

MANIA

Written by  
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v6

**1 EXT. METROPOLITAN CITY - NIGHT**

**1**

A crow soars over a group of protesters chanting inaudibly. The protesters line several blocks of the city.

The crow's flight ends on a bus stop across from a run-down apartment complex: Clearwater Street.

**2 INT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT**

**2**

A pair of detectives, mid-thirties woman, ALICE, and late twenties man, MOUSE, carefully move through a crime scene.

Alice examines a hammer lying on the living room floor.

ALICE  
Another hammer. Like last week.

MOUSE  
Murder weapon?

Alice \*tsks\*.

ALICE  
No blood this time.

Alice's eyes follow a series of blood splatters leading down the apartment hallway.

The detectives cross into the room at the end of the hall. Inside, they see the mangled body of a smartly dressed man. The body has been punctured with several small crucifixes.

MOUSE  
Jesus.

Alice crouches down and carefully examines the body.

ALICE  
Look at these.

Alice lightly runs her finger over a crucifix.

ALICE (cont'd)  
There must be a hundred of them.

MOUSE  
Why are you touching them?

ALICE  
Come take a close look at this one.

Mouse hesitantly crouches by Alice.

Alice begins to whisper.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Listen.

MOUSE  
What?

ALICE  
Be quiet and listen.

A late twenties woman, DONNA, is hidden in a half-open closet. She watches Alice and Mouse with her hand over her mouth.

MOUSE  
(under his breath)  
I don't hear anything.

Alice furrows her brow.

The tip of Donna's foot creeps out of the closet.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
(louder)  
You know something about these crosses-

Alice puts her finger to his mouth.

Donna withdraws her foot and struggles to mask her breathing.

Alice's eyes wander towards the closet.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
Alice.

She turns to face him.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
Look. There's not much blood around the crosses themselves.

Alice lightly presses on a cross. It limply falls from the body and on to the ground. Mouse grimaces.

ALICE  
No deep puncture wounds.

Mouse shakes his head.

MOUSE  
They're too shallow. Not our weapon.

Alice stands and stretches.

ALICE  
Well then...

She turns to look at the closet again.

ALICE (cont'd)  
...what is?

Mouse continues to study the body.

MOUSE  
Hold on.

Mouse gingerly touches the man's jacket.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
There's something hard under here.

Alice approaches the closet. Donna keeps her hand over her mouth. Her jaw trembles.

Mouse turns to Alice indignantly.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
Alice!

She turns to him again.

ALICE  
What?

Mouse pulls back the man's lapel. One of the crosses is embedded deep in his chest.

Alice squints and moves away from the closet.

A few steps later, Donna DASHES out. Scrambling, Alice and Mouse give chase.

Alice shouts.

ALICE (cont'd)  
(to Mouse)  
Stay at the scene!

Mouse cuts his run short.

Alice and Donna sprint through the apartment complex and down flights of stairs.

By the time Alice exits the complex via the ground floor, Donna has climbed into a silver SUV.

Alice runs into the street as the SUV speeds away.

ALICE (cont'd)

Shit.

Just as the SUV turns the corner, Alice catches the license plate. She quickly pulls out a small notepad and jots it down: GCB 3637.

**3 INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**3**

A woman in her early twenties, BEATRICE, takes a deep swig from a beer bottle. Her television plays in the background.

TV REPORTER

The shooting of Virgil Thomas just one month ago has continued to drive widespread protests...

A phone ALARM goes off.

Beatrice grimaces but doesn't move.

The TV cuts to coverage outside of Clearwater Street. A group of protesters wielding torches and large signs march along the exterior of Clearwater Street.

TV REPORTER (cont'd)

...Torchlight protests began in the early morning, marking the first time-

Beatrice turns off the TV. She sluggishly moves to disable the alarm.

She wobbles to her feet and stumbles to the front door of her apartment. She balances herself on the wall and picks up a backpack lying on the ground.

**4 EXT. PARK - DAY**

**4**

A CACOPHONY surrounds Beatrice's eardrums as she trudges through a city park. A parade of protesters pass by, waving tiki torches to and fro.

Two protesters leading the parade hold a wide banner reading "TORCHLIGHT ILLUMINATES CORRUPTION".

Beatrice hunches down, ignoring the protesters.

**5 EXT. COLLEGE CONCOURSE - DAY**

5

Beatrice passes through her university's sparsely populated concourse.

**6 INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

6

Beatrice stares at the stairwell. She turns her head towards the nearby elevator and opts for that.

Third floor.

Beatrice walks into a class already in session.

**7 INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

7

Beatrice hugs the wall of the room as she scoots towards the back. It's hard to hide in a class of 30.

She takes a seat in the corner next to a blonde girl, IVY.

IVY

I'm surprised you showed up.

Beatrice shrugs in response. Ivy rolls her eyes.

IVY (cont'd)

Class is already halfway over.

BEATRICE

I'll be fine.

IVY

Mm hmm.

Beat. The professor drones on.

IVY (cont'd)

You hear about what happened last night?

BEATRICE

No.

IVY  
Another murder downtown.

Beatrice grunts in acknowledgment.

Ivy pulls back.

IVY (cont'd)  
You're no fun.

BEATRICE  
Not really in the mood for it. I'm  
sick of running into those torch-  
wavers.

IVY  
You just said you didn't know about  
what happened.

BEATRICE  
There was a group of them at the park  
by my apartment. Would not shut up.

IVY  
Weird.

BEATRICE  
There's too many of them running  
around.

The professor clears his throat. Ivy and Beatrice cut their  
conversation short.

**8 INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY**

**8**

A Japanese college student, AYUMU, walks through an empty  
hallway.

She stops before a door. CAMBRIDGE, NEUROLOGY. After brief  
hesitation, she opens it.

**9 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**9**

Ayumu enters a pristine office lined with large books.

A well dressed man in his early 40s, CAMBRIDGE, looks up. He  
smiles.

CAMBRIDGE  
Ayumu?

AYUMU

Professor.

Ayumu closes the door behind her.

CAMBRIDGE

Do you need help with something?

AYUMU

Yes, um, it's regarding the readings you assigned.

CAMBRIDGE

What about them?

AYUMU

Well...

Ayumu sets her bag on the ground and sits. She places a thick stack of print-outs on Cambridge's desk.

AYUMU (cont'd)

I noticed that you've assigned a lot of reading regarding dreams throughout the semester.

CAMBRIDGE

That caught your attention?

AYUMU

I mean I've always found them to be a fascinating concept but-

She pauses.

CAMBRIDGE

What is it?

AYUMU

Well it's a neurology class.

A tight-lipped smile spreads on Cambridge's face.

AYUMU (cont'd)

This kind of stuff is more psychology isn't it?

CAMBRIDGE

Strictly speaking, studying dreams is its own field. Oneirology. But I get what you're saying.

AYUMU

I just don't know if this kind of thing is really helping the class and...

Ayumu pauses again.

AYUMU (cont'd)

I'm curious as to why.

CAMBRIDGE

You said yourself that dreams were fascinating.

AYUMU

But why bring it up in class?

Cambridge purses his lips.

CAMBRIDGE

Do you remember at the beginning of the semester, I brought up that research opportunity?

AYUMU

For volunteering?

CAMBRIDGE

Yes.

AYUMU

I remember.

CAMBRIDGE

I've got my own research here at the university that I needed people for.

Cambridge leans forward in his chair.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

The research concerns dreams.

AYUMU

How?

CAMBRIDGE

There's a chemical component to them. The idea I'm pursuing is inducing dreams on command.

AYUMU

Using chemicals?

CAMBRIDGE

More or less. Introducing certain substances to the body can lead to intense and vivid dreams during rest.

Ayumu's gaze flicks from her papers to Cambridge.

AYUMU

Did you get enough volunteers?

He shrugs.

CAMBRIDGE

Why don't I show you my research?

AYUMU

Are you sure?

Cambridge smirks.

CAMBRIDGE

Isn't that why you really came here?

Ayumu hesitates.

AYUMU

Well-

The door opens.

Cambridge looks up. Ayumu doesn't.

CAMBRIDGE

Ivy! You're done with class?

IVY

Yeah.

Ayumu begins to stuff her papers in her bag.

CAMBRIDGE

Come by this time tomorrow.

Ayumu nods as she brushes past Ivy.

AYUMU

Excuse me.

Ayumu exits.

IVY

I didn't think you had office hours now.

CAMBRIDGE

She was just bringing up some of the readings from class.

IVY

Hmm.

She leans on the door frame.

IVY (cont'd)

Are you going to be home for dinner?

CAMBRIDGE

Ah, no. I'll...I'll be out tonight.

IVY

Oh, a date huh?

Cambridge sheepishly nods in acknowledgment.

IVY (cont'd)

Right, right. Well, I was going to go out with Heather tonight.

CAMBRIDGE

That's okay.

Ivy half-smiles.

IVY

Good luck.

Ivy exits.

Cambridge's eyes return to his desk. He glances at a mini desk clock.

Cambridge grabs a stack of papers and puts them in a briefcase. He moves swiftly toward the door.

**10 INT. CLEARWATER STREET - DAY**

**10**

A group of protesters are opposite Clearwater Street. A small group of police officers keep them contained.

The protesters' voices dominate the soundscape with chants of "HIS NAME WAS VIRGIL THOMAS" and "JUSTICE FIRST".

Alice and Mouse stand outside the complex while various forensic experts and police personnel busy themselves with last night's scene.

MOUSE

This has been the longest day of my life.

ALICE

Don't be dramatic.

MOUSE

These people have vocal chords of steel, it never stops.

ALICE

They're a nuisance but that's all they are. You shouldn't let them get to you.

MOUSE

A lot easier said than done.

Alice stops a messy-haired forensic expert passing by her.

FORENSIC EXPERT

Alice.

ALICE

What're we looking at?

FORENSIC EXPERT

A lot of nothing. Only blood we found was the victims. Didn't appear to be much of a struggle.

ALICE

Fingerprints? Any DNA?

FORENSIC EXPERT

Nothing.

ALICE

Anything connecting this to the homicide last week?

FORENSIC EXPERT

Same brand of hammer. Otherwise, no.

MOUSE

Alice.

Alice turns again. She notices a couple of protesters have broken away from the group and started nearing in on the officers containing them.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
Should we do something?

ALICE  
They don't need any more ammo. Let  
them yell themselves out.

Alice makes eye contact with one of protesters. The  
protester points at her and shouts.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
Two deaths in the same building. And  
we trust you to keep us safe?

Alice faces away.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1 (cont'd)  
The next one is on your hands.

**11 EXT. COLLEGE CONCOURSE - DAY**

**11**

Beatrice sits on a bench with her eyes closed.

A college-aged man holding a clipboard approaches her.

MAN  
Excuse me.

Beatrice opens her eyes.

MAN (cont'd)  
Do you have a minute?

BEATRICE  
For what?

MAN  
Have you heard of Torchlight?

BEATRICE  
Only every day.

The man laughs halfheartedly.

MAN  
If you already support the movement,  
I'll leave you alone.

The man turns to leave.

BEATRICE  
I don't.

He turns back.

MAN

You don't..?

BEATRICE

What's there to support?

The man sits by Beatrice.

MAN

I mean, we're fighting against police corruption.

BEATRICE

By waving torches around in parks?

MAN

It's more than just that. Demonstrating publicly is one thing but we also try to organize wherever there's police presence.

Beatrice faces away from him.

BEATRICE

I'm not really interested in that kind of thing.

MAN

How many unarmed citizens are shot dead by the police? It's practically an epidemic.

BEATRICE

Look, I get it but I'm not interested.

The man flips through his clipboard sheets and clicks his pen.

MAN

We've got a contact list so that when we organize these protests we can mobilize quickly. If you come to one I'm sure you'd be swayed.

Beatrice grabs her bag from the ground.

MAN (cont'd)

What's your name?

Beatrice stands.

BEATRICE  
It's Beatrice.

She swings her bag over her shoulder and walks away.

**12 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

**12**

Alice walks through the hallways of the police station. The glass walls make it easy to see across the station. Several officers are still around.

Alice swings by Mouse's desk. He's typing at his computer.

ALICE  
Mouse.

He doesn't respond.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Mouse!

He turns.

MOUSE  
Oh. Hey. What's up?

ALICE  
You were right about the body last night. Killing blow was that cross in his chest.

MOUSE  
Well that's good. Haven't had much luck with that license plate.

ALICE  
Is it fake?

MOUSE  
No it's very real. Reported stolen a couple weeks back.

ALICE  
So nothing on the woman.

MOUSE  
I mean if you ask me, I don't think she actually killed the guy.

ALICE  
I'd agree with you but we don't have much else to work with.

MOUSE

Well...

Mouse leans back in his chair.

MOUSE (cont'd)

...Not necessarily.

He gestures towards the chair beside him. Alice sits.

MOUSE (cont'd)

I'm a little worried about a pattern.

ALICE

Because of the apartment?

Mouse nods.

MOUSE

That's the second homicide at that complex in just as many weeks. No leads for either crime.

