

The Devil Made Me Do It

By

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After a dead woman is found trapped inside a concrete pole, a psychiatrist recovering from a sex scandal discovers her new patient is the killer, now manipulating her to join forces.

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: "**1 Timothy 2:14: And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.**"

EXT. CITY OF MASSACHUSETTS - ESTABLISHING SHOT - MORNING

A vibrant summer morning in the city.

The sun shines brightly as people bustle about, setting a lively atmosphere.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A sleek Beemer glides down the road.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (45F) listens intently to her iPhone podcast, her fingers tapping nervously on the steering wheel.

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)

Come on! Nobody saw this coming?

BRUCE (O.S.)

Well, let's get into it. We know her psychological profile was leaked intentionally. The revelations are unsettling, but that's just how our justice system operates.

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)

That's a convenient excuse. This has outraged the medical industry—secret surgeries, accidental deaths? How can this just fly under the radar?

BRUCE (O.S.)

It's easy to overlook the signs, isn't it? We all know the mantra: 'See something, say something.' But how many actually do?

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)

Alrighty then, on that note, welcome to 'Murder by Numbers.' I'm Anthony Dixon, and today we have a special guest, Bruce 'the Goose' Carter, an ex-detective.

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Dr. Marvaul listens intently, her brow furrowing slightly as she processes the conversation.

PODCAST HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I won't tell your audience how you  
became 'Bruce the Goose.'

A flicker of embarrassment crosses her face, revealing her struggle between curiosity and discomfort.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
It's not a secret, I mean...

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)  
She's become quite the sensation,  
hasn't she? We reached out to her  
after the controversy, but she never  
got back to us.

EXT. BEACON HILL, MA. - MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul pulls into a parking space, turning off the car.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

She stares at her left hand, admiring a beautiful black diamond ring, while a faint sound of a podcast plays in the background.

A flicker of doubt crosses her face as she removes the ring and tosses it into the cupholder.

EXT. MARKET - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

A security guard is on his cell phone, animatedly recounting a story.

SECURITY GUARD  
Man, I'm suing UBER! Dude spit on me  
because I dropped him off across the  
street!

He pauses, watching Dr. Marvaul walk by, a smile creeping onto his face.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Damn, why can't any of my riders be  
that fine?

INT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul enters, greeted by JOE (23M) and AMY (22F), the store managers.

A look of surprise appears on Amy's face.

AMY

What's she doing at the budget market?

JOE

(shrugs) Who knows?

An elderly customer approaches, looking concerned.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, what are you doing about that awful smell?

JOE

We're looking into it, ma'am.

The customer walks away, and Joe rolls his eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)

Geriatric pain in my ass.

AMY

She's complained to everyone.

A female employee approaches.

Joe walks away, avoiding her.

She becomes visibly annoyed.

EMPLOYEE

(sighs)

The smell is coming from out back. Something must have died.

AMY

I'll check it out. Oh, remember, just do what I told you.

The employee, a mix of annoyance and stress, nods.

INT. CEREAL AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul is on her AirPods, speaking with her mother, DR. MARTHA VAN MARVAUL (64F), as she reaches for some cereal.

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DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(staring at the cereal box)  
Am I missing something?

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Better remember because I sure don't.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
She always has an invisible list; my  
child needs to do her own shopping.

Dr. Marvaul places the generic brand of Cinnamon Toast Crunch  
into her cart.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Don't buy the generic brand either.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(sighing, grabbing the real  
Cinnamon Toast Crunch)  
So unhealthy.

She glances down the aisle, noticing Amy hustling.

Hesitation washes over her.

INT. CHECKOUT COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Marvaul approaches the line, her mother's voice still in  
her ear.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Are you dropping off the groceries  
before work?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Mom! Do you have to know my every  
move?

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Just making conversation. Miss Smarty!

Dr. Marvaul's patience wears thin as the line barely moves.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I'm sorry. Just on edge. I have so  
many patients to see today.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
I told you about that. You can't keep  
spreading yourself too thin, honey. I

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know you're dealing with a lot. It's psychologically unhealthy.

The customer ahead of her reads a pamphlet, oblivious to the others waiting.

MARTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It's called 'Avoiding.'

The customer puts the pamphlet back, causing a plethora of others to fall onto the floor.

Dr. Marvaul kneels down, picking up pamphlets that read,

**"Genesis 3:13 - 'And the LORD God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The Serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.'"**

She scoffs, placing the pamphlets back on the shelf.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I know, mom.

She piles her groceries onto the conveyor belt.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
So, you're gonna be late again tonight?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Yes, ma'am.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Have you even talked to him yet?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
No. He won't budge. I really appreciate you keeping her, though.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Something has to change eventually. But I'll let you go now, Missy. Talk to you later, baby.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
OK, Mom. Love you.

Dr. Marvaul places her AirPods into her work bag, glancing anxiously toward the back of the store.

The checker gives her a double glance.

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CHECKER

Oh wow, it's you! You looked gorgeous  
in your interview.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Thank you so much.

The checker smiles, ringing up her items.

INT. REAR OF MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Amy searches the back of the store, opening the back door.

She gasps at the overwhelming smell.

EXT. REAR OF MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Amy approaches a mysterious crack at the base of the  
building's pole, noticing a brownish-gray substance leaking  
out.

She grabs her radio.

AMY

Joe, I think we need to call someone  
about this smell. It's coming from out  
back.

JOE (O.S.)

Really! Damn! I'll call Brady then.

Amy stares at the substance, disgusted.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - CAMBRIDGE ST. - CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul listens to the podcast from earlier.

PODCAST HOST (O.S.)

Can you tell us more about these  
recent unsolved murders?

BRUCE (O.S.)

Right now, I can't share too many  
details. However, there are some  
promising leads emerging about the  
latest killings in the Boston area  
that a detective friend of mine is

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following closely.

Dr. Marvaul's face shows immediate intrigue.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY 9:00 A.M.

Dr. Marvaul pulls into the office parking lot, parking in her designated space, "DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL, PSYCHIATRIST."

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul's secretary, UMIYAH (26F), watches her enter with a smirk.

UMIYAH

Good morning. The stairs, again?

Dr. Marvaul smirks, hiding her annoyance as Umiyah hands her a post-it note.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)

This is another cancellation. The digital messages are in your email.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(sighs, disappointed)

Thank you.

UMIYAH

Your usual five are still scheduled today. I cleared your afternoon as requested.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Great. Give me a few minutes before sending in Maddie.

Dr. Marvaul walks into her office, closing the door behind her.

Umiyah shakes her head and silently mouths the words, "So weird."

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Marvaul's degrees from Harvard hang on the wall: a Bachelor of Science in Psychology, a medical degree in Psychiatry, and several honor plaques—all spotless, with no signs of dust.

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A copy of her book, "NEW PSYCHIATRIC COPING MECHANISMS by Dr. Angie Van Marvail," rests on her desk, lying atop a magazine featuring her on the cover.

The article's title reads: "**I Know What I'm Doing. A Look into the Rise of a Mental Genius, Overcoming a Scandal.**"

MADDIE (29F) sits crying, dabbing her eyes with a tissue.

MADDIE

It's like this every day.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Who have you confided in?

MADDIE

My mother, my friends, and my fiancé.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

That's good, Maddie. You're discussing it. It's an essential step to healing.

Maddie looks relieved.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)

Now, this is unorthodox, but I want you to relive the traumatic event in your mind. Focus on how you felt during the rescue. That feeling of relief.

A beat.

Maddie listens intently, her expression focused as she absorbs every word.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)

I want you to hold onto it, revisiting it as often as you can. It's vital to remind yourself that you survived this experience. From what I'm sensing, you're still processing the trauma, but know this: (grabbing her hands) you are safe now.

Maddie's expression shifts from contemplation to skepticism.

MADDIE

But that monster is still out there.

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DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(leaning in)  
Maddie, this is an empowering technique. This goes beyond mere coping; it's crucial. You're reclaiming your narrative and uncovering the truth about your attacker. You are a survivor, and bringing your captor to justice is your right.

Maddie nods, her expression softening as she absorbs Dr. Marvaul's words.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
Let's take a moment. Breathe in... and out.

They take four deep breaths together, and then Dr. Marvaul rips a page from her prescription pad and hands it to Maddie.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
This is a prescription for anxiety.  
I'm increasing your PTSD medication refills.

Maddie looks concerned.

MADDIE  
I don't like taking those pills.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I understand, but it's temporary.  
We'll revisit your progress and see about transitioning you to more natural organic supplements.

Dr. Marvaul offers a reassuring smile as Maddie stands up.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
And remember, the emergency line is always available.

Maddie nods, feeling empowered, and they share a brief hug before she exits.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - MOMENTS AFTER

Dr. Marvaul speaks to Maddie as she leaves, but her attention is drawn to a strange man in sunglasses sitting in the

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waiting area.

He watches her intently.

INT. MADDIE'S POV - CONTINUOUS

As Maddie passes the man, she hesitates briefly before opening the exit door and heading down the stairs.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul shakes off the feeling and greets her next patient as she enters her office, closing the door behind her.

The strange man's gaze lingers as the door shuts.

EXT. BEACON HILL, MA. - REAR OF MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Amy stand with the building contractor, examining the dark substance oozing from the concrete column.

JOE

So, what the hell is it?!

AMY

People have been complaining for days!

CONTRACTOR

Let's see what's inside. Could be a dead animal or something.

The contractor takes a screwdriver and taps it with a hammer.

Joe and Amy watch in disgust as more of the substance leaks out.

CONTRACTOR (CONT'D)

This structure is new; I don't know how this could happen.

JOE

Smells like shit!

AMY

No, it smells worse than that.

CONTRACTOR

We'll see once I get inside here. I think maybe a dead animal or something got caught up in there. Got tired of

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being homeless, didn't you, buddy?

The sound of the tapping hammer echoes ominously in the silence.

Joe and Amy stand nearby, their expressions twisted in disgust as a strange, dark substance begins to leak from the column, pooling on the ground.

JOE  
What is that?!

CONTRACTOR  
I don't know.

The stench intensifies, a putrid mix that makes Joe and Amy cover their noses and mouths.

The contractor steps back, gasping for breath as the brownish ooze reveals itself to be fecal matter.

JOE  
I knew it! SHIT!

AMY  
Did somebody do that on the roof?

Amy's face contorts in horror as Brady continues to tap, the crack widening, more of the foul substance spewing out.

Tension rises with each sickening squelch.

JOE  
(amused, trying to lighten the mood)  
This is a joke; someone just took a huge dump inside of a concrete pole.

CONTRACTOR  
Yeah, it's possible for someone to just climb up there and let it all out. These columns have a vented opening for rain to pass through.

The contractor resumes tapping, and suddenly, dark red blood begins to seep from the crack.

They all gasp, their expressions shifting from disgust to concern.

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CONTRACTOR (CONT'D)  
OK, definitely not normal.

JOE  
You damn right this isn't normal!  
That's blood-freakin' blood!

AMY  
This is really bad, Joe.

CONTRACTOR  
Let's not jump to conclusions just  
yet; it may just be an animal.

Joe's bravado falters as the contractor chips away at the  
shattered bottom of the column.

Suddenly, a bloody foot, still encased in a shoe, emerges  
from the widening opening.

Amy lets out a mild scream, her eyes wide with terror.

Joe stands frozen, breathing heavily.

JOE  
I'm calling the police.

The atmosphere thickens with dread as they grasp the gravity  
of the situation, the horror of what lies within the column  
now fully sinking in.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Dr. Marvaul escorts her last patient out, her gaze  
immediately drawn to the strange man who sits motionless in  
the corner, sunglasses obscuring his eyes.

Dr. Marvaul hesitantly approaches Umiyah.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(to Umiyah, concerned)  
He's been here the whole time? Who is  
he?

UMIYAH  
He hasn't said a word since he came  
in. I asked if he wanted to sign in,  
and he just shook his head.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Should I call the police?

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UMIYAH  
(half-joking)  
Isn't this where the crazy people  
come?

Dr. Marvaul hides her annoyance, then approaches the man cautiously.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Excuse me, do you have an appointment?

STRANGE MAN  
(still staring ahead)  
No, I don't.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I can have my assistant—

STRANGE MAN  
(interrupting)  
Odd choice of words. Isn't she your  
secretary?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(firmly)  
I prefer "assistant." It reflects her  
role better.

Umiyah chuckles softly in the background.

She silently mouths the words, "*It don't reflect my pay better.*"

The man turns his head, startling Dr. Marvaul.

STRANGE MAN  
(whispers)  
She's not that great.

Dr. Marvaul's unease deepens, a slight smirk playing on her lips as she wrestles with her thoughts.

STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)  
You agree, don't you?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(hesitant)  
Let's see what we can do today.

He smirks, and Dr. Marvaul glances at Umiyah, anxiety creeping in.

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Dr. Marvaul forces a smile, but anxiety flickers in her eyes as she turns to Umiyah.

UMIYAH  
(confused)  
Available today? You have a free  
afternoon every day. What do you mean?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Umiyah! Put him down for today.

UMIYAH  
(softly)  
Are you sure you want to talk to him?

Dr. Marvaul's intrigue sharpens, her teeth clenched.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Of course.

She strides toward the strange man as Umiyah begins typing on her computer.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
Sir, give me a moment?

He grabs her arm.

STRANGE MAN  
It's Vince. I'm not crazy.

His piercing gaze, even behind sunglasses, is unsettling.

He smirks and releases her arm.

