

RED FLAG

"The Dog Funeral"

by

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TEASER / OPENING SCENE

FADE IN:

1 **INT. BROOKLYN PET FUNERAL HOME - DAY**

1

A tacky, over-air-conditioned funeral parlor. Plastic flowers, cheap wood paneling, and faint scent of "Mountain Rain" air freshener.

Chairs are filled with DOG OWNERS in various stages of grief—some openly sobbing, some holding urns, some hugging framed portraits of pugs.

At the front: a PROJECTOR SCREEN plays a slideshow.

A chubby black PUG in different outfits—tutu, sunglasses, Halloween taco costume.

COMIC SANS TEXT (ONSCREEN):

"#BarkInPower"

"You were a good girl, Bella."

"Rest in treats."

PAN TO:

JANE ST. CLAIRE (34) - sharp-eyed, painfully alert, overdressed in black. Not crying. Not even close.

MAZ (30s) - wine-loving preschool teacher with an acerbic glint, sits beside her. She discreetly unscrews a thermos and offers it.

MAZ
(to Jane, sotto)
Rosé. Classy funeral edition.

Jane takes a sip without looking away from the screen.

JANE (V.O.)
The dog got a funeral. I got a three-
line breakup text and an unmatched.

VISUAL OVERLAY (HANDWRITTEN FONT):

Red Flag #5: Prioritizes Pet Grief Over Human Emotion

On the screen, a video clip of BELLA the pug snoring gently while wrapped in a Yankees blanket.

(CONTINUED)

The audience collectively *sniffles*. Someone audibly says "She was love in a squishface."

MAZ

So this guy cried at the vet? Or like... now?

JANE

Now. During the slideshow. His shoulders did that Catholic guilt tremble thing. The same thing he did when he came too fast.

MAZ

Wow.

JANE

He posted a photo of her urn before he texted me goodbye.

MAZ

...Was it a nice urn?

JANE

It had glitter.

Maz winces. Offers the thermos again.

MAZ

Oh no.

JANE

Right?

From behind them, a faint PHONE SPEAKER starts playing a podcast. The volume is just loud enough to hear a host's voice—low, NPR-adjacent, ominous.

PODCAST (O.S.)

...the victim was last seen entering Prospect Park around dusk... witnesses say she was with a man matching the description of Miles Sheridan...

JANE

(tenses)

What?

She half-turns to look behind her—just a MAN in a Mets hat, headphones askew, unaware his phone speaker is on.

(CONTINUED)

MAZ

What?

JANE

Did he say Miles Sheridan?

MAZ

Who?

JANE

My Miles.

MAZ

Vegan horror guy?

JANE

The one who only liked horror movies
made before 1992 and refused to use
plastic.

MAZ

Right. The composting cuddler.

Jane locks eyes with the screen again. BELLA's urn now sits
next to a plate of uneaten dog treats.

JANE (V.O.)

Ex #5: Crying during the dog funeral.
Not during the breakup. Definitely not
when he said he'd "lost himself and
found mushrooms instead."

VISUAL OVERLAY (PEN SCRAWL):

Possible Alibi Conflict: July 3rd, Silent Retreat vs. Park
Witness?

She pulls out her phone, already googling.

SMASH TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PET FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Jane and Maz exit the funeral, plastic fans still whirring
inside. Jane is already halfway down the sidewalk, typing
furiously on her phone.

JANE

(muttering)

Miles Sheridan. Prospect Park. Last
seen...

Her screen loads.

(CONTINUED)

GOOGLE SEARCH RESULT:

"Brooklyn Shadows Ep. 12 - The Jogger Case (Podcast)"

"Person of interest: Miles Sheridan, 34."

She STOPS. Stares.

MAZ
Don't spiral.

Jane slowly turns her head to us—the camera—eyes wide.

JANE
(to camera)
No way.

CUT TO BLACK.

JANE (V.O.)
Turns out, the dead dog was the least
suspicious thing that week.

RED FLAG

Episode 1: "The Dog Funeral"

END TEASER / OPENING SCENE

ACT ONE

4

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

4

A Brooklyn walk-up that looks like it could collapse under its own sarcasm. The walls are painted the color of last year's ambition. Half the lights are too warm. The other half flicker like they're unsure of their identity.

A chaotic blend of *cozy and neurotic*:

A post-IKEA desk, collapsing at one corner, buried under takeout containers, highlighters, open books.

A corkboard dominates one wall, speckled with *color-coded index cards*:

"EX #1 - Shrimp Allergy, Eats Clam Chowder? Suspicious."

"EX #3 - Never blinked during sex. Zero times."

"EX #5 - Miles: Vegan, Leather Shoes???"

Close on JANE — eyes sharp, hair up, hoodie stained with highlighter ink and dignity.

She sits at her desk in the glow of her laptop. Oversized headphones on. She clicks play on a podcast episode.

PODCAST (V.O., HEADPHONES)
...her body was found two days later,
partially submerged near the Boathouse
in Prospect Park.

Authorities say she was last seen walking with a man in a dark beanie, possibly early 30s...

Matching the general description of Miles Sheridan...

JANE
(quiet, to herself)
Okay. Chill.

She opens three tabs at once: Reddit, Venmo, and Spotify.

The screen splits: multitasking mental gymnastics.

VISUAL OVERLAYS (POP-UP STYLE):

Venmo Transaction -

"Miles paid: 'Amber ' - three weeks before breakup"

(CONTINUED)

(Jane highlights the pillow emoji and types: "Passive-aggressive?")

Spotify Playlist:

Playlist Title: "My Knife, My Self"

Track 3: "This Is The Day (You Die)" by Soapblood Saints

Reddit Thread -

"u/doomdaddy87: anyone else get weird vibes from Miles?? dude brought his own utensils to a BBQ. like wooden ones??"

JANE (V.O.)

Miles Sheridan: Vegan. Horror obsessive.
Once cried because he stepped on a
snail.

Definitely not a killer.

Probably.

Jane leans back. Cracks her neck. Her eyes flick to a yellow index card on the wall: "Miles: Silent Meditation Retreat - July 3"

She narrows her eyes.

JANE

(quietly)

That was the weekend of the blackout.

MONTAGE / SPLIT-SCREEN — JANE'S MEMORY vs. PRESENT DAY

LEFT SIDE: MEMORY (STYLED LIKE A FILM REEL - WARM FILTER)

INT. BROOKLYN CAFE - JULY 5 - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jane and Miles sip oat milk lattes. He wears a black beanie. His eyes are unreadable, like they came pre-gaslit.