ALICE

Are you suggesting they're connected?

Mouse leans his head from side to side.

ALICE (cont'd)

There aren't any similarities in the M.O.

MOUSE

I know. Something just feels off about it.

Alice smiles.

ALICE

Finally getting a bit of detective's intuition in you.

Mouse chuckles.

ALICE (cont'd)

I don't feel good about Clearwater either.

MOUSE

What if it happens again?

ALICE

If there's another murder there then you couldn't tear me away from that place no matter how hard you tried.

Mouse smirks and stares at his computer.

ALICE (cont'd)

Get some rest Mouse, it's getting late.

MOUSE

You too.

As she leaves, a chorus of "GOODNIGHT ALICE" echoes from the remaining officers.

**13 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**13**

Cambridge sits at his home dining room, picking at a healthy serving of turkey. Jazz plays softly in the background.

Cambridge's house is decorated with several portraits of Ivy. One portrait depicts a young, fit Cambridge holding Ivy on his shoulders.

Discolored squares of paint are peppered between the portraits.

Cambridge's phone chimes.

A text. From Ivy.

How'd the date go?

Cambridge sighs and lowers his phone. It begins ringing.

CAMBRIDGE

Hello?

BENSON (V.O.)

Cambridge, I hope this isn't a bad time. This is Benson with the research committee.

CAMBRIDGE

Of course, what did you need?

BENSON (V.O.)

I just wanted to give you a heads up regarding your grant renewal.

CAMBRIDGE

What about it?

BENSON (V.O.)

We've received some complaints.

CAMBRIDGE

What about?

BENSON (V.O.)

Some of the people you've involved in your research.

CAMBRIDGE

All volunteers.

BENSON (V.O.)

They've mentioned a couple things that are raising eyebrows with my colleagues.

CAMBRIDGE

And it's affecting my renewal?

BENSON (V.O.)

Well, possibly.

CAMBRIDGE

What does possibly mean?

Cambridge picks at his food more.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Benson?

BENSON (V.O.)

Are you keeping everything above board Cambridge?

Cambridge pauses for a beat.

CAMBRIDGE

Of course.

Cambridge hears grumbling on the other line.

BENSON (V.O.)

Look, just be careful. You're not doing anything-

CAMBRIDGE

It's all above board. You can't trust everything you hear.

BENSON (V.O.)  
We have to take everything into  
account.

CAMBRIDGE  
I understand. But you really don't  
have to anything to worry about.

BENSON (V.O.)  
It's not me I'm worried about.

Beat.

BENSON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Just wanted to give you a heads up.

Cambridge nods but catches himself.

CAMBRIDGE  
I appreciate it.

Benson hangs up. Cambridge let's his phone fall from his  
hand to the table and covers his eyes with his palm.

**14 INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT**

**14**

Alice drives along residential streets. She's in her  
personal car, not her police cruiser. She pulls to stop.

Outside the window is Clearwater Street. A dim street light  
illuminates the bus stop across from it. There's little  
light elsewhere.

Alice glances at her phone. It's 8:42 PM.

Alice turns off the car's lights and stares at Clearwater  
Street.

**15 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**15**

The sound of a DOOR UNLOCKING.

Cambridge walks into the living room as Ivy enters the house  
holding a gas station soda cup.

IVY  
Hey Dad.

CAMBRIDGE  
How was your night?

IVY  
 Fun. Just hung out at Heather's  
 place.

The two hug.

IVY (cont'd)  
 How was your date? You never texted  
 me back.

CAMBRIDGE  
 Oh yes, sorry about that. You know  
 I'm not good about that.

IVY  
 Yeah.

Ivy enters the connected dining room.

Ivy throws away her drink. She notices the half-eaten turkey  
 crowning the trash.

She frowns. Cambridge calls from the living room.

CAMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
 Hey Ivy.

IVY  
 Yeah?

CAMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
 I've got some work to do before class  
 tomorrow. If you need anything let me  
 know.

IVY  
 Okay.

Cambridge enters his bedroom and closes the door. He hears  
 the muffled sounds of Ivy's footsteps cross the house.

Next to Cambridge's bed is a small desk piled with papers.  
 Cambridge sits and types at his computer.

**16 INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT**

**16**

Alice checks her phone. It's 11:35 PM.

She glances back at Clearwater Street. Nothing has moved,  
 nothing has changed.

She gazes at her phone again and turns on her car.

As she does, a crow perched on a power line above her flies away.

**17 EXT. GYM - DAY**

**17**

Beatrice leaves the gym, covered in sweat. She carries a small towel and a near-empty water bottle. A small bag is slung across her body.

At the end of the gym parking lot are two Torchlight recruiters.

Beatrice crinkles her nose and turns around. She heads towards an alley adjacent to the gym.

**18 EXT. PARK - DAY**

**18**

Beatrice walks through the park on her way home.

It's empty.

Loose protest signs and extinguished torches are strewn about the grass.

Beatrice sits at a bench and plops her bag by her feet. She leans back and closes her eyes.

EGGERS

None of these are yours are they?

Beatrice looks up. An early-thirties man, EGGERS, stands over her.

He gestures to the mess of torches.

BEATRICE

No.

EGGERS

That's good to hear.

Beat.

EGGERS (cont'd)

It's almost unbelievable the mess people make sometimes.

BEATRICE

Yeah.

Eggers picks up one of the signs on the ground.

HIS NAME WAS VIRGIL THOMAS.

EGGERS  
You weren't part of the protest  
earlier?

BEATRICE  
No.

EGGERS  
Not your thing?

BEATRICE  
What difference does it make?

EGGERS  
Whether or not it's your thing?

BEATRICE  
What difference do the protests make?

EGGERS  
Change won't happen without action.

BEATRICE  
I don't see much change.

Eggers extends his hand to her.

Beatrice stares at it.

EGGERS  
My name is Eggers.

Beatrice scrunches her face incredulously.

BEATRICE  
Beatrice.

She shakes his hand.

EGGERS  
You don't know much about the  
Torchlight protests do you?

BEATRICE  
I know they get in the way a lot.

Eggers chuckles.

EGGERS  
You busy right now?

Beatrice raises her arms, gesturing at the bench.

EGGERS (cont'd)  
There's going to be a Torchlight  
gathering soon. Downtown. You should  
come by.

Beatrice looks away.

EGGERS (cont'd)  
It's at Bellwether.

BEATRICE  
The bar?

Eggers smiles.

EGGERS  
Have a good day.

Eggers leaves.

**19 INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY**

**19**

Ayumu sits on the floor outside of Cambridge's room.  
Cambridge approaches her.

CAMBRIDGE  
Ayumu?

AYUMU  
You're late professor.

CAMBRIDGE  
What do you mean?

AYUMU  
You said "same time tomorrow"  
remember?

CAMBRIDGE  
Right, yes, of course.

He pauses.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
You're still interested in the  
research?

Ayumu nods. Cambridge smiles intensely.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Wait here.

Cambridge enters his office and closes the door behind him. Seconds later, he returns with a small key ring.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Here, come with me.

Ayumu stands and follows Cambridge down the hall.

**20 INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY**

**20**

Cambridge unlocks the research lab door. He enters with Ayumu close behind.

The pair walk through the research lab until they reach a specific desk. Cambridge uses the key ring and unlocks a desk drawer. He rifles through it quickly.

CAMBRIDGE

So that's what I've been working on:  
finding a way to create dreams on  
command.

Cambridge digs out a small briefcase. He opens it, showing Ayumu several vials of glistening near-transparent purple liquid.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Now this compound...I'm trying to  
formulate it into a pill of some sort  
but it really doesn't have a good  
oral bioavailability, so-

Cambridge opens another drawer full of syringes and needles.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

The easiest way to go about this is  
injection. Intramuscular.

Ayumu becomes uncomfortable seeing the needles. She looks around the empty research lab.

AYUMU

Is it safe?

CAMBRIDGE

Of course.

Cambridge shuts the drawer of needles.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
So far, when administered, it induces drowsiness and then provides vivid dreams. I initially was only concerned with how it affected those who had never dreamed before but-

Cambridge stops.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
Do you have dreams Ayumu?

AYUMU  
Of course I do.

CAMBRIDGE  
Well that works too, I'm curious as to how it effects a more normal person.

Cambridge closes the briefcase of vials.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
It's been going well so far. You'd be surprised how many of your classmates don't really dream at all. Must be the stress of college.

AYUMU  
How long have you been working on this?

CAMBRIDGE  
A couple months now. I've hit a snag somewhat recently with some of my volunteers but otherwise I think things are going well.

Cambridge grabs his keys.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
How would you feel about being a volunteer?

Ayumu stares at Cambridge.

AYUMU  
I don't know. The needles are-

CAMBRIDGE  
It's okay, I understand.

Cambridge guides Ayumu towards the laboratory doors.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
I'm happy enough that you showed an  
interest in the research. Really.

AYUMU  
Are we leaving?

CAMBRIDGE  
I've got a meeting to attend to,  
regarding this actually.

AYUMU  
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know.

CAMBRIDGE  
Quite alright.

He opens the door.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
Have a good day.

AYUMU  
You too professor.

Ayumu exits. Cambridge follows.

**21 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**21**

Cambridge returns to his office and returns the key ring to  
the drawer. He grabs his briefcase from the ground and moves  
to leave. As he crosses the door frame, he runs Benson.

CAMBRIDGE  
Oh, I thought the meeting was down  
the hall.

Benson straightens his jacket.

BENSON  
We figured it'd save time if I just  
came to you directly.

Cambridge returns to his chair, lacking gusto.

Benson closes the door and stands in front of Cambridge's  
desk.

BENSON (cont'd)  
Look, Cambridge. I-

Benson adjusts his tie.

BENSON (cont'd)  
We've been looking over your renewal.  
Quite frankly I don't think we have  
the budget for it.

CAMBRIDGE  
What do you mean?

BENSON  
Well you know we've had to make some  
cuts this year.

CAMBRIDGE  
Not in research.

BENSON  
It's bleeding over.

Benson walks to the side of the desk.

BENSON (cont'd)  
Look. How is your research  
progressing anyway?

CAMBRIDGE  
It's coming along.

BENSON  
So it's not progressing.

CAMBRIDGE  
It is. It's just that it's a nebulous  
sort of thing.

BENSON  
That's exactly the problem Cambridge.  
It's nebulous. I mean, what do dreams  
have to do with neurology?

CAMBRIDGE  
Well the way I'm approaching it  
explores how dream experiences affect  
our waking world-

BENSON  
But why? Do you really think this is  
going to be a breakthrough?

CAMBRIDGE  
I wouldn't do it if I didn't think it  
would.

Benson leans against the wall.

BENSON  
Cambridge, we know what's going on  
here.

CAMBRIDGE  
What do you mean?

BENSON  
I told you we've received reports  
from your so-called volunteers.

CAMBRIDGE  
I've been told. But they're  
unsubstantiated-

BENSON  
Stop it Cambridge.

Benson scratches his forehead.

BENSON (cont'd)  
The fact of the matter is, the  
committee doesn't think the research  
is worth the money.

CAMBRIDGE  
Well if you'd just let me explain to  
the other members-

BENSON  
This is for your sake. If the greater  
review board gets wind of this, we're  
all on our asses.

CAMBRIDGE  
If you can't prove the basis behind  
the reports-

BENSON  
Your renewal has been rejected.

Beat.

BENSON (cont'd)  
Your funding will be pulled at the  
end of the semester. I'm sorry.

The committee member exits. Cambridge leans back in his  
chair and faces the ceiling.

**22 EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT****22**

A crow flies overhead as the metropolis nightlife bustles.

Beatrice walks along the city streets. She passes a ragged homeless man.

HOMELESS MAN

Excuse me ma'am.

Beatrice slows but doesn't stop. She closes her eyes and frowns.

HOMELESS MAN (cont'd)

You wouldn't happen to have any change? Just a couple dollars, anything would help.

BEATRICE

I only carry cards. Sorry.

HOMELESS MAN

You don't have any change?

Beatrice ignores him and continues walking.

She passes by a glitzy bar. The Bellwether. She stops and peers inside.

A crowd of people fill the place, having animated conversation amongst each other.

Seated at a table in the corner of the bar is Eggers.

They make eye contact.

Eggers smiles and beckons Beatrice over.

Beatrice hesitantly looks around. The homeless man is staring at her.

Frowning again, Beatrice enters the bar.

**23 INT. BELLWETHER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS****23**

Beatrice cuts through the crowd towards Eggers. He stands to greet her.

EGGERS

I thought this wasn't your kind of thing.

BEATRICE

Got curious.

Beatrice scans the crowd.

Eggers chuckles.

EGGERS

I organize most of the Torchlight gatherings in the city.

Beatrice spins around, examining the room.

BEATRICE

You know all of these people?

EGGERS

More or less. We're all driven to fight the corruption of those who are supposed to protect us.

BEATRICE

In a bar of all places?

EGGERS

I own it.

BEATRICE

Own what?

