

GOTHIKA

by

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The Woodward Forensic Institute (WFI) is a 175-bed Intermediate Security treatment facility for male and female psychiatric patients. Its primary clientele are those who have histories of committing criminal offenses and are either committed to the Department of Mental Health by the Circuit Courts of the State or who are admitted under authority of an appointed guardian.

FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS OVER QUICK CUTS:

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S BEDROOM - DAWN

PUSH in on a sleeping couple in the dark. The ALARM CLOCK reads 5:59 AM. The woman's eyes open a second before the alarm beeps and turns it off. She grabs a glass of water on her bedside table and drinks it. Climbs out of bed past typical bedside photographs (wedding, vacation, etc.). This is MIRANDA GREY: 30, sharp and prettier than she knows.

INT. GYM SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

Miranda slides through the water. Swimming cap on, goggles. Her STEADY BREATHING takes us in and out of the water. Something unsettling about this sound. Something slightly unsettling too about her detached manner. A person on autopilot, recognizing only the water and the perfectly aligned lap stripes leading her path. Like graphic metaphors for her own conscience: flat. She emerges from the pool and self-consciously wraps herself in a towel.

INT. COFFEEHOUSE - MORNING

Miranda pays for a pair of coffees and a newspaper.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Miranda's husband DOUGLAS GREY (older, a superficial analysis would suggest a father figure) serves breakfast. Miranda smiles thank you and goes back to studying a case file. He sips from his takeout coffee and reads the newspaper. A pleasant domestic scene. It's 8:00 AM.

EXT. ST. ANNE'S HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Miranda's Volvo pulls in as students amble up the steps. Doug kisses his wife and hops out. Exemplary carpoolers. Students are already chatting him up as Miranda drives off.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - ON A SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

Miranda's car at some sort of guard gate. A BUZZER lets her in. As the car drives past we read the plate on the wall:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"WOODWARD FORENSIC INSTITUTE"

The gate shuts behind her with a certain finality as we...

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - MIRANDA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Stark walls. Simple decor. Bookshelves packed with the according psychiatric tomes and diplomas. Miranda faces a troubled young mess of a woman, CHLOE: charismatic, deranged and forever trying to provoke. Mid-session:

MIRANDA

This is your stepfather who came to visit you?

CHLOE

My stepfather? No. He's dead.
(beat)
I killed him.

Miranda tries not to act surprised at this breakthrough. Responds with the even keel of a trained psychiatrist.

MIRANDA

That's the first time you admit it.

CHLOE

So? There's a first time for everything.

MIRANDA

(jotting this down)
It means you're finally past the denial stage. This is good, Chloe.

CHLOE

I never killed anyone who didn't deserve it.

MIRANDA

You only killed your stepfather as far as I know.

CHLOE

I should've taken care of my mother. She knew all along. You remind me of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

I remind you of your mother?

CHLOE

Always so put together. Like you iron your underwear. Like your pussy is the apricot of the Promised Land and the bread of the --

MIRANDA

(getting her back on track)

Let's get back to your visitor last night.

CHLOE

The Devil.

MIRANDA

Alright, the Devil. Why would the Devil visit you? It's already hell in here, what would he have to gain?

CHLOE

He came to fuck an angel.
(giggles at that)
I'm his dirty angel.

Before Miranda can analyze that one, the room LIGHTS FLICKER AND DIE. Darkness. Miranda's breathing speeds up.

CHLOE

He grabbed me by the hair while I sucked him and usually I love that, I just do -- maybe you can tell me why I love it so much -- but not this time, he was just too rough --

As suddenly as it went out, now the POWER RETURNS. A visibly uncomfortable Miranda checks the clock.

MIRANDA

That's it until Monday. Try and get some sleep tonight, okay?

CHLOE

Sure, Doctor.
(leans in)
Crazy people hear messages from God. Not the Devil. You know that, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

I didn't say you were crazy.

CHLOE

You don't have to say it.

She almost doesn't seem crazy when she says this. Almost. TWO ORDERLIES appear at the door. Miranda nods for them to escort Chloe. Chloe shakes their hands away from her, strides off dramatically. The princess of the asylum.

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR - LATER

Miranda locks her office, armed with paperwork. The end of another workweek. DR. PETE GRAHAM, a good ten years older and Miranda's best friend on the job, approaches.

PETE

Dr. Grey.

MIRANDA

Dr. Graham.

They walk along with the easy confidence of colleagues who not only respect each other, but enjoy each other. A lot.

PETE

Power went out again in our wing.

MIRANDA

(knows what's coming)

Same here.

PETE

It's not shrink-appropriate to be afraid of the dark, you know?

MIRANDA

You're not shrink appropriate and you're about to get promoted. Everybody's afraid of something.

PETE

What am I afraid of?

MIRANDA

Yourself. At least you should be. What are you up to this weekend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Write a little country music,
decline invites to grand social
events, drink myself to sleep --
the usual. You?

MIRANDA

Doug wants to look at some Real
Estate up at Willow's Creek.

PETE

Again?

MIRANDA

He thinks it's fun.

PETE

So is golfing, I'm told. Who was
your six o'clock?

MIRANDA

Chloe McGrath -- talk about trying
to empty the ocean with a tea cup.
She's a mess.

PETE

I hear Manhattan's full of them.

MIRANDA

Don't start with that. I already
turned down the job. We're
staying.

PETE

Good girl.

They have reached an office marked "DR. PHILLIP PARSONS
DIRECTOR" and peer in to see Parsons (50's,
distinguished, commands respect from everyone) on the
phone. He gestures for Pete to sit. Miranda is about to
exit when he covers the mouthpiece --

PARSONS

Miranda, my wife keeps wanting to
set that dinner with you and Doug.
Are you free tonight?

MIRANDA

He's stuck at a school board
meeting.

Parsons looks through his appointment book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARSONS

You've been here a year already,
Dorothy's starting to take this
personal. How's next Wednesday?

MIRANDA

Next Wednesday it is, Phil.

He nods at her with a smile and returns to his phone call.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Miranda drives off, leaving the majestic grounds behind.
A GUARD waves her off.

END OPENING CREDITS.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Miranda slows down at the sight of colored lights up ahead. A knocked-down telephone post blocks the road. EMERGENCY VEHICLES at the scene. A patrolman waves her down.

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

SHERIFF RYAN, 40'S, recognizes her and ambles over.

MIRANDA

Anybody hurt, Sheriff?

SHERIFF RYAN

Nah, telephone post just decided
to fall. It'll take us a while to
clear this up so I'm afraid you're
gonna have to take the long way
home, Miranda.

MIRANDA

If you say so.

SHERIFF RYAN

And tell your husband he owes me a
phone call.

MIRANDA

Will do. Wouldn't want him in
trouble with the authorities.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF RYAN

That a girl. The law never sleeps
and all that. You take care now.

He taps on her hood and heads back to the site. She shifts into reverse and makes a U-turn.

EXT. OLD MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Miranda drives down the curvy road toward an old bridge. Something definitely creepy about this deserted place --

INT. MIRANDA'S CAR - MOVING

Miranda dials a number on her cell phone, gets the machine.

MIRANDA

(into phone)

Hi, it's me. Are you there? Pick up, pick up. I'm on my way but I just got detoured so I'm...

A bump on the road makes her drop the phone on the passenger seat. She reaches for it and when she looks up we see:

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A TEENAGE GIRL stands smack in front of us. Naked. About to get pummelled by us.

BACK TO SCENE

Miranda swerves to avoid her and slams into the railing. METAL SCREECHES as she struggles to regain control of the car and finally BRAKES TO A HALT --

She looks in her rearview mirror: the girl is standing back there. Drunk or high or in any case completely out of it.

MIRANDA

(into phone)

Stay on the line. Don't go anywhere. The weirdest thing just --

(the phone cuts out)

Hello? Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stares at the dead phone. Punches the buttons on it. No go.

MIRANDA

Wonderful.

She tosses the phone on the seat and hops out of the car.

EXT. ASHLEY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Miranda cautiously approaches the girl, who is now not moving. Just standing there. Her back to us.

MIRANDA

Hello? Are you hurt? Hello?

Nothing. As we get closer we see she is covered in bruises. Clearly something horrible has happened to her.

MIRANDA

Were you in an accident? Were you attacked? It's okay, I'm a doctor.

(beat)

My name is Miranda Grey...

And now she turns. Young, seventeen tops. Busted lip, black eye. Miranda pulls off her coat, wraps it around the girl --

MIRANDA

You're in shock right now, that's perfectly natural. I'm going to get you to the hospital. Okay?

The girl suddenly grips Miranda's arm. Hard.

MIRANDA

Don't be scared. It's going to be fine.

Now the girl is touching Miranda's face. Her movements desperate, smothering. Like the movements of a drowning person. Miranda tries to push the girl's hands back down.

MIRANDA

Hands off me, okay? Tell me your name, do you remember your name?

The girl tries to speak but no words come out. Instead she produces a strained, wettish sound. Creepy as hell. And now she is prying Miranda's mouth open and she's much stronger than expected and Miranda is panicking --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

What are you doing? I'm trying to help you --?!

The girl opens her own mouth wide like a snake. And as Miranda muffles a scream, blood starts leaking out of the girl's eye sockets and from wounds all over her body.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Miranda wakes up in a cold sweat. Just a bad dream. A beat.

FAINT at first but GROWING LOUDER, we hear a REPETITIVE SOUND outside. Like an ECHO of some sort, but vaguely familiar: THWIP, THWIP, THWIP.

Miranda takes a deep breath, reaches for the glass of water on her bedside table. Except... it's not there. She turns to her husband but he's not in the bed. And now she glances around the room and realizes this is not her bedroom.

She climbs off the bed and walks in the dark. Trips over something. A TRAY that CLANGS LOUDLY. Her heartbeat goes haywire. She feels her way along the wall to a small opening in the door. A glass pane.

She peers through the glass at the empty corridor outside, realizing what this must mean, realizing she's inside a cell.

She jiggles the handle and pounds on the door, frantic --

MIRANDA

Hello? Somebody help me!

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

CAMERA SOARS through the tall iron gates, past the guard. Now we spot the source of our continuing THWIP THWIP sound: sprinklers watering the impressively-kept gardens.

The expansive complex is more Victorian campus than drab prison, with separate wings (male and female), research units, libraries, gym and volunteer outpatient center.

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - VARIOUS SHOTS

A bored group of female patients listen to a social worker lecturing them. A janitor mops a long corridor. Patients study at the library under the watchful eye of orderlies.

A doctor and two orderlies hold down a patient having an epileptic fit (we'll soon know her as SHELLEY). They force a biting block in her mouth to avoid her swallowing her tongue, prepare a syringe.

Institute director Phil Parsons at a meeting with other doctors, discussing a patient's progress on a chart.

Now we are MOVING up the main building's wall and THROUGH large windows into --

INT. FEMALE WING STAIRS

Pete rushes up two steps at a time, passing by a NURSE WITH A CART OF MEDS, who nods respectfully as he goes --

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MIRANDA'S CELL

An ORDERLY unlocks the door for Pete. Through the glass pane he can see a visibly upset Miranda arguing with the head nurse: a tough as nails woman in her 50's: IRENE.

ORDERLY #1
Sleeping beauty is awake.

Peter forces a smile, enters --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL

MIRANDA
Peter, what the hell is going on?

Pete nods at Irene: it's okay, he'll take it from here.

PETE
How do you feel?

MIRANDA
How do you think I feel? Is this a joke?

Peter is half-listening to her, half-signaling to the nurse with the meds to come in. Miranda catches all of this, growing more agitated. She wears the uniform all patients wear: a white T-shirt and sweats. Her wedding ring is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

What are you doing?

PETE

Giving you something to calm down.

MIRANDA

I don't need to calm down. What I need is an explanation

Pete grabs the meds from the nurse. Irene and the attendant step closer to help. Miranda feels them closing in on her. Peter's tone is infuriatingly gentle:

PETE

Just take this and we can sit down and chat.

MIRANDA

Why here, why not in my office?

She looks at the silent faces around her. No sympathy. Or maybe too much sympathy. Either way it's unnerving.

MIRANDA

I don't want an anticonvulsant, at least give me Valium.

PETE

(nods at nurse)

Fifty milligrams.

MIRANDA

Jesus Christ, you're gonna knock me out? Ten milligrams.

PETE

(final offer)

Twenty.

The nurse complies. Miranda stares at the meds, trying desperately to put this into some kind of perspective.

MIRANDA

How would you feel if you woke up in a goddamn cell, dressed like this?

PETE

We can discuss it at length after you take your meds.

Awkward nods from Irene, the nurse and the attendant. Pete holds Miranda's gaze. Miranda takes her meds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Okay. This better be good.

Pete motions for the others to leave them alone. One by one they file out and lock the door behind them.

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - LATER

Miranda paces. Alone with Pete, she is even more upset.

PETE

Miranda, this is very awkward. Technically I shouldn't even be treating you but the court has granted us a waiver until you're transferred. So whatever is said here won't leave this room. I won't tell Parsons, I won't tell anyone.

MIRANDA

I want to talk to my husband.

PETE

You can't do that. Sit down, please. Try to relax.

MIRANDA

Why would I pretend to be in any way relaxed?

PETE

I understand you're upset. But we need to put some things in order.

MIRANDA

Two massive understatements.

He hesitates, unsure where to begin.

PETE

How long have you been here?

MIRANDA

(laughs)

What is this? Why are you doing this to me?

PETE

Just answer the question. Humor me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Hi, my name is Miranda Grey. I'm a psychiatrist. I transferred here to the Woodward Forensic Institute a little over a year ago. My job entails dealing with a ward of schizophrenic women between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five --

PETE

I don't mean how long you've worked here, I mean how long you've been staying here.

This stops her. Wanting desperately to whip out a comeback but realizing she doesn't know the answer.

MIRANDA

I'm a doctor, yes? Or was medical school just an elaborate dream?

PETE

Of course you're a doctor. A great doctor in fact.

The hint of sadness in his voice alarms her.

MIRANDA

Pete, how long have I been here?

PETE

Five days.

MIRANDA

(barely audible)

What?

PETE

You were admitted to the neurosurgical unit seizing violently. That lasted three days. Scans revealed left-sided weakness, numbness and severe frontal lobe deficits.

Miranda shakes her head in disbelief, but we --

FLASHBACK - INT. NEUROSURGICAL UNIT

Miranda seizing violently FROM HER POV: Doctors struggling to contain her. Arms thrashing, legs. FLASHES of the wall, the floor. Head crashing against a cart, out of control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (V.O.)

You came out of it and tested
negative for PCP, underwent
extensive hypnosis and received
amytal injections.

FLASH: Miranda being tied down. A nurse with a
syringe --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION (PRESENT)

She looks down at her wrists with the reddish marks.

PETE

You were tied down for a day and a
half so you wouldn't hurt yourself
and then you went into a state of,
well --

(how to put this?)

You've been pretty much catatonic.

(beat)

This is the first time you speak.

Miranda, speechless. Reality sinking in.

MIRANDA

Doug must be worried sick. I need
to call him --

Pete shakes his head emphatically.

PETE

You're the most logical person I
know, bar none. Plus you have a
photographic memory -- unconfirmed,
but you do remember events and
phrases more accurately than anyone
around. Why am I telling you this?

MIRANDA

You're establishing my personality
as fairly intellectual, you don't
consider me impulsive or emotional.

PETE

And that's a fair assessment, no?

MIRANDA

Yes, that's fair. And following
this pattern of analysis, we're
about to discuss a traumatic event
that rendered this psychological
profile useless, correct?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Two hundred percent.

A pause here. He's waiting for her to continue. She's not used to being on the other side of the therapist's table.

MIRANDA

You think I'm in denial. That I'm putting on a brave show -- that this is a 'cover' for some unbearable emotion I'm hiding. Why?

PETE

Don't analyze yourself, just focus on remembering.

MIRANDA

I remember Friday night after work, if you say that was five days ago --

(pushing on)

Anyway, I asked you what you were doing for the weekend and you said the usual and you made a joke about writing country songs and drinking yourself to sleep and I told you I was going to look at some real estate in Willows Creek with Doug.

PETE

And then what?

MIRANDA

Then I drove home.

PETE

And then what?

MIRANDA

I got home, I guess, and had dinner by myself because --

(pauses, struggling)

Because Doug had an alumni meeting at his school and he was going to get a ride back. He's the principal now, as you well know.

She stops here. Pete waits. The silence is deafening. She pushes on, but her hands shake a little.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

But wait -- there was an accident before that, wasn't there? A girl -- she had been beaten. I took her to the hospital, right?

PETE

There was indeed an accident, you were detoured by the cops. But there's no report of any girl.

