THOSE WHO KILL

Glen Morgan

Based on the teleplay

DEN SOM DRÆBER

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Imagine Television
20th Century Fox Television

1 March, 2012
Network Draft

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ACT ONE

EXT. A CONDEMNED FACTORY - DAY

Snow flurries... upon a forgotten section of East Boston. CAMERA CREEPS... through a cold gray yard of a factory built of brick and left for dead. CAMERA FLOATS... PASSING a billboard indicating the factory is a "*Boston Renovation and Redevelopment Project*."

CAMERA CONTINUES... toward the dilapidated structure and FOLLOWING demolition CREWMAN stripping metals and materials from the gutted interior.

INT. BASEMENT LEVEL - FACTORY - DAY

A work light FLARES INTO CAMERA, then pans to a monstrous brick and metal industrial furnace the size of a school bus. Rust. Mold. Flaked paint. Several small metal doors create an inadvertent threatening dragon face, augmented by rising metal exhaust vents extending from the furnace body into the darkness of the upper levels.

Four demolition crew members stand at the face, each wearing protective respirators. The demolition foreman marches toward them, not wearing a respirator. It's cold down here. His breath, visible.

FOREMAN
How many times we been over this? There is *no* asbestos fiber in this furnace.

The demolition foreman yanks on the handle. Again. No use. The rust has welded it closed. The foreman moves around the side of the furnace...

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
Pull out these vents and go in through the exhaust windows...

He tugs on the insulation enwrapping an exhaust vent. Metal GROANS, then, with a startling shock... the entire ten foot long vent COLLAPSES.

A mummified female body, arms crossed, tumbles out of the vent INTO CAMERA toward the demolition foreman.

THE DEAD BODY

Settles on the ground in the harsh noir work light. CAMERA INCHES ON the leathery discolored skin pulled away from the teeth and eye sockets frozen in a horrified expression. The arms are crossed across the chest in the pose of an Egyptian pharaoh. The chipped painted fingernails are cracked and jagged. The skull displays hair but, it has been brutishly cut.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT LEVEL - FACTORY - DAY

A FLASH of light from two Panometric cameras, mounted on the same tripod.

Detective, CATHERINE JENSEN, late 20's, is taking forensic photos until large, 250 lbs., Lieutenant Detective MIKE DUNN absently steps between the victim and forensic camera.

REVERSE - CATHERINE JENSEN

Coolly leans out from behind the camera. Under the winter duty jacket, Catherine is fit and toned. It is important to Catherine to be viewed as professional, yet she cannot shake an air of... perhaps sadness? Anger? It doesn't weigh Catherine down. It is what drives her.

CATHERINE
Lieutenant... clear frame, please.

Dunn gestures to another detective, JERRY MOLBECK, late twenties, African American. He's so outstanding at his work and dutiful that a lot of paperwork and busy work gets dumped on him by his superiors...

DUNN
Hey, Molbeck, come here.

CATHERINE
Lieutenant... you're in the shot, sir.

Dunn ignores Catherine, choosing to remain oblivious to anything not of *his* interest. MOLBECK reaches Lieutenant Dunn *who* checks the proximity of the unit supervisor...

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN FRANK BISGAARD

Captain Bisgaard, 40s, is the only person in this basement wearing a suit, wrapped in a topcoat and a scarf. He is angular, but handsome. As tough and calculating a cop as he is a bureaucrat.

CATHERINE, DUNN AND MOLBECK

Even with Bisgaard out of earshot, Dunn lowers his voice.

DUNN
Don’t even bother pulling any finger or shoe prints out of any of this. The demo team’s been all over here.

Now... the following is with the tone of a hesitant and respectful joke. None the less...

CATHERINE
Hey... yo... Lieutenant *Badonkadonk*.

CAPTAIN BISGAARD

Turns to Dunn, eyebrow cocked with a hint of a smirk...

CATHERINE, DUNN AND MOLBECK

While Molbeck and a pair of uniformed cops stifle laughs, Dunn, suppressing a smile, as well, slowly turns to Catherine who shrugs, conveying, “*Sorry, but...*” then gestures to the camera, then back to the crime scene, then back to Dunn as if “*...you were in the way, here, and you were ignoring me.*”

Dunn eyes over his shoulder to check on Bisgaard who has returned his attention to the crime scene...

DUNN
Don’t get all crazy thorough over this. This’s, more’n likely, goin’ nowhere. Any evidence’s been compromised over all this time in here. We ain’t getting anything out of this crackhead mummy.

Catherine challenges his attitude...

CATHERINE
So, she’s not worth our time ‘cause she was just some crackhead or... ‘
(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
cause it's a tough case and might reduce your incident to arrest ratio?

Now this... he doesn't take as good natured.

DUNN
Trust me. That is no homicide. That's some homeless woman. If we open up that furnace, we're going to find she was living in it. Probably got locked in, tried to get out through the vents.

CATHERINE
Her arms have been positioned over her chest.

DUNN
By *her*. She was desperate to keep warm.

Catherine considers. Molbeck subtly nods...

BISGAARD

Eavesdropping and observing, he cocks his head, awaiting Catherine's response.

CATHERINE, DUNN AND MOLBECK

Catherine nods, shrugs as if about to buy in, then eyes the large detective...

CATHERINE
Get out of my shot... please.

BISGAARD

Bemused, approves of Catherine's response.

CATHERINE, DUNN AND MOLBECK

Dunn sighs, annoyed, shakes his head, then slowly moves off. Molbeck shakes his head at Catherine as he leaves...

MOLBECK
Catherine... why do you do that? Even Dodgeball has *rules*.

Catherine moves, drawn, to the victim. CAMERA RISES to Catherine... Eyes, seeing more than just police work. Expression, deeper than just empathy.

THE VICTIM

CAMERA PUSHES IN the leathery skinned woman. Bracelets, necklace and jewelry remain on her body. Arms, eerily crossed. Hair, viciously butchered.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Hard to imagine her ever being alive. Who was she?

INT. CRIME LAB - DAY

Catherine stands over the shoulder of MIA VOGEL, mid 30s, a forensic pathologist.

MIA
C'mon, Cath, don't do that to me. Bisgaard is insisting all victim pathology go through Dunn.

The women are good friends, respecting each other's professionalism and focus at work and each other's company outside of it. Both women wear latex gloves and disposable surgical masks.

Mia attempts to ease Catherine's tenacious expression by changing the subject...

MIA (CONT'D)
Haley can't wait for you to sit for her tonight. You two are going to watch "Barbie and the Three Musketeers."

CATHERINE
Again?
(sigh)
You'd think they'd make a "Barbie versus Predator and Alien" just to ease the pain for dads and single girlfriends who get called "aunt."

Mia smiles and begins to move off...

MIA
I'm hoping this date, tonight, has more life in him than the men I autopsy, in here.

Catherine detains her. She hasn't dropped the subject.

CATHERINE
Mia... I *try to* imagine her alive. Dunn won't even bother.

Mia averts her eyes, knowing this is true...

MIA
Adrian Zaleski. A mother. Two boys... back in Russia. Immigrated to Boston. Her DNA popped up on CMSIO because she was arrested on prostitution charges five years ago. Been dead... about two years.

Mia sighs, puzzled, while Catherine steps out from behind Mia and leans down for a closer look...

MIA (CONT'D)
No external indication of cause of death. No gunshot, no knife wounds.

Catherine reacts subtly, yet intensely, to the possibility of abuse. Mia reaches to the corpse's hands.

MIA (CONT'D)
Her nails are cracked. She had been clawing at something.

CORPSE'S HANDS

Mia gently lift the hands, positioned across the body...

MIA (CONT'D)
Traces of nickel and cadmium are under her nails. A preliminary soil analysis indicates those elements are not present in the basement. She was, likely, murdered at another location.

CATHERINE

As CAMERA CONTINUES RISING toward her, eyes locked on Adrian Zaleski's mummified body...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE UNIT BULLPEN - NIGHT

A CUSTODIAN wheels a janitor cart through the low light of an area holding a dozen empty desks. The unit's officers went home hours ago. A desk lamp casts noir shadows upon Catherine, intently focused on her computer.

CATHERINE'S POV - COMPUTER MONITOR

A website displays several photos of Egyptian royalty and European nobles in a coffin prepared for burial. Each has their arms positioned across their chest.

CLOSER - CATHERINE

A form approaches. She checks the identity of the person, then quickly, but coolly, clicks the mouse...

CLOSE - COMPUTER MONITOR

The dead bodies and mummies give way to a .pdf sample test exam for Boston detectives.

CATHERINE'S DESK

The form stops at her desk REVEALING Bisgaard, carrying his briefcase. He crooks his neck to check out the website, then eyes her with approval.

BISGAARD
When does that test come up?

CATHERINE
June. I'll be ordering you around by August.

BISGAARD
Don't stay too late. I'll give you *that* order while I still can.

She smiles her appreciation. This is not an inappropriate moment or behavior on his part but, Bisgaard clearly has a fondness for Catherine which she is aware of and does not discourage. He moves off...

Once he has entered the hallway, Catherine returns to the mummies and bodies ready for burial website. She reacts instinctively to a line of information...

CLOSE - COMPUTER MONITOR

"X is an ancient symbol for change or transformation..."

CLOSE - CATHERINE

Scrolls until STARTLED by a BANG on an adjacent desk.

WIDER

Molbeck stands over a cardboard box holding female personal effects. With a little *Karloff*...

MOLBECK
The mummy's things.

Annoyed he has insulted the victim, she corrects him...

CATHERINE
Adrian Zaleski.

MOLBECK
Her roommate thought she'd gone back to Russia. Kept them all these years, in case she came back. Never even reported her as missing.