Dr. Marvaul smiles nervously, retreating toward her office.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul shuts the door and leans against it, anxiety washing over her.

She takes a deep breath and approaches her desk.

EXT. BEACON HILL, MA. - REAR OF MARKET - AFTERNOON - 3:00  
P.M.

A swarm of police surround the scene of a deceased woman, her body deteriorating.

The contractor cleans debris near a concrete pole, while

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detective QUENTIN JONES (47M), stares at the body, noting the fear etched on her face, curled inward as if in a fetal position.

Joe, impatient, watches the crowd of onlookers.

JOE

How long is this gonna take?

Detective Jones, fueled by anger, snaps.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

Have some damn respect! A woman died!  
At your store!

Joe shrugs it off and walks away, leaving the contractor somewhat amused.

CONTRACTOR

He's quite a character.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

(staring at the body)

I deal with them every day.

The contractor's expression turns somber.

CONTRACTOR

It's very unfortunate.

Detective Jones, focused on the body, notices small cutmarks.

CONTRACTOR (CONT'D)

I'll make sure this doesn't happen  
again.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

(mutters)

Accidents happen.

Detective MARK MURRAY (42M) arrives, disapproving.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Accident?!

Detective Jones rubs his head in frustration as Murray examines the body, arms folded, foot tapping.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)

Doesn't look like an accident to me.

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CONTRACTOR  
(feeling the tension)  
Let me get back to work.

Detective Jones shakes his head with annoyance.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
She got stuck inside, tried to inch  
her way out, but died of asphyxia.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
You don't see that weapon in her hand?  
She was obviously running from  
someone... or something.

Detective Jones, sarcasm dripping, addresses Murray, ripping  
off his latex gloves.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)  
A monster, perhaps?

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Killers are monsters. Our friend Bruce  
was on a podcast this morning.

Jones glares at him as Murray walks away, chuckling.

Jones kneels, retrieves the bloody box cutter, and bags it.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Have forensics take a look at it.

He hands the bag to an officer, then stares at the victim's  
face, searing her horrified expression into his memory.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Dr. Marvaul sits with VINCE WOODS (34M), who still wears his  
sunglasses.

She scribbles notes as he remains silent.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Why won't you take off your  
sunglasses?

VINCE  
You'll see me.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I already see you. (hesitant) Wearing

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sunglasses can signify power and concealment, but it can also be a way to avoid connection. This is a safe space.

Vince remains silent, refusing to remove his sunglasses.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
I know this is our first and possibly only session, but I prefer eye contact.

Vince inhales deeply.

VINCE  
What else do you prefer, doctor?

He turns his head eerily toward her.

Dr. Marvaul gulps.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
What else does it mean?

Dr. Marvaul's concern deepens, but she presses on.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(voice shaking)  
It can indicate photophobia... or anxiety about a physical defect one wishes to hide.

Vince smirks.

VINCE  
(pausing, then reluctantly)  
Fine.

He removes his sunglasses, revealing a grotesque scar and partial blindness in his left eye.

Dr. Marvaul's professional demeanor falters for a moment, but she quickly regains her composure.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You have nothing to be ashamed of.

VINCE  
(anger rising)  
Of course I do!

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DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Like what?

Vince leans in, his gaze intense and unsettling.

VINCE  
LOOK AT ME!

Camera closes in on Vince's face, the scarred eye glaring back.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LATER

Dr. Marvaul stares at Vince's file, concern etched on her face.

She places it in her drawer just as her phone rings.

The caller ID reads "**NALIA.**"

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Hey, my baby girl.

NALIA (O.S.)  
Hey, Ma! I'm with Grandma.

Dr. Marvaul stands, moving toward her office door.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
I picked her up before she could get  
to the bus. We're grabbing food. Are  
you still busy?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Yeah, a few more appointments.

Dr. Marvaul glances nervously into the empty lobby, where Umiyah is on the phone.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Hand me the phone, let me talk to your  
mother.

Dr. Marvaul shuts the door slowly, walking to the window.

She gazes out at the parking lot, her expression troubled.

MARTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We'll stop by your house, grab an  
outfit for her, and I'll get her to  
school on time tomorrow. You don't

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CONTINUED:

have to pick her up. We're here, let me park. (Nalia speaking) Bye, Mom.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Have fun, bye.

Dr. Marvaul hangs up, retrieves her session notes, and the scene transitions into a flashback of her earlier session with Vince.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - SESSION WITH VINCE - AFTERNOON

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I need you to take a deep breath and calm down.

VINCE  
How would it feel to be completely lost, drifting without any sense of purpose?

Dr. Marvaul studies him intently, her expression softening as she leans forward.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Vague questions won't help you here, Vince. It's a way to avoid facing the truth.

Vince's demeanor shifts, becoming more intimidating.

VINCE  
Once I trust you, you'll know all my deepest darkest secrets.

Dr. Marvaul scribbles notes, her expression shifting to one of concern.

Suddenly, she imagines Vince pulling out a knife and swinging it at her.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Marvaul jolts awake, startled.

The office is dark, and she realizes it's nighttime.

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She notices notes from Umiyah under the door, indicating she's alone.

She glances at her notes: **"Will need to probe Mr. Woods about these 'secrets' for next week's session."**

She closes the file, places it back in her drawer, takes a deep breath, and rubs the sleepiness from her eyes.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dr. Marvaul walks to her car, the parking lot shrouded in darkness.

Annoyed, she fumbles for her keys.

As she settles into her car, she notices another vehicle at the far end of the lot.

She squints into the darkness, and a phone light flickers on, revealing Vince's creepy left eye.

Panic surges through her as she starts the car and speeds out of the parking lot.

EXT. VINCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vince dims his phone, remaining in the shadows.

INT. JAMAICA PLAIN, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - CONTINUED

Dr. Marvaul bursts through the front door, slamming it shut.

She drops her work bag and keys, trying to catch her breath.

She looks down at her trembling hands, pulls out her diamond ring, and places it on her finger.

The shaking subsides.

INT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - EVENING

The next evening, Dr. Marvaul escorts a patient out and approaches Umiyah, concern etched on her face.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Before you leave for the night, please  
let the building manager know that the  
parking lot lights are out.

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Umiyah nods but looks beyond Dr. Marvaul with anticipation.

UMIYAH

Your new patient is back. He just  
walked in.

A tense musical cue plays as Dr. Marvaul turns slowly to see  
Vince standing there, a stone-cold expression on his face.

With trepidation, she approaches him.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Mr. Woods, we aren't scheduled for an  
appointment today. Our next session is  
next week.

VINCE

In that interview, you said you always  
have time for your patients.

Dr. Marvaul's unease deepens as she walks back to Umiyah.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I need you to stay past five today.

She quickly retreats into her office, closing the door behind  
her.

UMIYAH

(muttering angrily)  
Wonderful! There goes my hair  
appointment.

Umiyah scratches off "**Get wig fixed**" from her planner,  
glancing back at Vince.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)

Sir, she'll see you momentarily. You  
can have a seat.

VINCE

I'll stand.

Umiyah, concerned, shrugs it off, trying to dismiss her  
worries.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS AFTER

Dr. Marvaul's gaze on Vince is a mix of fear, intrigue, and  
anger.

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DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Do you enjoy scaring people?

Vince smirks, unfazed.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
I saw you watching me in the parking  
lot last night.

Vince removes his sunglasses, revealing his unsettling eye.

VINCE  
Aren't you accustomed to watching?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Is that an insinuation, Mr. Woods?

Vince stares at her, annoyance flickering in his eyes, but he remains silent.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
Just how many of my interviews have  
you seen?

VINCE  
All of them.

Dr. Marvaul gasps, her expression shifting to one of concern.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(uncomfortably)  
Your purpose. Can you elaborate on  
that?

Vince's smirk widens.

VINCE  
Oh, I help people in ways you can't  
even imagine.

Dr. Marvaul interrupts, frustration creeping in.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I told you, I don't tolerate vague  
responses, Mr. Woods. Just let your  
guard down for a moment.

VINCE  
I help the helpless.

Dr. Marvaul's pen races across her notepad, her frustration

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

palpable.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Is your eye injury what's preventing  
you from fulfilling your purpose?

Vince erupts, his voice rising.

VINCE  
Don't ignore me, doctor!

Dr. Marvaul meets his gaze, her own expression hardening as  
she mirrors his silence.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Let's play a game.

Dr. Marvaul sets her notepad down, her demeanor shifting.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I don't play games, Mr. Woods. My time  
is valuable.

Vince chuckles, clearly amused.

VINCE  
Oh, I know just how valuable your time  
is.

Dr. Marvaul shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
And as for games, you seem to play  
them very well!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I think we're done for the day!

Vince pulls out a large box cutter, tension thickening the  
air.

VINCE  
Careful! Just relax.

Dr. Marvaul's heart races as she instinctively reaches for  
her phone, fear etched on her face.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
This whole thing is protected by  
client-patient privilege, right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(hesitant)  
As long as you aren't... actively  
threatening the life of yourself or  
others.

VINCE  
Well, darn, I guess box cutters aren't  
covered. (laughs darkly) I've never  
done this therapy thing.

Dr. Marvaul's mind races, searching for an opportunity to  
call for help.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
The game we're going to play is...  
guess what I am.

He leans closer, excitement glinting in his eyes.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to tell you everything, and  
then you guess. OK?

Dr. Marvaul nods, her anxiety palpable.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Someone did this to me when all I was  
trying to do... was help them.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Help them with what?

VINCE  
(shushing her)  
That's not the game! I talk, you  
listen, then you guess.

Dr. Marvaul tries to steady her breath, her heart pounding.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Suicidal people make me sick with  
their whining. Why kill yourself when  
someone else can do it for you? No  
remorse, no questions—just strictly on  
impulse.

He leans in closer, his voice dropping to a whisper.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
WHAT... AM... I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Marvaul hesitates, her lips quivering as she searches for the right words.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Sounds like to me, you're a  
psychopath.

Vince's expression shifts, a sinister smile spreading across his face.

VINCE  
VERY GOOD.

Dr. Marvaul's eyes widen in fear as she stares at Vince. Suddenly, a knock on the door breaks the tension.

Dr. Marvaul instinctively tries to stand, but Vince quickly points the box cutter toward her neck.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Careful! Let's just stay seated.

Dr. Marvaul sinks back into her chair, her mind racing.

UMIYAH (O.C.)  
Dr. Marvaul, is everything OK?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(with a shaky voice)  
Yes, I'm OK. Still speaking with Mr.  
Woods here. Is there something you  
need?

UMIYAH (O.C.)  
I sent a digital copy of your  
appointments to your email for  
tomorrow and called the building  
manager. He said he'll have the lights  
fixed in the parking lot within a few  
days. It's past six-thirty, so...

Vince's gaze remains fixed on Dr. Marvaul, who trembles under his scrutiny.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Thank you, Umiyah. Just go home for  
the night. I'll see you tomorrow.

Umiyah hesitates, sensing the tension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMIYAH (O.C.)  
OK, I'll see you tomorrow then.

As Umiyah's footsteps fade, Dr. Marvaul slowly turns her head back to Vince.

VINCE  
Now, the real session begins. I hope  
it doesn't end like hers did.

Vince's smile is chilling, and Dr. Marvaul's heart races. The camera closes in on his face, capturing the menace in his expression.

INT. ROXBURY CROSSING, MA. - BOSTON PD - DETECTIVE JONES'  
DESK - NIGHT

Detective Jones flips through photos of the deceased girl found in the market. OFFICER CRUZ (23M) approaches, holding a file.

OFFICER CRUZ  
I submitted that box cutter into  
evidence for you, boss. They'll get to  
it as soon as they can.

Detective Jones scoffs, irritation evident.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Thanks! So, they're backed up, right?

Officer Cruz nods.

OFFICER CRUZ  
They're processing everything at once,  
so you'll get the results ASAP.

Detective Jones clenches his jaw, frustration simmering.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I have a theory; I need those blood  
test results back now.

Cruz nods and walks away. Jones stares at the photo of the box cutter clutched in the victim's hand.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

The atmosphere is thick with tension. Dr. Marvaul sits across from Vince, who grips the box cutter, its blade glinting ominously in the dim light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits rigidly, her mind racing, striving to maintain control.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What do you want from me, Vince?

VINCE  
(sarcastically)  
We're on a first-name basis now?

He laughs, a chilling sound that fills the room.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I'm sure you see the world through my eyes. You understand, don't you?

He gestures dramatically, the box cutter catching the light, casting shadows across the room. Dr. Marvaul flinches, but quickly regains her composure.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong? I thought this would be your dream—someone like me on your couch.

A beat.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
It's so frustrating. People are weak. They cling to life, but don't truly live. They don't appreciate what they have. They need someone to show them the way... to set them free.

Dr. Marvaul's pulse quickens, but she keeps her voice steady.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
And you believe you're that person?

VINCE  
(smiling)  
I know I am. I've helped many find peace. And others, well, they get what they deserve.

Dr. Marvaul leans forward, her expression serious.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
But at what cost, Vince? You're hurting people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE  
(leaning closer)  
And you don't?

Dr. Marvaul looks down at her ring.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I've made my share of mistakes.

Vince's smile falters, replaced by a flicker of anger.

VINCE  
(leaning closer)  
Yeah, and I know one in particular!

Dr. Marvaul's expression shifts to one of shock.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Life is a game, and you play it very  
well. Don't you, Angie?