MIRANDA

No, the cops weren't there. They were back on Main Road. A knocked-down telephone post, correct?

Pete nods. Miranda is all foggy on the details:

MIRANDA

I saw the girl after that. She was bleeding.

FLASHBACK - ANTIQUE WIND CHIMES

sway in the night breeze with their gentle tinkling SOUND, more menacing than joyful --

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A breathless Miranda wipes her face, leaving a thick streak of blood on it.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MIRANDA'S EYE

Jittery, alert. We scour her every blood vessel, iris, pupil. FILLING the SCREEN and now we distinctly make out an eerie shape reflected inside of it. But just for a sec --

The teenage girl.

PETE (V.O.)

What about your husband, what can you tell me about him?

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION (PRESENT)

Miranda shakes the puzzling images out of her head:

MIRANDA

Excuse me?

PETE

What's the last memory you have of him that night?

MIRANDA

My last -- ?

(frowns)

Tell me nothing happened to Doug.

PETE

Let's backtrack a second. You left your office, you were driving home, you got detoured by the police -- Did you call someone on the phone that night?

MIRANDA

I don't know. I might have.

PETE

Who would you call?

MIRANDA

I might have called Doug to tell him something. Or checked my answering service.

PETE

Were you seeing someone else that night?

MIRANDA

I beg your pardon?

PETE

There was some trouble in your marriage, wasn't there?

MIRANDA

Of course not.

She shakes her head emphatically as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. LOFT - NIGHT

CAMERA PANS ACROSS the large space to find Miranda and a MAN (whose face we don't see) kissing heatedly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (V.O.)

Wasn't there?

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION (PRESENT)

Miranda chases the disconcerting image out of her head.

MIRANDA

No. There was no trouble in my marriage, I don't know what --

(stops herself)

There is no trouble in my marriage. You just used the past tense; why?

His face says he doesn't know how to tell her.

MIRANDA

Did something happen to Doug?

PETE

You don't remember anything else. Anything at all?

Frustrated, she snatches his cell phone and starts to dial:

MIRANDA

This is preposterous. What's wrong with Doug?

PETE

He's dead.

This stops her cold. Time stands eerily still. She stares at Pete as if by looking at him long enough, he will contradict his statement.

MIRANDA

No, he's not. Don't tell me that. Don't tell me that.

(sickened)

Are you -- sure?

PETE

I'm positive.

(painful beat)

You killed him.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Irene and TWO NURSE rush to Miranda's cell. WE HEAR her hysterical CRIES from inside --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - NIGHT

Pete struggles to contain Miranda, who howls disparagingly.

PETE

It's going to be alright, Miranda.
You just need to sleep. It's
going to be alright --

Off Pete's nod, a nurse injects the syringe into Miranda's arm. They hold her down with great effort as she continues to cry, and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE - SERIES OF SHOTS

A blur of images and scrambled snippets of memories come at us rapid-fire, like a drug-induced dream:

EXT. ASHLEY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Miranda's CAR SCREECHES to a stop and she jumps out, glances around.

INT. ST. ANNE'S HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Graduation night. School principal Douglas Grey shakes hands with proud parents and clumsily formal students. Miranda grabs a drink from a nearby tray, bored.

DOUG

(re: her drink)

Is that number three?

MIRANDA

Yes, Mr. Principal. Special
occasion -- I'm celebrating how
proud I am of my husband tonight.

He smiles weakly at the compliment. Moves his hand towards her, in an affectionate gesture (or so Miranda thinks) but instead fixes her bra strap. Ever methodical.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Miranda and a man exit the theater. Giggling.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE

Doug laying on the floor covered with bloodstains. Bloodstained axe on floor in f.g. Walls covered with bloodstains.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

A flustered Miranda fumbles with her purse and keys, heads for the door. She tries to fix her smeared lipstick and messed-up hair. TURNS TO CAMERA:

MIRANDA

I'm sorry. The fact is I'm married and I -- this is not me, this is a mistake.

First we hear our mystery man's voice, then we see him: Pete. (Yes, the same person she kissed and went to the movies with.) He places his hand on the door, blocking her.

PETE

Your marriage is the mistake and you know it.

MIRANDA

Don't.

PETE

I'm sorry. That was out of line. I feel like a school kid hiding from the Principal.

MIRANDA

We are hiding from the Principal.

He smiles. Touches her face tenderly. Torn. A person used to doing the right thing but not liking that at the moment.

PETE

I would just like to spend some time together.

MIRANDA

We spend time together every day.

PETE

I meant minus the schizophrenic women.

MIRANDA

I have to go. I need time to think.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He nods. Opens the door for her. She starts to walk away.

PETE

Don't be too hard on yourself, Dr. Grey. You haven't done anything wrong.

MIRANDA

Not yet. But I want to.

EXT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE - MORNING

PUSH INTO a quiet house on a quiet suburban street. Two Volkswagens parked in the driveway. Perfectly-kept front lawn.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE

Another near-subliminal glimpse of Doug laying on the floor covered with bloodstains. Bloodstained axe on floor in f.g. Walls covered with bloodstains.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Miranda and Doug laugh at their wedding. It's clearly hot, because she wipes sweat off his brow with a handkerchief.

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A breathless Miranda wipes her face, leaving a thick streak of blood on it. She looks down at her hand, noticing the blood -- and now we are back in --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Miranda wakes up with a start. The darkness renders the room almost void of any color. Monochromatic. It takes her a moment to orient herself. Her eyes wander across the unfamiliar room, feeling like she's being watched.

We become aware of a RAGGED BREATHING sound. Like somebody is standing over her bed. But we don't see anything. Miranda gingerly crosses to the door and peeks through the glass partition into the empty corridor. She glances back at the room, stills seeing nothing -- and bangs on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Can I get some assistance here?
Hello?!

She waits. Bangs on the door again.

MIRANDA

Irene?! Anybody!?

A beat. And now finally we hear FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. A light is switched on down the corridor.

The FOOTSTEPS get CLOSER... and CLOSER...

Miranda tries to appear composed. Wipes sweat off her forehead. Fixes her hair. The FOOTSTEPS now STOP right outside the door. A KEY goes into the lock and JIGGLES it.

Miranda waits for the door to open but nothing happens. Confused, she steps up to the glass partition and peeks --

The second her face touches the glass, she is met by a pair of piercing eyes. The eerie teenage girl. Miranda jumps back, screams.

And when she looks up again, the image is gone. A beat. Rational thought kicking in --

MIRANDA

(to self)

Wake up, wake up...

(beat)

You're dreaming. It's not real.
An anxiety dream, that's all.
That's all. This is dream logic.
If it was real, they would have
heard you scream. There are
twenty employees on the night
shift. Fact. At least twenty.

She props herself with her back against the wall. With a view of the whole cell. Just in case. Staring at the door.

MIRANDA

I'm just dreaming.

And now, FAINTLY at first, but GROWING LOUDER -- FOOTSTEPS can be heard APPROACHING outside. Just like before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA
I'm dreaming, I'm dreaming, I'm
dreaming, I'm dreaming.

Like her life depends on that mantra. The FOOTSTEPS get
CLOSER. And her voice begins to falter --

MIRANDA
(voice rising)
I'm dreaming, I'm dreaming --

And now the FOOTSTEPS pause outside her door like before
and she holds her breath, horrified, when suddenly we are
hit with the sudden glare of returning light.

EVERYTHING FLASHES WHITE and then COLOR RETURNS --

IRENE (O.S.)
Rise and shine, ladies!

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - DAY

Irene tries to shake Miranda awake. An orderly and nurse
stand by.

IRENE
(shaking her)
That means you, honey. Up -- !

No reaction.

IRENE
Rise and shine now. Wake up.

She shakes her harder. And now Miranda's EYES SHOOT OPEN
and she grips Irene's arm. Hard. Like the teenage girl
did.

IRENE
Easy now, it's okay.

Miranda stares at her, coming back to. Starts to speak
but has no voice. Clears her throat --

MIRANDA
I need to see Peter Graham.

IRENE
And you have a session scheduled
this afternoon --

MIRANDA
Right now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

He's not even in yet, now let go my arm, honey.

MIRANDA

Doctor Grey, if you don't mind.

IRENE

Actually I do mind. I start calling you 'doctor' and everybody else wants to be called 'doctor' --

MIRANDA

Please. It's a bit different, wouldn't you say -- ?

Irene reaches out her hand and the nurse places a cup with meds on it.

MIRANDA

What do you think you're doing? I want to speak to my lawyer -- wait, what are you doing?

IRENE

My job.

Irene shoves the meds into Miranda's mouth --

MIRANDA

C'mon, Irene, don't do this. I'm calm now, look -- I'm calm -- !

She struggles as they hold her down and Irene sedates her.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

DRIFTING PAST the female patients at their usual activities. Some watch TV, play dominoes, some pretend to read, some stare out blankly. Here's Chloe at a table, engaged in some sort of trivia game with a tattooed Southern redhead named JENNA:

CHLOE

M.

JENNA

Mallorol, Matzine, Megaphen, Meallaril-S, Meleretten, Meleril, Mellaril, Mellaril-S, Mesoridazine, Methotrimaprazine, Mixidol, Moban Modalina --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHLOE

Modalina? Isn't that a band?

JENNA

Trade name for Trifluproazine.
Look it up.

Chloe shrugs, if you say so. Jenna resumes:

JENNA

Moditen, Molindone, Moltipress,
Motival. That's it for the 'M's.

CHLOE

Not bad. High potency
neuroleptics starting with 'J.'

JENNA

Trick question. There's only
Jatroneural.

CHLOE

What do you wanna bet?

JENNA

Bet you a soda.

Chloe checks a reference book. Nods, impressed.

CHLOE

Right on the money, cowgirl.
Twenty points and a soda.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HER INTENT GAZE to another patient,
SHELLEY (the same patient we saw earlier mid-fit)
moseying across the room. Nervously takes a seat beside
Miranda.

SHELLEY

Hi there, Doc.

It takes a moment for the heavily-drugged Miranda to
react. She looks up slowly: eyes glazed, painfully out
of it.

SHELLEY

I never got shrunked by you but
all I hear is nothing gets past
you, I mean, that's just hearsay
and I don't pay much attention to
hearsay because now they say you
hacked your husband with an axe
but I say maybe it just slipped,
right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miranda notices Shelley is toying with a wrinkled NEWSPAPER CLIPPING. Shelley catches this look and slides it over to her. Without malice, like a child.

SHELLEY

They put your picture in the paper.

It reads "SCHOOL PRINCIPAL SLAUGHTERED. WIFE UNDER ARREST." Photos of Miranda, Douglas, their house.

Miranda stares at it in disbelief. Growing sick.

MIRANDA

How did you get this?

SHELLEY

Chloe did. Who knows how? Not me. Around here I'm on a need to know basis about stuff and most stuff I don't need to know. My point is about people talking behind other people's backs. Like before I was here, everything I did I thought, 'this'll get them,' wanting their approval, wanting them to say good things behind my back. But now I'm more anonymous, more myself. I'm Shelley.

Miranda slides the clipping back to Shelley, clueless as to how to get out of this conversation, but Shelley has no problem holding a conversation all by herself --

SHELLEY

You're not like, undercover here, are you? They pulled that at Spring Grove, had a bunch of doctors pretend they were patients, see if they could handle it. Most quit after day one. You're not, are you?

MIRANDA

No, Shelley. I'm not undercover.

SHELLEY

Because if you were, I'm like the Fort Knox of secrets. Ask anybody.

MIRANDA

That's good to know. But I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

Say no more.

(sotto)

I understand perfectly.

She hands Miranda paper and some crayons, whispers:

SHELLEY

Drawing is a great cover. Good
luck to you.

With a wink, she's gone. Miranda looks at the room around her: Chloe spying on her in the corner, Irene and the nurse sharing a laugh, other patients ambling about, arguing --

Life among the insane.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DRESSING AREA - DAY

Patients undress in the bare-bones locker area. An uneasy Miranda is handed a bar of soap and towel by Irene.

MIRANDA

I don't -- I think I'm alright.

IRENE

You go in last because you're special.

(off Miranda's look)

It's not a Mexican prison, toots.
Everybody here minds their own
business.

MIRANDA

If it's all the same, I'd
rather --

IRENE

State law says we keep you ladies
clean. And I'm a stickler for the
law.

(beat)

Now come on. If you go downtown,
you gotta dance.

Miranda studies the patients already under the spray of the shower. Something vaguely concentration camp-like about institutional bathing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The shower, like everything else in this place, is regulated by shifts, so that various groupings of patients each get their turn. Miranda feels Chloe's gaze on her across the room. She is stripping off her clothes for Miranda's benefit, gleefully mangling the last refrain from the Stones' "START ME UP."

IRENE

(checking watch)

That's five minutes, group one.

(to Chloe's group)

Alright, ladies, nice and easy.

The first group of bathers file out, dripping wet past Miranda, in all shapes and sizes. She registers their many scars and tattoos, like maps of troubled souls: names of men, places, religious quotes. Burn scars, cuts, needle marks. They begin to towel off as Miranda, slowly and painfully self-conscious, begins to undress in the corner.

A moment later Irene nods for her to go in.

INT. COMMUNAL SHOWERS - LATER

Miranda hangs her head under the spray and closes her eyes, trying to shut it all out.

The SOUNDS slowly FADE OUT until all we have is Miranda and her RAGGED BREATHING. Chloe and Shelley, the last two out from the previous group, grab towels.

Chloe winks at Miranda when she catches her staring, but Miranda is not staring at her. She is staring past her at the tile wall.

More specifically at a hole in the tile where a busted water pipe pokes out. Clearly at some point there was a handle there, but now it is just a hole with a busted pipe.

PUSH INTO the hole to see a perfectly-formed globule of blood emerge, following by a GURGLING sound which seems to come from deep in the bowels of the plumbing system.

The blood lingers tentatively, as if unfamiliar with the laws of gravity, before tracing an upward line along the tile. The GURGLING GROWS LOUDER, CLOSER, and now more blood flows from the hole and spreads up the wall.

Miranda looks away, disturbed, and now realizes she is the only one left in the showers. Panic. Shuts her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

(to self)

It isn't real. It isn't real.

Opens her eyes.

Five letters are written in blood. N-O-T-A-L.

Shaking, nauseous, she looks down at her feet and the drain, too scared to look back up.

MIRANDA

(to self)

It isn't real. You're
hallucinating.

Perhaps. But now blood drips by her ankle, DRIP, DRIP, DRIP. And the shooting pain she feels is coming from her arm. What the hell -- ? WE SEE SHARP SLASHES appearing on her skin, like some invisible knife is slicing her.

Hallucination or not, she bolts out of the showers --

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DRESSING AREA

Miranda wraps a towel around her bloody arm, too freaked out to process anything. Fumbles for her clothes and heads straight to Shelley, tying her shoelaces, muttering.

MIRANDA

Shelley?

SHELLEY

And pick up those damn cigarette
butts. Jesus, TV is dumb --

MIRANDA

Shelley, can you do me a favor??

Shelley fixes her with an intense conspiratorial look.

SHELLEY

The housewives will find something
better to do.

MIRANDA

Can you go in the shower and tell
me if you see anything on the wall?

Shelley doesn't respond. Simply crosses over and heads for the showers. Miranda gets dressed when a hand on her shoulder makes her jump --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

Enough privacy for you?

MIRANDA

Yes. Thank you, Irene.

But now Irene notices the blood seeping through the towel.

IRENE

What did you do?

MIRANDA

Nothing. It's nothing --

IRENE

What the hell did you do to yourself?!

And now the other patients are curiously watching as orderlies RUSH IN to haul her away.

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR - LATER

THROUGH a glass pane we see a NURSE bandaging Miranda's arm. Parsons and Irene confer just outside the room.

IRENE

I looked away for a second. It's unacceptable, won't happen again.

PARSONS

Not your fault. Patients always find a way to hurt themselves if that's what they want.

IRENE

I just didn't peg her for a cutter, that's all.

Parsons watches Miranda through the glass. She can't look him in the eye.

INT. REC ROOM - LATER

Miranda (with her fresh new bandage) ignores the looks from the other patients as she rejoins them. Spots Shelley by the window furthest from the wardens. Scared.

SHELLEY

Oh my God. Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

You saw it?

SHELLEY

Listen, Doctor. Some people, they have a gift. And in here, because they categorize us as a bunch of schizos, they refuse to acknowledge that. It's like that Hubble telescope that sees things a trillion miles away but what it's seeing is just reflected light of a star that died a thousand years ago? It's like that. Doesn't mean you're crazy. It only means your eyes open in a different way.

Miranda tries to follow the convoluted explanation, but has a sinking feeling.