Catherine is compelled to the box. As soon as she lifts out a pair of trampy pumps, Molbeck takes them away...

MOLBECK (CONT'D)
Dunn wants all this marked and put in the evidence room.

CATHERINE
I'll do it. You go 'head. See your wife. It's no problem for me. I have no life.

Molbeck considers, then takes her up on the offer...

MOLBECK
You say that like you have no choice.

Molbeck heads out, leaving Catherine alone in the police bullpen. She reaches into the box and removes the items, taking a moment to study them, searching for any possible insight into the victim.

A small hand purse; inside, two packs of Crown Skinless condoms and a small pepper spray. A tampon.

Catherine picks up her iPhone off the desk and takes a photo of the purse and its contents. Likewise, the shoes. She removes a framed 4 X 6 snapshot of two boys, one eight and one ten, flash happy posed mischievous smiles of sporadic teeth under a hard camera flash. They are in pajamas, ready for bed in a bedroom with posters of Russian hockey and soccer players.

LOW LEVEL - CATHERINE

CAMERA RISES... This photo effects her... from deep within. At this moment she is not a homicide detective considering the case... it is as if looking into her past and considering an altogether different suspect.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dark until the front door opens and Catherine enters. She drops her keys on a table but doesn't bother removing her coat as she proceeds directly to a desk, turns on a lamp, and sits.

Catherine pulls open the bottom drawer and reaches in for a file she's kept, wrapped with a rubber band...

CLOSE - FILE

CAMERA IS TIGHT as the cover opens and PASSES LENS... REVEALING a newspaper photograph of THOMAS SCHAEFFER, 30s. Intellectually handsome, his photo reflects an awkwardness with posing or perhaps any focus on himself.

She finds a 30 page report: "CORRELATIONS OF CHILD ABUSE, ADULT TORTURE AND SERIAL KILLINGS" by Thomas Schaeffer, PhD.

CATHERINE

Does not read the report so much as considers its author.

WIDE

CAMERA REVEALS the wall Catherine sits before is covered, floor to ceiling and wall to wall, with photographs; crime scenes, magazine photos, mug shots. Only one is framed. It is a middle aged man, pleasant, in v neck sweater. The frame hangs directly over her desk.

THOMAS (V.O.)
I have an IQ of 142.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

CAMERA IS LOW... INCHING UP ON THOMAS SCHAEFFER, 30s, speaking outwards while lit by a dim backlight. The sense of a confession. An initial assumption that he is speaking of himself...

THOMAS
I've always been a loner, even though I had a normal childhood. I committed my first murder at eighteen but, wouldn't kill again for another nine years.

Thomas stands... CAMERA FOLLOWS as he slowly steps into a projected light, an image wrapping over his face...

REVERSE - CLASSROOM

In a tiered lecture room, students are lit by the spill of their laptops. Although addressing upper level psych majors, Thomas' tone has the effect of a campfire story.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
At age thirty, I live alone... in a Milwaukee apartment near my job at the Ambrosia Chocolate factory...

CLASSROOM

Thomas stands before a Powerpoint projected image of Jeffery Dahmer appearing in a suit at his trial.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You'd find my apartment impersonal...

The next image is of Dahmer's bland kitchen apartment...

CLASSROOM SEATS

In the back, a door opens. Catherine enters, checks to make certain she is in the right room, and takes a seat.

THOMAS

Notes her entrance and, mistaking her for a late student, flashes a disapproving expression while...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
If you looked in the fridge... what would you find?

The next image is an FBI photo of Dahmer's open refrigerator. Inside, a severed head is wrapped in a cloth. Portions of a brain sit in clear Tupperware. The class reacts with sickened GROANS.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Here's a hint, it is *not* a brain.

The class reacts, incredulous, trying to see it as anything other than a brain....

CATHERINE
It's comfort food.

The class LAUGHS at the seemingly inappropriate answer, but Thomas looks up toward Catherine, impressed.

THOMAS
Dahmer craved intimacy. He *ate* his victims so they would become a part of him. Obviously, to... *most of us*... this is not normal. To Dahmer... it made total sense. And so, in order to understand and capture an antisocial personality disorder...

CATHERINE

Leans forward, hanging on Thomas' every word...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
The forensic psychologist must *enter* into the subject's logic.

THE CLASSROOM

Thomas is not simply lecturing. He is confessing...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
This... can create quite a rush. The way field generals become so obsessed with their enemies that they become them in heart and soul in order to defeat them...

Thomas steps out from behind the podium...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
This is very dangerous. This logic, these minds, are dark... monstrous...
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
forests to explore. You can get lost... and never return.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY

Catherine is waiting in a crowded hallway, holding a man's winter coat over her arm. She spots Thomas approaching and moves toward him...

CATHERINE
Doctor Schaeffer?

THOMAS
You were late to class.

CATHERINE
I'm not a student, I'm homicide detective Catherine Jensen and I could use counsel on an investigation.

THOMAS
I don't work with the police, anymore.

CATHERINE
I've been an admirer of your research for some time.

Thomas' reaction is puzzled as if never having heard this before. Like some sort of pusher... Catherine opens the investigation file displaying the crime scene photos of Adrian Zaleski's mummified body in the factory. And as much as Thomas wishes to walk away... he eyes the images.

THOMAS
He cuts their hair to separate the victims from their identity.

Then, as if realizing he's being sucked in... Thomas moves off. Catherine follows...

CATHERINE
Body was found in a furnace ventilator shaft in the basement of that Boston manufacturing factory. Pathology determined... dead two years.

As he reaches his office, Catherine steps in front of him. Thomas is taken aback, a bit alarmed even. He focuses hard upon her, seemingly analyzing Catherine as her pitch ramps to an even faster pace...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Her arms were displayed this way...

Catherine indicates the file photo, but Thomas' eyes continue to study *her*, subtly looking her up and down. It's very unnerving and she must finally stop to ask...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Are you profiling me?

Thomas continues looking at her, curious...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You're looking at me, like... you must be profiling me. Right now.

THOMAS
No, I'm wondering... how did you get my coat?

Catherine is thrown off, then recalls...

CATHERINE
Oh... you left it... in your class. I just... I brought it to you.

She extends his coat along with the file, which he is oblivious to having taken.

THOMAS
Oh! Thank you! Sorry, I don't work with the police anymore.

And with that, Thomas slips into his office and shuts the door. She holds, considers knocking on the office door, but realizing he, at least has taken the files... smiles to herself, then starts off down the hallway...

OVERLAPPING... a six year old girl SCREAMS and CRIES...

HALEY (V.O.)
MOM! MOMMY!

INT. A CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine runs into a young girl's room. HALEY, Mia's daughter, has awakened from a nightmare. Catherine sits on the bed and holds the girl, comforting her...

CATHERINE
It's okay, Haley. It's okay. It's Cath. You're okay. Your mommy's on her way home. You just had a bad dream.

Catherine rocks the girl, who settles...

HALEY
Cath... did you have nightmares about monsters when you were little?

How does Catherine admit to a young girl, *to anyone*, that her monsters lived not only in her nightmares...

CATHERINE
Everyone has dreams about monsters when they're little, but you know what I did... when monsters came into my dreams? I would try to scare *them!*

Haley likes that idea, laughs a bit...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Scream and yell until they are afraid you might hurt *them*! Then they go away... and leave you alone.
(a whisper)
You have to be worse than them.

IN THE DOORWAY

Mia has returned from a night out. Touched by her daughter and Catherine, Mia watches the two...

Comforted, Haley closes her eyes. As Catherine leans over and kisses the little girl on the forehead...

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - WORKSHEET

Third grade math homework FILLS THE FRAME. Ten problems adding a one digit number to a two digit number.

WIDER

Thomas is at his cluttered desk, having cleared room for his 9 year old son, JOHN, to do his homework.

THOMAS
Whoa. Whoa... we just did 87 + 6 in the other column only now this is 6 + 87. See? It's the same answer.

Thomas takes the pencil, but discovers it has no eraser. He sighs, then digs through the piles on his desk...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Eraser... eraser... where'd you go?

Thomas moves books and files in search of an eraser. The word "HOMICIDE" appears like a summoning beacon on the file Catherine slipped him earlier in the day. Thomas hesitates... then reaches for the file...

JOHN
There's one!

Thomas is snapped out of it, finds the pencil with an eraser then hands it to his son. As John erases his answer, Thomas returns to the file, peeking at the corner like a poker player checking his hole cards...

THOMAS' POV - FILE PHOTOS

Adrian Zaleski's mummified body... hair butchered...

THOMAS

The hook takes hold as he pulls the file from beneath the clutter. He checks John's focus, then, seeing he is doing his homework, Thomas opens the file...

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Catherine pulls the covers off her bed and lays down. She scrolls through her Smartphone displaying the same images from the Zaleski file Thomas is reading.

Her PHONE VIBRATES. She checks it...

INSERT - CATHERINE'S PHONE

A text message... "*Why did you lie?*"

INT. THOMAS' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT (INTERCUT)

Thomas is alone at his desk. His phone VIBRATES. He answers with a lowered voice. The file is out of sight. He's seen all that he needs at this time...

CATHERINE
I didn't lie. I *have* read all your case studies and reports.

Thomas suppresses a smile... before correcting her...

THOMAS
This is *not* your case.

CATHERINE
So, you *did* look at the file? Why are her arms crossed like that?

THOMAS
It's a good question but... not the most important to ask.

CATHERINE
What is?

After a silence...

THOMAS
Where are the others?

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON Catherine's shock. The doorknob of Thomas' office twists.

CATHERINE
Others? We went through all of the...

Startled, Thomas suddenly hangs up. His wife, BENEDICTE, enters. She is not being bossy, just knows he will work all night if not encouraged to stop.

