

DARKEST NIGHT

SEASON 3

EPISODE 7: Dream Date

CHARACTERS

Katie Reed: Mid 20s. Impulsive and spontaneous. Quick learner who isn't afraid to speak her mind. Knows she's wrapped up in a larger conspiracy now, but has to keep that from Ricketts. Vivian Lobdow just told Katie that she needs her help.

Han Ziggler: Mid 40s. He is an agent for the NTK and Katie's new partner.

Catherine: 30s. She is the CEO of a PR firm, a mother, and is newly single and sexually anxious.

Laura: 40s. She is Catherine's best friend, gossipy, and a little Trashy.

Ursula: 40s. She is mysterious and the head of Dream Date.

Guard: Very Professional and discreet.

Danneth: 20s. She is Dream Date's Bartender.

Boston: 30s. He is like if the Situation and Pauly D had a child.

Vivian: 30s. She is the CEO of the Roth Lobdow Center for Advanced Research.

LOCATIONS

1. NTK Nest
2. Bar
3. Catherine's House
4. The Tuesday

Efx: Opening Door

Efx: Recording Device on

KATIE

Hi Agent Ziggler! I did some research on Brins-Hall.

HAN ZIGGLER

Anything relevant?

KATIE

Well what's really strange is that besides the elephant, there were tons of Goat and Crow symbols found by police all over Brinstown.

HAN ZIGGLER

Huh. That is interesting. Good work, Katie.

KATIE

Thanks Agent Ziggler.

HAN ZIGGLER

Though, as we previously discussed Brins-Hall and all of his followers are long dead. This is probably some sort of sick individual's homage to the past. No?

KATIE

That could make sense but I am not getting that feeling.

HAN ZIGGLER

Let's get on with it today shall we....

Efx: Cart rolling

KATIE

Jesus, she looks like the victim of of someone we've seen before.

HAN ZIGGLER

Maybe?

Efx: Wet popping noise.

EFX: Sound of scalpel cutting flesh, beeps.

KATIE
 Withdrawing blood from the optic
 nerve and depositing it into the
 box.

Efx: Wet popping noises

HAN ZIGGLER
 NTK Assignment #007

KATIE
 Time stamp is registering
 correctly. Initiating playback in
 3...
 2...
 1...
 Initiate.

EFX: Transition noise

EFX: FADE IN

EFX: Sounds of a hip upscale bar.

LAURA
 Oh my god it is sooooo good to see
 you!

CATHERINE
 You too! Laura, you look amazing!

LAURA
 Awww thanks, Catherine. Take a
 seat.

EFX: Catherine sitting

LAURA (CONT'D)
 How's work?

CATHERINE
 It doesn't stop.

EFX: Women laughing

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
 Between picking up the kids, the
 Firm, meeting clients, making
 meals, taking care of the house,
 and staying in shape... I just
 don't sleep anymore.

LAURA

I understand. It's bad enough when your husband is around but being a single mom is tough. I am just lucky my parents live here so I have a free sitter every now and then.

CATHERINE

That bad, huh?

LAURA

The first year was awful but now I am practically in a whole new rhythm. It was all about finding a way to make it work for me.

Efx: Catherine Sighs

CATHERINE

Well I don't know if you heard, but Chad and I have separated.

LAURA

(shicked)

I...I'm sorry. I didn't know.

CATHERINE

It's fine. He actually moved out 6 months ago. Last I heard, he was in London or Paris or something. I just had to turn off Instagram. At least I'm getting sole custody of the kids.

LAURA

You poor doll. If you ever need anything...please don't hesitate to ask.

NARRATOR

Catherine looked down at her drink, then back up again. She took a deep breath in and tried to muster up the strength to make an awkward ask...

CATHERINE

(Anxious diatribe)

Can I ask you something weird and intrusive?

Efx: LAURA affectionately laughing

LAURA
Ok. What do you need to know?

CATHERINE
Well, as I am sure you guessed..
it's been a while since I've had
sex.

Efx: LAURA starts laughing

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Stop it! It isn't funny.

LAURA
Ok! Go on!

CATHERINE
I can't date anybody I know from
work....

