dunno just yet but I'm sure
 I've got you beat.

BROOKE
 Come on, Flagler, why do you
 constantly have to label
 everything?

PETE
 Yeah, seriously, man?

ANDY
 Because labeling helps us
 understand and understanding our
 illness is crucial in moving beyond
 it, right doctor? Right. So the
 point is, the point is, uh, the
 point is...

He's lost it for a moment.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Ah yes, that I've got you beat,
 I've got all of you beat because I
 am afflicted with each and every
 one of your phobias and then some.
 I have been diagnosed as being
 panophobic, which means I'm afraid
 of everything, which while not
 technically correct - I mean, as
 far as I know I'm not afraid of
 wind, mud or transparent tape -
 it's close enough to be a
 worthwhile and functional label.

Beads of sweat begin to form on Andy's brow.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I should probably disclose that while I am quite afraid of the kind of public speaking that I am doing now, the action itself will not result in panic whereas if I were to be, say, anywhere where I might encounter a clown, my coulrophobia, which is a fear of clowns, would likely induce an incident of prolonged panic.

LIZA

Maybe you could just lay out your top three?

ANDY

Three, three...sure, I could do three. Would you like to hear them in ascending or descending order?

LIZA

Whatever floats your boat.

ANDY

Okay, um...I'll choose...ascending. So, number three would be pyrophobia - fear of fire, I hate fire, hate it. Number two is agora...no, no, claustrophobia. My claustrophobia is particularly nettlesome and fuels my amaxophobia - fear of riding in a car - and pteromerhanophobia - fear of flying - like you wouldn't believe. And number one...

Andy thinks on this for a moment.

ANDY (CONT'D)

If you'd asked me yesterday, it would've been agliophobia, fear of pain, because I hate pain, I hate it, but after what happened to Steve, I gotta go with bathophobia, fear of falling.

PETE

What are you talking about?

ANDY
You guys don't know?

DR. SPELLMAN
Know what?

ANDY
Steve...

Andy points at the empty chair next to Katie.

ANDY (CONT'D)
...died last night.

Katie blanches.

KATIE
You mean the guy they found in the
Pilgrim Monument? How do you know
this?

ANDY
I heard it on the radio just before
we started.

PETE
And you didn't think we might want
to know this?

ANDY
It...it...it wasn't my turn to
speak. I was waiting for my turn.

DR. SPELLMAN
Let's all calm down and take a
moment.

Brooke appears shell-shocked.

LIZA
I'm sorry, but who's Steve?

DR. SPELLMAN
Steve O'Conner, he's a member of
the group.

BROOKE
Was a member...

Just then, a dispassionate MALE VOICE cuts through
the room from that speakerphone that I told you about
way back when. It belongs to BRIAN MURPHY and that's
all you get to know about him.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Steve is DEAD??

Brian's voice startles Liza. Dr. Spellman notices.

DR. SPELLMAN
Oh, I'm sorry Liza, I should have mentioned this when we started. That's Brian. He's part of our group but unfortunately he suffers from agoraphobia and acute social anxiety disorder and is unable to join us in person.

Dr. Spellman turns toward the speakerphone.

DR. SPELLMAN (CONT'D)
We're not entirely sure at the moment, Brian, but...

BRIAN (O.S.)
So Andy, you mean to tell me that a guy who refused to go higher than the second floor of any building or climb a step ladder if you paid him, that guy fell to his death from the tallest structure on the Cape?

ANDY
Yep.

BRIAN
That just doesn't make any sense.

DR. SPELLMAN
Well, if it is in fact true, I'm sure it's just a sad and unfortunate coincidence.

BRIAN (O.S.)
I gotta go.

CLICK.

PETE
I'm with him. I'm gonna go down to the station and see if this horseshit is true.

Pete stands to leave. The others follow his lead. Except for Liza because...you know.

DR. SPELLMAN

Please listen up for a moment. I'm as shocked about this as any of you. I pray that Andy is mistaken and Steve is not the unfortunate soul involved. But if it is true, well, the death of a peer, especially one in the same age group, can lead to lots of irrational thoughts. Don't give into them. I will be available on my cell if any of you need to talk...

He locks in on Katie.

DR. SPELLMAN (CONT'D)

...no matter what time. I urge you to make yourselves available to one another as well. See you back here Thursday night.

As the group makes for the door...

DR. SPELLMAN (CONT'D)

Katie? Could you stick around for a moment?

KATIE

I can't, really...I got this thing that I...

DR. SPELLMAN

It'll just take a moment.

KATIE

Fine.

Katie lingers in the doorway. Spellman realizes she's not coming any closer and closes the gap.

DR. SPELLMAN

I just wanted to say that I'm glad you came back. You've been missed.

KATIE

(under her breath)

Yeah, right...

DR. SPELLMAN

And if the reason you left was somehow because of me, well...I just want you to know how proud I am of you. Proud that you have decided to put getting well before whatever feelings...

Here comes that creepy stare again. Katie averts his gaze.

DR. SPELLMAN (CONT'D)

...or misconceptions about me and my intentions that you may or may not have. I just want you to know that all I care about is getting you well.

A long, awkward pause.

KATIE

That it?

Dr. Spellman smiles.

DR. SPELLMAN

Yeah. That's it.

Katie turns to leave.

DR. SPELLMAN (CONT'D)

See you back here on Thursday. And don't hesitate to call if you need me.

Unbeknownst to Spellman, Katie rolls her eyes in disgust.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL BUILDING - NIGHT

In the near distance, we see Liza loading herself into a handi-capable van while Andy uses his cell phone to call a cab. In the foreground, we catch the tail end of a conversation between Pete and Brooke.

PETE

Come on, don't look at me like that. You know I want to punch them panties, baby, but Steve might be dead and I gotta cover an overnight shift for Flippy.

BROOKE

I just don't want to be alone
tonight.

PETE

I'm sure your parents are home.

BROOKE

Same difference.

PETE

Look, I'll call you as soon as I
find anything out, okay?

He gives her a quick kiss...

BROOKE

Okay.

...and heads off into the lot. Brooke just watches
him go. Katie exits the building, passing Brooke
without even seeing her.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

Hey Katie! Wait up.

KATIE

What's up?

BROOKE

I dunno, this business with Steve
has got me kinda rattled and I
don't wanna go home just yet.
Thought maybe we could go to the
Double Dragon and grab a drink.

KATIE

I dunno, Brooke...

BROOKE

Come on. One drink won't kill you.
Please? I really don't wanna be
alone right now.

Katie considers this for a moment.

KATIE

Alright. One drink.

INT. DOUBLE DRAGON RESTAURANT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

An overdecorated, underlit Chinese joint known Capewide for their strong drinks and casual ignorance of smoking regulations. Brooke smokes the fuck out of a cigarette as she and Katie share a "Scorpion Bowl".

BROOKE

I hope it's not true.

KATIE

Yeah, me too.

BROOKE

I mean, this has never happened to me before.

KATIE

I wish I could say the same. It's no fun when people close to you die.

BROOKE

Oh, not that. I mean, I've never had a guy I slept with die before. It's creepy.

KATIE

You had a thing with Steve?

Brooke nods.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Was this before Pete or...

Brooke takes a long slurp off the Scorpion Bowl...

BROOKE

Before...during...

KATIE

Wow.

...and a long drag off her cigarette. As she exhales...

BROOKE

Yeah. It's so weird, you know? To think that a guy who was inside me so many times might now be inside a fucking coffin. It's unnerving.

Katie tries to hide her "what the fuck is wrong with this chick?" expression as she sips off the bowl.

KATIE

I can only imagine.

Their attention is drawn to the TV above the bar as an earnest ANCHORMAN reports about the death at Pilgrim Monument.

ANCHORMAN

Provincetown authorities have confirmed the identity of the victim of last night's fatal fall at the Pilgrim Monument as Steven J. O'Connor, a twenty-five year old woodworker from North Eastham.

The television flashes a photo of Steve, smiling like a proud father as he hoists two massive cod in front of him by the gills.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

Investigators have yet to determine exactly what he was doing inside the Cape landmark, which is closed for the season, and what circumstances may have led to his fall.

Brooke and Katie both look as though they've been gut-punched with an iron fist. Wordlessly, Brooke guzzles the remainder of the Scorpion Bowl. And then...

BROOKE

Barkeep? Refill.

EXT. DOUBLE DRAGON RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brooke seems fairly intoxicated as a more sober Katie walks her to her car.

KATIE

You sure you're okay to drive? I can give you a lift. It's no trouble.

BROOKE

Nah, I'm fine. I'm not going far.

Brooke fumbles with her keys, having trouble opening her car door.

KATIE
Come on, let me drive you home.

BROOKE
Seriously, I'm fine.

KATIE
You sure?

Brooke manages to get the door open and slides behind the wheel.

BROOKE
Positive. Thanks for the drinks.

KATIE
Drive safe.

Katie closes the door and walks off to her vehicle. We stay on Brooke as she takes a deep breath and, on the third try, slides the key into the ignition.

BROOKE
Wow. I'm drunk.

Through the window, we see the lights of Katie's vehicle pass and pull out onto the main road. Brooke leans back in her seat.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll just...rest my eyes...

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Enveloped in darkness. We hear a key in the lock and a moment later, the door opens to reveal Katie in silhouette. She reaches in, flips on the lights to reveal that THE PLACE IS IN ABSOLUTE SHAMBLES - her apartment has been ransacked, her belongings strewn everywhere.

In the center of the room sits one undisturbed box. "FAMILY ROOM" is scribbled in magic marker on the side. And there's something placed on top of it.

Katie enters cautiously and approaches the item. It's a photograph in an ornate frame. A picture of Katie and her family from when Katie was seventeen - her mom ELENA, her dad RICHARD, her sister ALLISON (11) and little brother ALEX (4).

It's only when she picks it up and looks closely at it that she realizes...

It's spackled and smeared with dried blood.

INT. BROOKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Brooke is passed out cold. Her cellphone CHIMES repeatedly, stirring her into consciousness. She grabs her phone and sees that she has THREE new text messages from an unknown caller.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

as she cycles through them, INTERCUT with her reactions:

"do U trust pete?"

"i wouldnt."

"cuz he's banging some skeeze at station 1 right now."

Hypocritical as it is, given her dalliances with Steve, Brooke is incensed.

BROOKE

Son of a bitch...

She rubs the sleep out of her eyes and starts the car.

