

Be Positive

Written by

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Draft 7

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EXT. FARM FIELD - SUNSET

WOMAN #1 runs through the frame panting heavily.

BEAT.

Mid-30's masked CARL runs into frame, pauses.

Carl bends over with his hands on his knees, trying to catch his breath. In his hand, a short rope. He stands up.

CARL
How is she so fast?

Woman #1 is still running away as she spots an open barn, she stops looks around, then runs inside.

Carl enters the barn after her.

INT. BARN - BLUE HOUR

Carl approaches the woman as she backs into the corner.

CARL
Big mistake.

Carl pulls the rope tight making a SNAPPING SOUND.

WOMAN #1
Please! You don't have to do this.

Woman #1 scans the room, looking for any sort of advantage. She spots a scythe on the wall. CAMERA CRASH ZOOMS IN as she grabs it off the wall.

Carl is still approaching her slowly.

Woman #1 stiffens her stance, holding the scythe high above her head, and swings it down, slicing right through Carl's rope.

CARL
Dammit! Why did you have to do that?!

Woman #1 stands still, shocked yet slightly relieved. Carl pulls out his phone and calls his friend.

INSERT CLOSE ON Carl's phone with a contact image of Tony the Tiger.

CARL (cont'd)
Give me one second please.

As the phone rings, he holds up his finger signaling for the woman to wait.

Carl's friend answers. We hear MUMBLING ON the other END.

CARL (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hey man, I'm going to need your help
today.

Beat.

CARL (cont'd)
Yeah, I know. I'm really trying here.

Woman #1 makes a break for it. Without removing the phone from his ear, Carl quickly cuts her off. Startled, Woman #1 backs into the corner again letting the scythe slip from her hands.

WOMAN #1
(crying)
Please, please, please, don't do
this. I have my whole future ahead of
me. I don't have kids but I could
some day. Please don't kill me.

CARL
Look, I can't let you get away, okay.

Carl grabs the scythe.

CARL (cont'd)
(into phone)
Sorry about that. Yeah... she tried
to get away. No I didn't let her go.

Woman #1 still crying slowly losing hope.

CARL (cont'd)
Yeah, I know our deal. So are you
going to come here and help me or
not?

Beat.

CARL (cont'd)
Yeah...Yeah...I'll pay you back for
the beers. Okay. Okay. Okay bye.

Carl hangs up and turns to Woman #1, he steps towards her, looming over her. Woman #1 recoils and drops to her knees clenching her stomach.

WOMAN #1
Please don't. I'll do anything.

Right as Woman #1 reaches for mercy. Carl swings the scythe down clean through her neck. CAMERA CRASH ZOOMS OUT right as the scythe clears her neck.

Her body and head fall in different directions. Blood sprays everywhere.

Beat.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Carl's legs begin to shake. He then takes one step forward, lifts his mask, vomits, and then passes out into his own vomit.

CUT TO TITLE

Be Positive

EXT. CARL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Carl exits his apartment building. He is wearing loose fit trousers and a buttoned-up oxford shirt. Clean yet boring.

His stride carries a sense of shyness, and his posture is pulling his head forward.

EXT. CITY - SIDE WALK - MORNING

Carl is walking down the sidewalk. He accidentally bumps into a PEDESTRIAN.

The Pedestrian stops to confront Carl.

PEDESTRIAN
(frustrated)
Excuse me, do we have a problem?

Carl steps back to avoid confrontation.

CARL
No, no problem at all. I'm sorry.

Carl scurries away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Line out the door.

Carl is next in line as the barista signals for the next customer.

Carl hesitates for a brief moment. Someone else cuts Carl and begins their order.

Carl stands there and accepts his fate.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR BAY

Carl is standing with a group of people waiting for the next available elevator.

The elevator arrives, and all of the people quickly rush in. There is just enough space for one more person.

A kind-looking woman gestures for Carl to come in.

CARL
No thanks, I'm good.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Carl as he exits the empty elevator and walks through his office to his desk.

As he walks and looks around, there are a plethora of things that a cool, ultra-hip tech office would have. Snacks, coffee machines, lounge areas.

INT. CARL'S DESK - DAY

Carl sits down at his desk, logs into his computer, then pulls out his phone and begins scrolling.

SANDRA, a beautiful ,dark haired, elegant woman, is in the background, twirling her hair and looking at him.

They are both obviously older than everyone else.

SANDRA
(flirtatious)
So Carl, what did you do this weekend?

Carl is still looking at his phone, not really paying attention.

CARL
What?

SANDRA
I was just wondering what you did this weekend.

Carl puts his phone down to entertain the conversation.

CARL
Oh, you know the usual. Just watched
some movies and hung out.

SANDRA
What movie did you watch?

Carl is back on his phone.

CARL
It was called *Magnolia*.

SANDRA
Oh, who's in it?

CARL
It's a stacked cast. You know Tom
Cruise, Phillip Seymour Hoffman, and
Julianne Moore.

SANDRA
What is it about?

Looking up from his phone.

CARL
You know. I don't really know.

SANDRA
Hmm, maybe I'll check it out.

CARL
Yeah, it's pretty good.

Awkward BEAT.

Carl scans the room for a moment.

Sandra looks directly at him, clearly in love.

CARL (cont'd)
Well, I've got to get back to work
now.

SANDRA
Oh, okay, yeah, me too.

They both turn around, face their computers, and go on their
phones.

Right as Carl goes to look back at his phone, enter FRED.

FRED
Good morning, sirs and sirrettes.

CARL
Hey, good morning.

SANDRA
Good Morning Fred!

Fred gives Sandra a nod as he sits down at his desk. Carl leans over to Fred.

CARL
(whispering)
Did everything work out with the barn lady?

FRED
The who and what now?

CARL
The lady from when I called you the other night.

Fred pats Carl on the shoulder

FRED
Oh yeah, don't even worry about that, everything was all good and dandy. I even left my oranges.

CARL
Okay, good, thanks for helping me out like that.

FRED
No problem, buddy. So, are you coming tonight?

CARL
Going where?

FRED
You know. The SKA meetup.

CARL
SKA? Like the horns music.

FRED
No SKA as in C.K.A, you know, cereal like Lucky Charms. They're magically delicious.

Fred makes a hinting face gesture.

CARL

Oh SKA. Yeah I'll be there, Sorry, I haven't had my second coffee yet.

Sandra butts in.

SANDRA

I love ska music. Can I come?

Carl and Fred turn to Sandra and answer at the same time.

CARL & FRED

No!

FRED

(to Sandra) No one actually likes SKA music anyway. (to Carl) It's at 8 o'clock.

CARL

Sounds good.

Sandra turns around, a little distraught by the response, but still full of hope.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Carl enters and sits down. The room has a modern, cold styling to it.

INSERT - DERRICK'S NAME PLAQUE

DERRICK Carl's Therapist and Psychiatrist sits down, sighs, and opens his notebook.

Derrick is well-dressed, and gives off smart frat guy energy.

DERRICK

Let's get this party started, shall we?

Carl nods and shifts his position.

DERRICK

Look Carl, you don't want to be here, and I don't want to be here, but we both have to be here. So you might as well give me something, alright. We've been at this for a while, and you're kind of wasting my time bro.

CARL

I want to be here. I literally pay you money to be here.

DERRICK

Oh, well then, it's just me who doesn't want to be here. To be honest, I don't even know why I do this job anymore. But you are paying me, so let's try to get something done. Does that sound good?

CARL

Yeah, I guess so.

DERRICK

Awesome. So let's start with something positive. Let's talk about your goals.

CARL

Okay

DERRICK

Is there anything currently in your life that you are excited about? A new project? (winks) Perhaps a female?

CARL

Not really. There is this group event thing I am going to later today with a friend.

DERRICK

A friend? Okay, that is something new. What's his name and what is it about?

Carl nervously chuckles

CARL

It's a uh... taxidermy event and my friend's name is Fred.

DERRICK

Fred and Taxidermy?

CARL

Yes.

DERRICK

Really? Taxidermy? Dead animals and shit.

CARL

Yes.

DERRICK

Okay. What makes you so interested in taxidermy?

CARL

I like the idea of helping things live or be remembered forever.

DERRICK

That's actually kinda interesting. Do you want to be remembered?

Carl pauses in existentialism.

CARL

YES, I want to be remembered forever. I want to do something that people will talk about for as long as possible.

DERRICK

Why do you want to be remembered?

CARL

I'm a bit of a nihilist, so if nothing matters, might as well do something that people talk about. Otherwise, there is literally no point. I know it's contradictory, but that's sort of who I am.

BEAT.

DERRICK

Right...

CARL

Like your job. (gestures to Derrick)
It's meaningless. You just talk to people all day about nothing.

DERRICK

Yeah, it is pointless. But hey, you're the one who's paying me. So what does that say about you?

BEAT.

CARL

I want to be remembered through the echoes of time.

Carl waves his hand through the air, emulating the idea of time.

DERRICK

The echoes of time. I see. Okay...
Well, what do you think is holding
you back?

CARL

I have this fear, you see. One that
some consider ridiculous or
irrational. I wouldn't say it is
holding me back in the sense of my
day job, but in all other aspects of
my life, it is. It's really ruining
my sense of identity.

DERRICK

A fear of what exactly?

CARL

Blood

DERRICK

Blood?

CARL

Yes blood.

DERRICK

Are you serious? LOL, tell me more
about this. What happens when you see
blood?

CARL

Well, I usually puke, or pass out,
but most of the time it's both.

DERRICK

Okay. How much blood does it take for
those things to happen?

CARL

I've never really tested that. I
would guess about a teaspoon, but
sometimes even just a drop can make
me feel sick. I got a paper cut once,
and I was able to get over it. So I
think a little bit more than that.

DERRICK

Okay. How often does this come up in
your day-to-day life?

CARL

Well, a lot more than you might think. I am also trying this new taxidermy thing, which has been extremely difficult.

DERRICK

What about just seeing the color red?

CARL

No, the color doesn't really bother me. I do prefer not to wear it, though.

DERRICK

Okay, that's interesting. What about scary movies that have a lot of blood in them? You know, like uh the one about the loser girl and pig's blood.

CARL

Carrie?

DERRICK

Ah, yes, *Carrie*, what about movies like that?

CARL

I won't have my full reaction like the puking or passing out to movies, but they do make me uncomfortable and queasy, so I try to avoid them.

DERRICK

Okay, well, let me summarize what we have here so that I can make sure I got it all in my head. You have an irrational fear of blood. It takes about a tablespoon or sometimes less for you to have a reaction, and that reaction ends in you both vomiting and passing out. Lastly, you encounter this regularly because you are trying a new hobby of taxidermy.

Derrick pulls out his phone and googles the symptoms.

CARL

Yeah, I puke and then pass out immediately after. Also, I said a teaspoon, not a tablespoon.

DERRICK
(reading off his
phone)

Well, according to WebMD, you suffer from Hemophobia. The definition is an extreme irrational fear of blood. I'm going to go out on a limb here and officially diagnose you with this phobia.

Derrick fills out a short diagnosis sheet and hands it to Carl.

CARL
You know what, I've never thought to look up what it was called, but I guess it is official. I've been dealing with this since I was a kid, so this being official actually makes me feel better. I thought I was just crazy.

Carl fake laughs.

DERRICK
Huh... Well, we will have to unpack that and the whole taxidermy thing more next week, as we are out of time. This was a good start and the best session you have ever had bro.

CARL
Sounds like a plan to me. Thank you.

Carl exits the office.

Derrick flips through his notebook. Sighs

DERRICK
Deborah. You can come in now.

DEBORAH walks in, sits down, and stares at Derrick directly in the eye.

Part of her head is shaved, and she is missing an eyebrow.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Carl and Fred are walking along a darkly lit, secluded sidewalk, chatting as buddies do.

CARL
How often do you feel the need?

FRED

The need for what?

CARL

You know...The need.

FRED

Ohhh, you mean the need for (pause)
SPEED! I don't know about once a
month, usually. Sometimes more if
someone really catches my eye. What
about you buddy?

CARL

Almost all the time. Everywhere I
look I feel a little voice in the
back of my mind saying, "She's a good
one." or "What about her?" Sometimes
I even think about converting guys
too.

FRED

Wow, your demon runs deep, don't it?

CARL

Yeah, I guess so.

FRED

You know what's funny?

CARL

No, what?

FRED

You have one of the strongest urges I
have ever known, and yet you're
afraid of blood. It's a real
Shakespearean tragedy.

CARL

Yeah. It's like the killing is my
Romeo and I'm Juliette.

FRED

Why did you make yourself the girl?
It would have worked the other way,
you know.

CARL

I don't know.

FRED

You know, watching that movie in school was the first time I ever saw a pair of tits in public.

CARL

What are you talking about?

FRED

In the movie. We watched in school, and it shows the girl naked for a brief moment.

CARL

We watched the Leonardo DiCaprio one at my school.

FRED

What!? That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

CARL

Yeah, I guess you could say that. There were definitely no tits. Just a lot of Leo.

FRED

Hot take. Leo is a bad actor.

Carl and Fred walk up to a large warehouse

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

FRED

You ready?

CARL

I guess so.

FRED

Alrighty, let's go.

They enter the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE- FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

Carl and Fred enter a nearly pitch-black room. There is a single MASKED MAN sitting at a small table in the center of the room. There is one spotlight directly above him and a box in front of him.

Carl and Fred walk up to him.

MASKED MAN #1
Welcome back, Tony. (gesturing
towards FRED). You

He points to CARL.

MASKED MAN #1 (cont'd)
YOU! (pause) You are new. You must
select a name. (gestures at the box)

Carl approaches the box as he nervously glances over at
Fred.

Fred gives him reassurance.

Carl reaches in and pulls out a small box of *Honey Nut
Cheerios*. The masked man raises his arms to praise the
heavens.

MASKED MAN #1 (cont'd)
You have selected Honey Nut Cheerios.
From this day forward, you will be
known as Bee. You know, the mascot on
the box

MASKED MAN #1 Gestures to Buzz Bee on the box.

CARL
Okay. Thank you.

The Man hands them both masks and robes with their cereal
name tags, and they enter the main room.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SACRED WORSHIP ROOM - NIGHT

Carl and Fred enter a large room as the CAMERA SWEEPS OVER
them, showing a large cult-like room filled with relics and
patterned cardinal and gold carpet.

