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FADE IN:

**EXT. SKYLINE - DAY**

Monstrous grey clouds SWIRL in off the bay, enveloping San Francisco. Rain pounds the city as FLASHES of lightning illuminate the midday darkness.

**I/E. PORSCHE 911 TURBO - DAY**

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo mows down curves. The cockpit glows. Oddly quiet, engine noise imperceptible.

MARNIE TRAMMELL, 30s, a flawless Hitchcock blonde, with an icy reserve, drives. Her ridiculously short dress barely covering her tanned legs.

She punches it into 5th. Pushes 80. Rain pounds the windshield. The car careens, catching air...

**EXT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

A gorgeous opulent glass home, which offers a voyeurs view of its chic and sickeningly lavish interior, Palm trees, some shrubbery.

Marnie races in, and pulls along a black Porsche 911 Turbo.

*She climbs out, heels in hand, dashes barefoot through the pouring rain, towards the front door.*

Close by, a TWIG SNAPS. She freezes, listens hard.

Another TWIG SNAPS, this time closer.

She spins around to face the noise -- can't see anything out there.

**INT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The elegance is overwhelming. Artworks look like stolen pieces from the Louver. Marnie comes in, drops her clutch on a table, and descends the stairs.

**INT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A lush, romantic bedroom suite. Copious amounts of sex mirrors. On a bedside table, a bottle of champagne rests in an ice bath; An ice-pick, too.

Marnie, just out of the shower, in a towel, sits at a lit vanity, moisturizing her salacious legs.

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below.

She is almost ready to dismiss the whole thing when she hears a noise.

**INT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Marnie moves through, flips on a lamp in her path, her sexy legs thresh open her long silk robe to reveal she's naked underneath.

She checks the front door, makes sure it's locked.

Behind Marnie, a glass wall over-looks the beach. Lightning flashes, thunder, rain falling.

The face, then torso of a man rises from the patio and approaches.

She turns around just as the intruder drops out of sight.

Marnie moves to those sliding glass doors, checks that it is locked. She turns away,

She doesn't see the intruder approach the glass. He adjusts his stocking-covered face.

Our would-be RAPIST's face presses against the glass. He stares at her. His gloved hands flex in anticipation.

She turns and sees him beyond the glass. Doesn't scream.

The would-be Rapist picks up a deck chair and throws it through the glass, it shatters into a thousand splinters.

She retreats to the stairs as the intruder leaps through the gaping hole in the glass and pursues.

**EXT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

A SHOUTING MATCH. They're silhouetted in shadow. We hear it, but can't make out the words. The SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS escalates into several THUMPS.

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A lamp crashes to the floor, throwing them into darkness.

**INT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Pitch dark, save for INTERMITTENT FLASHES OF LIGHTNING that captures a noisy struggle. The SHATTERING OF GLASS.

He pulls her toward him, Marnie, is strong, manages to fight him off at first but he's too powerful.

He wrestles her to the floor, clamps Marnie's hands above her head, her robe flies open, the swell of her breasts, erect nipples, forces her legs apart...

Suddenly, Marnie slams her knee up between the Rapist's legs, momentarily paralyzes him. Gasping.

She regains her footing. He lunges, clutches her throat.

She breaks loose, follows through with a heel-palm to the sternum, an inside-out roundhouse kick to the head.

**HALLWAY/STAIRS**

One gloved hand grabs her ankle. Another draws the blade whose jagged edge glints from some unknown light.

Marnie kicks, crawling backward up the stairs, kicking him in the face. A second is bought and she spends it separating herself -- two feet, three, four -- from the intruder before spinning to run.

But his hands grope for her, missing her heels by inches as she ascends the stairs.

Marnie hears the intruder's foot-fall behind her. She reaches the top. Then, suddenly --

The intruder plummets into her like a train, tackles her! Her scream is immediately muffled by a black gloved-hand.

He thrust the knife against her throat. If she's afraid, we can't tell.

MAN

This is going to happen whether  
you want it to or not, you bitch.

**INT. MARNIE'S BEACH HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

In the semi-darkness, intermittent flashes of lightning.

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CONTINUED:

SEX. Hot. Sweaty. Rough. Kinky. Her silk robe shimmers.

Marnie looks away, her arms reaching for something...  
curls her hand around that ice-pick on a bedside table...

Stabs him in the back, he stiffens, a stunned reaction on  
his face--

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top, rides him  
like a pro, crazed even, her tits akimbo, the bloody ice-  
pick in hand, flashes of steel...

The ice-pick plunges downward... again and again and...

His strangled cries of pain and pleads of mercy drowned  
out by THUNDER... pleased moans as Marnie shudders in  
an orgasmic frenzy...