EXT. BREWSTER FIRE AND RESCUE - NIGHT

Essentially a large brick garage (truck/ambulance bay) with firefighter quarters above and a modest office structure jetting out to one side.

Brooke's car whips into the driveway and she's out in a flash. Moves to the side entry door and looks in.

BROOKE'S POV

As per usual, the fat, balding NIGHT DISPATCHER is asleep at his post.

Brooke punches in the six-digit code that unlocks the door and opens it slowly. Just as she steps inside, THE FIGURE blurs into frame and presses a cloth over Brooke's nose and mouth, knocking her out. Quietly, The Figure drags her inside.

INT. BREWSTER FIRE AND RESCUE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pete is fucking the stuffing out of some Mashpee TROLLOP in the handicapped stall like a champ. He HEARS something OFFSCREEN and halts his stroke.

TROLLOP

Don't stop...don't you dare...

PETE

I thought I heard something.

She slaps his face. Hard.

TROLLOP

Finish what you started.

Pete hesitates, then cranks up the old fuck machine again.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brooke lies unconscious, bound to a post in the middle of the darkened ambulance bay with some strange metal bracket/gag forced into her mouth and held securely to her head.

After a moment, she comes to, groggy and disoriented. As soon as her situation becomes apparent, she struggles against her bonds to no avail. She tries to scream for help but the bracket/gag hampers her efforts considerably.

Suddenly, the overhead lamps switch on, flooding the bay with fluorescent light. Brooke whips her head around, trying to get a look at whoever turned on the lights. The fear on Brooke's face is palpable.

Even more so when she hears FOOTSTEPS behind her.

And a DRAGGING sound.

Without warning, a pair of GLOVED HANDS flash into frame and jam a one inch FIRE HOSE NOZZLE into Brooke's metal gag and lock it into place.

BROOKE'S POV

as the reality of her situation is reflected in The Figure's featureless mask. The Figure twists the nozzle so that it's in it's full "open" position. Then uncoils a length of industrial hose and walks toward the pumper engine.

BROOKE SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER, but the hose absorbs most of the sound.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pete is close to finishing off the Trollop. When she starts to moan in ecstasy, he is quick to put a hand to her mouth.

But the sound doesn't seem to stop, only shift phase, as if it's coming from another room.

PETE

What the fuck...?

Pete withdraws and pulls up his pants.

TROLLOP

Where the hell do you think you're going?

PETE

Something's not right. I'm gonna check it out.

She reaches out to slap him but he catches her wrist. Pete smiles.

PETE (CONT'D)

Keep it warm for me.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Brooke is absolutely frantic in her effort to get free.

CLOSE ON THE GLOVED HANDS as they connect the hose to the hub on the side of the pumper and switch the pump compressor on.

CLOSE ON BROOKE'S EYES, wild with fear.

CLOSE ON A GLOVED HAND as it presses the "charge" button.

ANGLE ON THE HOSE, uncoiling wildly as it pressurizes. Brooke can see what's coming.

BROOKE'S HEAD SNAPS BACK as the water begins to flow. She gags and spits, trying to fight it.

INT. FIREFIGHTER QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Pete enters from the bathroom and heads for the fire pole across the room.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

BROOKE CONVULSES

aspirating on the flow of water, unable to breathe. Water sprays from her nose with every convulsion.

Her body is beginning to SWELL.

ANGLE ON THE PRESSURIZATION GAUGE as the line pressure cruises past 100 PSI.

INT. FIREFIGHTER QUARTERS/AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Pete snaps his arms around the pole and begins his descent.

PETE'S POV

coming down the pole, drawn to the sight of Brooke, literally swelling like a balloon, her body unable to absorb the onslaught of water.

PETE
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

Pete hits the floor running.

ANGLE ON THE PRESSURIZATION GAUGE as it tops out at 300 PSI.

PETE runs toward Brooke, desperate to free her. He's less than ten feet away when...

BROOKE POPS

showering the room (and Pete) with bloody water and viscera. What remains of Brooke doesn't appear even remotely human.

Pete collapses to the floor in utter shock, just as the Trollop appears in the doorway. And SCREAMS HER FUCKING HEAD OFF!

EXT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie is sitting on the front steps when a Wellfleet police cruiser pulls up and parks.

The driver's side door opens and out steps SERGEANT PAUL HELLING (50), a tall, thick-necked bear of a man with warm eyes and a dour demeanor.

He softens at the sight of Katie.

SERGEANT HELLING
You okay?

Katie nods.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sergeant Helling inspects the blood-spattered family photograph.

SERGEANT HELLING
So you're absolutely certain this wasn't here before, maybe packed up with the other things from the house?

KATIE
Positive.

Her look says otherwise.

SERGEANT HELLING
You sure about that?

Katie sighs.

KATIE
I dunno, I mean, it was almost four years ago, Sergeant.

SERGEANT HELLING
Please. Call me Paul.

Katie smiles sheepishly.

KATIE
Sorry. Paul. Truth is I haven't even thought about that picture since it happened, I dunno why. I mean, it was right there in the family room where he...

Clearly, Katie has a hard time discussing what happened to her family.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Look, you guys would've collected it as evidence, right?

SERGEANT HELLING

Yes, of course. Unless it wasn't there.

KATIE

Look, I don't know what to tell you, Sergeant...

SERGEANT HELLING

Paul.

KATIE

...I mean, all I know is I went to group therapy, went out for a drink afterward and came home to this.

SERGEANT HELLING

Well, there's no evidence of forced entry.

KATIE

Yeah but I'm not even sure that I locked the door when I left. I haven't been sleeping much lately. It's not impossible that I left it open.

SERGEANT HELLING

Any idea who might wanna do something like this?

KATIE

I dunno. I don't think so.

SERGEANT HELLING

Anyone from work maybe? A disgruntled customer.

KATIE

Nah, I pretty much keep to myself. If I have any enemies, I didn't make them, that's for sure.

Helling removes a large evidence bag from his belt.

SERGEANT HELLING

Mind if I take this?

Katie shakes her head and Helling carefully places the photograph inside the bag.

SERGEANT HELLING (CONT'D)
Well, we'll see if we can't pull any fingerprints from this.

KATIE
At the very least, I'm sure you'll pull mine.

Helling manages a smile.

SERGEANT HELLING
You got somewhere you can go tonight?

KATIE
I'll be fine here.

SERGEANT HELLING
I really think you oughta...

KATIE
(resolutely)
I'll be fine.

Helling eyes her skeptically. Pulls his walkie-talkie from his belt.

SERGEANT HELLING
(into walkie)
Sam12 to dispatch?

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
(over walkie)
Go Sam12.

SERGEANT HELLING
Yeah, I want you to post a patrol car to my twenty for a CPS, over.

DISPATCHER
Copy, Sam12.

Helling holsters his walkie.

KATIE
You don't have to do that.

SERGEANT HELLING

Trust me, you'll feel better
knowing they're outside, at least
for tonight. I know I will.

KATIE

Thanks.

SERGEANT HELLING

And don't worry. We'll get to the
bottom of this.

Judging from her expression, Katie doesn't seem so
sure.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We HEAR the sound of waves CRASHING as we slowly
creep up on a vintage cherry red Corvette in the
otherwise deserted parking lot.

INT. CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

A seemingly younger, less world-weary Katie is making
out with THE BEST LOOKING SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY
YOU'VE EVER SEEN and clearly, she's digging it.

The boy blazes past second base and approaches third,
deftly unbuttoning her skin tight jeans and drawing
the zipper down down down. As his hand caresses her
belly and begin its southerly descent, the SOUND of a
CHILD CRYING permeates the scene.

Wordlessly, she halts the action, looking around for
the source of the crying. It seems to be getting
louder. The Boy tries to start things up again but
she pushes him off.

When she does this, he is no longer The Best Looking
Seventeen-Year-Old Boy You've Ever Seen - he's now
some average looking STONER KID with pimples and
peach fuzz.

And the car they're in is no longer a cherry red
Corvette - it's Stoner Kid's mom's VW Jetta. And
when Katie climbs out of the car to investigate the
crying, she's no longer in the beach parking lot but
rather...

EXT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - WELLFLEET - NIGHT

...in the dirt driveway outside her beautiful family
home near the ocean on Lieutenant's Island.

The crying intensifies. As she moves toward the front door, it opens by itself.

TIME SKIPS AND...

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

...she is inside a long, darkened hallway lined with family photos. The crying is getting louder and louder. Katie peers into the rooms off the hallway as she passes, looking with increased urgency for the source.

The hallway spills out into the...

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

...family room. The crying is almost unbearable now, shrill and echoing. Katie searches the room, panicked, finding nothing. She spins around in frustration to see...

HER FOUR-YEAR-OLD BROTHER ALEX

sitting on the floor in the center of the room, face red and wet, clinging to his favorite stuffed animal.

Katie smiles reassuringly as she slowly approaches him.

KATIE

It's okay, Alex. Everything's okay.

Alex looks up at her, the saddest child in the world.

ALEX

Don't let him kill me, K.T. Don't let him...

LOW ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY as an imposing figure appears, soaked in blood, dragging the lifeless body of a young girl - Katie's sister ALLISON - in one hand and gripping a Rambo-style combat knife in the other.

It's Katie's father, RICHARD. His eyes bespeak the kind of insanity that you absolutely cannot fake. He lets go of Allison with a THUD, crouches down, opens his arms to Alex. Flashes a smile that would make the Devil cry.

RICHARD

Come to Daddy.

Alex begins to cry anew as he toddles toward certain death. Katie wants to run to Alex and stop him but her feet are stuck to the floor - she can't move.

KATIE

Alex! Wait!

As Alex gets closer, Richard raises the knife high above his head. All the while smiling, just smiling. Right as Alex steps into range, he turns back to face his sister.

ALEX

Why did you let him, K.T.? Why?

KATIE

Alex, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Daddy brings the knife down swiftly. On impact we...

CUT TO:

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

FURIOUS KNOCKING at the door as Katie wakes up in a white-hot panic, gasping for breath.

INT./EXT. KATIE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Katie opens the door to reveal TWO WELLFLEET POLICE OFFICERS waiting for her, all business. Let's call them OFFICER PIKE and OFFICER LUTZ.

KATIE

Can I help y-...

OFFICER PIKE

Are you Katie Hathaway?

KATIE

Yeah, I'm....

OFFICER LUTZ

We got orders to take you down to Brewster headquarters.

KATIE

Brewster? What's going...

OFFICER PIKE

You got questions, we got questions...

