

**THE BOOGIE-MAN**

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**FADE IN.**

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Lightning strike. The sound of thunder booms as rain pours non-stop.

It's night time.

A quiet residence with nobody outside. They must all be sleeping, or about to go to sleep. Silence fill the air; apart from the rain and thunder.

A sweep of the neighbourhood before stopping at a house and entering through the upstairs bathroom window.

**INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

An elderly man; looks in his 50's, is staring in the mirror laughing in fear until it turns into delusional hysteria.

His hand slowly approaches a sharp razor nearby and with a shaky grip, he starts to draw the razor closer to his face.

**HALLWAY**

A small boy, about eleven years old is walking towards the bathroom which is open. He just woken up and is rubbing his eye.

BOY

Mom...? Dad...?

**MAN'S POV**

He continues to look at himself in the mirror laughing as he begins to cut away at his skin. The skin he cuts starts falling in the sink below with the blood dripping as we continue to hear him laughing.

From the mirror's reflection, we see the young boy in the background standing near the door looking in.

**WEEKS LATER - EVENING**

**LIVING ROOM**

The boy is sitting on the couch in the living room. The lights are off but light is seen from the outside lamppost illuminating part of the room.

It is quiet... until his mother - a middle aged woman - with sadness in her eyes enter.

She turns on the light and watches as the boy just sits there.

MOTHER

Michael, do you need anything  
sweetheart.

He doesn't answer, doesn't even move. Too traumatised by what he witnessed.

**FADES TO BLACK****TITLE CARD****FADE IN**

BY THIS TIME, ABOUT 30 YEARS HAS PAST.

THE SON; MICHAEL, NOW 41, IS WORKING AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL  
THERAPIST AND HAS HIS OWN PRIVATE PRACTICE. HE LIVES WITH HIS  
WIFE AND HIS 12-YEAR-OLD SON.

**30 YEARS LATER..****INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

A well-groomed MAN; it is clear he takes great care of himself and his looks.

He has a relaxed demeanour and he sits there in silence; he is the THERAPIST; MICHAEL, known as MR. WILLIAMS.

His patient, sitting on the couch in shaking paranoia, is speaking with speed and trembles in his voice trying to say his words before it escapes his mind.

He is Mr. Richards.

MR. RICHARDS

I couldn't. I just couldn't.  
I tried... I did but I just  
couldn't get myself...

(thinks)

I mean, my mind...  
I just kept thinking, what if  
I fall? You know, what if I fall?  
everything just looked so small  
from up there...

(looks at Mr. Williams)

I'm sorry.

MR. WILLIAMS

You don't need to apologise

Mr. Williams tries to hold in his disappointment while taking notes.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

(strain in his voice)

Sometimes techniques don't  
work. It's fine... we just have  
to try something else.

MR. RICHARDS

I did try. I mean... I got up  
on the roof, starting breathing  
(turns to Mr. Williams)  
Just like you told me.  
Slowly started to walk nearer to  
the edge to look down and...  
I just started to feel light  
headed. There was no one else  
with me, but I felt like I was  
going to be pushed.

MR. WILLIAMS

Did you look down for long?

MR. RICHARDS

What? No, no, of course not. I  
could have lost my balance.

MR. WILLIAMS

Right. Right.

(sounds a little disappointed)

I understand.

He continues to taking notes.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Please tell me, when was your first experience with... I mean, when did this fear of heights begin? How did it manifest?

With his pen in one hand, Mr. Williams is getting ready to take notes as Mr. Richards starts to tell his story.

MR. RICHARDS

To be honest, I don't know. I had this fear ever since I can remember. The first time I knew of it was when I was a child..

(chuckles)

Me and Tom, he was the only one I honestly called a friend. we went bike riding down near where we lived, it was a rocky terrain forest type area, you know. After cycling through an inclining path, we came to a stop. It was at the end of a precipice. I remember looking down at the forest below. Sweat started building, my legs were trembling. I stumbled back scared I would fall.

(looks at Mr. Williams)

Do you know what I mean?

Mr. Williams stops writing.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Well... that seems to be all the time we have for today.

They both stand; first Mr. Richards followed by Mr Williams.  
They make their way towards the door.

Just before Mr. Richards leaves however,

MR. WILLIAMS

I almost forgot. I have been  
working on something lately  
which I think could help you  
with your acrophobia.  
Come back next time and I should  
have it prepared..

(changes tone)

I should tell you however, it's  
a new method so I am still testing  
it out.

Mr. Richards nods in comprehension and leaves Mr. Williams to go  
back to his work.

Sitting back down behind his desk, he looks over his notes.

**LATER**

**INT. MR WILLIAMS' HOME - NIGHT**

Mr. Williams walk into his home stressed and not in the mood for  
anything or anybody. He is holding a briefcase.

His wife walks up to him and attempts to talk to him but to no  
avail. He is not in the mood for conversation.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Where have you been? it's  
quarter past seven. I've almost  
finished making dinner, it will  
be good if you could join us this  
time.

However, he drops his keys on the table after locking the door  
and walks past her like she is not even there.

As Mr. Williams is walking away, Mrs. Williams is still trying  
to talk to him.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You do have a family; you know?

But Mr. Williams just continues ignoring her as he walks off.

**MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE ROOM**

Mr. Williams flicks on the light of his lamp that sits on his desk

He places his briefcase on the desk.

**LATER**

**DINING ROOM**

Mr. Williams is sitting around the table with his family eating dinner; it's quiet.

Mr. Williams sits on one end of the table with Mrs. Williams on the opposite end.

Their 12-year-old son, LUCAS is in between them.

Despite their earlier altercation, Mrs. Williams still makes an effort to start a conversation.

MRS. WILLIAMS

So, honey, how was work today?

Mr. Williams shrugs it off.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

You've been in your office every day this week.

Mr. Williams shrugs that off too, much to the frustration of Mrs. Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Alright.

(thinks)

You know I'm trying here Michael, but it's hard when you

(MORE)

(CONT)

won't even acknowledge me.

MR. WILLIAMS

Work was fine. I'm just stressed.

Lucas is looking cautiously at his parents. He's been through this before, knows all too well this is just the beginning of an argument.

Staying quiet, he continues to eat.

Mrs. Williams finds that comment a little insulting.

MRS. WILLIAMS

And I'm not? I worked all day,  
Then I come home to make dinner,  
but I still care enough to try  
and make conversation.

Mr. Williams stops eating. Drops his fork and stands to leave.

MRS. WILLIAMS

So, this is how it's going to  
be, eh? You're not even going  
to talk anymore? Fine.  
Just go...

Lucas by now has his head down.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

It's all you seem to do nowadays  
any...

Mr. Williams' temper boils over.

MR. WILLIAMS

SHUT UP!

Mr. Williams pauses to gather his thoughts before continuing.

Lucas closes his eyes and braces himself - he knows how this will end.

Mr. Williams' rage causes his voice to get louder as he continues to talk.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

I am tired of always hearing you complain about nothing. Do you know what my day is like? listening to their pathetic whining. You try to help them but they're so useless they don't even recognise what you're trying to do for them. Do you know what that's like?

MRS WILLIAMS

Know what that's like? Are you kidding me? I do nothing but care for this family, not like I get any appreciation, and not to mention my job on top of that. You're always working late nights and weekends, and when you're here, you lock yourself in your office. You chose this life.

Mr. Williams, in anger, throws his plate at the wall.

Mr. Williams is normally the quiet type who speaks with a whispering tone, except for when his temper gets the better of him.

MR. WILLIAMS

(shouts)

I didn't choose any of this.

Mr. Williams storms off.

**EXT. PARK - LATER**

Mr. Williams is sitting on a park bench looking out at a near-empty park; the only people around are late night joggers and people walking their dogs.

There is a hint of sadness about him.

**FLASHBACK****EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON**

A young Michael - about seven - is having a picnic with his parents.

The sun is brightly shining down.

Laughter and love fills the air. Michael is running around with the family dog; a Labrador.

His parents are sitting on a blanket looking at them play.

MICHAELS' DAD  
C'mon son, we're going home  
now.

His parents stand ready to leave.

MICHAEL  
(shouts out)  
Five more minutes.

He's still running around playing with the dog.

MICHAEL'S MOM  
(to Michael's dad)  
When are you going to tell  
him?

**BACK TO PRESENT**

A deep breath... this place reminds him of a simpler time.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Mr. Williams is sitting on his chair; clearly having a lot on his mind. He sits there barely listening to his patient as she talks.

**MR WILLIAMS' POV**

It isn't clear what is being said.

Mr. Williams isn't paying much attention as he just taps on his notebook trying to hold back any frustration and anger he is holding on to.

**BACK TO SCENE**

He breaks his silence... and cuts the woman off.

FEMALE PATIENT  
...But then I thought—

MR. WILLIAMS  
Was any progress made?

FEMALE PATIENT  
Well, I did touch a spider,  
But I immediately dropped it.  
Just like last time.

MR. WILLIAMS  
So... no progress.

Mr. Williams makes a note of this on his pad.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Listen Emma, I have a theorised  
practice I haven't attempted  
yet but I think it could prove  
beneficial for the resolution  
of your cause... if you trust me  
enough to try it that is?

EMMA thinks for a second - She has tried what she calls  
everything in the past to cure this phobia of hers.

EMMA  
(reluctantly nods)  
O...OK. I trust you doctor.

Mr. Williams smiles in delight.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Great, I just need a little  
(MORE)

(CONT.)

time to set up. I'll let you know when we can begin. As for now, why don't we continue? it will help me understand your anxiety a little more.

EMMA

Okay...

(takes a deep breath)

Well, it's just... whenever I Get close to one, I can feel Sweat building up. My heart Starts beating faster and...

Emma is interrupted.

MR. WILLIAMS

OK, OK. Let's dive a little Deeper...

This time, it is Mr. Williams who is interrupted as Emma finished what she was previously saying.

EMMA

And sometimes, I feel I can't Enter a room. For example, my garage, the kitchen or the bathroom, thinking there might be spiders in there. Just the thought of them crawling over me.

MR. WILLIAMS

Do you often have that thought?

EMMA

Occasionally, however, lately I have been having this dream...

**INT. EMMA'S HOUSE - DREAMSTATE**

**BEDROOM**

Emma wakes up in a sweat.

Still feeling fatigued, she slowly makes her way out of the bedroom...

#### **UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/STAIRS**

And across the upstairs hallway before walking downstairs. It feels like any other day. A little too real in fact.

#### **DOWNSTAIRS**

Emma passes through the downstairs hallway and into the kitchen...