MIRANDA

What did it say?

SHELLEY

On the telescope?

MIRANDA

Did you see anything, Shelley?

Shelley glances around to make sure no one can hear.

SHELLEY

That's not tile that wall is made out of. It's a holographic screen. All part of your mission, isn't it?

Miranda shakes her head, feeling foolish. Walks away.

MIRANDA

Thanks anyway.

SHELLEY

(taps her forehead)

This is all we have. The rest is dust.

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - DAY

Pete and Miranda stare at each other. A tense beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

It was you I called that night.

PETE

Yes.

MIRANDA

Did you mention that to the cops?

PETE

No.

MIRANDA

Why?

PETE

I didn't think it would help you.

MIRANDA

What does that mean?

PETE

It means they wouldn't have let me treat you if they thought I had any kind of involvement in what happened.

MIRANDA

And did you?

PETE

Did I what?

MIRANDA

Did I make it to your place? Did I see you that night?

PETE

No. We got disconnected and I couldn't get through to you. I sat there waiting all night. Figured you'd changed your mind.

MIRANDA

Why didn't you tell me this before?

PETE

Because the only way you'll be able to accept these events is if you remember them on your own. My job is to assist you in processing that information because you're not in a frame of mind to do it by yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stares at him. Queasy.

MIRANDA
You're changing the subject.

PETE
The subject is you don't trust me.

MIRANDA
Right now I don't trust anyone.

She tries to read his face. Reminds herself of who Pete is and what he means to her. He points at her bandaged arm.

PETE
You want to talk about today?

She takes a resigned breath, slowly shakes her head. Wishing she could wake up from this nightmare:

MIRANDA
I want to talk to my lawyer.

PETE
I think that's premature.

MIRANDA
I can't help what you think.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE GARDEN - DAY

SPRINKLER SYSTEMS doing their thing: THWIP, THWIP, THWIP... The female patients are out in the gardens for their freshly dose of air. BOOM DOWN TO Miranda alone at a bench. A cigarette appears before her, being offered to her:

JENNA
You a Marlboro girl?

Miranda sees Jenna looming above her, shielding the sun.

MIRANDA
I don't smoke, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

All we have is our health,
cupcake.

(sits beside her)

What I do is quit constantly,
start again. Drives them all
crazy. One day I quit three
times.

MIRANDA

Huh.

Jenna lights her smoke, blows out the match slowly.
Miranda turns and checks the building entrance as Jenna
rambles on.

JENNA

They allow me one match at a time
and pretend they're not watching.
Check it out: salivating goon
number one at three o'clock, oh-
so-inconspicuous goon number two
at five o'clock.

Miranda follows Jenna's gaze. Sure enough, she's being
closely watched by two orderlies.

MIRANDA

What did you set on fire to wind
up here?

JENNA

Very perceptive, Doc. I burnt
down the building where I worked.
I found a baby at the doorstep,
called the cops -- of course the
bottom feeding pricks never
showed. It's beside the point,
really.

Miranda shrugs. God knows what Jenna is talking about
but who is she to say? Once again, Miranda checks the
building entrance and now sees Parsons emerge. She
rises --

MIRANDA

Phil.

He keeps walking. Headed to the parking lot beyond.

MIRANDA

Phil!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns. His first instinct is to smile. But he checks himself, reminding himself of her new status. Slips into his best professional face:

PARSONS

Hello, Miranda.

MIRANDA

I wonder if I could talk to you.

PARSONS

Of course.

(checks his watch)

Well, actually, I'm about to...

MIRANDA

Your staff meeting's done and Thursdays you don't schedule sessions until the afternoon. This will just take one minute. Promise.

Impressive. She remembers his schedule perfectly.

PARSONS

True.

(points)

But the Sheriff wants to ask me some questions.

She follows his look to the parking lot where Sheriff Ryan emerges from his patrol car. Miranda nods.

MIRANDA

It's about Pete.

PARSONS

What about him?

MIRANDA

Perhaps he's not the most qualified person to be treating me.

His tone is fatherly yet direct.

PARSONS

Are you complaining about his methods or are you referring to the nature of your past relationship with him?

This surprises her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

What did he tell you?

PARSONS

He explained there might be a conflict of interest because he has feelings for you. You two engaged in a kiss at one point. Am I right?

MIRANDA

Yes.

PARSONS

I told him we're all grownups here and the fact is he's the best doctor on my staff. As such, and given the severity of the charges you face, I consider him the most qualified person to assist your recovery. Now, if you'll excuse me, Sheriff Ryan is not a patient man.

Stonewalled in the simplest of ways, she's left feeling like an idiot. Watches Parsons join the Sheriff by his car. The two men shake hands when suddenly Irene runs past her, yelling --

IRENE

Hey! Chloe!

Now two ORDERLIES race past. Miranda looks over to see what the fuss is all about. Chloe is on top of an institute staff member we haven't seen before, a round black woman named CONSUELO. Punching her --

Other patients have crowded around the scuffle.

CHLOE

You fucking cow giving me the evil eye, huh? Fuck you, you fuckin' voodoo witch -- !

Irene and the orderlies yank Chloe off Consuelo. Chloe kicks and screams like an animal. Consuelo meekly stands up.

CONSUELO

(heavy Cuban accent)

Is okay, she's okay -- she don't mean nothing.

CHLOE

You bet your goddamn fat ass I mean it, you're a witch -- !!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

McGrath, that's enough!

The orderlies start pulling Chloe away. Chloe spits at Consuelo, full of venom.

CHLOE

Take your voodoo shit back to Cuba --

IRENE

I said that's enough.

CONSUELO

Irene, she's okay. Pobrecita, la infeliz. It's a misunderstanding. Pobrecita. I was only trying to help her --

CHLOE

You wanna help me? You pity me?
(grabbing her
crotch)

Suck me.

The orderlies haul Chloe off. Irene disperses the crowd. Consuelo sighs, embarrassed, wipes a bloody lip. Her manner says she just wants to get back to her duties. Excitement over, the patients resume whatever it is they were doing.

Miranda stares at her bleak surroundings when something catches her eye: Pete watching her from his office window. He quickly slides the curtain shut. Odd.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - DAY TO NIGHT (TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY SHOTS)

A sunny sky grows dark as night envelops us with a SWOOSH --

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR

SLOW PUSH DOWN empty corridors. The air thick with dread --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - NIGHT

Miranda cries softly, unable to sleep. VOICES trickle in from the corridor outside, wardens on their rounds, a SOFT MOAN from another cell, a random SCREAM. She shuts her eyes, repositions herself on her stomach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As before, somebody seems to be watching her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WOODWARD LIBRARY - DAY

Irene escorts Miranda into the library. A warden follows.

IRENE

How are we feeling today?

MIRANDA

'We'?

IRENE

Sorry I asked.

MIRANDA

Doesn't seem like the best choice of words when treating schizophrenics.

IRENE

Fitting right in, aren't you?

The library is pretty much empty at this hour except for the LIBRARIAN and the odd janitor tidying up. An efficient-looking man rises from a desk, briefcase in place, glass of water -- this is attorney THEODORE "TEDDY" HOWARD.

TEDDY HOWARD

Miranda.

MIRANDA

Hi.

Irene checks her watch. The warden hangs back, keeping watch.

IRENE

She's due back in the rec room in twenty, Counselor.

TEDDY HOWARD

Thank you kindly.

Miranda sits. Waits until Irene is out of hearing range.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Teddy, I know you knew Doug well
and this is an extremely --

TEDDY HOWARD

I'm here as your lawyer. So
whatever my relationship was with
Doug is no longer of consequence.
First things first, how are they
treating you?

MIRANDA

Like I'm crazy.

TEDDY HOWARD

You know this place better than
anyone. Anything out of the
ordinary?

MIRANDA

Other than me being crazy? No.

TEDDY HOWARD

The DA is pushing for a hearing as
soon as next week. They're eager
to resolve this situation because
-- well, crimes like this don't
happen that often around here.
Doug was a hometown boy who'd done
good, beloved high school
principal, a role model. Our best
shot -- scratch that, our only
shot -- is to claim temporary
insanity.

As he speaks, she starts fidgeting with her itchy
bandage.

MIRANDA

Wait, wait, wait -- Teddy, you
know me. I wouldn't raise a hand
at my husband for the life of me.
Not even in self-defense. Isn't
it remotely possible a burglar
broke in or some crazed high
school student attacked Doug and I
went into shock?

Teddy shakes his head.

MIRANDA

You're telling me there's no other
suspects in anyone's mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY HOWARD

Frankly, no. Neighbors heard screams. They have you at the scene, they have the murder weapon and they have your prints everywhere. The only thing they don't have is motive.

She keeps absently playing with the bandage. The adhesive is giving. The bandage starting to peel off.

MIRANDA

Because there is no motive.

TEDDY HOWARD

And that's what's confusing them. The fact that you're a brilliant psychiatrist doesn't help either. It fills their heads with ideas. They figure if you were to plan a murder you might know how to fake insanity to get out of it.

She pulls off half the bandage, back and forth. Not looking. BUT WE SEE the beginning of a pattern in her scarred skin --

MIRANDA

I'm not faking anything.

TEDDY HOWARD

Good. I pass no judgment either way. The point is --

MIRANDA

The point is I'm the only person who doesn't believe I killed my husband. I never thought I'd say this, but I feel like I'm in the middle of a conspiracy.

(beat)

Do you believe I'm crazy?

An uncomfortable Teddy takes too long before answering. Miranda looks down, humiliated -- and now she sees it. Perfectly carved into her arm, her scar reads:

"NOT ALONE."

Petrified, Miranda jumps back, knocks down Teddy's glass of water all over his papers, her chair topples over. The warden and janitor look up --

Teddy tries for delicate:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY HOWARD

It doesn't matter what I believe.

MIRANDA

Forget it. Forget I asked.

PUSH INTO her face as involuntary tears roll down and we --

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - DAY

Miranda. Numb. Pete trying hard to get through. A beat. We get a good look at the writing on her arm. (The right arm.)

PETE

I can't help you if you don't talk to me.

Silence from Miranda. He is firm but not unkind:

PETE

I can stand here all day. All week. You're the one running out of time.

Nothing. He goes to touch her arm. She jerks it away.

PETE

What does it mean?

She shakes her head, at a loss. Torn between her suspicion and the need to confide in someone. Finally:

MIRANDA

I didn't write this.

PETE

Then who?

They stare each other down. There's definitely chemistry between these two. But the moment is far from romantic.

PETE

You're going to have to trust me.

MIRANDA

Why?

PETE

Because no matter what's going through your mind right now, I haven't done anything wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Then you know exactly how I feel.

He starts to speak, stops himself. Switches tactics. Their banter escalates in speed as their terms get more clinical:

PETE

You admit you're having a hard time differentiating what's reality from what's hallucination, right? So isn't it at least possible that --

MIRANDA

As a doctor I agree with you. Maybe -- and this is a big maybe -- all of this is just a deep epilepsy that extends to the limbic structures, but I'm telling you --

PETE

How about this moment right now?

MIRANDA

What about it?

PETE

Is this a hallucination?

MIRANDA

You tell me. But I do know what I sound like. Paranoia is the ultimate awareness, right?

PETE

Which is why I suggest we simply increase your dose until --

MIRANDA

(venom)

No! Goddamnit! No!

He steps back at her blowout. She catches the look on his face and forces herself to sit down.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry. Is there any way we can pretend that didn't just happen?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

(beat; struggling)

I want to believe you. I do. So I'll take your word for it -- you're not involved in this -- but you take mine: I didn't write this and I didn't kill my husband.

He studies her. Finally nods. New tactic:

PETE

Alright. Let's say you didn't write this --

MIRANDA

Number one: I'm right-handed. Number two: I would have had to bring an X-Acto knife into the shower to do this, wouldn't I?

Pete tries to reserve judgment. Her argument has a certain loopy logic to it. He hesitates, then pulls a SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS from a manila envelope.

PETE

I think it's time you look at these.

Miranda looks at the crime scene photos. Lurid. Terrible. Here's part of Doug's body. Here's the axe. And now she sees a closeup picture of the wall with words on it. In blood, a la Manson family. And it says:

"NOT ALONE."

Miranda immediately tosses it away from her. Repulsed --

FLASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Miranda furiously writes on the wall with blood. Wipes her face breathlessly, leaving a thick red streak on it.

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION (PRESENT)

PETE

You wrote that. Any idea why?

MIRANDA

(panic rising)

No, I didn't. No, I didn't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete retrieves the photograph off the floor and holds it up for her to study again.

PETE

You're the only person who can figure out what this means. Try to remember. Stop holding back.

She nods meekly. Staring at the picture. Begins to shake as all of it finally comes flooding in --

FLASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A breathless Miranda wipes her face, leaving a thick streak of blood on it. She looks down at Doug, crawling on hands and knees. He moans horribly, in shock. She grabs the heavy axe from the floor and follows him. He reaches for the coffee table with the telephone on it and makes a move to grab it. He has all the speed of a dying turtle, and that's pretty much what he resembles.

Miranda bites her lip, lifts the heavy axe with both hands.

Doug's hand grabs the phone. Miranda SWINGS THE AXE over her head and it comes down straight AT CAMERA.

Miranda wipes her face again, catches her reflection in the mirror over the mantel and stares --

WE HEAR THAT SOUND. The WETTISH GURGLING sound. Miranda stares at the MIRROR looking for the source of it. For an instant we see the teenage girl's reflection there, beckoning. But now she's gone and Miranda is left studying her own demented expression and now FLAMES RISE around her. She looks down at her feet: No fire. Blood on her clothes, axe still in her hands. Looks back up at:

THE MIRROR VERSION OF MIRANDA

shows a serene expression on her face. Fire enveloping her. She slowly lifts her hands over her head. In place of the axe there are CHAINS attached to SHACKLES on her wrists. She is completely naked, as if purified -- like an extreme version of Anima Sola. (A Biblical icon in which a woman in fiery purgatory awaits her fate.)

Time stands still for a mesmerizing moment --

When the MIRROR SHATTERS TO PIECES and we're back to reality. Miranda stares at the axe she's flung at it.

INT. MIRANDA'S BATHROOM - LATER

Miranda tries to wash off the blood in the sink. This is a daunting task, seeing as how she's covered in it. She stares at her bloody footprints all over the floor, at the marks on the door handle, towels and wall.

Gasping for breath, almost crying, she turns on the shower at full blast and climbs into the tub. She watches the blood wash off her. As if finally coming back to her body and realizing what she's done, she slowly slides down the shower wall and curls up in the tub. Crying. Shaking. She shuts her eyes as hard as she can to make it all go away, and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACKNESS

Silence. And now, faintly at first, but GROWING PROGRESSIVELY LOUDER, we hear the SOUND OF BUZZING FLIES.

FADE IN:

INT. MIRANDA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Miranda wakes up, still in the tub. How long has she been there, hours? Days? Impossible to know.

But at some point she must have turned off the water. She sits up, every muscle of her body aching, hair caked with blood.

The first thing that hits her is the stench. And it's foul, the putrid smell of decaying flesh. She steps gingerly out of the tub onto the flooded floor and follows the trail of blood, mortified at what she will find.

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Soon enough the press will make the Manson Family reference, but for now, only Miranda is here to witness the fruit of her labor. She gasps for air.

Instead she is hit by a wave of nausea. She doubles over to throw up when there is a FRANTIC RAPPING at the front door.

She freezes. VOICES and YELLS trickle in. The HINGES on the door RATTLE under REPEATED POUNDING and she still stands there as the first FIREMAN breaks in. Sheriff Ryan and his deputies right behind. A concerned Pete Graham behind them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cops take one look at the place and raise their guns at her, but we can't hear what they're saying because Miranda's ragged BREATHING has taken over the soundtrack. Suffice to say that, at the sight of the guns, something clicks inside her and she turns on her heel and flees --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

She slips on blood, nearly falls as she scrambles to the bedroom --

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S BEDROOM

She locks the door behind her, hyperventilating in terror. Instantly there are men POUNDING on it. SQUAWKING RADIOS. ORDERS BARKED at her. She spots two officers through the window in her backyard. About to smash the window.

A caged animal, completely surrounded, she covers her face with her hands. Trembling. The doorknob jiggles violently, about to give. And when she brings her hands down she is staring straight into the teenage girl's face. And she OPENS HER MOUTH WIDE and now we are back in --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Miranda gasps for air, drowning in sensory overload.

MIRANDA

Oh God, oh God, oh God...

She rocks back and forth. Finally aware of what she's done. She is the killer. No more doubts. And now that she knows, everything is much worse.

A long, harrowing beat.