He raises the box cutter slightly, the tension escalating.  
Dr. Marvaul's heart races, but she keeps her composure.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You don't have to be scared. I'm not  
gonna hurt you. I need you!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I'm not scared. I just want to  
understand what you want.

He leans back, contemplating, then scans the room, taking in  
the accolades on her wall.

VINCE  
All these accomplishments. Very  
impressive.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Treatment for psychopathic behavior  
requires intense therapy and  
medication to prevent someone from  
killing...

VINCE  
(interrupting, frustration  
bubbling)  
You know that's not what I want, Doc!

He playfully dabs the tip of the box cutter on his tongue,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

drawing blood.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Oops!

He sucks on the blood, and Dr. Marvaul watches in disgust.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

How do you expect me to help you if I don't even know your problem?

VINCE

I like how you insult my intelligence.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I don't know what you mean!

VINCE

BULLSHIT! You may have everyone else fooled, but I see the killer inside.

Dr. Marvaul stares at him, anxiety creeping in.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You've written books, been on the news, but I know the other side.

Intrigued, Dr. Marvaul leans in, a hint of smugness in her demeanor.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

What other side?

Vince meets her gaze, intensity building.

VINCE

Do you know what it feels like to kill someone?

Dr. Marvaul hesitates.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

No.

VINCE

Don't lie to me, Doc.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I'm not lying. And I don't know what you're talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE

Deny, Deny, Deny. The same thing  
criminals do.

Dr. Marvaul's expression shifts to mild appall.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You know what I miss, the control,  
watching the life drain from someone.

Dr. Marvaul squirms in her chair, discomfort evident as Vince  
approaches her bookcase.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

It's okay not to have control.  
Sometimes, things happen for a  
reason... to make you stop.

VINCE

(shouting)

I DON'T WANT TO STOP! That  
interview—"Take control of your  
life"—I'm taking your advice.

Dr. Marvaul remains startled.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What would make you want to stop?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

This isn't about me; it's about you. I  
want to know more about this injury.

VINCE

You're taking control of the  
conversation. I like that!

Dr. Marvaul watches him, no longer fearful but intrigued.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I trusted her. I untied her. She  
promised not to scream, not to run.  
She gave me this whole spiel about  
trust, told me I could believe in her.  
What a damn liar! People cry all the  
time, "My life sucks, I just want to  
die!" but they have no idea what real  
pain is. How stupid I was before I  
figured it all out. She wanted  
death... then changed her mind. She  
used me, turned my own weapon against

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

me. I'm suffering her consequences.

Dr. Marvaul treads carefully, her expression a mix of concern and caution, but also intrigue.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What else happened?

Vince's anger simmers as he narrows his eyes.

VINCE  
What I saw when she tried to escape...  
it fascinated me. I realized then that  
'you' were the only one who could help  
me regain my confidence.

He smirks at Dr. Marvaul, who looks taken aback.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What fascinated you?

VINCE  
She didn't get away.

Dr. Marvaul glances at the box cutter in his hand, her focus unwavering.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Why do you feel she used you?

VINCE  
You're doing it—getting into my head.

Dr. Marvaul waits, patient.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I just stood there... (breathes  
heavily, whimpers) like a scared  
little boy. She used me as an excuse  
to live.

Dr. Marvaul bursts into laughter, but Vince's rage ignites.

He kicks her chair, sending it crashing to the floor, books flying from the shelves.

Dr. Marvaul bolts for the door, but Vince grabs a book and hurls it, slamming the door shut.

He lunges at her, pressing the box cutter against her throat.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(pleading)  
I don't think I can help you.  
Honestly, I almost don't believe you.  
(yelling) This is just a failed  
attempt to manipulate me into your  
sick game!

Vince scoffs, lowering the blade, his anger morphing into something darker as he pulls her close.

VINCE  
You seem oddly comfortable around a  
killer.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(squirming)  
I thought you weren't a killer...  
anymore!

Vince releases her with one hand, extending the box cutter toward her.

VINCE  
Take it!

Dr. Marvaul hesitates, then, after a deep breath, slowly reaches for the box cutter.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
What are you going to do with it, Doc?

A sadistic glint flickers in Dr. Marvaul's eyes as Vince leans in closer.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You could kill me right now if you  
wanted to. You have all the power in  
your hands. So what are you going to  
do... Doc?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(alluring)  
I could, but then I'd go to jail for  
killing an unarmed man.

Vince grips her arm, pulling her closer.

VINCE  
Go ahead, stab me in the neck. Just  
slide it across my jugular.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(breathless)  
I can't do that.

VINCE  
Oh, I know you can!

He releases her arm, pulling out his cell phone, showing her the screen.

Dr. Marvaul's expression shifts from intrigue to horror.

He swipes the screen, and Dr. Marvaul gasps, dropping the box cutter, which falls in slow motion.

INT. ROXBURY CROSSING, MA. - BOSTON PD - DETECTIVE JONES'  
DESK - NIGHT 9:00 P.M.

Detective Jones receives the blood analysis and forensics report, his expression shifting to intrigue.

The report reads: "The cut marks were not self-inflicted but match the box cutter's blade. The blood on the blade matches hers, but the other individual's blood is unidentified—possibly male."

Detective Jones has an 'aha' moment, searching the criminal database for the second blood match.

The results return: "MALE-DNA, 1,096 possible matches."

He stares at the report, puzzled.

Suddenly, Detective Murray approaches with a smug grin.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
So, have you figured out it wasn't an  
accident yet?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
What are you talking about now, 'Mer'?

Detective Murray slaps a file onto Jones' desk, the name "Melissa Smith" glaring up at him.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
What the hell's this?

He opens the file, confusion etched on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
It's your Jane Doe.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Yeah, but why the hell do you have it?

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
I couldn't shake the feeling that she  
looked familiar.

Detective Jones continues to sift through the file,  
intrigued.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)  
I am the better detective.

Detective Jones rolls his eyes, but a smirk creeps onto his  
face.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)  
This little pistol shooter was  
involved in a robbery-homicide case I  
worked about a month ago.

Detective Jones leans in, now fully engaged.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)  
She was a key witness—hardcore drug  
addict, knew some serious traffickers.  
When I saw your Jane Doe's cut marks,  
it clicked. Melissa Smith.

Detective Jones pauses, amusement flickering in his eyes.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I wonder how many guys in this  
department agree with you.

Detective Murray grins smugly.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
Why would small cut marks jog your  
pathetic memory?

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
Right here.

Murray points to a section in the file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(reading)  
"Multiple suicide attempts."

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
We had her on close watch.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(interjecting)  
Close watch? The suicidal dead girl?

Detective Murray looks appalled.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
(voice rising)  
The judge threw out the case. And she  
refused protective custody.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Doesn't help me. According to this  
blood analysis, she may have used the  
weapon against her attacker. Those cut  
marks—if what you're saying is  
true—were self-inflicted,  
contradicting the forensics report.  
Thanks for your self-serving  
revelation, detective.

Detective Murray scoffs, anger simmering.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
You're on the wrong case!

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I'm not surprised you're interfering.  
Maybe if you focused more on your own  
cases instead of competing like a high  
school cheerleader, this girl would  
still be alive.

Detective Murray glances around at the other officers, who  
are stifling laughter.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
Bruce is still in town, right?

Detective Jones stands, ready to confront him, but other  
officers step in.

DETECTIVE 1  
(intervening)  
Murray, the guy didn't sleep with your

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

wife!

Detective Murray chuckles sarcastically.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
My wife's satisfied.

With a smug smile, he walks away.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Shooting blanks-ass-ninja!

Detective Jones takes a deep breath, sitting back down at his desk.

DETECTIVE 1  
Come on, you two are too smart to keep  
this up.

The Detective walks off, leaving Jones to pick up his phone.

He scrolls through "**recent outgoing calls**," landing on "**My baby girl**," which shows up 15 times.

Frustrated, he tosses the phone onto the desk, staring at the girl's lifeless form.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(muttering to himself)  
Who did this to you?

EXT. EAST BOSTON, MA. - MERIDIAN ST - MIDNIGHT

A young man, CHAD (27M), distressed and panting, glances over his shoulder as he runs, clearly being pursued.

He reaches a street corner, catching his breath, when he suddenly hears a scream.

CHAD  
(yelling)  
Julie!

Silence.

Desperation fuels him as he races toward an abandoned building, following the sound.

Chad enters, climbing the creaky stairs, the screams growing louder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD (CONT'D)

Julie! Where are you?

He scans the area, but the screaming abruptly stops.

Suddenly, a figure clad in black-mask and jumpsuit-leaps onto him, brandishing a box cutter.

The attacker plunges the blade into Chad's head repeatedly, blood spraying as he collapses, gasping for breath.

Chad chokes on his own blood, the attacker straddling him, showing no mercy as they stab him in the side.

Moments later, the attacker struggles to drag Chad's lifeless body across the floor, moving toward the corner where Julie lies, also dead, her throat slashed from jugular to jugular.

The attacker pauses, glancing around the dimly lit room, ensuring no one is watching.

They take a deep breath, their chest heaving with adrenaline, before finally positioning Chad's body next to Julie's.

INT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - MORNING

Dr. Angie Van Marvaul strides in, purpose in her step, ignoring her assistant, Umiyah.

UMIYAH

Dr. Marvaul, I have your messages!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Just send them to my voicemail, as usual, Umiyah!

The door slams behind her.

Umiyah's expression shifts to concern, a hint of disapproval lingering.

Umiyah knocks on the door, anxiety etched on her face.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (O.C.)

(voice muffled)

Yes?

UMIYAH

Your sister called my line directly.  
No voicemail.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Umiyah slides a note under the door, her shadow disappearing.

Dr. Marvaul picks it up, irritation flickering across her face.

She reluctantly moves to her desk, plopping down.

Her cellphone screen shows twelve missed calls and voicemails from her sister, JACKIE (47F).

She picks up the desk phone and dials.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
(distressed)  
Hello!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Jackie, what's going on?

JACKIE (O.S.)  
What's going on?! I've been calling everywhere! Have you seen Mom? Her phone's going straight to voicemail.

Dr. Marvaul remains calm, unfazed by Jackie's panic.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
She's at home with Nalia.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
I went to the house—she's not there!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
She probably took Nalia to school.  
It's not a big deal.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
You don't even know if she took your daughter to school? Where is Mom?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I don't know, Jackie! I'm at work.  
She's always busy. She's fine!

JACKIE (O.S.)  
I'm calling the police!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Her phone's dead! Stop with all the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

drama.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
Something's not right.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Is there anything else I can help you with?

JACKIE (O.S.)  
What are you? Customer service? Tell Mom to call me.

Dr. Marvaul's expression hardens.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
If she wanted to talk to you, she would've called back. Maybe you should take a hint.

Jackie hesitates, breathing heavily.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
You don't care about Momma at all. You're over there, wrapped up in your "privilege," acting like you're better than everyone else. Just like in college. You think you're so special because you followed in her footsteps and became a psychiatrist.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
And you, with your accusations of "privilege," seem to wield the history of slavery as a shield to deflect accountability for your own failures. You throw your disdain in people's faces, justifying your condescending attitude. Maybe what you truly need is to find some peace within yourself.

A beat.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
(sarcastic)  
Where is your husband, by the way?

Dr. Marvaul sits, as if punched in the gut.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Is there anything else Jackie? I

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

really have to go!

Jackie exhales angrily.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
I'll talk to you... later!

The line disconnects.

DR. Marvaul sighs, hanging up the phone.

She walks to the window, worry etched on her face, spotting a familiar car outside.

Suddenly, Vince leans into view, staring up at her.

She jumps back, startled.

The tension rises as she realizes she's being watched.

She rushes back to her desk, dazed, staring into space.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

**THE DAY PROGRESSES** - We see a montage of patients coming in and out of Dr. Marvaul's office.

She drifts in and out of daydreams.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - EVENING

In a flashback, Vince hands her a box cutter, their eyes locking passionately.

The scene shifts, and now Dr. Marvaul is stabbing VINCE repeatedly, a sinister smile on her face.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 3:30 P.M.

Suddenly, a patient's voice breaks her reverie.

PATIENT  
(yelling)  
Am I not important to you? I'm pouring  
my heart out here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I'm so sorry. That was unprofessional  
of me. Please forgive me.

The patient glares, appalled.

PATIENT  
Maybe you should schedule an  
appointment for yourself!

The patient storms out, leaving the door wide open.

DR. Marvaul sits, embarrassed and exhausted, the weight of  
stress heavy on her shoulders.

Umiyah enters quietly, closing the door behind her.

UMIYAH  
This isn't my place, but something's  
wrong.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Nothing's wrong.

UMIYAH  
I don't believe you. What's this new  
patient doing to you?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Boundaries.

UMIYAH  
You can tell me what's going on.

Umiyah observes the walls around Dr. Marvaul slowly  
crumbling.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You know I can't. Doctor-patient  
privilege.

A beat.

Dr. Marvaul sighs when she notices Umiyah's unwavering gaze.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
Some people are so damaged that  
there's nothing you can do for them.  
(pause) It's overwhelming to invest so  
much in one person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMIYAH

People, not just patients? You really care, don't you?

Dr. Marvaul locks eyes with Umiyah, a flicker of vulnerability showing.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

It's life.

UMIYAH

I know you have it under control, but control is a funny thing. Sometimes we think we have it, but...

Dr. Marvaul's defenses rise again.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(interrupting)

I do have it under control, Umiyah.

UMIYAH

You don't really like me, do you? I mean, I love working here, and from what I see, you're extraordinary at what you do.