Carl notices in the back of the room, there is a massive
black leather book on an altar with a spotlight on it.

Carl and Fred stop to look at the book before approaching a
circled group of about 15 people.

At the head of the circle is a person wearing a white mask
and a Captain Crunch pin. This is CAPTAIN CRUNCH.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Welcome, brother and sisters, to SKA.

ALL THE MEMBERS

We are the cleansers of humanity. We
alone are destined to live forever in
the great purpose of the cleanse. We
are Serial Killers Anonymous

Carl and Fred just look without reciting the saying.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

We have a new member here today.
(pointing at CARL) YOU. Introduce
yourself.

CARL

Hello, I'm Ca... I mean, I'm Buzz.
You know, like the Bee on the box,
and I'm excited to bee here.

Carl stands there expecting someone to get his pun. No one
acknowledges it.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

Let's welcome our newest member.

ALL THE MEMBERS

WELCOME. WELCOME. WELCOME.

Carl looks around and notices all the members have different
kinds of cereal pinned to their chests.

Everyone sits down as Captain Crunch begins the meeting.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH

So let's start with the usual. An
update on numbers in each district.

As the members go around sharing their kill numbers, Carl
leans over to Fred.

CARL

(whispering)

Isn't the whole cereal thing sort of
childish?

FRED

(whispering)

It's just code names. Look, these
guys are serious, so just go with it,
okay.

CARL
(whispering)
Okay fine. So is this group like the
guys who did the Zodiac killings?
Wasn't that a group?

FRED
(whispering)
Sort of. But don't say that too loud.
That's the West Coast chapter. The
leader was kicked out of there. We
are supposed to hate them. East coast
versus West Coast type beef.

Fred throws up the blood symbol.

CARL
(whispering)
What do you mean by "kicked out".

Captain Crunch notices them talking and points directly at
Carl.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Excuse me! Do you (gesturing to Carl)
have any updates?

CARL
What do you mean?

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Have you made any completions in the
last two weeks?

CARL
Umm no. Not right now.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Then why are you here?

CARL
I have ambitions to, I promise. Next
time, I swear I'll have an update.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
You'd better. Phonies do NOT survive
here long. Tony (gesturing to Fred),
any updates?

FRED
Yes sir. District four reporting. Six
total completions, each with a symbol
left at the scene.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Completions and symbols. Everyone
(gestures the room) here should take
notes from our friend Tony here.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SACRED WORSHIP ROOM - LATER

End of the meeting. Everyone begins to stand up and stack their chairs.

Carl starts to walk out ahead of Fred.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Excuse me, Little Bee.

Carl keeps walking.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH (cont'd)
(angry)
EXCUSE ME.

Carl stops and turns around.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH (cont'd)
Please put your chair away.

Captain Crunch walks up behind Carl as he is stacking his chair.

He places his hand on Carl's back.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH (cont'd)
(into Carl's ear)
I'll be watching you.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Carl and Fred sit on the sidewalk next to one another, eating hot dogs with beers sitting beside them.

CARL
That Captain guy is crazy.

FRED
Yeah, he is a real wack job. But he
has the highest numbers of anyone
I've ever met. If you get on his good
side, he can really help you.

CARL
Why was he kicked out of the West
Coast chapter?

FRED

(starts eating his
second hot dog)

Well, I don't know if this is true,
but rumor has it, he stole that book
from the headquarters there.

CARL

The black book that was in the back
of the room?

FRED

Yeah, that book contains a list of
all of the world's most famous serial
killers. You know the obvious ones,
like John Wayne Gacy and stuff, but
here is the real kicker.

Fred takes a sip of his Coors Light.

FRED (cont'd)

That book not only has all the
killers that people know about, but
it also has the ones who remained
anonymous to the public. I'm talking
hundreds, maybe even thousands, of
cold case files would be solved
instantly if that book ever got
leaked. It's a true crime fan's wet
dream. Also, not all members want to
be famous like us; some of them like
the idea of remaining a mystery to
the world.

CARL

Why did he steal it?

FRED

No one really knows, but it did make
him the leader and now the keeper of
the book. I'm not really sure how all
the higher-level rules work.

CARL

I appreciate you inviting me, but I
have to get going now.

FRED

No problem, buddy.

Fred then pats Carl on the back, giving him reassurance.
Carl stands and walks away as Fred cracks another beer.

EXT. APPLE STORE - EVENING

Carl walks out of an Apple store with an Apple bag in hand. He walks about 20 feet down the sidewalk and stops.

He pulls out the iPhone brand out of the box, smiles, and right as he is about to open it.

CRASH

A THIEF shoves him. Grabs the new iPhone.

THIEF
(flashing the phone)
This is mine now!

The Thief takes off running.

Carl doesn't even try to chase him, knowing he has no chance of catching him.

As the Thief runs off, we notice CHLOE enter the frame. She's your cute next-door neighbor type of girl. Feminine but also casual and chill. She begins to check on Carl.

CHLOE
Oh my god. Are you okay?

CARL
Yeah, I'll be alright. I guess it's a good thing I got Apple Care after all. I'm Carl, by the way.

CHLOE
(extending her hand)
Chloe. It's nice to meet you.

BEAT.

CARL
So... are you getting a new phone?

CHLOE
I am, yeah. I just hope no one tries to steal it.

CARL
Yeah, you have to be careful.

BEAT.

CHLOE
Well I am going to go inside now.

CARL
Okay you do that.

Chloe exits.

Carl watches her for a moment, lost in a trance.

INT. CARL'S CAR - NIGHT

Carl is sitting in his car in a new set of clothes scrolling on his old cracked phone.

Carl is scrolling through someone's Instagram feed. The CAMERA RACK FOCUSES to reveal that it is Chloe's feed.

Carl scrolls through her feed, not liking or interacting with any of her posts, just looking at them intently.

INT. GROCERY STORE LATE - NIGHT

Chloe is shopping in the cereal section. There is no one around her. The store feels empty. She grabs a box of Fruity Pebbles and places them into her basket.

Carl walks behind her at the end of the aisle.

She walks a little further down the aisle looking at the peanut butter. Carl walks by again.

Chloe feels a presence. She looks up, turns around, and sees no one. She goes back to her shopping.

Carl walks by a third time.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Chloe exits the store. As she is getting situated and walking slowly, Carl is approaching from behind her. His presence grows bigger as he closes in. Chloe doesn't notice a thing.

Carl bumps right into the back of her. Chloe doesn't notice that it is Carl. As he bumps into her, CAMERA CLOSE ON Carl's hand scanning her purse with a flipper zero device.

CHLOE
Watch it! You asshole.

Carl keeps on walking.

CHLOE (cont'd)
Yeah, you'd better run.

CAMERA over Carl's shoulder, revealing that he has used the flipper device to create a location tracker on Chloe's phone.

Chloe begins to walk home carrying her groceries. It is very late, and there are very few people out. As she crosses the street, we see Carl following her.

Chloe feels him too. She turns around, and there is no one there.

She turns back around. Takes in a deep breath and takes off sprinting.

After a flurry of running as fast as she can, she runs into the lobby of her apartment. We see her through the window as the elevator door closes. Carl's shoulder enters the frame.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chloe exits the elevator and walks down the hall to her door.

CLOSE UP on Chloe using her phone as the key fob to her fancy apartment.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As she enters, she sets down her groceries and locks her door.

CHLOE
Alexa, play *Don't Smile* by Sabrina
Carpenter

Chloe begins to sing as she carries her groceries to the kitchen.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chloe begins to unload her groceries.

INSERT - CLOSE ON CARL'S DEVICE

Carl places the Flipper Device on the door lock, and it unlocks.

BACK TO SCENE

Chloe hears this. She pokes her head out from the kitchen and checks the front door.

CHLOE

Hello?

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chloe walks up to the door, and looks through the peephole, and checks the locks on the door.

Carl slides behind the curtains as she does this.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chloe walks back to the kitchen, finishes putting her groceries away, then grabs Alexa and walks to her bedroom to change.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We HEAR the SAME SONG playing again, except this time it is muffled by the shower.

As she is changing, we see Carl move to the kitchen. Where he can barely see her.

Chloe goes into the bathroom to shower she closes the door.

A NEW SONG begins to play.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carl knows he has a few minutes before she is done, so he comes out from hiding. He begins to walk around, taking a gander at all her photos and books scattered throughout.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carl then gets himself a glass of water, he then looks in the fridge and grabs a cheese stick and eats the whole thing without peeling it.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He walks over to the bathroom door and leans his head on it. listening to Chloe sing.

Carl has to sneeze. He holds it. He splashes his face with water.

BEAT.

The sneeze goes away.

We hear THE SHOWER and MUSIC turn off. Carl grabs a rolled up blanket from a pile, and right as Chloe opens the door, Carl slides under the bed.

Chloe gets into bed. She scrolls on her phone.

CAMERA PEDESTALS from her face behind her phone, right down to Carl under the bed.

CARL
(whispering to
himself)
You got this. Confidence is key.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Chloe is standing, looking at a pimple in the mirror, tightly wrapped in a towel.

She bends down out of frame.

Carl steps into frame reflected in the distance in the mirror.

Chloe stands back up. Carl is gone.

Chloe bends down again. Carl appears in the mirror. Close enough to grab her.

Chloe stands back up. Sees Carl and screams.

Carl lunges forward and wraps the rope around her neck.

Chloe grabs a pair of small nail scissors and attempts to cut the rope.

Carl has wrapped the rope in a copious amount of duct tape.

CARL
I knew this duct tape would work!

Carl pulls the rope tighter.

Chloe opens her bathroom drawer, and grabs a regular pair of scissors, and attempts to cut the rope.

Chloe struggles to cut through the tape for a moment before she loses her footing and slips, slamming her elbow down on the counter, accidentally stabbing herself in the jugular, sending the scissors deep into her neck.

Carl lets go.

Blood squirts onto the mirror.

With her last amounts of adrenaline, she turns and steps forward, clinging to Carl, spurting blood directly on his chest and face.

CARL (cont'd)
Every damn time...

WIDE ON CARL

Carl vomits through his mask, takes one step, and passes out.

On his way down, he hits his face/eye on the doorknob of the bathroom.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carl is sitting in the living room. He is wearing a fresh pair of clothes.

Fred enters.

FRED
Hey buddy. We have to run to the store. I'm fresh out of supplies.

CARL
Really? Now?

FRED
Yup. Sorry.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Fred pulls into the parking lot of a typical grocery store.

As he gets out, he notices a young man next to him scrolling on his phone with his window cracked.

Fred signals over to Carl.

FRED
(whispering)
Watch this.

Fred shouts and bangs on the young kid's window. Scaring him to death.

Fred and Carl start to walk into the store, while Fred cannot stop laughing.

FRED (cont'd)
Did you see his face?! What a coward.

They enter the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

CARL
Alright. What do we need?

FRED
You know just the usual stuff.

They walk around for a bit.

FRED (cont'd)
So, are you gonna get with Sandra or not?

CARL
What are you talking about?

FRED
Come on, buddy. She's a smoking hot chick, and she is totally into you.

CARL
I don't know. I really like her. But you know, with my blood thing, I'm not really confident to go out with a woman. Besides, maybe she's not my type.

FRED
Your type? Come on, bud. She's everyone's type. You're just coming up with excuses now.

CARL

Maybe. What happens if we start, you know? Getting frisky...and she is on her period. Then what?

FRED

You close your eyes and go to your happy place. Just like Chubs and Happy Gilmore.

CARL

You're a dick. Come on. Let's get what we need and get out of here.

SERIAL KILLER GROCERY SHOPPING - MONTAGE

Carl and Fred are wandering around a grocery store similar to Walmart, grabbing everything someone would need to clean up a murder scene. Over time, it becomes a beautiful bonding moment.

Carl grabs gloves while Fred grabs a 30 rack.

They walk into the cleaning aisle and grab mops, brooms, bleach, Lysol, dish soap, paper towels, and more.

Fred shoots a box of Scrub Daddy's into the cart like a basketball player.

Fred runs and jumps on the back of the cart and rides it like a child.

Carl is riding in the cart, holding the mop like he is the king of the store.

They are sorting through the oranges. Carl picks one. Fred denies it. Carl then grabs one that Fred has already selected and hands it to him. Fred denies it.

Fred is checking out the knives practicing his stabbing motion.

Carl looks at the collection of rope.

Carl and Fred exit the store with a full cart. Fred shotguns a beer in the parking lot.

INT. CHLOE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SUNSET

Carl sits at a small kitchen table with a bag of peas on his face and Fred across from him.

In the background, you see the woman's legs through the door with a small pool of blood.

On the table are all the things a young woman would have, with an obnoxiously large bowl of oranges.

FRED

So how many is that now? Eight, maybe nine.

CARL

Actually, only four, and none of them technically count as mine.

FRED

Well, sorry buddy, but you know the deal.

Fred cracks open a Coors Light.

FRED (cont'd)

Any time you call me for clean-up assistance, the kill becomes mine. With your kills on top of my own, I know I'm about to make the news. I can just feel it. One day, everyone will know me as the Orange Bowl Killer.

CARL

Can you remind me again why you place oranges at all of your crime scenes?

FRED

Really?! Again. I told you it's because there is this theory that in the movie *The Godfather* by the one and only Francis Ford Coppola, I might add. (salutes and drinks) That every time a murder or death is about to happen, you can see oranges in the scene prior to the death. I'm paying homage to the greatest movie ever made.

CARL

Oh yeah, now I remember you mentioning something like that. I still have never seen it.

FRED

Seriously. Look, if I am going to keep helping you. You have to see *The Godfather* and *The Godfather: Part 2*.

(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
We can pretend that the third one
doesn't exist.

BEAT.

Fred glances at the woman in the door, then kills the rest
of his beer.

Carl removes the bag of peas, revealing a dark black eye.

Fred tries to offer Carl a beer. Carl denies.

FRED (cont'd)
She was a real pretty one. I have to
admit you are better at the selection
and stalking part of the job. You
come up short where it counts, but
you've got the makings of becoming
something big.

CARL
Can you do one more thing for me?

FRED
Sure, what is it?