WE PUSH IN ON her devastated face. NIGHT TURNS TO DAY.

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - DAY

The locks are unlocked. Pete appears at the door. Miranda glances up at him. She looks like a different person. Completely destroyed. He crouches beside her.

PETE

You okay?

She shakes her head slowly. He sets his hand on her shoulder. She turns to him and hugs him tight, holding on for dear life. Breaks down in sobs.

INT. PHIL PARSONS' OFFICE - DAY

Parsons leafs through Miranda's file. Pete stands by the window, lost in thought.

PARSONS

How much does she remember?

PETE

It all came flooding back last night.

PARSONS

Guilt?

PETE

More like an uncontrollable reminiscence. Intense, over-cathected. She's not feeling guilty of her actions, not exactly. Sounds to me like last night she actually re-lived them in great detail.

PARSONS

Hypermnesia following amnesia. Could a specific epileptic element be involved?

PETE

That's exactly what she suggested. Even in her present state, her instincts remain impeccable.

PARSONS

I'd like to talk to her.

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR - LATER

Pete escorts a fragile Miranda down the corridor. The two orderlies walking ominously behind them.

PETE

Standard procedure.

MIRANDA

I didn't say a word.

INT. DR. PHIL PARSONS' OFFICE - DAY

Parsons on the phone, gestures for them to enter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARSONS
 (into phone)
 Dorothy, I can't discuss this
 now --
 (motions for
 them to sit)
 I'm not taking it lightly, no. We
 will talk about it at home.

Miranda and Pete sit across from him. Miranda trying hard to appear composed -- acutely aware of her every gesture, and of how different her last visit to this office was. Nothing casual about it now.

She stares at the picture frames on Phil's desk (all facing AWAY FROM us), the diplomas on the wall, the books by noted fathers of neurology (works by Hughlings Jackson, Kurt Goldstein, Henry Head, A.R. Luria). A framed quote reads:

"'If You Do Know That Here Is One Hand, We'll Grant You All The Rest.' -- Wittgenstein"

PARSONS
 (into phone)
 Yes, dear. Me too.

He hangs up. Takes a moment to look at Miranda. Tries a smile but to her it comes off condescending. Fact is -- there's nothing to smile about.

PARSONS
 I'm so sorry about this, Miranda.

She nods, dazed. Angles her head to look at a framed picture on his desk. Parsons looks to Pete.

PARSONS
 Has Pete told you about the hearing?

PETE
 Teddy already filled her in.

PARSONS
 Teddy Howard is top notch. He's going to do everything in his power -- and he's quite resourceful -- to prove you're not fit to stand trial. Miranda, I know you have no family left, so we're your family now and we're all going down to the wire to protect you and help you in any way we --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSH IN ON Miranda who stares intently at something on the desk. Not listening to a word he's saying --

MIRANDA

Who is that?

Parsons pauses here. Exchanges glances with Pete.

PARSONS

Excuse me?

MIRANDA

The girl in the picture.

WE SEE what she is talking about: a framed photograph on the desk is now FACING us. Eerie. It shows Parsons, his wife Dorothy and a young girl. Our teenage girl.

PARSONS

My daughter.

Miranda looks up at this, perplexed.

MIRANDA

She's the girl I saw.

PARSONS

You're obviously mistaken.

MIRANDA

I'm positive. She was hurt, bleeding. Is she all right?

Pete and Parsons trade uneasy looks.

PETE

Miranda, you've seen that photograph at least a dozen times, every time you've been in this office. You're just confused --

MIRANDA

Not about this. Is she all right?

PARSONS

No, she's not... all right.

(beat)

Rachel committed suicide six years ago.

This shuts Miranda right up. Mind spinning.

MIRANDA

How?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Miranda, that's none of your --

PARSONS

That's okay.

(to Miranda)

Rachel was a very troubled girl. Handicapped since birth. She was born mute. My wife and I tried everything to help her fit in but... but she ran away from home more than once, wanting to end her life.

(beat)

And she finally succeeded. Jumped off Ashley Bridge. She was only seventeen years old.

Ashley Bridge. Mute. Ghost? Miranda hesitates here. She is not the type to believe in ghosts, and knows full well what even her suggestion of it will sound like.

MIRANDA

I'm -- I'm terribly sorry, Phil.

Parsons doesn't want to talk about it anymore. Rises.

PARSONS

Peter, can I speak to you?

The men step outside. PUSH IN ON Miranda's face as she stares at the picture of Rachel. We catch snippets of the doctors' discussion outside, increasing her paranoia --

PETE (O.S.)

... Textbook psychotic pattern...
manifestation of guilt...

PARSONS (O.S.)

... much she knows about Rachel?

PETE (O.S.)

I'm telling you she doesn't...
Concocted alternate reality...

PARSONS (O.S.)

I'm trusting you... crawling with
cops.

A DARK SHADOW envelops Miranda's confused face, as we --

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - NIGHT

Miranda's pale skin is visible in the dim monochromatic light. We are MOVING TOWARDS her, seeing her as if from the POV of someone approaching her. We become aware of the RAGGED BREATHING sound. Miranda opens her eyes, looks this way and that, then closes them again.

She is nearly asleep when she hears a sound we've heard before. The strained WET SOUND. Miranda's eyes SNAP OPEN. She slowly sits up, back against the wall. Squinting to cover every inch of the room.

And now she sees it: a SHADOW crouched in the corner. Roughly the size of a person. Miranda climbs off the bed and slowly walks towards it. Scared, but determined. She wrinkles her nose at the putrid smell coming from it. She gets closer... closer... The RAGGED BREATHING GROWING LOUDER as she reaches the shadow --

She stretches out her hand and finally touches... NOTHING. She swipes her hand through the air, feeling stupid.

MIRANDA

This is not going to work. I'm sick of being watched, and I know this place well and it doesn't smell this bad.

She paces around the room, feels the wall, taps her head.

MIRANDA

I'm awake, I'm not dreaming. I'm alive -- this is not some afterlife mumbo jumbo. So-called paranormal activity can be debunked a million different ways. So whatever you are, whatever it is I'm making up here -- I'm letting you go, I'm setting you free. I'm the wrong person. And I need to sleep. I'm not afraid and I don't believe and I'm fully aware that this is all in my mind -- fiction -- a concocted alternate reality -- and I acknowledge it. And now I'm done with it. I'm going to sleep now.

The moment is as brave as it is ridiculous. She has psyched herself into verbally defeating the ghost. And now she climbs back in bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

(sleepy)

Besides, if you really were the ghost of Rachel Parsons, you would let me out of this cell.

A beat. And now we hear the SOUND OF THE DEADBOLT SLIDE OPEN. The door opens quietly. PUSH INTO Miranda's face. Properly scared now.

MIRANDA

Holy shit.

If proof is what she wanted, proof is what she got. From now on we'll refer to the teenage girl as RACHEL.

INT. FEMALE WARD - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Miranda takes a tentative step outside her cell, feeling the door with her fingers, feeling along the wall -- still making sure she isn't dreaming this.

She looks down the long, empty corridor, the glare of neon lights making her readjust her eyes momentarily. Nobody there. But when she looks down the other way she sees a pair of bare feet disappear behind the wall. So quick we're not sure we saw it for sure.

Miranda deliberately walks in the opposite direction.

At night the clinical corridor takes on an unsettling quality. She silently strolls down the hall, tilting her head at the various sounds from PATIENTS in their cells.

She turns to make sure Rachel isn't behind her and when Miranda faces forward again, she realizes she is standing right across from:

THE NURSES' STATION

Where two nurses are watching TELEVISION. Miranda tiptoes past them, ducking at the window to remain unseen.

ANOTHER CORRIDOR

This one is wider. Miranda is startled by the sudden sound of LAUGHTER behind her. The nurses laughing at their late night show. Momentarily distracted, she almost knocks over a mop and bucket resting by the wall. She holds the mop in place and now opens the door to a SANITATION CLOSET.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks for something, a tool. Discards a pair of brushes and finds a small screwdriver. Pockets it.

THE STAIRS

Miranda hurries up the stairs, hugging the wall to stay clear from the SURVEILLANCE CAMERA sweeping the area. She waits at the landing, times it just right -- and scurries to the next floor.

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR (OFFICE FLOOR) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Knowing her way around here, Miranda keeps a steady pace as she heads towards her old office. She turns a corner and stops in her tracks: another JANITOR making his rounds. She waits until he's out of sight and rushes to her office.

She pulls out the stolen screwdriver and brings it to the lock. Starts unscrewing the screws. She does this as fast as she can, but she's no professional -- so it takes a few tries. She loosens one screw, then another -- and clumsily drops the screwdriver. The METAL ECHOES against the floor.

Miranda sucks her breath in, waits. No footsteps. She bends down, retrieves it, and holds onto the knob for balance. It easily turns in her hand. It was open all along. She simply forgot to check.

INT. MIRANDA'S OFFICE

Miranda shuts the door behind her and slips behind her computer. Shrouded in darkness. Hits a switch and a SURVEILLANCE MONITOR comes to life. Now she has a view of the corridors: two guards here, a nurse going for a smoke, a janitor at the coffee machine and so on.

She switches on her computer and taps her fingers as she waits for it to boot up.

ON SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

The JANITOR with his coffee cup now heading back towards Miranda's office corridor --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miranda glances at the door, can see the glare of the computer screen reflecting against the glass pane. She tries opening drawers but they're all locked. She remembers something and digs a sweatshirt from beneath the couch, uses it to block the light.

Computer powered up, she runs an online search for "RACHEL PARSONS." Waits as the info appears --

MIRANDA

(to self)

Alright. What happened to you?

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Various listings: The archive news of her funeral, something about her search and a LOCAL NEWS ARTICLE about teen suicide. That's the one she chooses. Hits "PRINT."

She checks the surveillance monitor again: the janitor now mops right outside her door.

ON PRINTOUT

The heading says "WHAT DRIVES OUR TEENAGERS TO SUICIDE?" A quick glimpse gives us ages (16, 18, 17) and names of three local girls who have died. Rachel's name and PHOTOGRAPH appears with two others: Jenny Dixon and Andrea White.

Miranda pockets it, looks back at the surveillance monitor: the janitor is walking away. She watches him disappear down the hall. Slowly but surely. And now the screen is empty.

But just for a second. Because suddenly Rachel is there. Staring straight at her. Makes us jump.

INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Retracing her steps, Miranda shuts her door and hits the stairs. Playing off the sweep of the surveillance camera.

INT. FEMALE WARD CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

As she reaches the landing, she hears VOICES coming her way. She detours down another corridor and hides from view. Waits for Consuelo and a nurse to exit down the staircase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And now she turns at ANOTHER SOUND. Coming from inside the room immediately behind her. Room 237. She steps to the small glass pane on the door and peers inside.

INT. ROOM 237

It takes a moment to adjust our eyes to the darkness but now we make out TWO FIGURES in the room involved in some sort of struggle.

Miranda presses her face against the glass and now sees a flash of metal. Something sharp. Not a knife, but a needle. And now a blur of hair yanked up by a strong arm. In the dim light we can make out Chloe, eyes glazed, drooling.

Just for a beat, because now she is slapped down on the bed like a rag doll and the man with the needle ENTERS FRAME.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Miranda flinches, confused. Glances down the corridor to ensure she remains undiscovered. Then peers back in.

INT. ROOM 237

Chloe on her stomach on the bed. Her pale naked skin marked with scratches and bruises. The needle is stuck in her arm, which hangs off the side. Her mouth is open but it is impossible to tell whether she is laughing or sobbing. Abruptly the man climbs on her, pulling off his T-shirt.

As he discards it we see that it is yellow.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Disturbed, Miranda turns away. Except now the corridor isn't empty. There is a JANITOR at the end. Coffee cup in hand. Staring at her, disconcerted.

JANITOR

Hey!

Miranda turns and runs.

INT. FEMALE WARD STAIRS

Miranda bolts down the stairs. THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS and YELLS can be heard right behind her.

INT. FEMALE WARD THIRD FLOOR

Miranda races down the empty floor towards an emergency exit door all the way at the end.

TWO ORDERLIES emerge from the staircase and give chase, shouting for her to stop. PATIENTS holler from their cells, awakened by the COMMOTION.

Miranda's heart is nearly bursting through her chest as she gets closer and closer to the emergency door. Twenty feet, fifteen, ten --

When a side door opens and a MAN IN A YELLOW SHIRT appears, blocking her path. Miranda tries to avoid crashing into him but carries too much momentum. Veers left against the wall but the man easily tackles her and pins her down.

The orderlies and an nurse arrive at the scene to find her screaming, hysterical. They hold her down --

MIRANDA

It's him! It's him! Jesus
Christ, it's him!

The man in the yellow shirt acts as if he has no idea what she's talking about. Ho-hum, just another psychotic woman trying to escape. A nurse prepares a needle and we --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TRACKING ALONG a long desk where the staff finish their morning meeting. Parsons, Pete and Irene among others.

PARSONS

We've transferred her to a higher security room on the fifth floor. That's my final concession to any type of special treatment.

PETE

And the night staff?

IRENE

They insist her room was properly locked, what else could they say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Could there be any truth to her claim?

PARSONS

Peter, we have one hundred and forty employees. Thirty-five work maintenance. They all wear yellow shirts, it's their uniform. I'm holding a very discreet inquiry, sure -- but I don't want a news van parked outside day and night. It makes much more sense that she tried to escape and got caught, doesn't it?

Pete ponders this. It certainly seems that way.

PETE

I perused Miranda's files on Chloe McGrath -- they're damn comprehensive. Maybe she was a bit obsessed with her.

Irene and Parsons share a look. He wraps it up:

PARSONS

The scariest gift God gave us is our minds. And a bright person like Miranda -- she's grasping at straws here -- who knows what her brain is telling her, now that it's snapped.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL - DAY

A better room, in fact. This one has a view. Heavy bars on the windows, but still. Miranda paces. Pete is seated, observing her deteriorating state.

MIRANDA

Did you live here when Rachel killed herself?

PETE

Yes. As a matter of fact, I was part of the search party that found the body.

MIRANDA

Phil must have been a wreck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

You can imagine. Actually, Phil was in Houston undergoing triple bypass surgery when it happened.

What was that? Miranda reacts to this.

MIRANDA

And this is confirmed. There are hospital records and so forth?

PETE

I'm sure there are. Can we get back on track now?

Miranda pulls out the folded printout from her pocket.

MIRANDA

What about these other dates, was Phil here when the other girls went missing and found dead?

A disconcerted Pete looks at the article with the pictures of Rachel and the others: Andrea White and Jenny Dixon.

PETE

Where are you going with this? First I'm a suspect in Doug's death, now what, Phil Parsons murdered his own daughter?

MIRANDA

Rachel Parsons disappeared six years ago. A week later she's a suicide. Andrew White, four years ago, same M.O., and Jenny Dixon, two years ago. Don't you find that unusual?

He regards her. Maybe Parsons is right: she's desperately grasping at straws now. Skims the article:

PETE

What same M.O.? One jumped off a bridge, one hung herself and one crashed her car. Who gave you this?

MIRANDA

Not one left a suicide note. In fact, how is anybody sure these were suicides?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

You heard Phil, his daughter had tried several times before --

MIRANDA

That's his story. I need to talk to the reporter who wrote that. Frank something.

PETE

Well, you can't.

MIRANDA

I beg to differ. I know my visitation rights.

PETE

You can't because... he died.

Miranda snaps to attention here.

MIRANDA

You're telling me the one local investigative reporter who connected three highly-suspicious deaths, just happens to have conveniently died?

PETE

Frank Albright was an eighty-year-old retired sociology professor.

(re: the article)

This is a fluff piece about teenage depression and the breakdown of the nuclear family. You can find one in any local paper, anywhere, any other week!

MIRANDA

Don't be smug, Pete. That's one thing you've never been. Rachel is somehow connected to what I'm going through. I don't know how -- like you said, I'm not in a frame of mind to process the information without assistance. So I'm asking you for assistance.

PETE

Listen to me. You are not well. I had hoped once you remembered the murder we could deal with your feelings about it but these fixations:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

Rachel Parsons, Chloe McGrath --
are self-created distractions to
avoid looking into yourself. And
the longer you --

MIRANDA

I know this lecture like the back
of my hand!

PETE

Good. Saves me the trouble.

Discussion over. He raps on the door. Triple-locks come
unlocked and an ORDERLY is there. Peter exits.

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter hurries down the corridor, passing by a nurse. The
same one who bandaged Miranda earlier, so let's give her
a proper name: CLAIRE. She pushes her cart into the
elevator.

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

Claire and her cart emerge from the elevator and she
heads down the long corridor, reaches a door and unlocks
it.