BENEDICTE
Bed?

He looks to Benedicte, loving her very much, and nods.

INT. CATHERINE'S BEDROOM - CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Catherine re-dials but, receives only his voice mail. As she throws her phone down, hard, on the mattress...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BUNKER HILL COMMUNITY COLLEGE - NIGHT

Snow silently flurries upon a parking lot dotted with isolated cars. A lone figure, MARLENE ANDERSON, 24, crosses toward a 2002 Toyota Echo. She is on her iPhone with a friend, NANCY YUAN.

MARLENE
I just aced my medical assistant mid term... Are you even listening to me? What bar..? Nancy... it's so late...
(MORE)

MARLENE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna pass... I have to be at work by nine...

Marlene reaches the Toyota. Cold, she climbs inside. As she tries to start the car, Marlene is met with the dull SICKENING CLICK of a dead battery.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
I have to deal with this.... *my battery died!* I'm not lying to you! I'm in a school parking lot and my battery's dead. I'm calling triple A. Bye.

She hangs up. CAMERA REMAINS IN THE CAR... the windshield frosted with condensation causing it to appear opaque as Marlene gets out and walks to the front and POPS the hood.

As she leans over and tugs some cables... a male *silhouette* appears beside her. This is ERIC KROGH. Although Eric's sudden appearance startles Marlene, her posture and attitude are quickly accepting of the man.

MARLENE (CONT'D)
Oh, thank you thank you for showing up! You saved my life. Where's your car?

He gestures behind her. As she turns to look... Eric whips the jumper cables around her neck. She drops her phone. *Clutches* at the cables. He appears to stab her in the neck area with a syringe. Her body quickly turns limp.

Eric drags Marlene toward the rear of her car. He opens the trunk, and tosses her body inside. He SLAMS the lid.

He returns toward the hood, tossing cables into the back seat. Eric adjusts some wires on the engine, then SHUTS the hood. He gets into the driver's seat. The engine STARTS.

The car pulls out and soon vanishes into the dark streets, leaving a quiet, nearly empty lot. Soon, all evidence of Marlene's car will be blanketed and gone by the softly falling snow, eerie in the cones of light.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BASEMENT LEVEL - ELECTROPLATING FACTORY - DAY

A flashlight beam lights the yellow plastic police tape crossing the entrance to the furnace area. Catherine ENTERS FRAME and ducks beneath the ribbon. She raises her iPhone and scrolls through several images and documents before landing on a blueprint of the basement area.

O.S... A CRACK of WOOD... FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. She turns off her flashlight and carefully moves toward the location of the sound...

CATHERINE'S POV - A SILHOUETTED FORM

Enters the area and holds... breath exhaust visible. The form moves to the furnace, tugs on the door...

CATHERINE

Alarmed... reaches for her gun. Unhooks the holster strap. CAMERA PUSHES IN as she draws her weapon and readies the flashlight. Behind cover, she clicks on the flashlight!

FACTORY

Thomas is REVEALED in the flashlight beam. Catherine approaches, weapons remaining drawn on him...

CATHERINE
Schaeffer?! What are you doing?

Thomas is excited, buzzed, to be involved in the exploration of this killer. The following use of "*admirer of my work,*" should play as a personal running joke between them and not like members at a WGA meeting.

THOMAS
If you really *were* an admirer of my work, Detective... then, you'd know... although each killer is different, after years of experience and research... common axioms have been established, rules, to all of them. The first...

CATHERINE
They don't stop killing until they're captured or die.

THOMAS
Second... they keep body parts as trophies or keep the victims' corpse close so they can return to experience the arousal of the murder.

She holsters her weapon and moves to him...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Adrian Zaleski... this vent... as a hiding place, it sucked. Hard to get into and revisit. Have to climb up, crawl inside. He rushed this hiding place. To me, this shows he was inexperienced. She was his first. If he kept her here, the others are here, too. Hidden but, ground level.

She hands him her iPhone displaying the factory blueprints. He looks at it for a few moments, then to Catherine. Thomas gestures for her to follow...

INT. FURTHER INTO THE FACTORY BASEMENT - DAY

Guided by their flashlights, Thomas leads Catherine into an area with a low ceiling and arched coal storage bins that have been bricked up.

From the perspiration and dirt on his clothes and hands, they've been down here awhile yet, he remains a man possessed. Thomas gets down on his hands and knees and pushes against a few bricks. They do not budge. He proceeds to the next bricked in bin and presses against it. Nothing.

CATHERINE
We can cover more area, more quickly, if we get a crime scene unit down here.

He doesn't respond while crawling on his hands and knees on the damp mossy floor to the next bin.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Or we can come back with a ground penetrating radar system?

He moves to the next archway. In the flashlight beam he notes that there is no mortar around the bricks. He pushes a brick...

with a hollow GRIND of BRICK ON BRICK... the brick moves! Thomas looks back to Catherine. She moves to him and is down on her knees beside him.

He continues to push the brick all the way through, into the storage area. He pushes another and another, creating a foot square opening. She moves to him and is down on her knees beside him...

CAMERA CRAWLS IN OVER their shoulders... and INTO THE GAP in the board... REVEALING the dark cold interior. Catherine places her flashlight in the gap...

Thomas and Catherine quickly cover their mouth and noses. Thomas wretches, turns away from the storage bin holding four dead bodies in various states of decay. Arms crossed. Hair butchered.

CUT TO:

INT. FURTHER INTO THE FACTORY BASEMENT - NIGHT

The area is now active. Uniformed officers. Medical examiners. Demolition crewmen, recruited to help out in the bright work lights.

Dunn is annoyed with Catherine for having disregarded his orders and is also humiliated by his subordinate discovering such a huge case by doing so.

MIA

Supervising collection of trace evidence at the crime scene, she moves to Catherine...

MIA
Victim on the end... dead just five weeks.

Dunn sees Mia talking to Catherine and moves directly to them. Catherine defers, she is not participating in a political power grab. She wants to stop a killer.

CATHERINE
Mia... direct any information to Lieutenant Dunn. He’s in charge.

CAPTAN BISGAARD

Marches through the factory, angry, approaching Dunn, Mia and Catherine, his eyes locked on Catherine...

BISGAARD
Don’t you ever go behind my back again.

Catherine is a strong fearless person... but she is shaking at this moment and sincerely contrite...

CATHERINE
Yes, sir. I’m sorry, Captain Bisgaard.

DUNN
Captain... the bodies were discovered over here.

Bisgaard reacts to Dunn, incredulous. Dunn takes a step in the direction of the coal bins but, Bisgaard doesn’t follow. The captain knows the answer to the following...

BISGAARD
Did you discover the bodies, Lieutenant Dunn?

DUNN
No, Captain. Detective Jensen.

BISGAARD
Then, Detective Jensen can show me where *she* discovered the bodies, since she is now the officer in charge of this investigation.

Catherine eyes Mia, who suppresses a smile of pride. Molbeck eyes Dunn who glares at Bisgaard. The captain moves to Catherine...

BISGAARD (CONT’D)
From here on out, every time this psycho kills someone and isn’t caught... you’re going to feel responsible. Some reward, huh, Detective?

Bisgaard eyes Catherine who nods her understanding of the increased responsibility. As Bisgaard walks away...

CUT TO:

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - NIGHT

A cold decaying windowless assembly plant with metal conical lamps cast dim overhead circles of light upon the moss dotted floor. Three 4 X 8’ sheets of plywood appear to cover a small work pit.

O.S., a car approaches; headlights off. With a startle, the sectional garage door is lifted by Eric Krogh, REVEALING Marlene's Toyota Echo just outside. He climbs back into the car and rolls it into the forgotten assembly plant.

JUMP CUT TO:

MARLENE'S BACKPACK

Eric unzips it. He pulls out her text books. Flips through, sincerely curious and yet, angered. He throws them on the cold cement floor with a derisive SMACK.

He finds her Medical Assistant mid term, checks it, then sets it aside, carefully...

THE TRUNK

POPS... REVEALING Marlene, groggy and dazed but fighting for her survival. Duct tape has been wrapped around her head and mouth. Her arms are taped behind her at the elbows. As he reaches in and lifts her by the biceps. As she SCREAMS with pain...

INT. THOMAS' HOME OFFICE - DAY

Crime scene photos of the most recently discovered victims in the electroplating factory flip past screen on a laptop monitor. These are gruesome and alarming, mummified and decaying expressions frozen in horror.

Catherine is locked on the images while Thomas paces, frustrated...

THOMAS
There's no physical pattern. A blonde. An African American. Asian. An addict. Prostitute. A housewife...

CATHERINE
Addict? Housewife? How do you know? We haven't I.D'd any of the bodies.

Scrolling through the images, he explains each...

THOMAS
Addict... corrosive effects of methamphetamine on the teeth, here... Street walker...
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
syphilitic ulcers and human papilloma virus present on this one... Housewife... wedding ring and birthstone bracelet.

Catherine understands, impressed.

CATHERINE
This tab brings up all reported missing females over the last six weeks in Suffolk, Norfolk, Plymouth, Middlesex and Essex counties...

Thomas begins scrolling through them with his finger... SCROLL... SCROLL... SCROLL...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I talked to Bisgaard, by the way. He's signed off on you joining the investigation as a consultant.

Thomas eyes her, doubtful.

THOMAS
And with that, admirer of my work... allow me to point out the one trait found in *every* serial killer... they are accomplished liars.

He continues strolling, dodging a response to officially join the investigation...

CATHERINE
What's your hesitation with signing on? What's your problem with Bisgaard?

THOMAS
Bisgaard's problem is with me. My problem... is with me, too.

He continues scrolling until Catherine reacts to the missing person on the monitor and quickly reaches out to grab his hand and stop him...