CARL
At the next meeting, can I claim this
one? You can have it for the public,
but in the meeting, can I at least
say this one is mine to get that
crazy ass Captain guy off my back.

FRED
I don't know about that bud. That's a
real gamble. It's only your second
meeting, so they might not fully
validate yet but they do eventually
ask for proof. These guys don't fool
around, so I'm gonna do it this one
and only time.

CARL
Thank you. You're a great friend, did
you know that.

FRED
Thanks, buddy.

BEAT.

CARL
Well, I am going to get going. My
head is killing me.

FRED

Alright buddy. I'll clean up here for ya. Make sure you watch the news tomorrow. My oranges will be front and center. Don't go on spilling any blood or something.

Carl smirks a sarcastic look at Fred, then gets up and exits the frame.

Fred smiles, cracks open another beer, and slams it.

FRED (cont'd)

Ahh! Ice Cold.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Carl is patiently sitting and waiting.

Derrick enters the room, then sits and grabs his notebook.

DERRICK

So, how have you been?

CARL

I've been good.

DERRICK

So I'd like to pick up from where we left of last week. You were mentioning an irrational fear of blood of some sort.

CARL

Yeah. I've had this fear ever since my brother passed when I was really little.

DERRICK

How did he pass?

CARL

Do we have to get into it?

DERRICK

(annoyed)

You're the one who is paying me. So we can try to help you or not. That's up to you my guy.

CARL

Okay.

Carl takes a deep breath.

FLASHBACK - INT. CARL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - CLOSET

YOUNG CARL is crouching behind a rattling water heater.

JACOB pops out and tags him.

JACOB
Tag! You're it.

Jacob runs, Carl chases after him.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Jacob rounds the corner, and Carl lunges, making slight contact with Jacob's back.

CARL
I got you. You're it.

JACOB
(running away)
Didn't feel it. Doesn't count.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Carl runs faster after him. He then dives, making slight contact.

CARL
I got you! Now you're it.

JACOB
No way! I'm too fast, doesn't count.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob runs around the island and stops to see his mother unloading the dishwasher.

CLOSE ON steaming knives blade up.

CLOSE ON Carl running angry and red in the face.

Carl rounds the corner of the kitchen island.

He runs full speed at Jacob's back.

CARL
(angry)
YOU'RE IIIIIITTT!!!

Carl shoves Jacob full force.

CAMERA POV tilting down into the knives

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Carl wipes a tear. Clearly still traumatized

CARL
It happened when I was seven years
old. My brother and I.

DERRICK
Holy shit...No wonder you're in
therapy. I mean, that sounds
terrible. How did your family handle
that?

CARL
Not good. It was my fault my brother
was dead, and it destroyed any
normalcy we had. My mother just
disappeared after that, and then it
was just my dad, who was not really
there anymore either.

DERRICK
(under his breathe)
It sort of was your fault.

Carl notices Derrick's remark but pretends he didn't.

CARL
My father began drinking a lot and
took out his frustration on me. I
found my solace in taking care of the
wild little animals I found.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FOREST - DAY

Young Carl is standing in the woods. He has some bruises on his face and arms. He bends down and grabs a wild rabbit and then suffocates it.

TILT UP to reveal him smiling. We hear the sound of the
RABBIT'S NECK SNAPPING.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

DERRICK

Was this fear present during
adolescence, or was it something that
came out later?

CARL

It has been there ever since that
accident. One of the hardest moments
it affected during my adolescence was
my first real date...

FLASHBACK - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ADOLESCENT CARL and his girlfriend are about to lose their
virginity. He reaches down on her to only discover blood on
his finger.

He sees it and pukes. Right as the puke is about to land on
her, cut back to the therapy office.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

DERRICK

How much of an impact is this fear
having on you now?

Derrick checks his phone, not really paying attention.

CARL

It has a major impact.

DERRICK

What do you mean by major?

CARL

It has completely destroyed my self-
confidence. I feel as though I won't
really believe in myself in any part
of my life until I get over this
fear. It's leaking into every part of
my life.

DERRICK

Give me a specific example of this?

CARL

For starters, I'm afraid to date again because women bleed and I can't handle that.

DERRICK

That's wild. Yeah, you gotta be about the red river, not against it. Where else does it affect your life?

CARL

You see, I am part of this uh group. We help clean the world of overpopulation, and we all share a passion for preserving life through taxidermy. Right now, I only observe the steps after the blood has been taken care of. I can't really participate properly.

DERRICK

Well, have you thought about ways to mask the blood? Almost like blinding yourself or tricking your brain into thinking it was not there. That could be through personal psychedelic (makes a shaka gesture) therapy or something even more creative.

Derrick checks his watch.

DERRICK (cont'd)

Would you look at the time? Looks like we will have to pick this up next week.

Derrick stands and rushes Carl out the door.

He sits down, grabs a hidden bottle of booze. Takes two large shots.

DERRICK (cont'd)

Next. Please come in.

Deborah from last time comes in and sits down. Her hair and eyebrow are slightly grown back.

She now has a face tattoo that reads "Carlos".

EXT. FARM FIELD - DAY

Carl is walking through a field, taking in the serene beauty. He pulls up his phone and reads it out loud.

CARL

Psilocybin mushrooms can be found
growing naturally on the bottom of
cow pies and horse manure.

Carl searches through the field looking at bugs, picking up cool-looking sticks, throwing rocks, and turning over cow pies.

After about an hour or so goes by, he turns a large cow pie over to find a solid eighth of mushrooms growing on it.

He takes a picture of the mushrooms. Submits the photo to Chat GPT, asking it if they are psilocybin mushrooms.

Carl waits for the chatbot to reply. After a beat, it does.

CHAT GPT

Great job! You found 4-phosphoryloxy-
dimethyltryptamine. Also known as
Psilocybin. You are so great at
finding things. Let me know if there
is any other drug you want to find.

EXT. BAR FILLED STREET - NIGHT

Carl exits a bar, stumbling ever so slightly to demonstrate that he is buzzed but not yet drunk. He pulls the bag of shrooms out of his pocket. He stares at them for a second, thinking.

He looks around to see if anyone is watching him. After a beat, he shoves the whole eighth in his mouth. He chews them, gags, and eventually swallows.

He walks down the street waiting for them to kick in. He spots a DRUNK LADY walking alone, stumbling, and probably a little too drunk to be walking alone. He approaches her.

CARL

Excuse me, miss. Are you okay?

DRUNK LADY

No, I am not okay. My friends ditched
me half an hour ago, and my heel
broke.

She holds up her broken shoe. Carl looks down, only now realizing she is walking barefoot.

CARL

Would you like some company on your
walk?

DRUNK LADY
You promise you're not a serial
killer?

CARL
(seriously)
Actually, I am.

DRUNK LADY
You're funny. Please walk me home,
and please don't kill me.

They laugh.

They begin to walk together down the street.

CARL
So what's your story?

DRUNK LADY
What do you mean?

CARL
You know the usual what do you do?
Where are you from and all that usual
crap?

Right as the woman begins to speak, the shrooms that Carl
took begin to kick in.

The world around Carl begins to wiggle, and things begin to
slow down. Almost as if there is added motion blur to
everything that moves.

He looks over at the woman as she rambles on. He just smiles
and nods.

CARL (cont'd)
That sounds interesting.

They keep walking as Carl takes in this newly discovered
perspective.

The lights around him begin to breathe and any patterns
around him, such as bricks or tree bark, move and melt.

He looks over at the woman to make sure she is still
talking. She is.

CARL (cont'd)
Wow...that's crazy.

DRUNK LADY

I know, right. Anyway, this is me.

Carl looks up at the building as it breathes and moves. He looks at the lady.

DRUNK LADY (cont'd)

Would you like to come upstairs with me for some tea? I love tea, and I am opening a new tea shop soon, so I need some test subjects.

Carl smiles and nods. Still motion-blurred.

As the woman begins to walk up the stairs, she trips and falls. She catches herself with her hands.

The one carrying the broken heel lands first, jamming the broken edge into her hand, causing her to cut her hand wide open.

She shouts.

DRUNK LADY (cont'd)

Ouch! I just hurt my hand. Look!

She holds her bloody hand about six inches away from Carl's face.

The blood begins to move and dance as Carl gets lost in it. The blood begins to dance off of her hand like something that smells good in a Chuck Jones cartoon. The stream of blood begins to dance up and around.

CUT TO:

The woman sees Carl just staring at her hand.

DRUNK LADY (cont'd)

Are you okay?

The blood then morphs into a mandala flower-type object. Carl is mesmerized by this and shoves his face right into the center of the flower.

CUT OUT OF

Carl's view back INTO REALITY to see Carl putting his nose inside an open wound.

DRUNK LADY (cont'd)

OUCH! What the fuck are you doing?

Carl then snaps back to reality. He rubs his face and looks at his hands, which are covered in blood. He vomits on her face and all over her chest. The vomit from Carl's perspective looks like flowers and confetti pouring out.

CUT BACK TO:

To the real world. The woman screams, then kicks Carl in the nuts, as he bends down to grab them she knees him in the face sending Carl back into the curb.

Carl's eyes roll back in his head. He passes out in the gutter, covered in flowers/vomit.

INT. CARL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

BIRDS EYE of Carl waking up in a slight daze. The lights are piercing the colors are vibrant and there is an eerie tightness around him.

CLOSE ON his feet touching the floor.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Carl brushes his teeth.

CLOSE ON Coffee pot turning on.

Carl is standing in an open, empty kitchen that is organized and spotless. He sips his coffee in silence.

He takes a sip and lets a big sigh of pleasure and tranquility, enjoying his silence and alone time.

The PHONE RINGS, jolting him out of his peace. He answers.

Faintly hearing FRED SPEAKING.

CARL

Hello? Hey, what's up Fred. No, the shrooms didn't work. Yeah, I had hoped so too. Well yeah, but I'm not giving up just yet. I have one more idea that I want to try. Probably later today. Thanks. Okay...okay bye.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Carl is standing at a rotating sunglasses display. He tries on a couple of pairs until he finds bright red glasses.

He pulls them off the display, revealing that they are shaped like hearts.

He flags down a STORE CLERK who blatantly looks like they do not want to be there.

CARL
(holding the heart
glasses)
Excuse me!? Is this the only style
you have in red?

STORE CLERK
Yeah probably.

CARL
Are you sure?

STORE CLERK
I don't know, maybe.

CARL
Could you go check in the back,
maybe?

The clerk stands there for a second. Turns around for a beat and then turns back around.

STORE CLERK
Yeah, we don't have any in back.

CARL
Okay...thank you.

Sandra walks by. Notices Carl. Smiles

SANDRA
Oh my god. Carl! Fancy running into
you here.

CARL
(still wearing the
glasses)
Oh, hey, how's it going?

SANDRA
I'm good. I like your cute new
glasses. Are they for a costume party
or something?

CARL
Yeah...LOL a costume party.

SANDRA

Speaking of parties. My friend is getting married in a couple weeks.

CARL

Oh cool. Tell them I said congratulations.

SANDRA

I have the option to bring a plus one, and I was thinking maybe, you would want to go with me. Like on a date.

CARL

I don't know. Going to a wedding as a first date seems like a bit much, don't you think?

SANDRA

Yeah, I guess you're right. I just figured since we know each other so well already. Perhaps we can get dinner before then?

CARL

I don't know. Maybe. I don't think I'd be a good match for you. You're pretty, smart, and funny, but I'm not really a confident and good guy, you know?

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)

Besides we work together don't you think that would be weird?

SANDRA

No, not all. The friend I mentioned that's getting married. They met at work.

CARL

Okay, well. I will think about it and let you know okay.

SANDRA

I'll take maybe! Thank you Carl you're so kind. Also I think you're a great guy.

CARL
Really?

SANDRA
Yes, of course.

CARL
Wow, thank you. Well, I have to get going now.

SANDRA
Okay see ya later. I hope you have a wonderful day.

EXT. CARL'S CAR - DAY

Carl gets into his car and checks himself out in the rear view mirror.

He drives off.

INT. SOPHIE'S LUXURY APARTMENT - EVENING

SOPHIE is watching some sort of reality TV show, lounging on her couch, scrolling on her phone. Over her shoulder, the curtain moves just enough to catch someone's attention.

Sophie continues doomscrolling on TikTok. The curtain moves again. Still nothing from Sophie.

CLOSE ON Carl inside the curtain, clearly frustrated.

He feels like he has to sneeze. He tries to fight it. He sneezes.

SOPHIE
(startled)
Is somebody there?

She stands up. Mutes the TV while grabbing a large coffee table book and approaches the curtain.

CLOSE ON CARL

CARL
(whispering to himself)
You can do this. You can do this.

She grabs it and opens it. Revealing Carl mask-less rocking his new sunglasses. He smiles.

She goes to hit him with the book, but he stops her. She screams and begins to run away.

Carl lunges after her, placing a plastic bag over her head. As he pulls on the bag, she tosses the heavy book into the air, hitting a large ceiling-mounted speaker.

The speaker falls directly onto Sophie's head, popping her skull like a balloon. Her brains and blood splatter everywhere, including all over Carl.

Carl steps back and takes a second to process what happened. He looks up at the speaker and then at the book. The book is titled "Big Ass Book of Fashion". He chuckles.

He examines the blood through his glasses and begins to feel more confident in his idea. He takes one firm step confidently. Then another. Then his legs get weak, and he falls backwards. As he falls backwards, he vomits and passes out.

INT. SOPHIE'S LUXURY APARTMENT - NIGHT

WIDE ON the Sophie's body on the floor next to Carl's.

We hear a KNOCK on the DOOR.

FRED
Hello, is anybody home?

Fred enters the room with a big smile on his face. He enters slowly while holding a tote bag of oranges in his hand and six pack with cleaning supplies under his arm. In his other hand, he is carrying a blanket and a bag of clothes.

He surveys the room.

FRED (cont'd)
Jesus Christ!

Fred then sets down his supplies and covers the body and blood with the blanket

Carl begins to wake up, sits up, and looks at Fred.

CARL
How did you know I was here?

FRED
Find my iPhone. I added you to my list the last time I found you passed out. You know Face ID.
(MORE)

FRED (cont'd)
I saw that your location was here and
hasn't changed in a couple hours.
Then I looked up who lived here, and
there was no way a woman like this
would date a guy like you, so I
figured you were on "business".