EGGERS

Bellwether.

Beatrice faces him.

BEATRICE

How old are you?

EGGERS

Why?

BEATRICE

You didn't strike me as a businessman at the park.

EGGERS

I wouldn't consider myself a businessman.

BEATRICE

Well you are one.

EGGERS

I'm an activist first. This place is secondary to that.

BEATRICE

What are you trying to get out of it?

EGGERS

The protests or the bar?

BEATRICE

Torchlight.

Eggers readjusts his sitting position.

EGGERS

Our most important tenet is improvement.

Beatrice's face scrunches up.

BEATRICE

Improvement?

EGGERS

Well obviously we're fighting against corruption. So public improvement. But-

Eggers stands and reaches for Beatrice's hand.

She hesitantly accepts.

Eggers leads Beatrice to the back of the bar. Comparatively, it's dark.

EGGERS (cont'd)

The most powerful way to improve society is to improve yourself.

Beatrice glances back at the crowd, now a distance away.

EGGERS (cont'd)

Notice I didn't say the most effective way to improve society is through yourself. But it is the most powerful way.

BEATRICE

How do you mean?

Eggers lowers his voice.

EGGERS

Well you can't just change yourself  
and expect the world to follow suit.

Beatrice nods along.

EGGERS (cont'd)

But that doesn't move people. So  
instead, I prioritize self-  
improvement over public improvement.  
See the only thing you really truly  
have the power to change is yourself.  
There's too many factors at play for  
an individual to expect he can change  
the world solo.

BEATRICE

You talk like a cult leader

Eggers laughs.

Beatrice stares at Eggers, at the crowd, back to Eggers.

He's still laughing.

Outside, the homeless man continues to watch Beatrice.

**24 EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

**24**

Alice and Mouse stand at a street corner outside Bellwether.  
They're in plain clothes.

MOUSE

You're better at holding your liquor  
than I thought.

ALICE

Got more experience than I'd like to  
admit.

The walk light flashes. The pair cross.

ALICE (cont'd)

I want to do something with you  
Mouse.

MOUSE

What's up?

ALICE

A little extracurricular police work.

MOUSE

How do you mean?

ALICE

Something I've been doing the past couple days. I haven't been able to get Clearwater out of my head.

**25 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

**25**

Alice and Mouse duck inside an over-stocked convenience store. Some product lies strewn on the ground.

The pair walk through the chip aisle. They trample a couple fallen bags.

MOUSE

What're you getting?

ALICE

Enough to get through a couple hours. Get something for yourself, I'm buying.

MOUSE

You already covered the bar tab, don't feel like you have to-

ALICE

Get some snacks Mouse.

Mouse dutifully grabs a bag from the racks. Alice moves to the back and grabs drinks.

ALICE (cont'd)

That all?

MOUSE

I'm not that hungry.

Alice shrugs.

ALICE

Your loss.

**26 EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

**26**

Alice and Mouse leave the convenience store with several bags worth of snacks.

MOUSE  
What's all this for?

ALICE  
We're going to go watch Clearwater  
for a bit.

MOUSE  
Seriously?

The pair stop in front of Alice's car.

ALICE  
I staked it out last night but  
nothing happened. I want to be on top  
of things if we're really seeing a  
pattern.

Alice ducks into the driver's seat. Mouse climbs in the  
passenger.

**27 INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

**27**

Mouse places the bags by his feet as Alice starts the car.

MOUSE  
You good?

ALICE  
Again, I've got more experience doing  
this than I'd like to admit.

Alice peels away from the curb.

ALICE (cont'd)  
As you said, two murders in the same  
complex should be setting off some  
bells.

MOUSE  
I don't know how much I can trust  
myself on that though.

ALICE  
Believe me Mouse, that intuition will  
save your life one day. Trust it.

Beat.

ALICE (cont'd)  
I don't know for sure if something  
will happen there again.  
(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)

If the same person is responsible for both the murders we've seen then they might notice that we're parked outside.

MOUSE

They seem to be careless though. They didn't make any effort to hide the murder weapon either time.

Alice shrugs.

ALICE

Didn't need to. Why hide the murder weapon if they know it won't help us.

MOUSE

You got the lab results back?

ALICE

Earlier today. No prints. Or anything useful really.

MOUSE

If it's one person then they're being extremely careful.

ALICE

What's more likely though? One person being careful or two?

Mouse pauses and stares out the window.

MOUSE

I get your point.

Beat.

MOUSE (cont'd)

Hold on, pull over.

ALICE

What, why?

MOUSE

In that parking lot.

Alice follows where Mouse is pointing.

A police SUV with running sirens is parked behind a sedan. Behind the police car is black SUV.

A POLICE OFFICER stands outside his car, facing two MEN standing by the black SUV. One is holding their phone up, recording. The officer's hand is itching for his weapon.

**28 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

**28**

Alice pulls in the parking lot. The officer stares at their car and swivels his head between Alice's car and the black SUV.

Alice and Mouse get out. The officer yells at them.

POLICE OFFICER  
Don't get involved!

Alice flashes her badge.

ANOTHER POLICE OFFICER emerges from the far side of the sedan.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
What are you doing?

Alice and Mouse advance on the line of cars.

ALICE  
We just wanted to see what was going on.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Stop where you are!

ALICE  
It's okay-

The second police officer draws their weapon.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
I said stop moving!

Alice pauses. Mouse follows suit.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (cont'd)  
Back up now!

Alice and Mouse slowly raise their hands and take several steps back.

The two men by the SUV yell at Alice.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
You see this shit? See how trigger  
happy they are?

POLICE OFFICER  
Shut up!

TORCHLIGHT MAN 2  
No, you're harassing innocent  
citizens!

POLICE OFFICER  
I said shut up!

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
What'd you pull that guy over for?

POLICE OFFICER  
That's not your concern.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
If you're harassing innocent people  
then I'm making it my concern.

The first man advances toward the police officer. The  
officer draws his weapon.

POLICE OFFICER  
Don't fucking move.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
What you're going to shoot me?

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1 (cont'd)  
(to other man)  
You've got this on camera don't you?

TORCHLIGHT MAN 2  
I've got everything.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
(to police)  
See I'm an innocent citizen and  
you're pointing a gun at me.

POLICE OFFICER  
In a threatening situation, I've got  
a right to.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
Oh I'm a threat now?

Alice addresses the men.

ALICE  
You shouldn't antagonize them.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
What're you sympathizing with them?

POLICE OFFICER 2  
(to Alice)  
Get back in your car!

ALICE  
This isn't worth getting shot over.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
I don't draw the line on where it's  
okay to intervene. This shit is  
unacceptable 100% of the time.

POLICE OFFICER  
Nobody made you intervene.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
Cuz I don't draw the goddamn line!

POLICE OFFICER  
(to men)  
Both of you need to get back in your  
car now.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
(to Alice and Mouse)  
That's for you two as well!

ALICE  
We're just trying to help.

POLICE OFFICER 2  
Back in your car!

Alice grimaces. She and Mouse make eye contact. The pair  
back away towards their car.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (cont'd)  
Keep going!

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
You're just giving up? Take a fucking  
stand!

Alice and Mouse return to their car.

**29 INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS****29**

Alice and Mouse sit in their car, unbuckled.

ALICE  
Good eye, catching this.

MOUSE  
Are we not going to do something?

ALICE  
Tensions are way too high for us to get involved.

The men and officers' muffled shouts permeate the car.

MOUSE  
I have a bad feeling about this.

ALICE  
It's not going to end well. But we need to leave.

MOUSE  
I don't-

ALICE  
We're leaving Mouse. Right now.

Alice puts the car in gear. She drives away while Mouse stares at the scene

A crow perched on a power line above the parking lot flies away.

**30 INT. BELLWETHER - NIGHT****30**

Beatrice and Eggers each take a shot. They're exceedingly drunk.

EGGERS  
I'm saying the place is damn near haunted.

BEATRICE  
Cuz a couple people died there?

EGGERS  
Not just died, they were murdered in their own homes. I mean that is visceral horror right there.

BEATRICE  
People die every day.

EGGERS  
You're pretty blasé about this kind  
of thing.

BEATRICE  
Violence doesn't really bother me.

EGGERS  
Really?

Beatrice leans back.

BEATRICE  
This has been fun Eggers.

EGGERS  
It has.

Beatrice looks around. The bar is down to a handful of  
patrons.

BEATRICE  
I should get home soon.

EGGERS  
You didn't drive here did you?

BEATRICE  
What kind of masochist tries to drive  
when they're downtown?

EGGERS  
I mean I'd be worried about walking  
home just as well. Why don't I take  
you?

Beatrice leans forward again.

BEATRICE  
Nice try.

Beatrice stands.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
I'll get home no problem.

Eggers stands and walks near her.

EGGERS  
Are you sure?

BEATRICE

Very.

EGGERS

Why don't we do this again sometime?

Beatrice squints her eyes at Eggers.

**31 INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**31**

Beatrice slams the door behind her.

BEATRICE

See, I knew I'd be fine.

Beatrice trips onto her couch. She keeps her face in the cushions and searches for the TV remote with her hands.

She finds it and clicks the TV on.

TV REPORTER

...police altercation earlier this night has resulted in one fatality and two injuries...

Beatrice struggles to keep her eyes open and eventually lets them droop closed.

**32 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**32**

Cambridge sits at his desk with his face in his hands.

Cambridge's office is more disheveled than before. Papers are more loosely strewn about and the mini desk clock is face down. Cambridge himself remains smartly dressed.

A brief knock on the door is heard and Ayumu enters.

AYUMU

Professor.

CAMBRIDGE

Ayumu, I'm actually in the middle of something, could you-

AYUMU

I heard about your grant.

Cambridge makes direct eye contact.

AYUMU (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

Cambridge leans back in his chair.

CAMBRIDGE

These things happen. I understand why they chose not to renew it.

AYUMU

What about your research?

Cambridge purses his lips.

CAMBRIDGE

Well I'll have to find some other way to advance my work.

AYUMU

Can I help somehow?

Cambridge chuckles.

CAMBRIDGE

No, no. With all due respect, this is outside your realm of education.

Ayumu looks to her feet.

Cambridge's laughter fades.

AYUMU

You need a guinea pig?

Cambridge stares at her.

AYUMU (cont'd)

You don't have any subjects any more right?

CAMBRIDGE

Something like that. You're really interested?

AYUMU

I am.

Cambridge taps his desk.

CAMBRIDGE

You're sure?

AYUMU

Yes.

Cambridge tilts his head to one side.

CAMBRIDGE

Do you have anything pressing to do today?

AYUMU

Not really.

Cambridge nods and rummages through the top drawer. He takes out his key ring.

CAMBRIDGE

Follow me.

**33 INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY**

**33**

Cambridge takes the briefcase from before and opens it. The vials shimmer brightly.

CAMBRIDGE

What we can do, just to make sure you're really okay with this, is a little test run.

He opens the drawer of syringes and needles. Ayumu tenses up.

AYUMU

How does this go?

CAMBRIDGE

You close your eyes. I inject you. You'll fall asleep soon after.

AYUMU

How long will I be out?

CAMBRIDGE

I haven't let subjects sleep for longer than an hour.

AYUMU

You'll be here the whole time?

CAMBRIDGE

Yes, yes.

Ayumu squeezes her eyes shut. Then opens.

AYUMU

Okay then. I can do that. Just over here?

Ayumu gestures to a reclined chair nearby.

CAMBRIDGE

Exactly yes, just sit right there and I'll get this ready.

Ayumu sits in the chair and lies back, her eyes closed. Cambridge reopens the syringe drawer. He unpackages a syringe and a needle and carefully fits them together.

AYUMU

Who else have you done this with?

CAMBRIDGE

Oh, just a few students.

AYUMU

Why straight to human subjects?

Cambridge carefully fills a third of a syringe with one of the purple vials.

CAMBRIDGE

Well I can't exactly ask a mouse about its dreams can I?

He flicks the syringe needle and grabs an alcohol swab from his drawer.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Now, this will prick a little but it will be quite okay.

Cambridge approaches Ayumu with the syringe. In a swift movement, he disinfects a spot on her arm and slides the needle in.

Ayumu winces. Cambridge doesn't notice.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Close your eyes. You don't have to think of anything in particular.

Within seconds of closing her eyes, Ayumu falls asleep.

Early afternoon.

Beatrice trudges through the same park as before. Her gait is unstable.

A young male CHILD, around 11 and slightly overweight, is sat under a tree putting together a tricolor puzzle. He's almost done with it.

A group of three slightly larger children approach.

The group of three inaudibly berates the sitting child. They stomp and break apart the puzzle and walk away, inaudibly laughing. The sitting child begins to cry.

Beatrice passes behind the tree and notices the child. Without hesitation, she approaches him and squats to his eye level.

BEATRICE  
What's wrong little guy?

CHILD  
My puzzle.

The child gestures towards the strewn about puzzle pieces.

BEATRICE  
Did those guys do that to you?

Beatrice juts her head in the direction the three children went. The child blubbers out a response.