CATHERINE
WAIT! THERE!

COMPUTER MONITOR

LAKASHA WATKINS smiles in what appears to be a senior class photo from a few years ago. Her hair is pulled back behind her ears displaying her earrings and jewelry.

THOMAS AND CATHERINE

He awkwardly removes his hand from the laptop screen as Catherine operates and returns to a crime scene photograph of one of the recently discovered victims.

COMPUTER MONITOR

Catherine spreads her thumb and index finger enlarging the image at the area of the earlobe. The victim is wearing an identical earring.

CATHERINE (O.S) (CONT'D)
Same earring. Lakasha Watkins.

CATHERINE AND THOMAS

The office door suddenly opens. Benedicte enters carrying a plastic storage box. Without question, everything going on in the office was professional, yet, Thomas tenses, as if caught doing something he was not suppose to be.

Benedicte is surprised by the presence of another person in the office other than Thomas, but does not react with suspicion because the person is an attractive woman.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Hello. I'm Catherine.

BENEDICTE
Benedicte.

CATHERINE
What a great name.

The two women smile before Catherine collects some files and paperwork. Then, to Thomas...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I'll check out Lakasha Watkins.

Thomas sheepishly nods while Catherine exits, smiling as she passes his wife. Benedicte turns and *joking*...

BENEDICTE
How nice that you're so secure with our marriage that you feel you can bring all your "other women" into the house right under my nose.

Thomas smiles... but it fades quickly.

THOMAS
She’s a homicide detective on a serial killer investigation. Works for Bisgaard. Wants my help.

Benedicte is taken aback, caught off guard...

BENEDICTE
Oh... In that case, I’d prefer she was the “other woman.”

THOMAS
Just this one case. It won’t be like the last time.

She moves to him, holds him, not scolding but concerned and reminding...

BENEDICTE
“The last time”... I almost lost you.
(beat)
You almost lost yourself.

As he wraps his arms around her... holds her...

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - NIGHT

A green Nitrile surgical examination glove clutches a handful of hair attached to Marlene’s scalp.

A pair of first responder stainless steel surgical scissors ENTERS FRAME. It cleaves Marlene’s hair at a brutish angle. Duct tape across her mouth, greasy rope across her chest, hair falls upon her face. Eric’s hand grabs another swath of hair and *PULLS*! She SCREAMS...

LOW ANGLE - ERIC

Weighing his sadistic work increases Eric’s level of arousal. He raises a tube of bright red lipstick INTO FRAME and twists the base. He smells, tastes the wax and oils. He looks down at Marlene.

MARLENE AND ERIC

The lipstick touches her lips. Eric tries placing it on her properly, but Marlene resists, pursing her lips inward. The make-up bleeds and smears. Her eye-liner streaks from her tears and perspiration.

Eric's hand grips across her face then, twists, grinds, rubbing in the make up. She whips her head from side to side. Tries to bite him. *SCREAMS! CRIES!*

ERIC

Draws his hand up to his face, clutching it in the same manner that he just held Marlene. He inhales deep, then licks his palm, *subtly* trembling with arousal. He pulls his hand away. Then, so sincerely, so sweet and intended without menace as Eric believes he is delivering a positive compliment...

ERIC
I like it when you cry.

WIDE

Marlene is naked, tied to a chair. Eric moves from her to the center of the assembly plant. He picks up one of the plywood boards and slides it aside revealing a 3 x 6 foot pit with, what appears to be, an open coffin inside.

ERIC AND MARLENE

He returns to her...

ERIC (CONT'D)
But, don't cry. There's no need to cry. This is a happy story with a happy ending. I'm going to change your life.

He suddenly, *violently,* grabs Marlene's head and pulls her out of the chair. He drags Marlene, by her hair across the floor and throws her into the pit.

THE PIT

Eric leaps inside and pushes Marlene down into the coffin as he reaches up, grabs the lid and SLAMS IT DOWN...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Urgent and focused, Catherine establishes the conference room as a headquarters. A flow chart displays crime scene photos. Maps are circled at the location of the electroplating factory. Molbeck sets up some computers.

CATHERINE
Jerry... what's the status on locating factories that used cadmium and lead?

MOLBECK
I'm on it. It's slow going because factories want to hide that info from EPA-types.

Bisgaard arrives for work, briefcase in hand, coat over his arm. He steps inside, pleased with the progress.

BISGAARD
Looks good. I'm thinking you should bring a forensic psychologist on board.

Catherine remains composed but is relieved that the chief has broached the subject. As she is about to respond...

BISGAARD (CONT'D)
Call Russ Ketteringham at MIT.

Although nervous, Catherine tries projecting confidence and certainty...

CATHERINE
I'd like to bring on Thomas Schaeffer.

Bisgaard holds, pissed. Molbeck looks up, shocked, and checks Bisgaard's reaction.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Schaeffer was responsible for my discovery of the four bodies in the factory.

BISGAARD
Thomas Schaeffer can get in too far. Lose himself. It causes mistakes... people get hurt.

CATHERINE
Look... sir... I've read about the last investigation that you contracted him. He... *you*... together... solved it.

Unbeknownst to Bisgaard, Thomas appears in the doorway with a briefcase, ready for work. Catherine tenses...

BISGAARD
If you've read about that case, then what you know is that there were six murders in Suffolk county. The killer numbered the victims.

CATHERINE
With a Roman numeral. One through six, on the left hand.

Bisgaard nods.

BISGAARD
Schaeffer wrote up a profile, explained the reason for the numbers on the hand... motive for the killer... down to the area of Boston where he lived. But, there were some leaps in his profile. Loose ends. Schaeffer believed he understood the killer; was certain. I went with him and it did lead to trace evidence which led to an arrest. Jared Lee Hayward.

THOMAS
Hanged himself in his cell.

Bisgaard turns and sees Thomas in the doorway. Bisgaard looks back at Catherine, annoyed and embarrassed.

BISGAARD
So, what, you weren't asking me, you were telling me?

THOMAS
You mean you haven't talked to him?

CATHERINE
The murders stopped. And that's what we're after.

Thomas averts his eyes. Bisgaard steps toward Catherine.

BISGAARD
What you don't know... what the press never got a hold of...
(MORE)

BISGAARD (CONT'D)
is that three months later FBI office in Philly alerted us about a murder in Trenton.
(beat)
Roman numeral seven cut into the victim's left hand.

Bisgaard eyes Thomas.

BISGAARD (CONT'D)
It never happened again.

CATHERINE
Serial killers just don't decide to stop. It had to be a copycat.

BISGAARD
We'll never know.

THOMAS
No one took that harder than me, Frank.

Catherine steps forward... passionate but, respectful...

CATHERINE
With respect, sir... I don't want to be out of line... we're all after the same thing, here. I believe that with these people...

She gestures to those in the room.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
We get that fast and we get it right.

Bisgaard eyes her, looks to Thomas. He looks back to Catherine and offers a begrudging nod of approval before exiting the conference room without a word to Thomas. As Thomas looks to Catherine...

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

The FRAME IS BLACK. After a beat... a metal lid is removed REVEALING a six inch hole. The assembly plant pendant lamps flood harshly into the coffin...

MARLENE

Gulps at the fresh air flowing into the box...

MARLENE'S POV - HOLE

Eric looks into the hole. O.S., he is masturbating.

ERIC
Do like I said.

MARLENE

SOBBING... she crosses her arms across her chest like the victims that have previously been found. After a moment, the lid covers the hole. MARLENE's SCREAM ECHOES as the FRAME RETURNS TO BLACK...

CUT TO:

INT. LAKASHA WATKINS' APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Catherine and Thomas stand at a modest income apartment doorway at the top of a second floor landing. The door is marked "Watkins." JAMES WATKINS, early 40s, steps up upon the landing from the stairs. He appears heartbroken and especially rattled as the two detectives place latex gloves over their hands.

CATHERINE
Mr. Watkins... maybe it's best I take a look inside your daughter's apartment, first.

INT. LAKASHA WATKINS' APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens on the single apartment. Catherine has an initial peek inside, but there is nothing visibly jarring. No signs of violence. The three enter.

Mr. Watkins is overcome with emotion. He tries remaining composed but, Catherine must help him to a chair. Thomas certainly is empathetic with the father, however, he studies him, as if writing a profile.

Catherine moves to the father, comforting...

JAMES WATKINS
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I told myself I wouldn't cry comin' here.

CATHERINE
Mr. Watkins... cry all you need. I can't even imagine how you feel...
(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
but to find who did this... I have to ask you some questions about Lakasha.

Watkins nods, understands...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
When was the last time you saw her?

JAMES WATKINS
About six weeks ago. Called; nothing. Came here; knocked. Saw her car was gone. After a week I got worried it might be Michael and called you. The police.

CATHERINE
Who's Michael?

JAMES WATKINS
I'd never call him her husband. Husbands don't hit their wives. She'd tell me and my boys it was her fault. But, then, she just up and left him. I got her this place and a little used blue Ford to help turn it around. And she was... She really was turning it around...

Thomas reacts, then without excusing himself or giving a reason, turns and exits toward the bedroom hallway...

INT. BEDROOM - LAKASHA WATKINS' APARTMENT - DAY

Thomas opens Lakasha Watkins' bedroom door. He doesn't just "*have a look around*," Thomas imagines this as *his* room. He opens the closet and flips through the clothes, bordering on inappropriate. He spots an iPod in a player.

INT. LAKASHA WATKINS APARTMENT - DAY

As Catherine questions Mr. Watkins... "Fly" by Nicki Minaj and Rhianna BLASTS from the BEDROOM. They pause, anticipating it will turn off, however... it continues.