OFFICER LUTZ

Best you throw on some clothes and
come with us.

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

An underling's office has been hastily converted into a makeshift interrogation room. Three policemen - Brewster POLICE CHIEF ROBERT SCHWALBY (late 50's, stern), Brewster LIEUTENANT MIKE KEELER (40's, rugged) and Wellfleet Sergeant Helling - sit impassively behind a folding table opposite a lone chair occupied by Pete, who is clearly shaken.

CHIEF SCHWALBY

How do you know the decedent?

PETE

We met in group therapy...for panic attacks...I dunno, six months ago.

LIEUTENANT KEELER

And how would you characterize your relationship?

Pete shifts in his seat, looks at him like he just asked the stupidest question in the world.

PETE

Cordial.

CHIEF SCHWALBY (O.S.)

Did you have any reason to think that someone might be out to harm her?

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Andy is now in the hot seat, a bundle of nervous energy.

ANDY

I believe the correct answer to your question is yes and no.

LIEUTENANT KEELER

Could you please elaborate?

ANDY

It's the world, gentlemen. The world today.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Everything about it can either harm or exterminate you and, by extension, that includes everyone in it. So one would have to say that yes, there is cause to believe that someone was for certain out to harm her because everything, and by everything I mean to include everyone, has the potential to inflict harm upon another, be it deliberately with malice aforethought or without any direct intention to inflict harm whatsoever.

Keeler seems particularly irked by this verbal runaround.

LIEUTENANT KEELER

Can you think of anyone *specifically* who might've wished her harm?

ANDY

Well, now you are calling upon me to speculate and that is something that, although I am quite able to do, I think might not be a good thing for me TO do because when one speculates they are forced to make certain assumptions. And we all know the adage about assumptions, about asses and you and me and so forth. So I don't think assumptions are things that I am willing to make nor entertain at this juncture. Perhaps we would do well to stick to the facts, gentlemen? I mean, if I am not mistaken, that is your professional purview, is it not?

CHIEF SCHWALBY (O.S.)

Did you ever socialize outside of the group?

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Liza is now before them in her wheelchair, openly sobbing.

LIZA

No, no, we never had a chance to. But I wish we had, I really wish we had because she was so valiant, you know? So strong and courageous in the face of her struggle that I felt a real kinship with her, a real connection to her story and her hardship. I can't believe that God called her home. I just can't believe it.

Liza starts to blubber. The Officers look to one another and stop just short of rolling their eyes.

LIEUTENANT KEELER (O.S.)

How would you describe the decedent's relationship with Pete McDermott?

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Katie is in the chair. She looks white as a ghost and speaks softly as though in a daze.

KATIE

I dunno, I guess they were seeing each other. I didn't even know they were involved until last night.

LIEUTENANT KEELER

When you were out drinking with the decedent?

KATIE

With Brooke. Yes.

LIEUTENANT KEELER

I see. And what do you know about her relationship with Steve O'Connor?

KATIE

Not much. Just that...

LIEUTENANT KEELER

Just what, Miss Hathaway?

KATIE

Just that Brooke was sleeping with him as well.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Why the hesitation?

KATIE
The girl is dead, Lieutenant. I
just don't wanna make her sound
like some kind of...

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Slut?

Katie shrugs, lowers her gaze. Schwalby flips
through some papers.

CHIEF SCHWALBY
Says here that you also had a
relationship with Mr. O'Conner. Is
that correct?

KATIE
(caught off-guard)
Well, I...I don't know if you'd
call it a relationship.

CHIEF SCHWALBY
What would you call it then?

KATIE
I dunno. I mean, we went to the
movies a few times. Steve was a
nice guy but...it was totally
platonic. At least on my end.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
So the fact that he had a sexual
relationship with the deceased
didn't make you even just a little
bit jealous?

KATIE
Look, I didn't know anything about
any of Brooke's relationships until
last night. I barely knew her.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
And what about you and Pete
McDermott?

KATIE
What about me and Pete McDermott?
There is no me and Pete McDermott.
We attend the same group therapy
meetings - that's it.

Katie looks to Helling - what's wrong with these guys? He does his best to reassure her with a look.

LIEUTENANT KEELER (O.S.)
Has any member of the group ever expressed any intention to harm themselves or others?

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Dr. Spellman now occupies the chair, defiant.

DR. SPELLMAN
I'm afraid I couldn't say.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Couldn't say or won't say?

DR. SPELLMAN
I'm sorry but that question, much like the others, falls under the umbrella of doctor/patient privilege.

Keeler turns to Schwalby.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Whadda ya think, Chief? Does doctor/patient extend to quacks?

Schwalby shrugs.

DR. SPELLMAN
Look lieutenant, you might not feel that there's any value in what I do, and that's your right. But you must also understand that there is a code of ethics that I...

LIEUTENANT KEELER
(reading from a file)
Oh, would those be the same ethics that led to your having charges filed against you for inappropriate conduct with a minor?

DR. SPELLMAN
That has no bearing on...

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Oh and what's this? Contributing to the delinquency of a minor, a sixteen year old boy this time.

LIEUTENANT KEELER (CONT'D)
It's nice to see that you don't
discriminate based on sex.

DR. SPELLMAN
I think if you keep reading, you'll
see that I was completely
exonerated by...

LIEUTENANT KEELER
I don't need to keep reading
because I can hear what my gut is
telling me, loud and clear.

DR. SPELLMAN
Oh really? And what exactly is
your gut telling you, Lieutenant

Keeler gets in his face.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
It's telling me that two of your
patients have died under suspicious
circumstances in less than a week.
It's telling me that you're not
cooperating with us because you're
afraid of incriminating yourself.

DR. SPELLMAN
I am cooperating. I didn't have to
come down here...

LIEUTENANT KEELER
And most of all, it's telling me
that your involvement with these
patients of yours has less to do
with helping them get over their
fears than it does in perpetuating
some sick fantasy of yours.

DR. SPELLMAN
Well, I guess we're both entitled
to our gut feelings, Lieutenant.
Even if one of us is completely
mistaken.

Keeler slides a couple of photographs across the
table to Spellman.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Too bad they aren't.

CLOSE ON THE PHOTOGRAPHS

One is a crime scene photo of Steve's remains, innards splashed all over the Pilgrim Monument lobby.

The other is a photo of Brooke's corpse, a grey flesh shell with a distended wet nothing where her insides should be.

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Pete pushes the photos away and tries to keep the contents of his stomach down.

PETE

Jesus Christ. Look, I don't know nothing about Steve, okay?

LIEUTENANT KEELER

So there was no rivalry between you?

PETE

Hell no, man. I knew the guy from the group, that's it.

LIEUTENANT KEELER

That's weird. 'Cause it says right here that the two of you were in the same graduating class at Nauset. Am I wrong?

PETE

No, you're not, but the guy wasn't even on my radar in high school. We had maybe two classes together in four years. Ran with totally different people.

CHIEF SCHWALBY

Yet the fact that your high school rival was putting the wood to your girlfriend didn't make you angry?

PETE

Look, she wasn't my girlfriend, alright? We were fuck buddies, nothing more, nothing less.

The three cops eye him skeptically.

PETE (CONT'D)

Can't I even get a little bit of professional benefit of the doubt here?

Clearly not.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Let's go over last night again...

PETE
Look, I already told you, I was
upstairs, in the bathroom...

LIEUTENANT KEELER
Porking Miss Barker...

PETE
That's right - porking Miss Barker.
I heard something, okay? So I went
downstairs to check it out and...

INT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The TROLLOP from the firehouse (ANDREA BARKER) is now
in the chair, snapping gum with finesse.

TROLLOP
...and this bitch fucking EXPLODED
all over the place, alright? She
EXPLODED. After I chucked my guts
all over the cement, I called you
guys. Other than that, I don't
know shit!

She glowers at the cops for a long moment.

TROLLOP (CONT'D)
Can I go now or you guys need to
dust my ass for dickprints or some
shit?

The cops look to one another. Keeler closes his
notebook.

LIEUTENANT KEELER
You're free to go. We appreciate
your coming down. We'll contact
you if we need anything further.

TROLLOP
Yeah, well don't call the house.
Last thing I need is another foot
in my ass if Flippy finds out.

The Trollop skanks her way out of the room.

EXT. BREWSTER POLICE HEADQUARTERS- PARKING LOT - DAY

Andy, Liza, Katie and Dr. Spellman stand together in the lot. All heads turn as Pete exits the station and approaches them.

DR. SPELLMAN

You okay, Pete?

PETE

No. I'm not okay. I am very NOT okay.

ANDY

Oh sugar, did they try and trip you up, make you lose sight of the truth of your own story?

DR. SPELLMAN

Andy, please...

ANDY

(continuing)

Because that's what I'd do, especially if I were fully trained in the Reid method that all police officers have or should have been trained in since the landmark case of Miranda versus...

Pete shoves Andy. Andy reacts weirdly to being touched.

PETE

Will you just shut the hell up? I'm not in the mood for your fucking bullshit analysis right now, alright?

ANDY

I'm sorry. I was just trying to put things into context so that we might...

PETE

Someone wants us all dead, Andy! They want us dead! How's that for fucking context?

That shuts Andy up and quick. Resonates with the others as well.

DR. SPELLMAN

Look, this is not the place to discuss this, alright? Let's assemble at my office in an hour, okay?

PETE

Fine. Whatever.

Nods from everyone else.

INT. SCHWALBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Schwalby moves to sit behind his desk. Keeler and Helling sit opposite him.

SCHWALBY

Let's hear it. Who do you like?

Keeler and Helling look at one another. Keeler indicates that Helling should go first.

HELLING

Obviously, I could do no more than hazard a guess at this point...

Schwalby nods "continue".

HELLING (CONT'D)

...but if I were a betting man, my money'd be on McDermott. I mean, he's got motive, opportunity, a prior history with BOTH victims outside of the group and what I consider to be a problematic alibi.

Keeler shoots him a dismissive glance.

KEELER

What, you don't think he was nailing that whore?

HELLING

I think that particular whore would swear to Christ on the cross to whatever scenario you asked her to if there was twenty bucks in it.

Schwalby considers this.

SCHWALBY

What's your take, Mike?

KEELER

Well, I think McDermott's definitely top three. As is that quack Spellman.

SCHWALBY

And the third?

KEELER

I gotta go with Katie Hathaway.

HELLING

That's ridiculous.

KEELER

Is it? One, she's got no alibi.

HELLING

She was home asleep, with two of Wellfleet's finest outside her door.