#### **KITCHEN**

Still feeling fatigued, she walks over to make a coffee. She grabs a cup from the cupboard and puts some coffee beans in it.

Walking over to the kettle, she realises there's not enough water. She turns the tap on.

Almost immediately, the water stops and the tap begins making concerning noises.

Countless spiders crawl from the drain and out of the tap. They crawl onto Emma's arms and body as she screams in horror...

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

EMMA

And it seems to get more  
and more vivid.

Mr. Williams is writing on his notepad.

Emma starts fidgeting thinking about her dream.

MR. WILLIAMS

Please, try and relax.

No empathy in his tone of voice.

He takes a deep breath and stops writing. He sets his pen and notepad down.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
Please, tell me, when did  
this fear arise?

EMMA  
Well...  
(thinks)  
I don't know when it started,  
I'm sorry, but I do know there  
thousands of poisonous spiders  
out there.

Disappointed by the answer, Mr. Williams looks over his notes  
before glancing at the clock in the far wall.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(forces a smile)  
Looks like time is up. We can  
continue this in your next  
session.

EMMA  
Oh, Okay...

Mr. Williams sits there thinking.

Emma stands and makes her way out.

Before exiting the room, she turns back to Mr. Williams.

EMMA (CONT.)  
Thank you, doctor.

Mr. Williams turns to her and smiles.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - LATER**

Sitting at his desk, Mr. Williams is flicking through the files  
of Mr. Richards; his patient who has Acrophobia (fear of  
height).

His diary is free all afternoon so he takes this time to work on  
the theory of his experimental treatment.

He stops.

Thinks for a second before he takes out his phone and dials to make a call.

MR. WILLIAMS  
 (on phone)  
 Hello... Mr. Richards  
 (listens)  
 This is Mr. Williams can  
 we set up a meeting.  
 (listens)  
 Well, I am looking over  
 your file as we speak and  
 I think I have the solution  
 for your disease.  
 (listens)  
 No, I guess phobia isn't  
 really a disease, but I think  
 I may have found a way to  
 help you...

He stops talking and leans the phone against his ear before he flicks through his small personal notepad on the table in front of him.

Flicking through a few pages before he stops at the page he is looking for.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
 Mr. Richards, yes, I see it  
 here, everything is good to  
 go. Can you meet me in my  
 office in about two hour?  
 (listens)  
 Thank you. See you then.  
 Goodbye.

He hangs up and continues looking at his notes.

**TWO HOUR AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER**

A KNOCK on the door - Mr. Williams doesn't get up off his chair.

MR. WILLIAMS  
 Come in.

Mr. Richards enters the door.

MR. RICHARDS  
Hello... Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Mr. Richards, good to see  
you came. How are you?

Mr. Richards meets up with Mr. Williams for a handshake before  
he takes a seat on the chair opposite side of the desk to him.

MR. RICHARDS  
Good, thank you. How about  
yourself?

MR. WILLIAMS  
I am fantastic... exited..  
I am eager to get started.

Mr Williams stands and walks towards Mr. Richards. One hand is  
behind his back.

MR. RICHARDS  
I was surprised you called.  
Can you really help me?

MR. WILLIAMS  
That's why I do this. Now,  
come, please.

MR. RICHARDS  
Excuse me?

MR WILLIAMS  
We can't do this here.

MR. RICHARDS  
OK... Why not?

Mr. Richards stands and is led by Mr. Williams towards the door.

He evades the question.

MR. WILLIAMS

Trust me. I have confidence  
this will work.

MR. RICHARDS

What do I have to do? And how  
long will it take?

MR. WILLIAMS

Don't you worry. Everything  
will be fine, and it is fast  
acting.

Mr. Williams injects Mr. Richards with a syringe filled with an  
unknown substance in the back of his neck.

MR. RICHARDS

Wait... what was-

Before he could finish his thought, Mr. Richards falls  
unconscious. As he does so, he sees Mr. Williams looking at him  
in disgust.

**EXT. ROOF - LATE AFTERNOON**

Under the evening sky on an unknown rooftop lies Mr. Richards  
who is slowly regaining consciousness.

With a pounding headache, he struggles to get to his feet.

Slight dizziness, blurry vision and muscle aches, he is still  
suffering from the injection.

MR. RICHARDS

Where-Where am I? What's  
Going on?

**P.O.V OF MR. RICHARDS**

Looking around, everything seems to be moving. A sign that his  
head is spinning.

Keeping balance has turned into a chore; surely an effect of the  
injection.

MR. RICHARDS  
(screams out)  
HELLO?

Approaching the edge of the rooftop and looking down, everything looks small; ten times smaller in fact. Fearing the fall, Mr. Richards recoiled in horror.

Remembering the what happened in the office, he rubs his neck where he was injected.

MR. RICHARDS  
(to himself)  
What did he inject me with?  
I don't like this.

Looking around, the area is completely desolated except for a camera. It is revealed to be staring into the rooftop watching Mr. Richards' every move.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

From the CAMERA lens, it is shown that Mr. Richards is being recorded.

From the live feed, it is revealed that Mr. Williams is watching him from the comfort of his office with his notepad in hand.

Mr. Richards can be heard panicking. Mr. Williams does not say anything; he just keeps focusing on taking notes.

**BACK TO THE ROOFTOP**

A voice can be heard from the intercom attached to the camera.

The voice comes out distorted to represent how Mr. Richards hears it with the drug still in his system.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
Hello Mr. Richards. Please do  
not be alarmed.

Startled, Mr. Richards attempts to find out where the voice is coming from.

MR. RICHARDS

Mr. Williams? Where am I?  
What is this?

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

That's right. Please remain calm. I have injected you with a new drug which should stabilize the amygdala in your brain to stop it from causing the chain reaction responsible for humans to feel fear.

Instead, the opposite happens.

Mr. Richards haven't felt more afraid in his life. Where Mr. Williams theorized that it would help cure him from his fear, instead, it heightens it.

The more time passes, the more scared Mr. Richards becomes until the drug renders him completely delusional and paranoid.

MR. RICHARDS

This... isn't working.

He is panting. Walking around trying to think clear. He reached the edge of the roof again and screams in fear.

MR. RICHARDS (CONT.)

OH GOD. Somebody, please help me.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

You must remain calm Mr. Richards.

MR. RICHARDS

SHUT UP!

Making his way across the roof in panic, Mr. Richards looks for any way he can to get down, but every time he does, his fear stands in his way.

As fear overwhelms his every whim, his heart starts racing and pumping louder and faster as the traffic noise feels like a booming in his ear. He slowly starts spewing out blood.

MR. RICHARDS (CONT.)  
Make it stop.. MAKE IT STOP.

The noise gets louder, his heartbeat pumps faster, the world around him becomes more and more distorted until one false step and he slips off the roof.

His scream can be heard as he falls until he crashes onto the street below. Car horns are soon heard followed by cries of passer-byes.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Mr. Williams seeing this does not react.

He just stares at the screen into an empty roof.

He crumples the paper on his notepad before ripping it off and throwing it away.

He takes a deep breath as he stares at the monitor intently.

His secretary walks in.

MRS. RIVERS  
Excuse me, sir?

Mr. Williams remains calm not letting off any anger or frustration.

MR. WILLIAMS  
What is it Mrs. Rivers?

MRS. RIVERS notices something is wrong.

MRS. RIVERS  
I'm sorry sir, is everything  
all right?

Mr. Williams takes a deep breath.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
Yeah, yeah, everything is  
fine.. I everything okay?

MRS. RIVERS  
It's fine thank you. I just  
came in to let you know Mr.  
Lynn won't be coming in today  
so, you have the rest of the  
day free.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Okay, well, you can go home if  
you want to. I should finish  
up on a few bits and bobs.

MRS. RIVERS  
Thank you, sir. Goodnight.

She takes her leave.

Mr. Williams sits back down looking over his notes.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - LATER**

Mr. Williams enters his home and make his way to his bedroom.

**BEDROOM**

He enters his bedroom and lies on the bed to go to sleep. In the  
process, however, he awakens his wife who turns to check on him.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
You're back late, how was  
work?

No answer.

Mr. Williams just closes his eyes and goes to sleep.

**THE NEXT DAY**

**INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING**

The place is filled with POLICE MEN AND WOMEN working away.

Nobody has time for friendly chit-chat.

Whether they are on the computer, grouped together around a desk talking about casefiles or on the phone, this is clearly a hectic working environment.

ROOKIE POLICE OFFIER LOCKS (R.P.O LOCKS for short), walks across from one end of the room to the other towards another officer's desk.

Bold. Confident and self-asserted, she has a lot to prove; at least in her mind she does.

OFFICER GRANT is sitting at his desk listening to someone on the telephone.

R.P.O LOCKS

What can you tell me about  
the body that was found last  
night?

Still on the phone and trying to listen to the caller, Officer Grant signals her with a finger to hold on a minute.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT.)

Well?

A little annoyed, he signals her again this time pointing to the phone while turning his head a little.

OFFICER GRANT

Yes, listen I understand,  
right, I'll let you know as  
soon as I hear anything.  
Okay b-bye.

He hangs up the phone and turns to Locks.

OFFICER GRANT

No, nothing on the body as  
Of yet.

Frustrated, R.P.O Locks thinks.

OFFICER GRANT

People are working on finding  
Out who he is, they'll let you  
Know when they find anything,

Officer Grant walks off followed by R.P.O Locks.

OFFICER GRANT (CONT.)

If you want to know, why don't  
you ask them? I'm sure they  
at least have a name by now.

R.P.O LOCKS

Mr. Phil Richards.

OFFICER GRANT

There you go, now you have  
something to work with.

R.P.O LOCKS

I know, I was just hoping  
someone might have something-

She is interrupted.

OFFICER GRANT

They don't. We all have our own  
cases we're working on.

R.P.O LOCKS

It's just, I've been here a  
while now, I closed a few cases,  
but it just seems-

She is interrupted again.

OFFICER GRANT

Look. I don't want to be rude,  
and I know you might be eager  
to make an impression here, but  
if you just focus on your cases  
and do your work, then eventually,  
people will notice. That's what  
I did.

R.P.O LOCKS

How do I get noticed? You know,  
So, I can get a reputation.

OFFICER GRANT

Don't worry about that just yet.

R.P.O Locks does not understand Grant's meaning.

R.P.O LOCKS

What do you mean don't worry?  
I think I do good work, surely  
I want to be recognised for it.

OFFICER GRANT

And you will, look, You've only  
been here 2 months. You have done  
a lot, helped close a lot of cases.  
So, just focus on the work. Now,  
I'm sorry but I need to go.

Officer Grant walks off leaving R.P.O Locks standing there  
alone.