Dr. Marvaul smiles, a hint of warmth breaking through.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I really appreciate that.

UMIYAH

Your behavior today is concerning.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I know, but I'm okay now.

Umiyah nods, a hint of understanding in her eyes.

UMIYAH

I've picked up on some of your 'on-the-fly' psychological tactics. Just testing them out on you.

Dr. Marvaul chuckles, the tension easing slightly.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Oh really? That's good to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMIYAH

Well, I managed to calm down your last two patients. Want me to send in your four o'clock?

Dr. Marvaul takes a deep breath, gathering herself.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Yes. Send in the next patient.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Vince watches the interaction between Dr. Marvaul and Umiyah from a distance, his expression darkening.

He peels out of the parking lot aggressively.

INT. BEACON HILL, MA. - MARKET - MANAGER'S OFFICE - EVENING  
6:00 P.M.

Joe is on the phone, frustration evident in his voice.

JOE

The police and media are bombarding the front door! What am I supposed to do?!

The general manager remains silent on the line.

JOE (CONT'D)

You want me to keep the store open with customers asking questions and the media probing us for answers? Plus, lawsuits!

GENERAL MANAGER (O.S.)

You didn't address customer concerns a week ago. The smell should have been investigated immediately.

Joe shakes his head, distressed.

JOE

I know, that was a mistake on my part.

GENERAL MANAGER (O.S.)

We're reviewing your performance. This situation, along with the harassment complaint, is enough to make it official.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe's anger flares.

JOE

So having consensual sex with an  
attractive female is now harassment?

GENERAL MANAGER (O.S.)

Have you forgotten our strict policy  
on fraternizing with employees not in  
a leadership role?

JOE

Yeah, yeah, I fuckin' know!

Pause.

GENERAL MANAGER (O.S.)

Keep the store open until midnight to  
recoup some of that lost revenue.

Joe's frustration boils over.

JOE

Most definitely!

He hangs up, visibly fuming.

Amy knocks on the door.

JOE (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Come in!

Amy enters, sensing his agitation.

AMY

What's wrong?

JOE

You're keeping the store open until  
midnight!

He grabs his jacket, frustration radiating from him.

AMY

(slightly alarmed)

Joe, the officers are breathing down  
our necks about not closing early.

JOE

Let the fuckin' GM deal with it! I'm

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

going to be out of a job anyway.

Amy looks confused, trying to process his anger.

JOE (CONT'D)  
(staring at her, anger simmering)  
All of a sudden, a complaint.

Amy's expression shifts, realization dawning.

AMY  
Joe, wait—

He scoffs, bumping her arm as he storms past her.

INT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUED

Dr. Marvaul gathers her belongings, preparing to leave.

She peeks outside her door, noticing Umiyah heading to the restroom.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Quietly, she slips through the lobby, after closing the door behind her with care.

UMIYAH  
(voice muffled from the restroom)  
Dr. Marvaul? Anyone there?

Umiyah opens the door and notices the light still on in Dr. Marvaul's office.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
She must be on the phone.

Umiyah locks the restroom door behind her.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - WESTERN AVENUE - STREET - CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S BMW

Dr. Marvaul drives down the street, her mind racing.

After a few minutes, she notices Vince's car following her.

A chill runs down her spine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her phone buzzes with a text from an unknown number: "**PULL OVER!**"

Heart pounding, she pulls over to the side of the road.

Vince pulls up behind her, jumps out of his car, and approaches her aggressively as she lowers the window.

VINCE

I'm always watching you.

Dr. Marvaul's eyes widen in fear.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(whimpering)

What more do you want from me?

VINCE

What more do you have to offer? (A beat) Running away pisses me off!

Vince pulls out the box cutter, pressing it against her neck while blocking traffic from seeing.

Dr. Marvaul trembles, her voice shaky.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

It's all in your head, Vince. You need help

VINCE

(sarcastic)

Ma and pa kettle, will quickly disagree with you. Told you, I'm not crazy.

As traffic slows around them, Vince glances at the cars, realizing the scene is drawing attention.

He quickly removes the box cutter from her neck, releasing her.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Come with me.

He grabs her arm, pulling her out of the car.

Dr. Marvaul hesitates, fear etched on her face.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - EVENING

Umiyah sits at her desk, typing.

She glances at the clock—6:30 PM.

Dr. Marvaul's light is still on.

Curious, Umiyah creeps over to the door, opening it.

To her surprise, there's no sign of Dr. Marvaul.

UMIYAH

Mm Mm Mm.

She turns off the light and shuts the door behind her, heading back to her desk to wrap up for the night.

Suddenly, her phone rings.

The caller ID reads: **STEFF**.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)

Hey you.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Miyah, are you still at the office?

UMIYAH

Yep, but I'm about to head out.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Don't you usually leave by five or five-thirty?

UMIYAH

Yeah, but Dr. Marvaul asked me to stay until seven. (scoffs) You know she already snuck outta here.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

That's messed up. I'm picking up Lauren in a minute. We need to try that new spot tonight.

UMIYAH

Girl, I'm too tired to be going out. Working late the past few nights has taken its toll. (pause, concerned) You know, I just realized she snuck out while I was in the restroom. Something

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ain't right with her.

Stephanie laughs, but Umiyah's tone is serious.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Is she still lying to her mom?

UMIYAH

(laughing)

Everyday! But in her defense, her mom is nosy as hell. She thinks since she left her the practice, that she needs to be all up in her business.

A beat.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)

She just needs an excuse to keep Nalia. But I'm like, what's Dr. Marvaul doing every afternoon for two weeks that makes her keep lying?

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

She's got you there to keep up the charade in case her mom pops up.

UMIYAH

Well, that surprisingly hasn't happened... yet anyway.

They both laugh, but Umiyah's expression shifts as she hears a noise from the hallway.

She stares into the darkness, her heart racing.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Miyah? You there?

Umiyah hesitates, her nerves on edge.

UMIYAH

Yeah, I just heard something. Probably the janitor or something. But this new patient? He's a real nutcase.

Stephanie chuckles, but Umiyah's tone is serious.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)

I read his file; he has a terrible eye injury. I think he's blind in one eye or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Ooh, sounds sexy creepy.

UMIYAH

She consults with him for like two to three hours.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Does she normally spend that much time with them?

Umiyah continues clearing her desk, her brow furrowing.

UMIYAH

No, more like thirty minutes to an hour. But it's like she's obsessed with him or something. I tried to lend her a comforting ear, but she wouldn't come clean about what's going on between them.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Her va jay jay is talking.

UMIYAH

(laughing)

I doubt it unless his pee pee is saying the right things.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Girl, you're crazy. Who says that?

UMIYAH

For real! She's never been like this with any male patients before.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

They both sound weird—a match made in heaven. If she's spending that much time with him, something heavy has to be going on.

Umiyah grabs her purse from the drawer, her expression turning serious.

UMIYAH

Nah, girl. She's married. She still wants her husband to come back home.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Where did he go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMIYAH

She cheated on that man, and he left  
her.

Suddenly, Umiyah hears a loud BUMP from the hallway.

Tension rises as she glances nervously toward the sound.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Umiyah... girl, get out of that  
office. It's time to go.

Umiyah can sense something is off.

UMIYAH

Yeah.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Okay, well, let me know if you change  
your mind about tonight. Drinks will  
be on me if that helps.

UMIYAH

Sounds tempting. I'll definitely think  
about it.

Umiyah hangs up the phone, placing it slowly on her desk.

She stares fearfully into the hallway, her heart racing.

She takes a deep breath, trying to calm herself.

After a moment, she shakes her head, trying to laugh it off.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)

(to herself)

It's just the janitor. Get it  
together.

The camera moves in closing in on the outside hallway as  
Umiyah packs her things in the background.

The tension is palpable.

EXT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Umiyah strides toward her car, muttering under her breath.

UMIYAH

No-good building manager. This is  
ridiculous. Ugh, these heels are

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

killing me! (voice rising) Where is my car?

She spots her car just a few spaces ahead.

UMIYAH (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Ugh!

As she approaches, a figure suddenly climbs onto the hood of her car.

Umiyah freezes, horror etched on her face.

The figure, dressed in all black with a head and face covering, turns to face her in an unsettling manner.

Umiyah instinctively reaches for her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S OFFICE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Umiyah's phone lies face down on her desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Umiyah gasps as the figure slides off the hood, making loud screeching sounds.

She kicks off her heels and bolts toward the office.

As she reaches the door, she catches a glimpse of the figure in the glass reflection.

Fumbling for her key card, she swipes it frantically, forcing the door shut behind her.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The figure catches the door, trying to pull it open, but Umiyah's adrenaline fuels her strength.

The door slams shut, and the security lock engages.

Umiyah races toward the stairwell, skipping steps as she ascends to the third floor.

At the last step, the attacker emerges, swinging a large

(CONTINUED)

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boxcutter.

Umiyah stumbles backward, fear and confusion etched on her face, but the attacker manages to stab her in the abdomen.

Blood spills as she tumbles down the stairs, landing painfully on the second-floor landing.

Despite the pain, adrenaline keeps her moving as the attacker barrels down after her.

With a surge of strength, Umiyah kicks the attacker hard, sending them flying backward.

She struggles to stand, blood seeping through her blouse.

The attacker retaliates, kicking her in the back, sending her tumbling down to the first-floor level.

Winching in pain, Umiyah staggers to her feet and runs toward the main door, horrified.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Umiyah sprints toward the parking lot, yelling for help.

The attacker pursues her, rushing out of the building.

As Umiyah approaches the street, suddenly, Vince's car zooms toward her, a second attacker inside, also dressed in similar attire.

The car rams into her.

She crashes to the ground.

The attacker approaches Umiyah as she lies there, crying in agony.

Without hesitation, they stab her twice with the box cutter.

The attacker kneels over her, slicing her throat from jugular to jugular, avoiding blood splatter.

Umiyah's life drains away as the attacker watches.

The other attacker in Vince's car drives off slowly, while the kneeling attacker quickly leaves the scene, smearing blood onto Umiyah's blouse.

Umiyah lies lifeless in a horrifying display of gore as the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

scene fades to black.

INT. BOSTON PD PRECINCT - NIGHT

Detective Jones examines evidence found in the greenery surrounding the market.

He sifts through black light search images and data, noticing a small blood splatter.

Comparing the blood analysis data from the black light search to the box cutter, he discovers a match with his 'John Doe.'

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(to himself, staring at "John Doe")  
Who are you?

Officer Cruz approaches.

OFFICER CRUZ  
The parents of Melissa Smith are here.

Detective Jones's face tightens, a flicker of apprehension crossing his features.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Send them to Detective Murray. He'll be thrilled.

OFFICER CRUZ  
No, they only want to speak to you. They identified the body; she's been missing for weeks.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Have you taken a statement?

OFFICER CRUZ  
They're refusing.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(sighing, rubbing his temples)  
You know how much I hate giving updates without solid evidence to back them up.

OFFICER CRUZ  
They're threatening to sue the precinct, boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Damn! What else did they say?

OFFICER CRUZ  
They're demanding an explanation for  
why their daughter wasn't discovered  
sooner. They're incredibly upset.

Detective Jones glances at his phone, seeing "**My Baby Girl**"  
in recent calls, now with five additional missed attempts.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(staring at the phone)  
I can't discuss assumptions.

Suddenly, the phone rings.

He answers eagerly.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Wait, what?! I'm on my way.

He hangs up.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(grabbing his coat)  
There's been another murder. Do me a  
favor—hold Melissa's parents here  
until I get back.

Officer Cruz raises an eyebrow.

OFFICER CRUZ  
What am I supposed to tell them?  
They're already ready to bite my head  
off.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Just make up something. Tell them I  
have a lead on the case or something  
believable.

Detective Jones exits out the office, the tension palpable.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - MT. AUBURN STREET - ALLEY - LATER

The attacker, still in the all-black jumpsuit, runs through  
the alley, stopping to catch their breath.

They lean against the wall and remove their head and face  
covering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera closes in on the person struggling to remove the covering.

The head and face covering comes off, revealing DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL, her expression a mix of terror, distress, and shame.

She grabs her phone, glancing at the screen.

It shows her mother and daughter tied up with gags in their mouths, looking frightened in an abandoned building.

Dr. Marvaul's eyes well with tears as she watches them squirm, fear and desperation etched on their faces.

Suddenly, her phone rings. "**HUBBY**" flashes on the screen.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Quent?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (O.S.)  
Angie. Where are you?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(relieved)  
It's good to hear your voice.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones drives, relief washing over him, but he hesitates to respond.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Someone was murdered outside your  
office just now! Where are you?! Are  
you okay?!

Dr. Marvaul falls silent, her expression shifting to fear.

Jones accelerates, anger brewing.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I know Bruce is still in  
town. Is he there with you?

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(scoffs, irritated)  
Of course not!

She quickly unzips her black jumpsuit, revealing her street

(CONTINUED)



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clothes underneath.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (O.S.)  
You didn't answer me. Where's Nalia?  
She's not answering. I guess I know  
what that means.

Dr. Marvaul discards her black gloves and the matching head covering into a nearby trash bin.

The faint sound of Detective Jones can be heard in the background.

INT. JOE'S POV - CONTINUOUS

As Joe drives by, he catches sight of Dr. Marvaul.

A bemused smirk crosses his face as he takes in the unusual sight of the somewhat famous figure in such a compromising position.

He shakes his head, a mix of confusion and disbelief, and continues down the road, glancing back one last time.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul glances at the video of Nalia and Martha still squirming, her heart racing.

