

# AMERICAN PSYCHO



GALERO  
KOWALSKI  
SIMPSON

SUMERIAN

ONE

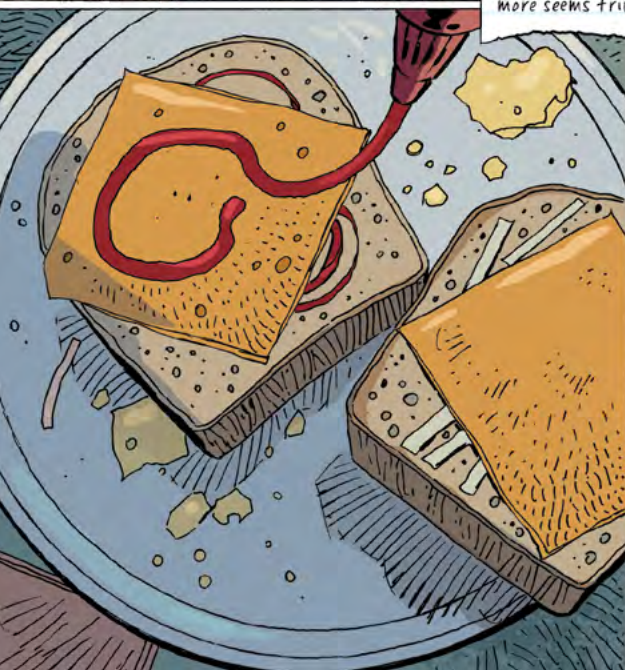
STAPLES 23



I like to start my day with a simple breakfast. Eggs, ham, sometimes toast...nothing special.



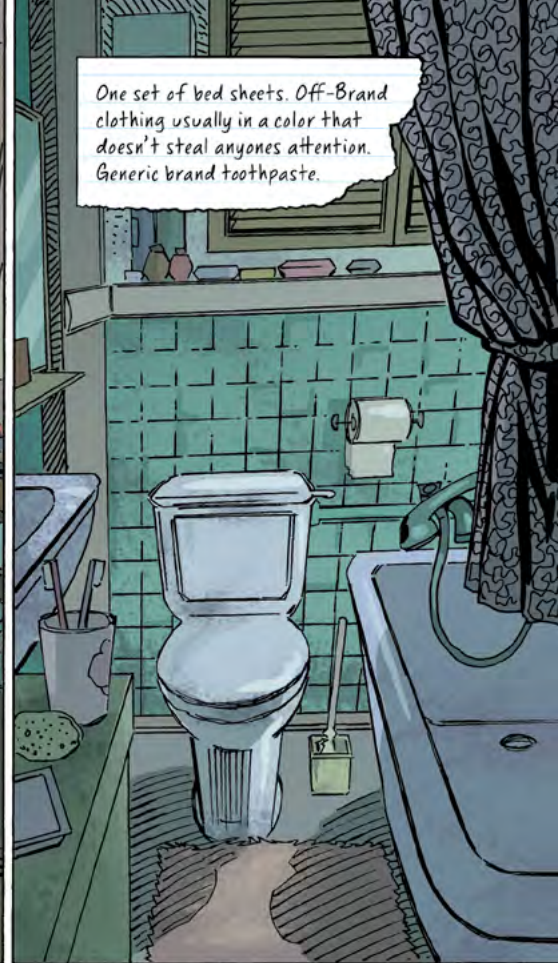
Always a cup of coffee though. No cream. No sugar. Anything more seems frivolous.



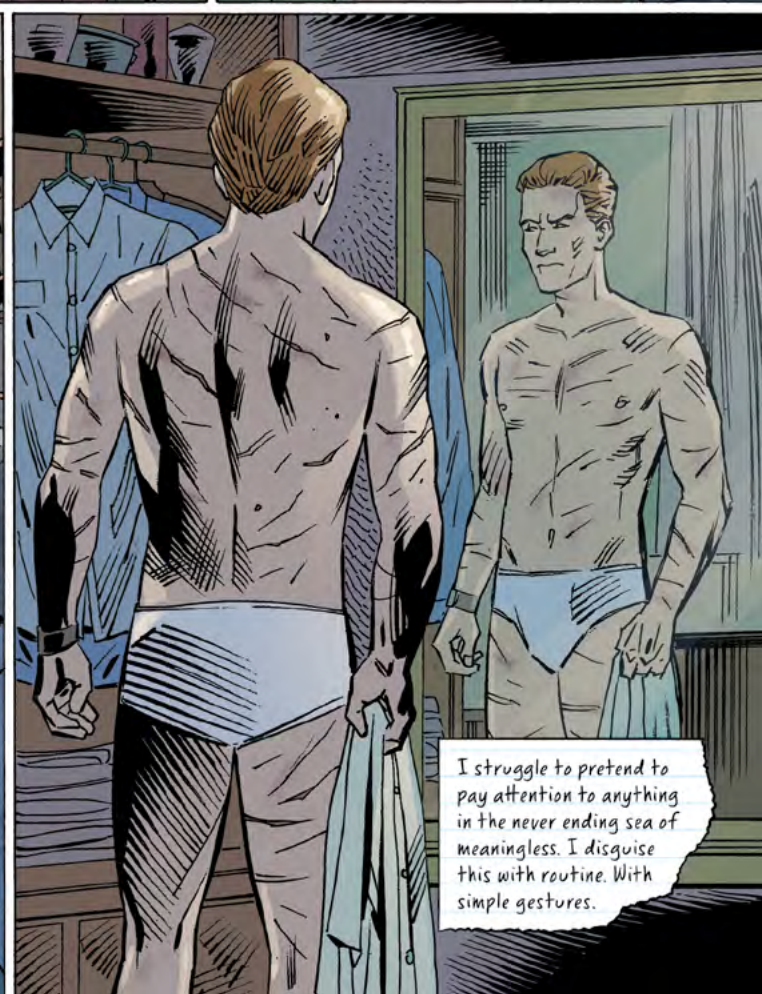
I apply this disciplined lack of opulence to every facet of my life.