INT. BEDROOM - LAKASHA WATKINS' APARTMENT - DAY

Thomas's manner is contrary to the music. He paces with a five page legal document in his hand. Catherine enters and turns off the iPod...

THOMAS
Her divorce settlement. The top sheet's been torn off. Angry. He did it. He's been in this room.

Catherine is shocked. She eyes the sheet, listens...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
When we find where he lives or kills them... this page will be there. So will other rewards, trophies, all belonging to the other victims.

Catherine reacts, uncertain, as if "how do you know?"

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Lakasha was trying to improve her life. Her dad just said she left an abusive husband.

He points to the bag of clothes in the closet...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Clothes to Goodwill. Her iPod is loaded with nothing but motivational and spiritual music. Her life was in transition.

Catherine recalls her after hours research...

CATHERINE
The crossed arms... it was used as a symbol of transition to another "life."

THOMAS
That's the pattern. Not physical. *Internal*. His victims were all trying to improve themselves. Adrian sent money home to Russia. Lakasha Watkins divorced her abusive husband. We'll find all of them were trying to make a better life.
(beat)
He must kill them... because he *cannot* improve his life. *He* can't get ahead. He's... too, whatever, ugly? Stupid? No social skills? He has no control over this. He cannot improve *his* life... so, he won't allow them to improve *theirs*. In fact, he humiliates them for ever trying.

CATHERINE
He must be unemployed or work at a job he feels is menial.

THOMAS
Right, so, he doesn't make much money. They're not attracted to him... so his job... lets them trust him or, makes him not a threat. An invisible person. They've seen him, before. Are familiar with him. That's why she let him in. A uniform? Repairman? Delivery person? It's a job where he can come across, has access to, women in transition.

Catherine is awed by him, yet... she has questions...

CATHERINE
Thomas... you got all that just from being in her room?

He appears uncomfortable... hedges... gauges their connection...

THOMAS
Can't you feel it? The level of fear in the moment she realized that the person she let in here, that she thought she knew... was a lie. He gets off on *that* moment... the second he's actually transforming another life... and they *both* know it.

He looks to her... knowingly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Have you ever trusted anyone who turned out to be not what you believed?

The question rattles her. Without answering, she exits the room. As he looks into a mirror on the vanity...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Projected images of houses and apartments SCROLL and are positioned over a map of the Boston area.

MOLBECK
Two facilities in Boston have used Nickel Cadmium.
(MORE)

MOLBECK (CONT'D)
A battery factory in Essex still makes re-chargeables at an abandoned assembly plant that was a sub-contractor in manufacturing black and white T.V. tubes.
(beat)
That one's a mile from the factory where we found the bodies.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

A hole opens within the BLACK FRAME. Eric's eyes appear in the circle as he checks down the tube into the coffin.

He opens a can of FancyFeast cat food and taps it against the lip of the hole, spilling the contents down the pipe.

EXT. OLD MANUFACTURING DISTRICT - DAY

An unmarked police vehicle drives through a forgotten manufacturing district, appearing like an urban war zone.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Catherine drives while she and Thomas scan the area. He consults the vehicle's GPS.

THOMAS
GPS says it's here.

She pulls over and they get out.

EXT. OLD MANUFACTURING DISTRICT - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS across the urban apocalyptic landscape as Catherine and Thomas ENTER FRAME. The area has clearly become a dumping ground. Old sofas, shopping carts, dumpsters and auto shells litter the terrain.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on CATHERINE as she reacts...

WIDER

Amongst all the discards and trash... hidden in the yard... a blue 2003 Ford Focus, license plates removed... Catherine checks the VIN on the dash.

CATHERINE
2003 blue Ford. Lakasha Watkins' car.

Thomas nods. Catherine unhooks a radio off her belt...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Molbeck, this is Jensen. Requesting backup unit at...

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

Eric drops the empty FancyFeast can into the hole. O.S., a near-distant CAR ENGINE CUTS OUT. CAMERA INCHES IN AS Eric holds, listens...

EXT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

Catherine and Thomas park the car out of sight, then quietly close the doors. She takes the lead. Removing her pistol from her holster, Catherine approaches the building. O.S., inside the assembly plant... a CRASH!

Catherine hustles to the building. Thomas follows, but without tactical training is more hesitant. She looks into any available opening for a view inside.

Inside... MUTED AND LOW, but present, a WOMAN SCREAMS. Catherine kicks at the frail metal door. It BURSTS OPEN!

INT. ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

Catherine charges inside.

CATHERINE
BOSTON POLICE OFFICERS! I AM ARMED!

The FAINT SCREAMS are hard to pinpoint. She and Thomas look everywhere, frantic. The rafters. Storage units.

Thomas finally looks to the ground and considers the three plywood boards. He moves one aside and discovers the coffin in the hidden pit.

THOMAS
CATHERINE!

The detective hustles over and kicks aside the boards. She jumps into the pit and finds the coffin secured with a Master key lock. Thomas climbs down into the pit with Catherine as she holsters her gun and hurriedly removes a pick and tension rod from a small kit in her coat.

Thomas screws off and removes the lid. The odor is overwhelming, but both keep it together.

CATHERINE
Hang on. Boston police. We'll have you out in a second.

Catherine works the lock and in a moment, picks it open.

Catherine helps Marlene out of the coffin, terrified and looking around for Eric. Thomas wraps his coat over her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
No. No. You're safe. You're safe.
(to Thomas)
Take her out to the car. There's a blanket in the trunk. Radio Molbeck that we need EMTs.

THOMAS
I can't leave you alone here...

She draws her pistol and eyes him, as if, "*I'm protected.*" Thomas nods, takes Catherine's radio, and starts toward the assembly plant door with Marlene.

Catherine looks into the coffin. Amongst the vomit, feces, and cat food tins, the roof of the coffin has been scratched by multiple victims.

THOMAS & MARLENE

Move through the obstacles of clutter toward the door. With a shock... Eric suddenly appears behind them and *clubs Thomas*. He falls to the ground.

Concurrently, Marlene nearly loses consciousness with fear. She runs out the open door.

CATHERINE

Holds in the pit... weapon ready. Eric charges from behind Catherine and knocks her down, face first, into the coffin.

CATHERINE'S GUN

Falls into the coffin near her knees...

IN THE COFFIN

Catherine is face down in the grime, unable to turn around onto her back or reach her gun. The LID SLAMS! Catherine bangs on the sides. SCREAMS; terrified!

ERIC

Finds the Master lock and loops it through the hasp. As he tries to lock it, the pin will not engage.

ERIC
MARLENE!

Rushed, Eric settles for the lock looped through the hasp. Catherine cannot get out. He climbs out of the pit and races off toward the door.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY DISTRICT - DAY

Naked, Marlene runs through the freezing air amongst the glass and garbage around the area. She ducks into and crawls up in a large discarded sewer pipe.

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

Thomas regains consciousness. Groggy, he rises to his elbows as he orientates himself. O.S., He HEARS CATHERINE'S MUTED SCREAMS, then quickly gets to his feet.

CAMERA IS OVER his shoulders as Thomas approaches the pit, the lid to the air pipe resting on the edge. Thomas jumps in with every intent of opening the coffin...

INT. COFFIN

Catherine hears the SOUND of someone entering the pit.

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT

Thomas notes the lid to the air pipe... then... oddly... he holds, looking at it with fascination. Thomas takes the top of the air pipe and brings it toward the coffin. He considers the box, the air pipe... then... moves to place the lid *back on top* of the pipe...

INT. COFFIN

The spill light falling into the coffin turns dark. O.S., the LID CLINKS and SCREWS CLOSED. CATHERINE SCREAMS...

INT. AN ABANDONED ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

He places his ear against the top of the coffin. Thomas absorbs the sense of hearing Catherine's SCREAMS.

O.S., SIRENS APPROACH. Thomas suddenly becomes aware and alarmed by his behavior. He pulls the lock out of the hasp. He opens and pulls Catherine out of the coffin.

Relieved to be free from the horror of the box, Catherine's initial response is to hold Thomas. Until... CAMERA PUSHES IN as she notices the air pipe lid atop the air-pipe. Furious, she pulls back and hits Thomas hard with the pads of her hands. He's rocked backwards just as the assembly plant doors open REVEALING MOLBECK and four uniformed officers. Catherine retrieves her weapon and hustles toward them...

CATHERINE
Suspect is a white male, 30s'. Most likely unarmed but, consider him dangerous. Victim is white female, mid twenties, dark hair. Naked.

Molbeck divides up the officers. They quickly move out. Before joining them, Catherine looks back to Thomas...

WIDE

Thomas, remains by the pit while Catherine is at the OPPOSITE END OF FRAME by the assembly plant doors. Catherine checks her pistol then hustles out of the building to join the urgent search for the killer while Thomas joins the search for Marlene.

ON THE COFFIN

The lid to the air pipe wobbles as it settles... then turns still in the vacant cold assembly plant.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Marlene Anderson is rushed down a corridor by hospital staff and first responders. Pale and unconscious, a non re-breather oxygen mask is on her face.

Catherine is in the hallway to meet the gurney. She continues alongside, listening to Marlene's status...

INTERN
Severely hypothermic. Unconscious. Not comatose. Administer rewarming inhalation and *monitor closely for indications of cardiac arrest* but *do not* defibrillate unless core temperature is over 31 Celsius.

Marlene is rolled away as Catherine knows she will just be in the way at this moment and holds in the hallway.

As the gurney vanishes at the end of the corridor, Thomas is REVEALED, back against the wall. His expression is contrite and yet, he either does not have the social skills to apologize or he is not ashamed of his actions.

He moves toward her while displaying the papers and documents discovered in the killer's possession.

THOMAS
Lakasha Watkins' divorce settlement. All his victims' degrees, commendations, license applications... were found in the assembly plant. In his possession. Like I projected.