KEELER

No offense, Paul, but it wouldn't take a master thief to slip out past two of your sleeping cops. Two, she has a romantic past with one victim and a romantic rivalry with another.

HELLING

You don't believe that any more than I do.

KEELER

And three, she's got the cleanest motive of all.

HELLING

Yeah and what's that?

KEELER

She's batshit crazy just like her old man.

Helling's ire is now completely up.

HELLING

That's completely unfounded...and uncalled for.

KEELER

With all due respect, Paul, maybe you're just a little too close to this to see objectively.

HELLING

The hell I am.

KEELER

Look, I get it. You were little Katie's hero. And now she's all grown up.

HELLING

You're way out of line...

KEELER

You wanna bang this girl, Paul? She's of age so I don't give a rusty fuck - more power to you. But the reality of the situation is that we have a young woman here of questionable mental lineage, who has now been directly involved with five violent homicides in the past four years. I think this more than warrants her being our prime suspect.

HELLING

Yeah, well I want it on the record that I completely disagree with your assessment.

KEELER

Fine by me.

The two men look to Schwalby. He lets out a long sigh.

SCHWALBY

Mike, let's put McDermott and Spellman under surveillance, see what they might be up to in their private time.

KEELER

You got it, chief.

SCHWALBY

Sergeant Helling, I suggest your department do the same with Miss Hathaway.

SCHWALBY (CONT'D)

I also think it wise to go back and take another look at the files from the Hathaway murders. Might be something in there that could shed some light.

Helling stands, extends his hand to Schwalby.

HELLING

Thank you, sir. I will let my chief know.

Helling moves to exit, but pauses at the door. Turns back to Schwalby.

HELLING (CONT'D)

Chief, there is one other thing.

Schwalby motions for him to continue.

HELLING (CONT'D)

Well, don't you think someone oughta take a ride out and question Brian Murphy?

Helling's question is met with immediate scorn.

SCHWALBY

Brian Murphy is not a suspect in this case.

HELLING

But sir, he's a member of...

SCHWALBY

I've known Owen Murphy for the better part of thirty years, long before he became a town selectman. And I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna allow his good name to be dragged through the mud on account'a God saw fit to stick him with a defective child. Are we clear on this, Sergeant.

Helling nods reluctantly.

HELLING

Yes sir.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Everyone is agitated, talking over one another.

KATIE
How do you know this,
huh? How do you know
this?

PETE
There's no way this was
some fucking coincidence,
no way...

LIZA
Does this mean they could
be after me? But I
didn't do anything...

ANDY
You must stop shouting.
All this shouting is sure
to trigger my
amfisbitophobia...

DR. SPELLMAN
Settle down, everyone. We need to
remain calm and rational about
this.

PETE
Calm and rational can suck my
pucker, Doc. Because I'm sure as
shit not gonna sit on my hands
while some motherfucker snuffs us
out one by one.

ANDY
Yeah! What he said!

DR. SPELLMAN
Listen, the reality of the
situation is that we don't even
know for certain whether or not the
deaths are even related.

PETE
Are you out of your fucking mind?

LIZA
Two members of a panic disorder
support group die by means of their
greatest fears and you don't think
they're related?

ANDY
Yeah! What she said!

DR. SPELLMAN
I'm not saying they're not related,
I'm just saying we're not certain
if...

Pete has had enough.

PETE

Aw bullshit, Doc. This is the same crap you sprayed us with after Steve died. Now I wasn't in the fucking tower with him but I was in the station house with Brooke, okay? She was murdered, plain and simple. And I think we'd all be a lot better off trying to figure out who wants to fucking kill us and why than sitting here debating the stupid fucking question of whether these deaths are related or not!

ANDY

Yeah! What he...

PETE

Shut up, Andy. Jesus...

Everyone remains silent for a moment. And then...

KATIE

Okay, let's think about this for a minute. Forget the whys for now and let's just assume some freak is targeting us and wants to kill us in the ways that we are most afraid. How does he know?

LIZA

How does he know what?

KATIE

How does he know what we're afraid of? I mean, it's not like we go around bragging about this stuff to people, right? And the chances of this fucker randomly knowing all of our fears is next to impossible. Unless...

Andy's eyes widen with realization...as do Liza's and Pete's. They all instinctively take a step back from each other.

THE GROUP

(together)

Unless he is a member of the group.

DR. SPELLMAN

That's preposterous.

PETE

Who else knows this shit, Doc? Who else has access to your notes?

DR. SPELLMAN

No one. What is said in the group stays in the group.

KATIE

And no one else knows?

DR. SPELLMAN

Absolutely not.

Pete comes to a simple conclusion.

PETE

It's gotta be Brian then.

DR. SPELLMAN

Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Pete...

PETE

Think about it, man. He's listened in on all of our personal shit and we've never even fucking seen the guy!

DR. SPELLMAN

I don't think you understand the severity of his disorder...

PETE

How do we even know he has a disorder, huh? How do we know?

Liza and Andy seem to think this is a good question.

PETE (CONT'D)

All I know is I didn't kill anybody and I'm pretty sure you guys didn't either. But I don't know Brian Murphy from a hole in the wall. I say it's time we chat him up and see what's what.

Spellman looks around and sees nothing but agreement with Pete.

DR. SPELLMAN

Fine. Let's get him on the phone.

As Spellman starts to dial, Pete yanks the speakerphone out of his hands and out of the wall.

PETE

Fuck that. I say he deserves a personal visit.

DR. SPELLMAN

Pete, you need to understand something, alright? Brian hasn't left his home or been in the company of more than one person for over five years now. If a bunch of you show up banging on his door, there's no telling what might happen.

PETE

In light of current circumstances, that's a risk I'm willing to take.

LIZA

I'll drive.

Pete grabs the push handles of Liza's wheelchair and rolls her out of the room. After a beat, Andy follows. Katie eyes Spellman.

KATIE

Well?

DR. SPELLMAN

Well what?

KATIE

Aren't you going to go after them?

DR. SPELLMAN

What good would it do? They've made up their minds.

Katie regards him with a look of utter disdain - useless coward - then heads out after the others.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DUSK

A weathered one-bedroom cottage set alone on a bluff overlooking Cape Cod Bay. Liza's handicapped van rolls up the dirt driveway leading to the house.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DUSK

Pete, Andy, Liza and Katie make their way to the door, all carrying a makeshift hand weapon of some sort (flashlight, crowbar, etc.). As Pete is about to knock...

ANDY

Uh...um...are you guys sure this is a good idea?

KATIE

We're just gonna talk to him, that's all. Right Pete?

PETE

Sure. Just a little chat. Perhaps a spot of tea.

LIZA

What if he has a gun or something? I mean, we have no idea what's on the other side of this door.

ANDY

Don't even SAY that! I'm xenophobic enough as it is!

KATIE

Look, he probably has nothing to do with this, alright? Just stay calm and try not to freak him out too much.

Pete bangs on the door.

PETE

Brian? Open up. It's Pete McDermott. From the group. I just wanna talk.

No response. He bangs on the door again.

PETE (CONT'D)

Come on man, open the door. You're not safe. None of us are. Just open the door and let's figure this out, huh?

Still no response.

PETE (CONT'D)
 (to Andy and Katie)
 Check the windows.

They move in opposite directions but both find the same results.

ANDY
 Uh, it would seem that the windows on this side are boarded up. From the inside.

KATIE
 Same here.

PETE
 Check the back door.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is a disaster. Evidence of a struggle is everywhere. As we survey the cottage's main room, we see that all the windows and doors have indeed been boarded up from the inside.

And each and every one of them shows signs of a bloody struggle to pry them free.

We settle on the nondescript body of BRIAN MURPHY lying prone on the floor. His face is battered and bloodied. Clothes soaked with blood. Fingers ground to bloody nubs from trying to claw his way out.

And did I mention the low HISS coming from the kitchen area?

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy and Katie proceed around the house from opposite directions and meet at the back door. Both reach for the door knob at the same time.

Andy smiles sheepishly as Katie steps back, allowing him the honors. He tries the door - locked.

KATIE
 This is weird.

They return to the front of the house where Pete continues to bang on the door.

PETE
 Open the fucking door, Brian!
 Don't make me bust it down.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian stirs in response to Pete's banging.

BRIAN
 (barely audible)
 Help...oh God...help...

With his last ounce of strength, he begins to drag himself toward the front door.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pete turns to Katie and Andy.

KATIE AND ANDY
 (together)
 Locked.

PETE
 Fuck.

ANDY
 Perhaps we need to take a moment
 and consider the possibility that
 Brian is not currently at home?

PETE
 The guy's a raging agoraphobic,
 Andy. Where the fuck is he gonna
 go?

LIZA
 So what do we do?

PETE
 We go through that door.
 (yells)
 Stand away from the door, Brian.
 I'm coming in.

Pete takes a few steps back and runs at the door, throwing his full weight at it shoulder first. It doesn't budge. He backs up a bit further and tries again and once again, it doesn't budge.

PETE (CONT'D)
 Goddammit. Andy, help me out here.

The two of them take a run at the door. Nothing.

PETE (CONT'D)
It's gotta be reinforced from the
inside. Hand me that crowbar,
Liza.

Pete takes the crowbar and works the area near the lock. It gives way a little. He motions to Andy.

PETE (CONT'D)
Try it again.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian inches closer to the front door as that low HISS continues.

BRIAN
Let...me...out...gotta...get...out.

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy runs full steam at the door. This time it seems to loosen a little. Pete drops the crowbar and he and Andy ram the door full speed, loosening it a bit more but not nearly enough to get inside.

PETE
Fuck!

Everyone steps back a little as Pete grabs the crowbar and starts wailing away on the lock area of the door. Katie's nose crinkles as she sniffs the air.

KATIE
Do you guys smell that?

Andy shrugs. A weird look crosses Liza's face.

LIZA
Yeah, what is that?

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brian has managed to pull himself up against the door, his body shuddering with every blow from the other side.

BRIAN
Gas...the gas...

EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON KATIE

A look of recognition turns to utter panic.

KATIE

PETE! WAIT!

CLOSE ON THE DOOR JAMB

as the crowbar makes contact with the old iron door bolt, causing a SPARK. That's all it takes.

INT./EXT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

AN INSTANT OF HORRIFIED REALIZATION ON BRIAN'S FACE AND THEN...

KA-BLAM!

THE COTTAGE EXPLODES in a shower of wood and debris, the concussion blowing Pete backward, toppling Liza's wheelchair and knocking Andy and Katie to the ground.