After a second or two, she walks off but is soon stopped by the  
detective working the case.

DETECTIVE JONES

Locks, about the body, you  
know the needle mark on his neck,  
and we were trying to figure out  
what the substance might have been.

R.P.O LOCKS

What did you find?

DETECTIVE JONES hands her a file. She opens it and starts  
reading the content inside.

DETECTIVE JONES

Soon after the coroner took  
the body, unfortunately, he wasn't  
able to identify the substance  
inside.

R.P.O LOCKS

Is that it?

DETECTIVE JONES

No, there's something else but it's a little more complicated. It'll be best if you talk to the coroner yourself.

R.P.O LOCKS

I will, first I want to thank you, and say I'm sorry to hear about Detective Harr...

Detective Jones quickly interrupts.

DETECTIVE JONES

Coroner, Locks. Come on.

Detective Jones walks off.

R.P.O LOCKS

Right.

**INT. CORONER'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER**

Both detective Jones and R.P.O Locks are standing on one side of the body while the CORONER stands on the other.

The body is opened and the coroner is talking them through his findings.

CORONER

This is a rather odd case. You see his heart.

(points to the heart)

Cardiomegaly, otherwise known as an enlarged heart. However, this is unlike anything I've ever seen.

(pauses)

my guess is it just kept growing until the time of death. Whatever he was injected with had a

(MORE)

(CONT.)

huge impact on his blood pressure.

DETECTIVE JONES

Any drugs in his system... apart from what he was injected with.

CORONER

None that I found. But there is one more thing.

(points to the lungs)

Blood.

R.P.O Locks

Blood in the lungs?

CORONER

A lot more than the average person. His lungs caved into itself.

No response. They are both confused and waiting for the coroner to explain himself.

CORONER

You see, as the heart enlarged, it caused the lungs to collapse on itself. It wouldn't surprise me if he was choking up on his own blood during the last few minutes before his death.

Nothing to say, they just stand there thinking about everything they've just heard. It just sickens them to think someone out there is responsible for this.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - MORNING**

Mr. Williams is hurrying around his house getting ready to go to work. He is jogging down the stairs and into the kitchen.

**KITCHEN**

Sitting around the table eating breakfast, Mrs. Williams is watching as Mr. Williams is looking around for something.

Mrs. Williams picks up his briefcase resting on the chair near her.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Is this what you're looking for?

MR. WILLIAMS  
Yes. Thank you.

As he attempts to grab the briefcase, she pulls it back.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Sit down.

MR. WILLIAMS  
I can't. I need to go.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
It's the weekend. You can sit for a while and eat breakfast with me.

He snatches the briefcase off her hand.

MR. WILLIAMS  
I need to go.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Can you please talk to Lucas before you leave?

MR. WILLIAMS  
Fine. Where is he?

MRS. WILLIAMS  
I think he's outside. In front of the house.

It's clear Mr. Williams is unhappy about his, but he does so anyways.

**EXT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

Mr. Williams steps out of his average, plain looking house (surprisingly less lavish than what a successful therapist could afford) and looks around for Lucas.

Walking towards his car, he opens the doors electronically.

He places his briefcase in the passenger's seat but before stepping into the driver's seat himself, he takes one more look around.

Lucas is walking towards the house with three other children around the same age as him. The children are mocking him; pushing him lightly while verbally taunting him.

Mr. Williams looks on in slight disappointment.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(calls out)

Lucas.

All the children look out; Mr. Williams stand there looking stern.

The children laugh while walking away while Lucas slowly walks towards the house.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
How many times did I tell you?  
stop getting yourself involved  
with those kids.

Disappointed and slightly ashamed, Mr. Williams just steps into his car and drives off while Lucas walks into the house.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Lucas enters the house and walks up the stairs without saying a word; the events from earlier still weighing in his mind.

As Lucas walks up the stairs, Mrs. Williams walks past.

With a look of sadness on her face, she stands there looking on motionless and unable to speak.

She contemplates walking upstairs to talk to him but at the last minute, decides to give him some time. She sighs before walking off.

While she walks away, she turns her attention to a door; Mr. Williams' office door to be specific.

She walks over and opens the door.

#### **MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE**

Upon entering, she flicks the light on and is unable to comprehend what she is laying her eyes on; at first anyway.

The place is in a complete state of disarray.

#### **P.O.V OF MRS. WILLIAMS**

On the far wall are photos of a lot of Mr. Williams' client; past and present. Some who have a RED CROSS on them; amongst the photos is one of his father.

It all looks very much like police evidence boards you would see in a movie or television show.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Approaching the desk, Mrs. Williams notices shuffled files and papers spread out all over.

She looks through them but can't make heads or tails of it. To her, the text within these notes looks like childish scribbles; Mr. Williams wrote fast as his mind was racing with all the information.

A KNOCK on the front door; loud enough for her to hear, which startles her.

She sighs as she throws the paper down on the desk before she walks off closing the door on her way out.

#### **EXT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME. FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME**

Detective Jones, R.P.O Locks and OFFICER LANDON are waiting for an answer.

Detective Jones knock again.

Mrs. Williams answers the door; she is shocked that the police are here.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Hello, officers, how can I  
help you?

Detective Jones takes lead.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Hello, Mrs. Williams, we are  
Looking for your husband, is he  
here?

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Hello Detective Jones, long time  
since I've seen you around here.  
(thinks)  
My husband, no, no he's not.  
Can I ask, what is this about?

R.P.O LOCKS  
We are working on a homicide  
and your husband is someone  
we are interested in talking to

MRS. WILLIAMS  
You think he can be responsible?

R.P.O LOCKS  
We don't know yet, right now we  
would just like to ask him some  
question.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Well, I'm sorry, but he's not  
here right now. He's at work.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Thank you, we appreciate your  
co-operation.

They all leave as Mrs. Williams slowly closes the door.

**EXT. ROAD - SAME TIME AS PREVIOUS SCENE**

Mr. Williams drives past an abandoned large house. He stops, puts the car in reverse and rests it in front.

The house has a large front yard guarded by a two-door gate with chains around.

Mr. Williams stares at the house in silent with a look of sad remembrance in his eyes before driving off.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - LATER**

Mr. Williams is sitting behind his desk looking over some files.

**A LITTLE LATER**

His secretary walks in.

MRS. RIVERS

You're still here, sir. You know you don't have any clients pencilled in for today.

MR. WILLIAMS

I know. I prefer working from here on weekdays. It's quiet.

MRS. RIVERS

Okay, well I just finished the schedule for next week. I'm going home.

MR. WILLIAMS

Yes, yes, that's fine.

Mr. Williams doesn't even look up; too busy in his work.

Long into the morning, and a little into the afternoon, Mr. Williams remained behind his desk working away.

**AFTERNOON**

Overstressed, overworked and unhappy of his progress, Mr. Williams throws the file he is reading on the table and lets out a sigh of frustration - he is too in his own head.

**MR. WILLIAMS SPENT MOST OF THE AFTERNOON WORKING IN HIS OFFICE.**

While working away, Detective Jones leads R.P.O Locks and Officer Landon as they enter his office.

R.P.O LOCKS

Mr. Williams, do you have time?  
We would like to ask you some  
questions

Mr. Williams looks up before deciding to stop everything he is doing.

MR. WILLIAMS

Hello officers, what is this  
about?

R.P.O LOCKS

What can you tell us about  
a Mr. Phil Richards?

MR WILLIAMS

Phil Richards?

DETECTIVE JONES

You do know him, don't you?

With Mr. Williams' work still weighing on his mind, it takes a while for him to focus.

MR WILLIAMS

Oh, yes, I'm sorry. Mr. Richards  
was a client of mine, however,  
I can't divulge the details,  
doctor, patient confidentiality,  
I'm sure you can understand.

R.P.O LOCKS

That's not why we're here

MR. WILLIAMS

Oh, then how can I help?

DETECTIVE JONES

Mr. Richards passed away.

Realising the serious nature of the situation, Mr. Williams gives them his undivided attention.

Internal fear starts showing. He feels itchy and begins to squirm a little; he thinks they may have put it together.

Still though, he does his best to put up a confident front.

R.P.O LOCKS

He was found on the other end of the city, do you know what business he had there?

MR. WILLIAMS

No, sorry.

R.P.O LOCKS

Have you seen him at all that day?

MR. WILLIAMS

No. he wasn't scheduled until next week.

(thinks)

I can't remember when, sorry, my secretary takes care of my weekly appointments. She just finished and went home.

R.P.O LOCKS

Was he a regular client?

MR. WILLIAMS

Yes. He had Acrophobia...

(patronisingly)

that's the phobia of height.

I was trying to help him overcome this fear.

DETECTIVE JONES

That explains what he could  
have been doing on that roof  
top

R.P.O LOCKS

(to Officer Jones)

But not why he was in that part  
of the city, or why he was drugged.

MR. WILLIAMS

I must say, I don't really  
know Mr. Richards on a personal  
level. Maybe you would have  
better luck talking to a member  
of family, or work colleagues.

R.P.O LOCKS

We did. Nobody could tell us  
anything, most of them didn't  
know he was seeing a therapist.

MR. WILLIAMS

Most people don't like to share  
that part of their life.

R.P.O LOCKS

The thing is, that's not the first  
person to be found dead around the  
city with links to you, Mr. Williams.  
Seems like a lot of your patients  
meet their untimely demise.

Mr. Williams plays dumb.

MR. WILLIAMS

Really?

DETECTIVE JONES

Don't play dumb. This isn't the  
first time your name is in connection  
with murder.

Mr. Williams tries to play it cool, but it comes off arrogant.

MR. WILLIAMS

Then why don't you arrest me? If you're so sure I had something to do with this. Oh, that's right, you have no proof, no evident of any kind that can pin me to this murder or any other. But, please do say, how many people are we talking about here?

R.P.O LOCKS

About four so far. And you say You know nothing of these murders?

MR. WILLIAMS

Mrs...

R.P.O LOCKS

Officer Locks

MR. WILLIAMS

Of course, Officer locks, what I do here is help people. I'm sorry I can't be of any more help.

R.P.O Locks thinks for a second before asking another question.

R.P.O LOCKS

You wouldn't mind telling us where-

She is interrupted.

MR. WILLIAMS

I was? I was here in my office. And, in case you don't believe me

He opens the second drawer of his desk and hands them a tape.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

You can see for yourself.

Officer Landon takes the tape of him.

A little disappointed, however, there is nothing they can do but take their leave.

R.P.O LOCKS

Thanks. We'll be in touch.