She struggles to hide her emotions.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones's face twists with anger and confusion.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Angie! Answer me!

EXT. WESTERN AVENUE - DR. MARVAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul, tapping into her psychological abilities, grows increasingly paranoid the longer she stays on the line.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I have to go.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul disconnects the call.

Jones shakes his head in annoyance, slamming on the gas

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

pedal.

EXT. WESTERN AVENUE - DR. MARVAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul walks down the street, her heart racing.

She glances back, ensuring she's not being followed.

She quickens her pace, her mind racing with thoughts of her family.

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

She gets to her car and enters, slamming the door behind her.

She lays her head onto the steering wheel in despair.

EXT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Jones arrives at the scene, where police, forensics, and the coroner surround a dead body.

He approaches, a mix of confusion and skepticism lingering from his earlier conversation with his wife, Dr. Angie Van Marvaul.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

Let me see the body.

The coroner lifts the bag cover, revealing **UMIYAH ANDERSON**, 26, her jugular severed.

The coroner observes Detective Jones's reaction, concern etched on his face.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)

She was my wife's assistant.

FORENSICS OFFICER

I'm so sorry.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

Yeah, me too. Was a weapon found?

FORENSICS OFFICER

No, but I suspect it was a box cutter.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

(scoffs)

That's been goin' around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The forensics officer gestures toward the body.

FORENSICS OFFICER

These cuts have the same precision as those on the two victims found in that abandoned building. It's the same weapon.

Detective Jones's brow furrows in thought.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

So, we have a fourth victim with similar wounds.

FORENSICS OFFICER

Seems that way.

The coroner covers the body and begins loading it into the van.

Detective Jones scans the small crowd and spots a car slowly driving by.

He squints, trying to get a better look at the driver—a man with a noticeable scar and a blind left eye.

The vehicle drifts out of sight.

Detective Jones's instincts kick in.

He rushes to his car.

FORENSICS OFFICER (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Detective!

Ignoring the call, Detective Jones speeds off.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - WESTERN AVENUE - CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones keeps a low profile, tailing the strange car.

After a moment, he gets close enough to see the driver's reflection in the rearview mirror.

He snaps a photo with his car's hidden surveillance camera and runs an ID check.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The mysterious man is on the phone, visibly agitated.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(muttering)  
Let's see who you are.

The man slams his phone onto the passenger seat.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(almost to himself)  
Snap!

The ID check reveals an Illinois license for "**VINCE WOODS.**"

The photo matches, but without the eye injury.

The license plate is registered to "**KATY WOODS,**" a 77-year-old resident of Boston.

Detective Jones's expression shifts to one of realization.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(playful)  
Welcome to Boston, what else brings  
you here Mr. Woods?

He submits the information to his office.

Vince parks behind a familiar BMW.

Detective Jones's heart races as he recognizes it—his wife's car.

Vince yanks Dr. Marvail out of the vehicle.

Detective Jones's stomach drops at the sight of her distress.

Vince forces her into his car, and Detective Jones struggles to maintain his composure.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(mutters angrily)  
You better not hurt her!

Vince shows Dr. Marvail something on his phone.

She shakes her head, tears streaming down her face.

Detective Jones reaches for his weapon, heart pounding.

Vince drives off, and Detective Jones follows, fury and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

confusion battling within him.

Vince approaches a stoplight.

Detective Jones keeps a safe distance, searching for any arrest records or warrants.

The criminal record for "**VINCE WOODS**" appears, "**pending**" on the screen.

Detective Jones looks up, startled by Vince's piercing gaze.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
What the hell?!

Vince speeds off, and Detective Jones activates his siren, pursuing him.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvail glances back, fear etched on her face as she sees the siren.

Vince accelerates, weaving through traffic.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(screaming)  
WATCH OUT!

Vince swerves, narrowly avoiding an oncoming vehicle.

He finds a clear stretch of road, but the detective is right on his tail.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones grips the wheel, adrenaline surging.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(into radio)  
This is Detective Jones of Boston PD.  
I need backup immediately! I'm in  
pursuit of a green Ford Focus,  
Massachusetts license plate C-D-95-20-  
20, registered to Katy Woods! The  
driver is Vince Woods—possibly armed  
and dangerous with a hostage! (pause)  
My wife!

EXT. ABANDONED STREET - CONTINUOUS

The chase continues down an abandoned street.

Vince accelerates, desperation in his eyes.

Suddenly, squad cars appear at the opposite end, attempting to block him.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vince quickly swerves down another street, almost hitting a parked car.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(yelling)  
You're gonna kill us!

VINCE  
(shouting)  
SHUT UP!

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(into radio)  
We're approaching the Strauss Trunnion  
Bascule Bridge!

INT. VINCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vince makes a sharp left out of an alley, heading toward the bridge.

EXT. KENDALL SQUARE, MA. - STRAUSS TRUNNION BASCULE BRIDGE -  
CONTINUOUS

Officers deploy a subtle spike strip across the road.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(into radio, frantic)  
MY WIFE'S IN THAT CAR! DAMMIT!

EXT. OFFICER'S POV - CONTINUOUS

An officer uses a loudspeaker.

OFFICER 1  
STOP THE CAR AND PULL OVER!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vince ignores the command, speeding ahead as officers draw their weapons.

EXT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

In a moment of desperation, Detective Jones stops his car, jumps out, and sprints after them.

EXT. STRAUSS TRUNNION BASCULE BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Vince's car hits the spike strip, tires bursting.

The vehicle loses control, crashing through the bridge railing.

**CRASH!**

The car plunges into the water below.

**SPLASH!**

Detective Jones races to the edge of the bridge, leaping into the river in a desperate attempt to save his wife.

**SPLASH!**

EXT. DETECTIVE JONES'S POV - CONTINUOUS

He swims toward the sinking vehicle, spotting Dr. Marvaul struggling to escape as water fills the car, but there's no sign of Vince Woods.

INT. VINCE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul fights against the rising water, panic in her eyes.

EXT. UNDERWATER VIEW - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones reaches the passenger side, yanking the door open and pulling her out just as she loses consciousness.

He swims to the surface, cradling Dr. Marvaul in his arms.

EXT. STRAUSS TRUNNION BASCULE BRIDGE - RIVER SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones emerges, side stroking toward the riverbank.

He pulls Dr. Marvaul onto the shore and begins CPR.

(CONTINUED)

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After a tense moment, she coughs up water, gasping for air.

Detective Jones wraps her in his arms, relief flooding over him as officers rush to their side, covering them with a blanket.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(screaming)  
HE HAS NALIA AND MOM! WE HAVE TO FIND  
THEM! WE HAVE TO FIND THEM NOW, QUENT!

Detective Jones holds her tightly, fear etched on his face.

EXT. KENDALL SQUARE, MA. - STRAUSS TRUNNION BASCULE BRIDGE -  
NIGHT 10:00 P.M.

More officers arrive, including CAPTAIN ROSS (55M) stern and authoritative.

A crane lifts Vince's car from the water, the sound of metal creaking echoing in the night.

Captain Ross approaches Detective Jones, disappointment and anger evident.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
Is this really the result of your gut  
instinct?

Detective Jones pulls out his phone, showing Captain Ross a video link that Dr. Marvaul emailed to herself.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(voice trembling with urgency)  
Captain, this was sent to my wife. He  
has my daughter and mother-in-law. His  
mother is Katy Woods—the one who was  
brutally murdered in her home. He  
might be the guy we've been hunting.

Captain Ross watches the video, his expression shifting from skepticism to deep concern.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
This is a recording. (pointing to the  
timestamp) Twelve hours ago.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(interjecting, her voice rising  
with urgency)  
If you don't find him, he'll kill

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

them!

Captain Ross gazes out toward the river, his jaw tightening as he weighs the gravity of the situation.

CAPTAIN ROSS

If he's not already dead.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Quent is right! He kidnaps his victims, takes them to an abandoned building, and tortures them to death.

Captain Ross hesitates, his skepticism wavering.

CAPTAIN ROSS

How do you know that?

Dr. Marvaul hesitates, her expression shifting from desperation to determination.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

He admitted it in one of our sessions.

Captain Ross raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

CAPTAIN ROSS

You need to tell us everything.

Detective Jones watches, concern etched on his face as Dr. Marvaul steels herself.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Our sessions never began like ordinary therapy. It started with him lurking outside my office, his car parked in the shadows, waiting. He confessed to his psychopathic urges, and in that moment, I realized who he truly was. But it didn't stop there. The situation escalated rapidly. Before I knew it, he had taken my daughter and mother hostage, threatening to kill them if I didn't... cooperate. The weight of his words pressed down on me, a suffocating reminder of my mistakes.

Captain Ross looks incredulous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN ROSS

Cooperate?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Sometimes, when a patient experiences trauma, they fixate on a target to regain control. (taking a deep breath)  
It's a method they use to reclaim their confidence.

Captain Ross's skepticism deepens.

CAPTAIN ROSS

And you know this how?

Dr. Marvaul's composure falters for a moment, but she quickly regains her confidence.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I'm a psychiatrist. Understanding all aspects of the human psyche is my job—even the darkest corners, including homicidal behavior.

CAPTAIN ROSS

What else did you observe, Doctor?

Dr. Marvaul hesitates, the weight of her words heavy on her shoulders.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

His kills.

Detective Jones and Captain Ross exchange shocked glances at her admission.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

What are you saying? You were with him?!

Captain Ross rubs his temples, clearly overwhelmed.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

What was I supposed to do, Quent?  
(frustrated) He could have killed me.  
I guess that would've made things between us even, if he had.

Detective Jones, apologetic, takes a moment to collect himself, his expression softening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN ROSS  
(steading himself)  
What traumatic experience?

Dr. Marvaul takes a moment, gathering her thoughts.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
He confided in me about a young girl  
he kidnapped and tortured with a box  
cutter. He... (pauses, swallowing  
hard) he targets victims with suicidal  
tendencies. I pieced it together from  
his rants. The girl managed to escape,  
injuring his eye in the process. Now,  
he believes that "I" can help him  
regain his confidence to kill again—if  
I'm with him.

A beat.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
He's inspired for some reason.

Detective Jones's expression shifts to one of realization.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
Why you?

Dr. Marvaul's confidence grows as she speaks.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
He knows everything about me. He's  
watched every news clip, every  
interview.

A beat.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
(taking in a deep breath)  
He's even read my books and followed  
my social media. He believes I'm the  
only one who can help him.

Captain Ross scoffs, disbelief evident.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
You expect me to believe he needs you  
for some sick moral support?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I know, it sounds crazy. But it's  
true.

The captain's eyebrows furrow. Detective Jones interjects,  
frustration boiling over.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Are you calling her a liar?

Captain Ross grips Quentin's arm, pulling him aside.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
(excusing themselves)  
Let's go over here. Excuse us.

Dr. Marvaul watches, anxiety creeping into her expression.

CAPTAIN ROSS (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I want you off this case.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Sir, I can still be objective.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
She's your wife. Objectivity is  
impossible.

Detective Jones shakes his head, determination in his eyes.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I won't let you take me off this case.  
If it weren't for me, we wouldn't be  
on the verge of solving something  
that's claimed over thirty lives!

Captain Ross narrows his eyes, his voice low and firm.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
You better remember who's in charge  
here. She chooses her words carefully.  
She's hiding something.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(pleading, scoffing)  
You don't believe her? Melissa Smith  
was suicidal and didn't want police  
protection. This guy could have easily  
targeted her just like he did my wife.  
Melissa died hiding from this man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Captain Ross's resolve hardens.

CAPTAIN ROSS

You think I don't know the details of  
my cases? How much your wife's  
involved? This is too close for you.  
Murray will take it over from here.

Detective Jones stares into the distance, frustration boiling  
beneath the surface.

CAPTAIN ROSS (CONT'D)

We'll find this man, and we'll find  
your family.

Captain Ross walks away, leaving Detective Jones grappling  
with his emotions.

A moment passes. Detective Jones approaches Dr. Marvaul, who  
looks at him with concern.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

I'm off the case.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

They're still out there!

Quentin interrupts, his tone firm.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

I'm taking you home.

Dr. Marvaul looks away, frustration palpable.

EXT. CAPTAIN ROSS'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Captain Ross watches from a distance, his gaze lingering on  
Dr. Marvaul, suspicion etched on his face.

He shakes his head, conflicted, as he turns away to confer  
with other officers.

INT. SECRET ABANDONED ROOM - CONTINUED

Nalia and Martha are tied up, their eyes wide with fear. The  
sound of wind echoes eerily in the distance, growing closer.

NALIA

(whispering)

Grandma, I'm scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA  
(trying to stay calm)  
We'll be okay, sweetheart. Just stay  
quiet.

The camera pans around the dark, foreboding room, a palpable  
sense of dread hanging in the air.

INT. JAMAICA PLAIN, MA - JAMAICAWAY ST. CONTINUED

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones drives, tension thick in the air. Dr. Marvaul  
sits beside him, her face a mix of frustration and sorrow as  
she stares out the window.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I haven't felt this helpless since you  
left.

She glances at Detective Jones, who remains stoic, eyes fixed  
on the road.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
No response? After all this time?

His gaze drifts to the ring on her finger, which she  
nervously fidgets with.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I'm trying to process how you got  
involved with a psychopath. You put  
our family—our daughter—in danger!