ANGLE ON ANDY AND KATIE

as THE TOP HALF OF BRIAN'S BODY lands on the ground between them. They SCREAM.

ANGLE ON LIZA

helpless on her back as THE REST OF BRIAN lands like a wet blanket across her feet. Liza WIGS OUT, using her hands to try and pull herself free of the smoking body parts.

ANGLE ON PETE

Scorched and bruised but seemingly okay as he rises, dazed, and moves to Liza's aid, righting her chair and helping her back into it.

ANGLE ON THE GROUP

as they stand before the smoldering frame of Brian's house, looking on with utter incredulity. Andy uncharacteristically puts a voice to what they're all thinking.

ANDY

We're all fucked.

EXT. WHAT'S LEFT OF BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FIREMEN spray water on the remaining hot spots. Helling and Keeler walk through the crime scene, trying to piece together what happened.

KEELER

Look at this.

He points his flashlight to what remains of a window frame. Pieces of heavy wood remain nailed to the frame.

KEELER (CONT'D)

Countersunk from the inside.

HELLING

Are the rest like this?

Keeler nods.

KEELER

Doors too. And over here...

They cross to the remnants of a natural gas wall heater. Keeler bends down and indicates pieces of torn cloth jammed between what remains of the heater and the wall. Helling pulls free a piece of cloth.

HELLING

Denim.

KEELER

Yep. Same thing with the oven in the kitchenette. Seems to me he was trying to stop the gas...

HELLING

...and couldn't get out.

Keeler nods. Helling ponders this for a moment.

HELLING (CONT'D)

Fuck. The kid was scared to death of leaving the house and this son of a bitch knew it. Took the one place in the world that he felt safe and turned it into a goddamn tomb.

INT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Right smack in the middle of the dinner rush and clearly understaffed. Dani, in the process of putting the final touches on a "works" pizza before it goes in the oven, turns to a TEENAGE WORKER.

DANI

Did you try her cell?

TEENAGE WORKER

Yep. Straight to voicemail.

Dani is clearly pissed off. She slides the pizza into the oven, moves to the phone on the wall and dials. We HEAR Katie's outgoing message and BEEP.

DANI

(into the phone)

Katie, it's Dani. You're fired.

EXT. WHAT'S LEFT OF BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PARAMEDICS are irrigating an abrasion on Pete's forehead and applying a bandage to Andy's arm while Katie and Liza look on. Andy's eyes are closed tight, afraid to look at the wound.

ANDY

Is there blood? There's blood, isn't there? My doctors told me never to look because in all likelihood it would trigger my hemaphobia.

PETE

Aw quit your whining, Nancy. You're fine.

Katie takes hold of Andy's hand reassuringly and he can't help but sneak a peek. Just then, one of the medics applies disinfectant to Pete's wound and he winces.

PETE (CONT'D)

Ow! Christ, will you watch what you're doin'?

Keeler and Helling approach the group looking none too happy.

KEELER

Mind telling us whose bright idea
it was to come snooping around
here?

Liza and Andy point to Pete.

PETE

Gee, thanks for the show of
solidarity, guys.

KEELER

You know, I ought to arrest the lot
of you for trespassing right now.

PETE

Too bad there's no one left alive
to file a complaint.

HELLING

You might wanna swallow some of
that attitude, son. You're all
lucky you're not in pieces like
your pal over there.

KATIE

(under her breath)

Are we?

KEELER

That's right. This is a police
matter and you need to let the
professionals handle it.

Pete laughs.

PETE

Ha! Maybe you "professionals"
oughta take a baseball bat to our
fucking heads right here and now,
save us all some time.

HELLING

What you need to understand is that
these things take time...

PETE

Time? Sure. Three dead in three
days. Take all the time you need,
boys.

Pete stands to leave.

KEELER

Where do you think you're going?

PETE

Home. To my handgun and a fighting chance.

The others don't quite know what to say.

HELLING

He's wrong, you know. We're gonna find whoever's behind this, I promise you that.

KATIE

The only question is, how many of us will be alive when you do?

ANDY

Are we free to go, officers?

Helling and Keeler exchange a glance. Helling nods.

HELLING

We'll be in touch. In the meantime, don't stay alone. If you have a friend or a relative you can stay with...

ANDY

That's not a problem, officer because, you see, I live with my parents and they make a habit of never going out after dark.

LIZA

And I've got my dogs. Bullmastiffs. Very protective.

Andy wheels Liza back toward the van. As Katie turns to follow...

HELLING

And like it or not, Katie, you've got Wellfleet's finest camped outside your door.

Katie tries to manage a smile and comes up short.

EXT. SPELLMAN'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Liza's van rolls to a stop. Andy, Pete and Katie get out and go their separate ways.

LIZA
 (as she pulls away)
 Be safe everyone. My prayers will
 be with you.

Lotta good that will do. Katie is unlocking her car door when something catches her eye - the light is on in Spellman's office. Odd.

INT. HELLING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Commendations on the walls, pictures of his wife and kids on his desk, typical shit. Helling is at his desk, filling out paperwork when an FEMALE OFFICER - let's call her OFFICER MATHIS - enters with a heavy file box and drops it on Helling's desk.

OFFICER MATHIS
 Here's everything we got on the
 Hathaway murders.

SERGEANT HELLING
 Thank you. Prints from that
 photograph back yet?

OFFICER MATHIS
 Ed told me to tell you that he
 couldn't pull anything 'cept the
 girl's.

SERGEANT HELLING
 Damn. Any luck getting ahold of
 Dr. Spellman?

OFFICER MATHIS
 No luck yet. He's not answering at
 home or on his cell.

SERGEANT HELLING
 Give a call over to Yarmouth PD,
 have them send a unit to his home
 and office. I don't care how late
 it is, I want to talk to this guy.

OFFICER MATHIS
 Yes sir.

Mathis exits the room. Helling looks at the file box for a moment. This case is clearly one he does not want to revisit voluntarily.

He sighs, pulls the lid off and withdraws a thick file.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie enters, exhausted and stressed out. As she takes off her coat, she presses the button on her answering machine and hears a QUICK SUCCESSION OF MESSAGES wondering why she's not at work, culminating with Dani firing her.

KATIE

Perfect.

She crosses to the side window and peers outside.

KATIE'S POV

There's a police cruiser parked outside, just like Helling said there would be.

KATIE moves to the hall closet and removes a lockbox hidden beneath some blankets. She punches in the combination and pops the lid.

Inside is a .45 caliber handgun.

Her father's gun.

INT. KATIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Katie lies motionless in the dark, .45 on her chest, her mind racing, unable to sleep. Sheer torture.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Katie stares at her reflection in the mirror. Is it possible that she looks noticeably older than just a few days ago?

She opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a prescription bottle. Pops a few tiny blue tablets into her open palm.

She pauses, returns her gaze to the mirror. Looks to the pills and back again.

Fuck it. She needs this. Katie pops the pills and washes them down with water from the sink.

INT. ANDY'S PARENTS HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Andy shares his living space with his parents' storage items, a washer/dryer combo and a coffin freezer.

The walls are covered with pop culture posters and clippings from the mid-1990's (yes, CHUMBAWUMBA is represented).

He sits at the foot of his folded-out sofa-bed, tapping his foot nervously and watching an old episode of "DAWSON'S CREEK" on TV.

ANDY

Oh Pacey, you're such a scamp...

We HEAR an electronic rendition of Bobby McFerrin's seminal turdfest "*Don't Worry, Be Happy*" and Andy reaches for his cellphone.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

revealing a new text message...from BROOKE'S PHONE. The message appears to have been sent to Andy, Pete and Liza.

"GUYS, ITS KATIE - FOUND B'S CELL - MESSAGES ON IT - THINK I KNOW WHO KILLED HER - MEET AT PAPA G'S IN 20"

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh my...

He grabs his jacket and hurries out the door.

EXT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A cab rolls up and Andy gets out. He walks around the front of the restaurant - it seems locked up tight for the night.

He checks his watch - he's right on time. He heads around to the back door and reaches for the handle - it's locked. We notice a BRIGHT RED SPOT - the telltale sign of a LASER SIGHTING DEVICE - appear on Andy's back an instant before he turns to find...

THE FIGURE standing a few feet away. Before Andy has a chance to react, we hear a CRACK and two wired probes catch him mid-torso.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT! The Figure tasers Andy and he goes down like a sack of potatoes.

BLACK

Nothing but the sound of labored breathing. We HEAR the low WHOOSH of a GAS BURNER igniting. Slowly, orangish-yellow light begins to illuminate the frame from below.

Andy lies unconscious on a solid metal rack. As the light grows stronger, he awakens, sweaty and disoriented. He tries to sit up and bangs his head on a similar rack above him.

What the hell...? And then it hits him. He suddenly realizes where he is.

ANDY

Oh no. Oh my God no...

Andy is in the pizza oven.

He bangs on the cast iron door to the oven. It won't budge.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Oh my God, help! Somebody help me!

INT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE OVEN DOOR

jammed shut with the handle of the oven grease brush. Andy's banging and screaming is barely audible from the outside.

INT. OVEN - CONTINUOUS

There are four racks of equal size in the oven. Andy realizes that he is currently on the one closest to the flames and struggles to haul himself onto the next rack up. He has to contort himself and nearly tumbles into the fire but somehow he manages to make it onto the upper rack.

INT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE CONTROL PANEL

as a gloved hand presses the "ROTATE" button.

INT. OVEN - CONTINUOUS

The oven racks begin to rotate clockwise, bringing Andy's rack closer to the flames before rotating away. He's red-faced now, fidgeting like a motherfucker as he tries to keep as much of his body from resting on the rack as possible.

ANDY

HELP! PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP ME!

INT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON THE TEMPERATURE DIAL

as the gloved hand sets the oven temperature to 250 degrees. Not hot enough to set him aflame but just hot enough to slowly roast him alive.

INT. OVEN - CONTINUOUS

Andy's in an absolute frenzy now, crying and kicking and screaming as his skin begins to blister, panicked beyond his wildest dreams.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Surprisingly larger and nicer than you'd expect.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Pete is asleep in a chair in front of the television, a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels® by his side and a loaded handgun in his lap.

We HEAR the sound of BREAKING GLASS and Pete startles awake. Seconds later, what sounds like FOOTSTEPS from another room.

Pete rises from his chair and moves slowly through the house, turning on lights as he goes and pointing his firearm at empty corners like he's seen so many cops do on TV.

