

MATRIARCH

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

(1970'S)

MRS. PYNE (30's), friendly with just a hint of properness about her--

Finishes entertaining a FEMALE FRIEND (30's), the two of them sitting on the couch in the cozy front room.

FRIEND

And then I catch them looking at one another. You know what I mean... just a quick little glance.

MRS. PYNE

Really? Maybe you're reading too much into it?

FRIEND

Oh, I know *exactly* what I'm reading into it.

THUMP.

Both women hear the faint noise, although it's hard to tell exactly where it came from.

Mrs. Pyne reassures her friend:

MRS. PYNE

Margaret, doing God knows what upstairs.

Their coffee mugs empty, the two women stand and head to the front door.

FRIEND

Point being, I wouldn't trust that harlot alone with Jack for five minutes. Anyway, thanks for listening.

MRS. PYNE

Of course.

FRIEND

See you two Saturday. And Jessica wants Margaret to wear her new sneakers. So they'll match.

MRS. PYNE

(chuckling)
I'll tell her. She'll be thrilled.

FRIEND

Toodles!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs. Pyne is busy washing the coffee mugs in the sink when

THUMP.

Louder this time, Mrs. Pyne listens, then continues washing the dishes when suddenly an egg timer goes off

PING!

Mrs. Pyne dries her hands, walks into the...

SCREENED BACK PORCH

Removes a set of keys from her pocket.

Unlocks a padlock on the white, horizontal chest freezer there against the wall.

Opening the lid--

Mrs. Pyne glares down at her young daughter, MARGARET (10), who's crammed inside - *still very much alive*.

Shaking and drenched in sweat--

The terrified little girl immediately GASPS FOR AIR.

MRS. PYNE

Have we learned our lesson?

Margaret looks up at her mother, nods. Behind the fear--

We can see that Margaret's eyes are two different colors:

One is light green, the other light blue.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)

Now you've said that before...

LITTLE MARGARET

I promise. Please, just don't close the lid again.

MRS. PYNE

Hard to breath?

Panting as she tries to catch her breath, a tear rolls down Margaret's cheek. She nods.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)

Of course it is.

The freezer's not plugged in and otherwise empty--

Used simply for confinement, a child's prison cell from the sick and twisted mind of an abusive mother.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)

Your little imaginary friend in there with you?

Ashamed, Margaret doesn't want to answer.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
Billy, right?

Margaret finally nods her head.

LITTLE MARGARET
(crying)
Mom, please...

Looking down at her terrified daughter, Mrs. Pyne pauses--
Before SLAMMING the lid shut.

SCREEN GOES BLACK

TITLE SUPER: M A T R I A R C H

Still over BLACK, the BZZZZZZZ of an electric door lock.

INT. DEATH ROW - NIGHT

A PRISON GUARD pushes open a heavy, steel door as lights flicker on, illuminating the darkness.

SUPER: 30 Years Later

Clipboard in-hand, he conducts his hourly check, walks down the short corridor.

Three cells to his left.

Three to his right.

All empty until the last one where an older Caucasian female inmate sleeps in the sparse bed.

He stands there.

Studies her for a long second.

Finally content, the guard strolls back to the steel door where the loud BZZZZZZZ of the electric lock...

CELL

...Drowns out the long, exaggerated GASP FOR AIR taken by the female inmate as she bolts upright in bed, eyes wide:

One of them light green. The other light blue.

It's Margaret Pyne.

Thirty-plus years older.

Hardened.

And far from the innocent little girl we saw crammed inside the chest freezer.

The lights shut off. BLACK.

INT. HOME OFFICE - MORNING

In pajamas, a woman types on her laptop, transcribing notes from a voice recorder:

DR. REED (V.O.)
While Margaret was cooperative early on in her incarceration regarding the whereabouts of her victim's remains...

DR. TAMSIN REED (30's). A prison psychologist, devoted to both her family and career.

DR. REED (V.O.)
The truth is that little to no progress has been made for several years now...

