

# THERAPIST

Written by

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**EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON**

A single car is parked in a secluded lot surrounded by woods. Sign-posted hiking trails lead into the trees from various spots around the lot.

**INT. CAR**

A man sits in the driver's seat.

This is EDGAR (30s), the kind of face you'd forget in seconds.

Edgar glances down at the collection of newspaper clippings spread across his lap.

The headlines scream: *Killer Strikes Again! - New York Strangler? - Serial Killer Loose In Our Midst! - Is Any Woman Safe?*

Edgar glides a finger across the sensationalist words. A disturbing smile parts his lips.

He carefully folds the clippings and places them in a hidden pocket inside his backpack.

Next he pulls out a digital camera. Inserts the access code and starts scrolling through images.

Stops when he comes across a series of images of a petite young woman.

*IMAGES OF WOMAN: walking down the street - entering her apartment building - silhouetted naked behind lace-draped windows in her bedroom - seated in a cafe sipping coffee.*

Edgar traces his finger around the woman's face on the screen. The same sinister smile creases his lips.

Then something grabs his attention.

He glances up, peers through the windscreen. Sees a figure approaching in the near distance.

Edgar turns off the digital camera, pops it into his backpack.

He puts on a pair of nerdy plastic specs and adopts a benign expression. His entire demeanor changes.

**EXT. PARKING LOT**

Edgar steps out the vehicle holding his backpack.

As the figure approaches we realize it is the woman Edgar was just ogling on his digicam.

She has a jumbo-sized backpack slung across her shoulder.

This is RACHEL (20s), petite with features of intangible beauty - good-looking but yet not quite.

Rachel smiles with perfect pearly whites when she sees Edgar.

RACHEL

Sorry I'm late. Got lost.

EDGAR

I was beginning to think you were gonna be a no-show.

Her smile morphs into a grin. She walks up to him and stretches out her hand.

RACHEL

No-show reporting for duty sir.

Edgar shakes her hand and smiles back - a friendly parting of the lips epitomizing bonhomie and goodwill.

At almost six foot he dwarves her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Shall we?

She sets off towards the trees. Edgar follows her.

EDGAR

Most everybody has left.

RACHEL

Good! I like me some peace and more peace.

EDGAR

Woman! You trying to steal my heart?

They laugh. Edgar glances up at the sky.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

Not much light left for trailing though.

RACHEL  
That's okay, I brought camping gear.

Edgar who's caught up with her can't conceal his surprise. Rachel glances his way and laughs.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Yah I know, I don't look the type. My size! My skin!

Her skin is alabaster pale.

EDGAR  
I didn't mean...

RACHEL  
It's okay, I'm used to it.

#### **EXT. WOODS**

Rachel steps into the woods along an almost invisible trail - definitely no signposts here.

Edgar follows, his glistening eyes glued to her ass beneath the form-hugging jeans.

In the shadowy light beneath the canopy of trees we notice his demeanor change from benign to predatory.

As if sensing something amiss Rachel glances back.

Instantly, with the smooth fluidity from years of practice, Edgar reverts to mister all-round-nice guy.

He beams at her. She turns back and they continue along.

RACHEL  
So what d'ya really do Edgar? Your profile page said something about helping people.

EDGAR  
Uh huh. I motivate them to appreciate just how precious their lives are.

RACHEL  
Is that right. How?

EDGAR

By making them embrace the fragility and fleetingness of their existence.

RACHEL

Like a last breath huh. Whaddya do? Force them out of their comfort zone?

EDGAR

Is that what you're doing?

RACHEL

Christ! You really are a therapist!

EDGAR

Guilty as charged ma'am.

They both laugh.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

So what about you? What brings Rachel to this neck of the woods.

RACHEL

Travel journalist, I move around a lot.

EDGAR

So no real roots? No family?

RACHEL

Haven't seen them in years. But I mean to real soon. The closest thing for now is my apartment in New York.

EDGAR

Must be quite the change. The meow of our little rural town to the growl of your big city.

RACHEL

More like roar. Ever been?

EDGAR

Never! I'm not much for the big city life. Too much violence. Fact is I hear you've got yourselves yet another serial killer.

RACHEL

Media hype.