LAURA
Yeah, well that's a good thing. You
work with a bunch of boring
actuaries.

CATHERINE
Can't date any of the parents at
school.

LAURA
Been there too. It is not worth it
to be *that* mom.

CATHERINE
So...dating apps?

LAURA
It's an idea.

CATHERINE
(sighing)
I guess.

LAURA
Are you looking to date somebody
for a month or...an evening?

CATHERINE
Um...probably just a night.

LAURA
I think I actually know of
something that would be perfect for
you.

CATHERINE
What?

NARRATOR
Laura looked around the room.

Efx: Get up

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
She shuffled right next to
Catherine and whispered in her ear.

LAURA
(Whispering In left ear)
Dream Date.

CATHERINE
Is that another app?

LAURA
(whisperers)
No. It's more like...a service. A
safe one. The matches are always
perfect. And they cater mostly to
women.

CATHERINE
(Whispering in right ear
shocked)
Is it prostitution?

LAURA
(Whispering in left ear)
No. Maybe. We give them your name,
they do research on you, mock up a
dossier, run your profile through
their algorithm and then set you up
with your "dream date".

CATHERINE
Have we made it to the part of the
commercial where you start quickly
listing out the disclaimers?

LAURA
CATHERINE!

EFX: Both Women Laugh

CATHERINE
Seriously.. so with this "service"
I don't even get to chose my
partner?

LAURA
No. Let them do the legwork. They
know what you want better than you
do. And they are never wrong.
(dreamily)
Trust me.

CATHERINE
(dubiously)
How much?

LAURA
Well, it ain't cheap. And you need
to be sponsored in. I could do
that. My contact's name is Ursula
and she's the best.

CATHERINE
Hmm. Well, maybe.

LAURA
We'll see about that.

Efx: text sent sound

CATHERINE
What, what did you just do?

LAURA
Committed you. I just texted Ursula
your name.

CATHERINE
But I didn't commit!

Efx: Laura laughs.

LAURA
You have now.

Efx: the two laugh

CATHERINE
God, I need another drink.

Efx: glass clinking

NARRATOR

It was days before Catherine heard back from Ursula. She had begun, in fact, to believe that Laura had only been teasing her and that Dream Date wasn't real at all.

Beat.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But, of course...it was.

EFX: Scene changing

EFX: Fade out

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She woke up that morning at 5:30 AM.

Efx: Alarm Clock

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Made the kids breakfast.

Efx: cooking sounds

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Did the dishes.

Efx: kids eating

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Dropped the children off at school.

Efx: Car Parking

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Arrived at work at 8:00...and had a perfectly normal day. That was until 2:31 that afternoon.

EFX: Phone ringing.

CATHERINE

Hello?

DANNETH

Hello Ms. Cashaw, this is Danneth from Dream Date. Your match has been made and we're ready to schedule you an evening. Can I put you on with Ursula?

CATHERINE
Oh ye-, oh. Okay. Yeah put me on.

DANNETH
Alright, hang tight.

EFX: phone clicking and then connecting.

URSULA
Hello, Catherine?

CATHERINE
(nervous rambling)
Hi. Yes, I'm Catherine, Laura's friend. You already know that though.

URSULA
Yes! Of course. And I'm very happy to tell you we have found your match. It's 100% perfect. You must be very excited.

CATHERINE
Maybe... I'm sorry, I'm really new to all this. My husband-

URSULA
(interrupting)
Ms. Cashaw, Dream Date maintains the highest levels of discretion and safety for our clients. Your husband-

CATHERINE
-well actually, we're separated-

URSULA
- need never know about your evening. We've never had an incident, which is why our service fees are so high.

CATHERINE
Oh. Well, about that, Laura didn't tell me how much-

URSULA
\$3200 for the entire evening.

CATHERINE
Oh wow.

URSULA

Remember, that includes dinner,
drinks, the spa if you chose, and
of course your room at The Tuesday.

CATHERINE

(awed)

The Tuesday? That's that hotel in
Dreamy Draw that's impossible to
book. The really fancy one. There's
never availability.

URSULA

Yes! And that's because we own it.

