

INT. OLLIE'S CLOSET

OLLIE

There's no logical way for this to be a coincidence. It can't be. Three people this month, two last month...all of them dead the exact same way. The burned out eyes, the grey skin...It's the exact same M.O.

Note to self, look into poisons that could do this to skin.

(brief pause)

The eyes...that had to have been done by hand, right? Ugh, morbid thought. Anyway...logic says it's a serial killer. But my gut says...there's something more. It's connected to the dreams, I-I know it is. I know it is. I keep seeing their faces, and their eyes, and I keep...there's a man. And darkness. And they all give me the same feeling.

Dread.

Ollie's phone rings

OLLIE

Shit, shit-Hello? Sal?

SAL

Ollieeeee. Are you standing me up?

OLLIE

What are you ta-shit, it's already past noon?

SAL

Yeah. You were supposed to meet me for coffee after your therapy appointment this morning.

OLLIE

Fuck, Sal, I'm so sorry. I totally forgot.

SAL

Did you forget the therapy appointment too?

OLLIE

Uhhh...Well...

SAL

Ollieeee.

OLLIE

I was busy!

SAL

What, with your red string board?

Silence

SAL

Oh my god, I was joking, were you actually-

OLLIE

No, shut up! Just-give me five minutes, I'm on my way.

SAL

Yyyup. See ya soon.

Call ends

OLLIE

Okay. Fine. Suppose I need a break anyway. It can't be good to think
about this so much.

(Pause)

I wonder if I should feel unsafe going outside. I...don't.
Whatever. I'm sure it's fine.