MILES (MEMORY)

The silence was... cosmic. Like I could
hear the Earth vibrating.

JANE (MEMORY)

That's beautiful. I just drank wine in
the blackout.

MILES (MEMORY)

Same thing.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (MEMORY)
Wait—wasn't that the weekend?

MILES (MEMORY)
Yeah, July 3rd. The whole center blacked out. It made it even more pure.

RIGHT SIDE: PRESENT DAY (COLD BLUE FILTER)

Jane pauses the podcast. Opens Google. Types: "Silent Light Center blackout July 3"

TOP RESULT: "Silent Light Meditation Retreat closed due to NYC blackout. Power outage forced evacuation."

JANE
(whispers)
Oh my god. It was *closed*.

She types faster now—like her fingers are trying to solve a murder before her brain admits this is insane.

JANE (V.O.)
He wasn't in silence. He was in the park. With a woman who never walked back out.

She scrolls past blurry photos of retreat-goers in robes and sandals.

ON SCREEN: "We apologize for the interruption to your inner stillness."

Jane mutters at the screen:

JANE
Same.

She reaches for a notebook labeled: "Suspicion Spiral Log" and scribbles: MILES - LIE: July 3. Not at retreat. Possible alibi conflict.

She circles "alibi" five times.

SFX: PHONE BUZZ

Text from MAZ: "Still wine-logged at the dog wake. You okay?"

Jane types: "**Okay's not the word.**"

Then deletes it. Sends: "We need to talk."

(CONTINUED)

She leans back again, hands over her face. Pulls them down slowly.

Beat.

Then suddenly:

JANE (CONT'D)
(under breath)
Shitshitshit.

She yanks out her earbuds. Digs into a drawer. Pulls out a stack of Polaroids—one of her and Miles on a picnic blanket.

Zoom in: His hand is on her shoulder. But he's looking at something off-frame.

JANE (V.O.)
Did I miss it then? Was he looking for
her body? Was he looking for me?

She pins the Polaroid under a thumbtack on the corkboard.

Next to it:

NEW INDEX CARD: "EX #5: Potential suspect. Do NOT drunk text."

She starts writing another one, stops.

JANE
(to herself)
...or maybe do.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. CORNER BODEGA - NIGHT

The kind of Brooklyn bodega that sells *fresh mango, incense, roach spray, and condoms* all in the same aisle. Buzzing fridge lights. Cat on the counter. Reggaeton low in the background.

JANE loiters by the freezer case, staring blankly at a bottle of Coke like it's a moral decision. She's in her hoodie and coat now, earbuds dangling.

MAZ enters mid-text, in an oversized scarf and combat boots, hair still in wine-fueled chaos mode.

(CONTINUED)

MAZ

(cheerfully exasperated)
Okay, I came. Which means I love you or
you're spiraling again. Possibly both.

JANE

(points at cat)
He's judging me.

MAZ

It's a bodega cat, Jane. They've seen
stabblings.

JANE

Exactly.

Maz joins her at the freezer. Jane is holding a bottle of
green tea now. Why? No one knows. Not even her.

JANE (CONT'D)

He said he was on a silent retreat, July
third.

MAZ

Miles?

JANE

Yes. The vegan horror archivist.
Remember? Always wore boots he claimed
were "reclaimed leather." Whatever that
means.

MAZ

Probably from murdered couches.

Jane pulls out her phone. Shows a blurry webpage: "Silent
Light Retreat Closed During NYC Blackout - July 3rd"

MAZ (CONT'D)

Okay?

JANE

Okay?? That's the weekend the girl died.
Prospect Park. The podcast said the guy
seen with her looked like Miles. Thirty-
something. Beanie. *Quiet energy*. That's
him. He weaponized stillness.

MAZ

(squints)
You think Miles is the guy from the
podcast?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

I think he lied about where he was. And now I'm wondering what else he lied about.

MAZ

Jane...

(pause)

So, he fibbed about a meditation retreat. That makes him a guy, not a killer.

JANE

Unless he's both.

BEAT. The fluorescent lights flicker above them. The bodega cat meows in agreement—or judgment.

MAZ

Couldn't he just have cheated on someone? That feels way more Miles.

JANE

I *wish* it were cheating. That I can spreadsheet. This... this is a rabbit hole lined with crime scene tape and kale.

Maz exhales, steps toward the counter, grabs a candy bar like she's preparing for battle.

MAZ

Okay. Hypothetically. If he *is* the guy... what are you gonna do? Go to the cops?

(off Jane's look)

Please tell me you're not about to become the white woman from every podcast intro.

JANE

I *already* emailed the podcast. Under a fake name.

MAZ

Of course you did.

JANE

And I might have... texted him.

MAZ

Jane!

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Just "happy birthday." Casual recon.

MAZ
Is it his birthday?

JANE
No idea. I asked "July 3 or 4?" He said
the 4th.

MAZ
Which means...

JANE
He picked the wrong date.
(beat)
Which means he's either bad at lying...
(beat)
Or not used to getting caught.

Maz just STARES at her.

MAZ
Okay. So. What's the next move?
Surveillance? Tinder honeytrap?
(dramatic)
A BuzzFeed list: "10 Ways To Trap Your
Potentially Homicidal Ex."

JANE
Honestly?
(beat)
I'm thinking of talking to someone.

MAZ
Therapist or detective?

JANE
Whichever returns my email first.

Jane walks to the fridge and grabs a *massive cold brew* with
the solemnity of someone preparing for war.

MAZ
You know I love you, right?
(beat)
But sometimes I worry your brain is a
high-speed car and your moral brakes are
like... decorative.

JANE
I appreciate that.

(CONTINUED)

MAZ

What if this is all just... trauma math?
You're trying to solve heartbreak with
murder board logic.

JANE

Then I'll solve both. Efficiently.

She turns to pay. The CASHIER looks up with an expression
that says, "Your vibe is chaotic, but you're regulars."

CASHIER

You want bag?

JANE

No thanks. I'm carrying this guilt raw.

MAZ

(to Cashier)

She's fine. Just building a case against
her exes again.

CASHIER

(sincerely)

We all got exes who feel... criminal.

JANE

Mine might literally be.