Blood splashing everywhere...

She orgasms; he orgasms - his body shakes. Then, he falls  
forward, spent, onto her; satisfied.

MAN

If you scream, I'll kill you.

**EXT./INT. SAN FRANCISCO/MUSTANG BULLITT - DAY**

A MUSTANG BULLITT - Steve McQueen's car. OK, wrong color,  
explodes through the hilly, narrow streets, Hometown to  
Maupin, and the Zodiac Killer. Its plethora of reds-and-  
blues paints the usual landmarks:

Alcatraz Island, Coit Tower, Fisherman's Wharf.

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Our Rapist and Katrina fuck. Their chemistry very alive.  
Her legs wound around him, he thrusts into her, vigorous -  
-He is with her. Their eyes locked.

This, long a crucial part of their attraction...or Is  
it...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

BETH CAMEROTA, 30s, a smoky-eyed brunette at the bar  
drinking a gimlet. The inappropriate snugness of her  
sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality. She's  
a little weathered in the face, probably someone's mom,  
still cocksure beautiful.

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She's in mid-conversation, enamoured with (PAN TO) Clark

**EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT**

A STORM sweeps across the SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO...  
LIGHTNING flashes, THUNDER rolls...

A would-be RAPIST lurks behind some shrubbery, watching  
as Marta heads inside, whom will come to know as ARTY  
O'DELL, 20s.

Katrina, wet, having just gotten out of the shower,  
shrugs on a long, elegant silk robe. She sits at a lit  
vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

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Marla kicks off her sexy heels, unzips her wet dress. At  
a sound of a knock, she pauses, goes to the door.

MARLA

Just a minute.

She gets to the door, peers out the glass, standing  
aside, opens it...

He throws her down on the bed, her robe open, her naked  
body is perfect. Attempting to fight him off, she  
scratches his face, tears his nylon. It's of no use as he  
pushes her down into the bed,

The FIGURE raises his elbow to forearm, and smashes her  
head, and face. It's savage, fast, bloody

**INT. KATRINA'S BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A romantic bedroom suite. Champagne rests in an ice bath.

Katrina, wet, just out of the shower, slips into a long,  
silky robe. Sits at a vanity, moisturizing her sexy legs.

On a bedside table, she grabs a stack of mail, slices  
into one with an ice-pick, nonchalantly, glances at it,

She jerks at an almost imperceptible noise from below.

A beat, lays the ice-pick atop the mail on the table,  
steps into sexy heels.

**INT. KATRINA'S BEACH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

INT. KATRINA'S HOME - FOYER/STAIRS - NIGHT

He grabs Katrina and throws her across the room. She hits the wall with a CRASH!

He rushes Katrina, pinning her up against the wall.

She knees him in the crotch but he grabs her by the throat and pulls her down with him.

She kicks the Intruder, gets up, running for the stairs.

His gloved hand grabs her ankle. Another draws the blade whose jagged edge glints from some unknown light.

Katrina crawling backward up the stairs, before throwing kicks with her stilettos, catching him the face.

A second is bought and she turns to run past him when he gropes for her robe, missing her sexy shoes by inches as she ascends the stairs.

The bedroom door slams behind her as he gives chase.

**INT. KATRINA'S BEACH HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Katrina locks the door as the Rapist slams into it.

The sound changes. Before a shoulder blow, now it is made by a boot. The jamb begins to splinter. An instant later.

He bursts through the door and throws her onto the bed. The knife against her throat. Her eyes wide with terror.

He's calm. Unhurried. His TEETH rip a condom open - spit the wrapper out - He pulls his pants down,

She gasps! Or is it a moan? A rape in progress. He buries himself in her neck, focused, intense, eager to please.

Katrina looks away, her arms reaching for something....

Seizes the ice-pick near the ice bucket. Stabs him in the back, his body stiffens, a look of betrayal on his face --

In a gut-wrenching motion rolls over on top of him, her erect nipples akimbo, ice-pick curled around her fingers, rides him like a pro, crazed even

There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him. He opens his mouth and begins to scream--

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CONTINUED:

The ice-pick flashes in the dark. Again and again.  
Strangled CRIES of PAIN mix with PLEAS for MERCY --

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

The usual landmarks: Alcatraz Island, Coit Tower,  
Fisherman's Wharf.

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo explodes through the  
hilly, narrow streets of San Fran, Hometown to Maupin,  
and the Zodiac Killer.

**EXT. KATRINA'S MANSION- NIGHT**

Our now posh neighborhood is a full-on crime scene:  
POLICE TAPE, SQUAD CARS, forensic techs, looky-loos.