INT. MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM

TIGHT ON a row of drug-filled shelves. Claire parks her
cart and kicks off her shoes. Digs a pack of smokes out
of her stashed purse when a pair of hands grab her.

Claire squeaks until she sees her attacker: a stoner
type named SIMON. Deftly unbuttoning her uniform, hands
all over her. She means to resist but he's got such
boyish charm.

CLAIRE

Get off me, you dog --

SIMON

Hell, don't go all bubbly with joy
or anything.

CLAIRE

You can't be in here and you know
it. Nap in your car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She finally twists herself out of his grasp. Points an accusing finger, but she's grinning. Blushing, even.

CLAIRE

Now get out before we get busted.

Properly reprimanded, Simon picks up his folded uniform and prepares to leave, head hung low.

SIMON

You slay me, Claire. Honest.

CLAIRE

Sure I do, Boy Scout.

He exits. She shakes her head, slips her uniform back on.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Simon presses the button, waits. He checks inside his folded uniform where we see several stolen vials of sedatives. The doors begin to close when --

CLAIRE

Hold it, Simon!

He hides the loot behind his back, busted. She holds the door open and tosses him his yellow shirt.

CLAIRE

What do you think I am, laundry service?

SIMON

(relieved)

Won't happen again, ma'am.

She turns and exits. The doors slide shut. Meet our rapist.

INT. WOODWARD CAFETERIA - DAY

Bustling with activity. The room is divided into two: a large main area where the patients eat, plus a second, smaller upstairs area for the staff.

BOOM DOWN to find Miranda eating at a long table. Shelley beside her, playing with her plastic fork. Jenna taps an unlit cigarette. As usual, Irene keeps watch nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHELLEY

... She'd get high on glue and make me help her try on my bras. Is that the strangest shit you've heard?

JENNA

Heard stranger. But she's a case.

SHELLEY

And she always put on a happy face. Man, what an optometrist.

Optometrist? Miranda starts to correct her, but lets it go.

JENNA

You narced her out, didn't you? Boo-hoo. Bet you were a little buzzed yourself.

Miranda's gaze strays from this, um, most compelling of conversations and comes to rest on Chloe. Alone at another table. Heavily sedated. A wreck.

Miranda rises and walks over. Shelley waits until she's out of hearing range, leans in to Jenna --

SHELLEY

All work, that woman. Work, work, work.

JENNA

What are you talking about?

SHELLEY

She's like an alcoholic. But with work.

JENNA

What work?

SHELLEY

Not safe to tell you. Wish I could.

Jenna rolls her eyes, returns to her food.

UPSTAIRS

Parsons watches intrigued as Miranda sits beside Chloe and starts talking. From Parson's POV up above we can see pretty much the entire dining area.

BACK TO MIRANDA

Trying to get Chloe's attention. But Chloe just stares at her untouched food, glassy-eyed.

MIRANDA

I saw what happened. I'm sorry.

No reaction.

MIRANDA

Have you told anyone? Chloe?

Nothing.

MIRANDA

Look, Chloe -- the person who did this to you is not the devil. And if you can identify him, I'll make sure the motherfucker is arrested.

Now Chloe looks at her, like something finally registers.

CHLOE

Doctor, did you just say 'motherfucker'?

MIRANDA

Do you know his name? Maybe you saw a nametag on his uniform? Think.

Chloe simply stares. Finally shakes her head.

CHLOE

Man, you must really hate me.

MIRANDA

What? I don't hate you.

CHLOE

You hate me because now you're just the same as me. You must feel so embarrassed.

MIRANDA

I don't hate you. And I don't feel embarrassed.

CHLOE

That's just a pat answer you have because you're new at this. Trust me, I know what I'm talking about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

(rising)

Forget it, alright? Forget we had this conversation.

Chloe abruptly grabs her arm. Tightly.

CHLOE

You know what happens next?

MIRANDA

I get the distinct feeling you're going to tell me.

CHLOE

The shock wears off and the guilt kicks in. And that guilt is the real motherfucker. You'll be watched 24/seven, because they're afraid you'll kill yourself. Dr. Graham will question every harmless gesture, every innocent comment, every twitch you make and eventually -- and it's a fucking tedious 'eventually' -- you'll stop hating yourself for what you did. But what replaces that hatred is this unbearable sadness. And you don't lose that as long as you live.

PUSH IN ON Miranda. Deeply affected by Chloe's words, as we --

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY AND NIGHT

MIRANDA'S RESIGNED DAILY GRIND IN QUICK DISSOLVES --

A) Miranda and the other patients line up for meds in the rec room.

B) Irene keeps watch in the garden as the women get their daily fresh air.

C) Wardens watch as each patient enters their cell at night and the lights go off.

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - NIGHT

Echoing an earlier scene, we are MOVING TOWARDS her -- her pale skin visible in the dim monochromatic light. Miranda flicks a look this way and that, alert. Sensing something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Leave me alone. Go away.

Just like a crazy person. She listens for any further noise, hears none and shuts her eyes. Exhausted.

MIRANDA

I've lost my fucking mind. Happy now?

Silence. But now the BEDSPRINGS CREAK behind her and she whips around and starts to scream as a big hand covers her mouth. Her eyes open wide at the sight of Simon, in his yellow shirt. He shoves her against the mattress and presses his full weight against her. She lets out a muffled scream as he uncaps a syringe with his teeth and brings the plunger to her throat. Straight into her jugular.

SIMON

(sotto)

This is gonna hurt you more than it hurts me.

She flails and kicks desperately but he pins her down. The BEDSPRINGS STRAIN violently and now he's straddling her, squeezing the plunger into her throat. Her eyes welling up:

SIMON

(sotto)

I've always wanted to do a doctor.

She manages to free one hand and yanks the syringe from her throat. It flies to the floor. He grins, enjoying this:

SIMON

(sotto)

The more you fight me, the harder I get, pussycat -- so pretty please, with sugar on top -- keep still.

Simon paws at her clothes as she struggles to defend herself. He finally slaps her free arm down. Presses his knee against it, immobilizing her once more. Now he produces another syringe from his pocket. Checks it. Miranda shakes her head, pleading. A scream stuck in her throat. But nobody can hear her.

Simon brings the syringe towards her when suddenly we hear a LOUD CLANGING at the door. Shaking it off its hinges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Simon looks up, confused. Nobody is there. The split-second distraction is all Miranda needs to shove him off the bed. She fumbles for the discarded syringe and STABS HIS CHEST WITH IT -- squeezes the plunger --

MIRANDA

(sotto)

Take that, son of a bitch.

Simon moans as the full dose hits his system and his body goes limp. Miranda exhales, coming back to herself. A beat.

MIRANDA

Rachel?

No response. Miranda grabs his keys, begins to undress him.

CUT TO:

SECURITY CAMERA POV

shows a uniformed janitor calmly walking down the corridor. PULL BACK to see we are in --

INT. SURVEILLANCE BOOTH - NIGHT

A bank of monitors keep watch on the premises after dark. TWO GUARDS play cards (Uno), bored to tears. A cursory glance at the monitors produces no reaction. Certainly a janitor walking down the corridor is no cause for alarm.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dead quiet. CRICKETS CHIRP or whatever it is crickets do. Miranda steadies her breathing, perusing rows of unfamiliar cars. She clicks Simon's key-ring button repeatedly until a set of headlights blink on and off.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - NIGHT

Miranda slips behind the wheel, STARTS the CAR. The RADIO KICKS IN at EAR-DEAFENING VOLUME. She nearly drops dead.

EXT. WOODWARD GATE - NIGHT

The gate GUARD reads a magazine as Miranda's stolen car approaches. The guard barely registers the driver in the booth mirror, immersed in his article. Hits a button to open the gate for him. It opens SLOWLY. S-l-o-w-l-y.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Miranda, sweating, watches the receding image of the institute behind her. Turns on the main road. Free.

MIRANDA

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

She glances back, makes sure no one is following her. Catches her own reflection in the rearview mirror: the scared eyes, the haunted face. The new version of herself.

She flips the RADIO dial: BAD NEW AGE MUZAK. BAD COUNTRY. BAD DISCO. More BAD NEW AGE MUZAK. She finds IGGY POP'S entirely appropriate "THE PASSENGER) and lets it play.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Now we are seeing her as if from the POV of someone traveling alongside the car. Peering THROUGH the passenger window. Miranda becomes aware of this, slowly glances over. Sees nothing but her own reflection. Turns back forward.

We NOTICE the blue cigarette lighter key chain dangling off the dashboard. Nothing but a long stretch of road ahead.

EXT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The neighborhood perfectly quiet late at night. Miranda parks in the driveway and stares at the empty house. Steels herself, climbs out of the car and heads around back.

She finds her SPARE KEY behind a potted plant, takes a deep breath and lets herself in through the back door.

INT. MIRANDA AND DOUG'S HOUSE

POLICE CRIME-SCENE TAPE everywhere. She turns on the kitchen light only and scurries to her bedroom without even looking in the direction of the living room, avoiding the scene of the gruesome crime altogether. Eerie as hell --

INT. BEDROOM - QUICK CUTS

Miranda stuffs clothes into a suitcase, finds her passport, digs out some cash from a box. Quick change of clothes to get rid of the rapist's uniform. Fast, fast, fast --

INT. SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Miranda watches her house fade from view in the rearview mirror as she drives down the block. Shudders. Flips the RADIO dial with shaky hands.

RADIO DJ (V.O.)

... Weather forecasters predict heavy winds tonight as a major thunderstorm rolls in tomorrow. You're listening to KLPG, 101.4 on your dial. This next honky-tonk heartbreak classic is...

She looks in the rearview mirror once more. Only this time she is met by a piercing pair of eyes.

Rachel's. Inside the car.

Rachel's mouth opens unnaturally wide, revealing a gaping abyss of rotted teeth and flesh -- and lets out the wet sound. A threatening howl this time, pure venom.

Miranda covers her face, jerks the car. It does a 180 and slides to a halt in the middle of the street --

Facing the direction of her house again.

EXT. STREET

Miranda jumps out, panicked. Glances around. Looks inside the car: no Rachel. A beat to catch her breath, making up her mind. Slides behind the wheel and makes a U-turn.

INT. SIMON'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Miranda flips the rearview mirror so it faces the ceiling and turns UP the RADIO. GUNS the pedal. Freaked.

She's driven maybe 20 feet when suddenly her ENGINE DIES --

MIRANDA

No.

The CAR SPUTTERS to a stop. Miranda goes to turn the key but suddenly freezes. Looks at the ignition oddly and notices the key is gone.

MIRANDA

Why are you doing this to me?

A dead-still beat. Glancing around, she is even more startled to see the blue lighter key chain lying in the middle of the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Miranda opens her car door and walks down the empty street to retrieve her suddenly magical keys.

We watch her reach the keys, all alone out here. The moment she bends down to pick it up she is blinded by the glare of HEADLIGHT and the ROAR OF AN ENGINE. Miranda jumps out of the way, narrowly avoiding being flattened by a ROAD SWEEPER, spraying water as it goes.

She watches the truck disappear down the block. Heart in her throat. Calms her nerves and now walks over to the pesky keys again. Smack in the middle of a puddle now.

BOOM UP the posts harnessing power lines which surround the area until we STOP ON a pair of INDUSTRIAL BOLTS fastened around the insulators of a thick power line.

From here we see Miranda bend down and pick up her keys. And now the bolts suddenly shake off their hinges, coming loose right in front of our eyes -- moved by some invisible force --

Miranda tilts her head at the sound of a METALLIC SNAP and turns. The bolts pop out of their sockets. The LIVE WIRE uncoils like some gigantic serpent and swings straight towards the paralyzed Miranda --

She looks down at her feet, ankle-deep in the puddle, back up at the 11,000 VOLTS OF POWER about to fry her to a crisp and jumps out of the way at the last second. The wire hits the water and the monumental charge sends SPARKS flying in every direction. It looks like lightning.

A silent, sudden beat. That was as close as close gets.

MIRANDA
(fighting tears)
What do you want from me?

No sign of Rachel. Miranda yells at the air, glancing over her shoulder, seemingly demented:

MIRANDA
What is it you want me to do?!!

A moment. Miranda stranded. The stolen car in the middle of the road. And now the SQUEAK of a GATE OPENING abruptly. Miranda whips her head in the direction of the sound.

It's the front gate to her house. And now the front door SWINGS OPEN. And now the living room LIGHTS switch on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not knowing what else to do, she turns to exit when the TELEVISION SET suddenly COMES TO LIFE, making her jump. The unmistakable MUSIC from some old WB cartoon at FULL BLAST.

She stares at the TV screen. Is there some sign here she should be able to follow? She crosses to turn it off and immediately doubles over in pain --

MIRANDA

Shit.

She looks at her foot. A big SHARD OF GLASS is stuck right through the flimsy hospital slipper into her skin. Blood already seeping from the nasty cut --

INT. BATHROOM

Miranda seated on the edge of the tub, slowly pulls out the piece of glass, drops it in the wastebasket. She grabs a cotton ball and alcohol and starts cleaning the cut.

And now, FAINT at first, but GROWING LOUDER -- she hears the hollow WET SOUND we've come to associate with Rachel. Inside the room with her --

Miranda stares at the medicine cabinet. Did the mirror move? We watch her from the MIRROR POV as she holds perfectly still, listening. The SOUND now seems to have STOPPED. A silent beat.

She turns her attention back to cleaning her cut, grimacing as the alcohol burns her skin. It looks painful.

And now the slow SQUEAK of the MEDICINE CABINET DOOR makes her look up again. And she sees herself in the mirror like the night of the slaughter: flames all around her. Naked arms raised. Wrists shackled. Anima Sola.

She stares. Mesmerized. The sound of FLAMES GROWING LOUDER.

MIRANDA

No. No. No...

Miranda walks slowly to the mirror. Incredibly, the image reflecting back at her also grows bigger. As if the two versions of her are literally walking towards each other. FROM A SIDE ANGLE WE SEE both their faces mere inches apart. Miranda brings her fingertips to the mirror and touches it. Immediately pulls her hand back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miranda stares at her fingertips. The tips are burnt. The skin sizzles softly. 200 percent scientifically impossible. And when she looks up at the mirror again -- the image is gone.

It is now deathly quiet. And what she finds herself staring at in the mirror is the reflection of something just behind her. A folded newspaper discarded in the far corner of the room.

She turns to look at it now. It's opened to the REALTY LISTINGS page. Doug must have left it there. She picks it up and looks closer: Focusing on a picture of a bank-repossessed property.

The address is in Willows Creek.

Her brain wires start clicking. This must be what Rachel wanted her to see. She stares at it.

PUSH IN ON the picture as we --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WILLOWS CREEK PROPERTY - DAWN

A "FOR SALE" sign still flapping in the wind. The first few rays of light break through the dawn sky.

Miranda's (Simon's) car approaches up the road until it FILLS the FRAME and parks. Miranda steps out.

She studies the house before walking up the drive. We watch her peek through windows and walk around back, looking for something. What exactly, we don't know. (Neither does she.)

She makes her way back to the starting point and fixes her stare now on the barn. The one place he hasn't looked.

INT. BARN

Dark, empty. The WIND outside causes the ALUMINUM SIDING to FLAP NOISILY. It's slightly unnerving, but hey, it's just the wind. Miranda covers the distance of the large room, perplexed. There is something about this place. Something she can't quite put her finger on. Beckoning her.

With a last fruitless look, she heads towards the front door when a glint of mental in the opposite corner stops her. She moves to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And here, where the walls should meet, there is a narrow gap, leading to a passage, maybe five inches wide. A padlocked chain has been threaded through a hole in both walls, holding them together. Miranda inspects the heavy padlock, the source of the glint. She tugs on the wall and opens it to the limits of the chain, but that's only a few inches more. Miranda peers into the darkness beyond, but can't see a thing.

Hesitating only a moment, she turns sideways and slides herself into the claustrophobic slot.

She moves forward cautiously a few feet until her face brushes against something hanging in the air. She stops, startled. It's a pull-string hanging from a naked light bulb.

She tugs on it. And now she has 60 watts of reddish glow to see the hatch on the floor immediately in front of her. She pulls on the LATCH and it opens with a RUSTY CREAK. She peers into the pitch-black basement below. Feels around for the beginning of a stepladder and climbs down.

INT. SECRET BASEMENT

Miranda emerges from the ladder into total darkness. Whatever dim reddish light was provided by the bulb upstairs does not reach here. She feels around the wall for a switch. Nothing.

MIRANDA

(to self)

It's not shrink-appropriate to be afraid of the dark, right?