Mr. Williams shoots them an arrogant smile as they walk away. However, little beads of sweat pours from his forehead as he is still containing his worry.

As soon as they leave, Mr. Williams gives off a sigh of relief.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME. LIVING AREA - NIGHT**

A quiet, late night. Lucas is in his room sleeping while Mrs. Williams is in the living room watching television - the news.

A little later, Mrs. Williams hears a noise coming from the front door. It is Mr. Williams who just arrived home. He slowly makes his way to the living area.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Another late night?

Too tired to answer, he just nods as he plops himself down on his armchair.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT)

The police came to the house

MR. WILLIAMS

They came to the office too

Mrs. Williams turns the television off. He is not interested in talking.

MRS. WILLIAMS

What did they want this time?

They were asking for you.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I'm going to tell you this once, Mike, I don't want the cops coming 'round any

(MORE)

(CONT.)

more. Now, tell me, what are  
have you gotten yourself  
involved in?

He finally answers properly.

MR. WILLIAMS

Nothing.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Don't tell me nothing. They  
wouldn't come asking questions  
if it was nothing.

MR. WILLIAMS

It's nothing. They asked  
questions about some dead  
bodies.

MRS. WILLIAMS

How is that nothing?

(confused)

Why were they asking you?

A little annoyed, it takes Mr. Williams some time to answer.

MR. WILLIAMS

They were patients of mine,  
they asked if I knew anything  
that could have helped them.

MRS. WILLIAMS

And you did, didn't you? You  
told them what they wanted  
to know?

MR. WILLIAMS

(annoyed)

Yes... what's with the interrogation?

MRS. WILLIAMS

The police came, I think I  
have the right to some answers?

Mr. Williams doesn't response; he just sits there stewing in his own silence.

After a moment of silent...

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT)

Does it have anything to do  
with the pictures hanging in  
your office.

This upsets Mr. Williams; the thought of somebody going into his office without his permissions makes him feel a little violated. However, he keeps this feeling boiled up inside as it continues to build.

MR. WILLIAMS

You were in my office?

MRS. WILLIAMS

The door was open, I was  
just trying to understand what  
you were doing in there all  
that time...  
You know, I can't help if you  
keep me in the dark.

MR. WILLIAMS

I don't want you in my office  
again.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(raises her voice)

Talk to me Mike. What is going on?  
Why do you have pictures in your  
office. Who are they, Mike?

Mr. Williams stands and walks off. As he does so, Mrs. Williams grabs his wrist.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(firm tone of voice)

Tell me what's going on?

Mr. Williams swings his arm to release her grip.

As he swings, his fist connects with her face knocking her down to the ground - this isn't the first time in their relationship.

While Mrs. Williams lies there, Mr. Williams stares at her with hatred in his eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS

(raises his voice)

I told you, it's nothing.

Stay out of my business.

Mr. Williams walks off leaving Mrs. Williams where she is.

Mr. Williams walks out of the house, in the background, Lucas crouches down at the top of the stairs - he heard the conversation when it started getting loud.

#### **INT. RICKIE'S PUB - LATER**

In a small local dive pub, there are a few down on their luck patrons scattered around trying to drink their sorrows.

At the counter, Mr. Williams sits drinking a scotch, neat.

Nobody is talking to anyone and the bartender; a woman in her late forties, early fifties with stress plastered on her face, is getting on with her work; she has no time to entertain anyone.

The pub has a quiet feel to it with everyone using alcohol as a tool to escape their individual lives.

MR. WILLIAMS

(talking to himself)

Yeah, well you shouldn't have

Gone into my office...

(a little later)

I'm sorry for striking you,

I didn't mean to, my arm

just swung...

(a little later)

well, maybe you should leave

me alone, I told you everything

was fine...

The bartender passes by unfazed; she's seen them all - this place usually attracts all sorts of "questionable" customers.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(to bartender)  
Another please.

The bartender serves him another.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Thank you.

The bartender walks off to tend to her business while Mr. Williams goes back to talking to himself.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(talking to himself)  
That's because you never listen,  
or at the very least, you never  
trust me.

Mr. Williams continue to drown his sorrows in alcohol.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - LATER**

The door creaks open.

Mr. Williams stumbles in making his way into the living area and drops himself on his armchair.

Lights are out; doesn't even bother to turn them on. Only light from the street lamp illuminates the living area.

As he sits there, he begins crying.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MONDAY AFTERNOON**

Mr. Williams is sitting in his chair with his notepad and pen out.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Hello Susan. How are you

Susan; a youngish patient (late teens) is laying on Mr. William's couch.

SUSAN

Good, thank you.

MR. WILLIAMS

It has been a while. How  
has everything been going?

SUSAN

(smiles)

Good, good. I haven't felt  
anxious or anything in a while,  
so, good.

Mr. Williams is taking notes.

SUSAN (CONT)

I mean, I haven't felt trapped,  
You know? I even started moving  
Into a smaller room, and it  
Seemed to be going well, you  
know?

Susan notices Mr. Williams is more into his own work and doesn't  
seem to be listening.

SUSAN (CONT)

Mr. Williams?

He is still taking notes.

MR. WILLIAMS

I'm listening.

He looks up to make eye contact.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT)

Claustrophobia can be cured  
simply by desensitising oneself.  
I would say what you are doing...  
or have done, moving into a  
smaller room, can be beneficial  
in the long run.

(holding back disappointment)

I tried teaching my boy that.

SUSAN

He also has claustrophobia,  
your son?

MR. WILLIAMS

Yes, so I understand it can  
get difficult.

SUSAN

(exhales)

It can get difficult, but  
one day at a time... that's  
what they say, right?

Mr. Williams calmly smiles before chuckling.

MR. WILLIAMS

That's right...

However, before he can continue, his receptionist, Mrs. Rivers  
enters interrupting the session.

MRS. RIVERS

Sir. You have a call.

His attitude has changed - what was once a friendly and warm  
demeanour turned into bitter internal displeasure; his facial  
expression shows the whole picture.

He turns to Mrs. Rivers.

MR. WILLIAMS

Not now, Helen. I'm in the  
middle of talking with a  
client.

MRS. RIVERS

It's Emma, sir.

MR. WILLIAMS

I said, not now.

MRS. RIVERS

She needs to talk to you.

MR. WILLIAMS

The session is almost finished.  
I'll call her back when I'm  
done.

MRS. RIVERS

Yes, sir.

She leaves.

MR. WILLIAMS

(turns to Susan)

Sorry about that. Please,  
continue

SUSAN

I was just saying, I've  
taken your advice and moved  
into a smaller room and I'm  
just taking it one day at a  
time, you know? And my anxiety  
has subsided.

Mr. Williams continue to take notes.

MR. WILLIAMS

(smiles)

I'm glad to hear that. If  
You feel anxious or fearful  
Of in any way, please, you  
Can always come calling.

SUSAN

(exhales)

Thank you, doctor...

She sits up.

SUSAN (CONT)

Thank you for your help.

She makes her leave with Mr. Williams slowly following behind  
her.

As she leaves, Mrs. Rivers who is on the phone holds the speaker end with her hand to talk to Mr. Williams.

MRS. RIVERS  
Emma's on the phone again.

Without saying a word, Mr. Williams walks back into his office.

MRS. RIVERS  
(on phone)  
I just told him... yes, yes,  
OK. Goodbye.

Mr. Williams gets back behind his desk and makes the call to Emma.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(on phone)  
Hello Emma...  
(listens)  
I understand, well if you  
want to come in you...  
(listens)  
OK. OK. Look, why don't you  
come in tomorrow, I'll tell  
Mrs. Rivers to pencil you in.  
(listens)  
OK. Goodbye.

Mr. Williams calls Mrs. Rivers on the phone from his office putting it on speaker phone.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Mrs. Rivers, I got a hold of  
Emma, can you pencil her in for  
tomorrow at two twenty-five in  
the afternoon. Please and thank  
you.

MRS. RIVERS  
(on speaker phone)  
Yes. I will do that right away.

Mr. Williams hangs up.

He takes out a notepad from the third drawer of his desk (containing notes pertaining to just Emma's condition) and begins reading through it while taking notes.

Mr. Williams is a meticulous person who holds several notepad, notebooks and files each specifically containing notes for his respective clients as an organisational tool to help him through his work process.

He reaches into his drawer on pulls out a syringe which he puts in his pocket.

He then goes back to reviewing his notes.

**LATER**

A little while later, Mr. Williams is interrupted by Mrs. Rivers who knocks on the door to get his attention.

MRS. RIVERS

Sir. Sorry to bother you but  
You have a phone call.

MR. WILLIAMS

(frustrated)

Emma, again? I was just talking  
to her

MRS. RIVERS

No, sir. It's your wife, there  
was an incident at your son's  
School.

A sigh of frustration.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME. LIVING AREA - LATER**

Lucas is sitting on the couch. A bruise on his face; he was in a fight.

A few seconds later, Mr. Williams walks in and heads to the living area.

Head down, Lucas does not want to make eye contact.

Mrs. Williams walks in with a sandwich on a plate and places it in front of Lucas.

She notices Mr. Williams standing there.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Hey, sorry to take you away  
from work.

Lucas starts eating.

Mr. Williams doesn't say a word; his blank expressions tells the story. He is bottling his emotions inside.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT)  
It was those boys again.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Why isn't he in school?

MRS. WILLIAMS  
What do you mean why? You  
see the bruise on his face.

MR. WILLIAMS  
So, he got punched, so did  
I growing up. That's not a  
reason to pull him out of  
school.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
There were three boys, Mike,  
I had to get him away from  
them.

MR. WILLIAMS  
All right, well, what about  
tomorrow then? Are you going  
to stop him from going to  
school tomorrow? Or what about  
the next day? Or the next?

MRS. WILLIAMS  
I can't just do nothing, Mike.  
(MORE)

(CONT.)

So, tell me, what would you like me to do?

MR. WILLIAMS

Leave him be.

Lucas does not dare to look up.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He's twelve years old, I can't do that, Mike. I'm sorry, but I'm not going to stop caring for him.

MR. WILLIAMS

Then how about, stop babying him? He's got to grow up on his own. He'll never conquer his fears if he knows he can run to you every time he feels afraid.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Maybe I should do what you did? Would that help him?

Mr. Williams walks out of the room.

MRS. WILLIAMS

So, you have nothing to say to him after what happened?

MR. WILLIAMS

(while walking away)

He'll be fine. I got work to do.

After he left the room, the sound of the front door slamming is heard.

**EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LATER**

Mr. Williams is driving past the house again, same as before, he stops, pulls in reverse and stares at it.