IN THE KITCHEN, he finds a broken window.

PETE

Fuck this.

He crosses to the phone on the wall and grabs the receiver - it's dead. Where's his cell phone? He mouths the word "fuck" as he realizes where he left it...in the living room. Pete creeps back through the house, gun at the ready. As he approaches the living room, he sees that the lights are now out.

Someone's definitely in the house.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey asshole? You familiar with the term "castle doctrine"?

PETE (CONT'D)

It means that I got a God-given
right to shoot you in your fucking
head if you come into my home
uninvited.

Pete hears a noise behind him and spins. Nothing.

PETE (CONT'D)

So unless you wanna find out about
it firsthand, I suggest you take
your monkey ass outta my house
right now!

He steps into one of two doorways leading into the living room. Sees his cell phone on table next to the bottle of Jack. Steels himself to make a run for it and...

The lights go out in the living room.

Pete instinctively steps back, gun held out defensively in front of him. A second later, we HEAR the CLACK of someone flipping a switch and...

The lights go out in the kitchen behind him.

Pete is breathing heavy now, close to hyperventilating. Time to get the hell out of Dodge. He sprints for the front door - tries to open it but it's locked - unlocks the bolt and rushes...

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...outside. Makes it all of three running steps before THE FIGURE swings a baseball bat at Pete, breaking his arm and knocking the gun out of his hand. In an instant, The Figure tackles Pete to the ground, pins his arms with his knees and begins punching his face with fury.

PETE'S POV

looking up at the Figure's eerie mask, watching the distorted reflection of himself as his ability to struggle wanes and he's punched into unconsciousness.

INT. RAY'S CAR - DRIVING - MORNING

Katie's asshole co-worker Raymond is driving to work in his shitty '87 Crown Victoria, singing along with the radio (Billy Joel's "We Didn't Start The Fire" if you must know) at the top of his lungs. It's offensive.

EXT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - MORNING

Through the dining room windows, we see that the restaurant is once again filled with smoke. Ray's Crown Vic pulls into the lot. As he climbs out...

RAYMOND
(to himself)

Goddammit.

He moves to door, sticks a key in the lock...

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
(louder)

Goddammit!

INT. PAPA GINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Smoke pours out of the corners of the oven.

RAYMOND
This is what goddamn happens when
you put a goddamn woman in a
goddamn position of authority...

Ray notices that the oven grease brush has been used to jam the oven door shut and that the oven is making a weird, mechanical straining sound.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
What the...?

He punches the "ROTATE" button and the sound dies. Then dials down the temperature, switches off the oven and pries loose the brush. He tries to open the oven door but it's stuck.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
So help me God, Katie...if you
fucked up this oven...

He yanks on the oven door with all his might and we HEAR a HORRIBLE TEARING SOUND as the door pops opens.

Inside lies a nude, hairless Andy - his clothes and hair burned away as he's been slowly broiled to death.

And that sound we heard? Well, that was the sound of Andy's arms being yanked out of their sockets like drumsticks from a Thanksgiving turkey. Seems in his attempts to get out of the oven, he managed to sear his hands stuck to the oven door.

Raymond SCREAMS like a little girl. His piercing, high-pitched howl bleeds sonically into...

EXT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

...the SCREAMING OF CHILDREN, stretched out, distorted...terrifying. Katie stands in the driveway looking up at the house. Afraid to go inside but knowing she has to. One step forward and...

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Katie's moving down the long, darkened corridor as the screams intensify. Another step forward and...

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - FAMILY ROOM

ABSOLUTE DEAFENING SILENCE as Katie steps into the family room. Her sister Allison lies at the foot of the couch, blood pooling around her head. Mother Elena is draped at Allison's feet, hands tattered from defensive wounds, belly crimson with wet death.

The THUNK of a knife hitting home, followed by a pathetic, childish WHIMPER causes Katie to all but jump out of her skin. She whips around to see...

HER FATHER RICHARD, hand wrapped around the handle of a butcher knife slammed all the way through her brother Alex's narrow torso. He gazes mindlessly at his only son, stroking his hair with affection, watching him die.

Alex turns to look at Katie.

ALEX

Why did you let him, K.T.? Why?

Katie recoils as Alex disgorges a stomachful of blood all over his father's chest and lap.

Richard yanks the knife from the child's chest. Looks up at Katie with pure, unadulterated insanity in his eyes and smiles.

RICHARD

Run.

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

And Katie is running as fast as her legs will carry her, her blood-soaked father and his knife in hot pursuit.

EXT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

The door flings open and Katie rushes outside. Daddy's right behind her. Her foot catches on the root of a tree and she falls flat on her face. She flips over to see her father looming over her, wild-eyed, poised to attack.

She tries to scramble backwards but it's no use. Her father raises the knife...

RICHARD

It all...ends.

BLAM! Without warning, his head DETONATES like a ripe tomato hit with a sledgehammer. As his body pitches forward and collapses onto Katie, we RACK FOCUS to...

HELLING standing in the near distance, smoking gun extended, smiling like a jackal.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Katie's eyes snap open as she awakens to a RINGING phone. She takes a long moment to orient herself and then answers it.

KATIE

Yeah?

LIZA (O.S.)

(talking a mile a minute)

Oh my Jesus, oh my dear sweet Jesus. He's dead, Katie. He's dead! Oh my Jesus...

KATIE

Liza?

LIZA (O.S.)

The killer got to him and now he's...oh my Jesus, Katie. Oh my Jesus...

KATIE

Slow down, Liza. Who's dead?

LIZA (O.S.)

It's Andy, may his soul rest in peace.

Katie swallows hard.

KATIE
What...happened to him?

LIZA (O.S.)
They found him at Papa Gino's,
Katie. In the oven.

Katie drops the phone without hanging up. We can hear Liza as she trails off...

LIZA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They want to talk to you, Katie.
They're on their way. Oh my
Jesus...

Katie puts her head in her hands.

KATIE
(to herself)
We're all gonna die.

We HEAR a BANGING at the door. Katie sighs and climbs out of bed. As she does, something clatters to the floor. She turns back to look and finds a cellphone - a cellphone that isn't hers.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

as she punches the INFO button:

"Property of ANDY FLAGLER"

The gears of Katie's mind slowly strip as a thousand questions present themselves, most prominently, "How did this get here?" and "What does this mean?". The BANGING on the door continues. What the hell is she gonna do?

INT./EXT. KATIE'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Katie opens the door to reveal her two favorite cops, Officers Pike and Lutz.

KATIE
Good morn-...

OFFICER PIKE
Enough with the small talk.

OFFICER LUTZ
We got orders to take you down to
Brewster headquarters.

OFFICER PIKE
Again. Is this becoming a habit?

OFFICER LUTZ
Looks like it to me.

OFFICER PIKE
Cuz this is how habits form.

OFFICER LUTZ
Through repetition and such.

OFFICER PIKE
However, we do have our orders.

OFFICER LUTZ
So if you would be so kind as to
grab your essentials...

OFFICER PIKE
...we'll be off then.

KATIE
No.

OFFICER LUTZ
Come again?

KATIE
Look, I'm not talking to you guys
or anyone else, voluntarily or
otherwise until I speak with
Sergeant Helling.

Lutz looks to Pike. Pike shrugs.

OFFICER LUTZ
Ah, what the Christ...

Lutz trudges back to the patrol car to call it in.

INT. HELLING'S OFFICE - DAY

Katie paces back and forth in front of Helling's
desk.

KATIE
And there were no signs of a break
in?

HELLING

None. Whoever did this to Andy must have had access to the restaurant. Which I'm afraid, at least for the time being, keeps you on Keeler's suspect list.

Katie nods, trying to make sense of it all.

KATIE

(sounding a bit manic)

No, he's right. He's right to keep me on the list. I mean, I have access, right? It could've been me.

HELLING

Or the person that broke into your house the other night. They could've easily copied your key and...

KATIE

But what if I DID do it, Sergeant? What if I did?

HELLING

What are you talking about, Katie?

KATIE

I dunno...I mean, I kinda feel like this is all...somehow unreal, you know? Like I'm in some waking nightmare where I can't tell what's real and what's not anymore.

HELLING

With all that's happened, I think you're just a little stressed out. And rightfully so. As soon as we find this guy...

KATIE

(interrupting)

I can't account for my whereabouts last night. I took these pills, to help me sleep, and I just...I blacked out for like, ten hours. I don't remember falling asleep, I have keys to the restaurant, I mean...it could've been me.

Helling smiles.

HELLING

No, it couldn't have. My officers were stationed outside all night and they saw nobody, coming or going.

KATIE

Well, how do you explain this then?

Katie hands him Andy's phone.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I found this on my bed this morning. Press the info button.

Helling does just that and surprise crosses his face as he realizes it belonged to Andy.

KATIE (CONT'D)

It gets better. Check out the most recent text message.

Helling punches some buttons and the last message Andy received comes up on the screen - the one asking him to come to Papa Gino's after closing.

KATIE (CONT'D)

That message was supposedly sent after midnight. I took my pills before eleven. And look...

Katie pulls out her own cellphone.

KATIE (CONT'D)

...there's no record on my phone of me sending that message.

As she is about to hand her phone to Helling, it CHIMES, indicating a new text.

ANGLE ON THE PHONE

as the following text is displayed:

"SPELLMAN IS AT MY HOUSE. HE HAS A GUN. HE WANTS YOU TO COME ALONE. NO COPS."

Katie's face turns white as a sheet.

SERGEANT HELLING

What is it?

She looks up at him and...

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAY

Four police cars pull up, lights blazing. Helling is at the wheel of the lead car with Katie riding beside him. As Helling unlocks the shotgun mounted behind his head...

HELLING

Stay in the car. I mean it.

Katie nods in agreement. Helling and the other OFFICERS mass at the front door. They try the doorknob - it's unlocked.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAY

The TV is blaring as the cops surge in and methodically sweep the first floor. Nothing. They cautiously proceed upstairs, checking the guest rooms and the bathroom before encountering a locked door at the end of the hallway.

On the count of three, they bust down the door and enter...

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM - DAY

...to find Pete tied to the four posts of his bed, a rag stuffed in his mouth. A thin sheet of plywood has replaced the mattress and box spring and a steel box the size of a trunk lies below, flush with the plywood.

The Officers sweep the room - it's clear.

HELLING

Get him loose.

While the other officers work on this, Helling checks for a pulse.