Jane and Maz exit. The cat jumps on the counter, knocks over
a box of Tic Tacs. The Cashier doesn't flinch.

CUT TO:

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

Jane sips her cold brew like it's the blood of her enemies.
Maz unwraps her candy bar.

MAZ

So... who do we investigate next?

JANE

Ex #3. The one who said "I love you" in
Morse code.

MAZ

Oh yeah. That one gave me cult leader
energy.

They walk off into the night. Streetlights flicker above
them.

8

INT. EDITING SUITE / COWORKING SPACE - DAY

8

Light pours through *grime-mottled windows* in a converted Bushwick loft. This is not a glamorous publishing house—it's a freelance graveyard with exposed brick and too many succulents.

Shared desks. Noise-canceling headphones. One woman is crying silently while editing a cookbook.

JANE sits cross-legged in a creaky office chair, surrounded by three screens, two laptops, and a *tower of printed manuscripts*. Her desk is chaos—but *labeled chaos*.

A page sits in front of her, red-pen-slaughtered. She's reading aloud, monotone, as she types notes into a document called:

CLIENT: Devon R. Lark — Memoir Draft 2

Working Title: "Intimately Familiar With Death"

JANE

(reading dryly)

"I came face-to-face with death that summer. She wore the scent of lilac and spoke in the voice of regret. I was no stranger to loss. Grief and I had—how did I put it in therapy?—a fuckbuddy thing."

She stares at the page.

JANE (V.O.)

You can tell who's murdered someone by how they describe their exes. No one uses "haunting" unless they've seen a body. Or made one.

VISUAL OVERLAY — PASSIVE PHRASES HIGHLIGHTED IN RED:

"She passed."

"We drifted."

"I lost someone dear."

"Gone, but not forgotten."

JANE

(typing comments aloud)

"Consider rephrasing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANE (CONT'D)
Currently reads like a murder confession
written by someone who vapes in
graveyards."

She scrolls down. The author's next paragraph begins: "I've
always been told I feel things too deeply. That I carry the
weight of others' pain like an emotional Sherpa."

JANE (CONT'D)
(wry)
Jesus, Devon. It's a dead girlfriend,
not Everest.

She mutters and highlights a block of text.

JANE (V.O.)
People hide behind language like it's a
moral shield. "Passed" instead of
"died." "Left" instead of "abandoned."
"Haunting" when what they mean is—guilt.

She glances up—across the coworking space, a MAN IN A TIGHT
TURTLENECK is fake-laughing into a Zoom call.

TURTLENECK MAN
(loudly)
I mean, we're all a little broken,
right?

Jane glares. Returns to the manuscript.

JANE
(sarcastic, still typing)
"Re: Chapter 4. Suggest eliminating the
phrase 'I loved her like I'd already
buried her.' Unless that's literal. In
which case, delete entire manuscript and
consult legal counsel."

PING. NEW EMAIL POP-UP:

Subject: RE: Miles Sheridan - Prospect Park

From: Brooklyn Shadows Podcast

Body Preview: "Thanks for the tip. Can you clarify what you
meant by 'still wore the same ring on his right hand'?"

Jane freezes. Opens the message.

EMAIL BODY:

"Hi Janice,

(CONTINUED)

Interesting lead. Appreciate the detail. If you have anything further on Miles—or any other identifying details—we're compiling notes for a follow-up episode.

—Brooklyn Shadows Team"

JANE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

They took the bait.

She opens a new browser tab.

GOOGLE SEARCH: "Miles Sheridan right hand ring"

Autofill suggests:

"Miles Sheridan married?"

"Miles Sheridan Prospect Park"

"Miles Sheridan poetry reading 2021"

She clicks into an old Facebook event:

"Blood & Verse: Brooklyn Poets Night 2021"

Photo: Miles on stage, holding a mic. There it is—the ring. Right hand, middle finger. Silver band.

She whispers:

JANE (CONT'D)

Same ring. Same lie.

COWORKING MATE (O.S.)

(offscreen)

Hey Jane, that bio note client wants to push the deadline.

JANE

(focused, eyes glued to Miles' photo)

Push him into the sea. Tell him I said that.

She copy-pastes the image, uploads it in her reply to the podcast.

JANE'S EMAIL (on screen as she types):

"Attaching photo from Brooklyn Poets Night, 2021. Ring detail visible.

He told me he was in the Catskills. July 3rd.

But that retreat was closed.

Thought you'd want to know."

She hovers over SEND.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (V.O.)
I know it sounds unhinged.
But some people collect stamps.
I collect patterns.
And he doesn't fit anymore.

She hits SEND.

Her inbox dings immediately.

NEW EMAIL:

From: Avi Malhotra
Subject: Re: Can I book outside hours?

She clicks.

"Jane, we've talked about boundaries before...
But if it's urgent, I can see you Thursday.
Please don't try to 'diagnose the city again.'
That did not go well last time."

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Note to self: Never tell your therapist
the MTA is a metaphor for repressed
grief. He will write it down.

She leans back. Sips cold brew. Her leg bounces furiously.

Offscreen, someone sneezes. The printer starts choking out
fifty pages of something unnecessary.

Jane opens a blank Word Doc. Types:

SUBJECT LINE: "Case File: Ex #5 - Miles Sheridan"

Underneath:

July 3 - Claimed Silent Retreat

Retreat closed

Seen in Park

Right hand ring - verified photo

Motive: ???

Pattern match: TBD

She stares at the blinking cursor. Then begins typing again-
harder now.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Language is the lie. Behavior is the
truth.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

9

A minimalist office in Midtown. Succulents that are either plastic or very disciplined. Soft earth tones. A tray of untouched granola bars sits on a side table like a dare.

JANE sits on a leather chair with the posture of someone pretending they're not spiraling. Her phone is turned face-down. Her fingers tap her thigh, off-rhythm.

AVI MALHOTRA (40s) - South Asian, patient, PhD-handsome. Wears too many layers for May. Perpetually calm in the face of apocalypse—likely because he's seen Jane spiral *before*.

He clicks his pen.

AVI

So.

(beat)

What makes this urgent?

JANE

You remember Miles?

AVI

...Number five?

JANE

Yes. The horror movie vegan. May have lied about meditating on the day someone got murdered in Prospect Park. Unclear if coincidence. Or karma. Or... murder.

A beat.

Avi blinks once. Slowly.

AVI

Jane.