CATHERINE

Whoa.

URSULA

Only the best for our clients. Now.
Could tonight work for you?

CATHERINE

Oh, no. No, I've got my kids
tonight.

URSULA

Boston's next availability is
Thursday evening, then.

CATHERINE

Boston, that's my- that's who
matched me?

URSULA

Yes, you will be very happy with
your match. We guarantee that.

NARRATOR

Catherine thought it over for a few
seconds. She was a CFO. A mother.
She shouldn't be hiring a
prostitute no matter how discreet
or safe it was.

But then she thought of Chad, his
brand new blonde girlfriend and
what they were probably doing on
Thursday night.

CATHERINE

Okay, fuck it, I'll do it.

URSULA

Excellent! Be in the lobby of The Tuesday at 8:30pm. Boston will meet you there and escort you to dinner.

CATHERINE

Okay, thanks. I'll be there.

URSULA

Great! Enjoy your date Ms. Cashaw.

CATHERINE

Thanks! I'm looking forward to it.

EFX: scene changes. Sounds of driving.

Google Maps Vivian Voice

Continue to stay on 57th Ave West.

NARRATOR

It was 8:15 PM and Catherine was a mess. In just 15 minutes she would meet Boston for a night of debauchery. What would he look like? Sound like? How tall would he be? What would they discuss?

GOOGLE MAPS VIVIAN VOICE

Turn Right onto Calle Entredero and in 276 ft turn right onto Paseo De La Luz.

EFX: Car turning and zipping there

NARRATOR

Catherine turned the corner and gasped as The Tuesday rolled onto the horizon. The hotel was tall, dozens of stories up, and built in a perfect square with a supposedly dazzling courtyard in the middle. Its design was said to be so flawlessly precise that it forced Frank Lloyd Wright into retirement at the very sight. At least, that was according to legend. No one really knew. There were no pictures of the interior...anywhere. None were allowed.

CATHERINE

(to self)

I wonder what it's like inside?

NARRATOR

As Catherine drew closer she tried to slow her heart from racing.

GOOGLE MAPS VIVIAN VOICE

Your destination is on the right.

GUARD

Good evening, ma'am. Do you have an appointment at The Tuesday this evening?

CATHERINE

Yes. 8:30.

GUARD

Your name?

CATHERINE

I thought this was all very discreet and anonymous. Do you really need my name?

Beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Catherine Cashaw.

Efx: Opening gate

NARRATOR

The guard nodded at her and then let her through.

Efx: car door opening.

CATHERINE

Wait, don't you need to cross check that? Or did you memorize the names of every guest checking in tonight?

GUARD

Every night, Ma'am.

CATHERINE

Well ok...

EFX: Catherine getting out of the car.

NARRATOR

Catherine straightened her little black dress and took several deep breaths as she watched the valet drive away with her car.

Edx: car driving through cement

CATHERINE

(to self)

Boston, Boston, Boston. You'd better be worth it.

NARRATOR

She finger-combed her hair one last time before putting on a mask of false bravado and walking through the gilded front doors of the hotel.

Efx: Posh Crowd

CATHERINE

Oh wow!

NARRATOR

Catherine lost her breath as she took in the palatial lobby. She had never been inside The Tuesday and didn't know anyone who had. Well, except maybe Laura.

There had to be 3 dozen people in the lobby and even more beyond, talking at the swanky bar or eating in their opulent restaurant.

And everyone, absolutely everyone, she could see was paired up with someone. Every one except her. Catherine suddenly felt uncertain and took a step back toward the front door.

URSULA

Catherine?

NARRATOR

She turned around to see an older woman standing behind her. She was dressed conservatively and had a warm, disarming smile.

CATHERINE
Yes, I'm Catherine.

URSULA
Good evening, I'm so happy to meet you in person. It's Ursula from the phone.

CATHERINE
Oh! Nice to meet you!

URSULA
You as well. Boston asked me to meet you here and wanted me to let you know he's running a little bit late.

CATHERINE
Late? Oh. Did, ah, did another date go long or something?

EFX: Ursula laughing

URSULA
Oh goodness no! We would never double book.