Dr. Marvaul looks at him, her eyes pleading for  
understanding.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You really think that? That I would  
intentionally put our daughter in  
danger?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(interrupting)  
No, I shouldn't have said that.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What's the real reason you took this  
case, Quent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
What are you trying to prove?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(interrupting)  
I'm trying to get a killer off the  
damn street, but you're helping him!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You've known me since college. You  
really think I'm involved in this?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
People change.

Anger flashes across Dr. Marvaul's face.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What about my car? It might get  
stolen.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
We'll get the car later.

Her anger softens, replaced by a glimmer of hope as Detective  
Jones lowers his defenses.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(smiling, speaking into the radio)  
I need security detail at 461 Monroe  
Drive.

EXT. JAMAICA PLAIN, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - NIGHT 11:30  
P.M.

Detective Jones pulls up in front of their house, waiting for  
the security detail.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul hesitates before opening the door.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
No more secrets.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Ditto. I'll be back kinda late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
But you're off the case?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(grabbing her hands)  
I'm never off the case. I'll find them  
and bring them home.

Dr. Marvaul smiles, confidence returning.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(sighs with passion)  
That smile.

He kisses her hands. Two officers approaches the car.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
Just go inside and wait for me, okay?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Hurry back.

She leans over and kisses him.

EXT. WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

The officers greet her and escort her inside after she enters the security code. Detective Jones hesitates, then drives off.

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - LATER

Detective Jones drives through a familiar area, anxiety building as he glances at the clock-12:45 A.M.

He reaches a stop sign, hesitating before turning right instead of left.

EXT. WESTERN AVENUE - DR. MARVAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

His heart racing, and to his shock, he notices Dr. Marvaul's car is gone from its parking spot.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(panic rising)  
No, no, no!

He quickly pulls out his phone and dials the security detail, his expression shifting to one of fear. An officer answers promptly.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

OFFICER 2  
Dandrich here.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(exclaims)  
Dandrich, check on my wife!

Petrified, Detective Jones turns on his siren, makes a U-turn, and speeds back toward their home, urgency etched on his face.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. JAMAICA PLAIN, MA - DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - NIGHT 12:00 A.M.

The officers escort Dr. Marvaul inside as a third officer sits in a squad car outside.

The camera booms upward to reveal Vince standing in Dr. Marvaul's upstairs bedroom window, damp from the river, then slowly walking away.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul and one of the officers approach the stairs.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You don't have to stay with me. I'll be fine.

OFFICER 2  
I was ordered to stay until the detective returns. He'll be furious if I don't.

Dr. Marvaul laughs softly.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Yeah, he definitely will. I'll be upstairs.

The officer shifts uncomfortably.

OFFICER 2  
Okay, ma'am.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(playfully)  
Ma'am makes me feel old. Call me Angie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He smiles, but doesn't respond. She finds his discomfort amusing as she heads upstairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

As she ascends, a creaking sound stops her in her tracks.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(calling out)  
Officer!

OFFICER 2  
Yes Angie.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I thought I heard something.

OFFICER 2  
That's just the other officer. He's  
sweeping through the house.

She chuckles softly to herself, relieved.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Okay. (muttering) Now he calls me  
Angie.

She reaches the landing and enters her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvail grabs her nightgown and heads into the bathroom.

Suddenly, the closet door creaks open slightly, filling the room with tension.

EXT. KENDALL SQUARE, MA. - STRAUSS TRUNNION BASCULE BRIDGE -  
NIGHT 12:30 A.M.

Officers on the scene are wrapping up their search for Vince when Detective Murray arrives.

CAPTAIN ROSS  
(yelling)  
CHECK FOR TRACKING MARKS UP AND DOWN  
THE BANK!

Detective Murray, wearing a smug expression, approaches Captain Ross.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

The search Jones did on Katy Woods came back. She's deceased. But get this—she was tortured and murdered in her home.

CAPTAIN ROSS

(chuckles)

You proud of yourself for finally figuring that out?

Detective Murray brushes off the captain's sarcasm.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Detective Jones may know more than he's letting on. He knows his wife's involved.

CAPTAIN ROSS

That's a stretch. You think she killed Katy Woods too?

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Just a theory, sir.

Captain Ross nods dismissively.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)

Captain, she's one of two killers. Come on, do your job—read between the lines!

Captain Ross glares at Detective Murray, annoyance creeping in.

CAPTAIN ROSS

What did our scandalous ex-detective say about your theory?

Detective Murray is caught off-guard, with a look of guilt on his face. One of the officers approaches, holding a box cutter.

CAPTAIN ROSS (CONT'D)

What is it, Flagler?

OFFICER 1

Found it in the back seat pocket.

Detective Murray's expression darkens, but the captain ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN ROSS

Alert all units to be on the lookout  
for a young man, possibly in his  
thirties, with a scarred left eye,  
wearing blue jeans, a black shirt, and  
a black jacket. (pause) Flagler, check  
it for prints. Murray, DO YOUR JOB AND  
SOLVE THIS CASE!

Captain Ross walks off.

INT. JAMAICA PLAIN, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - BEDROOM -  
NIGHT - 12:45 A.M.

Dr. Marvaul, now in her nightgown, steps out of the bathroom  
when she hears a noise in the hallway.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(yelling)

Officer! You still there?

Silence. Concerned, she quickly puts her clothes back on.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul creeps down the stairs, her heart racing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As she reaches the bottom, she hears a familiar sound of the  
voice of her alarm repeating: "BACK DOOR!"

Confused, she moves toward the kitchen.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(calling out)

Officer Dandrich?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The back door is wide open, and her key fob lies on the  
table. Panic sets in. Suddenly, Vince emerges from the  
shadows, a butcher knife pressed against her neck.

VINCE

You thought our session was over?

(Vince's face intensifies with terror)

It's only the beginning!

He snatches the key fob and forces Dr. Marvaul out through  
the back door as she whimpers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The officer, Dandrich, lies unconscious on the ground, a massive headwound visible.

His gun is missing.

The alarm repeats: "BACK DOOR!"

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. JAMAICA PLAIN, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - FRONT DOOR -  
NIGHT 12:55 A.M.

The officer outside, storms into the house, weapon drawn, searching for Dr. Marvaul, and the other officers.

The alarm blares, repeating "BACK DOOR!"

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He finds the back door wide open and the officer, Dandrich, on the floor, groaning.

OFFICER 3  
(yelling)  
Edwards! Where the hell are you?!

He kneels to help the officer, Dandrich.

OFFICER 3 (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
I need backup and an ambulance at 461  
Monroe Drive!

The officer, Edwards, frantic, enters through the back door.

OFFICER 4  
Sorry, I did a final sweep.

OFFICER 3  
He's gonna kick your ass when he gets  
back. Stay here while I check the rest  
of the house.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The officer checks every room for Dr. Marvaul, but she's nowhere to be found.

He rushes back downstairs to the kitchen.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT 1:30 A.M.

The sound of screeching tires echoes outside the front.

OFFICER 3  
(to himself)  
Here we go.

Detective Jones bursts into the house and storms into the kitchen, fury etched on his face.

The alarm continues to blare, "BACK DOOR!"

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(yelling)  
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!

OFFICER 3  
(assisting Officer 2)  
Somebody was already in the house.

OFFICER 4  
I was checking the perimeter.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(yelling)  
Well check the entire outer damn  
perimeter!

The officers exchange guilty glances, shame written all over them.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
(frustrated)  
You were supposed to keep her safe!

The alarm blares louder, "BACK DOOR!"

Detective Jones strides over and smashes the alarm with his elbow, frustration boiling over.

Sirens wail as an ambulance pulls up outside.

OFFICER 2  
(rubbing the back of his head)  
My gun's missing.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(realization dawning)  
Vince has her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs his radio.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
I need an APB out on a 2023 BMW M440i  
Gran Coupe, license plate IDK212.  
Suspect is armed and dangerous with a  
hostage.

A beat.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
Proceed with caution!

EXT. DR. MARVAUL'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones bolts out to his car, siren blaring as he  
speeds off down the street.

EXT. HINGHAM, MA. - LINCOLN ST. - LATER

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL'S BMW - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul grips the steering wheel, Vince in the backseat,  
a butcher knife pressed against her side.

VINCE  
Keep straight.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Are you taking me to them?

Vince smirks, a twisted satisfaction in his eyes.

VINCE  
Surprising, isn't it? You care so much  
about them now, considering how  
selfish you are.

Dr. Marvaul's anger flares.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Rather be selfish than a coward.

VINCE  
JUST DRIVE!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You're a user. No one will ever fear  
you again. That's what scares you the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

most. Isn't it? That's what this is  
really about?

Vince laughs, a chilling sound.

Dr. Marvaul drives toward a dock, the sign reading "Hingham  
Shipyard Marinas" looming ahead.

VINCE  
Make a right here.

She turns, spotting an old, abandoned ship.

Fear grips her, but she masks it with sarcasm.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What originality. (mockingly) "The  
killer seeks out yet another new  
hideout for his accumulating victims."

Dr. Marvaul laughs.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
So pathetic.

Vince's expression turns mockingly serious.

VINCE  
Your daughter squealed like a pig when  
I threw her in my trunk.

Dr. Marvaul's laugh fades quickly.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Park here.

She parks the car, heart racing.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You better not have hurt them, in  
anyway.

VINCE  
You talk too much.

Vince pulls a gun from his waistband, pressing it against her  
temple.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(whimpering)  
That's my job. To talk.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VINCE

Spreading your lies. I've never met a  
shrink as deceitful as you. I can only  
imagine the stories you told the  
police while I watched you... closely!

Dr. Marvaul smirks, defiance shining through her fear.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Seems like you lied. I wasn't your  
first shrink.

VINCE

Get out! NOW!

Vince's anger simmers beneath the surface, but he maintains a  
twisted calm.

They exit the vehicle.

EXT. DOCK OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

In a sudden burst of adrenaline, Dr. Marvaul makes a run for  
it!

**BANG!**

Vince shoots her in the left arm.

She screams, collapsing to the ground.

Vince yanks her to her feet, a sinister smile on his face.

VINCE

I'm cured. NOW WALK!

Dr. Marvaul clutches her bleeding arm, pain etched across her  
face.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I'm fascinated by how much women enjoy  
communing with devils.

She stumbles forward, fear and anger battling within her.

VINCE (CONT'D)

They cling when they can leave. But  
they refuse. Men? They bolt the moment  
things heat up—no forgiveness, no  
second chances. Ever notice that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A tense pause hangs in the air.

Dr. Marvaul glares at him, anger flaring.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You think you're some kind of  
philosopher? You're just a coward  
hiding behind a weapon. You'll never  
kill me. You need me!

Vince's smile falters for a moment, but he quickly regains his composure.

He shoves her forward, guiding her up a ramp onto the ship.

VINCE  
(playful)  
We have to hurry; can't keep your next  
victims waiting.

Dr. Marvaul's heart races as they approach the ship's entrance, thick with spider webs and shadows.

EXT. MONTCLAIR, MA. - I-93 SB - NIGHT 2:30 A.M.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones speeds down the road, tension etched on his face.

His phone rings, it's an officer at the station.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
Your wife's sister, Jackie, is here  
filing a missing person's report.  
She's causing a scene—saw on the news  
that your wife is missing too.

Detective Jones clenches his jaw, irritation bubbling beneath the surface.

OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What should I do?

Jones glances at his other line ringing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What should I tell her?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Tell Jackie to stay at the station  
where it's safe. If she doesn't  
listen, put her ass in a holding cell.  
I need to take this call.

He switches lines.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
Cruz.

OFFICER CRUZ (O.C.)  
I may have a lead.

Detective Jones visibly relaxes.

OFFICER CRUZ (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
I searched records for recent  
kidnapping victims with box cutter  
marks. Maddie Peters—she's a survivor.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Maddie Peters? I remember that case.

OFFICER CRUZ (O.C.)  
She's also one of Dr. Marvaul's  
patients.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(raising an eyebrow)  
Send me the address.

INT. ABANDONED HINGHAM SHIP - CREEPY STAIRWELL - CONTINUED

Vince guides Dr. Marvaul down a dimly lit stairwell.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(whimpering)  
I feel faint! I'm losing too much  
blood!

VINCE  
Music to my ears. Keep moving!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You think I'd kill my own family?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE

Isn't it your dream come true? Free to  
kill anyone you want. This is a gift.

Dr. Marvaul looks confused.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I never wanted to kill my family.  
That's your department.

Vince shoves her hard as they reach the bottom of the  
stairwell.

VINCE

That stupid detective Bruce used you  
up and spit you out. I thought you  
were used to that.

Dr. Marvaul's expression shifts to one of pain and anger.

She turns to face him, hatred boiling over.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

No, I used him. And here you are.

Vince's annoyance gives way to revelation.

VINCE

Some truth finally surfaces. Open that  
door.

Dr. Marvaul opens the door, revealing her mother and  
daughter, tied and gagged, on the ground.

Vince pushes Dr. Marvaul toward them.

She stumbles, blood spilling from her wound as she crawls to  
them.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Are you okay?

NALIA

(crying)

You're bleeding, Mom!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

It's okay. We'll get through this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

(scared)

That man, he kidnapped us right after  
we hung up!

Martha glares at Vince.

VINCE

The rage is hereditary.

MARTHA

(shouting)

Let us out of here!

VINCE

Soon as everyone hears the truth.

Martha and Nalia look at Dr. Marvaul, who wears a mask of  
mild anger.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - MT. AUBURN STREET - ALLEY - CONTINUED

Detective Murray arrives at a bustling alley filled with  
officers.