**FLASHBACK****INT. FAMILY HOME. LIVING AREA - AFTERNOON**

Michael is about nine years old.

His dad is sitting on an armchair staring at a blank television screen.

Leaning against the door, Michael can see his dad's is in a bad condition.

**BACK TO PRESENT**

He looks at the house in deep thought; there's sadness in his eyes.

After a while, he drives off.

**EXT. STREET - LATER (EVENING)**

Emma is walking the streets heading home from work.

Hands in her purse, she shuffles item around until she pulls out her car keys.

She turns a corner and walks straight on towards her parked car.

Nobody on the street, it is quiet and desolated of all people.

**INT. MR. WILLIAM'S CAR - SAME TIME****P.O.V OF MR. WILLIAMS**

Sitting in his car, Mr. Williams is watching Emma walk to her car.

He sits there quietly.

He looks down before looking back out the window contemplating his action; tapping on the wheel, anxiety is getting the better of him.

He watches her drive off.

**BACK TO SCENE****EXT. STREET - EVENING**

Emma unlocks her car and gets in.

After she adjusts herself comfortably, she drives off.

**EXT. EMMA'S DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER**

She exits her car but is caught by Mr. Williams who penetrates the needle into her neck.

She stumbles at first and is confused when she turns to see Mr. Williams.

After a few seconds, she starts losing consciousness and her vision becomes blurry as she falls.

**INT. EMPTY ROOM - LATER**

The room becomes blurry as Emma awakens.

She slowly makes her way to her feet.

Confused. She looks around while rubbing her eyes trying to improve her vision.

EMMA

Hello?

She waits for an answer but hears nothing.

She tries again.

EMMA (CONT)

Hello?

She continues to call out.

EMMA (CONT)

Hello?

Emma touches her neck, the same spot she felt the needle penetrate.

EMMA (CONT)

What the...?

A voice is heard from inside the room. It is Mr. Williams yet the drug inside Emma's system makes her think his voice is slightly distorted; however, she can still make out who it is.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

Hello Emma. Please do not be alarmed.

EMMA

Mr. Williams? What is going on? Why did you?

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

(calm)

Emma, lovely, please,  
Everything is all right.

Emma quickly looks around the room trying to identify the location of Mr. Williams' voice.

She can't pinpoint where the voice is coming from, however, she does notice spiders are crawling around the walls.

EMMA

Mr. Williams, what is happening? Please, tell me.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

I need you to stay calm. It is important you do as I say. Do you understand?

EMMA

(scared)

Yes... No... I don't know, what's all this about?

Mr. Williams' sigh can be heard over the intercom.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

Do you trust me?

Emma tries to think; however, her thoughts are blocked by her fear.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
Emma, lovely. Do you trust  
me and my judgment?

EMMA  
Yes

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
Then I need you to try and  
be calm.

Emma tries to calm herself; she breaths slowly and closes her eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
Thank you. Now, we can begin.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Mr. Williams is sitting behind his desk - the office is empty, Mrs. Rivers have already gone home.

He is looking at Emma through a television monitor.

He takes his pen and notepad out and is ready to take notes.

**INT. ROOM - SAME TIME**

Back in the room.

Emma is still trying to calm herself a little; but she is finding it hard as she doesn't know what is happening.

There are crevices in the corner of the walls where more spiders are crawling out from.

Fear strikes. Nerves are getting to her. Her breathing slowly speeds up. Sweats starts to build.

Upon the panic, she rubs her neck again.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
It's going to be all right.  
Just make sure you stay calm.  
I have injected you with drug  
I have been working on which  
should stabilize the amygdala  
in your brain to stop it from  
causing the chain reaction  
responsible for humans to feel  
fear.

As more and more spiders crawl out, they seem to get closer.

When she tries to push them away with her legs, one crawls up  
and bites her.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
You need to stay calm. Nothing  
will happen if you don't provoke  
them.

She does so, or tries to.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
That's good.

It is going well for the moment. She has better control of her  
nerves than Mr. Richards did, for now at least.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Mr. Williams is still staring at the screen taking notes.

He seems pleasantly surprised thinking the serum might work.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)  
(to himself)  
Could it be...? Could have I  
Found...?

**INT. ROOM - SAME TIME**

Back in the room.

More spiders enter the room and crawl around her. she tries to stay calm while looking around paranoid; it starts to become too much for her.

She feels the spiders getting closer, the wall closing in.

Her breathing become rapid, as does her heartbeat. Sweat starts, she is slowly losing it.

EMMA

I can't... I... I...

She starts freaking out despite Mr. Williams' words of encouragement.

MR. WILLIAMS (INTERCOM)

Emma, it's important that  
You remain calm.

The injection kicks in, it becomes worse the more she panics.

The room starts spinning. The spiders appear bigger. They crawl all over her, biting her skin.

She screams out.

EMMA

Get them off... Get them off...  
Mr. Williams, please help me.

Emma collapses as a swarm of spiders cover her entire body.

#### **INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Mr. Williams is looking at the screen disappointed. More so that his serum still doesn't work than Emma's life and situation.

He quickly looks down as he taps on his notepad.

He stares down his notepad intently.

#### **INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME. BEDROOM - LATER**

Mr. Williams walks into his room and lays on his bed to go to sleep.

Mrs. Williams wakes up and is about to look at him before deciding to leave him be.

**INR. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME**

R.P.O Locks perks herself up from her drowse state; she has been working nonstop.

She is still working on the case focusing on Mr. Williams.

Detective Jones walks towards Locks' desk.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Found anything?

R.P.O LOCKS  
Quite a bit. He lost his father  
at a young age. Has quite a list  
of criminal charges...

She looks at the screen looking at Mr. Williams' details.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Keep digging, I asked Landon  
to talk to relatives and friends  
of the victims, see if they  
can give us more insight on  
their lives.

R.P.O LOCKS  
I think his wife is withholding  
Something.

DETECTIVE JONES  
I think so to, at least she was  
when I talked to her before,  
probably protecting him. Can you  
go talk to her? see what  
information she can give you.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Okay, just give me a second,  
Then we can go.

DETECTIVE JONES

You Locks, I want you to talk  
To her. I'm going to forensics.  
Maybe we missed something.

R.P.O LOCKS

Me? Alone?

DETECTIVE JONES

Maybe you can get more from  
her than I can.

Detective Jones walks off leaving R.P.O Locks to continue what she was doing.

While researching, Officer Grant walks by.

R.P.O Locks notices him walking by through her peripheral vision and quickly chases after him.

R.P.O LOCKS

Grant. A word please, if you're  
not too busy that is.

OFFICER GRANT

Locks, how can I help you?

R.P.O LOCKS

It's about Mr. Williams.

OFFICER GRANT

Who?

R.P.O LOCKS

The suspect in my case. I think  
his wife can tell us what we need  
to know, and I'm going to talk to  
her, however, Detective Jones  
wants me to go alone. I don't have  
a problem with that, it's just,  
well, the thing is, sometimes I can  
get nervous and-

She is interrupted.

OFFICER GRANT

You'll be fine. Just stay focus  
and don't leave before you get  
answers.

R.P.O Locks nods in agreement.

R.P.O LOCKS

Right. But-

She is quickly interrupted.

OFFICER GRANT

But nothing. Look Locks, you wanted  
to make some waves. To do something  
that will get you noticed. Now, you  
have the chance. Detective Jones asked  
you for this case, clearly, he thinks  
you got what it takes to get the job  
done.

R.P.O LOCKS

Right. Oh, I tried talking to Jones  
about Detective Harris and he didn't  
seem to want interested..

She is interrupt.

OFFICER GRANT

Jones worked with Harris very  
Closely. When he died Jones kind  
Of put all his focus on his work.  
If he doesn't want to talk, let it  
Be.

Officer Grant walks off leaving R.P.O Locks to stand there  
thinking it over.

**EXT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - MORNING (NEXT DAY)**

A police car pulls up. R.P.O Locks exits the car and walks  
towards Mr. Williams' front step.

She knocks on the door.

After waiting a little while, Mrs. Williams answers. Her mannerisms indicate she is in a hurry.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Hello, officer. How can I help you today?

R.P.O LOCKS

It's about your husband, Mr. Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You just missed him.

R.P.O LOCKS

May I ask, where is he?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Work, where I need to be.

R.P.O LOCKS

Well, I'm sorry but I'm going to need to talk to you.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Does it have to be right now, I'm sorry but I'm running a little late, plus, I need to take my son, Lucas to school.

R.P.O LOCKS

It won't take but a minute.

Mrs. Williams is thinking.

R.P.O LOCKS

We already have five dead and we got a call this morning of another missing. If your husband is involved In any way, do not stand in our way.

Mrs. Williams thinks for a second.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Please..

Mrs. Williams lets her in.

Locks is a little surprised by her own assertiveness towards this innocent woman. She walks in following her.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME. LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

They both sit down.

Lucas stands there waiting to go.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
(to Lucas)  
Go upstairs please Lucas,  
we'll leave in a minute.

Lucas does so.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
(to locks)  
Why do you think my husband  
has something to do with these  
murders?

R.P.O LOCKS  
All the victims were patients of  
your husband.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
So, you think he killed them?  
Why? Why would he do something  
like that?

R.P.O LOCKS  
Is there anything you can tell me  
About your husband that could help  
in my investigation?

MRS. WILLIAMS  
I assume this will be kept discreet?  
I mean, for my safety and my son's.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Of course, you have my word.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Okay, thank you. what do you need to know? I'll answer all your questions the best I can.

R.P.O LOCKS

Exactly what can you tell me about your husband? Has he been acting a little off lately?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Lately? No, I mean, I'll admit, Mr. Williams can get a little short-tempered, but he's been that way since I met him.

R.P.O LOCKS

Short-tempered, has he ever laid his hands on you or Lucas.

Mrs. Williams doesn't answer; her silence say it all.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT.)

Have you ever reported it?

MRS. WILLIAMS

I have, but it went unheeded. after a while, when I saw he would strike Lucas, that's when I interfered. Ever since then... I don't know, maybe I deserved it.

R.P.O LOCKS

Do not blame yourself, you are not responsible for his actions. Have you told this to anybody else?

Mrs. Williams doesn't answer.

The nerving look on her face tells Locks all she needs to know.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT.)

I understand you may feel a  
Little scared, but you need  
To know you are not alone.

Mrs. Williams does not respond.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT.)

You can't keep living like  
This.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I'm doing what I can to  
protect my son. Sometimes,  
it can get difficult, and  
scary, but I have no other  
choice.

