

toxic series 8 episodes

written by

tania ocasio

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

TITLE: TOXIC

Genre: Dark/ Psychological Thriller

Tone: The Fugitive X Gone Girl X Ozark

Logline: when a Connecticut woman tries to quietly leave her narcissistic, alcoholic husband, his obsession turns violent forcing her into a deadly game of survival as he stalks, manipulates, and destroys anyone who gets close to her.

Synopsis:

Why this story? Why Now?

Bio: a first time Latina writer

## TOXIC- EPISODE 1: "UNDER THE SURFACE"

FADE IN.

EXT.SUBURBAN STREET-MORNING

A quiet, sunlit street. Birds chirp. Children ride bikes.

A sleek black car slowly cruises, pausing at houses. One driver watches attentively.

INT.KITCHEN-WIFE'S HOUSE-MORNING

LIANA (30's, independent, stylish but practical) pours coffee. Calm, casual, smiling.

Her phone vibrates. She checks it: a location alert from 'husband'

PHONE DISPLAY: Liana's location: 7:32 AM-Kitchen"

She frowns.

LIANA  
(to herself)  
Why do I even have this App?

INT.HUSBAND'S CAR-SAME TIME

CHRIS (late 30's, handsome, charming, but eyes sharp, calculating) watches the screen on his phone.. a small smile forms.

CHRIS  
She's right where I expect her to  
be.

INT.LIANA'S HOUSE-FRONT YARD-MORNING

Liana steps outside with her coffee, Chris's car is parked down the street, engine off. He watches, calm but intense.

INT.LIANA'S HOUSE-LATER

Liana opens the mailbox. A postcard. Odd handwriting. "Have a great day"

Her brow furrows. She glances at her phone. Same location alert.

INT.LIVING ROOM-EVENING

Liana lounges on the couch, laptop open, scrolling through photos.

Chris enters quietly behind her, carrying wine.

CHRIS

Hey, baby how was your day?

LIANA

Fine. Work was fine.

CHRIS

(smiling)

You seemed distracted this morning.

He sits close, subtly encroaching. She shifts slightly away.

LIANA

(slightly tense)

I was just thinking about a project at work. Trying to find the perfect menu for this wedding.

LIANA (CONT'D)

By the way how do you know I seemed concerned, didn't you leave early for work this morning.

CHRIS

Ah. Well, just remembered I'm concerned.

His tone is soft, but it carries an edge of control.

INT.LIANA'S DINING ROOM-NIGHT

The table is set, candlelight flickers, steak, mashed potatoes, asparagus, rolls of bread dressed the table. Two glasses. Soft salsa music plays faintly from the speakers.

Chris leans back in his chair, studying Liana. His expression softens. The evening is serene, calm, romantic.

Suddenly, Chris stands up, extends his hand for a dance beautiful.

CHRIS  
(quietly)  
We don't do this enough...Just you  
and me. No distractions.

Liana gives him a tentative smile, sipping her wine.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Dance with me.

Liana hesitates, then takes his hand. They sway slowly in the dim light, close, intimate.

Chris kisses her-at first tender, then deeper, more forceful. His hand presses firmly against the small of her back, piling her in tight. The kiss teeters between passion and possession.

Liana pulls back slightly, searching his face.

LIANA  
(soft, uneasy)  
Chris-

He smiles, masking intensity with charm.

CHRIS  
I'll be right back. Gonna grab some  
beer. Don't go anywhere.

He kisses her forehead, almost like a command, then grabs his keys and heads for the door.

The soft music continues as Liana clears plates, oblivious to the storm outside.

EXT.SUBURBAN STREET-CONTINUOUS

Chris steps into his SUV, eyes locked on the house. Across the street, headlights flickers-Carlos pulls up.

Chris jaw tightens, hands gripping the wheel.

INT.LIANA'SLIVING ROOM-EVENING

Liana is working on her laptop at th dining table. The project files are spread out- graphs, spreadsheets.

A knock at the door.

She opens it to reveal CARLOS, her boss. Mid-40's, professional, kind. He carries a folder.

CARLOS

Sorry to drop by unannounced. I just need to get updated budget numbers from you before tomorrow's call.

Liana nods, letting him in. They talk casually, but Chris's car is parked across the street, headlights off. His shadowed figure watches from behind the windshield, eyes burning with suspicion.

INT.LIANA'S KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Carlos flips through the project folder while Liana makes coffee. Their conversation is strictly professional, but Chris, from his angle. Only sees two silhouettes moving closer.

Carlos leaves after a polite thank you. Liana unaware of the danger outside.

EXT.SUBURBAN STREET-CONTINUOUS

Carlos walks to his car. He hums to himself, relaxed.

Chris's car engine roar to life.