Fred hands Carl the new clothes.

FRED (cont'd)
I brought you some new clothes.

CARL
Thanks for showing up, and for the
record, a woman like this would
totally go for me. I'm a catch, okay.

FRED
Whatever you say, buddy.

CARL
Just clean up this mess for me,
please.

CAMERA DOLLIES in on Fred as he drops his oranges, smiles,
and cracks open a cold one.

MURDER SCENE CLEAN UP - MONTAGE

Carl and Fred divide and conquer while cleaning up the
murder scene.

CLOSE ON two beers being cracked open as the MUSIC begins.

Carl is in the bedroom away from the blood. Dusting and
removing any trace of fingerprints or DNA.

Fred is mixing a couple of dry powders together. He then
starts to sprinkle it over the blood. While he waits for the
solidification to take place, he spells his name in the
blood with a smiley face.

Carl opens the fridge and begins to make sandwiches for the
two of them.

Fred scrapes up the solidified blood. CUT TO Carl spreading
ketchup on the sandwiches.

Fred takes a drink of his beer. Carl also takes a drink.

Fred mops up the remaining blood, and Carl walks into the
room holding the sandwiches.

They both eat in silence.

Fred rolls up the body while Carl disinfects the kitchen.

Montage ends as Fred moves the body near the door, and Carl wipes down the coffee table and removes any chance of DNA.

INT. SOPHIE'S LUXURY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carl and Fred sit in the living room as they discuss their lives. The room is warm and inviting, there is a Yule log playing on the TV with soft lofi jazz in the background. The feeling is of good friends post-dinner party. They are both wearing gloves.

FRED

So, do you think you are ever going to get over this fear of yours?

CARL

At this point, I don't even know anymore. I hope so.

FRED

I mean, I'm not complaining. With your numbers and my own kills, I'm going to go down as one of the most famous serial killers of all time. But you're my buddy, and I do want to see you succeed.

CARL

I appreciate that. I really do, but I've had this issue ever since my incident when I was younger. I mean, just the other night, I threw up all over this woman who barely sliced her hand. I mean, I really threw up straight in her face.

Fred Chuckles. Carl looks at him annoyed

FRED

Sorry.

They pause for a beat and sip their beer accidentally in sync.

FRED (cont'd)

Maybe you need to lean into it instead of trying to hide it or cover it up.

CARL
What do you mean?

Fred opens another beer.

FRED
You know... face your fear. Just totally immerse yourself in it. Just become a super self-confident mofo, you know. You're afraid because you killed your brother, right?

CARL
Yeah...

FRED
Well, maybe you need to recreate that. I know that would be crazy, but maybe it will work.

CARL
Immerse myself, huh...? I'll think about that.

Carl finishes his beer.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Carl stands at his stove cooking dinner. We see that he is actually a bit of a chef. There are remnants of things that a chef would have out during preparation, such as a nice knife, cutting board, vegetable scraps being turned into stock, a well diced onion, and a seared salmon.

Carl is finishing his sauce as he de-glazes his pan. He pours it on the salmon, grabs a root beer from the fridge, and sits down to eat in front of his TV.

CARL
(quietly to himself)
Immerse my self...

Carl turns on his TV and opens a streaming app. (*Preferably the one of whoever buys this script.*)

He clicks on the movie *Alien* by Ridley Scott and begins to watch it.

He finishes all of his food.

Carl watches the chest buster scene. Flinches.

CARL (cont'd)
That's disgusting.

Carl exits the movie and looks for more. He clicks on *Evil Dead* (2013). Watches the whole movie, nearly falling asleep, until the last scene. When the blood begins to rain, he is locked into the screen. He gets a little queasy and turns it off.

He stumbles on the Godfather series.

He watches a little bit. We get to the horse head scene.

CARL (cont'd)
(shutting the TV off)
You know what, never mind.

He turns the TV off and goes to bed.

DREAM SEQUENCE - INT. CARL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carl is lying in bed. He then gets up and walks to the kitchen. When he gets to the kitchen, there are two dark figures standing there. A male and a female.

CARL
Hello, what are you doing in my house?

The figures just stand there. Carl starts to walk towards them, frightened. Carl then starts to get angry and brave. He starts to run towards the figures, charging them as if he is about to attack. Right as Carl lunges at the figures, they grab him and throw him into the dishwasher.

INT. DISHWASHER

Carl is standing inside a large dishwasher that is full of knives, forks, and spoons. The figures enter the dishwasher.

CARL
What do you want?

The figures' identities are revealed slightly. It is Derrick and his MOTHER.

CARL'S MOM
You killed your brother! My precious little angel.

DERRICK
It was your fault.

DERRICK & CARL'S MOM
It was all your fault.

The dishwasher begins to fill up with blood instead of water. Carl is swimming and panicking. Derrick and Carl's Mom continue to chant at him as the dishwasher fills. When it reaches the top, and we can no longer see Carl, he wakes up.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Carl and Fred enter the room. They grab their name tags, cloaks, and masks and then enter the main room.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carl and Fred walk into the same cult-like room as earlier. Everything looks exactly the same. Except this time, people are hanging out and casually talking. Captain Crunch is nowhere in sight.

CARL
What's going on?

FRED
Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you. These Wednesday meetings are the most excellent. The Captain is always an hour late to these ones, so we usually just hang out, talk, and even sometimes. (pause) Have beers. Except we all still follow the rules, no names, no personal details. You can usually tell if someone is a chick or dude, though. Sometimes they are even chick dudes if you catch my drift.

Fred bumps Carl in excitement as he pulls out a tallboy and cracks it open.

FRED (cont'd)
Yeah, people here can be pretty cool. It's that leader guy that scares the shit out of everyone. I'm not really sure why.

Fred points to a person wearing a HONEY SMACKS tag who is just sitting there eyeing the room and slightly shaking.

FRED (cont'd)

You do not want to mess with her.
That lady is literally insane. I
mean, like insane even compared to
us. Rumor has it she was the only one
who was given their name besides the
leaders. Some people think they gave
her Honey Smacks because they make
your piss stink, and she is batshit
crazy. Like piss stink crazy get it.
(laughs).

Carl nods and calmly points to another person who is wearing
HONEY COMB.

CARL

What makes her so crazy?

FRED

She kills everyone. You know how most
of us and all of the famous serial
killers stick to one type of person.
Like we tend to do it based on our
first victim and whatnot. You know
all the shit in that show
Mindhunters.

CARL

Yeah, like I only kill women for some
reason. I rarely have the urge for
anyone else so far.

FRED

Exactly. She kills everyone. When I
say everyone, I mean it. She kills
men, women, and (whispers) even
children.

They pause and watch Honey Smacks for a beat. She is looking
around the room. When she catches Carl and Fred's eye, they
look away.

CARL

(gestures to a large
man)

What's his deal? That guy is huge.
How does he blend in?

FRED

Oh, that's Big Joe. I don't think
that's his real name. Apparently, he
only kills with his bare hands, but
he is the nicest guy in the world.
One of those gentle giants, you know.

CARL
Sure. What about them?

Carl points to two people, both of them are wearing APPLE JACK'S, one person has the cinnamon stick character while the other has the apple.

FRED
Those two?

CARL
Yeah.

FRED
Those two work together, so they technically only count as one in this place's standards. There is a rumor going around that they are twins, but no one really knows.

Captain Crunch enters the room. All of the members find their seats. Fred kills his beer and hides the can in his pocket.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Let's begin, shall we?

ALL THE MEMBERS
We are the cleansers of humanity. We alone are destined to live to forever in the great purpose of the cleanse. We are Serial Killers Anonymous

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Alright, new guy, (gesturing to Carl) or should I call you Bee?

CARL
Okay

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Do you have any completions to report?

CARL
Yes, just one.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Do you have proof?

CARL
I didn't know that was required.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
I'll it slide this one time.

Captain Crunch walks up to Carl handing him a rule book.
Everyone watches in fear.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH (cont'd)
Read this as if your life depends on
it, because it does. You will follow
our rules to the T.

INSERT CLOSE ON RULE BOOK

CARL
Yes, captain.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Alright, let's move on.

INT. CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Carl sits and clicks around on his computer. He pushes back
from his desk and sighs.

He checks the time only to realize it's only 11 AM and that
he has a long day ahead of him.

He looks around and is shocked. He turns around and asks.

CARL
Has anyone seen Fred? Is he coming in
today?

SANDRA
You haven't seen the news?

CARL
What news?

SANDRA
Fred is on the news. Go check it out.

Carl walks over to the break room area and turns on the
news.

He sees Fred being arrested. The headline reads "ORANGE BOWL
KILLER FOUND" 20 confirmed victims.

CLOSE ON Carl ZOLLY in on him as he swallows, and his face
goes pale.

SANDRA (cont'd)
(as she walks over)
Crazy right!?

Carl is stuck in a daze.

SANDRA (cont'd)
I guess you just never really know
people.

Carl still stuck.

SANDRA (cont'd)
Carl... Are you okay? Hello?

She snaps her fingers in front of Carl.

Carl comes back to reality.

CARL
Oh yeah.. sorry.

SANDRA
Did you see any signs? I think you
were closer to him than anyone else
in the office.

CARL
We were friends but not super close.
No, I had no idea. I went to his
house once, and it seemed normal.

SANDRA
Huh...Like I, said I guess you never
really know people. Have you thought
about our dinner date?

CARL
No, not yet, sorry. I'm a little
distracted by all of this.

They both get distracted by the TV. Carl turns up the
volume. A copious amount of people begin to gather around
and gossip.

ZOOM IN on the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR
FREDRICK HENDRICKSON was identified
last night as the Orange Bowl killer.
The police say they found his
fingernail lodged in the oranges that
were left on the scene. The police
did not provide any further details.
(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
Please stay tuned as this intense
story unfolds. Up next, we uncover
the truth behind why your mother-in-
law is so mean. Stay tuned.

MEDIUM ON Carl in a crowd of gossip. In the background we
hear people talking.

OFFICE WORKER
(O.S.)
Why the oranges?

OFFICE WORKER 2
(O.S.)
Have you seen the Godfather?

He panics and leaves.

SANDRA
Carl, where are you going? We have a
meeting in 10 minutes.

Carl rushes to the elevator and hits the close door button
aggressively.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

CLOSE ON Carl as it takes every fiber of his being not to
lose his cool.

The elevator goes down only two floors before TWO PEOPLE get
on who are chatting.

ELEVATOR PERSON 1
So what did you do this weekend?

ELEVATOR PERSON 2
Oh, nothing much. Just hung around
the house with the kids. You know,
watched some movies and made dinner.

ELEVATOR PERSON 1
That's cute. What did you make for
dinner?

ELEVATOR PERSON 2
I have been obsessed with risotto
lately. It's so easy to make, and you
can just stick anything in it to make
a full meal. I made a mushroom and
chicken one, and the kids loved it.

ELEVATOR PERSON 1

Oh my God! I love risotto. Did you know you can make little risotto balls in the air fryer?

ELEVATOR PERSON 2

What really? I still haven't bought an air fryer.

ELEVATOR PERSON 1

(jazz hands)

What!? You have to get one, they are amazing.

Carl's face is turning bright red as his body starts to shake.

The other people on the elevator begin to take notice.

ELEVATOR PERSON 1 (cont'd)

(directed at Carl)

Oh my gosh, are you okay?

Carl is staring at the person, totally frozen.

Carl pauses and screams extremely loudly. The other people panic and huddle into the corner.

ELEVATOR PERSON 2

You need to calm down.

The elevator door opens.

As Carl exits, he turns around and points at the two people in the corner.

CARL

Fuck your mushy ass risotto and fuck air fryers, they're just small convection ovens, it's nothing new.

The two look at each other in shock as the door closes.

Carl storms off.

EXT. PUBLIC SIDE WALK - DAY

Carl storms out of his work building and walks far enough down the sidewalk to be just out of sight from his coworkers. He lets out a big scream and shakes around.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Derrick sits, zoning out.

BEAT.

Carl enters the room, distraught, non-showered, and looking horrible.

He sits down.

DERRICK
(sarcastic)
So, how have you been?

CARL
Not good.

DERRICK
Care to share why?

CARL
I want to talk about it, but I sort
of can't, you know?

DERRICK
Okay. Fine, don't tell me then.

Laughs

DERRICK (cont'd)
Nah, I'm only kidding. I don't know
what you are talking about. Please
elaborate on what you mean by want to
but can't.

CARL
Look, I have something personal going
on right now that is really affecting
something that's important to me, and
I am not sure what to do about it.

DERRICK
Okay, well, I can't help if you don't
talk to me.

CARL
I lost my best friend.

DERRICK
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. How did
he die?

CARL
He's not dead. He's just gone.

DERRICK
What do you mean by gone?

CARL
He's just being taken away.

DERRICK
Are you talking about your friend
Fred?

BEAT.

DERRICK (cont'd)
From work? I saw that he was on the
news the other day. Did you have any
idea he was that type of guy? Did he
try to get you involved in what he
was doing?

Carl pauses, takes a beat, shifts his position.

CARL
Of course not! If I knew, I would
have reported him a long time ago.

DERRICK
Well, he was a bad dude. You need to
try to look at this as a good thing.
Someone who was committing dark evil
shit is being removed from your life.
He was an evil guy, Carl.

CARL
He wasn't evil. He was my friend. He
just needed help.

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)
I should have helped him, like as
helped me.

BEAT.

DERRICK
Helped you how?

CARL
Just in general, you know. He was a
friend.

DERRICK

Yes, but Carl, he was arrested for some heinous crimes. So maybe we should unpack this a little more. How exactly did he help you?

CARL

He helped me get out of my comfort zone. You know, confront my fears. That's all.

DERRICK

Fears? Does this have anything to do with the one you mentioned to me in our previous session?

CARL

What are you talking about?

DERRICK

(suspicious)

Your fear of blood, Carl! A serial killer best friend who is helping you out of your "comfort zone" and having a fear of blood is a one-in-a-million connection.

Carl checks his 1980's-style Casio watch.

CARL

(nervous)

Would you look at the time? Looks like our session is over. Thanks again, doc. I feel better.