She eyes his approach, unsure...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Catherine... I'm able to reach that level of understanding about these monsters... in part... because of what I did to you.

Catherine's eyes hold on him but, before she can answer, Bisgaard appears. The Captain is pleased to see the detectives and is unaware of the tension between them...

BISGAARD
Catherine... Schaeffer... great work. Marlene Anderson wasn't even reported missing. I'm impressed... and appreciative.

Catherine and Thomas nod their "thanks." Bisgaard eyes them, senses tension, but moves along down the hallway. An awkward silence as Catherine approaches Thomas.

CATHERINE
Why the coffin?

THOMAS
The victim's displays of emotion confirms to him that they are aware their lives depend on him. But... I believe the primary reason for the coffin is... it is a slow... suffocation.
(beat)
Like his own life.

She processes this information, gives a nod. Understands. She steps toward him and with a low, but intense voice...

CATHERINE
I am *not* your lab rat.

Catherine eyes him, then continues down the corridor leaving Thomas alone in the hospital hallway...

CUT TO:

INT. A CORRIDOR - DAY

An ominous figure wearing a black nylon duty jacket moves over gray linoleum floors in a soulless institutional green hallway through dimming fluorescent lighting.

The form passes through a door... which slowly closes to REVEAL a door plaque indicating this is the DUTY ASSIGNMENT ROOM of MINUTEMAN SECURITY.

INT. DUTY ASSIGNMENT ROOM - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS ACROSS a large white dry board sectioned off with plastic tape. Handwritten marker indicates OFFICERS... LOCATION... ASSIGNMENT...

REVERSE - ERIC KROGH

looks at the duty board, wearing the black Minuteman duty jacket and uniform. Security officers pass in the b.g.

Eric's lifeless eyes study the duty board...

ERIC'S POV - ASSIGNMENT BOARD

Just as Thomas suspects, Eric can search for locations in which to come across women who may be trying to improve their lives... community colleges.... Islamic centers.... Churches.... Al Anon meetings.... Political meet ups...

CLOSER - ERIC

suddenly reacts with alarm to unexpected information...

ERIC'S POV - ASSIGNMENT BOARD

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT... B.P.D. SUPPORT... WITNESS/VICTIM WATCH BOSTON MEDICAL I.C.U.

ERIC

CAMERA INCHES IN as he considers the information...

ERIC
Hey, chief... who pulled this assignment at Boston Medical?

CUT TO:

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - NIGHT

Marlene is motionless, hooked up to an inhalation re-warmer and respirator. I.V. needles are inserted and taped to her hand.

Catherine stands at Marlene's bedside, her hand softly, carefully, placed on Marlene's arm, as if to warm and comfort her. Outside the room, Catherine sees two uniformed Boston Police Department officers standing guard outside Marlene's door. Thomas enters...

THOMAS
Marlene's friend is here.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - NIGHT

Four 27" monitors are divided into multiple screens covering the parking lot and interior of the hospital. A HOSPITAL SECURITY OFFICER, in suit and tie, monitors the screens. He reacts to an image, curious...

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT - SECURITY MONITOR

Eric Krogh, in his Minuteman security uniform, approaches a physician in a lab coat, DR. PASTER, half listening while eyeing some patient charts...

ERIC
The hospital's assigned me to escort you to Marlene Anderson's room.

Paster doesn't challenge the information or the uniform. He's busy and anxious to maintain his rounds...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - NIGHT

The hospital security officer notes Eric's uniform, notes Doctor Paster's posture. No threats and so the security officer dismisses it and moves on to another screen.

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Thomas and Catherine are in a vacant patient room in the ICU ward. Marlene's friend, NANCY YAUN, 24, sits in a chair crying and rattled. Thomas stands back, studying Nancy while listening to her information...

NANCY
Marlene knew we thought she was bailing on her party friends by making changes in her life... training to be a nurse.

Catherine eyes Thomas who remains locked on Nancy...

INT. I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Catherine and Thomas can be seen questioning Nancy through the door in the hallway. Eric Krogh and Dr. Paster pass the door, moving toward Marlene's room.

MARLENE'S ROOM

The Boston Police guards are familiar with Dr. Paster as he approaches and enters Marlene's room. They eye Eric who gives a reverential salute to the officers.

Eric enters the room.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Dr. Paster checks Marlene's vitals and begins an exam while her attempted murderer stands nearby.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Thomas approaches Nancy as he asks...

THOMAS
Is there a guy, an ex boyfriend, who seemed more upset about her making these changes and felt left behind?

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Dr. Paster completes his exam and eyes Eric with a nod, as if "*all set*." Eric suddenly grabs his mobile phone and answers it in a low tone...

ERIC
Yeah... Yes, lieutenant... I'm in the room with Doctor Paster, now...

Dr. Paster gestures impatiently, "*I have to go*." Eric indicates "*he must stay on this call*" then flashes a thumbs up indicting "*it is okay for the doctor to leave.*" Relieved to not be further escorted, Dr. Paster exits.

Eric is alone with Marlene.

Eric eyes the window set in the door, the only way to see inside. The curtain is pulled, causing the police guards to be forms outside the door on the closed curtain.

From his duty jacket, Eric removes a capped 3 ml syringe filled with Epinephrine. He removes the rubber stopper...

INT. I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

As Catherine and Thomas continue questioning Nancy, Bisgaard enters with Dr. Paster...

BISGAARD
Sorry, to interrupt but, Dr. Paster just checked Marlene. Her core temperature is rising...

DR. PASTER
With severe hypothermia there remains a threat of cardiac arrest until the body temperature has stabilized...

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - I.C.U. WARD

Marlene's hand FILLS the FRAME. Eric's fingers quickly peel back adhesive tape across the ported cannulae. A syringe needle is inserted in Marlene's I.V. line...

ERIC

Works quickly, aroused, perspiring...

INT. I.C.U. WARD

Catherine looks across the hall to Marlene's room...

DR. PASTER
If this rate continues, you may be able to question her later this evening.

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Eric returns the stopper to the empty syringe and places it back into this pocket.

Then... on the bed... Marlene begins to convulse... trembling... kicking... sharp... intense.

ERIC

Does not smile but... is quite aroused. Suddenly, the physiologic monitors begin to *ALARM!* He tenses, the alarms were unexpected...

INT. PATIENT ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Hearing the ALARM... Catherine turns toward Marlene's room. She's out of her chair, hustling across the hall...

INT. MARLENE'S ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Eric reacts, anxious his plan has drawn attention. To cover for himself, he hustles to the door, opens it and steps out into the I.C.U ward...

ERIC
DR. PASTER! SHE'S HAVING A SEIZURE!

INT. I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Catherine moves directly to Eric, challenging him...

CATHERINE
WHO ARE YOU?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Eric, retains his composure, which is actually all the more creepy, once aware of his psychosis...

ERIC
Escorting Dr. Paster. Doing my job.

Thomas and Bisgaard hustle into the hallway, toward Marlene's room, alarmed by Catherine's yelling.

Doctor Paster moves quickly from the hallway and into Marlene's room. Nurses and interns follow. Eric turns and starts into the hallway to give the staff room.

The life support alarms increase in VOLUME and FREQUENCY. Until... the sickening unwavering TONE of a FLAT-LINE. CONTROLLED PANIC erupts from the ICU team.

Catherine turns and moves to the doorway. Thomas moves with her, two comforting hands on her shoulders.

ERIC

Backs away down the hall in the opposite direction while all attention is on Marlene.

CATHERINE AND THOMAS

Dr. Paster and nurses pass them in the f.g. as they hold in the doorway. The ABSENCE OF VOICES and just the CLICKS of surgical tools, tapes and plastics is CHILLING.

DR. PASTER
Time of Death... eight-fifty three p.m.

CAMERA INCHES IN as Catherine and Thomas have lost the person whose life they saved just hours before.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM - I.C.U. WARD - NIGHT

Catherine sits in a chair by an empty bed. Thomas aimlessly paces in the b.g. Bisgaard enters, moves to Catherine and kneels INTO FRAME beside her...

BISGAARD
You need sleep.

He places a comforting hand on her forearm. She looks to him, accepting. Bisgaard stands, looks to Thomas..

BISGAARD (CONT'D)
You, too, Schaeffer. Go home.

THOMAS
Catherine... your car's at the station. I'll drive you home, then get you in the morning.

In the chair, Catherine collects herself, reluctantly admitting that she is indeed exhausted...

EXT. PARKING LOT - BOSTON MEDICAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CAMERA IS MOVING... as Thomas and Catherine exit the rear of the hospital and walk out into the cold darkness.

CAMERA CONTINUES ARCING as they reach Thomas' car. CAMERA ARCS REVEALING a MINUTEMAN security vehicle. Thomas' ENGINE STARTS... HEADLIGHTS PAN over the security car.

After a moment... Thomas' car drives past the Minuteman car. And one moment after that, Eric sits up in the driver's seat and starts the ignition.

He throws the car into gear... then drives off into the darkened streets... following Thomas' car.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The light is dim as CAMERA TRACKS ACROSS a wall of photographs. Crime scene photos. Infamous serial killers. This may appear to be inside a police station but, as CAMERA CONTINUES... an artificial flower arrangement appears... then a sofa with a feminine quilt folded over the back.

CAMERA PUSHES TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR. The furnishings are comfortable and contemporary but the person that lives here is focused on work...

THOMAS (O.S.)
Just open the door and let me see that you'll be okay.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Um... I'm the one with the gun.

Keys JINGLE. An ALARM turns off. The door opens. Catherine turns on a light as she steps inside. Thomas holds, awkward, in the hallway.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You want a coffee... or a beer? I can't drink coffee this late at night. I'll never sleep.