Carlos barely registers the sound before-

THUD! Chris's SUV slams into him, sending him rolling across the hood and crashing onto the pavement.

Chris drives off into the night, leaving Carlos bleeding, groaning in agony.

INT.LIANA'S HOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

Liana works on her laptop, unaware.

In the distance, faint sirens begin to wail.

INT.LIANA'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Liana scrolls on her phone, discovers the tracking app again.

LIANA  
(under her breath)  
This...this isn't normal.

She looks around the dark room, suddenly paranoid. Looks outside window.

CUT TO:

EXT.STREET-NIGHT

Chris's car parked across the street. Headlights off. He watches the house like a predator.

INT.LIANA'S HOUSE-KITCHEN-MORNING

Sunlight filters in. Liana pours coffee, dressed for work. She hums faintly, trying to shake off last night.

The TV news plays in the background:

"...local man hospitalized after being  
struck in a hit-and-run. Police are asking for witnesses.

Liana freezes, mug in hand. A photo flashes on-screen-Carlos. Bruised but alive.

Her face drains of color.

LIANA  
(whispers)  
Oh my God.

INT.LIANA'S KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Chris strolls in, freshly showered, tie around his neck. He plants a kiss on Emma's cheek like nothing happened.

CHRIS  
Morning, beautiful. What's wrong?

Liana stares at him, words caught in her throat.

LIANA  
It's Carlos. He was hit last night.  
A car... it was a hit-and-run.

Chris face flickers-just for a second. Then he forces a look of concern.

CHRIS  
Jesus. Is he okay?

LIANA  
They said he's stable, but-  
(shaking) it was right  
near here.

Chris pours himself coffee, casual.

CHRIS  
This neighborhood's gone to hell.  
People don't pay attention anymore.  
Probably some drunk kid joyriding.

Liana studies him, unease creeping in.

INT.LIANA'S BEDROOM-LATER

Liana is buttoning her blouse for work. Chris leans against the doorway, watching her.

CHRIS  
I don't like him coming over here,  
your boss.

(beat)

Feels inappropriate.

Liana stiffens.

LIANA  
Carlos is my boss. It was about  
work. That's all.

Chris steps closer, rushing imaginary lint from her shoulder. His voice drops.

CHRIS  
Work, right. Just...be careful how  
it looks. People talk.

Liana forces a nod, but her stomach churns.

EXT.SUBURBAN STREET-MORNING

Chris walks Liana to her car, opening the door for her the perfect husband. Neighbors wave, he waves back, smiling.

As Liana pulls away, his smile fades. He watches her go, mask slipping into cold satisfaction.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
Nobody comes between us. You're all  
mine.

CUT TO BLACK.

OPENING SCENE-THE HOSPITAL

FADE IN.

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

Carlos lies in bed, face bruised, arm in a sling, IV  
dripping. Machines beep softly.

Liana enters with flowers, guilt heavy on her face.

CARLOS  
(weak smile)  
Liana you didn't have to come.

LIANA  
Of course I did. I'm sorry.

She sets the flowers down, sits beside him.

CARLOS  
It happened so fast. I was walking  
to my car, then...lights. The sound  
of an engine. Next thing I knew I  
was on the ground.

Liana swallows hard, her hands trembling.

LIANA  
Do you...remember anything? The  
car?

CARLOS  
Black SUV, maybe. That's all I saw.

Liana's breath catches-Chris drives a black SUV. She hides  
her reaction.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Don't beat yourself up. This isn't  
your fault.

INT.HOSPITAL HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Liana exits Carlo's room, shaken.

Down the hall-Chris leans against the wall, arms crossed, watching.

Liana freezes.

LIANA

Chris? What are you doing here?

CHRIS

(smoothly)

You didn't answer my calls. I got worried.

He puts his arm around her, guiding her down the hall.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(whispering in her ear)

It doesn't look good, you being here alone with him. People might talk.

Liana stiffens.

LIANA

He's my boss. He almost died.

Chris smile never falters.

CHRIS

Then we'll make sure that doesn't happen again.

The words land heavy. Liana looks up at him, searching his eyes-but he just keeps smiling.

INT.LIANA'S KITCHEN-MORNING

Liana calls a friend, LUCY, quietly.

LIANA

Lucy...can I ask you something weird?

He's monitoring me. Not in a "funny couple" way.

LUCY (V.O.)

Liana...are you serious?

LIANA

Yes. I found this app... he tracks my every move; he tracks me all the time.

LUCY

What are you planning to do? What is his motivation, why is the question, Liana. A person like that is capable of anything. You have to be very careful.

Lucy gasps.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE-SAME TIME

Chris smiles at his phone. Watching hidden cameras in every room of the house.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Good... she's noticing.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE 1