Carl jumps up quickly and exits the room.

Derrick sits for a moment. Looks through his notes and sighs.

Knock on the door.

DERRICK

Come in.

Deborah from before comes in and sits down, except this time her hair has grown back, her tattoo removed, but now she has snake bites and blue hair.

She smiles.

EXT. FARM FIELD - EVENING

Carl is approaching a house off in the distance.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

EMILY is in her kitchen preparing dinner.

Carl enters as quietly as possible however, the floors are old and are creaking.

EMILY
(holding up a knife)
Hello?

Emily then starts to leave the kitchen. Carl has made his way around the house and is somehow behind her.

Carl then lunges to grab her. Emily is fast and ducks as she goes down, she stabs Carl in the side of the thigh.

Emily then begins to run back to the kitchen to grab her phone and a new knife from the counter.

Carl runs after her and pushes her. Emily falls onto her open dishwasher with a knife piercing through her right shoulder.

Carl freezes in déjà vu. He flashes back to his childhood while Emily rolls over to the floor. After a beat, Carl realizes that Emily successfully grabbed her phone before pushing her, and 911 was already dialed. Carl then bolts out the door.

EXT. FARM FIELD - NIGHT

Carl is limping through the field as fast as he can knife still in leg.

CARL
Shit, shit, ow, ow, shit

INT. JAIL - PHONE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Carl is already sitting.

Fred enters the frame ecstatically.

CARL
How you holding up?

FRED

Not too bad. I don't understand why this place gets a bad wrap. I'm a legend in here. I got the death sentence. Can you believe it!? I'm going in the history books for sure. Plus, I don't have to go to work no more.

CARL

I'm glad you're still the same old Fred. Always seeing the good in things.

FRED

You know me! Just trying to have a good time. The worst part, though, is that there is no beer in here. I could really go for a Coors Light.

CARL

Yeah, I don't think I can help with that. I have some bad news.

FRED

Shoot, what is it?

CARL

So obviously, with you gone, I'll be struggling with my you know issue.

FRED

(winks)

Oh yeah, the chocolate thing.

CARL

Let's not mention it like that, okay.

FRED

Okay

CARL

Well, last night I tried to get something done, and it went horribly. I fucked up, and what happened was almost identical to what happened to my brother. Once that happened, I froze. I just stood there like a statue.

FRED

(winking)

So the girl ditched you on your date?

CARL

Yeah, and she is definitely gonna tell people about it.

FRED

Well, you'll need to get some new clothes and a fresh look to attract new ladies.

They both physically accept that their friendship and Fred's life are officially over.

FRED (cont'd)

Look, man, I'm not gonna be around too much longer, and you're gonna be on your own for good. Maybe you need a new identity. Stop putting yourself down and start believing in yourself. You're an awesome dude. You need to stop letting this chocolate thing define you. You can be a confident man with or without this fear. Become a version of Carl that loves chocolate instead of fearing it. I overcame my obstacles, and I'm happy. I feel accomplished, and I want those same feelings for you. You're my best friend.

CARL

Do you really think I can do it?

FRED

You have the chops to be a true Casanova. I believe in you!

GUARD interrupts, their time is up.

FRED (cont'd)

You will be the best to ever play the game. Just reinvent yourself. You can do it.

Fred is taken away. Carl watches as he leaves.

INT. EXECUTION ROOM - DAY

Fred is lying on an execution table. He looks over with love, knowing Carl is there. Raises his thumb with a smile.

One tear rolls down Carl's face. The injections go in.

Fred dies.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING SIDEWALK - DAY

Carl is leaving work. He spots the woman who got away on the news.

A police sketch is revealed. It looks about 40% like him.

Carl continues walking. Nervous and scared.

A Man begins to follow him, recording on his phone.

Carl can feel the presence as people start taking second looks. Two more people begin to follow him.

Carl takes off running. He rounds a corner, and spots a small clothing store.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Carl runs inside straight for the changing rooms. He grabs a shirt and a hat.

INT. CLOTHING STORE CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Carl stands and stares at himself in the mirror while trying to stop himself from having a panic attack.

FLASHBACK EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Young Carl is running from a GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS. They are carrying drawings they made of people dead and bloody while they throw water balloons full of red paint at the back of Young Carl.

GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS
Blood boy! Blood boy! Scaredy-cat
Carl.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CLOTHING STORE CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Carl stares at himself for a beat longer then swaps his clothes and exits the changing room.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Carl approaches the register.

CARL
(gesturing to his
clothes)
I'd like to buy what I have on,
please. I want to wear it out. I just
like it so much.

Carl spots a pair of sunglasses. Grabs them.

CARL (cont'd)
These too, please.

CASHIER
That will be \$275.88.

CARL
Jesus, okay.

Carl pays and leaves.

EXT. STORE SIDEWALK - DAY

The people who were looking for him run by without noticing Carl.

Carl looks down at his phone.

There is one new voicemail from Derrick

Carl walks along the sidewalk. Listening to the voicemail.

CAMERA DOLLYS WITH HIM

DERRICK
(O.S. through Phone)
Hey Carl, it's your therapist here.
You left rather abruptly last week,
and I think you need to come in for
an extra session. I saw something on
TV earlier that made me think of you,
and I want to make sure everything is
okay. I know you have been going
through a lot these past couple of
days, and things seem very intense
and I think we need to discuss it
more. Please call me back as soon as
you get this. Okay bye.

Carl deletes the voicemail. Storms off screen.

INT. CARL'S BATHROOM - DAY

Carl stands in front the mirror holding a shaver.

BEAT.

MONTAGE - INT. CARL'S BATHROOM DAY

Carl changes his entire appearance. Shaves his head, dyes his eyebrows, and more.

BACK TO SCENE

When Carl finishes. A notification appears on his phone.

Notification reads EMERGENCY SKA MEETING TONIGHT 8:30 PM
ATTENDANCE MANDATORY

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Carl stands in a large circle full of the same masked people as before.

In the center of the room is a table full of boxes of Frosted Flakes.

Captain Crunch stands at the top of the circle.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
Let's begin, shall we?

The group holds hands and raises them slightly.

Carl follows along but still has not memorized the words.

ALL THE MEMBERS
We are the cleansers of humanity. We
alone are destined to live forever in
the great purpose of the cleanse. We
are Serial Killers Anonymous.

All of the members sit.

Captain Crunch enters the center of the room.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
As some of you may know, Tony has
been arrested. His identity has been
revealed as Fredrick Hendrickson. He
completed 20 kills. He was truly a
rising star among our ranks, and he
was captured too soon.
(MORE)

CAPTAIN CRUNCH (cont'd)
To honor him, we must all eat these
Frosted Flakes together for our
fallen brother.

All the members get up and crowd around the table.

Making various bowls of cereal.

Carl stands up last. As he approaches the table, he notices that Captain Crunch pours his milk first, then his cereal.

Captain Crunch notices him watching.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH (cont'd)
I know Tony vouched for you, and I
respected his opinion, so I gave you
the benefit of the doubt. But now
that he is gone. I'll be keeping an
even closer eye on you.

Captain Crunch tries a couple of boxes of cereal only to find them all empty.

He reaches to the other side of the table, grabbing the last one.

As he does this, his sleeve slides back, revealing a *Captain Crunch* tattoo on his forearm. His version of the captain is wearing a red suit instead of blue.

Carl notices this and tries to act like he didn't.

CAPTAIN stands back up.

CARL
Sounds good. I won't let you down.

CAPTAIN CRUNCH
You better not.

INT. DIANE'S THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Carl sits in a new office. This one feels way more comforting with warm tones and colors. DIANE sits across from him.

DIANE
So this is our first session why
don't we start with the basics?

CARL

Actually, can we skip ahead? This isn't my first time in therapy, and I know I need some help. I'll give you all the basic info that you need, but after that, can we skip to my main problem?

DIANE

This is your time, we can do whatever works for you. I am here to help you.

CARL

Wow, you are a fresh breath of air compared to my previous therapist.

DIANE

I love what I do and try my best. So lets get some the basics out of the way.

CARL

(extremely fast)

Well, my name is Carl, I'm 35 years old and I'm originally from Houston Texas. I was born in a normal household with a younger brother. I accidentally on purpose killed him when I was younger, while we were playing tag. I pushed him onto a collection of knives that were sticking out of the dishwasher, and his blood sprayed all over me. That let me to develop hemophobia, or an irrational fear of blood. Which also later drove my parents to hate each other and me. My mother then dipped out of my life. So I've been taking care of myself since I was about 10 years old. I went to college at the University of Santa Barbara, and now I work for the company Virality. It is a tech company that matches influencers with AI mangers, which then helps them get hired by companies so that they can improve sales and increase shareholder value. I actually hate my job, and everyone I work with is at least 10 years younger than I am. There is a woman at work who I am pretty sure is in love with me, but to be honest, I am way to scared to ask her out. I'm really bad at relationships.

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)

My best friend was recently arrested for being a serial killer, and everyone keeps asking how I didn't notice that he was crazy, and that made me think, I might actually be crazy. My favorite color is yellow. I've only been out of the country one time, when I was younger, I went to the Canadian side of Niagara falls. Some would say that I have a Fearful-Avoidant attachment style. My main love language is acts of kindness, and my longest relationship was only one and a half years. My seasonal color palette is a bright winter. Which is hilarious because I wish I could wear more yellow. My favorite type of food is Italian, and I'm an aspiring embalmer and taxidermist because I love the idea of helping things live forever. I live alone with my two oscar fish, and my new years resolution was to get in better shape and fix my posture, which as you can tell by the way I am sitting and by how frumpy I am, I failed. Was that basic enough for you?

BEAT.

DIANE

Okay wow. There is a lot to unpack there. I was able to grab a couple of bits of that that I think are important. Do you mind if I ask you more questions about your younger brother?

CARL

I'd really rather not. I need you to fix my hemophobia. I have an irrational fear of blood, and I've tried everything to get over it. I need you to tell me exactly how to solve this.

DIANE

I think the source of this comes from the death of your brother.

CARL

Well yeah... That's obvious.

DIANE

How old were you again when that happened?

CARL

Seven.

DIANE

You know it wasn't your fault right.

CARL

What do you mean? I pushed him.
(pause) Directly onto the knives.

DIANE

Yes, but you were a child. Children make mistakes. Sometimes big and sometimes small.

CARL

Yeah, but I feel like I was old enough to know better.

DIANE

You've been holding on to this trauma for a long time, haven't you?

CARL

I guess so.

DIANE

Do you feel like you are a confident person? Do you think you can rely on or trust yourself?

CARL

To be honest...No, not really.

DIANE

You need to stop letting this one accident define who you are. Your confidence in yourself and this fear or trauma are not the same thing. Do you understand? Stop using this trauma as a crutch or excuse for all of the obstacles in your life.

Carl sits in silence while holding back tears.

CARL

It still feels like it was my fault.

DIANE

I want you to say out loud right now to me that the death of your brother was an accident and it wasn't your fault.

CARL

Really?

DIANE

Yes. Really.

CARL

My brother's death was an accident, and it wasn't my fault.

DIANE

(enthusiastically)

Again. Louder

CARL

(begins to stand)

My brother's death was an accident, and it wasn't my fault.

Diane stands with him.

DIANE

Again, even louder.

CARL

My brother's death was an accident, and it wasn't my fault.

Carl begins to smile.

DIANE

Again, as loud as you can.

CARL

My brother's death was an accident, and it wasn't my fault.

They both sit.

DIANE

I want you to remind yourself of that every day for two reasons. The first being it will help you heal as a person, and two, because it is true.

CARL
I do feel better. I'll do whatever
you suggest. I'm willing to try
anything.

DIANE
Before we move on, you mentioned
something in your long-winded
monologue that your best friend was a
serial killer?

CARL
Oh... Did I say that?

DIANE
Yes, you said you found out your best
friend was a serial killer. That's
something we should discuss sometime
soon okay. I don't want to pressure
you but I do want you to be feel safe
enough to talk about those things
okay.

CARL
Okay

DIANE
Well, that's all the time we have
today. I'll see you next week.

CARL
Thanks again, see you next week.

As Carl exits the CAMERA SITS on a CLOSE UP on his face.

CARL (cont'd)
(V.O.)
Shit! She knows too much. I meant to
keep the Fred thing a secret.

Diane switches notebooks. This new one is noticeably larger.

Deborah walks in. Head shaved. Sits down.

DEBORAH
I need your help, doctor.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Carl and Derrick are sitting and staring at each other.
Derrick is very suspicious of Carl.

CARL
What was so urgent that you wanted to discuss?

Derrick ignores Carl's question.

DERRICK
(pressing)
So, Carl, how have you been?

CARL
I've been better.

DERRICK
Oh yeah, why is that?

CARL
I'm not really sure.

DERRICK
I know why.

CARL
What?

DERRICK
I know why you're feeling bad.

CARL
(confused)
Why?

Derrick stands up and begins pacing.

DERRICK
Hmmm, let's guess. Maybe it's because you were helping a fucking serial killer.

CARL
I have no idea what you are talking about.

DERRICK
Cut the shit, Carl. You told me about your friend Fred. Then later he's on the news that he was a serial killer. You expect me to believe that you didn't know. Now you have this new suspicious ass look. I even know you found a new therapist you, lying piece of shit.

CARL
I really didn't know. I'm not that good at making friends.

DERRICK
Bull (pause) shit.

Derrick walks over and locks the door.

DERRICK (cont'd)
I am going to get a confession out of you and then take it to the police, and then I'll be a hero. The world-famous therapist who caught the serial killers.

CARL
You can't keep me locked in here.

DERRICK
Watch me.

Carl goes to stand up. Derrick slaps him across the face. Carl falls back into the chair.

DERRICK (cont'd)
When did you first find out that Fred was a serial killer?

CARL
I'm telling you I had no idea.

DERRICK
I don't believe you. You literally worked with the guy and were his "best" friend. Did the cops already talk to you?

CARL
No, the cops did not talk to me. We weren't really that close.

DERRICK
You have been coming to me for over a year now. You never once mentioned any friends. You're a loser, Carl. So the mere fact that the one friend you did find ended up being a serial killer is not chance, Carl. I know you know something.

Carl is sitting and trembling in fear.

