

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dim light... Incense burns... the room is Marquis De Sade-
esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...

A dirty blonde, just flashes of her face, and ARTHUR, 50,
salt and pepper hair. He's working to keep up. Sex with
Blonde is intense, exhausting.

She maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power
position. He's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on
the verge of a coronary.

Clutches his chest, as if he were having a heart attack.

She grabs both his hands with one of hers and clamps them
above his head... reaches down from the giant FOUR POSTER
BED, a silk scarf in hand...

He strains to talk, struggles against the silk binding
his hands to the BED.

She pulls a long silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow
and wraps it around his neck... drapes the slack over the
bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists...

She pulls, ever-so-slightly. It tightens against his
throat. Arthur is very frightened and tries to get free.

There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.
She moves, obviously fucking him again.

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

Arthur 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, Arthur stops moving.
HE'S DEAD. She collapse atop, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

A crash startles her, who looks towards the patio doors --

INT. BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dim light... Incense burns... the room is Marquis De Sade-
esque... a Louis XIV chair... African fetish dolls...

On a bed, a couple are fucking.

The woman, blonde hair obscuring most of her face, and
ARTHUR, 50, salt and pepper hair. He's working to keep
up. Sex with Blonde is intense, exhausting.

She maneuvers her way on top, assuming the power
position. He's red in the face, sweating, perpetually on
the verge of a coronary.

She climbs off the bed. Finds stockings in a bureau.

He shifts back. She grabs his wrists. He struggles a bit.
She ties his wrists together. He groans, winces.

She fastens his bound wrists to the headboard. Now his
ankles, girded individually, tied spread eagle to the
footboard.

She pulls a long silk scarf from under an adjacent pillow
and wraps it around his neck... drapes the slack over the
bedposts, coils the ends around her wrists...

She pulls, ever-so-slightly. It tightens against his
throat.

He's excited, but scared. That look of fear excites her.
There's an erotic perversity in the way she watches him.

She moves, obviously fucking him again.

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

He gasps, his face distorted, choking. Blonde rides him
like a pro. Crazy, even. His body SPASMS violently, an
epileptic seizure of sorts.

Pleasured moans mixing with 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, Arthur stops moving.
HE'S DEAD. She collapse atop, post-orgasmic aftershocks.

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

The road flies by, racing up to greet us, a plethora of reds-and-blues as --

A MUSTANG BULLITT - the Steve McQueen car. OK, wrong color, speeds through the Hometown to Maupin, and the Zodiac Killer. Its lights paints the usual landmarks: Alcatraz Island, Coit Tower, Fisherman's Wharf.

Quite possibly the sharpest cop car on the planet.

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, A very-good-looking, dark-haired woman, just getting out of the Mustang Bullitt. 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.

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.

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

Sydney shares a WARM EMBRACE with DETECTIVE ROBERT "ROBBIE" ELLIS. 35, fit, handsome, the kind of MAN who wears cowboy boots with his jeans and sports coat.