JANE

Let me finish. I'm not saying he *did* it. I'm saying... he lied about where he was. And now that I know that, I can't stop looking at all the other things that didn't add up. His Venmo. His ring. His taste in music. He had a playlist called "My Knife, My Self." That's not *nothing*.

(CONTINUED)

AVI
You've been compiling data?

JANE
(leans in)
I have a grid.

AVI
Of exes?

JANE
Of anomalies. Each ex has at least one.
Some have three. Miles had four and now
five if you count the blackout.

AVI
And you believe this is connected to...?

JANE
Murders. Plural. Possibly serial.
Possibly me-adjacent.

Avi nods, as if acknowledging a new room has just been added
to Jane's mental maze.

AVI
You've done this before. Taken something
painful and turned it into pattern
recognition.

JANE
I'm not controlling anything. I'm
observing. If a man uses the crying-
laugh emoji *after* a gaslighting apology-
(beat)
That's not a theory. That's *data*.

AVI
...It's still not an alibi.

Silence.

Jane blinks. Realizes she's clenching the armrest. Lets go.

AVI (CONT'D)
What are you hoping to find?

JANE
(quickly)
The truth.

(CONTINUED)

AVI

No—
(softly)
What do you want?

Jane freezes.

The air changes. She looks away. Something about the question grazes something raw.

JANE

(too casually)
I want...to not be the kind of person who keeps dating serial liars. Or maybe just not a person who gets surprised when the lying happens. Or maybe— I don't know. Maybe I want someone to tell me it's not my fault for missing the signs.

AVI

That sounds like—

JANE

Anyway—Miles.

AVI

Jane—

JANE

You should've seen how he lied. Calm. Relaxed jaw. Minimal blinking. And he said "I'd never hurt anyone" *before* I even asked a question. That's not nothing, Avi. That's *pre-defensive*.

AVI

Or guilty about something else.

JANE

Or rehearsed. He once spent two hours scripting a breakup text to his chiropractor. I'm telling you, he *could* script a murder alibi.

Beat.

AVI

Do you think you're safer focusing on their behavior than your own feelings?

Jane sits with that. Taps her thigh again. But slower now.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Yes. Obviously. Feelings are just...
nervous facts.

AVI

That's not how feelings work.

JANE

Well. That's how *mine* work.

AVI

Then tell me— When did this stop being
about Miles and start being about you?

Jane looks up. He's hit something. Too cleanly.

She shrugs.

JANE

Can we go back to talking about murder?
I felt more emotionally stable there.

AVI

That's not as funny as you want it to
be.

JANE

That's because you're not picturing me
in a detective trench coat. Like noir.
But with less lipstick and more
unresolved trauma.

AVI

Jane—

JANE

It's fine. I'll figure it out. The truth
is always buried in plain sight. It's
just wearing a different face.

She stands. Grabs her coat. Pause at the door.

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'm not chasing murder. I'm
just...not letting it flirt with me
anymore.

AVI

That sounds like progress. In a Jane-
specific way.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
Progress is just paranoia that learned
to walk upright.

She exits.

Avi sighs. Jots a quick note in his pad: "Increasing pattern projection. Avoids direct emotional inquiry. Possibly right... again."

CUT TO:

EXT. THERAPY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Jane walks out into the blaring city. Everything too loud, too bright.

She pulls out her phone and opens a Reddit thread titled: "Anyone else dated a guy who lied about being on a retreat during a blackout??"

Caption: "Asking for a... not-friend."

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The only light in the room is her laptop. The glow reflects in her glasses, her eyes darting across multiple open tabs.

Steam curls from a forgotten mug of tea beside her. It's the kind of setup that screams: *you won't sleep tonight.*

JANE (V.O.)
They always say: "Follow the money."
But in 2025, follow the Reddit thread
with the most typos.
That's where the truth lives.
Buried under bad grammar and worse
usernames.

ON SCREEN - REDDIT THREAD: "JOGGER CASE THEORY - MILES SHERIDAN??"

A flurry of user comments scroll by:

"u/plantwitch44: omg I knew a guy named Miles who used to write 'vampire erotica' like he was proud of it."

"u/hackerman420: lmao this is the 'knife guy' from Poets Night right??"

"u/Doomdaddy87: Miles Sheridan gives me the creeps. Just sayin."

(CONTINUED)

Jane squints.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Always trust the redditor with the worst
username. They're closer to God.

CLICK. She opens u/Doomdaddy87's post history.

We see: "i saw miles at a horror zine meetup in '21... dude just stared at ppl, didn't talk. only drank green juice. like only."

Attached: a grainy group photo from a zine table at a dingy bar.

Jane zooms in.

VISUAL ZOOM: MILES - dead center, holding a tiny chapbook titled "*Dead Girls Don't Blink*." Right hand up, a silver ring visible.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Same ring. Same face. Same guy who told
me he was in the Catskills that weekend.
Probably meditating on how to gaslight
God.

She screenshots it. Adds it to a new folder: "EX #5 - MILES / EVIDENCE"

QUICK MONTAGE - JANE'S SCREEN RIPS OPEN IN TABS AND OVERLAYS:

A *Google Calendar* event from 2021 - "Brooklyn Blood & Verse Night"

Instagram story archive tagged #ZineLife - brief flash of Miles walking past the camera

SoundCloud clip from the event. Miles' voice:

"Some of us are already ghosts, we just haven't died yet."

Jane winces.

JANE
Oh, get a journal.

VISUAL OVERLAY - WEB CHART APPEARS:

A digital murder wall, Jane-style:

Center node: JANE

(CONTINUED)

Branches radiate out to labeled exes:

"EX #2: The Financial Dom. Still too nice?"

"EX #4: Spoke only in memes."

EX #5: MILES - potential POI

Sub-nodes:

Lied about July 3 retreat

Ring in zine photo

Venmo pillow emoji / possible sugar baby??

SoundCloud quote - pretentious red flag

She draws a circle around "July 3rd."

JANE (V.O.)

The date's the anchor. The jogger died July 3. Miles said he was unplugged, off-grid, deep in his soul. But every breadcrumb says otherwise.

BEEP - INCOMING MESSAGE.

BROOKLYN SHADOWS PODCAST REPLY: "Thanks for the zine photo. We're definitely adding this to our suspect file. Do you have audio of him from that night?"

Jane stares at the message.