One set of bed sheets. Off-Brand clothing usually in a color that doesn't steal anyone's attention. Generic brand toothpaste.



It allows me to focus on what is absolutely necessary. But if I'm being honest most of the time I still get lost in the incessant noise and distraction of each day.



I struggle to pretend to pay attention to anything in the never ending sea of meaningless. I disguise this with routine. With simple gestures.

There's an idea that is Donald Kimball. A facade of a man. Someone you look at and see through, to an empty space you fill with whoever you want him to be. You find comfort in the abstraction but if you only knew what was really underneath the surface...



1987  
**DONALD KIMBALL'S APARTMENT**



HI GERALD.

UH. HI MARCY. HU-- HOW ARE YOU?

YA KNOW. EXHAUSTED. ANOTHER DOUBLE...

...HOW'RE THE CATS?



CATS?

YEAH. YOUR CATS? I HEAR THEM SOMETIMES WHEN I LEAVE FOR MY SHIFT.

OF COURSE.... THE CATS. THEY'RE FINE.

THAT'S GOOD.

WELL, HAVE A GOOD DAY GERALD.




Two years we've been neighbors and she still gets my name wrong.


I'd be offended if it wasn't such a testament to the anonymity I've built around myself.




But still her curiosity can be vexatious.




It's difficult to stay disciplined on nights like tonight.




The cold is biting.



My focus drifts more than I care to admit. But I have to stay the course.



I have work to do.



Important work.



Finally, There  
you are.

Off to see another  
round of suiters...



"Disgusting sacks of meat  
wrapped in tailored suits,  
soaking in your affection"



They think so highly  
of themselves.



They think they  
deserve your  
praise...

Your touch.



I can feel it.



Tonight is the night.

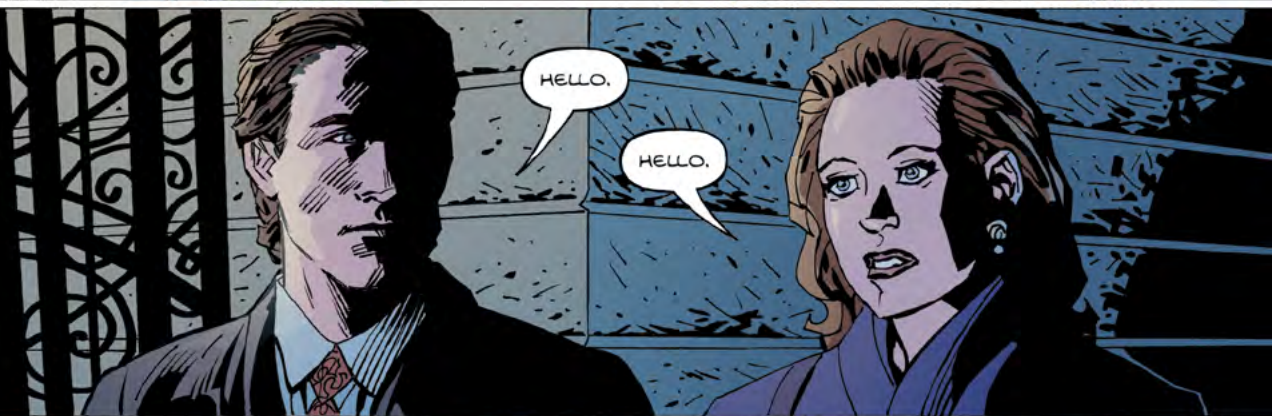


I'll finally show you what's beneath the surface.





I just need the right moment.



HELLO.

HELLO.



No...



...Not this schmuck.



Not tonight.



He's gonna ruin everything.