He approaches one holding black gloves, a jumpsuit, and a  
face covering in clear baggies.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Where is he?

OFFICER 1

Over there.

Murray spots Joe, the manager of "Beacon Hill Market,"  
speaking with officers.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Sir, did you see who dumped these?

JOE

Yeah, some uppity black chick—real  
pretty. Dr. Angie Van Marvaul.

Murray shows Joe a picture, he nods.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Thanks. They'll take you down to the  
station for a statement.

Murray walks away, a smirk on his face, as if to say, "I got

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

you."

INT. BOSTON, MA. - MADDIE PETERS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones shows Maddie a picture.

MADDIE

I'm not sure.

The detective looks defeated.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

I never got a good look at him; I was  
always blindfolded or drugged.

Detective Jones nods, acknowledging her tragedy.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Thanks to Dr. Marvaul, the memories  
are coming back in pieces. She's  
really good.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

(desperate)

Is there anything else you remember  
that could help me find her?

A moment passes as Maddie's expression shifts to one of  
revelation.

MADDIE

I don't know. There was something  
strange. I remember smelling seawater  
some of the time.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

Seawater?

MADDIE

(staring into space)

Sometimes I even felt the building  
moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HINGHAM SHIP - CONTINUED

An aerial view of the outside of the ship floating on the  
seawater at the dock.

INT. ABANDONED HINGHAM SHIP - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The camera moves into the inside of the ship until we see a view of Dr. Marvaul, Vince, Nalia, and Martha inside one of the rooms.

VINCE  
(playful)  
Let's play a game. To tell the truth.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(whimpering)  
Tell the truth about what?

VINCE  
You don't want mommy to know why  
you've missed curfew for the past two  
weeks?

Dr. Marvaul tries to interrupt.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You're delusional!

VINCE  
Why haven't you mentioned the real  
reason your husband left you? Other  
than cheating on him with a detective?

Martha looks confused, while Nalia stares at her mother, shocked.

Martha's expression turns blank.

MARTHA  
Her daughters here!

VINCE  
Your daughters here too. It's only  
fair.

MARTHA  
Honey, what is he talking about?

VINCE  
Your free afternoons and nights out,  
neglecting your beloved daughter.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
It's nobody's business what I do!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA

You've been lying to me?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

He's delusional, Mom! He's a patient.  
You can't trust him—he's had you all  
trapped down here! Don't believe  
anything he says!

Vince revels in her defensiveness.

VINCE

Aww, still lying to Mommy? I thought  
you'd grown out of that. Didn't she  
used to lie to you all the time, Mom?

Martha glares at Vince.

MARTHA

I believe my daughter. I don't believe  
you.

VINCE

No, you don't. I see it in your eyes.  
You think I don't recognize a united  
front? You're already convinced that  
she's a liar. Hopefully, Nalia doesn't  
turn out the same.

Dr. Marvaul's anger boils over.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(shouting)

Shut up, you coward! You can't even do  
your own kills!

Martha is shocked.

She attempts to comfort Nalia.

VINCE

That's it. Keep it comin'.

Vince's sinister smile widens.

EXT. HINGHAM, MA. - LINCOLN ST. - LATER

Detective Quentin drives past the abandoned shipyard and  
spots his wife's car parked inside a shed.



INT. DETECTIVE JONES' CAR - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(into radio)  
This is Detective Jones. I need backup  
at the old abandoned Hingham shipyard.

INT. ABANDONED HINGHAM SHIP - ROOM - CONTINUED

VINCE  
(playful)  
Truth or dare? Truth or dare?

They all stare at him, stunned.

MARTHA  
This man is bona fide crazy.

VINCE  
No, no, no! That's not your job,  
anymore. Now, Angie, am I crazy?

Vince points the gun at Dr. Marvaul, stepping closer.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Careful. Answer correctly.

Vince laughs sinisterly.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(whimpering in anger)  
You're a pathetic, lying, psychotic,  
narcissistic momma's boy with mommy  
issues!

VINCE  
Wow, my turn, and you're a lying,  
treacherous, stalker with a wondering  
eye.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(shakily breathing)  
And you're a psycho, just like your  
mother.

Vince pauses, staring closely at Dr. Marvaul.

Martha looks scared and concerned.

MARTHA  
Come on, Missy, don't make him mad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Isn't that what you said in our first  
session?

Vince stares at Dr. Marvaul with intensity as she continues.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
Didn't you tell me all the gory  
details about your mother's death? How  
she begged for her life when her  
throat was slit, from jugular to  
jugular.

Martha's eyes widen in shock.

MARTHA  
He told you that?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(leaning in)  
How would you have known? You had to  
have been there.

A beat.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
One slit took away years of pain.  
Didn't it, Vince?

Vince continues to stare at Dr. Marvaul, intrigued.

VINCE  
You're a good liar, and a horrible  
daughter.

She meets his gaze, smirking.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
At least my mother loves me.

Vince's anger flares.

He fires his gun close to Dr. Marvaul, and they all scream.

INT. HALLWAY NEAR HULL OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones is startled by the gunshot, halting in his  
tracks.

He hears the sounds of voices speaking from a distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taking a deep breath, he inches closer, moving down the corridor.

INT. ROOM OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Vince continues his tirade, pointing his gun at Dr. Marvaul and firing repeatedly.

EXT. ROOM OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Detective Jones is now close enough to recognize the voices.

VINCE (O.S.)

TALK!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (O.S.)

Talk about more of your delusions?

VINCE (O.S.)

You're going to talk and unburden yourself.

MARTHA (O.S.)

What the hell is he talking about, honey?

INT. ROOM OF SHIP - CONTINUOUS

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

(whimpering)

Mom, he's having a psychotic episode. He's sick; he doesn't even know what he's talking about.

Vince loses his temper.

VINCE

I'm not the one who's psychotic, you manipulating cunt!

Dr. Marvaul laughs, while Nalia and Martha exchange confused glances.

VINCE (CONT'D)

There goes that laugh again. The fearless woman. There are a few more bullets in this gun. (opening the gun's magazine) Let's see, one for your daughter, one for your mommy, and one for your forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vince clicks the gun to engage it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I have the gun, which means I have the power and control.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I was told that control is a funny thing. Sometimes we think we have it. But you don't realize it, because I have the brains... not to mention... the guts!

Vince's frustration mounts as he clings to the stolen gun.

Suddenly, Detective Jones accidentally steps on a loose, rusted part of the floor, making a crackling noise.

VINCE

(startled)

WHO'S OUT THERE?!

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

VINCE WOODS! I'M DETECTIVE JONES. JUST LET THEM GO, AND YOU CAN TAKE ME INSTEAD.

VINCE

(laughing)

You think this is a hostage situation? No way. I just need the dear doctor here to confess her sins.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

What do you mean?

Vince glances at Dr. Marvaul, who is whimpering and sweating.

He revels in the power he feels.

VINCE

(playful)

I'll just have to do the honors and tell you all of her dirty little secrets, myself!

Dr. Marvaul glares at Vince, rage boiling beneath the surface.

Vince makes one final glance at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Maybe next time you'll stay in your  
lane. Maybe next time you won't,  
INTERVENE!

The tension thickens as Vince walks toward the door to address Detective Jones.

Dr. Marvaul seizes the moment, reaching for her small pistol hidden in her ankle holster.

She pulls it out and points it at Vince.

He hears the click of the gun and stops in his tracks.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Who's in control now? You, me,  
(leaning in) or the devil.

Vince spins around, aiming his gun at her, but Dr. Marvaul fires first.

Martha pulls Nalia close, shielding her from the horror.

The shot pierces through his forehead.

He collapses to the ground, lifeless.

Detective Jones rushes into the room, staring at Vince's dead body in mild shock.

He quickly shifts his gaze to Dr. Marvaul, skepticism etched on his face as he notices the gun clutched tightly in her hand.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I guess it came in handy? Huh?

He rushes to Dr. Marvaul's side as she struggles to stand, blood oozing from her arm.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(steadily)  
I'm fine. We need to get them out of  
here.

Detective Jones notices the chains wrapped around Martha and Nalia's wrists.

He hugs Nalia protectively.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Marvaul walks over to Vince's dead body, sneering at him.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
It's over.

She turns, raising the gun again, this time aiming at the chains.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(panicked)  
What are you doing?!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Pull them away from the pole.

Detective Jones looks at his wife, concern etched on his face, but he complies, pulling them from the pole and exposing the chains.

Dr. Marvaul aims her gun at the chains, her expression fierce.

She fires, the bullet shattering the chains.

EXT. ABANDONED HINGHAM SHIP - MOMENTS AFTER

The group rushes out the front entrance, the wail of approaching sirens echoing in the distance.

Detective Quentin Jones watches anxiously as they exit, met by a swarm of EMTs, officers, and reporters.

The EMTs hurry to assist Dr. Marvaul, Martha, and Nalia.

Suddenly, an unmarked car screeches to a halt.

Detective Murray leaps out, flanked by backup officers.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(shouting)  
Mer, what are you doing?!

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
You can't save her!

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
What are you talking about?!

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
Your wife is facing serious charges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Officers rush past Detective Jones.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
Charges? For what?!

Detective Murray brandishes items retrieved from a dumpster.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
The gear your wife wore when she  
murdered Julie Walters, Chad Guillem,  
and Umiyah Anderson. Found just blocks  
from her office.

Detective Jones watches in horror as Dr. Marvaul is  
handcuffed to a gurney.

Martha and Nalia cry, struggling as an officer tries to  
separate them.

The ambulance pulls away, leaving Detective Jones looking  
defeated, catching an angry glare from Martha.

MARTHA  
(shouting)  
YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, QUENTIN!  
SHE'S INNOCENT!

Detective Jones stands helplessly as the ambulance disappears  
from view.

INT. BOSTON WOMEN'S PRISON - LEGAL VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Dr. Marvaul, clad in an orange jumpsuit with a bandaged arm,  
sits at a table, handcuffed.

Detective Jones gazes at her, sorrow etched on his face.

Dr. Marvaul leans forward, tears brimming, the metal of her  
cuffs clinking against the table.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(pleading)  
I was under duress! Quentin, please,  
you have to help me!

Detective Jones's confusion morphs into frustration.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
But you lied to me and the Captain.  
How can I help you now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
He made me do it! I had no choice! The gear, the weapon—he would have killed us all!

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I can't help you if you're not honest. Which, let's be real, isn't your strong suit.

Dr. Marvaul's expression shifts to disbelief.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You're still fixated on Bruce. You can't separate that trauma.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
(voice rising)  
Don't try to psychoanalyze me! (calms)  
Just tell me the truth. Why did you dump those clothes? That's not like you.

A beat.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
What's your connection to this maniac?

Dr. Marvaul's disappointment is palpable.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
You really think I'm guilty? That I wanted to kill them?

Detective Jones reaches out, his expression softening.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I love you, but you need to make sense of this, because it doesn't!

Dr. Marvaul suddenly pulls away, a smirk creeping onto her face.

Detective Jones recoils, shocked.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I won't say anything more to you or anyone else except my lawyer. She believes me. She knows I'm not a murderer or an accomplice.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Detective Jones looks hesitant.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
You know any evidence presented is  
circumstantial. It won't hold up.

Dr. Marvaul's longing gaze catches him off guard.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)  
Vince really did have something on  
you. You left the key fob for him.

Dr. Marvaul leans in, the sound of her handcuffs clinking.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
If risking my reputation meant  
protecting my family, I'd do anything!

Detective Jones stares deeply into her eyes, desperate to  
believe her.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
(smiling nervously)  
He made me look like the killer.

Detective Jones takes a deep breath, swallowing hard.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
You aren't, are you?

Dr. Marvaul stares back, doubt creeping into her expression.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
(shouting)  
GUARD!

A guard enters, approaching them.

She unlocks the cuffs and escorts Dr. Marvaul away from  
Detective Jones.

Detective Jones stands, watching helplessly as she disappears  
from sight.

INT. BOSTON PD PRECINCT - DETECTIVE JONES'S DESK - LATER

Detective Jones sifts through files related to his wife's  
case, frustration etched on his face.

Detective Mark Murray walks in, noticing Jones's anger and  
confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His smug demeanor fades, replaced by a hint of compassion.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
You want her to be innocent, don't  
you?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
She's my wife.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
I spoke with her sister, Jackie, while  
she was here. And she had a lot to  
say.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
I'm sure you believed every word.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
You think I have some hidden agenda  
against your wife?

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES  
No, not against my wife.

Murray adopts a serious tone.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY  
Look, Detective, we've never seen eye  
to eye, but think about it. She wore  
"killing gear" —a head and face  
covering, a jumpsuit, black gloves—and  
brutally killed three people. We both  
know her assistant was attacked by  
someone who had access to the  
building. No prints found, blood  
everywhere, but nothing on the items  
conveniently dumped in a dumpster just  
a short walk from her office.

A beat.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Let's say I give her the benefit of  
the doubt and say he made her do the  
killings to incriminate her. Even  
then, she'd still be guilty of  
perjury.

Detective Jones processes Murray's words, doubt creeping in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

She's going to go free. There's no evidence to convict her, no blood on this "killing gear," no witnesses, nothing to connect her to the murders. Only Vince's fingerprints were found on the murder weapon.

Murray interrupts, frustration mounting.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

That just so happened to be tucked away in the back seat of his car! Come on! You don't think she knew the cameras and lights were out in her office parking lot? How she manipulated you and the Captain with her wild story? Those long nights of pillow talk with 'BIG MOUTH' Bruce!