CATHERINE
You're sure Boston didn't see me and just run away?

EFX: Catherine nervous laughter.

URSULA
Oh, of course not. Boston is very excited to meet you. I think you'll be very happy with your evening.

CATHERINE
Okay.

URSULA
May I escort you to the bar? Boston would like me to get you settled with a drink. Please relax, this will be a lovely experience.

URSULA (CONT'D)
Alright.

NARRATOR
Ursula escorted Catherine into the bar and sat her at a 2 person high top.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She snapped her fingers and a small man with a slouched face and watery eyes appeared at her side.

URSULA

Danneth, please get Catherine a Belvedere and soda with lime.

DANNETH

Yes, Ursula.

NARRATOR

The small man disappeared and Catherine gave Ursula a surprised look.

CATHERINE

You know my drink.

URSULA

It's my job to know.

Efx: glass clinking, being set down.

DANNETH

Here you are, Ms. Cashaw.

CATHERINE

That was obscenely fast!

NARRATOR

Catherine reached into her purse to tip him but Ursula stopped her with a gentle hand.

Efx: Hand grab

URSULA

Please. No need. Everything is included in your service fee.

CATHERINE

Oh okay.

URSULA

Boston should be down at any moment. Enjoy your stay.

CATHERINE

Thanks.

Efx: glass stirring

NARRATOR

Catherine waited at the table, drinking slowly. She was equal parts thrilled, anxious, and aroused.

Looking around the chic bar, she couldn't help but study all the attractive men talking to their clients. Some women even had two dates. Catherine bristled with anticipation. Would she be one of those lucky women that the program deemed worthy of a menage? And what detail of their backgrounds gave that suggestion?

EFX: Quartet Finishes the songs

BOSTON

Catherine?

NARRATOR

She spun around in her seat, nearly spilling her drink on the man who'd addressed her.

CATHERINE

Yes, I'm Catherine.

BOSTON

Ah, hey Beautiful. I'm Boston.

CATHERINE

You're...you're Boston?

BOSTON

Sweetey, are those beautiful ears broken? I'm Boston. You're in for the best smash of your life!

NARRATOR

Boston was a gorgeous man, shredded in muscle from top to bottom. Though, his hair was gelled up in the shape of a traffic cone.

CATHERINE

You're Boston?

BEFX: Boston laughs

BOSTON

Yeah, honey! You like what you see?

NARRATOR

Boston puffed out his chest high as if he was showing off his muscles at a body building event.

Efx: clinking of glasses and chatter during a very awkward pause.

CATHERINE

I think there's been a misunderstanding.

BOSTON

No misunderstanding, hotness. The algorithm went boom and matched us together.

NARRATOR

Catherine winced and studied the crass man sitting across from her. He was younger by probably a decade, shorter than she was, and sported an obscene amount of muscle that strained against his too tight shirt with its too deep v-neck.

CATHERINE

(thought to self)
Christ!

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Don't take this the wrong way, but you look exactly like 6 pack Freddy from that Jersey Beach show.

Efx: Boston grabbing Catherine's arm

BOSTON

That was me! After undergoing two kidney transplants, three botched face lifts and a five year stint for tax evasion...I decided to start a new life with a fresh identity. So what better way to hide my persona then by picking a name that no one would ever associate with my past...geographically speaking of course...

Beat.

CATHERINE

Ok....I guess that makes sense.
I didn't really watch the show. I
think I've only seen a couple
episodes.

BOSTON

Must be cool for you to be hanging
out with a celebrity.

CATHERINE

Right... Well, I actually just
watched because you guys were a
drunk mess and it just made me feel
better about myself.

BOSTON

Which episodes did you see?
Did you see the one where I peed on
that painting in the museum?

Beat.

CATHERINE

Um...no.

BOSTON

(whispering)

What about the one where I was in
the smoosh room with DJ Bobby B,
Micky Proscuitto, and Richard
Nixon?

CATHERINE

I don't think so.

BOSTON

Oh man, that was a good one. I'll
tell you about it, later. Let's
take some shots.

CATHERINE

Well, I-

NARRATOR

Catherine was cut off as a man
approached the table. He nodded to
her and then to Boston who gave him
a chin lift.