Abruptly there's a sharp CLICK as she lights Simon's key-chain lighter, and the wavery light illuminates the vast space. Rats scurry for cover. It takes a second to orient ourselves. Something metallic catches the lighter's reflection way in back. Miranda walks towards it.

MIRANDA

Hello?

She takes a few more steps until her foot hits a bulk on the floor. She stops. Kneels down and in the dim half-light we make out a backpack. She unzips it and rifles through it (T-shirts, underwear, Walkman) until she finds a wallet. Opens the billfold and brings the lighter next to the ID: the picture belongs to a teenager named "TRACY MARIE SEAVER."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Is there anybody here? Hello?

The lighter in her hand is getting hot, so she lets it click off. When it comes back on we see she has wrapped a ragged T-shirt around it for insulation.

Miranda steps deeper into the room. Up ahead, she can make out the metallic thing that reflected light before. It is a hook in the ceiling. And suspended from it are several heavy chains.

Like a meat rack.

And now she catches a whiff of the terrible smell and sees the body of the teenage girl: hanging upside down, tied around the hands and ankles.

Medical training kicking in, Miranda quickly lowers the girl to the ground, causing the angry rats to skitter away.

MIRANDA

Go away! Fuck off!

(We see the following in between flicks of the lighter so that we go from midnight black to wavery light in an almost strobe-light effect:)

She checks for vital signs, pulse, heartbeat -- Miranda's adrenaline at full tilt --

MIRANDA

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon --

She strikes the flint and brings the lighter to the girl's pupils. Inspects them. Slaps her repeatedly, clinically.

The strobe effect also allows us glimpses of the immediate surroundings: household tools strewn about; wire cutters, pliers -- a pool of dried blood.

MIRANDA

Wake up, Tracy, wake up --

Nothing. She unties the wires around the girl's ankles. The skin swollen grotesquely around them. She shakes the girl. Slowly coming to the realization that it's too late.

EXT. BARN - LATER

Miranda comes crashing out of the barn, doubles over and throws up. The bright light outside blinding her momentarily. Her bloodshot eyes taking a moment to register --

THE PATROL CAR

parked in front of the house. A POLICE OFFICER cautiously peering inside her stolen car. He looks up and notices her.

Miranda hesitates. Nowhere to run. The officer waves. His name is TURLINGTON.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Howdy there.

He says this while already strolling over. Miranda's mind races a mile a minute --

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Everything okay?

MIRANDA

Y-yes.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

That your vehicle, ma'am?

She stares at the young, friendly cop. His left hand resting on his belt. Right next to his gun. But it seems as if he has no idea who she is. At least not yet.

MIRANDA

Yes -- I -- I just pulled over. I was -- looking for a bathroom. Morning sickness, you know...

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Congratulations. But I'm afraid this is private property -- you can't just waltz on in. You understand that.

She nods, nerves shot to hell. Starts walking.

MIRANDA

I'll be on my merry way now. My husband will never forgive me if I get a ticket for trespassing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cop nods at that, seeming to have a fair grasp of marital dynamics. He flashes a smile but suddenly stops, whips out his gun and trains it on her --

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Holy shit.

(clicks the safety
off)

Lady, stay right where you are.

Miranda shuts her eyes, busted. Freezes.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Hands up where I can see them.

Miranda awkwardly raises her shaky hands.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Nice and slow, start talking to me. And make it good. Tell me just exactly who that is.

A confused Miranda slowly turns in the direction he's looking to see Tracy Seaver at the barn door. Dragging herself in agony, clearly in a severe state of shock. Battered, yet somehow -- incredibly -- still alive.

But just barely.

EXT. JACKSON HOSPITAL - DAY

A car pulls up to the chaotic ER area. Phil Parsons and Pete step out, rush inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ER - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Sheriff Ryan is busy at the urinal. But even here he can't find any peace because Teddy Howard is on his case --

SHERIFF RYAN

Mr. Howard -- let me simply list the events your client was involved in last night. First she drugs a janitor, steals his car and escapes a mental institution --

TEDDY HOWARD

Hold on, there isn't even any substantial evidence --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sheriff Ryan zips up his pants, flushes and runs the sink to wash his hands --

SHERIFF RYAN

Mr. Howard -- there isn't evidence because the overdosed janitor hasn't woken up, that's why -- and when your client was questioned on the matter she admitted to injecting a full syringe of --

TEDDY HOWARD

(handing him a
paper towel)

You had no right to question my client without my presence --

SHERIFF RYAN

Mr. Howard, this is not a courtroom. Your client was read her rights and she still insisted --

TEDDY HOWARD

-- Let me ask you this, Sheriff: what exactly was a janitor doing with several vials of sedatives inside my client's cell? And is it not possible he had taken some drugs himself before my client --

Sheriff Ryan discards the paper towel and walks out to the waiting room, Teddy following closely --

INT. ER WAITING ROOM

Paramedics and nurses doing their thing. The young officer who arrested Miranda hands the Sheriff a cup of coffee.

SHERIFF RYAN

I'm not a drug expert. I'm simply stating the frigging facts.

Sheriff Ryan burns his tongue on the coffee, notices Parsons and Pete approaching. Relief crosses his face.

SHERIFF RYAN

Phil, thank God -- this guy's driving me nuts!

PARSONS

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF RYAN

An 'incident' -- for lack of a better frigging word -- involving Miss Grey and a teenage girl who's been tortured and is in critical condition and chances are slim she'll even utter another word.

PETE

Who's the girl?

SHERIFF RYAN

A runaway from Portland, Tracy Marie Seaver. Reported missing a couple weeks ago. We found Miss Grey in some barn off Willows Creek with the girl all messed up. I'm just now waiting for the surgeon to give me an update.

(to Teddy)

Notice, Counselor, how I'm not even mentioning her trespassing or lying to a police officer.

Teddy waves him off in frustration. Goes to talk to Turlington.

SHERIFF RYAN

Christ, the woman's got the entire hospital busy --

Sheriff Ryan notices Teddy talking to Turlington --

SHERIFF RYAN

Why are you harassing my deputies?

TEDDY HOWARD

I'm only asking him where he got the coffee -- ?

SHERIFF RYAN

He's not at liberty to answer that. You've had enough goddamn coffee already.

The Sheriff leaves Pete and Parsons. They walk over to the water cooler where they can talk more privately.

PETE

We need to get Miranda back to the institute. She needs psychiatric care, not a prison cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Parsons nods, lost in thought. Sheriff Ryan returns.

SHERIFF RYAN

Phil, how well does your wife know
the suspect?

PARSONS

Why do you ask?

SHERIFF RYAN

Because she's at the station right
now, demanding to speak with her.

Parsons frowns at this, concerned. Pete studies him.

INT. COUNTY STATION HOLDING CELL - DAY

Bare room. A desk and two chairs. Glass window panes to
insure no privacy. DOROTHY PARSONS (50s) waits, seated.
The door opens and a DEPUTY escorts Miranda in. She sits
across from Dorothy, looking as lost as can be. A long
beat.

DOROTHY

How are you?

Miranda doesn't answer. Her mind elsewhere. Namely back
at the barn and how it connects to Rachel.

DOROTHY

I needed to see you, but I'm not
sure where to begin. I don't know
you well, I certainly have nothing
but fond feelings for you. Phil
always keeps me posted on his
colleagues and his work and -- in
any case, I have always thought of
you as a very bright, very
perceptive doctor. Even though I
don't know you well.

She pauses here. Miranda looks up now. Her face hollow
and exhausted. Bags under her eyes. A person who has
seen too much. Wondering where the hell this is going.

DOROTHY

My point is, my point being --
when Rachel died I had, um, I
suffered through these spells,
these recurring dreams.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

And eventually, once I came to terms with her death, they went away. Losing a child is the hardest, most inconceivable event a mother can --

She drifts off. Takes a beat to collect herself and resume:

DOROTHY

The past few days I have been having the same dream. A nightmare.

Miranda can't help but smile to herself at that.

MIRANDA

That word. Nightmare. Welcome to my life.

DOROTHY

This nightmare involves Rachel but it also involves you. In the nightmare Rachel holds a box in her left hand. A small box. And she repeats a series of numbers. Now, Rachel never spoke, from the time she was born -- she had a condition -- I often asked God why he punished this child in such a way -- she couldn't speak, but she was extremely bright. She wasn't autistic as the doctors claimed --

Dorothy Parsons starts to cry. A moment passes like this. It seems she won't recover enough to continue her tale.

MIRANDA

Mrs. Parsons, you need a therapist. Normally I would encourage you to schedule a session with me but as you can see --

Dorothy shakes her head, determined to finish. She pulls out a folded piece of paper.

DOROTHY

Every night the same box in her hand and the same numbers. I wrote them down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She slides the paper over. Miranda watches her carefully, then looks at the piece of paper. The numbers are:

1-0-2-2-0-1.

A long beat.

DOROTHY

It's a message. It's a code for something. I don't know what. But she wants you to have it.

Miranda studies it. Studies this woman, who quite frankly seems to have completely lost her mind. Then she looks back at the numbers and is slowly hit with a realization.

MIRANDA

October 22nd, 2001. It's my wedding date.

She stares at Dorothy, stunned. Brain click-click-clicking. Her wildest fears confirmed: Doug is behind this somehow.

MIRANDA

That code belongs to a safety deposit box my husband kept in a bank up in Newcastle, that's where his parents live.

(beat)

Dorothy, I need you to drive up there and open it.

Dorothy stares at her, scared. And finally nods.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - DAY

Pete hurries down the front steps of the main building as TWO POLICE CRUISERS pull up. Miranda is brought out of one of the cruisers by two OFFICERS.

PETE

We can take those off now.

Sheriff Ryan leans out of the other cruiser.

SHERIFF RYAN

Don't push it, Doctor. She's cuffed until your people secure her in a cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete sighs, gestures for the officers to bring her in. Irene and two heavy-duty orderlies will also be part of the escort. Miranda locks eyes with Pete as she approaches.

PETE

Are you alright?

MIRANDA

(quietly)

I was wrong. It wasn't Phil Parsons. It was Doug.

PETE

Can we talk about this later?

(to Sheriff)

Thanks, Sheriff.

SHERIFF RYAN

Tomorrow morning first thing my deputies are here.

PETE

I know, I know. We'll see you then.

SHERIFF RYAN

And my offer still stands if you need added security.

PETE

Thank you. She won't go anywhere. I guarantee it.

The Sheriff waves, whatever. Knocks twice on the hood and the officer behind the wheel shifts into drive.

MIRANDA

That's why Rachel picked me. It was Doug. I'm so stupid.

Pete regards her now, has no idea what she's going on about this time. Tries to remain professional.

PETE

Inside, okay?

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Lunch time for the female wing. An excited Shelley rushes over to a table where Chloe and Jenna are, whispers something to them. They glance at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment later, Miranda walks in with her police escort. Taking her across the cafeteria towards the back door. An uneasy Pete leads. Irene and the wardens at the rear.

Miranda glances at the women staring at her like a specimen. Like somehow she's even more dangerous than them. Top dog, as it were, of the crazies.

And then, halfway across the room, one of the women stands up. Chloe. She claps her hands together. Slowly. Miranda watches her, confused. And slowly Shelly, Jenna and others rise as well. All of them joining Chloe in clapping.

PETE

What is this?

IRENE

She's a hero. Little Red Riding Hood put the big bad wolf in a coma.

Pete nods. Just what he needed. The OFFICERS trade looks.

OFFICER #1

They're not gonna start something, are they?

Irene shakes her head, amused.

IRENE

You ain't scared of a bunch of women now, are you, Officer?

The entire cafeteria is on their feet showing their solidarity for Miranda. Chloe locks eyes with her, mouths the words "thank you."

And Miranda is hauled out the side door.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL

White. Surveillance cameras in every corner. Two separate doors with elaborate locks. High security all around. The officers undo Miranda's cuffs and excuse themselves.

Pete gestures for Irene and the Orderlies to leave as well.

ORDERLY #1

We'll be right outside, Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Once the doors are locked and they're alone, the conversation jumps straight into frustrated high gear:

PETE

I pulled a lot of strings to get you transferred back. The best case scenario you're looking at right now is five years here. Five. Under my --

MIRANDA

(interrupting)

Peter, I didn't believe in ghosts before this. And neither do you.

Pete is at the end of his rope. Can't hide his sadness when he looks at her. Still, he tries to get her back on track:

PETE

But you know that the brain is fully capable of tricking you into seeing all sorts of things. The simplest chemical deficiencies can --

MIRANDA

Chemical deficiencies can't get inside of you and make you do terrible things you don't remember doing!

PETE

I'm a very open-minded person, but as a doctor --

MIRANDA

No, you're not. You're a close-minded academic, just like me. You told me once that I was the most logical person you knew, remember? Well, everything that's happened has an explanation but it has nothing to do with psychiatry or science. Rachel Parsons was abducted and she was murdered six years ago -- tossed off the Ashley Bridge by my husband. My harmless, righteous 'community leader' husband -- that's how pathetically blind I've been.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Andrea White and Jenny Dixon were also abducted and murdered -- now this was before I met Doug but I bet you anything that they both went to his school. Then he obviously stopped for a while: fear, guilt, distractions -- namely me -- delayed him from reverting to his sickness. That's why I didn't notice anything. I believe he really tried to lead a normal life, for me. Then along comes Tracy Seaver and he can't resist. Locks her up and tortures her in some abandoned property --

She shows him the crumpled newspaper listing.

MIRANDA

Here's Doug's interest in real estate, Pete.

Pete stares at the realty listing for Willows Creek.

MIRANDA

Rachel Parsons is a pissed-off ghost with an agenda, furious at her parents for giving up on her -- she's been trying to communicate with them for years but they're too goddamn logical to pay attention -- and she picked me, she sought me out that night and sent me home to fix her problem. Made sure I killed Doug because he was going to do the same thing to Tracy Seaver as he did to her. And she will get rid of anyone who stands in her way.

Pete takes all of this in. Dumbfounded.

PETE

Is that a threat?

MIRANDA

To whom?

PETE

To me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

To you? I'm telling you she nearly electrocuted me when I tried to leave town and she led me to that barn and if I don't do what she wants -- she's going to kill me.

Pete can see that she's petrified. He starts to speak, but she hushes him by gently placing her finger on his lips. The gesture is tender, almost romantic. A reminder of their very real connection.

MIRANDA

I need you to at least consider the possibility that I'm not insane.

(beat; pleading)

Not as a doctor. As the only person I trust in this world.

EXT. NEWCASTLE COMMUNITY BANK PARKING LOT - DAY

A tense Phil and Dorothy Parsons in their parked car.

DOROTHY

I'm not doing it for Miranda, I'm doing this for Rachel.

PARSONS

You're making a complete fool of yourself. Do you realize what you sound like?

She sighs, climbs out of the car, leaving him there. Takes three steps. Stops. Turns back around and lets him have it:

DOROTHY

What do I sound like, Phil? Like one of your patients? Well, it's probably because that's exactly how you treat me. And I've had enough of this deafening silence between us, this exemplary mourning in front of the community, tiptoeing around our lives with you pretending Rachel never existed.

BANK CUSTOMERS walk around the argument, pretending not to hear. Phil is mortified. But Dorothy doesn't care:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOROTHY

I'm losing my mind. Our daughter
is gone and I miss her and I'm
angry.

She turns and storms off. Phil takes it all in for the first time. A moment later he climbs out of the car.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

A solemn GUARD places the safety deposit box on the table in the middle of the room. Steps back through the gate and waits. Dorothy and Phil stare at the box for a moment.

Finally, Phil punches in the code written out by his wife and opens it. He sorts through some paperwork that means nothing to him until his hands feel a thick envelope. He opens it and spills the contents on the table.

It is a stack of POLAROIDS.

Dorothy leans in and immediately her face darkens. She grabs onto the table, shakily -- and is forced to sit down. A horrified sob rises from deep inside her, comes out like the howl of a dying animal. Her husband pales, all blood draining from his face.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - EVENING

The sky darkens fast. The storm moving in.

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - NURSES' STATION

THUNDER RUMBLES outside, making a tray of meds rattle. PAN UP to see Consuelo, the round black woman we might remember Chloe beating up earlier. She shakes her head.

CONSUELO

It's gonna be an interesting
night.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL

Miranda looks up at the sound of the BOLT BEING DRAWN and the handle unfastened. Through the door comes Consuelo, carrying a tray. Sets it down by the bed.

She is on her way out when she pauses, stares at Miranda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONSUELO

How are we doing today?

That term again, "we." Doctor-speak. Miranda doesn't have the energy for it:

MIRANDA

Just fine, thank you.

CONSUELO

The spirit is not fine. She's very unhappy.

What was that? Normally Miranda would look at this woman as if she were crazy, but things have changed.