CHILD  
Yes.

BEATRICE  
What's the puzzle supposed to look like?

The child produces the box the puzzle came in, clearly depicting a gradient of three colors. Beatrice smiles sadly.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
Do you know why those kids did that to you?

The child shakes his head hesitantly.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
It's because you're a freak.

The child's face is hurt, but not shocked.

CHILD

What?

BEATRICE

You're a freak. You're strange. You don't fit in. You don't look right.

CHILD

I don't, I'm not-

BEATRICE

You are. And they're going to keep treating you like shit. Everyone is. The sooner you become more like them, the better off you'll be.

The child begins to cry again. Beatrice gives a tight-lipped smile and stands to leave.

She turns towards the nearby parking lot and walks briskly.

A silver SUV SLAMS into Beatrice, sending her flipping over the car's roof towards the trunk.

The car stops.

Various parkgoers witness the accident but none make the movements to help. Regardless, Beatrice stands, apparently unharmed.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

Hey, you slimy bitch!

Beatrice moves towards the drivers side door, a rock in hand.

She hits the rock against the driver window, nearly shattering it. The car suddenly revs and speeds away.

Beatrice gives fruitless chase.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

Oh you-

Beatrice anger is stuck on her face, and she is unable to vent it. Her face twists and she lets out an vicious grunt.

35 INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

35

Cambridge's phone alarm goes off. He disables it and wakes Ayumu with a nudge. Her eyes snap open.

AYUMU

Hey.

CAMBRIDGE

What happened?

Ayumu rolls her head around and slowly rises from the chair.

AYUMU

What do you mean?

CAMBRIDGE

Did you experience any dreams?

AYUMU

I mean, I did. It wasn't really special.

Cambridge scribbles into a notebook.

CAMBRIDGE

What was it about?

Beat.

AYUMU

It was a little scary.

CAMBRIDGE

A nightmare?

AYUMU

Kind of. One of those naked-in-class kind of dreams, you know?

Cambridge scribbles again.

CAMBRIDGE

I see. Well, thank you, this has been quite some help.

Cambridge reaches for his wallet lying on his desk.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Did you want-

AYUMU

You don't have to pay me anything.

Cambridge raises his eyebrows.

CAMBRIDGE

You sure?

AYUMU  
I'm not helping you for money.

Beat.

CAMBRIDGE  
I'll need your help again, if you're willing.

AYUMU  
Of course. Just let me know when.

CAMBRIDGE  
Will do.

Ayumu glances around the room.

AYUMU  
Was that all you needed?

CAMBRIDGE  
As far as the research goes, yes.

Cambridge starts to stand but catches himself and sits back down.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
Why?

AYUMU  
It just doesn't feel like I did a lot.

CAMBRIDGE  
Au contraire. Sleeping is really all I need you to do.

AYUMU  
Wouldn't it be easier if you tested this on yourself?

Cambridge scratches his chin.

CAMBRIDGE  
I suppose my notes would be more accurate reflections that way. But I wanted variety in subjects.

AYUMU  
I guess that's not an option anymore.

CAMBRIDGE

No. But I'm grateful for your assistance.

Ayumu stands.

AYUMU

I'm glad I could help.

CAMBRIDGE

You know, this is actually the first real success I've had with this.

AYUMU

It didn't work with the other volunteers?

CAMBRIDGE

They all could barely remember their dreams. It was a haze for them.

AYUMU

Did you give them the same thing you gave me?

Cambridge hesitates.

CAMBRIDGE

I gave you a little more than I gave them. Quantity, in fact, might be the missing component in this.

Ayumu smiles.

AYUMU

I suppose I have been useful.

CAMBRIDGE

I'd say so. I've got a couple things to finish up here-

AYUMU

I understand.

Ayumu makes for the door.

AYUMU (cont'd)

Goodbye professor.

CAMBRIDGE

Thank you, Ayumu.

Ayumu exits.

**36 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY****36**

Alice walks through the dimly lit halls of the police station basement. She hands her badge to an officer guarding a heavy door labeled "EVIDENCE ROOM".

The officer takes the badge and slides it under a scanner. The door unlocks and Alice enters.

**37 INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY****37**

Alice walks past a series of boxes and filing cabinets. She crouches down and opens several cabinets, withdrawing a few items.

She holds up a bloodied hammer and the clean hammer from the crucifix murder. Both are enveloped in plastic.

The door opens and Mouse enters.

MOUSE

You beat me down here.

ALICE

Consider this a presentation.

Alice stands with the two hammers in hand.

ALICE (cont'd)

Why a hammer?

MOUSE

It's inconspicuous enough. Not as loud as a gun. Stabbing takes too long.

ALICE

So you think these were premeditated?

MOUSE

Don't you?

ALICE

Of course.

Alice sets the hammers on top of a filing cabinet and lifts a brown jacket with crucifixes lodged in it.

MOUSE

That's the proof right there. The theatrics. Things like that aren't spur of the moment.

Alice raises her finger.

ALICE  
Why stake the jacket and not the man  
wearing it?

MOUSE  
Well he did stake the guy too.

ALICE  
What makes it theatrics and not just  
our perp missing with his hammer?

Alice takes the bloody hammer again.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Especially if the same guy didn't  
bother with theatrics when he  
committed the murder before this.

MOUSE  
You're certain it's the same guy now?

ALICE  
Almost entirely. Look at this.

Alice sets the hammer back down and takes out a very small  
plastic bag containing a few strands of hair.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Just got this back today. Found on  
the inside of the jacket.

Mouse stares at Alice.

MOUSE  
I'm not gonna ask.

ALICE  
It's from the first victim.

MOUSE  
That doesn't really help us much.

ALICE  
It's doesn't make the answer to this  
obvious but it's a definite step  
forward.

MOUSE  
It's the same apartment complex, I  
wouldn't be surprised if there's  
hairs floating around the residents.

ALICE  
It's significant.

MOUSE  
I get you want to figure this out but  
I'm being honest, this is a reach.

Alice drops the evidence bags to the floor.

ALICE  
I'm not letting another person in  
that building die Mouse.

Mouse pauses for a beat and then nods.

MOUSE  
Okay. What about this then?

Mouse joins Alice by the filing cabinets.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
I'm a crazy man with two hammers  
lying around. I live in Clearwater  
Street.

Alice nods along.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
I get an inclination. Maybe I get  
into a fight. I bash in a guy's head.  
Feels kind of good. Why not do it  
again?

ALICE  
So he takes the week to plan his next  
attack, he makes it more refined.

MOUSE  
Now I'm making a show of it. I had so  
much time that I hammered a bunch of  
decorations in just to make a point.

ALICE  
No fear.

MOUSE  
No fear. Getting caught is the last  
thing on my mind.

ALICE  
He's certain we can't catch him.

MOUSE

The only thing linking this all together is Clearwater Street. On the surface.

ALICE

But that makes it easy to narrow down suspects.

MOUSE

Exactly. Either this man is completely uncaring-

ALICE

Making him volatile and dangerous.

MOUSE

Right. Or, he's so sure of evading us that he can afford to take his time.

ALICE

He might not live in Clearwater after all.

MOUSE

Perhaps not. It makes a convenient scapegoat.

ALICE

If we're right so far, he hasn't had too much time to craft a M.O. He's might still be killing on whims.

Alice begins to return the evidence bags to the cabinets.

ALICE (cont'd)

If we camp outside Clearwater again, maybe our mystery man will show.

MOUSE

He'd have to be more careful than that.

ALICE

It's possible he's noticed me outside before. But I doubt it.

MOUSE

At this point, it's probably not safe to do that again.

ALICE  
I don't like rushing things. But I  
have a bad feeling about this.

MOUSE  
We don't have much to go off of.  
Don't grasp at straws Alice.

Alice shuts the cabinets.

ALICE  
I won't.

Alice walks her way towards the evidence room doors. Mouse  
follows.

**38 INT./EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

**38**

Beatrice approaches the checkout holding the cheapest bottle  
of vodka she could find.

CASHIER  
That'll be \$9.42.

Beatrice avoids eye contact as she pays.

After checking out, she walks somberly through the parking  
lot.

Her phone rings.

With some difficulty, Beatrice fishes her phone from her  
pockets.

BEATRICE  
Hello?

EGGERS (V.O.)  
It's Eggers. What are you doing right  
now?

Beatrice glances at her vodka and continues walking.

BEATRICE  
Nothing much.

EGGERS (V.O.)  
I want to take you somewhere.

BEATRICE  
Where?

EGGERS (V.O.)  
That's a surprise.

BEATRICE  
I'm not much of a surprise person.

EGGERS (V.O.)  
Trust me.

Beatrice passes a car with a smashed window. She takes a couple steps before turning around.

A silver SUV with a near-shattered window.

BEATRICE  
Were you thinking now?

EGGERS (V.O.)  
That's why I called you.

Beatrice gawks at the car as Donna approaches, carrying two bags.

BEATRICE  
I'm actually finishing up an errand right now. Do you want to meet me at my apartment in a bit?

EGGERS (V.O.)  
Thirty minutes good?

Donna opens her SUV's trunk.

BEATRICE  
Yeah, that works for me.

Beatrice hangs up.

As Donna puts her bags in the trunk, Beatrice creeps behind her.

In a quick and clumsy movement, Beatrice hits the woman in the back of the head with the bottom of her vodka bottle.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
Justice comes quick huh bitch?

The woman falls halfway into the SUV trunk. She turns to face Beatrice and is met with another hit from the bottle.

Beatrice grabs the woman's hair and throws her onto the ground. She repeatedly bashes at the woman's head with the bottle. Her movements get slower with each hit.

Beatrice stops when the woman's mouth begins to bleed onto the concrete. She is alive, but losing consciousness.

Beatrice crouches down and feels through the woman's pockets. She removes a wallet and scans through it.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
Donna Hughes?

The woman slightly stirs at the mention of her name.

Beatrice pulls out the woman's drivers license and studies it.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
You've gotten fatter since you took this.

She flips the license at Donna and digs through the rest of the wallet. She doesn't see a high-end credit card.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
And you're broke too, you stupid bitch.

Beatrice drops the wallet, dissatisfied. She kicks Donna in the stomach

Beatrice takes her vodka and leaves.

**39 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY**

**39**

Cambridge packs some stationary into his bag and grabs his coat from his chair.

There's a quick knock on the door and Ivy enters.

IVY  
Hey Dad.

CAMBRIDGE  
I thought you'd be home by now.

Ivy shuts the door behind her and folds her arms.

IVY  
I just wanted to make sure you're okay.

CAMBRIDGE  
Why wouldn't I be?

IVY  
You've just been kind of down. I know  
with your research issues-

CAMBRIDGE  
I'm okay Ivy. There's nothing to  
worry about. Really.

Ivy unfolds her arms.

IVY  
Okay.

CAMBRIDGE  
Do you want me to give you a lift  
home?

IVY  
Oh no, I've got some things to take  
care of before I go home.

CAMBRIDGE  
I'll see you then.

Cambridge kisses her forehead and leads her to the exit.

**40 EXT. PARK - NIGHT**

**40**

Beatrice and Eggers walk through the park, never straying  
from the concrete path.

EGGERS  
Hit by a car?

BEATRICE  
Yeah.

EGGERS  
And you're not hurt?

BEATRICE  
Luckily no.

EGGERS  
I'm glad you're okay, that's a scary  
thing to go through.

BEATRICE  
It's not the worst thing that could  
happen.

The two walk in silence for a couple seconds.

EGGERS  
What did you think of the bar?

BEATRICE  
Not much, I'd been there before.

Eggers smiles.

EGGERS  
Alright then. What did you think  
about Torchlight?

Beatrice stops walking. Eggers stops a moment later.

EGGERS (cont'd)  
What?

BEATRICE  
I told you I'm not really interested  
in all that.

EGGERS  
Even after you saw what it was like  
at Bellwether?

BEATRICE  
Seeing protesters relaxing in a bar  
isn't really insightful.

Eggers nods slowly.

EGGERS  
Well, would a demonstration work?

BEATRICE  
I don't want to join any protests.

EGGERS  
How are you going to get your insight  
then?

BEATRICE  
It doesn't really matter whether I  
have that or not.

Beat.

Beatrice sighs.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
When were you thinking?

EGGERS

You remember that place I was talking about earlier? Clearwater Street?

BEATRICE

Yeah.

EGGERS

We've got something going on there a few hours down the line.

BEATRICE

Why there of all places?

EGGERS

For the past two weeks the police and gone in and out of the place due to the killings. There's almost always an officer there. It's a reliable place to spread our word.

Beatrice nods. Eggers looks at her expectantly.

BEATRICE

I guess I don't have anything else going on tonight.

EGGERS

Excellent!

Eggers takes a few steps forward and then turns back to Beatrice.

EGGERS (cont'd)

Want to get a drink before we go?

Eggers starts walking. Beatrice smiles and follows.

**41 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S CAR - NIGHT**

**41**

Cambridge drives along the highway in his old sedan.