BOSTON

Sup?

DANNETH
Good evening, can I get for you?

CATHERINE
Hmmm. I think-

BOSTON
You got crab legs tonight, bro?

DANNETH
Yes, sir.

BOSTON
K, give us both crab legs. And
lotsa butta.

DANNETH
Very well!

NARRATOR
Catherine narrowed her eyes at the
man across the table, confused and
a little stupefied.

CATHERINE
(thought to self)
This was what the program thought I
needed? This overgrown child who
probably had a venereal disease
named after him?

NARRATOR
Catherine placed her elbows on the
table and leaned forward.

EFX: Catherine sighs

CATHERINE
So, Boston. You've best friends
with Billie Sanitation and Hookie.
You love Jersey and are
a...celebrity. Why would you want
to be work for Dream Date?

NARRATOR
Boston shrugged.

BOSTON
I like to smash ladies through the
floor. Here... I get paid for it.
Speaking of...

Efx: places her hand on Katherine's thigh.

NARRATOR

Boston leaned over and placed his hand on Catherine's thigh, sliding it up her skirt.

Efx: places her hand on Katherine's thigh.

BOSTON

(whispering in her left ear)

I want to get to know you better.

CATHERINE

Don't you people know everything about me?

BOSTON

(whispering in right ear)

I don't know how you like to be touched. Or what you sound like when you moan.

CATHERINE

No...I guess you don't know those things.

BOSTON

(whispering in left ear)

But I'd like to.

CATHERINE

Boston! Stop it!

Beat.

DANNETH

(Whispering in Left Ear)

Madamme!

CATHERINE

(breathlessly)

Oh God.

NARRATOR

Danneth suddenly appeared at the and set their meals down in front of them. Boston took his hand away as soon as the plate hit the table.

BOSTON

Oh fuck yeah, bro! Crab legs!

NARRATOR

Catherine took a few deep breaths and picked up her shell-cracker, eyeing the pound of shellfish in front of her! Boston was already cracking away.

BOSTON

So, Cat, tell me about that douche ex husband of yours, Chad. Were you pissed when you found out how he was fucking Britney? What an idiot. You're way hotter.

EFX: utensil falls on plate.

CATHERINE

What...how do you know about that?

NARRATOR

Boston reached over and tucked a strand of Catherine's hair behind her ear.

BOSTON

Don't look so shocked, babe. I read your file, that's all.

CATHERINE

It had pictures of Britney in it??

BOSTON

It had a shit ton of stuff in it! I know you have kids, which makes you a bonafide milf. And they're both in a fancy charter school so you're rich too.

CATHERINE

You know where my kids go to school?!

BOSTON

Yeah, babe, I know everything! And you know everything there is about me from watching the show. So it's even.

CATHERINE

Look, Boston. I have to tell you, I'm getting a little freaked out here.

BOSTON

Because I know about your kids?
Relax, baby, I think it's hot.

NARRATOR

Catherine started to shake her
head.

BOSTON

That's okay, doll, we don't need to
talk. Let's do some bombs! Jager
bombs! That'll loosen you up.

NARRATOR

At the mention of her children,
Catherine shuddered. This was
wrong. It *might* be fun to spend a
night with Boston but the entire
situation freaked her out, made her
too nervous. This was a bad idea.

CATHERINE

Boston, you are...great. Really
great. But um, I think I'm just
gonna head home.

BOSTON

What?

NARRATOR

Catherine knew that offending a
reality TV star like Boston never
ended quickly. So she made a
diversion.

CATHERINE

I mean those crabs really got to
me. I am going to head to the
ladies room.

BOSTON

Ayo, Catherine's got a sicilian
mudslide!

EFX: Chair pulling out

EFX: table scraping on floor

NARRATOR

She stood up from the table as fast
as she could. Catherine was done
here.

CATHERINE

(to self)

Laura, I can't believe you talked me into this.

NARRATOR

She walked out of the restaurant and into what she was sure had been the lobby... only to find - another bar - one she had never seen before.

CATHERINE

What the hell?