MIRANDA

How -- how do you know?

CONSUELO

(shuts her eyes)

But she's only a girl. Do you know her name?

MIRANDA

Yes. Rachel.

CONSUELO

Have you talked to her?

MIRANDA

Yes, I -- you could say that.

Consuelo holds Miranda's hands firmly, "reading" her.

CONSUELO

She's very, very angry. And she's not finished with you yet.

MIRANDA

I'm sure that's meant to sound comforting but --

CONSUELO

She wants to show you something.

MIRANDA

That may be so, but I want her to go away.

CONSUELO

Then you need to protect yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

And how exactly would I do that?

CONSUELO

Mira, first I'm gonna bring you some cascarilla, it's a powder, you get it anyplace, it comes from eggs -- you pour it all over you --

(indicates)

Like this --

MIRANDA

Look --

(reading nametag)

Consuelo, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but I honestly don't think this ghost will go away if I pour some egg powder on myself --

Consuelo holds up a finger, hushing Miranda. She's receiving something here. Shudders.

CONSUELO

She made you do things. Bad things, didn't she?

MIRANDA

Yes.

CONSUELO

And you carried this out for her. She used you as a vessel...

Consuelo's grip tightens on Miranda as we --

FLASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. ASHLEY BRIDGE - NIGHT

We're back at the bridge. Rachel pries open Miranda's mouth. Miranda panics:

MIRANDA

What are you doing? I'm trying to help you -- ?!

Rachel opens her mouth wide like a snake. And as Miranda screams, blood starts leaking out of Rachel's wounds. And now we see it. Rachel's lips touch Miranda's and BREATHE HER SPIRIT INTO Miranda with a WHOOSH --

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION (PRESENT)

Consuelo lets go of Miranda's hand. Like recoiling from fire. Speaks in the simplest of ways. The truth:

CONSUELO

You were possessed by her.

MIRANDA

Yes.

CONSUELO

Ay, probrecita. You're both in terrible danger. She's scared too but she can't step back into the light until she finishes what she started here. And now you're the only person who can help her find the way back.

MIRANDA

I don't know how to do that -- I'm not qualified for it. You do it.

Consuelo crosses herself. A sign of respect for the situation. But it has a chilling effect on Miranda.

CONSUELO

Despair is the only unforgivable sin. You'll be in my prayers, Miranda.

Prayers? What good is that going to do? Consuelo exits.

EXT. PARSONS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Two POLICE CRUISERS parked outside.

INT. PARSONS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A glassy-eyed Phil Parsons serves himself another Scotch, devastated. The SHOT is FRAMED so that we see the bedroom door is open, Dorothy lying in bed, heavily tranquilized.

Sheriff Ryan inspects the photographs.

ON THE LURID POLAROID

Postcards from hell: scared teenage girls in forced poses -- gagged, tortured -- Andrea White, Jenny Dixon, Tracy Seaver...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And young Rachel Parsons.

PARSONS

This proves that her story is true: my daughter appeared to her in some form and guided her through all this, putting things right.

SHERIFF RYAN

Come on, Phil, you of all people --

PARSONS

I of all people hold logic, reason and facts above everything else. And seek the truth through proof and proof only.

(re: pictures)

And what do you call that?

SHERIFF RYAN

Has it occurred to you that maybe she knew what her husband was doing to those girls?

PARSONS

No. Frankly, it hasn't.

SHERIFF RYAN

Maybe she couldn't stand the guilt and cooked up this far-fetched tale to tug at everybody's heartstrings. The fact remains she hacked her husband to pieces.

PARSONS

The fact remains my daughter was murdered and Miranda stopped the killer. A killer who was loose under your incompetent nose for over six years. We don't know how many future victims were spared, but we do know she saved that girl in the barn's life. And that's more than you or I can say -- !

SHERIFF RYAN

Calm down. For the record, that girl is on a ventilator. The doctors don't think she'll make it through tonight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF RYAN (CONT'D)

Now, you want to stand up in a courtroom and tell a judge that a ghost is behind all this, that's your prerogative -- but I have to abide by the law. And the law says Miranda Grey faces criminal chargers. So here's what we're going to do. I'm going to leave a cruiser outside to make sure you don't go anywhere tonight and two of my deputies will go guard Ms. Grey until tomorrow morning. Phil?

Parsons doesn't respond. His eyes far away.

SHERIFF RYAN

There will be no breakouts, no aiding and abetting, no taking the law into your own hands. It'll take an Act of God for Miranda Grey not to show up in that courtroom tomorrow. Are we clear?

And now the Sheriff can see that Parsons is crying. Quietly, miserably. And it's a disparaging sight. Sheriff Ryan exits. Two deputies follow, RADIOS SQUAWKING.

Parsons remains still for a moment, then digs a photograph out of a drawer. A picture of Rachel in happier times.

PARSONS

I'm sorry. I will never forgive myself for what happened to you. Not as long as I live.
(breaking down)
I miss you so much.

He sits there, staring at his dead daughter. Grieving. WE PULL BACK to see he is not alone. Rachel is watching him.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - NIGHT

The WIND has really PICKED UP now. A massive LIGHTNING BOLT streaks the sky, officially announcing the storm's onset.

A POLICE CRUISER pulls up to the guard gate.

INT. WOODWARD SURVEILLANCE BOOTH

PAN OFF the bank of monitors TO the same two guards we've seen before. Playing yet another bored card game. The LIGHT RAPPING on their glass door makes them look up.

GUARD #1

Help you?

TWO OFFICERS stand there. We recognize one of them:

OFFICER TURLINGTON

We're here on Miranda Grey detail.

The Guards shake their heads, chuckle.

GUARD #1

Sixth floor. You can get a couple chairs from the nurses up there. A pretty decent cup of joe too.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Thanks, guys.

The Guard points at the bank of monitors.

GUARD #1

Although why the Sheriff is making you fellas waste your time is beside me. We got her right here. She ain't going no place.

ON MONITOR

Miranda inside her pristine white cell. Restlessly pacing.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Looks perfectly harmless, doesn't she?

GUARD #1

Don't they all, Officer, don't they all?

The men share a chuckle over that one when suddenly THUNDER CRACKLES and the power goes out.

No monitors, no radio, no nothing. Pitch black.

GUARD #1

Shit. There goes the card game.

Abruptly there's a SERIES OF sharp CLICKS as FOUR FLASHLIGHTS come alive.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL

The THUNDER outside RATTLES the WINDOW PANE. The only light source being the intermittent LIGHTNING as the STORM RAGES.

She paces in the dark. Sits. Waits.

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - STAIRS - SAME TIME

The two cops use their flashlights to hustle up the stairs.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL - SAME TIME

Miranda holds her breath, listens. And sure enough, somebody else is in the room. She looks around.

MIRANDA

No. No. What do you want -- ?

And now LIGHTNING streaks the room and we see Rachel in the corner. Staring with her dead eyes. Moving towards her.

MIRANDA

I've done everything you've asked me to. My life is ruined. I can't take this anymore. I can't...

(faintly)

You have to step into the light, Rachel. You don't belong here -- you don't belong...

But it doesn't work. Rachel keeps walking towards her. Miranda backs up against the wall. Trapped. Fighting tears --

MIRANDA

Into the light --

(loudly)

Can somebody come in here? I need help. Somebody, please!

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - DIFFERENT FLOOR - STAIRS - SAME TIME

The cops reach the landing where we see other flashlights down the corridor. They walk towards them.

IRENE

And who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER TURLINGTON
Officer Turlington, ma'am. We're
supposed to sit outside Miranda
Grey's cell all night.

IRENE
Knock yourself out. Next floor up.
(loudly)
It's only a power outage, ladies
-- let's call it an early night.

The cops head down the corridor.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL - SAME TIME

Rachel stretches out her arm to Miranda's face --

MIRANDA
Please don't. Why are you doing
this? It's over. Over and done!

Rachel slowly shakes her head, places her hands on
Miranda's eyes and shuts them --

FLASH CUT TO:

MIRANDA'S VISION - ANDREA WHITE

in her school uniform. Staring straight ahead. Now the
image is bathed in a red and blue light and we see her
half-naked, bruised. Dead.

FLASH CUT TO:

JENNY DIXON

staring AT us in her school uniform. Now abruptly she is
a hellish vision: opening her mouth in agony, also
bathed in the strange red and blue light --

END OF MIRANDA'S VISION.

INT. MIRANDA'S NEW CELL - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Miranda screams at the visions. Rachel holds her steady.

MIRANDA
Stop it! I don't want to see
this! I can't help you anymore!
Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Now a heavy RATTLING makes her turn to the door. One of the HINGES has SHATTERED and the latch itself is half-pulled from the doorframe. Relentless POUNDING on the other side.

MIRANDA

Let me out of here! Let me out!

There's a deafening SOUND like a thousand bells ringing at once and Miranda covers her ears --

Outside WE HEAR MURMURS, YELLS, INSTRUCTIONS --

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - CORRIDOR

The cops arrive to find every door in the corridor flung open. Confused patients spill out as guards and nurses try to restore order. RADIOS SQUAWK, flashlights beam and FOOTSTEPS fill the dark corridor as patients try to escape.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - VARIOUS SHOTS - NIGHT

FIRE ENGINES and PATROL CARS arrive at the scene, SIRENS blazing. Sheriff Ryan and additional deputies rush from their cars to contain the breakout. A large SPOTLIGHT comes to life. We spot Jenna making a run for the garden wall when the spotlight hits her. Two officers rush after her.

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE

Sheriff Ryan makes his way through the mayhem, past Irene helping a patient, past nurse Claire cowering in a corner --

SHERIFF RYAN

Christ Almighty.

Sheriff Ryan hits the stairs.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

Officer Turlington runs down the corridor, searching frantically with his flashlight --

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - NIGHT

A car pulls up at the scene. Pete and Parsons step out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Miranda...

Pete rushes up the steps --

INT. SIXTH FLOOR CORRIDOR

Officer Turlington looks inside Miranda's cell. Empty. And as he is about to speak into his walkie he spots her: Seated by the elevator. Holding a biting block in Shelley's mouth as her seizing subsides.

OFFICER

(into radio)

Sheriff? I have Miss Grey right here.

He flashes his light at her. Miranda looks back blankly.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Sorry, we thought you might have made a run for it.

MIRANDA

Page Irene ASAP. This patient needs her meds.

Turlington nods. Miranda looks down at a grateful Shelley, whose head is cradled in her lap. Brushes the matted hair off her face. Carefully removes the biting block, making sure Shelley is alright.

SHELLEY

(after a beat)

You're gonna get that Pulitzer after all.

MIRANDA

Shh, shh, just rest.

SHELLEY

(sotto, smiling)

I told you I could keep a secret.

INT. REC ROOM - LATER

The patients are all assembled here. Flashlights galore. Irene and Consuelo do head counts. Guards, officers, janitors -- everybody. Irene points a finger at Jenna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

You have really disappointed me tonight, Jenna --

JENNA

Give me a break. You wouldn't respect me if I hadn't tried --

Parsons breaks away from Turlington, heads over to Pete and Miranda --

PETE

Everybody accounted for?

PARSONS

We're doing the final count. Now they can't find the Sheriff.

Miranda scans the near-dark room, looking for someone. Watches Turlington step aside to take a call on his radio. Parsons regards her with newfound respect:

PARSONS

Are you alright, Miranda?

MIRANDA

Fine, Phil. Thanks for asking.

Suddenly all the policemen in the room begin to exit --

PETE

What's going on, Officer?

OFFICER TURLINGTON

One of your patients is holding the Sheriff at gunpoint. She's in the cafeteria.

Pete glances at Miranda. She knows exactly who it is:

MIRANDA

Chloe.

Turlington is about to exit when Parsons stops him:

PARSONS

I think Doctor Grey should be the one to talk to her.

INT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

The DOOR CRASHES open and Chloe shoves the Sheriff inside. She has a gun pressed hard against his ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF RYAN

Young lady, I don't know how you think you can get out of here, but --

CHLOE

You're very polite for a piggy. Now take off your uniform.

Sheriff Ryan hesitates. Chloe presses the gun against him.

CHLOE

Do it quick. I won't make fun of you.

The sound of the UPSTAIRS DOOR BEING THROWN OPEN makes her glance up. She trains her flashlight at the second level, stepping behind the Sheriff to use him as cover.

CHLOE

Nobody better fucking move up there or I'll blow this piggy's head off!

Her FLASHLIGHT BEAM searches the section. Catches the reflection of a police shield hiding behind a table.

CHLOE

That means you, fucko. Up on your feet or I'll start by shooting his ear off.

A beat. Officer Turlington rises. Slow and deliberate.

CHLOE

(to Sheriff, sotto)

Tell junior the grownups are talking now and he's not allowed in here. Do it.

SHERIFF RYAN

Turlington, it's alright. I can -- I'm just going to --

CHLOE

The grownups are talking. Don't paraphrase me.

SHERIFF RYAN

The grownups are -- are talking now. Just leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A voice startles Chloe from behind, at floor level.

MIRANDA

Chloe? Can I talk to you?

Chloe flicks the flashlight to see Miranda by the door.

CHLOE

Dreadful timing, I'm real busy.

MIRANDA

You have to let him go. I'm sorry.

Chloe flinches at that. Like all this multitasking is affecting her. She digs the gun deeper into the Sheriff's neck, making him cower to his knees, execution style --

CHLOE

Look -- let's not confuse things.
I like you. But this is my only
chance.

(to Sheriff)

Now take off that goddamn uniform
before I get really pissed.

The Sheriff glances at Miranda. Miranda nods. The Sheriff begins unbuttoning his shirt --

MIRANDA

What are you going to do? Put on
his uniform and walk out of here?
Think about it, Chloe. They know
you have him. The place is
crawling with cops.

CHLOE

What are my options? To grow old
in this place? It's clear they will
never let me go. Never. Ever.

MIRANDA

That's not true. You have less
than a year left here.

CHLOE

That's a lie! I'll never stop
being sick, they'll just find
something new that's wrong with
me. No wonder you doctors can't
help anyone -- all you have are
deficit columns and stupid tests
designed to point out what part of
the puzzle you think we're missing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She starts sobbing. Letting everything go --

MIRANDA

You're right, doctors never concentrate on the things patients are actually capable of. But I know you, Chloe, you've been through things that most people don't survive. And you have a wonderful future in front of you if you choose it. It's up to you.

This gets through to Chloe. Her grip loosens on the gun.

MIRANDA

No more guilt, no more hatred, no more unbearable sadness. You have no use for any of that anymore. Your life begins this very second.

CHLOE

I'm so tired. So goddamn tired --

Miranda walks over and embraces her. Chloe hands her the gun.

And that's when the power returns.

Miranda and Chloe frozen in their embrace. Sheriff Ryan on his knees. In the sudden, shocking glare of returning light, color abruptly re-enters the world and every RADIO, PHONE, FAN and MACHINE that were left on HUM TO LIFE.

Miranda finds herself staring at Sheriff Ryan, bathed in the glow of the flashing red and blue lights from the cruisers outside. The image a replica of the Andrea White and Jenny Dixon visions.

Peeking from his half-unbuttoned shirt is the beginning of a chest TATTOO. Miranda slowly trains the gun on the Sheriff, finally struck with the realization:

MIRANDA

It was you, wasn't it?

SHERIFF RYAN

What are you talking about?

She opens his shirt to reveal the tattoo: a 1950s pinup-style WOMAN SURROUNDED BY FLAMES, ARMS RAISED, SHACKLED. Anima Sola. Miranda's recurring vision from the night of the slaughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

'Not alone.' That's what Rachel has been trying to tell me all along. Doug was not alone. You were with him. This whole time it's been you. You covered up their deaths to look like suicides.

The Sheriff throws his jacket on, starts walking --

SHERIFF RYAN

You've lost your mind.

MIRANDA

Don't fucking move.

The CLICK! of a SAFETY being released makes him pause. He turns to look at her. A tense beat.

PETE (O.S.)

Miranda, don't do it!

She glances at Pete's pleading face and the room around her: cops everywhere. All guns trained on her.

Sheriff Ryan speaks low so only she can hear the following:

SHERIFF RYAN

And just exactly who would believe you? No proof, no living witness. Everybody knows you're crazy.

Miranda's finger itches on the trigger as they face off. Her hand starts to shake. Sheriff Ryan turns and strides off. Getting away. Further. Further...

But as much as she wants to, she can't bring herself to do it. Finally brings the gun down. The armed policemen rush over and disarm her, shove her to the floor and cuff her.

SHERIFF RYAN

I want that woman in custody. She has a judge to face in the morning.