A silver SUV cuts in front of him. He honks several times.

CAMBRIDGE

You ass.

The SUV takes the next exit. Cambridge briefly stares at the SUV and then follows it.

The SUV stops at a red light and then makes a right turn. Cambridge is forced to let a couple cars go before he can continue following.

A few blocks down the road, Cambridge sees the SUV parked outside of the Clearwater Street complex. He passes the SUV and parks a distance in front of it.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
I've got you on camera big boy.

Cambridge turns to read the SUV's license plate. He writes down the number. GCB 3637.

As he turns to look again, a woman rushes out of Clearwater Street with a man following close behind. Cambridge sees the man shout at her. She ignores him.

Cambridge adjusts to get a better view.

The woman, Donna, opens the door to the SUV and gets in as the man follows behind her, still yelling.

She slams the door. The man pulls at the handle. Unsuccessful, he draws a gun.

Cambridge gasps and ducks down slightly.

The man waves the gun at Donna. She starts the engine. The man moves in front of the car.

Donna edges the car forward as the man backs up, still aiming his gun at Donna.

The car lurches forward.

The man fires.

Cambridge ducks further down but continues watching.

The man fires several more shots. The car is no longer moving.

The man swings his head around and notices Cambridge's running car. He raises the gun again.

Cambridge quickly puts his car in gear and begins the drive. Two gunshots pierce his back window as he drives away.

Mouse sits at his desk, typing quickly.

Two other officers rise from their desks and move to leave.

POLICE OFFICER  
Goodnight Mouse.

MOUSE  
'Night.

The other officers exit.

Alice walks briskly past Mouse's desk.

ALICE  
We've got another homicide.

Mouse stops typing.

MOUSE  
Another?

ALICE  
Clearwater Street.

Mouse grimaces. He glances at his computer and back at Alice.

The two hold each others' gaze for a beat.

MOUSE  
I'm sorry.

ALICE  
Don't be. Let's go.

Mouse stands and follows Alice out of the door.

**43 EXT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT**

**43**

Several siren lights illuminate Clearwater Street. Across the street is a gang of Torchlight protesters, chanting inaudibly.

Alice and Mouse arrive in their police cruiser. The protesters turn their attention from the line of police officers to the new cruiser.

MOUSE  
Jesus, you can't escape these people.

Mouse blares the siren. The protesters back away.

Alice and Mouse step out of the car and approach the line of police officers. They flash their badges as they duck under the caution tape.

Parked outside of Clearwater Street is Donna's SUV. The windshield is peppered with bullet holes.

One of the officers protecting the scene addresses Alice.

POLICE OFFICER  
26 year old woman. 6 entry wounds.  
Nothing was stolen. Driver's license  
says her name is Donna Hughes.

Alice nods.

She carefully opens the driver side door.

Mouse grimaces.

Donna's body is covered in dried blood.

ALICE  
Hey, Mouse, come here.

Alice gingerly traces the side of the woman's face.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Look how bruised this is.

MOUSE  
Domestic violence?

ALICE  
I dunno, looks too focused for that.

Alice lightly touches the bruised flesh.

ALICE (cont'd)  
It's recent.

MOUSE  
Maybe she got into a fight. Ran to  
her car to get away, her attacker  
unloads six rounds.

Alice studies the woman's face for another second.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
I mean this had to be personal right?

ALICE  
Well, if nothing was stolen...

Mouse glances up at Clearwater Street.

MOUSE  
This apartment complex again.

ALICE  
It's not a coincidence.

MOUSE  
What?

Alice withdraws from the car. She jerks her head and walks.  
Mouse follows.

ALICE  
These are connected. Now I know for  
sure.

MOUSE  
Three certainly is a pattern.

ALICE  
That's the obvious tip-off. But  
there's a more to it.

Alice stops walking and faces Mouse.

ALICE (cont'd)  
I know that woman.

MOUSE  
Yeah?

ALICE  
You do too.

Mouse cocks his head.

ALICE (cont'd)  
At the crucifix scene.

MOUSE  
The woman who escaped?

Alice nods.

ALICE  
License plate on the car matches.

Mouse glances back towards the crime scene.

MOUSE  
Think she's behind the crucifixes?

ALICE  
Couldn't say.

Alice looks past Mouse. Behind him, one of the protesters approaches the police line, erratically waving their torch.

MOUSE  
What is it?

Mouse turns around.

Another protester runs ahead of the one waving his torch and punches a police officer. Three officers instantly mob the protester.

ALICE  
Hey!

Alice runs to intervene. She pulls one of the police officers off of the protester and attempts to calm the others.

The protester sits on the ground, curling into a ball. After the officers let up, Alice extends her hand to them. They accept.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Are you okay?

PROTESTER  
What the hell do you think?

The protester slowly rises to their feet. They shake off Alice's hand and return to the chanting crowd.

MOUSE  
Alice!

Alice turns. Mouse puts a hand on her shoulder.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
You shouldn't get involved with them.

Alice speaks sternly.

ALICE  
I'm not getting involved Mouse.

Alice glares at the crowd of protesters.

## 44 INT. EGGERS' CAR - NIGHT

44

Beatrice and Eggers watch the scene unfolding at Clearwater Street. They are parked a block away.

BEATRICE

Why aren't you waving a torch around with them?

EGGERS

You saw what just happened. Some of the protesters are getting violent.

BEATRICE

Shouldn't you be handling that?

EGGERS

It's better that they're angry.

BEATRICE

They just assaulted the police, I'm surprised no one is dead yet.

EGGERS

That's the point Beatrice. You shouldn't be so scared of law enforcement shooting you.

BEATRICE

So you want this to get out of hand.

EGGERS

It's in hand. It's to prove a point.

Beatrice grimaces and faces away from the scene.

EGGERS (cont'd)

Do you want to leave?

Beatrice is silent.

EGGERS (cont'd)

Whoever died must've really pissed someone off. Their car is all smashed up.

Beatrice lazily swivels her head to see Donna's car.

She quickly sits up when she sees the smashed window.

EGGERS (cont'd)

What's wrong?

BEATRICE

Nothing.

Beatrice pulls at her door handle and exits the car.

**45 EXT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

**45**

Beatrice starts moving towards Donna's car. Behind her, Eggers turns off his car and gets out.

EGGERS

Where are you going?

Beat.

EGGERS (cont'd)

Beatrice?

Beatrice is stopped by a police officer before she reaches Donna's car.

POLICE OFFICER 3

Back up ma'am.

BEATRICE

Whose car is that?

POLICE OFFICER 3

I can't disclose that to you ma'am,  
please step back.

Beatrice tries to get a glimpse of the rear license plate. The police officer advances towards her.

POLICE OFFICER 3 (cont'd)

I'm not going to ask you again ma'am.  
Step away from the scene.

BEATRICE

I'm just trying to see whose car it  
is.

Eggers rests his hand on Beatrice's shoulder and pulls her away from Donna's car.

EGGERS

Beatrice.

Beatrice rolls her eyes.

EGGERS (cont'd)

We're sorry officer.

Beatrice turns to stare at Eggers. Her nose is wrinkled in disgust.

EGGERS (cont'd)  
Come on, let's go.

After a few steps back, Beatrice breaks out of Eggers' embrace.

BEATRICE  
Don't touch me like that.

Eggers is taken aback.

EGGERS  
What's wrong?

Beatrice quickly glances at the protesters and then to Donna's car.

BEATRICE  
Just go. I don't need you to drive me home.

EGGERS  
What? Why?

BEATRICE  
I'm not leaving.

Beatrice runs towards the grumbling group of protesters.

The crowd is thick and tightly knit. Beatrice struggles to push through the sea of bodies.

When she breaks into the front of the crowd, she sees Alice in an argument with an angry protester.

ALICE  
Threaten me again, come on.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
You're barely worth it you two-faced slime.

The protester turns to face the crowd.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1 (cont'd)  
We're all sick of this shit! You can't protect and serve-

ALICE  
I do it every damn day.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
You gun down innocent people is what  
you fucking do!

The crowd shouts varied chants of agreement.

The protester raises his torch to the sky.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1 (cont'd)  
What was his name?

The crowd replies with cries of "VIRGIL THOMAS".

The protester turns to face Alice again.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1 (cont'd)  
You want to fucking say it? You want  
to say his name?

Mouse reappears behind Alice. They begin speaking to each other inaudibly.

The protester screams at Alice.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1 (cont'd)  
Say his name!

The crowd of protesters answer for Alice with a stream of "VIRGIL THOMAS".

The angry protester swings his torch at Alice.

Alice steps back and puts her hand on her gun. Mouse mirrors her movements.

ALICE  
Don't you fucking do that again.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
Oh, now you want to speak?

Alice glances at the dissonant crowd behind the protester. She moves her hand from her gun to her baton.

The angry protester jabs at Alice with his torch. Alice barely avoids it. Mouse draws his gun but keeps it aimed downward.

ALICE  
Don't use that Mouse.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
Look how fucking quick they are to  
use deadly force.

Alice draws her baton.

Several other nearby police officers draw close to Alice and Mouse.

MOUSE  
We'll need a goddamn riot squat if  
this guy doesn't cut it.

A loudspeaker overpowers the protesting shouts.

POLICE OFFICER 4  
ALL NON-POLICE PERSONNEL VACATE THE  
AREA IMMEDIATELY. FAILURE TO DO SO  
WILL RESULT IN THE USE OF FORCE.

TORCHLIGHT MAN 1  
Like fucking hell!

The protester swings at Alice again. Alice sidesteps and breaks his torch with her baton.

As the torch hits the ground, the crowd pushes forward. Several members at the front being waving their torches at the police.

Beatrice darts away from the violence. The police officer from before is no longer guarding Donna's car.

Beatrice approaches Donna's car and peers inside.

She stares unflinchingly at Donna's body.

Beatrice gingerly wraps her hand in the bottom of her shirt and pulls on the car door. It opens.

Keeping her hands wrapped, Beatrice pats Donna's pockets.

BEATRICE  
Come on, come on. Please be here,  
please be here.

POLICE OFFICER 3  
Hey!

The police officer from before is running toward Beatrice.

Beatrice quickly runs from the car. Eggers's car is still idling in the same place. Beatrice knocks on the driver side door and startles Eggers.

Beatrice runs to the other side of the car. The officer is closing the distance between them.

**46 INT. EGGERS' CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

**46**

Beatrice clambers into the car.

EGGERS

I thought you didn't want-

BEATRICE

Get me the hell out of here now.

Eggers sees the police officer almost directly outside the car. He puts the car in gear and takes off.

**47 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**47**

Ivy sits in the living room, watching TV. She hears Cambridge enter the house.

IVY

Hey Dad.

Cambridge walks through the living room and sits on the couch.

IVY (cont'd)

Dad?

He doesn't look up.

CAMBRIDGE

Hey. How was your day?

IVY

What's wrong?

CAMBRIDGE

Nothing.

Cambridge turns on the TV.

TV REPORTER

-police are struggling to regain control of the Torchlight protesters...

Ivy leans in.

IVY

Oh my God.

TV REPORTER

...so far no shots have been fired,  
however several officers have used  
their weapons as deterrents...

IVY

What happened over there?

Cambridge sinks deep into the couch.

CAMBRIDGE

A woman was killed.

Ivy glances at Cambridge and then back to the TV.

**48 INT. EGGERS' CAR - NIGHT**

**48**

Eggers pulls to a stop outside of Beatrice's apartment. The two are silent for a beat.

BEATRICE

Thank you.

EGGERS

What happened?

BEATRICE

It's not important.

EGGERS

I practically played the role of  
getaway car. What were you doing?

BEATRICE

Look, I appreciate your concern but  
this really isn't-

EGGERS

This isn't just out of concern for  
you. I don't know if I just got  
involved in something.

BEATRICE

Nothing you weren't already involved  
in.

Eggers rubs his forehead.

EGGERS

You don't like making things easy for me do you?

Beatrice looks out the window.

BEATRICE

Force of habit.

Eggers moves his hand down to rub his eyes.

EGGERS

Alright. I won't ask questions this time. But if this comes up again-

BEATRICE

It won't.

Beatrice opens her car door and steps out.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

Thank for the ride.

EGGERS

I'll call you tomorrow.

Beatrice gives a thumbs up as she turns to leave. She shuts the car door and enters her apartment.

**49 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

**49**

Alice walks by Mouse's desk. Mouse's eyes are nearly bloodshot.

ALICE

Jesus, you don't look okay.

MOUSE

I'm not.

ALICE

Did you get any sleep at all?

MOUSE

After last night's chaos, where was any sleep coming from?

Alice gives a weak chuckle.

ALICE

Well, luckily we kept the scene intact.

(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)  
Once forensic is done with all the  
evidence we might get some useful  
info.

MOUSE  
I'm hoping so. This stagnation is  
getting to me a little.

ALICE  
You and me both.

Alice sits next to Mouse. She buries her face in her hands.

MOUSE  
Alice? What's wrong?

ALICE  
All I have to do is just be more  
astute. If I pay closer attention, I  
can stop this from happening again.