Then... slowly opens Voice Memos on her phone. Scrolls to:

JULY 3, 2021 - "Dumb poem night (ugh)."

TAPS PLAY.

Miles' voice, smarmy, echoing over a mic:

MILES (V.O.)

We all keep secrets like we're the only ones who do. But secrets are boring. Murder is interesting.

JANE (V.O.)

So what do you call someone who writes about murder... Smiles while lying... And disappears when people die?

She hits SAVE. Labels the clip:

(CONTINUED)

"Poetry Murder Vibes.wav"

She leans back, eyes burning from screen light, still wired.

VISUAL: HER WALL - NOW FILLED OUT

String between faces. Cross-referenced locations. Venmo screenshots.

Sticky notes with terrifying question marks.

In the center: EX #5 - Miles

Underlined. Next to it, Jane scribbles:

"If I were him, I'd check the radius. I'd look at who's always nearby."

She draws a red arrow from MILES to... HERSELF.

She sits back, mouth slightly open.

Beat.

Then, slowly—

She whispers.

JANE

Shit.

She closes her laptop. Looks out the window.

The street is quiet. Still. Too still.

A car idles across the road. Someone inside. Maybe watching. Maybe not.

She pulls the curtain shut.

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - DAY

Classic Cold Case floor. Outdated filing cabinets. Buzzing fluorescent lights. The smell of burnt coffee, copier ink, and half a donut.

JANE stands in the front waiting area, overdressed in a blazer that's trying way too hard to scream "credible adult." She's holding a manila folder thick with printouts and post-it tabs, and she's sweating through the armpits of a silk blouse.

(CONTINUED)

She paces. She fidgets. She speaks to the FRONT DESK COP, a man who has *zero patience left for humanity*.

FRONT DESK COP

Ma'am, unless you're here to report an active crime or a missing person—

JANE

I need to speak to someone in homicide. Or joggers. Whoever handles joggers.

FRONT DESK COP

Joggers?

JANE

Yes. Specifically the murdered ones.

Beat.

FRONT DESK COP

Homicide's backed up five months. What's your connection?

JANE

Look, I know how this sounds. But I think I dated someone who may be—adjacent—to a violent crime. Possibly multiple. But definitely one. And I have a podcast episode, Reddit evidence, a voice memo, and a Google Calendar receipt—

FRONT DESK COP

You're a civilian?

JANE

Well, yes. But I have intuition. And documents. A lot of documents.

FRONT DESK COP

(sighs)

Wait here.

He walks off.

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE VIV TORRES (40s) enters—hair tied back in a ponytail, crisp button-down, sleeves rolled. Latina. No time for bullshit. She's the kind of woman who's been both underestimated and unamused her entire career.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (already standing) offers her hand.

JANE
Jane St. Claire. Freelance editor.
Amateur pattern analyst. Former serial
monogamist. Possibly now an asset.

TORRES
(flatly)
I was told this was about joggers?

JANE
Well. One jogger. Specifically: the
woman from the Prospect Park case. July
3rd. The "Brooklyn Shadows" podcast
episode twelve. Ring any bells?

TORRES
Plenty. What's your angle?

JANE
I think I used to date a suspect. Or
someone who should be a suspect. Or—
look, I know how this sounds. But I'm
not some wannabe crime junkie. I don't
have a murder kink. I just... notice
things.

TORRES
Mhmm. Sit.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dull gray room. Table, chairs, old security cam blinking in
the corner.

JANE sits across from Torres. Unbuttons her blazer, then
immediately regrets it. Shoves the manila folder toward her.

JANE
His name is Miles Sheridan. He told me
he was on a silent meditation retreat
the weekend of July 3rd, 2021. The same
weekend the jogger—Allison Mendoza—was
last seen.

TORRES
So he lied about a vacation.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

The retreat center was closed that weekend. Power outage. I confirmed it. There's an email. An article. And a Yelp review where someone very upset about refunds says "No one was there but the mosquitoes."

TORRES

You Googled this?

JANE

(to herself)

I lived this.

Torres lifts an eyebrow.

JANE (CONT'D)

And I have a photo from a horror zine event he attended *that same night*. With timestamp. He's wearing the same silver ring in the photo that he wore with me for two years. He said he was off-grid. But he was on stage—reading poems about murder.

Torres flips through the folder. Inside: screenshots, Reddit threads, printouts of Instagram stories, a Spotify playlist titled "*Songs to Stalk By*."

TORRES

...Seriously?

JANE

Okay. That one's not proof. Just flavor.

TORRES

Any reason to believe he knew Allison Mendoza?

JANE

Not directly. But his last Venmo transaction before the murder was to a woman named Amber—with a pillow emoji and two teardrops. That woman? Deleted her account three days later.

TORRES

That's circumstantial.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Yes. But circumstantial *plus* behavioral flags *plus* a fabricated alibi equals suspicious.

TORRES

Suspicious isn't criminal.

JANE

It's the first cousin.

Torres leans back.

TORRES

What's your stake in this?

JANE

Honestly?

TORRES

That's the goal.

JANE

I thought I had bad taste in men. Turns out I might have been dating them *forensically*. By accident. And now I can't stop seeing patterns. What if they're real?

TORRES

Or what if you're just really good at building puzzles that only fit if you cut the pieces?

JANE

That's the thing—I'm not cutting anything. I just lined them up. And the picture started to form.

Torres studies her for a moment. Something shifts. It's not belief, not yet—but it isn't dismissal either.

TORRES

Wait here.

She stands. Takes the folder. Exits without another word.

JANE

That went well. Or... she's reporting me to a psych eval list.

(CONTINUED)

Jane drums her fingers against the table. Nervous. Excited.
Sick.

JANE (V.O.)
Truth isn't a bombshell. It's a
breadcrumb. And I just left her the
trail.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Lights OFF. Computer screen ON.

JANE bursts through her apartment door like she's just solved the Zodiac case. She kicks it closed with her foot, drops her keys on a pile of unopened mail, and heads straight to the corkboard like a woman possessed.

Her jacket flies off mid-stride.

She's glowing. Or unraveling. Or both.

JANE
(kicking shoes off,
breathless)
I knew it. I knew it.

She yanks a red Sharpie from a mug full of pens. Scribbles a thick, jagged circle around EX #5 - MILES on the corkboard.

Tacks up a new note:

TORRES TOOK THE FOLDER.

She steps back. Breathes.