HELLING (CONT'D)

He's alive.

He reaches to remove the rag from his mouth...

HELLING (CONT'D)

Don't worry, son. We're gonna get you out of here.

...and as he pulls it out, the angry snout of a large RAT, matted with blood, follows it out.

That's right.

A fucking rat has gnawed through the back of his neck
and out his mouth.

Helling recoils.

HELLING (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ!

Pete moans in agony.

INT. HELLING'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Katie is on edge, listening to the police radio and watching the house for any sign as to what's going on.

RANDOM COP
(on radio)
Sam 8 to dispatch?

DISPATCHER
(on radio)
Go, Sam 8.

RANDOM COP
Ah, we've got a male Caucasian
who's 10-46. Need a wagon
dispatched to this location, code
3.

DISPATCHER
Sam 8, is patient conscious and
breathing?

RANDOM COP
Ah, that's affirmative, dispatch.

That's all Katie needs to hear. She exits the vehicle and heads into the house.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cops continue to work on Pete's bonds when they notice his torso begin to bubble underneath his shirt.

RANDOM COP
What the fuck...?

Helling reaches down and lifts up Pete's shirt just as...

A DOZEN BLOOD-SOAKED RATS RIP THROUGH HIS CHEST
CAVITY, EATING THEIR WAY **THROUGH** HIM.

RANDOM COP #2

Oh my God...

HELLING

Get him out of there!

He pushes one of the cops aside and works to untie Pete. He manages to get one of Pete's arms free just as another Officer frees the other. As they sit him up, they reveal the full extent of his injuries.

His back is a bloody patchwork of torn, devoured flesh. Ribs are shattered, pieces of shredded organs dangle between them. One can only imagine the agony that Pete suffered through - bet he's glad to be dead.

This is too much for some of the cops and they vomit in disgust. Right about then, Katie enters the room. As she processes what she sees, she backs against the wall and slowly sinks to the floor in shock.

EXT. PETE'S HOUSE - DAY

A CROWD looks on as what's left of Pete's body is loaded into the meat wagon. Katie sits on the curb in front of the house. Officer Mathis has her arm around her, rubbing her shoulder.

OFFICER MATHIS

Is there any one we can call?

Katie shakes her head - she's got nobody. Helling approaches from the house.

HELLING

(to Mathis)

What's the status on Liza Ryman?

OFFICER MATHIS

No one's been able to raise her on the phone. Patrolmen went to her home. They found her van and her dogs but no Liza.

HELLING

Keep trying, okay?

Mathis nods, rises and walks away. Helling sits down next to Katie.

HELLING (CONT'D)

You okay?

KATIE

Actually, I'm doing quite well considering the fact that I'm as good as dead.

HELLING

Don't say that, Katie. Don't even think it.

KATIE

Why not? It's the truth. The only thing left to find out is whether I get it first or Liza does.

HELLING

We've got an APB out on Dr. Spellman. The Boston stations are gonna run his picture on the six o'clock news, he'll be in every paper in the morning. He won't be able to show his face without somebody tipping us off.

KATIE

And what if it's not Spellman?

Good question. If Helling's expression is any indication, it's a question he's not willing to entertain.

INT. PATROL CAR - TWILIGHT

Katie, lost in thought, seems small and fragile in the back seat as Pike and Lutz drive her home.

PIKE

You see the UFC title fight the other night?

LUTZ

Yeah. Terrific match.

PIKE

Just terrific.

Beat.

PIKE (CONT'D)

Although I gotta say, I think they're really missing the boat in not marketing these fights to the homosexual demographic.

LUTZ

Come again?

PIKE

What? Homos would love UFC.

BZZZZZZ. Katie's cellphone vibrates.

ANGLE ON KATIE'S CELL PHONE

displaying a new text message...from STEVE'S PHONE!

"i told u NO COPS. now the cripple DIES."

Fuck. Whoever's doing this has set his sights on Liza. Katie's conflicted - should she tell the cops? She decides instead to reply and starts tapping out a message.

LUTZ

Uh, I watch UFC all the time. What are you talking about?

PIKE

I'm talking about guys humping each other. In tights.

LUTZ

The UFC is not gay.

PIKE

I didn't say it was.

ANGLE ON KATIE'S PHONE

as she finishes her message and hits SEND.

"WHY DON'T YOU GO FUCK YOURSELF YOU COWARDLY PIECE OF SHIT"

Pike and Lutz continue, oblivious.

LUTZ

These are men's men. Ultimate fighters. They have to have physical contact because they're fighting.

PIKE

I understand that but...

LUTZ

Besides, gays wouldn't be fighting.
Gays HATE fighting. This is a
known fact.

PIKE

You make a valid point.

BZZZZZZ. Katie receives three new text messages in rapid succession. Katie cycles through them.

"YOU KNOW THEY'RE ALL DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU, RIGHT?"

"YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE"

"YOU AND YOU ALONE"

This gets to Katie. Tears well in her eyes. She punches out a response:

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!"

PIKE (CONT'D)

But come on. You don't think those
guys get hard rolling around with
each other?

A long beat. Lutz looks at Pike as though he just sprouted another head.

PIKE (CONT'D)

Seriously.

BZZZZZZ. A new text message.

*"WANT TO SAVE HER? COME TO YOUR OLD HOUSE AT MIDNIGHT. NO
COPS. IF YOU DON'T, SHE DIES. AND THEN YOU DIE."*

Katie wipes the tears from her eyes, a resolute calm washing over her.

LUTZ

I'm done talking to you.

An even longer beat.

PIKE

I bet they get hard sometimes. I
bet they do.

INT. HELLING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Helling enters, removes his jacket and takes a seat behind his desk. Rubs his eyes. He looks tired. Defeated.

He reaches into the file box on the floor and removes more of the Hathaway files, begins to flip through them.

HELLING'S POV

as he opens a file containing crime scene photos. Horrific images of Katie's dead family. He flips through them, stops on a photo taken outside the home as a body is being wheeled out on a stretcher.

Katie can be seen in the corner of the frame. Younger. Vulnerable. Yet beautiful.

But then something else catches his eye. A face in the crowd of looky-loos gathered at the scene. Could that be...?

Helling opens a desk drawer and removes a magnifying glass. We aren't allowed the luxury of seeing what he sees.

Just then, Officer Mathis enters, bearing another file.

OFFICER MATHIS

Hey sarge, I figured as long as you were going through this stuff, I oughta pull everything we had on Richard Hathaway as well.

HELLING

(distracted)

Oh, uh...thanks.

OFFICER MATHIS

Weird how the victim becomes the criminal sometimes, isn't it?

HELLING

Huh?

OFFICER MATHIS

Hathaway. Guy had a stalker from B.U. where he taught. Renewed a restraining order three times.

HELLING

When was this?

OFFICER MATHIS

Oh, I'd say five, maybe six years ago. Before your time.

This piques Helling's interest. He starts pouring through the files.

INT./EXT. KATIE'S FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Pike and Lutz walk Katie to the door.

LUTZ

Okay, so...

PIKE

We'll be right outside.

LUTZ

If you need us.

Pike sighs.

PIKE

All night.

LUTZ

Again.

Katie manages a brief smile.

KATIE

Thanks.

PIKE

Protect and serve.

LUTZ

That's what we do.

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie quickly moves to the hall closet and gets her father's handgun. Loads it. And sneaks out a side window. Pike and Lutz haven't a clue.

INT. HELLING'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Helling reads through the files, connecting the dots, until he finds the one piece of concrete evidence that convinces him that he knows who's behind all this.

HELLING
(to himself)
Son of a bitch.

Just then, his phone BUZZES. It's a text message ...from DR. SPELLMAN.

"I HAVE K T. SHE DIES UNLESS U COME TO HER OLD HOUSE ALONE AT MIDNIGHT. LEAVE YOUR GUN."

HELLING (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

He grabs his walkie.

HELLING (CONT'D)
Sam12 to Sam9.

PIKE (O.S.)
(on radio)
Go for Sam9.

HELLING
Yeah, I need you to go inside and confirm that Miss Hathaway is at the location, over.

PIKE (O.S.)
Lights are all on, sarge. There's been no activity since...

HELLING
Just do it, Pike.

Helling removes his service revolver from its holster and places it on his desk. Pulls out his keys and unlocks the bottom drawer of his desk. Removes a small snub nosed revolver in an ankle holster.

PIKE (O.S.)
Sam9 to Sam12.

HELLING
Go for Sam12.

PIKE (O.S.)

Yeah, um, look, we're real sorry about this sarge, but she seems to have slipped out. We don't know how she...

Helling switches off the radio and straps on the ankle holster. Places his service revolver in the drawer, locks it, then heads out.

As he does, he knocks that crime scene photo, the one we're not allowed to see, to the floor.

EXT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Katie looks up from the dirt driveway at the beautiful house she once called home. A weathered FOR SALE sign stands sentinel in the front yard. She steels herself and heads for the front door.

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

The house is devoid of furniture and appointments - nothing but big empty rooms. The front door slowly opens and Katie enters cautiously, gun at the ready. She climbs the short staircase to the main floor and enters the long, dark corridor leading to the family room.

NOTE: These shots should mimic what we've seen in Katie's dreams.

She hears a MUFFLED NOISE from somewhere down the hallway. She creeps up to the door to what used to be her little brother's bedroom and slowly opens it.

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

KATIE'S POV

revealing LIZA, bound and gagged to her wheelchair, wheels locked, in the corner of the room.

Katie rushes to her, removes the gag and gets to work on her binds.

LIZA

(hysterical)

Oh Katie, thank God. We have to get out of here, we have to...

KATIE

Don't worry, I'm gonna get you out.

LIZA

He's lost his mind, Katie, he's totally lost his mind. He's obsessed with you, we have to get out of here before he comes back, before he...

KATIE

Who? Before who comes back?

LIZA

Helling!

KATIE

What?

LIZA

Sergeant Helling!

Katie takes a step back - she's totally floored.

KATIE

But that can't be...that doesn't...that doesn't make any sense.

LIZA

He's CRAZY, Katie. He thinks he's your father now, thinks he's somehow protecting you.

Katie is having a hard time coming to grips with this.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Hurry! We gotta get out of here!

Katie gets her untied and wheels her into the hallway toward the front door.

LIZA (CONT'D)

No wait. We can't leave Dr. Spellman.

KATIE

What?

LIZA

He's all tied up in the back there.

Liza indicates the family room.

LIZA (CONT'D)
We can't just leave him here.