R.P.O LOCKS

I can sort of relate, growing  
up I had to deal with a lot  
of maltreatment. That's one  
reason I decided to become a  
police officer. I remember an  
incident, which ended up with my  
dad getting murdered, I remember  
feeling powerless at the time. I made  
a promise that day to never feel  
that way again, and you can too.

Mrs. Williams doesn't say anything. Instead, she just sits there  
quietly thinking.

Locks decides to move from this topic; for the time being  
anyway.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT.)

Have you noticed anything  
Out of the ordinary as of  
late?

MRS. WILLIAMS

(thinks)

I can't say that I have.

R.P.O LOCKS

Nothing you can think of  
that stood out as of late?

Frustration builds a little.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I told you, no... I'm sorry,  
I don't know what you want  
from me. I'll admit, my husband  
isn't perfect but I can't  
imagine he could be responsible  
in any way.

(thinks)

He has been coming home later  
than usual for the past few  
months, I never thought anything  
of it.

R.P.O LOCKS

Do you know where he goes?

MRS. WILLIAMS

I always thought he was at work.  
Maybe he had patients that could  
only see him in the evenings.

R.P.O LOCKS

Any names?

Mrs. Williams just shakes her head.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He doesn't talk much about his  
work.

R.P.O LOCKS

Okay, thank you. I think I  
Got everything I need, if  
There's anything else you can  
Remember, please, don't hesitate  
To call, you still have my card?

Mrs. Williams nods.

They both stand.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT)  
Thank you for your cooperation.

R.P.O Locks takes her leave.

**INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MORNING**

Mr. Williams is hectically going through his belongings in his office.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Shit. I knew this day would  
Come. You can never rely on  
Family.

Mrs. Rivers sees all of this. Doesn't know what to think.

MRS. RIVERS  
Sir?

He snaps.

MR. WILLIAMS  
WHAT!

She is taken aback; she didn't expect it from him.

MRS. RIVERS  
Sir? What is going on?

MR. WILLIAMS  
Nothing, don't worry. I just,  
Have something I need to do.

He frantically moves around the office collecting his files and papers before leaving.

Just before he leaves, he turns back to Mrs. Rivers.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT)  
Oh, and Mrs. Rivers, thank  
You for everything, but right  
(MORE)

(CONT.)

now, I must take care of some unfinished business.

He leaves in a hurry leaving Mrs. Rivers standing there confused.

**EXT. ROAD - LITTLE LATER**

Mr. Williams is driving down the road with a blank expression on his face; impossible to tell what he is thinking.

He passes the abandoned house he passed earlier. He reverses and stares at the house for a little while before continuing.

**INT. POLICE STATION - LATE MORNING**

**CORONER'S ROOM**

The coroner is standing next to Emma's dead body; it is laying on the table in front of him.

R.P.O Locks stands opposite him looking at the body.

R.P.O LOCKS

Same cause of death as the Previous?

CORONER

Not quite

He points at small marks on the body; spider bites.

R.P.O LOCKS

Spider bites? What happened To her?

CORONER

She was drugged. However, I don't know how she could have gotten bitten this much. The amount of bites on her body... there had to be a swarm of spiders.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Found anything else?

CORONER  
She was injected in the same  
place, and with a similar  
substance as the previous  
victims, but this one-

He is cut off.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Something new?

CORONER  
The periaqueductal grey.  
(points to the brain)  
It's the region of the brain  
which is responsible to dictate  
how we respond to perceived  
danger. The substance this  
woman was injected with was a  
little different than the last.

R.P.O LOCKS  
I don't fully understand.

CORONER  
My prognosis is whatever she  
was injected with, it must of  
had a reaction on her brain  
which caused temporary paralysis.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Which explains how she could have  
been defenceless when she was  
bitten.

CORONER  
Not just that, but I found  
venom inside some of the bite  
marks. It must have seeped into  
her bloodstream. That's what I  
believe killed her.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Where did they find her?

CORONER  
A small room on the west part  
of town. They said when they  
opened the door, there she was  
buried under a swarm of spiders.

R.P.O LOCKS  
(a little disgusted)  
Thank you for your help.

**EXT. CEMETARY - AFTERNOON**

Mr. Williams stands there looking at his father's grave.

The inscription on the tombstone reads:

**HARRY WILLIAMS  
1945 - 1986  
BELOVED FATHER AND HUSBAND  
LEFT US TOO SOON**

He looks at the gravestone with a tear running down his eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS  
It's me again.  
(thinks)  
It's still difficult, you know,  
trying to understand what  
happened to you, how it happened..

**FLASHBACK**

**INT. FAMILY HOME. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON**

Michael is ten years old.

He enters his PARENT'S BEDROOM where he finds his dad sitting on  
the edge of the bed.

He isn't moving, didn't even notice Michael enter the room.

Bringing him medication, Michael sets it on the near side table.

MICHAEL  
Here dad, mum said you  
need to take this.

His dad looks at him.

MICHAEL (CONT.)  
How are you feeling?

His dad doesn't answer. He just gives off a blank stare.

MICHAEL (CONT.)  
Dad?

HARRY WILLIAMS  
Hello son.

MICHAEL  
Are you okay?

His dad nods.

He stands and leaves the room, quickly followed by Michael after he grabs the medicine from the table.

#### **DINING ROOM**

They both walk in and sit around the dining table without saying a word.

Michael's mom is in the kitchen near the dining room table.

Michael places the medicine on the table. His mom notices.

MICHAEL'S MOM  
You should take your  
medicine, honey.

He reaches for it.

MICHAEL  
You will feel good.

He turns to Michael.

HARRY WILLIAMS

People don't do drugs to feel good, son, they take them to feel a little less bad then they already do.

Michael does not know how to respond; he keeps quiet.

Michael's mom walks over and places a glass of water in front of Harry.

Harry takes his medicine.

MICHAEL'S MOM

You shouldn't say things like that to him.

Harry turns to Michael.

HARRY WILLIAMS

I'm sorry son. Everything will be fine.

MICHAEL'S MOM

You need to eat something, Harry.

HARRY WILLIAMS

I'm not hungry.

MICHAEL'S MOM

You haven't eaten much in a few days, you need to eat.

HARRY WILLIAMS

(raises voice)

I'm not hungry.

Harry doesn't say anything for a while but it becomes apparent that he feels bad for raising his voice.

HARRY WILLIAMS (CONT.)

I'm sorry.

He looks down and places his head in his hand.

HARRY WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
I just want this to end.

MICHAEL'S MOM  
It's okay. You're going to get through this.

HARRY WILLIAMS  
I don't know. Sometimes I think it would be better if I just...

He is interrupted.

MICHAEL'S MOM  
What are you saying? You want to...

She is now interrupted.

HARRY WILLIAMS  
I don't want to kill myself...  
(quieter tone)  
I just want to kill the part of me that wants to kill myself.

#### **BACK TO PRESENT**

He stands there and thinks for a while before continuing.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
Maybe I was too young to understand then, but I still don't understand now. I never knew how much you were hurting... or why your health kept deteriorating. But even with the illness, you kept fighting until you couldn't fight no more. And that's the greatest lesson I learnt from you, not to let anything you may be dealing with control  
(MORE)

(CONT.)

you. To keep going until the inevitable end.

Mr. Williams kisses two of his fingers and places them atop of his dad's gravestone.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Goodbye dad.. I love you.

**EXT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - LATE AFTERNOON**

Mr. Williams pulls up into his driveway.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - SOON AFTER**

He enters his house and makes his way to the living area.

**LIVING AREA**

He enters, walks over to the bookcase and takes a small hidden camera; which he placed unknowingly to the family and walks out.

**HALLWAY**

A little later, Mrs. Williams and Lucas enter the house.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(to Lucas)

Okay Lucas, I'll get dinner  
Ready in a little while.

Lucas runs past his dad and goes upstairs to his room.

Mrs. Williams notices Mr. Williams standing there.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Your home? Aren't you supposed  
to be at work right now?

MR. WILLIAMS

She didn't show up.

Mrs. Williams attempts to walk past her husband but is stopped when Mr. Williams puts his arm in her way.

A short silence.

MR. WILLIAMS  
How was your day?

MRS. WILLIAMS  
(smiles)  
Just fine... thank you. I'll  
call you when dinner is ready.

She walks past him, Mr. Williams looks on.

**LATER**

**LIVING AREA**

After dinner time, they are all sitting in the living area.

Mrs. Williams and Lucas are sitting on the couch watching television while Mr. Williams is in his armchair stewing; he's been stewing in silence all evening.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
(to Mr. Williams)  
Is there something on your  
mind, Mike?

He doesn't answer, he just glances at her while for a second or two before turning back to the television. Nothing interesting is on; just the news. Lucas is reading his book.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
(to Mr. Williams)  
You've been quiet all night.

MR. WILLIAMS  
I just have a lot on my mind.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
Want to talk about it?

He doesn't say anything; at first anyways. Mrs. Williams goes back to watching television.

After a little while...

MR. WILLIAMS

I visited my dad today...

She turns to his attention as he continues.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

I was looking down at his gravestone and all I could think about was the last few years I had with him, but, when I stood there, I couldn't tell him all I wanted to... it was like my mind went completely blank. The thoughts of all the episodes I saw him experience was the Only thing I could think of. I didn't quite understand it at first. Seeing the very man who always stood up to anything... never let anything keep him down, and watch him suffer and not even being able to help him... to cure him of this illness. It was like he was a completely Different person. I mean, I knew he was still the same person, the same father, and yet somehow, he wasn't. It was like a stranger suddenly came into our lives...

He sits there in silence for a while; he clearly has a lot on his mind.

Out of respect, Mrs. Williams doesn't say anything. She just looks at him in silence.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

As time went by, with the Severity of the situation, It felt like he didn't even

(MORE)

(CONT.)

want our help or involvement...  
I just felt powerless to do  
anything.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I understand.

Mr. Williams slowly turns to look at her; he has hatred in his eyes.

MR. WILLIAMS

How? How can you possibly  
understand? Do you even know  
what I'm talking about?

She does not know how to respond; she did not expect that reaction. She decides the best course of action is to keep quiet.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

What? Nothing to say, you're  
just going to sit and give me  
the silent treatment like a  
five-year-old?

She still doesn't respond which frustrates Mr. Williams even more.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Answer me?!

MRS. WILLIAMS

I'm sorry, I didn't mean  
anything by it.

Mr. Williams stands.

He gets closer to her as she leans back a little; she is cautious of what he may do.

MR. WILLIAMS

Then why say it? Are you  
trying to feint interest?

(MORE)

(CONT.)

Is that supposed to make  
me feel better?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Please, try and calm down.  
You're scaring us.