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - NIGHT (HEAVY RAIN)

Turlington escorts a cuffed Miranda to a waiting cruiser. He jumps behind the wheel and starts to pull out when Pete suddenly taps on Miranda's window, startling her --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I'll call your lawyer and -- !

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Sir, not now --

PETE

I'll meet you at the station!

She shakes her head. Mouths something Pete can't make out.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Sir, please --

PETE

What?

Turlington hits the gas. Miranda presses her face against the window so only Pete can see her say the following:

MIRANDA

The girl in the hospital.

Pete locks eyes with her, nods -- as the cruiser leaves.

INT. JACKSON HOSPITAL - RECOVERING ROOM - NIGHT

Tracy Seaver lies unconscious, hooked up to a series of machines. PULL BACK to find Pete with a young DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Her condition remains the same. Basically that ventilator is keeping her alive. We have no reason to think she'll ever wake up. I'm sorry.

Pete nods, disconcerted. Stares at the girl.

PETE

You mind if I stay here tonight?

DOCTOR

Hey, it's a big place. The more the merrier. If I can just ask you to wait outside.

INT. WAITING AREA

The Doctor gestures for Pete to make himself comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOSPITAL LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Dr. Brooks to ER. Dr. Brooks --

DOCTOR

That's me. Excuse me.

The Doctor rushes off.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM #2

Like Tracy Seaver, Simon Reynolds is hooked up to a bunch of machines and cables. Suddenly his EYES SHOOT OPEN and the CARDIAC ALARM SQUEALS --

Two NURSES rush in. The young Doctor right behind.

NURSE #1

V-tach.

The EKG whipsaws. The Doctor feels for a pulse, then slaps on the defibrillator pads, places the paddles on the chest --

DOCTOR

Clear!

He begins chest compressions on Simon's heart. He spasms violently once, twice -- And then it stops. The Doctor and Nurses stare at the monitor. Flatline.

Unseen by them, Rachel steps out of the room.

EXT. COUNTY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

WE SEE Turlington and two other COPS climb in a patrol car and drive off. WE MOVE INSIDE the empty station...

INT. SHERIFF RYAN'S OFFICE

Sheriff Ryan takes a healthy chug from a fifth of Scotch, slips it back in a drawer. Stares at his hands. Steady as a rock. Takes a deep breath. Knows what he must do next.

A religious man despite everything, he brings his thumb to his forehead and crosses himself.

INT. COUNTY STATION - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Miranda's eyes snap open at the SOUND OF DEADBOLTS SLIDING UNLOCKED. Hopeful. Could this be Rachel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A looming figure appears at the door. Doesn't bother to shut it. Stares at her silently for a long while. And so begins a claustrophobic cat and mouse game:

SHERIFF RYAN

How did you know?

MIRANDA

You tell me.

SHERIFF RYAN

This isn't one of your word association games, Doctor. Did Douglas tell you that night?

MIRANDA

Why wait this long if he had?

SHERIFF RYAN

Maybe it's your amnesia. Maybe you blocked it out.

MIRANDA

Maybe. But it seems to me that it's vital you know for sure.

He studies her. Takes a step towards her. Miranda responds by stepping back. A slow motion semicircle, if you will. She eyes the open door. Tempted.

SHERIFF RYAN

You think me and Doug are monsters. That this was all a carefully laid out plan with those girls. But it wasn't that at all. You do things sometimes and you're not sure why you did them. Then you realize you can live with them and so can everyone else. Life goes on.

MIRANDA

If you're looking for forgiveness, you came to the wrong place.

She's stalling, trying to keep him talking and he knows it.

SHERIFF RYAN

One thing about fear is it makes people say the dumbest things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Be that as it may, you're afraid too -- because you know killing me won't solve your problems.

SHERIFF RYAN

My only problem is you.

MIRANDA

What about Parsons? And Peter? They know. And that girl in the hospital will never forget your face. You miscalculated, now you pay.

Patience tested, he suddenly WHACKS her across the face.

SHERIFF RYAN

I hate a bad bluffer.

She makes a big effort to hide how much that stung.

MIRANDA

I sure hope that felt good because you can't afford too many more signs of struggle. Can you?

SHERIFF RYAN

Go ahead, hit me back. It's what you want.

MIRANDA

No, that's what you want me to do.

SHERIFF RYAN

Back to profiling, huh? Your thought process is completely transparent.

And now Miranda briefly takes the reins of the conversation. Analyst and patient in session. Echoing her opening scene with Chloe.

MIRANDA

So we're even. You left that door open so I'd try and run, it's what you get off on, isn't it?

SHERIFF RYAN

I guess we'll find out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

And yet you have to make me look like a suicide. With what, your belt?

(off his shrug)

How would I get access to a belt?

SHERIFF RYAN

Trust me, prisoners hang themselves with just about anything.

MIRANDA

I don't think that's going to satisfy you. You won't be able to do this clean. You have too much guilt inside.

SMACK! Another slap across the face. Miranda's knees buckle. But she remains standing. Her lip trembles.

MIRANDA

You're losing grasp of the situation. It was different with those girls. I bet all they did was cry and scream.

SHERIFF RYAN

Don't worry, you'll scream.

(after a beat)

Take off your shirt.

This throws her off. She shoots a quick glance at the door.

MIRANDA

Aren't I a little old for you?

SHERIFF RYAN

Take it off.

She hesitates. He draws his gun, tired. Removes the safety.

MIRANDA

That's for show. You know you can't shoot me.

SHERIFF RYAN

But I can smash your teeth out and make it look like you bashed your head against the wall. Now shut up, take off your goddamn shirt and pull off your bra.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miranda is petrified now. Running out of ways to hide it.

SHERIFF RYAN

Today, Doctor.

In a sudden move, Miranda shoves the chair at him and bolts out the door. The Sheriff doesn't move to stop her.

INT. HALLWAY TO CELL AREA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Miranda dashes down the hallway, trying to escape. Takes quick inventory of the space: two more holding cells like her own, a row of filing cabinets, and a storage area with barred windows. She makes a turn up ahead and reaches another gate down the corridor. A sliding gate that closes off the cell area from the main station.

She tries the gate. Locked, naturally. She shakes and bangs on it, desperate.

MIRANDA

TURLINGTON!! SOMEBODY HELP ME!!

No response. And no way to disguise the sheer panic in her voice. She fell for his trap. They're all alone here.

INT. MIRANDA'S CELL - SAME TIME

Ryan smiles at that. Re-holsters his weapon and walks towards her, taking his time. Relishing the hunt.

SHERIFF RYAN

Doug mentioned you were painfully 'modest.' But enough about you, let's discuss Rachel.

INT. HALLWAY TO CELL AREA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Now Miranda searches for a place to hide. His FOOTSTEPS GETTING CLOSER --

SHERIFF RYAN (O.S.)

She was no crippled saint. Wasn't the first time she turned up at Doug's house all messed up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sheriff Ryan peeks down the corridor where we last saw Miranda. The gate still locked. She's not there. He traces her steps, clearly enjoying this:

SHERIFF RYAN

Sure she was a minor, but she wasn't going to let that get in her way.

INT. STORAGE AREA - SAME TIME

Miranda is cramped underneath an upturned desk. The SHOT is FRAMED so we can see the doorway. She prays silently:

MIRANDA

(sotto)

Rachel, where are you when I need you?

Clearly not here. Sheriff Ryan's voice getting closer:

SHERIFF RYAN (O.S.)

Those other girls -- make no mistake -- they knew what they were getting into.

He appears at the doorway now, peeks inside the room. Sensing her in there. Miranda holds her breath.

SHERIFF RYAN

I'm not saying they knew they were going to die, but truth is, Doug and I didn't know it was going to end that way. It was just the natural extension of that moment. So yeah, we fucked them and we killed them. And we knew it was wrong. Sure we did.

He reaches the upturned desk and flips it over with a CLANGING SOUND. Miranda wasn't underneath that one. She scrambles to the door behind him as he turns --

INT. HALLWAY TO CELL AREA - CONTINUOUS ACTION

She slams the door shut on his fingers and fumbles to slide the deadbolt behind her when the door suddenly SMASHES OPEN against her, knocking her backwards onto the floor --

He looms over her. She reaches around for anything to defend herself. Nothing there. Game over --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF RYAN

It wasn't some satanic pact,
society didn't make us do it. But
I believe given the proper
circumstances a person is capable
of anything -- certainly in my
line of work you see it day in,
day out.

(beat)

Tell you what, keep the shirt.
The bra will do.

Miranda stares, helpless. The Sheriff gestures for her
to begin. Like he has all the time in the world.
Miranda slides up the wall and starts to unclasp her bra
under her shirt. Petrified --

SHERIFF RYAN

Chin up, Doctor. You wanted to
get to the bottom of this and you
did. You followed it all the way
through. This is how it ends.

His demeanor and voice are eerily calm, as if in a
trance. He takes the bra from her hand and hangs it
around her neck, as if helping somebody with their tie.
She takes a step back and finds herself pinned against
the wall --

SHERIFF RYAN

Doug settled down once you two got
married. New start and all that.
Wanted nothing to do with this
runaway I'd found, Tracy Seaver --

He squeezes the bra tightly around her throat, choking
her. She stares straight into his eyes -- her whole
body simultaneously frozen in place and shaking
uncontrollably --

SHERIFF RYAN

Or so he claimed. Because the
truth, Doc -- is people never
change. The son of a bitch
couldn't resist. I asked him to
dump the body and instead he went
found some barn to work her out of
his system some more. Go fucking
figure.

And now we PAN DOWN TO see Miranda's left hand ever so
slowly reach for his holster...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF RYAN

You can't count on anyone, even
friends you've had your whole
life.

They're so close together their noses nearly touch. He gazes into her eyes, watching life drain out of her. He applies one final burst of pressure, stretching her skin to the point of no return --

SHERIFF RYAN

The only soul you can ever count
on is yourself --

BLAM! A GUNSHOT rings out and half his ear explodes in a gush of blood. He stumbles back, still on his feet, dazed.

He looks up at Miranda with the gun trained on him. Struggling to catch her breath. A faint smile forms on his lips, somehow appreciative of this turn of events.

SHERIFF RYAN

Why, Doctor. That was unexpected.

He steps forward, almost playfully. She slowly shakes her head. Wraps her fingers tightly around the trigger --

SHERIFF RYAN

You sure about this?

He stares at her. Blood flowing from the side of his head. He's now standing directly in front of Miranda's open cell, weighing his options at triple speed --

SHERIFF RYAN

You need me alive for your story
to stick. Be logical now. You
know you can't kill me.

He takes exactly half a step forward when Miranda drills a BULLET through his forehead. Sheriff Ryan sprints backwards and lands with a crash.

MIRANDA

Logic is overrated.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

The door to Tracy's room is closed. WE FIND Pete where we left him, by the soda machine, fighting to stay awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOVING TOWARD him, we COME TO REST ON the back of his neck. So TIGHT we can actually see the hairs on the back of his neck. And as he feels the SWOOSH of a cold whisper, they stand up on their ends.

Pete turns to Tracy's room to notice that the door is now open. Strange. He stands up and walks to the door.

INT. RECOVERY ROOM #1

Pete looks oddly around the room.

PETE

Anybody in here -- ?

As he turns, we REVEAL Rachel slipping out of the room. Unseen by him, of course. Pete starts to exit when Tracy opens her eyes. Groggily waking as if from a dream.

TRACY SEAVER

Hello -- ?

EXT. COUNTY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Turlington comes out of his cruiser, carrying a bag of take-out food. Chatting with his colleagues.

INT. HALLWAY TO SHERIFF RYAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Turlington raps on the Sheriff's door and opens it.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Sheriff Ryan?

No sight of the man. That's odd. Maybe he's in the bathroom. Turlington heads in that direction.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Turlington peeks in. checks the stalls.

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Sheriff?

Nobody. He notices the back window is open because raindrops are blown in by the wind. He looks out to the parking lot for a moment before shutting it.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR

The FRONT DESK OFFICER is trying to hold back a grim Pete, Parsons and Teddy Howard from heading to the back area.

FRONT DESK OFFICER
I'm sorry, but nobody is allowed
to visit at this hour --

PETE
Is the Sheriff here or isn't he?

OFFICER TURLINGTON
(reaching the scene)
Help you, gentlemen?

PETE
We're here to see Miranda Grey.

OFFICER TURLINGTON
You know full well you're not
allowed to see --

Teddy Howard slaps an official-looking document on him.

TEDDY HOWARD
That's straight from Judge
Wilkinson. Take us to her cell.

FRONT DESK OFFICER
Better get the Sheriff out here.

Turlington looks over the paperwork, confused.

OFFICER TURLINGTON
Sheriff Ryan isn't here. His car
is gone too.

PARSONS
Officer, unlock the goddamn door
to Miranda's cell or I'll break it
down myself.

Turlington is not used to being spoken to this way, certainly not by upstanding directors of psychiatric institutes. He leads the men down the corridor and unlocks the cell. The men wait as all three locks are dutifully undone and then the heavy door is slid open.

The men look inside and instantly stop in their tracks.

INT. HOLDING CELL

Sheriff Ryan, splayed. Very dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER TURLINGTON

Jesus H. Christ.

Teddy Howard has to look away. Pete places his hand on Parsons' shoulder. Parsons simply glares at the dead man, eyes filled with hatred.

No sign of Miranda anywhere. Vanished. Like Houdini.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - DAY

CAMERA SOARS THROUGH the tall gates, PAST the guard, PAST the sprinklers watering the impressive gardens. A TAXICAB pulls up.

SUPERIMPOSE: SIX MONTHS LATER

A healthier, much happier-looking Chloe shakes Pete's hand at the front steps. Small suitcase by her side.

CHLOE

Thank you for everything, Dr. Graham. I'll never forget all you've done for me.

PETE

It's been my pleasure, Miss McGrath. Good luck out there.

Chloe smiles. Awkward. Her first day out in the real world.

CHLOE

Well, I guess this is it. I hope not to see you again unless it's for coffee or something.

PETE

Hey, you never know. It's a small world, unless you have to clean it.

Chloe picks up her bag, climbs down the steps to her cab. Stops midway, turns:

CHLOE

You don't have to tell me if you don't want to, but -- have you ever heard anything from -- ?

Pete shakes his head. Chloe nods, climbs inside the cab. Pete waves as it drives off. Then he pulls out a postcard from his pocket. It has a New York City postmark.

INSERT - POSTCARD

MIRANDA (V.O.)

Dear Pete. Hope this finds you on both feet, preferably having been promoted to director after Phil's retirement. Not that you had much competition, but a big hug to you anyway... I was as surprised as anyone to read about Sheriff Ryan's suicide and the startling discovery that it was he who murdered my late husband. I wish I could personally thank certain people for their convincing testimonies in the case.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

fly AT us under her V.O.:

A) "Female doctor still at large, wanted for questioning," with a picture of Miranda underneath.

B) "Guilt-ridden serial killer killed accomplice, then killed self: Female Doctor cleared on charges." Pictures of Sheriff Ryan and Douglas Grey side by side.

C) "Authorities close case on dual serial killers: community mourns murdered daughters." A picture of Officer Turlington, Pete, and Phil Parsons at a press conference.

MIRANDA (V.O.)

As for myself, I have a new name now and a job working with teenage girls at a runaway shelter, trying to keep an open mind at the horrors they tell me...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

BOOM DOWN TO a young woman kneeling down to set flowers on a grave and we recognize her as Tracy Seaver. Shockingly cleaned up and properly attired -- she's even cute.

MIRANDA (V.O.)

Which reminds me: Consuelo the Cuban witch is a keeper, don't fire her. She knows things about the world you and I don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to see the gave is Rachel's, and it is positively overflowing with flowers. She's become something of a cause celeb in these parts. Tracy walks back to the retired couple holding hands, Phil and Dorothy Parsons.

MIRANDA (V.O.)

Well, gotta run now, I have some country songs to write and lots of social invites to decline...

STILL PULLING BACK THROUGH the lush cemetery, PAST several trees until we find Rachel watching the serene scene. She turns TO CAMERA now and we PUSH INTO her eyes, finally at peace, until it FILLS the SCREEN and in it we see...

EXT. BLEEKER STREET (NYC) - DAY

Miranda walking among the throng of pedestrians. She looks confident, relaxed, down to earth. No longer the tightly wound professional at the beginning of our story.

MIRANDA (V.O.)

P.S. And in case you're wondering what the chances are of me buying you a beer and maybe finishing something we almost started, the answer is: it's just not going to happen. Especially not at McSorley's next Friday night. Say around nine. So you probably shouldn't bother showing up. All my love, M.G.

She turns at the light and gets lost in the crowd.

FADE OUT.

THE END