NARRATOR

Catherine ran through the speakeasy, body checking people out of the way. It wasn't possible... She was sure of it...

The end of the bar led to a hallway with elevators. Looking at the dial above the doors, she saw that she was currently on the 11th floor.

CATHERINE

That is not fucking possible.

Efx: Running Footsteps

NARRATOR

Just then Boston appeared around the corner, skidding to a halt.

BOSTON

Hotness, you can't-

CATHERINE

Why does this say we're on the 11th floor? We're on the bottom floor. I walked through the lobby to get to the restaurant.

NARRATOR

Catherine jabbed at the down button anyway.

EFX: elevator ding

BOSTON

(has dropped the guido
accent like an actor
would)

Don't get on the elevator,
Catherine. Come on, let's go back
to the table and we can talk about
your discomfort or any insecurities
you're having but *don't* get on that
elevator!

NARRATOR

The elevator's bell chimed and its
doors slid open revealing a couple
so absorbed in each other they
barely noticed Catherine as they
brushed past her. She walked into
the elevator and hit the button for
LOBBY.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

EFX: Door Closing

BOSTON

(desperate)
No, please don't-

NARRATOR

The doors shut on Boston's plea.
The elevator slowed at the 8th
floor and stopped, the doors slid
open to reveal two men holding
hands. They started to board the
elevator, but froze when they saw
her.

The taller man pulled his lover
back, who looked confused.

CATHERINE

(tired, annoyed)
On or off?

MAN #1

We'll get the next one, love.

NARRATOR

Catherine jammed the "close door"
button on the panel and slid back
against the wall.

CATHERINE

Come on...

NARRATOR

The elevator stopped again at the 6th floor. The doors opened to reveal a spa level. There was a whirlpool, a few massage tables, and a door to the sauna. But what the room was actually being used for... was an all out orgy.

EFX: People Moaning

Efx: Catherine Gasp

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Since no one on this floor seemed to have called the elevator, she jammed the "close" button again and waited while the doors slid to a painfully slow close.

Catherine watched the floors tick down again, praying there wouldn't be another stop. Her eyes rested briefly on the camera in the corner. She bet the security guard watching it had seen some things.

The elevator slowed again at the 3rd floor.

CATHERINE

Oh come on!

NARRATOR

The doors opened to a dark hallway; The only light on the floor came from the elevator. It seemed never ending, the corridor, tapering away into darkness. It was clearly under construction - with fluorescent lights hanging from the ceiling haphazardly.

Catherine hit the "close door" button but nothing happened. She jabbed it again, but it refused. And then she heard voices.

VOICE #1

I can't.

NARRATOR

They sounded far away, down the hall, somewhere deep in the darkness.

VOICE #2

Yes, you can, this is your fantasy.

VOICE #1

She's crying.

VOICE #2

Would you like me to blindfold her for you?

VOICE #1

I don't...

VOICE #2

They is your dream date, Ben. The algorithm is never wrong. These are the kind of videos you watch, aren't they?

VOICE #1

(hesitantly)

Ye-yes.

VOICE #2

And how do you think they get onto the dark web? Someone has to film them right?

VOICE #1

I don't want to be filmed.

VOICE #2

Of course not, that isn't part of your fantasy. Here, take the knife.

NARRATOR

Catherine's body shook. Whatever she thought she was hearing must be wrong. She was already losing her mind, forgetting she took an elevator up at some point when she first arrived. She wasn't really hearing what she thought she was...right?

The elevator doors finally, *finally* slid closed and the car began moving down again.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
It sunk right past the lobby,
stopping on the floor below it. The
level was labeled simply "M".

EFX: doors sliding open.

CATHERINE
No, no, no, no - lobby! You missed
the fucking lobby!

NARRATOR
The doors opened to a dull,
functional, well lit corridor.
There were two doors on either side
of the short hallway and a dead end
in front of her. She hit the "door
close" button but nothing happened.

EFX: doors sliding open.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Again. She hit it several more
times. Without a phone or emergency
button, she had no choice but to
step out into the hallway to find
help.

CATHERINE
Hello?

NARRATOR
Catherine's only option were the
doors. She knocked on the first one
to her left.