Then dives into her desk drawer—pulls out more index cards, highlighters, sticky tabs. Slaps on a yellow post-it marked:

"Venmo: AMBER  → DELETED ACCOUNT"

She pins it under "POTENTIAL ACCOMPLICE?"

Grabs another card. Writes furiously:

"Retreat closed July 3. Horror zine reading same night. Lies. Lies. Fucking poetry lies."

She tacks it up, overlapping an old Polaroid of her and Miles at a picnic. The photo curls. Her thumb presses it flat.

She leans in close. Eyes sharp. She's no longer just reviewing data—she's dissecting memory.

JANE (V.O.)
Every ex is a cold case. Every memory, a
clue I didn't know to collect.

PING — HER PHONE BUZZES ON THE DESK.

A text from Maz:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"Red wine or whiskey tonight?"

Jane picks it up. Doesn't hesitate. Types:

"Blood."

SEND.

She sets the phone down face down. Sits cross-legged on her rolling chair and pushes back from the desk—her crime wall now fully visible.

VISUAL: HER WALL - LIT ONLY BY LAMP LIGHT

Red string. Thumbtacks. Split photos. Scribbled notes.

At the center: Miles' name in capital letters, underlined three times.

Above it, a card that reads: "THE BODY COUNT OF JANE ST. CLAIRE"

JANE
(quietly, reverently)
I was right. And I hate that I was
right.

She wheels back in. Rips off a new index card. Writes with methodical intensity:

"If Torres finds a match...Case opens. Miles burns."

Another PING. This time, it's a new email alert.

ON SCREEN - SUBJECT LINE:

"Your tip has been forwarded to the Cold Case Unit"

From: Brooklyn Shadows Podcast

Jane's eyes widen.

JANE (V.O.)
Breadcrumbs. One becomes two. Two
becomes a trail. And I'm finally the one
leaving it.

She stares at the wall.

Then— She opens her drawer. Pulls out a new stack of cards.

Each labeled with the name of a different ex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She flips through them like tarot.

Lands on: "Ex #2 - Rafael"

She sets it on the desk. Writes in red pen:

"Next up."

CLOSE ON JANE'S FACE — lit from below by the lamplight, part detective, part woman on the edge.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Let's see what you're hiding.

14

INT. MAZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

A small but aggressively cozy walk-up in Crown Heights. The kind of apartment where the couch has seen four breakups, two reconciliations, and a wine stain shaped like Tennessee.

Candles flicker. A massive *cheese plate* sweats gently on the coffee table. Fleetwood Mac hums faintly from a Bluetooth speaker.

JANE slumps into the couch like a woman who's both celebrated and survived something. Her hair's half-up, her eyeliner's rubbed to warpaint.

MAZ—wearing pajama pants with tiny tigers on them—uncorks bottle number two. No glasses this time. Just mugs.

MAZ
Cheers to blood, apparently.

JANE
(accepts mug)
It's a metaphor. Or a mood. Hard to tell lately.

They clink. Sip. Jane immediately chokes on the wine's sharpness.

JANE (CONT'D)
Jesus. Is this...?

MAZ
Cabernet. From a gas station. In Delaware.

JANE
Romantic.

(CONTINUED)

MAZ

Thank you. It's aged terribly—just like my taste in men.

They burst into wine-laced laughter.

MAZ (CONT'D)

Okay. Start from the top. Why are you suddenly Detective Red Flag again?

JANE

Torres took the folder.

MAZ

...The folder?

JANE

The actual folder. With the evidence. The whole paranoid pitch. She took it.

MAZ

Okay, but like—because she thought you were helpful or because she's building a case against you?

JANE

Yes?

MAZ

Great. Love that journey for us.

Jane leans back, exhales hard.

JANE

Honestly, I don't know if I want her to find anything... or if I want to be wrong.

MAZ

Why would you want to be wrong?

JANE

Because if I'm right— Then I dated someone capable of murder. But if I'm wrong— Then I'm the one who's losing it.

Beat.

Maz refills Jane's mug.

MAZ

Maybe this is just a Jane thing. You date weirdos.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Thanks.

MAZ

And you are a weirdo. High-functioning,
over-observant, spreadsheet-sexual. You
smell lies the way sharks smell blood.

JANE

I literally cataloged a man's blinking
patterns.

MAZ

And you were *so proud* of it.

JANE

Still am.

They laugh again, softer this time. Jane sips slower.

JANE (CONT'D)

But what if... What if I'm the reason
they all snap?

The laughter stops.

Just like that, the air *thickens*. The wine doesn't go down as
easily.

Maz watches her. Something in Jane's voice—*deadpan but not
joking*.

MAZ

...What do you mean?

JANE

Maybe I trigger something in them. Like—
what if I'm the variable? They're the
weirdos, but I'm the constant.

MAZ

Jane.

JANE

I'm the one who stays too long. Laughs
at the red flags. Tells herself it's all
"quirky" until someone ends up missing
or mildly feral.

MAZ

You're not the reason. You're just...
The one who noticed.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Too late.

Beat. Maz studies her. Gentle now.

MAZ

You wanna know what I think?

JANE

No, but tell me anyway.

MAZ

You've spent your whole life
anticipating pain. Like if you map it,
you can dodge it.

JANE

Yeah. That's called "being proactive."

MAZ

No. That's called surviving. But
maybe... you're allowed to live too?

Jane shrinks into her mug. No quip this time. Just quiet.

Maz takes the cue. Grabs a blanket, tosses it at Jane. Sits
beside her.

MAZ (CONT'D)

Let's spiral later. Tonight we eat too
much cheese and rewatch Zodiac. For the
vibes.

JANE

For the vibes.

They clink mugs again.

CLOSE ON: JANE'S FACE

Something haunted lingers there, just beneath the wine and
the laughter.

She smiles anyway.

JANE (V.O.)

The worst part about patterns? Once you
see them... You can't unsee the next one
coming.

15

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

15

Bright, too bright. Morning sun through half-lowered blinds. The *succulents* have grown slightly since last time, or maybe they just look smug.

AVI sits at his desk, typing a note. He looks up—

JANE BURSTS IN, hair unbrushed, oversized hoodie, no appointment.

AVI
(startled)
Jane— You can't just—

JANE
I know, I know, no pop-ins.
"Boundaries," "structure," "respect for
scheduling software." But this is—
(beat, panting)
This is kind of urgent.