A beat.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)

No offense, but she's conniving. Better yet, she's brilliant! She could have wanted to commit these murders.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES

There's no CCTV footage around the abandoned building. The lights and cameras outside my wife's office were out, as confirmed by the building manager. He told the court he spoke to Dr. Marvaul's assistant two days before she was murdered.

Murray looks frustrated.

DETECTIVE QUENTIN JONES (CONT'D)

He assured her they'd be fixed soon. If it weren't for her, they wouldn't have even known the cameras were out. Does that sound like someone planning a murder? Besides, Jackie has always hated Angie. She's been jealous of her since they were kids.

Murray continues to stare at Detective Jones, then turns to leave but hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY

Did you know Jackie witnessed your  
beloved Angie almost kill someone when  
she was only ten years old?

Detective Jones stares at Murray, shocked.

DETECTIVE MARK MURRAY (CONT'D)

Killers don't stop. They just become  
better psychos.

Detective Jones watches as Murray walks away, uncertainty  
clouding his expression.

INT. BOSTON, MA. - JOHN ADAMS COURTHOUSE - ROOM 33 - MORNING

The courtroom is packed with chatter.

Dr. Marvaul sits beside her attorney, who places a reassuring  
hand on top of hers.

The prosecuting attorney stands before the jury, preparing to  
deliver his closing arguments.

The judge slams his gavel.

JUDGE

Order! (pause, chatter ceases)  
Councilman Joice, please proceed.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, this  
is an open-and-shut case. Attorney  
Royce will have you believe that this  
woman is a saint, that she shouldn't  
be held responsible for the lives of  
three victims.

PAUSE.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

She'll tell you this was beyond the  
"good" doctor's control, that she had  
no choice. But I'm here to tell you  
she did have a choice, and that choice  
was to align herself with a killer.

PAUSE.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

If it were possible, she would even

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

have you believe that Dr. Marvaul merely stood by while Vince committed these heinous acts, dressed from head to toe in the gear that murderers use to cover their tracks.

PAUSE.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Dr. Marvaul could have gone to the police the moment she realized her mother and daughter were in danger. But no, she took matters into her own hands and aided a killer.

PAUSE.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Who would do that? I'll tell you who—a cold-blooded killer! An accomplice. This is not normal. She didn't confess what happened to anyone until she was caught red-handed. Before you make your official judgment, I urge each of you to look at the facts. We have the gear, the murder weapon conveniently tucked in the back of Vince's car, and eyewitness testimony of Dr. Marvaul's gear being dumped into a dumpster just minutes away from where her assistant was killed... by her!

PAUSE.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

She's an expert in the mind. She knows how to manipulate.

PAUSE.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

I'll even concede she was under privilege with Vince, but why not break that privilege when you knew he was a psychopath willing to do more harm? Why play along with him when your family's lives were at stake? I'll tell you why—she didn't care. She wanted to kill!

PAUSE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

She even took matters into her own hands and killed Vince before he could reveal the truth. Why? To silence him, of course. Counselor Royce will argue was because her family was in danger, but the police were right outside that door. There was no danger. She reveled in it! Killing is deep within her thoughts! The gruesome slicing of jugulars is in her blood! She is a cold-blooded killer who needs to be put away for the rest of her life!

The prosecuting attorney takes his seat, confidence radiating from him.

Dr. Marvaul's lawyer stands up and walks toward the jury, who are now eagerly anticipating her rebuttal.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY

Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, we have a woman here under extreme pressure, a pillar in the community who has served thousands with extraordinary care for over thirteen years.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

A career woman targeted, stalked, and threatened by a ruthless killer—Vince Woods, confirmed in 30 other unsolved murders. Her mother and daughter were also targeted victims. Her skills and professionalism were tested and provoked by a psychopath.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Everyone has primal instincts when it comes to the people they love. Throughout all of this man's tumultuous actions, she still attempted psychiatric care for him. Could it be because she cares and upholds her vows to help all people, no matter what? She took on a patient far beyond what she thought she could

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

handle. And she deserves the benefit of the doubt.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

What would you do in her position? Being constantly manipulated and controlled by a stalking, dangerous abductor? A ruthless killer? The murder weapon was found with DNA from all the victims, including Melissa Smith. Not to mention, Vince Woods's fingerprints were also found on the murder weapon. Though he may not have killed Melissa Smith, he abducted her, tortured her, and would have killed her if she hadn't wounded him in self-defense.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

The unfortunate passing of this young woman has been ruled an accident. However, he orchestrated the murders of Dr. Marvaul's assistant, Umiyah Anderson, Chad Guillem, and Julie Walters. The mind and execution of the killings were all him. My client had nothing to do with the murders. She was a tag-along in a sick, twisted game.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

The evidence shows a ping from Vince's phone the night Chad was killed. Further evidence proves that Vince's vicious plan involved calling Chad with a lead on the whereabouts of his girlfriend, Julie, luring him to his ultimate demise.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

The prosecutor has made a point to place blame for these murders onto my client, but what he's failed to do is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

connect this killer to the countless ongoing murders dating back as far as 2010, committed by the deceased Vince Woods. Katy Woods, Vince's own mother, was even one of the victims. Are we really going to overlook all those victims, of which my client had nothing to do with and never even knew about? This man—(pause)—Vince Woods—knew what he was doing.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

I must reiterate, he targeted, stalked, kidnapped, and preyed upon my client, Dr. Angie Van Marvaul. He exploited her expertise in healing minds as a sick test of her abilities. My client had no choice but to comply with whatever this killer, Vince, demanded. He abducted her mother and daughter, so of course, she feared for their lives if she refused. Vince Woods even admitted to wanting to harm them before facing his final moments when Dr. Marvaul stopped her attacker.

PAUSE.

DR. MARVAUL'S ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

My client is innocent. Please, put yourself in her shoes. What would you do? Would you risk the lives of your mother and child at the hands of a psychopath? Think about that when you render your verdict. Consider the life that will be ruined if you choose a guilty verdict. Think of all the people who will be deprived of Dr. Angie Van Marvaul's extraordinary care if she goes to prison for something she didn't do. A wife, a mother, a daughter, a friend, a healer, and a public figure's life will be destroyed. Think about that.

Dr. Marvaul's attorney returns to her seat beside her, offering a comforting gesture.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JUDGE

We'll adjourn while the jury  
deliberates and reconvene in an hour.

The judge slams the gavel, signaling the end of the session.

INT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dr. Angie Van Marvaul walks around her office, taking in the  
surroundings with a sense of relief.

She approaches the window, gazing out at the beautiful  
scenery.

Her phone rings.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Hi, Mom. Are you okay?

MARTHA (O.S.)

I should be asking you that, Missy.  
Are you holding up alright,  
sweetheart?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Better than before.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha sighs, a shadow of sadness crossing her face.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul mirrors her mother's sigh.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

I can't make him stay, Mom.

MARTHA (O.S.)

But he didn't ask for a divorce,  
right? There's still hope for you two.

Dr. Marvaul hesitates, avoiding the question.

MARTHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I know, I'm being nosy again.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

He thinks I'm a murderer, Mom. I know  
he does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA (O.S.)  
My daughter is no murderer!

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Well, that's what he thinks. I can see  
the doubt in his eyes.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha's expression shifts to one of doubt and hesitation.

MARTHA  
Have you hired an assistant yet?

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I'm interviewing someone today. I feel  
terrible about replacing Umiyah.

Dr. Marvaul's expression betrays her sadness.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
How are you holding up at work?

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
I guess my patients still aren't  
feeling comfortable.

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Things will get better, trust me.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Yeah, when the dust settles.

A heavy silence falls.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)  
Mom? You there?

MARTHA (O.S.)  
Just one more thing.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
What is it?

Dr. Marvaul listens intently.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Martha's face contorts into a dangerously intense expression.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTHA  
DON'T YOU EVER LIE TO ME AGAIN!

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL  
Absolutely not. Not for as long as I  
live.

INT. MARTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Martha's terrifying expression shifts to a twisted  
satisfaction.

MARTHA  
We can't let little lies destroy the  
trust between us-between you, me, and  
Nalia.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Marvaul stares blankly, nodding as a faint voice echoes  
in her mind.

VINCE (V.O.)  
I'll always be inside you.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Caption: **Two weeks later**

Dr. Marvaul consults with patients, her demeanor professional  
yet haunted.

VINCE (V.O.)  
Everywhere you go, everything you do.

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dr. Marvaul enters her home after a long day.

She notices a bouquet of roses on the kitchen counter.

The note reads, "From: Quentin."

A smile flickers on her face, tinged with doubt.

VINCE (V.O.)  
You'll always remember my

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

capabilities.

Her smile fades, replaced by a sinister expression.

FLASHBACK TO:

**MONTAGE:** FLASHBACKS OF VINCE WOODS' KILLS

EXT. CHICAGO, IL. - DAN RYAN WOODS - NIGHT

Vince chases a young white couple through the woods.

EXT. CHICAGO, IL. - DAN RYAN WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Vince throws a rock, hitting the man in the head.

He collapses to the ground.

Vince catches up to the woman, grabbing her waist and covering her mouth.

She screams.

EXT. BOSTON MA. - RANDOM WOMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vince has a woman strapped to her bed, torturing her before slitting her throat.

A shadowy figure moves away from the outside of the window.

INT. ROOM OF HINGHAM SHIP - NIGHT

Vince tortures Melissa Smith, making small cuts on her body.

**END MONTAGE**

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. BEACON HILL MARKET - OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

A rainy night. Melissa injures Vince, slicing his eye with a box cutter.

EXT. BEACON HILL MARKET - OPEN FIELD - CONTINUED (CONT'D)

Melissa, panicked, runs for her life with Vince in the background groaning in pain, clutching his bleeding eye.

VINCE (V.O.)

I know what you saw. And I KNOW WHAT  
YOU DID!

EXT. BEACON HILL MARKET - PARKING LOT - CONTINUED (CONT'D)

Melissa sprints through the parking lot, desperate to escape. Suddenly, she is confronted by a shadowy figure—revealed to be Dr. Marvaul, pointing a pistol at her.

VINCE (V.O.)

I understand now. You didn't want your teacher to get caught.

EXT. ROOF-TOP OF BEACON HILL MARKET - CONTINUED

Dr. Marvaul forces Melissa to the edge of the rooftop, pushing her toward the opening of a building's column.

Melissa falls inside, injured and trapped. She struggles as Dr. Marvaul watches, breathing heavily, a sinister smile creeping across her face as raindrops fall.

VINCE (V.O.)

My anger couldn't overpower my amazement. You've been watching me, studying me, and rooting for me even. But you WENT TOO FAR!

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

We return to Dr. Marvaul's office, where Vince shows her his phone screen. First, images of her mother and daughter held captive.

He swipes to reveal incriminating photos: snapshots of Dr. Marvaul on the rooftop, secret stalking images of Dr. Marvaul watching him during his abductions and kills.

VINCE (V.O.)

I was so angry. I wanted what we had to be real. I knew forcing you to become one with me was necessary.

Dr. Marvaul's shock and frustration cause her to drop a boxcutter, which falls in slow motion to the ground.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

A series of quick cuts show Dr. Marvaul killing Julie by slitting her jugular, expertly avoiding blood spatter as Vince watches with admiration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After the kill, she notices a single drop of blood on her gloves, burning them before grabbing a new pair.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. KATY WOODS' HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vince stares at himself in the mirror, rinsing blood off his hands while his mother lies dead in the other room.

VINCE (V.O.)

I know you saw it. She abused me. This one was for fun.

Dr. Marvaul watches from outside, surprisingly unfazed by the sight of Vince's dead mother lying on the couch in a gruesome display.

VINCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You made me feel special and interesting. Was it real, or just straight B.S.?

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. CAMBRIDGE, MA. - WESTERN AVENUE. - DR. MARVAUL'S BMW - NIGHT

Vince confronts Dr. Marvaul, catching a glimpse of the key fob sitting in her cup holder.

She secretly arms herself with a pistol, tucking it into her ankle holster while he is briefly distracted.

VINCE (V.O.)

You're brilliant. You knew exactly what you were doing.

In the same scene, Vince pulls Dr. Marvaul out of her car.

VINCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hate how dumb I've become around you, always one step behind.

EXT. STRAUSS TRUNNION BASCULE BRIDGE - DAY

Vince's car careens off the bridge, plunging into the water.

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The car sinks as Vince quickly forces the driver's side

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

window down, escaping just in time. Dr. Marvail remains calm, revealing a handkerchief concealing the bloody box cutter with Vince's fingerprints.

She places it in Vince's backseat pocket, letting the handkerchief float away through the open window.

Feigning struggle, she pretends to lose consciousness just as Detective Jones arrives to rescue her.

VINCE (V.O.)

Maybe that was your goal all along—to  
get rid of me and take over.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

INT. DR. MARVAUL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Back in the present, Dr. Marvail is still on the phone with her mother.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

You're right, Mom. We don't need  
anything coming in between us.

Dr. Marvail glances beyond her laptop, hearing a knock at the door.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL (CONT'D)

Yes.

INTERVIEWEE

Dr. Marvail, I'm Gladys, here for the  
assistant position.

A beat.

VINCE (V.O.)

Well done, doc. Well done. However,  
it's only a matter of time before  
others SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

Dr. Marvail hangs up the phone, a sinister smile spreading across her face.

DR. ANGIE VAN MARVAUL

Come in.

FADE OUT.

THE END