CATHERINE
Hello? Um, I'm sorry to interrupt
you but the elevator got stuck on
this floor and I'm just wondering
if you could call someone?

EFX: Silence.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Is anyone there? Hello?

CREEPY WOMAN
(through the door)
Come in.

NARRATOR
Catherine shrugged. Okay then. She
could make the call from their
room.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She had just turned the knob when the elevator doors suddenly closed and the elevator shot up away from her.

CATHERINE

No! Goddamn it!

NARRATOR

She jammed the call button but it didn't so much as light up. Catherine sighed and walked back to the hotel room, pushing the door open.

A man and woman were sitting on the bed, fully clothed and staring at her. They were sitting side by side - very close but not quite touching.

CATHERINE

Ye...ah. Um. Can I use your phone real quick?

NARRATOR

Catherine pointed toward their desk, then noticed there was no phone to be used. The couple continued to watch her silently as she moved around the room. She pulled her cell out briefly and then sighed, tucking it away again.

CATHERINE

Look, I don't get any service on this floor. Do either of you have a cell?

NARRATOR

But they just watched...in utter silence.

CATHERINE

Okay, ah....I'm gonna...I'm gonna check next door. Thanks.

NARRATOR

Catherine walked out of the room and closed the door quietly behind her.

CATHERINE

Fuckin' weirdos.

NARRATOR

She walked across the hall and knocked on the next door. It was quiet. Catherine believed the room to be empty. She opened the door and let herself in.

This room had a phone and bed with a noose hanging over it.

CATHERINE

Oh my god!

NARRATOR

The noose was tied to a cheap light fixture overhead. It was swinging rhythmically back and forth. The rope groaned as if it were weighted. It was pulled taut over the bed.

CATHERINE

What the ever-loving fuck?

EFX: rope groaning.

NARRATOR

Catherine tip toed her way across the room, where she picked up the phone...but there was no dial tone.

EFX: phone hitting table

CATHERINE

God fucking damn it!

NARRATOR

In the same moment, a light burst overhead and half the room was thrown in shadow. Catherine could now see the silhouette of the rope on the wall behind her. Except unlike the vision in front of her, the shadow reflected the outline of a body dangling at the end of the rope.

CATHERINE

Jesus christ!

EFX: door slam

NARRATOR

Catherine backed out and slammed the door to the room. She wondered if she was drugged or possibly having a psychotic break. She had to find help. Maybe there was a working phone in one of the other rooms.

She didn't even bother knocking on the next one. She simply walked in. The room... was empty. The only difference between this one and the last was a beautiful white vanity mirror leaning against the wall. She caught sight of a note wedged into the slot underneath the piece's frame.

Reluctantly, Catherine sat down to read it.

CATHERINE

"Every love story is a tragedy if you wait long enough". How fuckin' uplifting.

NARRATOR

She rose to stand when something in the mirror caught her eye. It wasn't anything behind her, though. No. It was her own reflection.

CATHERINE

What the heck?

NARRATOR

There was something...off. Catherine couldn't immediately clock what it was but the longer she sat there contemplating it, the more obvious it became. Her reflection was a quarter second behind her. Or maybe half a second. The delay seemed to be getting longer.

CATHERINE

Not...not possible. Oh my god, I'm losing my mind. This is not possible.

NARRATOR

But as she finished speaking, her reflection was atleast a full second behind her. She saw it do something she didn't. It smiled back at her. Catherine tipped over backwards in her chair in shock.

EFX: chair clattering

CATHERINE

Get away from me!

NARRATOR

Her reflection just started laughing - silently of course - while slowly leaning in towards her.

CATHERINE

Noooooooooo!

EFX: crash, mirror shattering

NARRATOR

Catherine yanked her phone out of her pocket and threw it into the mirror as hard as she could. It shattered instantly but she didn't wait around to see the damage. She rose back to her feet, slamming the door behind her before all the broken pieces had even fallen to the floor.

EFX: heavy breathing

CATHERINE

Oh God. Please let me get out of this.