CARL

I swear to you I don't know.

DERRICK

I don't believe you. Look you. You're a weak, insecure, and diffident little man. You're so obsessed with this fear or blood thing you got going on. If you were a normal person, this wouldn't even matter that much. You place it as a part of your identity because you're a fucking psycho. (pauses and stares at Carl) If I wanted to. I could beat the truth out of you right now.

Carl eyes the door. Derrick starts to walk over to the window. The moment he takes his eyes off Carl. Carl bolts for the door, unlocks it, and runs out. Derrick tries to grab him, but as he passes through the door frame, he sees two of his patients waiting and tries to act nonchalant.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Carl stands alone. He nurses a gin and tonic. Eyes the room of karaoke singers and dancers.

Carl spots an attractive woman across the way. She notices him.

He begins to approach her when. Sandra, visually drunk, grabs his arm and turns him around.

SANDRA

Carl!! Oh my god, what are you doing here?!

CARL

Oh, hey Sandra, I'm just out and about. Trying to be normal.

SANDRA

Normal...That's hilarious. I love this place. This is my go-to spot.

CARL

Oh that's great.

GAVIN approaches Sandra, gesturing for her to introduce him.

SANDRA

OMG. How could I be so rude? Carl,
this is Gavin. Gavin, this is my
friend Carl. We work together.

Gavin and Carl shake hands.

GAVIN

Pleasure to meet you.

CARL

Likewise.

GAVIN

Have we met before? There is
something about you that feels
familiar.

CARL

No, I don't think so. I have a pretty
good memory for faces.

GAVIN

Huh.. That's weird, something
definitely feels familiar.

BEAT.

GAVIN (cont'd)

Guess its the just the booze.

Carl fake laughs.

SANDRA

I'm going to get us more drinks. Next
round is on "muah".

Sandra dances away.

GAVIN

So Carl. What's your deal, man? This
Sandra chick talks about you a lot.
She seems pretty obsessed.

CARL

Yeah we get along at work.

GAVIN

Well don't you think of trying
anything. She's my next victim.

Gavin winks and nudges Carl.

CARL
What do you mean by victim?

GAVIN
Oh, nothing just might make this lady
mine. I don't think I will try
anything tonight. I like to slow cook
my turkeys. You catch my drift?

CARL
Yeah, I guess so.

GAVIN
Besides, she asked me to be her plus
one to a wedding next week. So I have
to make it last until then. I love
weddings.

Sandra returns holding shots and drinks. They all take a
shot. Sandra hands Gavin his drink.

As Gavin reaches for it, his sleeve comes up revealing a Red
Captain crunch tattoo.

Carl notices, his face goes blank and pale.

SANDRA
Carl, are you okay? You look like
you've just seen a ghost.

BEAT.

CARL
Yeah, I'm okay. I've got to get
going. I think I'm up next.

DJ calls out a random name.

CARL (cont'd)
That's me.

Carl grabs the mic and begins singing - *Maneater* by Hall &
Oats.

The man whose turn it really was is frustrated.

We see Carl actually crushing it. The first time we have
ever seen him be really extroverted.

Sandra is clearly in love and into his performance
completely ignoring Gavin.

Gavin is clearly annoyed that the spotlight is no longer on
him.

Carl finishes the song, runs off stage to Sandra and Gavin.

CARL (cont'd)
Wow, that was a lot of fun. Anyway, I
really have to get going. It was nice
seeing you both.

Carl exits immediately.

Sandra looks disappointed, while Gavin is thankful and starts dancing.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carl arrives home from the bar. As he enters, he removes his shoes, sets down his wallet and keys in his little bowl right by the door.

He goes to the kitchen, grabs a beer, sits down, and opens his laptop.

He goes straight to Google images and pulls up an image of Captain Crunch. He downloads it. Drops it into Photoshop. As Photoshop takes a moment to open, he takes a swig of his beer. He highlights all the items on the character that are blue and turns them red.

He exports the photo. Takes another swig as he exports. He then goes back to Google to do a reverse image search. He uploads the image of the now red Captain Crunch. As he scrolls along we notice that the results, just keep showing the brand and its history and the correct logo. There is no actual reference to Gavin's version.

We then see him search for Gavin with the tattoo. Again, no real results.

CARL
(V.O.)
I wonder if the group can be found
anywhere online.

Carl then opens up an onion tor browser straight from his terminal we now notice that Carl is a little bit of a hacker, decently well versed in the world of hacking, 4chan, and the darkweb. As he searches around, some horrible things pop up. Drugs, limbs, and people for sale.

Carl is on his third beer now. He still can't find anything related to Gavin or SKA or the idea of East Coast and West Coast serial killer groups.

Carl spins around in his computer chair and kills the current beer he is on. Sits there for a second he is clearly disappointed.

Carl exits and goes to bed.

INT. DIANE'S THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Carl is back at Diane's office they are in the middle of their session. There is already a decent amount of notes in her notebook.

They are sitting in silence for a second.

DIANE

Now that we have unpacked a little bit more about your father. Is there anything else you would like to discuss?

CARL

Not really.

DIANE

I remember you mentioning something about your friend being a serial killer. Is there anything you want to discuss with me?

CARL

I'm not ready to talk about that. Is it okay if we hold off?

DIANE

Yes of course. I'm here to help you not control you.

CARL

Thank you.

DIANE

Well then, let's shift gears. There is something that I have been thinking about that I want you to try out, okay.

CARL

Okay sure.

DIANE

When you go swimming, there are two ways to get into the cold water. Only two.

(MORE)

DIANE (cont'd)

Your first option is to jump right in. Just run and jump, maybe you can toss in a canon ball.

CARL

Yeah, okay.

DIANE

The second way is tiptoe. One body part at a time. The trick to getting in slowly is in the breath.

CARL

The breath?

DIANE

Yes, if you breathe through the temperature change, it makes the whole thing go down easier. So what I want you to do is tip toe into your blood fear. Maybe buy a lancet and start with just one drop.

CARL

What's a lancet?

DIANE

It's the small device that diabetics use to get that small drop.

CARL

Oh

DIANE

Try that, then maybe go to the doctor and get some tests and watch them draw your blood. Then maybe donate some blood. Slowly increase your exposure to it over time. Similar to how you would slowly enter cold water.

CARL

Okay. To be honest at this point I am willing to try anything.

DIANE

Remember that when you are in moments where blood is present, just try to take your mind somewhere else. Think of happy memories or old friends, okay.

CARL

Okay. I think I can do that.

DIANE

I want you to try this for a couple of weeks and then come back to me, okay.

CARL

A couple of weeks and then come back? I see you every week.

DIANE

Not anymore.

CARL

Why?

DIANE

Look, Carl, you're a relatively healthy individual, and I don't think you actually need therapy every single week. I mean, sure, you're a little distant with your parents and have some problems, but your problems are pretty standard for someone your age and in your position. I think you only need to see me at most once a month, and once we figure out this blood issue, you might want a break from therapy altogether.

CARL

You understand that getting rid of me means less money for you, right?

DIANE

My job is not to take all your money, it's to help you heal.

CARL

You're a fresh breath of air, you know that.

DIANE

Thank you, you have actually said that to me before, so I really appreciate that.

Carl happily gets up and exits. Diane finishes her notes.

INT. CARL'S DESK - DAY

Carl comes running into work looking a little nervous, as if he has some big news to deliver.

As he enters, we see Sandra happily clacking away at her keyboard with her work headphones on.

Carl gets all of his stuff situated and sits down for a second. Takes a deep breath and turns around towards Sandra.

CARL

Sandra

Sandra is lost in her music and does not hear Carl.

CARL (cont'd)

(waving his arm)

Saaaanndra

Carl eventually accepts that he is going to have to get up and tap her on the shoulder.

Carl proceeds to get up and tap Sandra on the shoulder.

CARL (cont'd)

(while tapping)

Sandra, I need to speak with you.

Sandra notices, pauses her music, takes her headphones off, and is clearly happy to talk. Not bothered at all.

SANDRA

Oh, hey Carl, what's up? How was your weekend?

CARL

It was good. I just watched some movies and hung out. What about you?

SANDRA

I went out with Gavin we had a nice dinner, and then went on a beautiful walk near a river, it was just alright.

CARL

That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about.

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)

I don't think Gavin is good for you.

SANDRA

What do you mean? He actually treats me really well compared to some of the other guys I've dated.

CARL

I think he could be dangerous. The other night, when I ran into the two of you.

SANDRA

Oh yeah, that was so fun. I've never seen that side of you.

CARL

Yeah, it was a weird night for me. Anyway. He seemed like he was an aggressive type of guy.

SANDRA

He is actually really sweet and hasn't been aggressive with me. Well, at least not yet, I suppose. I just think that you don't know him very well.

Carl realizes that he is not going to be able to convince her. He is going to have to steal her from Gavin in order to protect her.

CARL

Okay. I guess you're right. I mean, I might know him more than you might think, but I guess what I am really trying to say is I want you to be mine.

SANDRA

Really!? Why are you just telling me this now? I've been into you for I don't even know how long. Sometimes I sit here, and I notice that you and I both go on our phones at the same time, and it makes me think that we could be soulmates.

Carl physically regrets what he just did, but he knows there is no other way.

CARL

I'm sort of a shy person. I just never really had the courage to tell you. Also, let's be real.

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)

We are coworkers, and up until the whole Fred serial killer thing, I had a rule against dating people I work with. But with the state of the world right now, I say fuck it! Let's maybe not jump straight to soulmates, but I would be interested in going to that wedding you mentioned. Maybe as a first date? That is, if you are cool breaking things off with Gavin.

SANDRA

I am one hundred percent cool with breaking things off with Gavin. He is a sweet guy, but I knew he wasn't going to be my forever man. Now you I think you have real potential.

CARL

The one thing I think we should do, just so we can keep our jobs, is try not to let anyone else at work know, okay. I want us both to be able to work here still.

SANDRA

(blowing a kiss)

My lips are sealed.

CARL

I am going to get back to work now.
I'll see you later.

Carl shuffles back, pointing with finger guns.

Carl then turns around, rubs his head, and is complete shock in what he just did.

Sandra, in a CLOSE UP, is clearly the happiest she has ever been in this story so far.

INT.CAFETERIA - DAY

Carl and Sandra are at a table among their other coworkers, eating lunch. Carl is making conversation and blending in with the crowd.

We notice that Sandra keeps slipping Carl little glances and smiles while they eat.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Carl and Sandra are alone in the elevator as it goes to their floor.

SANDRA

So... I have to tell you something.

CARL

Yea what is it?

SANDRA

I sort of told Gavin to come here later today so that I can break up with him.

CARL

(upset)

What?! Why would you ask him to come here? This is where we work. This is how I put food on my table.

SANDRA

Well, you said he was dangerous, and our lobby is full of people and cameras, so I figured it would be the safest place to do it.

CARL

Oh, okay, good point. I was just a little shocked. That's all.

They arrive at their floor, and the elevator doors open. As they exit, Carl decides to walk a different way than normal just to get away from Sandra.

CARL (cont'd)

Keep me posted on what happens, okay. Just let me know if you need anything.

SANDRA

I will!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Sandra is standing in the middle of a well-lit modern lobby alone. There are people passing by, tourists outside, and some people sitting on the benches eating lunch or taking calls.

Carl is across the way sitting right next to a large fake plant blending in relatively well. Sandra doesn't notice him.

Gavin enters a couple of beats later. He is carrying a small gift in his hands and looks excited to see Sandra.

THE CAMERA sees the conversation between Sandra and Gavin from OVER CARL'S SHOULDER. We can't quite hear them, but we can tell by their body language exactly what part of the conversation they are on.

Sandra delivers the big news.

Gavin freaks out and shouts really loudly in front of everyone. Stopping everyone in their tracks, throwing the small gift across the room.

GAVIN
(yelling)
You're gonna regret this. You have no
idea what you are doing. This is a
huge mistake.

Gavin looks around while Carl leans back to further hide himself. Gavin stares in his direction for a beat too long.

Security comes up to check on Sandra. They aggressively grab Gavin and escort him outside.

GAVIN (cont'd)
You will all see! This is a huge
mistake.

INT. CARL'S DESK - DAY

Carl sits at his desk, lost in thought. Sandra enters and sits down at her desk. Carl perks up and pivots around in his chair.

CARL
How did it go?

SANDRA
Honestly, better than I thought it
was going to go. He shouted a little,
but like I said, I have dated some
weirdos in the past, so it was
nothing.

Carl is relieved but not convinced. He knows that Gavin is going to plot something, but he shows Sandra his confidence.

CARL

Okay, well, that makes me feel a lot better. I actually have a couple of errands to run, so I'm heading out. Maybe I'll see you this weekend?

SANDRA

Sounds good. I'm looking forward to it.

Carl packs up his stuff and Sandra gets back to work.
Carl exits.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SIDEWALK - DAY

Carl exits the building, and he notices Gavin standing across the street smoking a cigarette.

Carl sees Gavin toss away his cigarette butt and begins walking. Carl decides to follow him from across the street.

EXT. STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY

They walk a couple of blocks, and then Gavin decides to turn left down a busy street. Carl looks both ways and quickly shoots a gap, crossing the street to catch up to him. After Carl gets to the other side, he attempts to blend in with the crowd.

As Gavin walks, Carl is about 30 feet behind him. Gavin then slows down and looks over his shoulder while Carl slides to the side hiding behind a large man smoking a cigarette scrolling on his phone. Gavin then continues walking, and Carl slowly closes the gap between them.

Gavin then turns a sharp left down a small, secluded alley. When Carl approaches the alley, he looks and sees no one down there.

CARL

(V.O.)

He probably knew I was following him.
I should keep moving.

Carl then continues down the street, completely ignoring the alleyway.

After about a hundred feet, Gavin grabs Carl and shoves him against the wall.

GAVIN

I know you have been following me.
You might think you blend in well,
but you don't. Why the fuck is a
little shrimp like you following me?

CARL

I...Uh

Carl can barely gather his thoughts.

Gavin takes a small step back, still holding on to Carl's clothes, keeping him slightly pinned.

Some bystanders take notice, but no one intervenes. Gavin begins to look deep into Carl's eyes.