MR. WILLIAMS

So, you're scared of me now?  
You know, they said the same  
about dad, they did.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You're not your father. I  
just want to help, please...  
let me help you.

MR. WILLIAMS

So, I'm crazy, is that it?

MRS. WILLIAMS

That's not what I'm saying.  
Nobody thinks that about  
you.

MR. WILLIAMS

Is that why you were talking  
to the police? because you  
were trying to help?

MRS. WILLIAMS

They came to the door.

Mr. Williams quiets down a little but is adamant on knowing what  
it was about.

MR. WILLIAMS

Were they asking about me?  
What did they say?

MRS. WILLIAMS

She was just asking some  
questions.

MR. WILLIAMS

About what? What did they want?

MRS. WILLIAMS

She was asking about you... again.

MR. WILLIAMS

What did you tell them?

MRS. WILLIAMS

I didn't tell them anything. I don't even know what is going on. Tell me, what are you hiding?

MR. WILLIAMS

I already told you, nothing.

Mrs. Williams understands she needs to be tactful at this point; she previously was on the receiving end of his temper. However, she has reached her wit ends and believed she deserves the truth.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Now look Mike. I had been more than understanding with you up to this point, but I can't have the police keep coming here looking for you and then have you tell me it's nothing. I deserve to know what is going on?

MR. WILLIAMS

I already told you, see, that's your problem, you can never accept what I'm telling you.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Don't start getting defensive, I'm just trying to talk to You.

Mr. Williams becomes more annoyed. It is obvious, there is frustration building.

MR. WILLIAMS

Talk to me? It sounds like you're accusing me of something.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I'm not accusing you of anything, I'm just trying to open you up so you talk to me.

MR. WILLIAMS

What do you want me to say? What do you want from me?

Lucas remains quiet throughout it all.

MRS. WILLIAMS

The truth, Mike.

Mr. Williams' frustration and anger continue to build.

MR. WILLIAMS

Truth? alright, then admit it, you told the police I did it, didn't you?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Please... calm down, why are You getting so angry?

MR. WILLIAMS

You think I like being like this?

Mr. Williams' eyes become red as his self-loathing turns to anger.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You need help, Mike, and  
(MORE)

(CONT.)

I can't keep living like  
this, and neither can Lucas.  
Why can't you see that?

MR. WILLIAMS

You want to go, then go. I  
try to do all that I can for  
this family and you do nothing  
but undermine me every chance  
you get. Trying to make **me**  
look like the crazy one.

At this point, Mrs. Williams realises there is no reasoning with  
Mr. Williams.

She takes a breath.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Fine. I'm sorry.

She walks away. As she walks past Mr. Williams, he grabs her by  
the arm.

MR. WILLIAMS

Do not walk away from me.

Mrs. Williams tries to pull her arm away but the grip is too  
tight.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I can't do this anymore,  
Mike. Now, please let me go.

She manages to break free from his clutches.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

I am leaving Mike  
(looks at Lucas)  
**We** are leaving you.

Mrs. Williams passes Mr. Williams to lead Lucas out of the room.

As she does so, Mr. Williams grabs the lamp sitting on the nearby table and with a pure uncontrollable rage, smashes it over the side of Mrs. Williams' head.

Mrs. Williams falls unconscious.

In a state of fear, Lucas falls to the ground near his mother to check if she is OK.

He looks up at Mr. Williams and stares into his wide rage induced eyes.

#### **LATER**

**IT'S BEEN A FEW HOURS. MRS. WILLIAMS AWOKE AND CALLED R.P.O LOCKS WHO MADE HER WAY TO HER HOUSE ALONG WITH A FEW OFFICERS AND AN AMBULANCE.**

#### **LIVING AREA**

Mrs. Williams sits on her couch alongside a medic who is tending to her cut on her head.

There are two officers; one of them is Officer Landon, in the room who are in the middle of questioning her about what happened.

MEDIC ROSE

This will stop the bleeding,  
but you need to come with  
us to the hospital.

OFFICER LANDON

I think I got everything.  
Officer Locks and her team  
are out there now looking for  
your husband..

#### **EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

R.P.O Locks along with two other officers are running through the nearby woods looking for Mr. Williams; cautiously.

#### **ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS**

More officers; along with Detective Jones, are on foot looking for Mr. Williams in a separate part of the woods.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

**LIVING AREA**

Mrs. Williams quickly interrupts.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
And my son?

Officer Landon takes a while to answer.

OFFICER LANDON  
We're still looking, he couldn't  
have taken him far.

Mrs. Williams tries to get up quickly but is push down by THE MEDIC. She is still in pain.

MEDIC ROSE  
That's not a good idea.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
(turns to Rose)  
I need to find my son.

OFFICER LANDON  
And we will.

Mrs. Williams takes a moment to think.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
No, sorry, but I can't just  
Stay here while my son is  
In trouble.

She gets up and walks out of the room in a hurry.

During that time. Two officers are roaming the house for anything that can help them. They are going room to room.

**UNKNOWN ROOM**

Lucas is lying unconscious in an empty small windowless room.

He slowly comes to and realises where he is. He soon starts to panic.

Upon trying to open the door, it immediately becomes apparent that it's locked and will not budge.

He starts yelling out, this reminds him of a similar time.

### **FLASHBACK**

#### **INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - A FEW YEARS BACK**

A nine-year-old Lucas is running around the house. He comes across his dad's office when he decides to open the door and walk in.

Upon entering the room, he soon realises he shouldn't be there. He stands there silently looking at his dad's files and pictures on the wall.

Seconds later, Mr. Williams, furious, storms in and grabs Lucas by the wrist leading him out.

MR. WILLIAMS

What are you doing in there? I told you never to go into my office.

Lucas is screaming while he is being pulled away from his dad trying to loosen his grip, but to no avail.

Mr. Williams leads into a small room and locks the door behind him.

#### **SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lucas is banging against the door as it seemed to him like the wall are closing in.

#### **BACK TO PRESENT**

Lucas is hear screaming as he is banging on the door.

**INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOUSE - SAME TIME**

The officers are still looking around; going from room to room, upstairs and downstairs.

Unable to find him, Mrs. Williams heads for the door but is stopped by Officer Landon.

OFFICER LANDON  
I can't let you out, please...  
we will find your son.

MRS. WILLIAMS  
I can't just stay here, now  
please get out of my way.

She tries to leave only to be stopped again.

OFFICER COLE  
(calls out)  
LANDON

Landon walks off to see what is going on while Mrs. Williams takes this time to leave the house.

Officer Cole is standing outside of Mr. Williams' office; the door is open.

OFFICER LANDON  
What's going on?

OFFICER COLE  
have a look.

**MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE**

Officer Landon walks in; the far end wall immediately catches his eye.

In a trance like state, he can't seem to turn away as he gets closer.

**OFFICER LANDON'S P.O.V**

Notes and paperwork cover the desk. Pictures of his victims with crosses on them are pinned on a board that stands on the wall. In the middle of it all is a picture of R.P.O Locks.

Looking around, he rummages through it all before holding up some of the paperwork containing nothing but pages of notes; information on his victims' life, his research, and his analysis and evaluation from his findings.

He looks at the board at all the victims and soon finds himself fixated on the picture of Locks.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

He takes out his mobile phone and places a call.

#### **EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME**

Locks cautiously walks through the woods looking for Mr. Williams. She has separated from the other officers.

While walking, her phone goes off.

She answers...

R.P.O LOCKS  
Hello...

Immediately after she answers, Mr. Williams sneaks up behind her and sticks a needle in her neck.

She wobbles and falls dropping her phone in the process.

OFFICER LANDON  
(on phone)  
Hello Locks...? Locks...?

Locks' body is dragged away.

#### **A LITTLE WHILE LATER**

#### **INT. ABANDONED HOUSE**

The door from the abandoned house Mr. Williams kept driving past is flung open and Locks' body is dragged inside...

**A LITTLE WHILE LATER****LARGE HOMEMADE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY**

It's been some time. Locks is slowly gaining consciousness as she awakens to find herself in a homemade shoddy looking laboratory.

She tries to stand but soon notices she is too weak to move. Looking over, she finds herself strapped to a gurney in the middle of the room.

Mr. Williams enter the room with an empty syringe in his hand.

He places it on a dusty table where Locks' gun sits along with the key to the handcuffs; the table is too far for Locks' to reach.

The room is filled with shoddy lab equipment; unlicensed and illegal. Bottles and canisters of chemicals are laid on the tables.

Laying on the gurney, R.P.O Locks takes a small penknife from her trouser pocket.

Managing to flick it open, she manages to hold onto it inconspicuously and bides her time; she uses it to cut the strap closest to her, but only when Mr. Williams doesn't notice.

MR. WILLIAMS

It's amazing what you can get  
on the black market.

(turns to Locks)

Tell me please, how are you  
feeling?

Locks' doesn't answer.

Instead, she looks around as much as she can; there is nothing but lab supplies around.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

You can relax, it was only

(MORE)

(CONT.)

Etorphine to put you in an  
Unconscious state.

She remains silent.

She would rather bide her time instead of saying something to  
make the situation worse.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Why did you choose to become  
a police officer? You could  
choose to do anything yet  
you went after a profession  
that requires you to risk  
your life to protect others.

She still does not respond.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

You know, that want... that need,  
to help others is admirable to me,  
honestly. It's one quality that I  
find respectable about people like  
us.

R.P.O LOCKS

People like us?

MR. WILLIAMS

The ones who want to make a  
difference, despite all those who  
gets in our way, which is why we're  
here, isn't it.

R.P.O LOCKS

You think you're making a difference,  
with all those people you killed?

MR. WILLIAMS

A necessary evil. Science is based  
on trial and error.

R.P.O LOCKS

This isn't science, it's murder.

MR. WILLIAMS  
I'm helping people.

R.P.O LOCKS  
So, when does this end, then?

MR. WILLIAMS  
When people can feel safe enough  
To live their life without the  
Constant worry of fear. You see,  
Fear drives humanity's needs  
And wants, however, it can also  
Send your mind down a decadent  
Abyss. I simply try to understand  
The reason for this, so I can  
Put an end to this sickness.

R.P.O LOCKS  
You're afraid.

A statement rather than a question.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Everyone feels fear, even you,  
so, tell me Miss Locks, when  
do you feel afraid?

Locks tries to put on a brave face.

R.P.O LOCKS  
Never.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Really? That's surprising, I  
mean, not even when you find  
yourself to be powerless? I  
do know what that's like.

Locks does not answer.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
It's the fear inside of you  
that makes you powerless...