DETECTIVE BRYCE "ROBBIE" ELLIS, 40s,, the kind of MAN who  
wears cowboy boots with his jeans and sports coat, ducks  
under the tape, crosses to --

MALLORY CAMEROTA, 30s, the police psychologist, a  
cocksure beautiful brunette, just getting out of the  
Mustang Bullitt. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath  
dress accessorized with classic pumps matches her tightly  
wound personality.

She shares a warm embrace

PIPPA

Bryce.

BRYCE

I'm in so much pain it's  
sickening. Sciatic nerve on my  
left side pinched in the hip and  
at the knee. Had the right side  
deadened with sympathetic nerve  
block #6. I'm loaded up on  
roxicodone and percocets and just  
took a 2mg xanax to try and relax.  
Ice not working. So if I offend  
anyone today -- it might be I'm  
agitated so pre-apologies.

Detective BRYCE WALCOT 40s, fit, handsome, the kind of  
MAN who wears cowboy boots with his jeans and sports  
coat, ducks under the tape, crosses to --

MALLORY CAMEROTA, 30s, the police psychologist, A very-  
good-looking, dark-haired woman, just getting out of the  
Mustang Bullitt.

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The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with sultry "fuckme" pump" matches her tightly wound personality.

*A true police professional: direct, no bullshit, Jack Webb would've married her. her shield 'round her neck.*

BRYCE

Why is it when I see you I feel like I wanna scream sexual harassment.

PIPPA

Bryce. Nice to see you.

Mallory shares a warm embrace with Bryce.

**INT. KATRINA'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Bryce escorts mallory through the crime scene, now a hive of activity, with uniformed officers and forensic specialists working.

PIPPA

Whatta we got?

BRYCE

A body.

PIPPA

Pertinent?

BRYCE

DOA's Arthur Remmington, 53, Developer, and CEO of some firm who deal in statistical analyst in data reconfiguration. Whatever the hell that means. Listed in Forbes, Fortune 500. He's got interest in half the San Fernando Valley.

(then)

Body's upstairs. Possible witness.

*As they head upstairs, the run into --*

*CAPTAIN WENDELL LEE, 50, black, conservative, tough, by the book, escorts POLICE COMMISH ROBERT BARNES, 50s, distinguished and imposing.*

Barnes stares at Pippa, not happy.

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CONTINUED:

BARNES

Anderson. I thought you were on  
Administrative leave.

CAPT. LEE

Mayor Panabaker had her re-  
reinstated her, sir. Probationary  
period. We're short handed, not to  
mention she's a retired FBI  
criminal profiler and we could  
really use her help.

PIPPA

You look disappointed.

BARNES

I want that leash kept tight on  
her.

Pippa senses the snark, throws him a fuck you smile.

**INT. KATRINA'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Buzzing with CRIME SCENE PERSONNEL. Pippa enters.  
Detectives JOHN STARK, 30s, a smug, resentful prick. A  
bully, approaches.

JOHN

Look what the cat dragged in.

Pippa takes it in: whatever is between them is intense,  
and barely hidden. It's also not her problem.

SAMANTHA (SAMMY) RUBENSTEIN, 40s, steps up behind them; a  
gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men,  
women, and liquor.

Mallory studies the scene. She's deliberate. Thoughtful.

JOHN

Look all you want, but he's pretty  
dead and that tends not to change  
much.

Arthur lays... just as we left him... dead to the world.

The M.E. DR. ARCHIE LEONE, a Middle-Eastern, making a  
graceful transition towards 50, jots down annotations. A  
slight British accent.

MALLORY

Archie.

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CONTINUED:

PRIYA

Mallory. Preliminary COD, massive hemorrhaging.

(re: vibrator)

Hmmm. I wonder how much it costs.

MALLORY

Roughly \$15,000. We can safely rule out robbery.

*Lee joins them.* Mallory inspects the body, to the shock of everyone.

MALLORY

Multiple stab wounds to the upper quadrant. Defensive wounds noted on left and right hands. Left carotid artery was punctured. Size and depth of punctures are consistent with that.

John holds up the bloody ice-pick already bagged and tagged.

She notes a CRIME TECH, scraping DNA off the patio glass.

MALLORY

So, who found the body?

JOHN

The responding officers. A neighbor reported a prowler fleeing the scene. We canvassed the neighborhood. But nothing.

Holly holds up the wallet inside an evidence bag.

HOLLY

We found this. No identification, just three hundred in cash.

ARTEMESIA

Whoever he is, you need to find him. The killer has a head start.

LEE

Agent Hennessy. The scene bares an eerie resemblance to the opening of Jade. Only she did a hatchet job on him.

ARTEMESIA

You're jumping to a lot of conclusions... don't you think?

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LEE

Notta. Third shoe to drop.