EFX: phone ringing

NARRATOR

The sound was coming from the last room - the last one to be explored. Catherine took a deep breath in and walked to the door. She gripped the handle, steeled herself, and pushed the it open.

EFX: pen scratching on paper writing.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

A woman was sitting at the desk across the room, writing furiously. The phone beside her started ringing again but she ignored it.

CATHERINE

Excuse me, I really need to use your phone.

NARRATOR

The woman didn't turn around or even acknowledge Catherine.

CATHERINE

Listen, I'm going to pick up your phone because I'm trapped on this floor and I think something might be wrong with me.

NARRATOR

Catherine started walking toward the phone but halted when the woman stopped writing and addressed her without turning around.

VIVIAN

What do you think is wrong with you?

CATHERINE

I'm having a, ah, medical event.

VIVIAN

What sort?

CATHERINE

I don't know, lady, the hallucinating sort. I'm trying to get out of this hotel, I don't belong here.

NARRATOR

The woman finally turned around, a smile on her face.

VIVIAN

On the contrary, Catherine. You are right where you should be.

CATHERINE

What?

NARRATOR

Suddenly, Catherine was grabbed from behind by two pairs of strong hands.

EFX: screaming

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She was dragged onto the bed .the rope dangling from the light fixture above her was quickly tied into a noose and pulled around her neck.

She jerked her head over to see the still-silent couple from the first room holding her down.

CATHERINE

Get off me! What are you doing?

EFX: tinkling

NARRATOR

There was a tinkling sound near by, like bells softly bumping into glass. Her eyes followed the sound to the mirror across from the bed. It was her reflection again, pacing back and forth, watching her and laughing.

CATHERINE

Who are you? What is happening to me?

NARRATOR

Vivian's face cracked into a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. She slid her fingers under the paper she had been writing and pulled out a letter opener. Then she stood.

CATHERINE

What- what are you doing with that?

NARRATOR

Catherine jerked against the hold of the couple behind her. The noose tightened slightly.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Vivian twirled the letter opener between her fingers as she stepped up onto the bed, her weight making the mattress dip and Catherine's knees buckle. She stumbled and the noose pulled tight, cutting off her air until the silent man and woman behind her pulled back again.

VIVIAN

Ut, ut, ah, no dying on your own. That wouldn't be very sporting.

CATHERINE

Who are you? What are you going to do to me? Are you going to kill me?

NARRATOR

Vivian looked back over to the mirror, where Catherine's reflection was watching aptly.

VIVIAN

What do you think? Should I kill her?

NARRATOR

Catherine's reflection shrugged, as if it didn't care either way.

CATHERINE

Please. Please, I have money.

VIVIENNE

(scoffing)

Oh come on. Don't insult us both.

NARRATOR

The woman ran the letter opener down Catherine's face, along her neck in between her breasts, finally stopping at her stomach.

EFX: catherine crying

CATHERINE

Please, don't do this.

VIVIAN

Why not?

CATHERINE

(crying)

Please. I don't understand. This was supposed to be my Dream Date.

VIVIAN

Ah, I see the confusion.

NARRATOR

Vivian brought the letter opener up to Catherine's chin and used it to raise her head until Catherine was looking back at her.

VIVIAN

Sweetheart, this was never your Dream Date.

EFX: Catherine whimpers

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

It was mine.

EFX: gurgling

EFX: Stabbing

EFX: Catherine Death Scream

EFX: Transition Sound

KATIE

Oh my god!

HAN ZIGGLER

Katie, what?

KATIE

It's Vivian! She's probably behind all of this!

HAN ZIGGLER

You are probably right but we have to keep doing our job before jumping to any conclusions!

Beat.

KATIE

Agent Ziggler, I have to ask. All I can remember from Morgan's mansion was an explosion going off before waking up at NTK.

HAN ZIGGLER

Yesssss?

KATIE

What happened to Vivian, Savannah
and Eugene Roth's head?

HAN ZIGGLER

Katie, you are not yet on a Need to
Know basis with that information.

KATIE

But Vivian just....

HAN ZIGGLER

(interrupting)

When it is time for you to know, we
will tell you. I promise you that.

EFX: Door Close

EFX: Recorder Off