Mr. Williams walks back to his desk preparing something.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

And I do believe that if we could trace the origin of this fear, we will definitely be able to cure this disease. So, tell me, just out of curiosity, when was the first time you felt powerless?

He adjusts the gurney in an incline position.

He puts a syringe fill with a substance; what he was preparing, and places it in his pocket.

He pulls up a chair and sits down with his pen and pad ready to take notes. Just like a therapist office.

**EXT. WOODS - SAME TIME**

Officers are still searching the woodland area.

Upon they search, Detective Jones discovers Locks' phone on the ground. He puts it in his pocket and carries on moving.

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE**

**LARGE HOMEMADE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY**

It's been a little while and Locks' have not yet answered Mr. Williams much to his frustration.

MR. WILLIAMS

Miss Locks, I can't help you if you don't talk to me.

R.P.O LOCKS

I don't want your help.

He sighs.

MR. WILLIAMS

No, but you need my help.

Locks does not respond.

She just lays there and continues to bide her time waiting for her opportunity.

MR. WILLIAMS

Okay.

Mr. Williams takes the syringe out and walks closer to Locks.

R.P.O LOCKS

I was eight...

He stops, puts the syringe back in his pocket and sits down ready to listen to her.

R.P.O LOCKS (CONT.)

Why are you doing this?

He ignores what she just said.

MR. WILLIAMS

You were eight...?

He writes as she talks.

R.P.O LOCKS

It was a robbery gone wrong. They broke in... tied me up, my sister, my mom. They took everything. My dad was working later and came home to find us on the floor. He tried to help but was attacked in the process. They stabbed him in the middle of the struggle. My neighbour later found us and called for an ambulance... he died on the way to the hospital.

MR. WILLIAMS

You blamed yourself? There wasn't anything you could've done considering those circumstances.

R.P.O LOCKS

There wasn't anything I could do, that was the problem. When I was needed I couldn't protect someone I loved. Since then, I dedicated my life to pushing myself, mentally... physically, so, I would never feel as powerless As I felt that moment ever again. I can still remember how it felt, when I was tied up, being restricted, unable to move, the more I tried the tighter it felt... I never wanted to be in that situation again.

Mr. Williams stops writing.

MR. WILLIAMS

And now, here we are. Kind of fitting, isn't it, going out like this.

R.P.O LOCKS

Is that what happened to Harris?

MR. WILLIAMS

Who?

(thinks)

Oh, you mean Detective Harris, nice guy, very persistence, his only problem however, he couldn't just leave things well enough alone.

(a little angry)

I mean, it was done. They didn't find anything, I made sure of it. but, because my name kept coming up, he had the case reopened. So...

Mr. Williams bangs his foot a couple of times on the floor.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

I had to put him out of commission...  
problem solved. That is, until

(MORE)

(CONT.)

you came into the picture and started to turn my family against me.

R.P.O LOCKS

Your family turned against you long before I came.

MR. WILLIAMS

We had our problems, I admit. none that we couldn't work through.

R.P.O LOCKS

And abuse is the way to do it?

MR. WILLIAMS

That was an accident. I didn't mean to... I mean, I would never intentionally hurt my family. It's just...

R.P.O LOCKS

And Lucas?

MR. WILLIAMS

I panicked.

R.P.O LOCKS

Is he hurt? Where is he?

MR. WILLIAMS

Lucas is fine. He is safe.

R.P.O LOCKS

And the innocent people you murdered?

MR. WILLIAMS

They volunteered. Doctor's run clinical trials all the time...

Mr. Williams takes a few steps closer to Locks; as he does so, he takes out the syringe form his pocket.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
...Think of it this way, you  
will play a part in progressing  
medical research.

As Mr. Williams is about to inject Locks in her neck, she seizes this opportunity and quickly headbutts him in the face.

Knocking the syringe on the table, she quickly rips the strap she was cutting just in time; during this, Mr. Williams recovers and goes in for the attack.

With quick thinking, Locks grabs the syringe and injects him in his forearm as he grabs her.

With the sudden recoil from the natural response of being pricked by the needle, he throws her against the wall.

**EXT. NEAR THE HOUSE - SAME TIME**

The officer lead by Detective Jones are approaching the house; they can see part of it in the distance past the trees.

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE**

**LARGE HOMEMADE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY**

He runs off towards the table and grabs the gun.

Locks stands, but when she tries to fight back...

BANG!

**EXT. NEAR THE HOUSE - SAME TIME**

Back outside, Detective Jones and the officers hear the gun going off and quickly make pace.

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE**

**LARGE HOMEMADE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY**

Mr. Williams stands there pointing the gun at Locks.

Locks is shot in the upper chest, shoulder area. She is leaning against the stand of the gurney.

He takes a step or two forward before Detective Jones enters the room. Seeing this, he quickly draws his gun at Mr. Williams.

DETECTIVE JONES  
Put the gun down, Mike.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Hello, Detective.

DETECTIVE JONES  
(To Locks)  
Are you alright?

Mr. Williams quickly answers before Locks can.

MR. WILLIAMS  
She's fine.

DETECTIVE JONES  
(To Locks)  
There are officers standing  
outside, they'll help you  
get to safety.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Nobody's going anywhere.

The adrenaline from the melee subsided and Mr. Williams started feeling the itch of the prick in his forearm. He begins to scratch before he rolled up his sleeve to see the needle mark.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)  
What did you do?

DETECTIVE JONES  
Talk to me, Mike, What's  
wong?

Mr. Williams ignores Detective Jones.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(To Locks)  
What did you do?!

Noticing that Mr. Williams has fixed his attention on Locks, Detective Jones takes a step closer.

MR. WILLIAMS  
(To Jones)  
BACK OFF!

He saw Detective Jones move from the corner of his eyes.

Heart beat speeds up. Sweat starts to build up. His breathing becomes heavier. Mr. Williams starts to panic. His arm with the needle mark starts trembling caused by the panic.

His face drops, blank look in his eyes. The realisation of what's happening to him just set in.

DETECTIVE JONES  
It's over, Mike.

Mr. Williams looks over to the detective.

Blank expression on his face, it is incomprehensible to try and understand what may be going through his mind at this moment.

DETECTIVE JONES (CONT.)  
Put the gun down and come  
with us. You can't get out  
of this one.

Mr. Williams just stands there staring at Detective Jones expressionless; like he suddenly realised there's nothing left fighting for.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Maybe I wasn't planning to.

R.P.O LOCKS  
We can get you help.

Mr. Williams snickers.

MR. WILLIAMS

Help? Nobody can help. That's just a lie people tell others to make them feel more safe and secure.

As he talks, he begins to show more and more feelings in his words; a mix of anger and despair.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT.)

Like when your seven years old and crying in the middle of the night after hearing your father screaming for the pain to stop while your mom is trying to keep him calm. She then comes running in your room to comfort you telling you, it's all going to be okay son, everything will be okay. We will get your dad the help he needs. But, things never work out the way you think they would, so, you're left watching the ones you love turn into a monster at no fault of their own...

DETECTIVE JONES

I'm sorr-

He is quickly interrupted.

At this points, his emotions along with his fears and insecurities gets the better of him.

MR. WILLIAMS

And then, your left growing up alone with everyone talking about you and your family. Claiming they want to help you any way they can but the whispers start... the looks start... the ones who claims to want to help are the ones spreading the rumours. looking down at you. Like you don't

(MORE)

(CONT.)

belong. Like you've become a burden to their lives.

R.P.O LOCKS

We need to take you in, we can get you the help you need.

MR. WILLIAMS

How? By giving me drugs? I've seen what drugs does to your mind.

R.P.O LOCKS

I know this must be difficult-

Mr. Williams angrily interrupts.

MR. WILLIAMS

No, you don't! I've have enough of hearing people say that, you can't possibly know what it's like. Forcing yourself to smile while you oppress all your feelings to try and act normal in society where everyone just thinks you're crazy. Constantly fighting with yourself for control. it's hating to be alone but not being able to be around others who constantly judge you, or who are just afraid to be around you, thinking that you might turn violence at any point, all because they don't understand or even try to understand what you may be going through. Instead, they rather just walk away, and your left standing there alone, feeling like you're trapped in a reality that's not your own... and all because everyone thinks all you do is cause chaos and spread violence, like you're the god-damn boogie-man.

A moment of silence before..

R.P.O LOCKS

You're right, I don't know what it's like, and it may feel like this now, but there is a light at the end of the tunnel.

A realization strikes Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS

That's true. But you see, Miss locks. The light at the end of this tunnel you speak of... generally represent death.

BANG!

Mr. Williams points the gun to his temple and kills himself.

**A FEW MONTHS HAVE PASSED SINCE MR. WILLIAMS KILLED HIMSELF.**

**DURING THAT TIME, R.P.O LOCKS AND DETECTIVE JONES RESCUED LUCAS FROM THE HOUSE AND REUNITED HIM WITH HIS MOTHER.**

**MRS. WILLIAMS HAS DECIDED TO LEAVE AND MOVE SOMEWHERE ELSE TO START LIFE ANEW.**

**EXT. MRS. WILLIAMS HOUSE - DAY**

Mrs. Williams walks out of the house carrying a box labelled miscellaneous. She balances it with one hand while she closes the door behind her.

She makes her way to her car and puts the box in the boot. Just before she is gets in, she is stopped by the neighbour's daughter.

KELLY

Hello Katie, how are you?

KELLY - A young woman in her twenties approaches.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Oh, hello Kelly. I'm fine thanks, and yourself?

KELLY

I'm doing good. I heard from my dad you're leaving?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Yeah, after everything that happened, I think it would be good for me and Lucas to leave, you know. I got off the phone with my sister, she said we can stay with her until our new home is ready for us to move in. It'll be good. A new place, a new start.

Kelly smiles in agreement.

KELLY

How is Lucas?

They both look over, Lucas is sitting in the right side of the back seat quietly looking out of the window.

MRS. WILLIAMS

(to Kelly)

I don't know to be honest. I do hope he will be alright though. I'm sorry, but we must be going. Tell you parents I said goodbye.

KELLY

(nods)

Of course, I hope everything works out for you.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Thank you, Kelly, and take care.

Mrs. Williams gets in the car. Wears her seatbelt and begins driving off. They both wave their last goodbyes to each other as Mrs. Williams drives off into the distance.

While driving, she looks at her rear-view mirror at Lucas who keeps looking out of the window.

**P.O.V OF LUCAS**

Looking out of the window, Lucas sees the houses they drive past along with the people in the neighbourhood.

His light reflection in the mirror fades as it is replaced with his fathers'.

**BACK TO SCENE**

The car drives off further into the distance.

**FADE OUT.**

THE END