MOUSE  
Alice, you couldn't have stopped this  
from happening.

Alice raises her head.

ALICE  
I should've gone by the complex last  
night.

MOUSE  
We don't know if that would've  
helped. It's okay.

ALICE  
I know it is, logically. But I can't  
help feel like I'm failing.

Mouse places his hand on Alice's shoulder. He stares right  
into her eyes.

MOUSE  
We're going to figure this out. No  
doubt.

Alice smiles.

ALICE  
I envy your optimism.

Alice's hands wipe her face one last time as she stands.

ALICE (cont'd)  
I'll come by later today when  
forensic's done with the evidence.

MOUSE  
Sounds good.

Alice exits.

50 INT. COLLEGE DINING HALL - DAY

50

Cambridge sits in the corner with dining hall food. Ayumu approaches him.

AYUMU  
Professor.

Cambridge makes eye contact.

AYUMU (cont'd)  
Will you need me for research today?

CAMBRIDGE  
No, I don't think so.

Ayumu nods.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
Actually wait. Do you want to undergo  
that again?

AYUMU  
If you need me to.

CAMBRIDGE  
You were a lot more apprehensive last  
time.

AYUMU  
It's less scary after you've done it  
once.

CAMBRIDGE  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare  
you.

AYUMU  
I chose to help you.

Cambridge pokes at his food.

CAMBRIDGE  
I don't know if we'll make any  
headway doing that again.

Ayumu leans into Cambridge's table.

AYUMU  
Are you okay?

Beat.

Ayumu sits across from Cambridge.

AYUMU (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

CAMBRIDGE  
Just stress. Probably.

Ayumu cocks her head to one side.

AYUMU  
You're lying.

Cambridge leans back, fork in hand.

CAMBRIDGE  
No I'm not.

AYUMU  
I want to help, professor.

Cambridge returns to picking at his food.

CAMBRIDGE  
Have you ever seen someone die?

AYUMU  
No. Have you?

Cambridge nods.

CAMBRIDGE  
The other night. Have you been  
keeping up with the news of that  
serial killer at Clearwater Street?

AYUMU  
I've heard of it.

CAMBRIDGE  
I saw him kill someone. I saw him  
shoot that woman.

Ayumu wrinkles her forehead incredulously.

AYUMU

Did you talk to the police?

CAMBRIDGE

No, no I got the hell out of there.

AYUMU

If you saw what happened then your testimony could be really important.

Cambridge waves his hands in front of his face.

CAMBRIDGE

Look I knew I shouldn't have brought this up.

Ayumu's shoulders droop.

AYUMU

I didn't mean to upset you.

Cambridge shakes his head.

CAMBRIDGE

I know, I know you weren't trying to. I just don't really know what to do.

Cambridge holds his hand up with his pointer finger and thumb slightly separated.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

I was this close to dying myself. Two bullets came through my rear windshield.

Ayumu covers her mouth with her hand. Cambridge shuts his eyes and hangs his head..

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

And I'm just not ready to die.

AYUMU

But you didn't professor. You're very much alive.

Cambridge lifts his head slightly.

AYUMU (cont'd)

You should continue your research today.

CAMBRIDGE  
You think so?

AYUMU  
I think it will help you.

Cambridge offers a half smile.

CAMBRIDGE  
Come by my office later, same time as  
last time.

Ayumu nods.

AYUMU  
Okay.

**51 INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY**

**51**

An alarm sounds. Cambridge turns the alarm off and wakes up Ayumu. She is startled.

CAMBRIDGE  
How was it?

AYUMU  
I, uh-

Ayumu pauses, not fully awake.

AYUMU (cont'd)  
I mean, I was dreaming.

CAMBRIDGE  
What happened?

AYUMU  
What?

CAMBRIDGE  
In the dream.

AYUMU  
It was finals week. But I hadn't  
studied for any of the tests. So I  
was just failing, over and over.

CAMBRIDGE  
For a week?

AYUMU  
Yes.

Cambridge scratches his chin for several beats.

CAMBRIDGE

Would you happen to remember anything of your dream from last time?

AYUMU

Not really.

CAMBRIDGE

You mentioned it took place in a classroom. Did it only last the one day?

AYUMU

I really don't remember. I think so.

Cambridge leans back in his chair.

CAMBRIDGE

You really don't remember anything?

AYUMU

Do you remember your dreams professor?

Cambridge rolls his eyes.

CAMBRIDGE

Well at the very least, I'm fairly sure that there's a minimum dosage I have to administer for this to work.

Cambridge scribbles into a notebook on his desk.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Ideally I'd have another volunteer to confirm this with but I'm confident that I'm right in this regard as is.

AYUMU

I'm glad I'm able to help you, though it barely feels like I'm doing anything helpful lying on the table.

CAMBRIDGE

That's all I need you to do.

AYUMU

I know. It's just silly from my perspective.

Ayumu rises from her chair.

AYUMU (cont'd)  
Will you need anything else  
professor?

CAMBRIDGE  
No, no thank you. You've done more  
than enough as is.

AYUMU  
I'll come by again soon.

Cambridge nods.

CAMBRIDGE  
I appreciate it.

**52 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**52**

Cambridge unlocks the door to the house and enters. He sees  
Ivy walking through the foyer towards him.

IVY  
Oh hey Dad. Sorry, I didn't think  
you'd be getting home this early.

CAMBRIDGE  
Are you going somewhere?

IVY  
Just going out with Heather again.

CAMBRIDGE  
What's that?

Cambridge points towards a long bag slung over Heather's  
shoulder. The end of a torch is poking through.

IVY  
Nothing really.

Ivy attempts to push past Cambridge. He blocks her path.

CAMBRIDGE  
Did you see the news the other night?  
You absolutely cannot be protesting  
now.

IVY  
I'm leaving Dad.

CAMBRIDGE

No, you're going to get yourself hurt.

IVY

I'll be fine.

CAMBRIDGE

There was a huge fight just-

IVY

I know there was. Heather was there, that's why I want to make sure she's okay this time.

Cambridge pauses.

CAMBRIDGE

I just don't want anything to happen to you.

IVY

I know. I'll be okay. I promise.

Cambridge sighs.

CAMBRIDGE

Just don't go to that apartment complex. Please.

IVY

We probably won't. I'll be fine. Really.

Cambridge moves from the door.

CAMBRIDGE

Be safe Ivy.

IVY

I will.

Ivy exits.

**53 INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT**

**53**

Alice and Mouse sit outside Clearwater Street munching on gas station snacks.

Mouse gets Alice's attention.

The two watch Cambridge pull to a stop further down the street.

**54 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S CAR - NIGHT**

**54**

Cambridge grips his steering wheel tightly. He stares unblinkingly at Clearwater Street.

**55 INT. ALICE'S CAR - NIGHT**

**55**

Mouse leans forward, keeping his eye on Cambridge's car. He stuffs his snacks in the back of the car.

ALICE

Get his plate.

Mouse pulls a notepad from his pocket and scribbles down Cambridge's license plate on his notepad.

ALICE (cont'd)

He's not doing anything.

MOUSE

Maybe he's doing what we're doing.

ALICE

Why?

MOUSE

Vigilante justice?

ALICE

Doubt it.

Cambridge gets out of his car and starting examining the sidewalk.

MOUSE

Should we confront him?

ALICE

Not yet.

The two watch as Cambridge paces up and down the sidewalk of Clearwater Street. Cambridge briefly crouches down and then swivels his head around. Alice and Mouse duck down.

ALICE (cont'd)

Be more suspicious why don't you.

Cambridge turns and walks towards the entrance of Clearwater Street.

MOUSE

Now?

Alice nods.

**56 EXT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

**56**

Alice and Mouse exit their vehicle. They're careful to close their doors as quietly as possible.

Cambridge enters Clearwater Street. Alice and Mouse trail a good distance behind.

**57 INT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT**

**57**

Alice and Mouse stand by the entrance to Clearwater Street. Cambridge is startled by the sound of them entering.

MOUSE

What're you up to friend?

CAMBRIDGE

Nothing, just...

Cambridge scans the hallway.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

I live here.

MOUSE

Mmhmm.

ALICE

What were you doing outside?

CAMBRIDGE

What do you mean?

ALICE

You were crouched by the sidewalk.

CAMBRIDGE

Lost my keys.

Alice gives a tight-lipped smile.

MOUSE

Are you aware there was a homicide  
committed here the other night?

Cambridge squints at the detectives.

CAMBRIDGE

I am.

ALICE

Did you know that it's the the third  
homicide to take place here in as  
many weeks?

Cambridge steps back.

CAMBRIDGE

Why are you asking me this?

ALICE

Do you really live here?

Cambridge takes another step back. Alice and Mouse advance a  
step forward.

ALICE (cont'd)

You found your keys right? We didn't  
mean to get in the way, you must be  
eager to get home.

CAMBRIDGE

I am in fact.

Cambridge turns to look behind him.

MOUSE

This is the only entrance. But you  
know that right?

Cambridge returns his gaze to the detectives.

CAMBRIDGE

Who are you?

MOUSE

Curious citizens. What about you?

CAMBRIDGE

The same.

Alice and Mouse step to opposite sides of the hallway. Mouse  
gestures for Cambridge to leave.

Cambridge takes the cue. Mouse stops him as he passes the detectives.

MOUSE  
One more thing.

Alice moves behind Cambridge.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
Do you know anything about what happened here the other night?

CAMBRIDGE  
How would I?

MOUSE  
Do you often spend time snooping around apartments you don't live in?

Cambridge stares unblinkingly into Mouse's eyes. His body, however, quivers. Mouse returns Cambridge's intense gaze.

After a beat, Mouse pats Cambridge on the back.

Cambridge exits.

ALICE  
Very impressive Mouse. You've come a long way.

MOUSE  
Thank you.

Alice ruffles his hair.

ALICE  
I'm proud.

Mouse smiles. The pair exit.

**58 INT. BELLWETHER - NIGHT**

**58**

Beatrice enters the packed bar. She scans the room but can't find Eggers.

EGGERS  
Hi.

Eggers appears behind her with a hand on her shoulder. Beatrice jumps slightly.

BEATRICE  
Don't do that.

EGGERS  
Sorry. I'm glad you came.

BEATRICE  
It's hard for me to stay away.

Eggers chuckles.

EGGERS  
You want a drink?

BEATRICE  
Not this time.

EGGERS  
Fair enough.

Eggers leads Beatrice towards the quieter area of the bar in the back.

BEATRICE  
I thought "I'll call you tomorrow"  
meant "I'll call you during the day".

EGGERS  
It's still tomorrow regardless.  
You're more a night person anyway.

BEATRICE  
Am I?

Eggers smiles.

EGGERS  
With how messy everything got before,  
I didn't get a chance to ask what you  
thought of Torchlight.

BEATRICE  
You did already ask me that.

EGGERS  
That was before.

Beatrice purses her lips.

BEATRICE  
I think you've got a lot of jumpy  
people working for you.

EGGERS

It's a consequence of working with these kinds of numbers.

BEATRICE

I can imagine.

EGGERS

And they're not working for me.

Beatrice shuts her eyes purposefully.

BEATRICE

Right.

Beatrice gets close to Eggers and looks into his eyes.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

Why do you keep inviting me here?

Eggers shrugs.

EGGERS

You keep coming.

BEATRICE

I don't mind. I like bars. But it's the same place every time.

EGGERS

Why don't I take you elsewhere now?

Beatrice turns away from Eggers.

BEATRICE

Not exactly the creative type are you?

EGGERS

I'm creative. There's an ice cream place down the street that's open late.

Beatrice rolls her eyes.

BEATRICE

Case in point.

EGGERS

Trust me, it's a good place. They've got alcoholic milkshakes.

BEATRICE

You're lucky I don't have anything to do.

EGGERS

I get the feeling it's more like you're doing this instead of what you should be doing.

BEATRICE

Don't play psychologist with me.

Beatrice gestures towards the bar entrance.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

Are we going?

**59 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

**59**

Mouse and Alice walk down the station hallway.

MOUSE

Do you think we should try to stake out Clearwater tonight?

ALICE

Don't think so. Whoever's responsible has been consistently leaving us one death per week.

MOUSE

That's a point.

ALICE

I doubt we'll see more activity there for at least two more days.

MOUSE

It's not like you to be so lax.

ALICE

This is me being proactive. Though I'd like to stake out Clearwater tomorrow for safety. But today...

Alice sits at her desk. A standing corkboard covered in notes is next to her. Mouse remains standing.

ALICE (cont'd)

...I want to talk to you about evidence.

MOUSE

What about it?

ALICE

I've got a couple things in forensics from our last homicide.

Alice points to a picture tacked to her corkboard.

ALICE (cont'd)

This woman is our last victim. Donna Hughes. Something of a stay-at-home person. Well-off but she's not spending her own money.

MOUSE

She could be living off older funds.

ALICE

Point is, she isn't actively employed or making money. At least from our basic check. Here's the real dagger.

Alice points to a picture of a downtown building.