AVI
We can't do this off the clock.

JANE
Hypothetically—
(raises a finger)
If someone kept dating murderers, is
that a kink or a curse?

Avi stands, slowly. He gestures toward the couch, still calm.

AVI
Sit down.

JANE
Thank you.

She flops onto the couch. Legs tucked up, arms crossed tight.

AVI
What happened?

JANE
You remember Miles?

AVI
Ex #5. Horror poetry. Possibly allergic
to empathy?

(CONTINUED)

JANE

Right. So, he lied about being at a silent retreat the weekend a woman was murdered in Prospect Park. The retreat was closed. Closed. I have timestamped photos of him reading at a zine mic. And Torres—Detective Torres—she took my folder. The whole thing.

AVI

Jane.

JANE

I know. You're going to say I'm spiraling. Again.

AVI

No. I'm going to say you're scared. Again.

JANE

(disarming smile, brittle)
I like spiraling better. It sounds like a dance move.

AVI

It sounds like defense. Which is fair. But that's not the same as processing.

JANE

I'm not *processing*. I'm *observing*. Everything has tells. Language, posture, emoji usage. You can't fake the micro-patterns. You just can't.

AVI

So now you're profiling?

JANE

I'm noticing. It's not crime if I'm right.

AVI

And what if you're wrong?

Jane stops. That flicker again. Her gaze goes unfocused.

AVI (CONT'D)

Jane. Look at me. What are you afraid of?

She tries to smirk. Tries.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
I'm afraid that I'm the bad pattern.

AVI
Why?

JANE
Because I'm the constant. Across all of them. All the weird ones. All the broken ones. All the ones that left wreckage.

AVI
So now you're blaming yourself for their dysfunction?

JANE
No. Yes. I don't know. What if I brought it out of them? What if I'm a trigger?

AVI
You're not a detonator, Jane. You're a witness. But witnesses still carry trauma.

Jane doesn't respond. Her jaw tightens.

A moment of silence.

AVI (CONT'D)
Jane—

He pauses. Notices something.

INSERT - HER HANDS

Clenched into fists, white-knuckled on the edge of the couch. Her fingernails digging into the fabric. Tense. Small tremble.

A single tear rolls down her cheek.

But Jane doesn't notice. Or refuses to.

AVI (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
You're crying.

JANE
(amused, distant)
No I'm not.

AVI
You are.

(CONTINUED)

She wipes it automatically. Shrugs.

JANE
Weird. Must be allergies. Or...
metaphors.

AVI
What do you need from me right now?

Beat. She looks at him. Honest, vulnerable, a little broken.

JANE
I don't know.

AVI
Okay.

Avi just sits with her. Nothing clinical now. Just presence.

Jane's hands slowly unclench. She draws her knees closer.
Shrinks into the couch.

JANE (V.O.)
It's funny— I can spot a lie at fifty
feet. But ask me what I feel... And I
disappear.

WIDE SHOT: THERAPY ROOM

Jane, curled in the corner. Avi across from her.

No more talking. Just space.

And stillness.

INT. TORRES' OFFICE - NIGHT

A thin hum from the ancient overhead light. A rotating desk
fan clicks every third turn.

The precinct's mostly empty—just the night shift and a
microwave fish smell lingering in the hallway.

DETECTIVE TORRES sits at her desk, sleeves rolled, hair tied
back. There's a takeout container next to her but she's not
touching it. Instead, she's got Jane's manila folder splayed
open across her desk like a crime scene map.

MONITOR SCREEN - A grainy NYPD internal system is open. Her
fingers move across the keyboard with casual confidence.
Years of muscle memory.

She types:

(CONTINUED)

"Prospect Park - July 3, 2021 - Witness Reports - Female Victim"

RESULTS LOAD.

She scrolls past a dozen bland entries.
Then—

WITNESS REPORT #7 - FILED JULY 5, 2021 - 2:12 A.M.

"Witness observed male individual and female jogger walking south of Boathouse around 2 a.m. Male described as mid-30s, white, dark beanie, thin frame, ring on right hand. Jogger had ponytail, red tank top. Man was carrying a messenger bag. Jogger was laughing."

Torres' fingers freeze.

INSERT - Jane's index card:

"Miles - always wore messenger bag (canvas / black)"

"Ring = same right-hand silver band (photo attached)"

She exhales. Her expression hardens—but it's not satisfaction. It's something else: unease.

She reaches for her phone.

Taps open Jane's voice memo file—the one from the zine night. She's already replayed it once.

AUDIO (MILES, SLIGHTLY ECHOED):

"Some of us are already ghosts—we just haven't died yet."

She plays it again.

Then again.

CLOSE ON TORRES' FACE — That subtle shift. Something in her gut twists. She finally hears what Jane heard.

She whispers, to no one:

TORRES

What the hell are you into, Jane St.
Claire?

She opens Jane's folder again. Looks not at the evidence—
—but at Jane's photo. An old ID copy clipped to the back.

(CONTINUED)

Staring back is a woman with too-wide eyes, the kind of smile you wear when you're pretending not to drown.

Torres flips the folder closed.

She stares at it.

Then opens her desk drawer.

Inside: a bottle of aspirin. A half-eaten protein bar.

And a sealed file marked COLD CASE TRANSFER - UNSOLVED / VICTIM: A. MENDEZ.

She lays Jane's folder on top of it.

And beside it, she writes:

"Possible civil asset. High-functioning profiler. Untrained."

"Paranoid?"

"Or just early?"

She underlines the last line. Twice.

OFF TORRES — The shift in her eyes. From doubt... to reluctant belief.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR17 INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Late.

A single desk lamp glows. The rest of the apartment is shadowed. Distant traffic hum outside. The walls creak like they're thinking too hard.

Jane sits at her desk, half-asleep but upright. An unfinished email to Maz is open on her laptop:

"I think Torres is starting to believe me. But believing me means she'll stop me, right?"

BLOOP. NEW EMAIL.

Subject: *Watch Your Patterns*

Sender: unknown.contact@protonmail.com

JANE (V.O.)

People say paranoia is the enemy of peace. But paranoia is just pattern recognition on adrenaline.

She opens it.

No message.

Just one line in the body text:

"You're not the only one watching him."

And below it—an attached JPEG.

JANE

What the...

She clicks.

IMAGE OPENS:

A grainy photo. Color drained. Shot from behind a tree.

It's her.