KATIE
Shit.

She spins Liza's chair around and heads toward the family room. Just as she gets to the end of the hallway, she is stopped by a booming voice.

HELLING (O.S.)
KATIE STOP!

Katie spins, levels her gun at Helling now standing at the far end of the hallway. He raises his hands and speaks slowly and calmly to Liza.

HELLING (CONT'D)
Look, I left my gun just like you told me to. You don't have to do this, Elizabeth. Let's just talk, okay?

Helling inches down the hallway. Liza spins her chair around and slowly backs up so that Katie is between her and Helling.

KATIE
Stop right where you are!

Helling ignores her and continues to inch forward.

HELLING
Elizabeth O'Donnell, that's your real name isn't it?

LIZA
You stay away from me, you loony toon!

HELLING
I know all about you, Elizabeth. I know the pain you must be going through and I want to help.

LIZA
You're insane, you murdering psycho!

KATIE
Don't come any closer. I mean it!

HELLING

There's nothing more painful than unrequited love, Elizabeth. You and I both know this. Everybody knows this. People will understand why you did what you did.

Katie pulls back the hammer on the .45.

KATIE

Don't make me do this...

Helling holds his hands out in front of him.

HELLING

Just let me help you, Elizabeth. That's all I want. That's all any of us wants.

HELLING'S POV

Staring down the barrel of Katie's gun. Behind her, we see LIZA STAND AND POINT A GUN AT KATIE'S HEAD.

Helling drops to one knee and goes for his ankle holster.

HELLING (CONT'D)

KATIE LOOKOUT!

But before he can get to it, KATIE SHOOTS HIM, square in the chest. Helling collapses in a dying heap to the floor.

Katie is in shock. She can't believe what she's done. She moves toward Helling, gun trained on him the entire time. Blood pools beneath him. It's only a matter of time.

He struggles to speak, blood gurgling from his mouth with every syllable.

HELLING (CONT'D)

You're...not...crazy...

And with that, he DIES.

Katie is wracked with conflicting emotion, uncertain of how to feel. Then she feels the muzzle of Liza's gun against the back of her head...

LIZA
 (with a deeper, more assured voice)
 Gun, please.

...and her reality is completely fucked. Katie
 surrenders her weapon.

LIZA (CONT'D)
 Let's go.

Liza leads her at gunpoint down the hall and into...

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liza wasn't kidding. Dr. Spellman is gagged and tied
 to a folding chair in the center of the room. He's
 been beaten pretty badly. A number of CELL PHONES
 are on the floor at his feet.

As soon as Spellman sees Katie, his eyes go wild and
 despite the futility of it all, he struggles to get
 free.

LIZA
 Stop right here.

Liza removes the magazine from her original gun,
 tosses it out of the room and drops the useless
 weapon at Spellman's feet.

LIZA (CONT'D)
 Nice gun, huh? Pete certainly had
 great taste in weapons, I'll give
 him that.

Liza wraps her arm around Katie's neck from behind,
 pushing the muzzle of Katie's gun against her
 breastbone.

LIZA (CONT'D)
 You ready to die yet?

Katie says nothing.

LIZA (CONT'D)
 No?

Liza sighs.

LIZA (CONT'D)
 Okay then.

In one fluid movement, she extends her arm toward Dr. Spellman and FIRES A SINGLE ROUND THAT CATCHES HIM RIGHT BETWEEN HIS EYES. His final thought now decorates the wall behind him.

KATIE

NO!

She rushes to him as he bleeds out, helpless to do anything to save him. Liza smiles.

LIZA

You know, I gotta tell ya, watching Spellman struggle with his fear of death these last few hours, knowing that his death was inevitable, was far more entertaining than I thought it would be.

Katie turns to face Liza and collapses to her knees, totally broken.

KATIE

Just do it.

LIZA

Aw Katie, you disappoint me.

KATIE

Fuck you. Kill me.

LIZA

But you don't even know why...

KATIE

I don't know and I don't care. Just fucking do it already.

Liza is taken aback.

LIZA

No. NO. You're not in charge here, I'm in charge. I'm in charge! And I didn't spend years of my life waiting for this very moment to let you ruin it.

Katie walks to Liza and presses her forehead against the barrel of the gun.

KATIE

Just shut up and do it.

Katie reaches for the trigger and Liza pistol-whips her, sending her sprawling to the floor.

LIZA

No, you're gonna know, Katie.
You're gonna know what you've done
to me and my life before I make you
pay for it.

KATIE

I don't care.

LIZA

(absolute evil)

Really? Well, your brother seemed
to care. When I drove that knife
through his heart.

She tries not to react but Katie can't help but recoil, just a little.

LIZA (CONT'D)

And I'll still never forget the
sound that your sister made when I
slit her throat. It was at once
heartbreaking and oddly amusing.

Katie looks at her incredulously.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Oh, have I got your attention now?
I'm guessing your father never told
you about me, did he? Never told
you about how much in love we were
or how trapped he felt in his
pitiful little life with his
pitiful wife and his pitiful kids.
He loved me. All he ever felt for
you was obligation.

Liza's demeanor changes.

LIZA (CONT'D)

So you can imagine my surprise when
he told me he couldn't be with me
anymore. How he had to put his
family first. Had to put their
well-being before his personal
happiness. And mine. Naturally, I
wasn't about to take this lying
down. So I went to your mother.
Told her everything.

She scratches her temple with the muzzle of the gun.

LIZA (CONT'D)

And you know what she did? She forgave him. She poisoned his mind against me. Involved the police. Did a lot of damage...a LOT of damage...but me, I was young, I was a romantic. I believed in true love. I mean, how could I not? I waited my entire life for the connection that your father and I had. It was so pure...so right...how could I not defend it?

Yeah, Liza's seeming kinda nuts about now.

LIZA (CONT'D)

And then it hit me. I realized that the only way to get past the barriers that were keeping us apart was to remove those barriers.

KATIE

So you killed my family?

Liza laughs.

LIZA

You say that like I had a choice. The fact that you're even alive now...well, that's proof of God's existence to me. Because I waited for you, Katie. I waited with that knife in my hand, ready to fucking end you. But for some reason you decided to ignore your curfew that night, didn't you? And then your father came home early and well...

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Richard is absolutely destroyed as he discovers the bodies of his wife and children. Cradling his dead son, he reaches for the phone and calls the police.

RICHARD

(into phone)

They're dead. They're all dead...

He drops the phone and falls to his knees sobbing.

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Liza continues her story.

LIZA

Not long after that, you finally
come home. And fucked up
everything.

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Richard can't help himself - he can't stand to see
the knife protruding from his son's chest - so he
grabs the handle and yanks it out.

Just then, Katie enters the family room. Sees the
bodies. Sees her father, shirt soaked with blood,
cradling her dead brother with a butcher knife in his
hand and FREAKS out.

She runs screaming from the family room.

RICHARD

Katie! Wait!

Richard chases after her.

EXT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Katie runs out of the front door, screaming her head
off. Her foot catches on the root of a tree and she
falls flat on her face. She flips over to see her
father looming over her, knife in hand.

HELLING jumps out of his patrol car and draws his
gun.

HELLING

Stop right there!

Richard turns to look at Helling, then back to Katie.
He moves closer to her and...

HELLING FIRES, a perfect shot to the head.

INT. HATHAWAY FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Liza's expression reflects a hopelessness that is
beyond sad.

LIZA

And at that moment, my life effectively ended. To go on, I mean...I couldn't see the point.

Liza sighs and leans against the wall.

LIZA (CONT'D)

You know, it's unfortunate that we never got around to talking about MY greatest fear in group. You wanna know what it is?

KATIE

Not particularly.

Liza smiles.

LIZA

It's being alone. Alone without any chance of ever being with the only person on God's green earth that I ever truly loved. And you did this to me, Katie. You made me realize my greatest fear. I suppose it only seems right that I do the same to you.

She crosses to Spellman's corpse and puppets his head as though he is speaking.

LIZA (CONT'D)

(in an affected voice)

Only a crazy person would kill all their friends.

She steps away and speaks in her own voice.

LIZA (CONT'D)

Only a crazy person would kill all their friends and take their cell phones. Only a crazy person would kill a cop.

KATIE

You finished?

LIZA

Pretty much, yeah. Except to say that you're fucked. All of this is gonna stick to you, Katie. All of it.

Katie takes a deep breath. Chooses her words carefully.

KATIE

I want you to believe me when I say this, because, I mean, I don't say this lightly. And I feel like I'm more than qualified to offer this opinion.

LIZA

Oh please, go right ahead.

KATIE

You are one fucked up bitch.

Liza smiles, shrugs.

KATIE (CONT'D)

And you know what happens to crazy fucked up bitches like yourself?

LIZA

No. Enlighten me.

KATIE

They get caught, that's what happens. Because they think they know what they're doing, think they've planned every last thing down to the smallest detail. But they haven't. Because they're crazy. And fucked up. So even though it's a cliché, I feel confident in saying, from one crazy fucked up bitch to another, that you will never get away with this.

We hear POLICE SIRENS in the background. Liza grins.

LIZA

You're wrong about that. Cause I already did.

With that, she takes Katie's gun, sticks it in her mouth and pulls the trigger.

BLAM!

The grey origin of her insanity splatters red against the ceiling.

And as the sirens grow louder and louder, we HOLD ON Katie, absolutely stunned.

Liza was right - there's no way to talk her way out of this. Everything points to her. And she did kill Helling after all.

She's utterly FUCKED.

Katie can't help but laugh, softly at first, but soon growing in volume and mania.

EXT. HATHAWAY FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

FLASHING LIGHTS everywhere. Emergency vehicles fill the driveway. Officers Pike and Lutz lead Katie out of the house in handcuffs.

The grin on her face is disturbing.

As they load her into the back of a patrol car and shut the door...

PIKE

What a shame.

LUTZ

What a goddamn shame.

INT. WELLFLEET POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A LOW ANGLE TRACKING SHOT stalking down the station hallway. We turn to enter Helling's office and come to rest on a CLOSE UP of that crime scene photo, the one that piqued Helling's interest, lying next to a trash can.

An image of paramedics wheeling out the bodies of Katie's siblings. A crowd of looky-loo's observe from behind police lines.

And within that crowd, we see the younger face of LIZA, watching the scene with great interest...

Until the photo is yanked from view by the NIGHT JANITOR. Thinking it trash, he adds it and the contents of Helling's waste basket to his cart and trundles out of the office.

BLACK