CARL (cont'd)

(stuttering)

I just saw you talking to Sandra, and
I wanted to make sure you we..

Gavin interrupts him.

GAVIN

Wait a second... I know that look. I
know those eyes. I knew it. I knew at
the bar the other night that I had
met you before. I just couldn't quite
put my finger on it.

BEAT.

GAVIN (cont'd)

Bee...You're the fucking new guy in
SKA. You're honey bee. Holy shit.

Carl seems shocked that he figured it out. His body language shows that he is clearly caught.

GAVIN (cont'd)

Not only are you the fuckin new guy.
But I bet you are also the reason
Sandra just dumped my ass.

BEAT.

GAVIN (cont'd)

Wait a second. You knew. You knew who
I was at the bar, didn't you?

CARL

Yes

Gavin interrupts before Carl even has a chance to really say anything.

GAVIN

This is starting to make a lot more sense.

Gavin takes a step back and begins to pace back and forth a little, trying to gather his thoughts.

Carl is looking around, hoping someone will make eye contact with him and potentially step in. No one does.

Gavin then shoves Carl against the wall again. This time a lot harder than before.

CARL

I think you need to calm down. You're starting to create a scene, and I think you and I both know that is the last thing we need right now.

GAVIN

Look here, you timid little fuck. You just got in the way of my process. You bet your ass Sandra was my next mark. Fuck, my name isn't even Gavin. You may like to keep yourself distant from your special characters, but not me. I like to get to know them. Really understand and become one with the person I am releasing. I create fake IDs. You know how I don't get caught. I invent everything. I don't even look like this.

Gavin reveals that he is actually wearing a fake nose.

GAVIN (cont'd)

The only reason I am telling you this is because you won't live past next week, and I know you can't tell anyone, because then they might look into you. You better believe that Sandra dumping me changes nothing about my plan. She is still mine, and now I'm coming after you too. You better sleep with one eye open.

Gavin lets Carl go and starts to walk away. Carl is relieved that this interaction is at its end.

GAVIN (cont'd)
Oh, and don't bother coming to the next meeting or any meeting in any chapter for that matter. You're banned. So even if you try to start over somewhere, we will find out and you will not live to tell the tale.

Gavin smiles and laughs as he turns around and fully walks away.

Carl stands there for a minute as he takes all of this new information in.

INT. BEST BUY - DAY

Carl goes into BEST BUY and walks straight to the home security section.

INT. CARL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Carl arrives home with his newly purchased home security system.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Carl unpacks all of the pieces from the box.

He lays out all the cords.

CLOSE ON him assembling the cameras.

CLOSE ON him screwing them into the ceiling.

Carl then installs a tiny one outside his front door.

He opens his laptop to show all of the views that the cameras see scattered around his apartment.

Carl raises his hand to wave at the hidden one in the corner seeing himself on screen.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Carl is three spaces back in line waiting to purchase a coffee. A YOUNG BOY wearing a Frosted Flakes t-shirt is pacing around the coffee shop.

Carl notices this shirt and thinks of Fred.

CARL
(to the boy)
I like your t-shirt. I think its
really cool.

YOUNG BOY
Thanks.

CARL
My friend's nickname was Tony the
Tiger.

The kid just laughs.

Carl moves forward one spot.

The Young boy sneezes directly into his hands. Carl doesn't
notice this.

The Young Boy continues to pace around the coffee shop, not
being watched by his parents.

Carl moves up one more space in line. He is next to order.

Carl then bends down to give the boy a high five. The Young
Boy slaps his hand hard.

Carl then notices something on his hand. He looks at the Boy
and sees that he has a bloody nose. He then looks at his
hand, realizing that his entire hand is covered in blood.

BARISTA
Next!

Carl is frozen starrng at his blood covered hand. The Young
Boy is standing there laughing.

BARISTA
Next! Next customer please.

Carl looks up and bolts to the bathroom.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BATHROOM - MORNING

Carl is looking in the mirror trying his best to not think
about the blood.

CARL
(V.O.)
Happy memories, happy memories.

Carl is vigorously washing his hands. He feels a little woozy and eventually fights off the urge to vomit or pass out.

Carl then exits the bathroom with a huge smile on his face.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Carl is full of energy feeling better than ever.

CARL
(to the YOUNG BOY)
Thanks kid, you might have just
changed my life.

The Young Boy just paces around and laughs.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

There are people, families, and couples scattered about enjoying the pool and hot tubs.

Carl is laying on one of those long pool chairs, reading the book *Let Them* by Mel Robbins.

Carl then looks up, and he notices a young couple who have just arrived and are excited for their day at the pool. He notices that the female just jumps in the cold water right away, shooting up from under the water. The male then slowly tip toes down the stairs slowly getting in while taking large breaths.

Carl sits for a moment and thinks about the scene that he just witnessed. He then closes his book grabs his stuff and leaves.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT - OFFICE/WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

TARA is sitting at her desk in a Zoom meeting. She has a nice desk with multiple monitors and is clearly good at her job. Behind her is a small squatting rack. This room is her office and gym. We hear the LAST BITS of a MEETING that is wrapping up.

TARA
(waving)
Bye everyone, have a good weekend.
See you all Monday.

Tara gets up and leaves the room for a second. When she comes back, she is carrying some workout clothes. Off-screen, she quickly changes and re-enters the frame.

Tara then racks some weights and begins squatting. As she does, a little ball rolls in behind her and hits her on the back of her heel.

Tara notices it, racks the weights, and picks it up.

Tara then turns around and exits the room.

Right as Tara exits the room and clearly walks in one direction out of frame. A gust of wind enters the room from the other direction, making the towels and workout bands hanging on the door shuffle and move.

TARA
Hello, is anyone there?

Tara re enters the room. Puts more weight on to the bar.

CLOSE ON Tara's face rising and falling out of the frame.

On the third time, Tara lifts up and racks the weight, getting even closer to the camera.

Carl then quickly runs in, almost like he is super powered, and snaps Tara's neck. She stays in frame for one extra second before collapsing.

Carl sits down and looks at the body. Tara's head is turned away from camera.

Carl sits in shock. Carl then lifts a Coors Light into the air to honor Fred and then takes a sip.

Carl then pulls out a lancet. He crawls over and grabs Tara's arm and one of her fingers. Carl takes a long, slow breath. He then pricks Tara's finger with the lancet, releasing one small drop of blood.

Carl stares and keeps breathing slowly. You can tell he is trying to hold back his vomit. After about ten seconds, we see the bad feeling leave Carl. He has done it. He has seen blood on one of his victims and did not vomit or pass out.

Carl then gets up and tries to squat the weight. He fails.

Carl then sits down and slides back to where he was sitting before he leans his head back against the wall and releases the largest smile we have ever seen him do.

INT. DIANE'S THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Carl is sitting and waiting patiently for Diane to enter and begin their session. He looks happy and as if he has good news to share.

Diane enters the room looking like she is running a little bit late. She gets out her notebooks and gets organized, and then sits down. Flips to Carl's pages in her notes.

DIANE

My apologies for the delay. I had one hectic morning. Also, before we start, I forgot to mention last week that not only am I reducing the number of sessions but I am also going to shorten them. This is not because of anything you did, but actually because I just took on a whole slew of new patients. I hope you can understand.

Carl is slightly disappointed by this, but nothing can kill his mood right now.

DIANE (cont'd)

So, how have you been? Do you have anything new you would like to share?

CARL

Yes, actually I do.

DIANE

Let's hear it.

CARL

I took your advice, and it worked. The thing that you were mentioning about dipping my toes in first. I bought this lancet here, and I drew one drop of my own blood, and I was able to breathe through the experience.

DIANE

That's amazing, that means you are ready for the next step. Now, your fear is a tad bit unusual, so I want you to go to the next step, but I don't want you going out there and getting into any funny business.

Diane begins to laugh. So does Carl.

CARL
(serious)
I would never do anything like that.

DIANE
Next you should schedule a doctor visit and have them do a blood panel. They will take, I don't know maybe, five or six vials of your blood and see how you handle that. You might want to warn the nurses ahead of time, okay.

CARL
Five or six vials...huh. I think I can handle that.

DIANE
Yes exactly. So what else is going on?

FADE TO:

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - RECEPTION - EVENING

Carl and Sandra are sitting at a table full of strangers. In the distance, we see the bride and groom sitting at their front table. Someone is giving a speech and people are laughing however it is muffled and we as the audience cannot fully make out what is being said.

The table setting is beautiful, and the scene is extremely romantic.

CARL
(gesturing to the bride)
You're friend looks like she is really happy.

SANDRA
Yeah, I think she is actually in love. They had been together for like six years before he popped the question.

They sit for a moment as the guests start to enter the dance floor. The moment feels warm and inviting.

WEDDING DJ
Let's get the love flowing. Here is a classic for all the couples out there.

I Love The Way You Look Tonight by Frank Sinatra begins to play. Many people, including the bride and groom, enter the dance floor.

SANDRA
Would you like to dance?

Carl takes a second realizing where he is, and that dancing and being in love is what normal people do.

CARL
Yes.

Carl and Sandra get up. Carl extends his arm while Sandra takes it, and they walk to the dance floor.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - DANCE FLOOR - EVENING

Carl and Sandra are now slowly swaying under the soft lights that engulf the dance floor. They look into each others eyes and smile.

SANDRA
Thank you for being my plus one.

CARL
Thank you for inviting me. I haven't been to a lot of weddings, but I am actually having a really good time.

SANDRA
You are a better dancer than I was expecting.

CARL
I have many tricks hidden up my sleeve.

Sandra giggles.

They lock eyes for a moment. The song is starting to end. Sandra leans in and kisses Carl. It's serene, romantic, and everything she could ever want.

After the kiss they exit the dance floor.

CARL (cont'd)
I am going to grab us another glass of champagne.

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - BAR - NIGHT

Carl stands there waiting for the champagne to be poured. As he looks around, he spots Sandra talking to the bride and groom. He sees her smile glowing as she exchanges laughter. He realizes to himself that he might actually love this woman.

Carl grabs the champagne

CARL

Thank you.

Carl turns around and right as he turns around he notices a rustle in the bushes. He takes a couple steps closer and realizes that its Gavin who looks slightly different. Hiding and watching them.

Carl now pretends he did not notice Gavin but he is keeping an eye on him from a distance. Carl is almost positive that Gavin knows he knows about his presence.

Carl now approaches Sandra, who is now sitting alone at their table.

CARL (cont'd)

Champagne for my lady.

SANDRA

Why, thank you, good sir.

CARL

So, how long does this event go on for?

SANDRA

Are you that eager to get into my bed?

Carl laughs not really knowing how to respond.

SANDRA (cont'd)

I'm just kidding. It's only a couple more hours I think.

CARL

Sounds good.

FADE TO:

EXT. WEDDING VENUE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carl and Sandra are walking out of the wedding. Sandra is holding her heels with one hand and Carl's hand in the other.

Carl looks around. He knows that Gavin is watching from somewhere.

Carl and Sandra get into Carl's car and drive off. THE CAMERA sees the wheel of Gavin's hellcat pull into frame behind them.

INT. CARL'S CAR - NIGHT

Carl and Sandra are driving while Carl is constantly checking his rear view mirror. He knows that Gavin is most likely following them.

Carl decides to drive like a maniac, taking super sharp turns, driving way too fast.

SANDRA

Geez, Carl do you always drive like this?

CARL

Oh (chuckles), sorry no not usually. I just had so much fun, I guess I am just a little high on life.

SANDRA

Well, be careful.

CARL

Always.

Carl needs to go to Sandra's place, he can't let Gavin or any of the members of SKA find out where he lives.

CARL (cont'd)

You know, it's not that late. Maybe we should keep this party going.

SANDRA

Well, to be honest, I was thinking you could come back to my place, and we can skip right to the part where you have a slice of my wedding cake.

Carl is a little shocked by Sandra's forwardness.

CARL
Sounds like a plan to me.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carl and Sandra enter her apartment. The moment they get inside, Carl scans the room and locks the door. He walks around checking behind all the curtains and in every nook and cranny.

SANDRA
What are you doing?

CARL
This is a great place you got here.
Oh, you know I'm just checking things out. You can learn a lot about a person by what they keep hidden in their house.

SANDRA
Okay, well please stop, you're freaking me out.

CARL
Okay, sorry, I'm just a little nervous. Let's have a drink to ease the tension.

Sandra grabs a bottle of wine and pours them both a glass as Carl walks around and looks out the window.

Carl and Sandra then sit down on the couch and start sipping their wine. After a couple sips, Carl starts to relax and begins to think maybe Gavin isn't going to do anything tonight.

Sandra then leans in for a kiss.

CARL'S POV

Sandra's face from Carl's perspective as she leans in, a dark figure from the background enters Carl's view.

BACK TO SCENE

Gavin comes crashing into frame, in his hand is a large knife, and right as he is about to stab Sandra in the side of the neck, Carl grabs her head and shoves into his lap, holding her down.

Sandra spills her wine while Gavin's knife goes straight into the couch. The knife gets stuck.

Carl, while holding Sandra's head down, kicks Gavin in the side of the knee. His knee bends in an ACL-tearing way as he falls backward.

Sandra sits up furious.

SANDRA

What the fuck Carl!?! I'm eager, but
I'm not easy.

Carl stands up quickly and approaches Gavin. Sandra turns around and sees Gavin and screams.

Gavin then sweeps Carl's legs, and he falls. Gavin finds his way on top of Carl and punches him square in the face. Sandra then smashes the wine bottle on the side of Gavin's head. He falls.

A moment as everyone gathers themselves. Gavin and Carl stand up, about to square off. Sandra is running over to grab her phone to call the police.

Gavin and Carl look at each other and share a sense of acknowledgement that it's every serial killer for themselves.

GAVIN

Are you gonna stop her? You and I
both know we don't need the police
here.

CARL

(to Sandra)

Sandra stop. No police. It will only
make things worse.

Sandra pokes her head out from the kitchen, staring at Carl.

CARL (cont'd)

Please, no police. I got this.

SANDRA

I believe you.

Gavin smiles and lunges at Carl, hoping to catch him off guard. Carl dodges, and what ensues throughout their scuffle is something just shy of a short John Wick-level fight.