ALICE (cont'd)

She lives here. In a condo above a bar called Bellwether.

MOUSE

Not in Clearwater?

ALICE

Not even close.

Mouse leans on Alice's desk.

MOUSE

Interesting.

Alice reclines in her chair.

MOUSE (cont'd)

So what's she doing at Clearwater?

Alice takes a pen from her desk and passes it between her hands.

ALICE

My guess? The bruises on her face are involved.

MOUSE

She was pretty beaten up.

ALICE

We're talking at least moderate injury to the head. Something personal was in there.

MOUSE

We find who beat her, we find the killer.

Alice leans forward and points her pen at Mouse's chest.

ALICE

We at least make a great step forward.

MOUSE

So where do we start?

ALICE

I already did. The bruises looked recent enough that there might be prints somewhere on her person.

MOUSE

From the fight?

ALICE

Right. If Donna resisted at all, it's likely her assailant laid hands on her.

Mouse nods along.

ALICE (cont'd)

Analysis should be complete by tonight.

Mouse smiles.

MOUSE

Two steps forward.

ALICE

With any luck, no steps back.

## 60 INT. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

60

Ayumu's eyes snap open. She groggily sits up on her chair. After rubbing her eyes, she makes eye contact with Cambridge.

Ayumu recoils and brings her knees to her chest.

AYUMU

Where am I?

CAMBRIDGE

You're in my research lab.

Ayumu stares at him blankly.

AYUMU

Who are you?

Cambridge squints his eyes.

CAMBRIDGE

How long were you dreaming?

AYUMU

Dreaming?

Ayumu pauses. Her eyes seem to roll back into her head. After several beats, they snap back into place.

AYUMU (cont'd)

Dreaming.

Ayumu focuses on Cambridge.

AYUMU (cont'd)

Professor? How long was I asleep for?

CAMBRIDGE

An hour, same as always.

Ayumu puts her hands on her head and pulls at her hair. Her voice falters as she talks.

AYUMU

I was there for years.

Ayumu pulls harder on her hair.

AYUMU (cont'd)

I had a husband, children.

Ayumu's eyes widen.

AYUMU (cont'd)

My...

Ayumu breaks down in tears.

CAMBRIDGE

You were married?

No response.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

A whole life...

Cambridge withdraws and folds his arms. He swiftly turns to his desk and begins writing.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

You said years, right?

AYUMU

I don't want to do this anymore.

Cambridge stops writing.

CAMBRIDGE

What?

AYUMU

I don't want to do this anymore. I-

Cambridge stands abruptly. He turns and advances on Ayumu.

CAMBRIDGE

What do you mean you don't want to do this anymore?

AYUMU

I can't, that was so awful.

CAMBRIDGE

I don't think you understand.

Cambridge stands over Ayumu.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

That was only an illusion. You don't have a husband. You don't have children. You're a college student.

AYUMU

I know-

CAMBRIDGE

And you're working on my research project. Helping further our knowledge of dreams-

AYUMU

I know-

CAMBRIDGE

You can't pull out now.

AYUMU

I'm not doing this!

Ayumu tries to slip under Cambridge's arm. He pushes her back onto the reclining chair.

Ayumu runs shoulder-first into Cambridge's torso. As she pushes past him, Cambridge steadies himself on a table and grabs at her wrist.

AYUMU (cont'd)

Let go of me!

Cambridge pulls her into a tight embrace. He forces Ayumu back towards the reclining chair, leading her with her hair. Ayumu retaliates, elbowing his ribs. She pushes past Cambridge. He turns and swats the back of her head. Ayumu tumbles into a table, hitting her head and falling to the ground.

Cambridge slowly rights himself. After a beat, he crouches by Ayumu's body.

He checks her pulse. She's still alive.

With great exertion, Cambridge lugs Ayumu's body back towards the reclining chair. He throws her on and rights her legs.

Cambridge returns to his desk and prepares another syringe. He fills it with 3 mL of liquid. He returns to Ayumu.

Hesitantly, Cambridge once again checks Ayumu's pulse. Still alive.

He slides the needle into Ayumu's leg just as carefully as he did before. He injects the full syringe into her and removes it.

Cambridge steps back and collapses in his chair.

Ayumu's eyes remain wide open, the irises shaking violently.

**61 INT. UNKNOWN - UNKNOWN****61**

It's PITCH BLACK.

AYUMU  
Hello?

Silence.

AYUMU (cont'd)  
Hello?

**62 INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - DAY****62**

Beatrice lies on her bed, staring straight at the ceiling.

Her phone vibrates.

Beatrice lazily glances to her bedside table.

It's still vibrating.

Beatrice returns to staring at the wall.

Still vibrating.

Reluctantly, Beatrice answers the phone. It's Eggers.

BEATRICE  
Yeah?

EGGERS (O.S.)  
Hey. What're you doing tonight?

BEATRICE  
Don't really have much planned.

EGGERS (O.S.)  
Why don't you let me take you  
somewhere?

Beatrice holds the phone away from herself as she sighs.

BEATRICE  
Where?

EGGERS (O.S.)  
A show that's going on downtown.

BEATRICE  
You want me to walk there?

Eggers can be heard chuckling.

EGGERS (O.S.)  
I'll pick you up.

Beatrice pauses for a beat.

BEATRICE  
Why don't I meet you at the park?

EGGERS (O.S.)  
The one we met in?

Beatrice scrunches her face in annoyance.

BEATRICE  
Yeah.

EGGERS (O.S.)  
I can do that.

BEATRICE  
Is this a dress-up kind of thing?

EGGERS (O.S.)  
Somewhat.

Beatrice holds the phone away and takes a deep breath.

BEATRICE  
I'll talk to you tonight.

EGGERS (O.S.)  
See you then.

Beatrice hangs up and throws the phone towards the end of her bed.

**63 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**63**

Beatrice and Eggers take seats at the bar. They address the bartender.

EGGERS  
Sazerac.

BEATRICE  
Club soda. Lime.

Eggers raises his eyebrows.

BEATRICE (cont'd)  
I thought we were going to a show.

EGGERS  
Have to loosen up first.

Beatrice traces the grain of the bar with her finger.

BEATRICE  
Look, I don't think we should go any further with this. We've had our fun but-

EGGERS  
Oh come on, Beatrice.

BEATRICE  
I'm serious.

EGGERS  
Why?

BEATRICE  
I really don't think this is something you want.

EGGERS  
Beatrice...

Eggers clasps one of Beatrice's hands.

EGGERS (cont'd)  
This is all I want.

The bartender comes by with the pair's drinks and sets them down.

BEATRICE  
You'll regret saying that to me.

EGGERS  
I doubt it.

Alice walks past Beatrice and Eggers. She sits across from Mouse at a booth in the corner of the restaurant.

MOUSE  
Took you long enough getting here.

ALICE  
Shut it.

MOUSE

Got the plate back on the man from the other night. Guy named Cambridge, he's a professor.

ALICE

Fitting name.

MOUSE

No criminal history, nothing indicating why he'd be snooping around Clearwater.

ALICE

Probably not our man.

MOUSE

Why do you say that?

ALICE

The way he acted when we talked to him. Unless he's a master actor, there's no way that's the same person who's so confident we can't find him.

MOUSE

He was a little jumpy.

ALICE

A little is an understatement.

MOUSE

So what, we're still on square one?

ALICE

I wouldn't say so.

MOUSE

Why's that?

ALICE

Got forensics back. The woman murdered the other night, Donna. There's a second set of prints on her wallet.

MOUSE

Do we have an ID?

ALICE

Not yet.

MOUSE

You think they belong to her  
assailant?

ALICE

I talked to the coroner this morning.  
The bruises on Donna's face were  
inflicted good few hours before she  
died.

MOUSE

So you were right.

ALICE

There wasn't any cash. She might've  
been beaten and robbed.

MOUSE

Makes sense.

ALICE

At the very least this should bring  
us a little closer to finding out why  
Donna's dead.

Back to Beatrice and Eggers. Eggers takes a long sip from  
his drink.

EGGERS

You still haven't told me what you  
were doing the other night.

Beatrice groans and takes a sip of her drink.

BEATRICE

Keep this to yourself okay?

EGGERS

Of course.

Beatrice leans close to Eggers.

BEATRICE

I know the woman who died that night.  
She's the one who hit me with her  
car.

EGGERS

Seriously?

Beatrice nods.

BEATRICE

I ran into her before the murder.  
Long story short, my fingerprints are  
on her wallet. And I absolutely don't  
want to be involved in some kind of  
investigation.

Eggers hesitates before answering:

EGGERS

Do you think the police are aware of  
your prints?

BEATRICE

I'm assuming so. I was trying to take  
her wallet that night so I could get  
rid of it but I couldn't find it.

EGGERS

It's probably already in evidence.

BEATRICE

That's what I'm afraid of.

Beatrice leans back and stretches. While doing so, she  
twists from one side to the other to loosen her back.

She notices Alice sitting in the corner of the restaurant.

Beatrice angles herself so that Eggers is between her and  
Alice.

EGGERS

What are you doing?

BEATRICE

Just getting comfortable.

Beatrice gets close to Eggers.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

We should get to that show.

EGGERS

Why the rush?

Beatrice looks back towards Alice. Eggers follows her eyes.

Alice notices and makes eye contact with Beatrice. Beatrice  
quickly turns her head.

EGGERS (cont'd)

What is it?

BEATRICE

It's nothing.

EGGERS

Just tell me.

Beatrice peeks past Eggers.

Alice is still looking her way.

Beatrice turns away again. She takes a quick drink and talks to Eggers with her hand obscuring her mouth.

BEATRICE

That woman in the corner is a cop. She was at Clearwater the other night, I remember her.

EGGERS

Acting suspicious is only going to draw attention.

BEATRICE

Can we please just leave?

Eggers groans. A frown flashes across his face and disappears as soon as it came.

EGGERS

I can go get the car ready.

BEATRICE

Please.

Eggers gets the bartender's attention.

Alice watches Eggers' movements.

MOUSE

What's up?

ALICE

Those two over there were staring at me just now.

Mouse turns his head. He glances at Beatrice and Eggers and turns back to Alice.

MOUSE

The couple at the bar?

ALICE

Yeah.

Eggers stands and exits. Alice watches him leave.

ALICE (cont'd)  
I feel like I've seen that woman  
before.

MOUSE  
Where from?

ALICE  
Couldn't say. But it feels recent.

Beat.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Hold on.

Alice stands and starts walking towards Beatrice.

Beatrice checks her phone. She gets up and quickly exits the  
restaurant.

Alice watches Beatrice as she leaves.

Alice gives a tight-lipped nod.

When Alice turns around, Mouse is staring at her with his  
hands up in a "what are you doing" fashion.

**64 INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT**

**64**

Ayumu wakes with a start.

She attempts to pull herself out of the reclining chair and  
collapses on the ground.

Cambridge rises from his chair and crouches down next to  
Ayumu. He reaches out to her.

CAMBRIDGE  
Ayumu.

Ayumu strains to look up at Cambridge. Her eyes are  
bloodshot and surrounded by dark circles.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
Christ.

Cambridge withdraws his hand.

AYUMU  
Who...

CAMBRIDGE

Are you okay?

AYUMU

Who are...

Cambridge abruptly stands. He's addresses Ayumu in an exasperated tone.

CAMBRIDGE

Your professor. Cambridge. Research.  
Dreams.

Cambridge falls back into his chair.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Any of that helping you?

Ayumu returns his piercing gaze with a blank stare.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

What year do you think it is?

Ayumu is almost offended by the question.

She crawls around to the other side of the reclining chair.

Cambridge rises.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Tell me what happened Ayumu.

Ayumu backs away further.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Where were you? What did you see? How  
long were you there?

Cambridge closes the gap between them.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Tell me.

AYUMU

What are you talking about?

Ayumu has backed herself against the lab walls.

Cambridge groans.

CAMBRIDGE

The dream! Your dream! What happened  
in your dream?

AYUMU

Dream?

Cambridge leans down and grabs her collar.

CAMBRIDGE

Tell me what happened Ayumu!

AYUMU

Get away from me!

Ayumu kicks at him. He lets her go.

CAMBRIDGE

Longer than last time?

Ayumu backs away.

AYUMU

Who the hell are you?

CAMBRIDGE

What's wrong?

AYUMU

Stay away from me!

Beat.

CAMBRIDGE

You really don't know who I am.

Ayumu's face trembles.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

That long?

Ayumu screams at him.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Be quiet.

She keeps screaming. He runs towards her.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)

Shut the hell up!

Cambridge tries to put his hands on her mouth. Ayumu punches him on the side of the head.

Cambridge crashes into the wall. He tries to stand again but falters.

Ayumu quickly crawls to Cambridge's desk. She braces herself on the desk and rises.

Cambridge manages to stand. Ayumu looks back at him and makes a beeline for the door.

**65 EXT. COLLEGE - NIGHT**

**65**

Ayumu breaks through the front door and runs down the university steps.