He checks his watch... searching for an excuse or the courage to ask her something...

THOMAS
I can't imagine you ever sleeping, anyway... especially during an investigation.

She heads toward the kitchen and drops her keys, iPhone, and gun holster on the counter before grabbing two cans of beer out of the refrigerator.

She extends a beer. To get it, he must enter the apartment and close the door. He locks it. Catherine sets out some cookies or crackers as Thomas removes his scarf and absently tosses it on the couch.

Hanging in a frame is a "Certificate of Commendation for Excellent Police Work from the Boston Police Department to Catherine Jensen." He reads it, then nods, impressed.

CATHERINE
It got Bisgaard's attention and he brought me into his homicide unit. Now I'm going for Lieutenant detective.

Thomas nods, then notices a small dried plant in a planter on the kitchen counter.

THOMAS
That needs water.

She shrugs, agrees, then sips her beer as Thomas notices the wall of crime photos. He moves to the gruesome images, munching on snacks while taking in the wall...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Albert de Salvo! Boston's own! The Boston Strangler. Wasn't him though.

CATHERINE
I know. It's up there to remind me not to let any suspect convince me into buying what they're selling.

She points to another image; a macabre hobby they share.

THOMAS
Edmund Kemper. Cut off his mother's head, tried to jam her larynx down the garbage disposal, then put her head on the mantle and threw darts at it for three days.

CATHERINE
Seems like some of these guys come up with good ideas, but then can't help going a little over the top.

He smiles. She drops her finger on another...

THOMAS
Richard Ramirez; The Night Stalker...
Denis Rader; The B.T.K. killer...

She reacts, impressed, then skips over a framed photo of a middle aged man in a button sweater standing in the kitchen of an average suburban family home. Thomas, however, singles out the picture...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
This one I don't know.

She hesitates, then offers...

CATHERINE
That's my step-father.

Thomas is taken aback... embarrassed... puzzled...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
You didn't come in here for crackers and beer and to get quizzed on my wall.

He averts his eyes. Shakes his head, confessional...

THOMAS
This is difficult, for me, for a couple reasons... I know we've been joking about it but, I never had anyone say they appreciate what I do... So I don't know how to express *my* appreciation.

She smiles at his awkwardness, then nods...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
And... I know what I learned, about this killer, when I kept you in that box. Why his need to suffocate his victims but, what I need to know... and, Catherine, the last thing you are to me... is a lab rat... did you learn anything by being kept in that box?

She eyes him. These are frightening and yet intimate secrets to be exchanging.

CATHERINE
What I've always known. Be worse than him.

THOMAS
No, no one should ever go there. These killers... this one in particular... to see the reactions from the victims arouses him. I wish they knew to be stone faced. Blank. That he doesn't control them. That is how to confuse and survive him.

Now, she seems to be profiling him. Revealing such fears and emotions creates an unexpected level of intimacy. Thomas averts his eyes to the wall of photos...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You ever think about anything else?

She considers...

CATHERINE
I think about sex... and food... depending on how good it is while I'm having it. You?

THOMAS
I think about it... even when I'm not having it... *while* I'm having it... and after I've had it.

CATHERINE
Are we talking about sex or food?

He smiles. She laughs. A moment... until, Thomas walks away in a charming absent minded professor kind of demeanor. Not a rejection of her...

THOMAS
Be back in the morning. Around nine.

CATHERINE
Thomas...

He turns. She's being metaphorical while admitting...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
I've been locked in a box before.

Before he can dig deeper, however, Catherine indicates she does not wish to offer anything more... right now.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Good night.

THOMAS
I'm staying in the hall until I hear the alarm turn on.

He closes the door. Catherine considers their exchange, then dumps the few remaining sips of beer into the dead potted plant. She moves to the wall by the door and inputs the alarm code. It BEEPS.

THOMAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Good night!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Thomas exits the building onto the sidewalk. As he hits the cold night air, his habit is to pull his scarf across his neck but he realizes he left it inside.

Thomas stands on the sidewalk debating whether to return.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As she puts away the crackers and turns off the lights in the living room and kitchen, Catherine discovers Thomas' scarf on the couch. She holds it, a reminder of their personal exchange moments ago.

O.S., A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Catherine looks up, then back to the scarf. She smiles as she heads toward her front door in the dark living room.

CATHERINE
Oldest trick in the book, Thomas. "Accidentally" leaving the scarf in the girl's apartment...

She inputs the alarm pad. With a BEEP, the alarm is off.

As she opens the door... a dark form grabs Catherine and with quick brute force, charges into the room and SLAMS the door. *It is Eric Krogh*. Catherine drives a fist into his stomach, then tries upper-cutting into his chin. He catches her hand, *twists*.

CATHERINE'S POV - HER GUN

In the holster. On the counter. She starts for it but Krogh maintains a grasp of her arm. He pulls her back, wraps his arm under her chin, then injects a syringe needle into her neck. The effect of the injection is immediate. Catherine battles to remain conscious but loses and slumps to the floor, her hand convulsing.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Thomas walks down the street holding two grande Starbucks. He opens the apartment building door...

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Catherine's apartment is empty and still. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR... CAMERA CREEPS TOWARD THE DOOR...

THOMAS (O.S.)
It's Thomas.

No response... ANOTHER KNOCK on the door... ANOTHER. After a few beats... Catherine's mobile phone RINGS. It's on the counter where she left it.

The doorknob twists as Thomas opens the door. He was already alarmed, but as he looks to the alarm input panel and it is off and the door unlocked, his concern spikes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Catherine?

Her PHONE RINGS and draws his attention to the kitchen counter. He turns off his phone as he moves to it and notes the keys are still beside it.

He places his hand where he recalls her gun was placed.

CAMERA INCHES IN as he holds... thinks... anxious. An idea occurs to him.

THE LIVING ROOM WALL

CAMERA PUSHES IN as Thomas discovers the glass in the frame, which held the commendation, has been shattered. The document has been torn out.

CAMERA PULLS BACK on THOMAS' horrified reaction. He steps backward, absently toward the kitchen, his hands trembling as he opens his cell phone and dials...

Thomas begins pacing anxiously in front of Catherine's wall of crime scene photographs and killers...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Bisgaard... He has her... Catherine... the suspect has taken Catherine.

As Thomas paces before the floor to ceiling collage of murder. CAMERA PUSHES IN as any one of these sickening murderous images may be Catherine's outcome...

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM - DAY

The FRAME IS BLACK until Catherine's head slumps INTO FRAME, dazed and groggy from physical abuse. Seated in a rusted metal folding chair, her arms and wrists are tied at her side. Her eyes and mouth have been wrapped in gray duct tape. She struggles, pulls against her bonds.

Harsh fluorescent lights stutter to life REVEALING a moldy white tiled room. A medical storage refrigerator is mounted to the wall.

Eric Krogh appears in the doorway, a silhouette holding an electric drill. He sets the tool on the floor, then stands before Catherine, his lap inches from her face.

ERIC
I just want... things... to be better.

He finds the edge of duct tape at the back of her head. Peels it... slowly... away from her eyes. She winces with pain as the glue CRACKLES, PULLING her skin and hair.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Although a professional, Mia is anxious and upset. She finishes dusting the broken citation frame for prints. Thomas paces before the wall of crime scene photos and killers, his eyes focused internally...

Behind her, Bisgaard and Molbeck enter. Bisgaard is visibly rattled. The Captain releases his emotions on the only team member he did not choose...

BISGAARD
She left the hospital with you. I knew one of my people would get hurt because of you.

A UNIFORMED OFFICER enters the apartment...

UNIFORMED OFFICER
No one in the building witnessed anyone except a female tenant, down the hall, who saw a uniformed policeman enter about twenty two hundred...

Bisgaard slumps at the report of no leads...

THOMAS

CAMERA PUSHES INTO him, however... as he reacts...

THOMAS
Uniform. No. It was not a cop...

He turns... approaches Bisgaard and Molbeck...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
It was a *security guard*.
(beat)
At the hospital, last night...
Catherine took on that security guard.
It's *him*.

CUT TO:

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Although terrorized and angry, Catherine battles to keep her eyes forward and her expression blank. Eric's face lowers INTO FRAME...

ERIC
Most people would like things to go better than they do. Is that wrong?

Eric reacts to her stone face; puzzled, offended.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Is it wrong?

Suddenly, he viciously, violently, grabs Catherine's hair. He knocks the chair over and picks up the power drill. He clicks the trigger. As the tool *WHIRS*...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - DAY - MONITOR

A 15 fps black and white security monitor replays Eric Krogh escorting Dr. Paster down the hallway.

MOLBECK (V.O.)
His name's Eric Krogh.

THOMAS AND MOLBECK

Are inside the Boston Medical security room housing the security monitors. They are on a speaker phone... while Molbeck holds his palm over his cell phone...

MOLBECK
Minuteman security vouches for him. Never had a problem.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Amongst the frenzy of police officers mobilizing to find one of their own, Bisgaard is on the phone with Molbeck.

BISGAARD
Schaeffer... if we arrest him... are more people going to die?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - DAY

Thomas's reflex is to defend himself... but he pauses as if accepting the challenging question...

THOMAS
You saw him with Catherine last night. He was in Marlene Anderson's room *before* her seizure. These are facts, Frank.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Bisgaard weighs the facts. He wants to push the button...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - DAY

Thomas jumps on the hesitation...

THOMAS
If Minuteman worked security at the factory demolition site... it's him. That's how he found where to hide the bodies.

Molbeck places his mobile to his ear...

MOLBECK
Hey... you guys ever pull duty at the Boston manufacturing demolition site? Did Krogh?

Molbeck lowers the phone.

MOLBECK (CONT'D)
It *is* him.