EDGAR  
So you're not bothered?

RACHEL  
I can take care of myself.

Edgar can't help himself, the same disturbing smile again.  
Suddenly Rachel stops dead.

**EXT. WOODS - DEEPER WITHIN - CONTINUOUS**

From within the dark depths of the woods there's a sudden  
flash of white.

Then another. And another. And another.

They belong to faces. Faces of pale white creatures more  
savage than human.

They silently watch and stalk the unwitting couple.

One of the creatures opens its mouth displaying a chasm of  
razor sharp fangs.

Two others respond with raised hands exhibiting claw-tipped  
fingers.

**EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS**

Edgar looks at Rachel.

EDGAR  
What is it?

RACHEL  
I thought I heard something.

EDGAR  
(chuckles)  
I didn't take you for the jitterbug  
type.

RACHEL  
I'm not!

She starts walking again.

EDGAR  
You heard something about these  
parts then?

RACHEL  
Like what?

EDGAR  
Tale of some monster roaming about  
killing people.

RACHEL  
I don't believe in monsters!

EDGAR  
Well maybe you should.

Something in his voice gives her pause. She turns round and looks at him quizzically.

**EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Rachel chops a final piece of wood with a machete then tosses it onto the roaring fire.

Edgar looks on in awe.

EDGAR  
Wow! You're lot stronger than you  
look.

RACHEL  
Don't you forget it.

She waves the machete in the air menacingly. Laughs, taking the edge off the gesture.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Let's fuck then I'll fix dinner. I  
like to work up an appetite.

Edgar looks speechless. Rachel tosses the machete aside then gazes at him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What?

EDGAR  
I, um, you just strike me as a  
woman of very particular tastes.

RACHEL  
Not my type huh? Don't flatter  
yourself. You're just the meal I  
fancied for tonight's menu.

She heads for the already pitched tent. Without looking back she calls out:

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
You coming or not?

She disappears inside the tent. Edgar hurries behind. As we close in on his face we notice his eyes have changed.

They are dead and cold like a shark's.

**INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Naked, Edgar and Rachel go hard at it.

Head pivoted upwards he arcs his back with each thrust. Beneath him Rachel cavorts with sensual abandon, her eyes closed.

To one side of the tent a torch casts dim light.

**EXT. WOODS - CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS**

From the darkness within the surrounding trees, tiny bright specks sparkle from the glow of the campsite fire.

They look like cat's eyes but higher off the ground.

Gradually the specks morph into shapes.

They are eyes of the pale white creatures that were stalking Edgar and Rachel.

Cautiously with nary a sound the creatures step into the clearing of the campsite.

Now we see them clearly for the first time.

They are definitely human but of a more primitive nature. They have pale white skin covered only around the groin region by crude leaf wear.

The creatures pad intermittently on all fours then two legs. Ever so slowly they approach the tent.

Suddenly there's a commotion from within the tent.

The creatures snarl their surprise displaying razor sharp fangs. Then they hightail it back into the woods.



**INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS**

Edgar has his hands wrapped tightly around Rachel's neck. Her eyes bulge from the pressure and fear.

As her limbs flail desperately we close in on Edgar's face. He has the same twisted smile. His eyes are lifeless.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**I/E. TENT - LATER**

The flap of the tent draws aside.

With her back to us Rachel drags the inert body of Edgar effortlessly out of the tent.

She's dressed in just panties and bra.

The strangulation marks around her neck are very visible.

She drags the lifeless Edgar next to the fire and squats on her haunches.

She reaches into her mouth and rips out a pair of dentures.

Gone are the perfect pearly whites. In their place razor sharp fangs.

Next she removes fake manicured nails from her fingers. Underneath are filed claws.

Rachel then grabs one of Edgar's arms and with one simple twist breaks the upper bone.

She plunges her teeth into the arm and rips out a chunk of flesh.

After swallowing the raw meat she looks up to the sky.

Then GRUNT-HOWLS.

Soon the sound is reciprocated by many others from inside the woods.

One by one the pale white creatures emerge from the trees.

Fearlessly they join Rachel by the fire.

Each grabs a piece of Edgar and they rip him apart.

**FADE OUT.**