**66 INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - NIGHT**

**66**

Ayumu sprints through the university.

Scattered students walking through the hallway watch in bewilderment as she brushes past them.

**67 INT. EGGERS' CAR - NIGHT**

**67**

Eggers and Beatrice are driving on the highway.

EGGERS

I can't believe I'm being your  
getaway again.

BEATRICE

I'm didn't ask you to help because I  
wanted you to drive me around.

EGGERS

I get that.

BEATRICE

I'm in real trouble Eggers.

EGGERS

I know. Well, running isn't helping  
your case.

BEATRICE

I wasn't going to wait for that cop  
to remember where she saw me.

EGGERS

Does it matter that you were at the  
protest?

BEATRICE

If they have the wallet then they have my fingerprints. That's a one way path to finding my face.

EGGERS

If that was the case then you probably would've been recognized faster.

Beatrice slouches in her chair and looks out of her window.

BEATRICE

I suppose.

The two drive in silence for several seconds.

BEATRICE (cont'd)

Thank you for driving me again. I'd be fucked without you.

Eggers smirks.

EGGERS

I can't ignore a girl in need.

BEATRICE

Is that why you're helping me?

Eggers frowns slightly.

EGGERS

In a way.

Beatrice turns to face Eggers.

BEATRICE

What does that mean?

EGGERS

I like you Beatrice. I don't want something to happen to you.

BEATRICE

Look, I told you not to focus on that.

EGGERS

How do I not focus on it?

BEATRICE

Think about other things.

Beat.

EGGERS  
It's not that easy.

Beatrice returns to looking out of her window.

BEATRICE  
It can be.

Eggers' slight frown becomes a full one.

**68 EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**68**

Mouse is standing outside the restaurant from earlier. He has jacket tucked under his arm.

Alice is pacing around while talking on the phone.

ALICE  
(into phone)  
You're really doing me a solid.

Mouse glances down the street and then glances the other way.

ALICE (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Yeah, just leave her info on my desk.  
I'm coming by now.

Mouse shifts his gaze to Alice.

ALICE (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Alright. Thanks again.

Alice hangs up.

MOUSE  
You're going back to the station?

ALICE  
You are too.

Mouse raises his eyebrows.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Called in a favor for expedience's sake. We've got a match on the fingerprints.

MOUSE

Who is it?

ALICE

A girl. Names Beatrice, early twenties. We'll have her full file on my desk by the time we get back.

Mouse nods.

MOUSE

Color me impressed.

ALICE

Don't be, I haven't done anything yet.

Mouse hands Alice the jacket he's holding.

MOUSE

I'll go get the car.

Alice half-smiles and Mouse exits.

Alice struggles with her jacket. Once it's on, she glances to her side. She sees a ragged woman huddled in an alleyway.

Alice turns her head towards the restaurant and looks once again at the woman.

ALICE

Hey.

Ayumu's haggard face peers from behind a dirty blanket.

ALICE (cont'd)

Do you want some food or something?

Ayumu continues to stare at Alice. Her nose trembles.

ALICE (cont'd)

Tell me what you want, I'll get you something.

Ayumu face erupts as she screams at Alice.

Alice stares at Ayumu, hurt.

Beat.

Alice turns and moves hurriedly down the street.

**69 INT. CAMBRIDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT****69**

Ivy enters the house.

CAMBRIDGE (O.S.)  
Welcome home Ivy.

Once she crosses into the living room, she sees Cambridge lying on the couch. He's holding an ice pack to his head. His eyes are bloodshot.

IVY  
Oh my God, what happened?

CAMBRIDGE  
Just an accident at work.

Cambridge dabs at his forehead with the ice pack.

IVY  
Are you okay?

CAMBRIDGE  
I'll be fine.

Cambridge lips quiver.

IVY  
Dad?

Ivy sits on the edge of the couch by Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE  
I just want to run from it all.

Cambridge's red eyes begin to tear up.

CAMBRIDGE (cont'd)  
From everything.

Ivy leans down to hug Cambridge. She holds him as he cries.

**70 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT****70**

Alice and Mouse walk briskly through the station. Alice reaches her desk first.

Alice flips open a manila folder stuffed with papers that lies on top of her desk.

The first thing she sees is a portrait from Beatrice's driver's license.

Alice shuts her eyes and rubs her forehead.

ALICE  
Oh Jesus fuck I'm an idiot.

MOUSE  
What's wrong?

Alice points to Beatrice's picture.

ALICE  
That's the girl from the restaurant.

Mouse puts his hands on his hips and paces in a circle.

ALICE (cont'd)  
She must've known I was police,  
that's why she was acting that way.

MOUSE  
We're low on time then.

Mouse stops pacing.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
Do we have an address?

Alice looks at the folder again. She flips through a few sheets of paper.

ALICE  
Yes. Let's go.

MOUSE  
After you.

**71 INT. BEATRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**71**

The inside of Beatrice's apartment is pitch black.

Two knocks are heard.

Two more.

The room is silent for a couple of seconds.

The door BREAKS DOWN. Alice steps inside.

MOUSE  
Are you sure you should've done that?

ALICE

I don't have the patience to wait  
anymore Mouse.

Alice searches for a light switch with her hands. She finds  
it.

The lights flicker on. The apartment is empty. Scattered  
liquor bottles lie on the ground.

ALICE (cont'd)

She already skipped out.

MOUSE

Maybe she's just not home.

ALICE

She might be avoiding coming here if  
she recognized me before. But she can  
only hide for so long.

Alice steps further into the apartment. She turns over  
several objects. Mouse joins her.

MOUSE

Looking for something in particular?

ALICE

Anything.

The two overturn the items on Beatrice's coffee table.

MOUSE

Hey, check this out.

Mouse gestures to one of the liquor bottles on the ground.

Alice crouches down and picks it up.

MOUSE (cont'd)

Look at that color on the bottom.

Alice runs her finger over the splotch of color on the  
bottle.

ALICE

Dried blood.

MOUSE

Not conclusive but-

ALICE  
 Donna's bruises are from blunt force.  
 When this was full, it could've done  
 the job easily.

Alice stands.

ALICE (cont'd)  
 I'll check the bedroom.

Mouse stands and turns towards the entrance. He looks at the broken door of the apartment.

MOUSE  
 The paperwork for this is going to be  
 a huge pain.

**72 INT. EGGERS' CAR - NIGHT**

**72**

Eggers parks his car on the curb outside of Bellwether.

EGGERS  
 You can't avoid your apartment  
 forever Beatrice.

BEATRICE  
 I'm not chancing that cop finding me.  
 I'm not going near that place for a  
 least a few days.

EGGERS  
 So where exactly do you plan on  
 living?

Beatrice rubs her neck.

BEATRICE  
 I'll just float around.

Eggers glances at the space above Bellwether. He turns his gaze to Beatrice.

EGGERS  
 You could stay with me for a bit.

BEATRICE  
 I knew you were going to say that.

EGGERS  
 I'm serious.

BEATRICE

I was being serious earlier when I said you shouldn't focus on me.

EGGERS

You need a place to stay, I'm offering.

The two stare at each other in silence for a beat.

BEATRICE

I don't know. It's not a good idea.

Eggers raises his hands defensively.

EGGERS

Why don't you stay in the bar then? There's an office room in the back.

BEATRICE

Living in a bar?

EGGERS

You're hiding Beatrice. Your options are limited.

Beatrice looks away.

BEATRICE

Are you sure?

EGGERS

I wouldn't make the offer otherwise.

Beatrice taps her fingers on the car door.

BEATRICE

Thank you.

EGGERS

You want to stay at the bar?

BEATRICE

Just for a few days. Then I'll see what things are like at my apartment.

Eggers nods.

EGGERS

That works.

**SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"**

**73 MONTAGE - VARIOUS****73**

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

A fourth in a series of homicides has taken place at Clearwater Street.

Alice looks blankly at her wall of evidence.

She buries her face in her hands.

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)

A college student, Ayumu Umezawa, has reportedly gone missing.

Ayumu wanders through alleyways, rummaging through refuse.

TV REPORTER

Ayumu was last seen in her university dorm room. The police are accepting any leads regarding her location.

Beatrice throws a bouncing ball at the office walls of Bellwether.

Cambridge is slumped over his desk in his office.

**74 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT****74**

Alice and Mouse are huddled by Alice's desk.

ALICE

So what about Cambridge?

MOUSE

What about him?

Alice gestures to her evidence board.

ALICE

He's the only person on here that we don't have a real explanation for.

MOUSE

He shouldn't be on that damn board to begin with. He's just a professor who was dicking around Clearwater.

ALICE

But WHY Mouse?

MOUSE

I don't know.

Alice leans back.

MOUSE (cont'd)  
 Look, it's been a long night Alice.  
 We're getting nowhere. I'm going  
 home.

Mouse moves to stand.

ALICE  
 Mouse.

He pauses.

ALICE (cont'd)  
 Wait.

Mouse stands.

MOUSE  
 What is it?

ALICE  
 Can you come with me to Clearwater?

MOUSE  
 Look Alice-

ALICE  
 Please Mouse! I really...

Alice looks at her feet.

ALICE (cont'd)  
 I've got a feeling tonight. And I  
 want you there with me.

Mouse looks around the empty station. He shakes his head and  
 looks at Alice.

MOUSE  
 This is the last time.

Alice smiles and looks up.

ALICE  
 Yes. It will be.

**75 EXT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT**

**75**

Alice and Mouse sit in their police car outside the  
 apartment complex.

Mouse notices a dark figure approaching Clearwater Street. He gets Alice's attention.

MOUSE  
Think that's Cambridge?

Alice squints her eyes.

ALICE  
I dunno. Doesn't look like him.

Alice and Mouse's eyes follow the figure as it enter Clearwater Street.

Mouse looks at Alice expectantly.

Alice nods.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Let's go.

The two exit the cruiser and advance into Clearwater Street.

**76 INT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT**

**76**

Alice and Mouse enter Clearwater Street. Mouse draws his flashlight and leads them through the dimly lit hallway.

Mouse stops.

MOUSE  
Where the hell are you?

A SCREAM pierces the silence.

Alice and Mouse sprint to the end of the hall. The last door is slightly ajar.

Alice leads the way towards the door.

ALICE  
We're coming in!

Alice and Mouse step back. Together, they enter the apartment.

**77 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**77**

Alice stumbles into the apartment first.

ALICE  
Light.

MOUSE  
Got it.

Mouse follows Alice with his flashlight.  
The pair looks around. The room is empty.  
Alice gestures for Mouse to follow her.

ALICE  
Room's clear.

Alice leads through the apartment.  
Alice opens the door to the bedroom. She aims her weapon.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Put your hands up! This is the  
police!

Mouse advances past Alice, gun drawn.

Inside the bedroom stands Ayumu. She faces the detectives, her features indecipherable due to the flashlight pointed at her.

Mouse lowers his flashlight. Ayumu's gaunt face is more apparent.

Ayumu's hands are wrapped around a knife plunged into the forehead of a man slouched against the wall. Mouse's flashlight illuminates the man's body.

It's Cambridge.

Alice leans into her radio.

ALICE (cont'd)  
(into her radio)  
This is unit 49 reporting a 187 at  
Clearwater Street, I need backup to  
my location.

Ayumu's slowly tries to take the knife from Cambridge's head.

ALICE (cont'd)  
Hands in the air!

Ayumu lets the knife go and raises her hands.

Alice and Mouse advance on Ayumu.

**78 EXT. CLEARWATER STREET - NIGHT**

**78**

A group of protesters have congregated outside Clearwater Street. Their coordinated chanting has given way to discordant shouts.

Beatrice stands in front of the crowd, facing Clearwater Street.

Two protesters break away from the crowd. They start beating on Alice's police car, parked outside.

Alice and Mouse exit the complex, holding a cuffed Ayumu.

The protesters break one of the car windows.

MOUSE

What the hell is this?

ALICE

Everyone, back away!

The protesters crowd around the police car, seemingly protecting it.

Ayumu calls out.

AYUMU

Help me!

MOUSE

Shut up.

The crowd's shouts grow louder.

Mouse thumbs at his baton.

ALICE

Back away from the vehicle!

The detectives push toward the police car.

One of the crowd rushes them. They grab at Ayumu's handcuffs.

Mouse quickly draws his baton.

MOUSE

Back off!

He beats the protester hard across the back. As they fall, Alice tries to kick them away.

The crowd surrounds the detectives, shouting.

A protester throws their torch into the police car. It is quickly enveloped in flames.

Mouse hits the protesters with his baton, swinging indiscriminately. Alice joins him.

Ayumu breaks away from the crowd and runs toward the apartment complex.

MOUSE (cont'd)

Hey!

A fire breaks out from a first floor window. Unfazed, Ayumu screams and rushes into the complex.

Alice and Mouse struggle with the crowd, breaking torches with their batons.

Mouse is struck in the head with a torch. He falls to the ground.

Alice reaches for her gun. Briefly, she makes eye contact with his assailant.

In a swift motion, she draws her gun.

One. Two. Three shots.

THE END