In Prospect Park. Sitting on a blanket.

Miles beside her, smiling toward something she can't see.

Her smile is smaller. Guarded.

(CONTINUED)

Zoom in: The angle is wrong. The distance is too long.

Someone took this without her knowing.

Her hand flies to her mouth. She backs away from the desk like it just grew teeth.

JANE (V.O.)
I thought I was the only one tracking
breadcrumbs. Turns out, I was leaving
them, too.

She checks the timestamp.

July 3, 2021. 6:04 PM.

She gasps.

JANE
No... No no no no no.

She SLAMS the laptop shut.

She spins around—starts checking the windows. Locks. Blinds.

The radiator hisses behind her like it's in on something.

She moves to the front door. Re-locks it. Then unlocks. Then re-locks again, double-checking the bolt.

Her breathing quickens.

She grabs her phone. Opens the camera. Uses it as a mirror to peek out the window—too afraid to look directly.

Darkness. Streetlamp flickers. No movement.

JANE (V.O.)
This wasn't about Miles anymore. Someone
had eyes on me. And not just the NYPD
kind.

She paces. Circles the desk. Kicks a pile of books. Stops.

Takes a breath.

Opens her laptop again.

Zooms in on the photo. Again. Again. Pixelated beyond recognition.

She pulls up a folder: "Timeline: Exes & Locations"

(CONTINUED)

Clicks "Add New File."

Types:

SUBJECT: UNKNOWN WATCHER

- Knew location
- Saw me with Miles
- Has records
- Has intent?

Another tab. New email. Drafting.

Subject: *Need to meet*

To: Detective Viv Torres

"This isn't just about him anymore.

Someone else is involved.

They know me.

They know what I'm doing.

I think... they've always known."

She stops. Erases the last line.

Rewrites:

"Please call me. - JSC"

She hits SEND.

The cursor blinks like a countdown.

JANE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I thought I was the profiler. Turns
out... I might be the subject.

HOLD ON HER FACE — wide-eyed, lit only by the screen.

Behind her, in the window... a silhouette flickers.

Gone before we can focus.

Maybe nothing.

Maybe not.

18

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

18

Near pitch black now. The desk lamp is OFF. The only light: a faint glow from Jane's phone screen.

She sits cross-legged on her couch, hoodie pulled over her head like armor, cradling the phone like a lifeline.

She opens her Voice Memos app.
Thumb hovers. Then she hits Record.

A long beat.
She doesn't speak at first.

Then—quiet, like she's telling a secret to herself.

JANE (WHISPERING)
Okay. If I go missing... It was Miles.

A pause.

JANE (CONT'D)
Or Avi. Or the guy who flinched at
olives. Or—
(sharp inhale)

She trails off. Laughs. Short, startled. Unstable.

JANE (CONT'D)
God, I need help.

She pauses the recording. Doesn't delete it. Just saves.

Labels it: "In Case I Disappear"

She sets the phone down on the coffee table.

Stares at it like it might call back.

Then—

She lays down sideways on the couch. Eyes open. Still alert.

Blanket pulled over her like a shield.

CLOSE ON HER FACE — Pale. Uneasy. Alive.

JANE (V.O.)
You know that feeling right before a
horror movie jumps? When the violins go
quiet, and you know it's coming?

She closes her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

JANE (V.O. CONT'D)
That's what tonight feels like. Only
this time... I'm the one who scored the
music.

CUT TO:

INSERT — PHONE SCREEN, ON COFFEE TABLE

The Voice Memo file sits idle. Still open.

But now... there's a notification popping over it.

UNKNOWN CONTACT: "You're close."

Camera lingers.

No buzz. No sound. Just the message.

And the soft, rhythmic sound of Jane's breathing.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sunlight tries to warm the room, but the glow barely
penetrates the shadows still clinging to the corners. The
storm from last night—the panic, the silence, the message—
lingers.

JANE sits at her desk, hoodie still on, now drinking lukewarm
coffee like it's survival serum.

She opens her laptop.
Pulls up a new blank document.

Takes a long, measured breath.

TITLES THE FILE:

Case Study: The Body Count of Jane St. Claire

Her fingers hover over the keyboard. Then—

BEGIN TYPING:

"Ex #5 - Miles Sheridan

Observations: Charismatic stillness. Flat affect. Preemptive
empathy.

Timeline breach: Lied about retreat. Location mismatch.

Behavioral shift post-breakup: Unavailable. Then poetic. Then
gone."

(CONTINUED)

INTERCUT:

INT. TORRES' OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

DETECTIVE VIV TORRES stands in front of her cold case board, pinning Jane's photo on a line between Miles Sheridan and Allison Mendoza.

Around them: blurry mugshots, maps of Prospect Park, a screenshot of the Reddit thread Jane linked.

She holds the folder Jane gave her. Frowns.

Adds a note next to Jane's photo:

"Behavioral profiler?"

"Untrained asset? Or bait?"

BACK TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jane's typing faster now, muttering as she works. The file grows:

"What connects them isn't motive. It's proximity. I wasn't looking for killers. I was orbiting them."

She stops. Looks straight into camera.

FOURTH WALL LOOK:

JANE

They say hindsight is 20/20. But I prefer footnotes. More honest. Messier.

OVERLAY (HANDWRITTEN FONT): Red Flag #6: Believes in justice. Just doesn't trust anyone else to handle it.

She opens a new tab.

Types:

"Rafael Flores + obituary + poetry workshop + cause of death"

SPLIT SCREEN BEGINS:

LEFT SIDE - JANE'S SCREEN

Search result populates. Rafael's name linked to a 2022 workshop group chat.

(CONTINUED)

A post from a woman named Sabrina Vale.

Tag: #RIPSabby

Jane clicks it.

RIGHT SIDE - OBITUARY PAGE

"Sabrina Vale, 28, found unresponsive in her Crown Heights apartment.

Cause of death: unknown. No foul play suspected."

Photo of Sabrina: smiling, vibrant.

Below the photo: "Survived by her partner, Rafael Flores."

BACK TO JANE

She freezes. Her hand slowly moves toward her red pen.

She writes on a post-it: "Ex #2 - Rafael - New file."

Pins it to the edge of her screen.

Then—

CUT TO BLACK.

FINAL IMAGE - ON SCREEN TEXT:

RED FLAG
Episode 1: "The Dog Funeral"
(END OF EPISODE)