CUT TO:

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM - CLOSE - WALL MOUNT

The power drill SPINS and WHINES as it removes a pair of screws from the mount holding the refrigerator...

OVERHEAD

Eric pushes the box over, it falls and CRASHES inches from Catherine's head. She recoils; nearly breaks down... but battles to maintain a stoic expression.

Catherine lies on her side, tied to the chair. Eric lifts the lid on the coffin-sized medical refrigerator.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL - DAY

Thomas studies Molbeck's handwritten list as Molbeck calls out Krogh's recent work locations...

MOLBECK
These are Krogh's Minuteman duty assignments over the last eight weeks... Bunker Hill Community college... Cambridge Galleria...

EXT. BUNKER HILL COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY

Boston PD patrol cars THUNDER up to the college. A half dozen officers hustle out of the vehicles...

INT. CAMBRIDGE GALLERIA - DAY

Uniformed officers scour the back corridors and lower levels of the shopping mall.

CUT TO:

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

With a flick of a tactical folding knife, Eric cuts Catherine's bonds. He lowers her own gun to her head...

ERIC
Get in.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

Bisgaard receives a status report from an OFFICER...

BPD OFFICER (V.O.)
Negative at TD Garden... in progress at Bunker Hill...

INT. BOSTON MEDICAL - DAY

Thomas looks at the list while hearing the reports...

BPD OFFICER (V.O.)
Negative... Cambridge Galleria...

Thomas crosses off the locations as they receive a negative report...

THOMAS
There's three places that you didn't dispatch anyone to check out.

MOLBECK
Right... that one's the demolition site, that place's been since torn down and *that* hospital is way up in Essex and it's been shut down.

THOMAS
No. Essex County Psychiatric Hospital. A third of it remains functional. It's a place where people are sent to try and get better. He took her here. It's outside of the Boston area, so he thinks we won't look there.

MOLBECK
That's Essex county Sheriffs. It'll take some time to dispatch them up there.

With that... Thomas hustles out of the room. Molbeck jumps to his feet and chases after him...

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL REFRIGERATOR

Catherine lies in the medical refrigerator as the door SLAMS SHUT! The box turns dark.

Catherine pushes against the door. She bangs on the lid. Then... with great discipline, she pulls her hands down, closes her eyes, and tries controlling her breathing.

EXT. ESSEX COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

Thomas and Molbeck arrive outside a mid-twentieth century institutional hospital, driving toward a complex of structures lined off by a chain linked fence and NO TRESPASSING signs.

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Eric is shocked to not hear any SOUND from his victim...

ERIC
I know it scares you. They all were scared... How can you not be scared?

INT. ESSEX COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

CAMERA CREEPS ALONG the dust layered hallway of the old soulless hospital. BANG! A window is pushed out. Molbeck climbs into the building followed by Thomas.

INT. MEDICAL REFRIGERATOR - DAY

Catherine’s eyes wince. She’s horrified, straining not to display any emotion...

ERIC (O.S.)
When the air turns stale... when there is no more air... you’ll get sleepy... and you’ll know that if you sleep... you’ll die. And you’re going to die... that’s when you’ll show me... that’s when you won’t be able to hide it... you’ll scream. You’ll beg. You’ll beg me to make it better... but I won’t.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - ESSEX COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC - DAY

Sheets of clear plastic cover discarded metal medical equipment.

A door opens before a flashlight beam cuts through the eerie sub-level darkness. Thomas and Molbeck descend into the hallway...

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Eric sits on the medical refrigerator. It is SILENT. He listens for Catherine's breathing or movement.

ERIC
I'll give you some air... if you cross your arms.

He gets off the refrigerator and down on his knees. He places his ear to the lid. NOTHING. He opens his folding knife, then twists the combination lock out of the hasp.

CAMERA INCHES IN as Eric holds the knife... and begins lifting the refrigerator lid...

INT. LOWER LEVEL - ESSEX COUNTY PSYCHIATRIC - DAY

Thomas and Molbeck approach a room in which a bare light remains lit...

INT. INSIDE THE REFRIGERATOR

Catherine's silhouette in the foreground is motionless as the lid cracks open REVEALING ERIC checking on her.

Suddenly... *QUICKLY*... Catherine *JAMS* the lid upward against his chin. Eric's head snaps back.

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Catherine stands, jumps out of the box and kicks the knife out of Eric's hand. He falls on the floor, dazed.

Catherine races toward the door. Eric kicks his feet out, knocking Catherine's legs from under her.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - BOSTON MEDICAL

Approaching the room, Thomas manages to hear CATHERINE'S FALL. He and Molbeck turn and race toward the door.

THOMAS
CATHERINE?!

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Hearing Thomas, she sees Eric's eyes dart toward the door. Eric aims Catherine's gun...

CATHERINE
THOMAS! NO!

INT. LOWER LEVEL - BOSTON MEDICAL

Thomas reaches for the pull handle. He opens the door...

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Eric *FIRES* Catherine's gun!

INT. LOWER LEVEL - BOSTON MEDICAL

Thomas and Molbeck hit the deck. Debris flies!

INT. A WHITE TILED ROOM

Catherine grabs the metal chair off the floor. She swings it against Eric's forearms causing him to drop the gun.

She quickly counters and swings back, driving the chair edge against the bottom of his chin. The killer is knocked backward onto the floor.

Catherine hustles toward her gun and retrieves it.

Molbeck, armed, enters the room followed by Thomas, who finds Catherine with her gun aimed at Eric, back on the floor, chin cut and bleeding.

And now, Catherine cannot keep it together any longer. She cries, her expression furious and venting her fear.

CATHERINE
CROSS YOUR ARMS!

Eric is defiant, arms outstretched on the ground...

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
LIKE YOU MADE ALL OF THEM! CROSS YOUR ARMS!

Eric will not cross his arms. Thomas carefully moves to her and lowers his voice.

THOMAS
Catherine... he’s not your step-father.

Catherine’s arms begin to tremble as she lowers the weapon. She moves to Thomas wishing to be comforted by the person who understands her. Thomas’ back is to Eric and Molbeck as he awkwardly wraps his arms around his partner and holds her.

ERIC

Holds his arms down as Molbeck moves in with handcuffs...

CLOSE - ERIC’S HAND

Palms the folding knife.

ERIC AND MOLBECK

As Molbeck reaches out for Eric’s hand, Eric twists and slashes at Molbeck’s weapon hand. MOLBECK SCREAMS as Eric wrestles the officer’s gun from his hand, then spins his aim toward Catherine and Thomas.

CATHERINE AND THOMAS

She pulls him to the ground as she FIRES!

ERIC

The bullet impacts through his skull, blood and bone *spray* across the tile wall!

THOMAS AND CATHERINE

Ears ringing from the BLAST, he’s shocked by the explosion of Eric’s skull. Catherine gives an order...

CATHERINE
Get Molbeck out of here.

Thomas hesitates to leave Catherine with Eric’s body, even if obviously dead.

CATHERINE (CONT’D)
CALL IT IN! GET HIM AT AN ER! GO!

Thomas moves to Molbeck, wrapping his bleeding hand in his shirt, the two men hustle out of the room. Once gone, Catherine moves to Eric's dead body. She reaches down, OUT OF FRAME, then stands and backs away...

OVERHEAD

Catherine stands over Eric Krogh's dead body, his arms crossed over his chest.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS' HOME OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - TERM PAPER

The title page of a term paper FILLS THE FRAME. "Impact of parental relationships on serial killers." By Agnes Lenz Forensic Psychology 207 for Dr. Thomas Schaeffer.

A red felt pen marks a large "B-" in the upper right...

WIDER

Thomas sits at his desk grading term papers. Benedicte enters the office with a cup of tea. She clears room amongst all the papers and sets it on the desk. She kisses him on the head.

BENEDICTE
Thank you for keeping your promise.

He looks up to her and places his arm lovingly around her waist. Noticeable, however, is that Thomas doesn't verbally respond to his wife.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR FRAME causes them to both look up. Their son, John, stands at the door with Catherine.

Thomas and Benedicte smile, although his wife subtly questions Catherine's motives for showing up at her home. As if aware of this, Catherine lifts her crossed arms draped with his scarf.

CATHERINE
You left it at the station when you packed up.

Benedicte waves Catherine into the room. While Benedicte moves out from behind the desk and collects their boy...

BENEDICTE
Can I get you a coffee?

CATHERINE
No, thank you. I just stopped by to give him the scarf.

Catherine and Benedicte exchange a pleasant smile as she passes. Once Thomas' wife and son have left, Catherine sets the scarf down on the corner of the desk.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
They promoted me to Lieutenant Detective. Bisgaard has signed off... if you want to sign on.

He smiles, then averts his eyes, apologetically.

THOMAS
I promised... this was a one time deal.

Catherine nods, understands. She raises her hands as if "*I get it. I surrender.*" She checks the time on her cell phone as an excuse to get going.

CATHERINE
Good night, Thomas. Thank you.

Catherine exits, leaving Thomas alone. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM as he opens and attends to some files on his desk.

A MANILA FILE

For Thomas's future studies and work, a thick report of papers and crime scene photos of Eric Krogh is closed revealing a label indicating... "Apprehended/DECEASED."

THOMAS

Thomas sets the file aside. He pauses... considers... then reacts... curious. He looks to his scarf on the corner of the desk left by Catherine. He reaches over and lifts the scarf. Beneath it, Catherine has left another manila folder.

Thomas opens the file. CAMERA PUSHES IN TO THE DESK, REVEALING the file's content. The only information inside... is the photo of Catherine's step-father. The cover closes. With a pen, Thomas marks the file... "CASE OPEN/SUBJECT AT LARGE."

END ACT SIX