ARTEMESIA

She's smart. She's playing a game -- catch me if you can. Gotta say, she's doing a damn good job, or I wouldn't be here.

JOHN

What're you!? A fuckin' fan.

ARTEMESIA

If she did do it, she's a risk taker. Believe it or not, it's a good thing.

Artemesia TEXT to Marla: "Wrapping up mtg- be there soon." They are too shocked to speak.

ARTEMESIA

We're creatures of habit. And so are lust killers. Obsessive compulsive. When they torpedo code of conduct -- it means they're growing reckless. That's when we catch them. It's always darkest before the dawn.

PIPPA

Got a time of death?

ARCHIE

I'd say no more than two hours.

**INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The room is dark... a huge picture window, the glittering carpet of lights that is the San Francisco skyline.

Sounds of SEX. Fevered gasps...pleasured moans...

A dirty blonde, just flashes of her face, and ETHAN, 20s, athletic, are fucking. She maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power position.

Camera comes to a pair of blue jeans. Just as Blonde's hand reaches down from the giant FOUR POSTER BED. Pulls the belt from the loops...

Camera RISING UP... with the belt... to see it slide like a snake across her body...

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CONTINUED:

She's tying his hands to the bedposts. Her erect NIPPLES brushing against his lips, face.

Ethan watches as this powerful force of nature takes charge. He's both scared and turned-on.

Once he's tied, she pulls a long black silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow...

Blonde wraps it loosely around Ethan's neck, then swings the slack across the bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists... pulls ever-so-slightly --

There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

She moves, fucking him, throws her head back, watches their sex in the mirror above the bed - briefly, then...

Now she's tugging and pulling on the silk, it's hard to tell if she's doing it unwittingly, or on purpose, but...

The scarf tightens against his throat. Ethan GASPS, his face distorted, choking.

His body SPASMS violently, an epileptic seizure of sorts. Blonde fucks his brains out, her pleased moans mixing with his sickening 'guttural' sounds.

And we see it all. No cut aways. No chance to alleviate the brutality. Taking as long as it takes to strangle someone to death.

A horrid gurgling sound and then... culminating in a loud orgasm. Ethan stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

She collapse on top, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

**EXT. HOME - NIGHT**

A middle-class neighborhood. POLICE TAPE, looky-loos. Black-and-whites are joined by a Fire Department EMT unit as well as a coroner's van.

Detective BRYCE WALCOT -- mid-40s, rumped, cynical, receding hairline, ducks under the tape, crosses to --

MALLORY CAMEROTA, 30s, the police psychologist, just getting out of the arriving Mustang Bullitt. The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress accessorized with designer fuckme pumps. All legs, this very-good-looking, dark-haired woman. Way hot... but cold as steel.

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Pippa almost cracks a smile at this. DR. ELIZABETH GARDNER, the police psychologist, is a very good-looking, dark-haired woman. She is 30.

*Pippa, just getting out of the arriving Mustang Bullitt. PO shield hangs 'round ehr neck.*

*She reaches around back and clips on a patent leather holstered sidearm with an "FBI MEMORIAL STAR,"*

Pippa studies a photo of Arthur and some good-looking blonde, really good-looking. Presumably his wife.

JOHN

At least we have a suspect. His estranged wife, Dr. Katrina Seagrove. Sex therapist and best-selling author.

PIPPA

How convenient.

CAPT. LEE

Do you have an intuitive feeling on this, Anderson? Is that your hesitation?

PIPPA

It's got to be a psycho. A knife, a strangle job. They need a personal contact. The satisfaction of being right in there... They never just stab once. Once they start they can't stop.

They all turn to see POLICE CHIEF GLORIA FLYNN - 40s, attractive but very good at hiding it - walking in.

CAPT. LEE

Chief,

CHIEF FLYNN

Mayor's not happy. Dead pillars of the community go national. I'll issue a short statement. Send all reporters to the PIO.

Pippa notices something peculiar under the bed. It's just out of reach. FINDS a vial with white powder. Tastes it.

PIPPA

A pillar? Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chief Flynn measures her for a beat...and nods.

CAPT. LEE

Listen up. The Chief? She wants a full court press on this.

CHIEF FLYNN

What do you think?

PIPPA

If the killer is as smart as I think she is -- you'll find prints. She'd be crazy not to. Either way, it's a homicide.

CHIEF FLYNN

You sure about that? What if I told you one of my detectives had other ideas?

PIPPA

Then I'd say you need a better detective.

CHIEF FLYNN

Hear that, John She thinks I should fire you.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A gleaming white PORSCHE 911 Turbo explodes through the hilly, narrow streets of San Fran, Hometown to Maupin, and the Zodiac Killer.