After about a minute or so, Gavin pulls out another knife from his boot and stabs Carl near the collarbone, wrapping his arm around him and holding Carl in place.

Sandra stands in the corner, terrified.

GAVIN
(to Sandra)
If you move or try anything at all.
I'll slice his neck.

SANDRA
(crying)
Please stop!

GAVIN
(to Carl)
Before I kill you and then kill her.
I want you to tell her. Tell her who
you are and what you do. You can even
tell her who I am.

Gavin then twists the knife Carl shrieks.

CARL
Sandra there is something I have to
tell you.

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)
I'm a serial killer, and so is Gavin.
Actually, so was Fred. That's sort of
why we were such good friends.

SANDRA
What the fuck are you talking about?
Is this a joke?

CARL
No, I'm serious. I've probably killed
about seven or so people now, and
that SKA thing Fred and I were
discussing a while back. It stands
for Serial Killers Anonymous, and
Gavin here is the leader.

Gavin smiles, taking pride in his leadership role.

CARL (cont'd)
It's all true. I'm not joking.

GAVIN
Fred said you had real potential. I
guess he was wrong.

Gavin pulls the knife back to finish Carl off, and as he
does, Carl kicks Gavin in the nuts as hard as he can.

As Gavin bends down in pain, Carl grabs his hand holding the knife and places it right below Gavin's face and then knees the knife up into his face killing, Gavin.

Carl then takes a couple of steps after his victory and smiles at Sandra. She smiles back. His legs shake, he looks around, and realizes how much blood is around and how he has lasted so long without fainting, only to then vomit and faint.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

CARL'S POV

Open up from black with an eyelid effect, the CAMERA looks up at Sandra, who is looking straight into the LENS like a nurturing mother.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

WIDE SHOT

Sandra is sitting on her couch with Carl's head resting on her lap as she pets his head. Gavin is lying dead in the corner.

CARL

Sorry about the mess.

SANDRA

It's okay. Were you really that drunk, though? I understand the fighting and all, but I do not understand why you vomited.

CARL

You aren't concerned about what I said while Gavin had me pinned.

SANDRA

Let's start with the vomit. You did it right on my favorite rug, and to be honest, I do not think I am going to be able to get it cleaned properly.

CARL

Well, I have Hemophobia. It's a strong fear of blood, and when I see blood, I usually vomit or pass out, usually both.

SANDRA

So you're a serial killer with a fear of blood.

BEAT.

SANDRA (cont'd)

That's ironically hilarious.

Carl sits up.

CARL

You're not scared?

SANDRA

Are you going to kill me?

CARL

No.

SANDRA

Then I'm not scared. Are you crazy like Patrick Bateman? Oh, wait, do you only kill bad guys like *Dexter*? You're not gay like Dahmer, right? That would make things complicated between us.

CARL

You really don't mind that I murder people. Like it's a deep genuine need that is built into my psyche and my core.

SANDRA

Look, as long as you can keep it a secret and keep it to yourself and maybe try to only kill badish people, I don't mind. I told you earlier Carl, I know we are soulmates and if my destiny is to love a serial killer, then so be it.

CARL

This is insane.

SANDRA

I love true crime, so this is a
fucked up, dream come true (pause)
sort of.

They both sit for a second and look at Gavin's dead body.

CARL

We need to get rid of the body, and I
hate to do this, but since it's your
place. I am going to need your help,
especially with the bloody parts.

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carl and Sandra have now cleaned everything up and have
Gavin's body wrapped in a tarp. The apartment looks spotless
as if nothing ever happened.

Carl and Sandra begin to roll Gavin up into the vomit
stained carpet.

SANDRA

Is there really a secret society of
serial killers?

CARL

Yes, and now their leader is dead, I
need to figure out a way to get back
in. It actually has a lot of perks.

SANDRA

Oh yeah, like what?

CARL

Well, for one, they can help with
clean ups like this once your an
elite member, and two, they have a
super nice gym.

SANDRA

Serial killers that like to work out.
That's honestly worse.

EXT. REMOTE DOCK - NIGHT

Sandra and Carl unload Gavin's body from the trunk of Carl's
car. Carl is holding his shoulders while Sandra holds his
feet. They start to shuffle to the end of the dock. They
pause for a brief moment.

CARL
I think I love you.

SANDRA
Awh, I love you too.

They swing Gavin's body three times and toss him into the water.

They start to walk back to the car.

SANDRA (cont'd)
You remembered to put extra weights
around his body right?

CARL
Of course. This ain't my first rodeo.

They both laugh.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Carl sits on a bench, sipping coffee, and looks around. It is a beautiful fall afternoon. The leaves are changing, people are out and about.

Carl checks his phone. A text from Sandra pops up.

SANDRA
I'll be there in 20 minutes. Luv u!

Carl smiles and takes a deep breath. His smile fades as he notices a FIT WOMAN pausing on her jog to check her pulse. His urge comes back, and he knows he needs to strike again to keep sane.

Carl then pulls out the lancet from earlier. Pricks his own finger, looks at the blood, and breathes through it. No vomit, no passing out. Carl smiles.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Carl is sitting in the doctor's office as a NURSE is about to take a blood sample. Carl looks nervous. The nurse notices.

NURSE
Are you afraid of needles?

CARL
No actually. It's the blood I'm
afraid of.

NURSE
Hemophobia. That's a rare one. Just
try to breathe through it okay. It
will be over quick.

The Nurse slips the needle in and begins to draw blood. Carl takes a deep breath and is able to keep himself cool.

The Nurse then goes on to fill up five vials of blood. She then wraps up Carl's arm. Grabs the vials.

NURSE (cont'd)
You ready?

Carl nods. The Nurse then holds up all of the vials, and Carl looks at them. ZOLLY showing Carl getting a little sick, but he is able to hold it together.

NURSE (cont'd)
See it's not so bad.

The nurse exits, and Carl smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY ROAD - DUSK

The young woman who Carl spotted at the Park from before is on a run. You can tell she is an avid runner and is currently very far out of town trying to beat her personal best.

As she runs by a series of bushes, Carl pops out right in front of her. He smacks her in the head with a tire iron.

EXT. NEW SECTION OF THE EMPTY ROAD - DUSK

Carl is loading her body into his trunk. We cannot tell if she is dead or alive.

KILLING SPREE - MONTAGE

Over the course of this montage, we start to take notice that the murders are becoming more and more graphic with more and more blood visible.

Carl murders a lady by suffocating her. He then pulls a small vial of her blood.

He then kills another woman by hitting her with his car in a remote area. He then collects an IV bag of her blood.

Carl is suffocating a woman in her bed with a pillow after she is dead, her husband walks into the room. He runs at Carl. Carl pulls out a boot knife and stabs him directly in the back of the skull. Carl is sitting playing *Candy Crush* on his phone as we see both of their bodies hanging from the ceiling like cattle.

A man enters his garage from the back door. Carl jumps out and scares him. Right as the man is about to scream Carl shoves a weed wacker against his throat. As Carl pulls the weed wacker away, the man silently screams while blood gushes out of his gaping wound.

CLOSE ON a woman entering her apartment as Carl's hand slides out from under the couch, snipping her Achilles heel. As she falls to the ground, her head lands on a perfectly placed large nail that lodges its way through the bottom of her jaw while sticking out of her mouth.

Carl then drags the closed pair of scissors down her back to her cut heel as he is teasing her. CLOSE ON Carl breaking the scissors open. He then slices from her calf up her back extremely fast.

A man is cross-country skiing near a small river with some frozen bushes nearby. Carl jumps out from the bushes and slices both of the man's hands clean off with a machete. Carl then goes to grab one of the ski poles and holds it up with the man's hand still attached. CLOSE ON the blood dripping onto the snow.

Montage ends with Carl in a large freezer room with three people all hanging from the ceiling with their blood draining.

Carl then walks up, and tastes the blood off of a hanging woman.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Carl is at work, and everyone is gathered around a TV. On the TV, the news reporter is sharing a story about another body found.

NEWS ANCHOR

Two more bodies were discovered today, bringing the total to 20 victims. Some people are calling him a vampire, others are saying he could be a cannibal. The only thing connecting these murders is that the bodies are completely drained of blood.

Carl and Sandra exchange looks.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Derrick is walking into his office, looking hungover and as if he is running late. Carl is sitting in the office waiting room in a disguise.

Derrick walks right by Carl without noticing who he is.

DERRICK
(walking by)
Apologies for my tardiness. I'll be
with you shortly.

Derrick enters his office.

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - DAY

Derrick gets settled for his new patient. He sits down and adds a little whiskey to his coffee before calling Carl in.

DERRICK
You can come in now.

Carl enters slowly while trying to hide his identity.

DERRICK (cont'd)
You must be my new patient.

Carl sits down and removes his baseball hat.

CARL
How you been, doc?

Derrick is slightly worried but trying to keep his cool.

DERRICK
Carl? Long time no see. How have you
been holding up?

CARL
Don't play dumb. Derrick! You know, I
know you know, or at least I think I
know you know.

DERRICK
Know what?

CARL
Cut the shit.

Carl stands up. Towering over Derrick. We've never seen this side of him before. It's as if there is new version of Carl. A more confident new version has come alive.

CARL (cont'd)
I'm the vampire. I know it's a dumb name. But hey, the public picked it, not me.

DERRICK
The what?

CARL
The serial killer who's been stealing all the blood. Really? You don't watch the news.

DERRICK
No one watches the news anymore.

This statement upsets Carl.

CARL
I'm all over TikTok too, so cut the bullshit.

Derrick goes to grab his phone. Carl pulls out a gun with a long silencer on it and points it at Derrick.

CARL (cont'd)
I wouldn't do that, if I were you.

Derrick pauses and sets the phone down while holding his hands up acting innocent.

DERRICK
Okay... What do you want with me? I was only trying to help.

CARL
Shut up. How many liters of water can a traditional claw foot tub hold?

DERRICK
A what?

CARL
A fucking claw-foot tub! You know those old tubs in period dramas. Fucking, Kiera Knightley movies. It's a type of bathtub. How many liters of water can a bathtub hold?

DERRICK
I have no idea, maybe 100.

Derrick is starting to cry. Carl is pacing the room now.

CARL
EHHHH. Wrong.

Carl takes a letter opener from Derrick's desk and shoves it in Derrick's leg. He pulls it out and looks at the blood on it.

CARL (cont'd)
The minimum is usually 150; some of the nicer ones can hold up to 300.

Carl shows the blood to Derrick

CARL (cont'd)
Looooook blood, and I'm not scared anymore. No thanks to you.

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)
You're a shitty therapist, by the way. Did you know you're a shitty therapist?

Derrick starts to cry.

DERRICK
(crying)
Yes, I know.

CARL
What's that smell?

DERRICK
What?

CARL
It smells like shit.

DERRICK
No it doesn't.

CARL
Did you shit your pants?

DERRICK
No.

Carl cocks the gun.

DERRICK (cont'd)
 Okay. Okay. Yes, I've never been this
 scared before in my life.

CARL
 The shitty therapist is now actually
 shitty what a joke.

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)
 How many liters of blood are in the
 average human body? You should know
 this one, you are technically a
 doctor.

DERRICK
 4.5 to 5.7 liters of blood or 5
 quarts.

CARL
 Correct. Looks like somebody paid
 attention in school. So, lets just
 say 5.2 for average. So whats 150
 divided by 5.2?

DERRICK
 I don't know like 30.

Carl throws a couple of books to the ground. He grabs one
 and then chucks it at Derrick hitting him right in the head.

CARL
 Wrong...

BEAT.

CARL (cont'd)
 Oh wait did you say 30? That's close
 enough, its 28 point something. Now
 can you guess how many people I have
 killed?

Derrick swallows.

DERRICK
 29

CARL
 (smiling)
 Yes...That means I am only one person
 away from filling my metaphorical
 tub.

(MORE)

CARL (cont'd)

You know since, I left your practice, my life has really turned around. I met the love of my life. I've conquered my fear, and I'm about to become immortal.

DERRICK

I was doing my best.

CARL

Your best? That was your best. Let me show you what you deserve for your best.

Carl grabs a piece of paper, grabs Derrick's hand, and spreads his middle and pointer fingers. He then slides the edge slowly, giving Derrick a deep paper cut.

As Carl is doing this, Derrick notices Carl is no longer pointing the gun at him. Derrick head-butts Carl, knocking him back.

Derrick makes a run for the door and opens it. Standing on the other side is Deborah however, the CAMERA doesn't see her right away.

Right as Derrick crosses the threshold of the door, Carl shoves the letter opener deep into Derrick's skull. The letter opener is now sticking out of the top of Derrick's head like an antenna.

Blood begins to gush out and slide down Derrick's face as his eyes roll back. He falls onto Deborah, getting blood all over her face.

Carl is standing behind Derrick smiling.

CARL (cont'd)

Oh, hi Deborah! Long time no see. You look like you are doing a lot better. Let's keep this between us otherwise, I'll have to kill you in your sleep and wear your skin as a blanket. I'll be back for the body in about 10 minutes. You better not be here when I get back.

Deborah looks completely normal and healthy underneath the blood. Carl pats her on the head and exits. Deborah just stands there in shock for a beat. She later wipes the blood off her face and licks her finger as if she has tasted this before. Signaling that she is also crazy.

INT. STERILE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Carl is moving a pallet of buckets using a small man-powered forklift. The warehouse is spotless and white. There are bright lights, and Carl is wearing all white.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Carl pulls a large claw foot tub into the center of a bright white room.

Carl goes to a speaker and turns on OPERA MUSIC.

He then pours buckets of blood into the tub slowly and intentionally. Multiple shots and different angles of Carl pouring, and the tub filling up.

Carl dances as he goes to grab the next bucket.

Once the tub is full, Carl exits frame.

WIDE ON the tub in the center of the room, with blood barely visible. The CAMERA SITS here for a slightly too long moment.

As Carl enters frame, naked.

CUT TO

CLOSE ON Carl's naked feet as he is gets into in the tub.

TOP DOWN SHOT of the tub full of blood.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT out from the tub.

Carl's eyes open just above the surface of the blood. Then his big smile showing perfectly white teeth.

CAMERA sees nothing but a clean white room with a tub full of blood and Carl's big eyes and smile.

THE END