The desk is covered with research papers and copies of *The Journal of Abnormal Psychology*--

As well as her own book:

"Breaking The Cycle Of Violence" by Tamsin Reed, PhD

DR. REED (V.O.)
And it's likely we may never recover the body of young Rachael McGivens, Margaret's eighth and final victim.

She turns off the voice recorder--

And we see a simple, sterling silver bracelet with a key-shaped charm on her wrist.

Deep in thought, she glances up at the clock: 6:00am.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dr. Reed sits down on the bed, wakes her son, Isaac (6).

DR. REED
Rise and shine.

Groggy, Isaac looks up at his mother.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Big day for you. What'll it be for breakfast? Human food, or dinosaur fare?

ISAAC
Dinosaur.

DR. REED
 Hmmmmmm. What kind of dinosaur? Wait,
 don't tell me. An Ankylosaurus.

Isaac smiles. Nods.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 That's a carnivore, right?

He shakes his head.

ISAAC
 Herbivore. I've told you that before,
 Mom.

DR. REED
 Oh, yeah. So more like pancakes than a
 lizard from the backyard?

Isaac GIGGLES. Dr. Reed bends down, kisses his forehead.

INT. DINNING ROOM - MORNING

Isaac finishes a plateful of pancakes while playing with
 several plastic dinosaur toys.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

ISAAC
 Dad's here!

He sprints for the front door, opens it.

GRIFFITH REED (30's). Wearing sweaty gym clothes, he's the
 kind of guy who'd run into a burning building to save you.

GRIFFITH
 Hey Bud. Go grab your stuff.

Isaac disappears into the bedroom.

Griffith strolls over to Tamsin as she pours him a cup of
 coffee. *A hint of uneasy tension.*

DR. REED
 It's your house, you don't have to ring
 the doorbell.

GRIFFITH
 I know.

She hands him the coffee, Griffith studying his wife.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
 You doing alright?

DR. REED
 Been better. Got that in the mail
 yesterday.

He follows her eyes to the manila envelope and divorce paperwork sitting there on the counter.

Griffith looks nearly as hurt and wounded as Tamsin.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Last night Isaac asked me again why you moved out.

GRIFFITH
What'd you say?

DR. REED
Same as before. That Daddy thinks Mommy works too hard.

ISAAC (O.S.)
I'm ready!

Isaac walks in carrying his school project: a large piece of cardboard with a Jurassic-era dinosaur scene built on it.

Hiding his emotion, Griffith turns to his son, admires his project.

GRIFFITH
You make that?!

ISAAC
Yeah. Me and Mom did.

GRIFFITH
Wow. Good job.

ISAAC
That one there's the Ankylosaurus.

Isaac points to one of the plastic dinosaurs glued to the cardboard.

Griffith ruffles his son's hair.

Dr. Reed can't help but smile as she watches her young son beam with pride.

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - DAY

It's a sunny day as Dr. Reed locks her vehicle parked in a Reserved, front-row spot.

Dressed professionally and carrying a leather briefcase--

She ambles confidently towards the massive, intimidating prison looming in front of her:

Guard towers.

Chain-link fence.

Concertina wire.

She passes a sign: **Arizona State Prison Complex - Perryville.**

INT. PRISON FOYER - DAY

Two armed GUARDS, one male and one female, sit in an elevated office behind a window of thick, bulletproof glass--

Watch as Dr. Reed slides her ID badge through the scanner.

The three clearly know one another - *it's all just part of the process.*

Content with what they see on their computer monitors, one of the guards press a button.

BZZZZZZZZ. Dr. Reed pushes open the heavy door.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - DAY

His arms crossed, a muscular GUARD waits outside an office.

There's a placard on the wall next to the closed door:

Dr. Tamsin Reed - Clinical Psychologist

INT. DR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

Nondescript. Windowless.

A large stack of case files clutter the desk, each one with a photo of a female inmate paper clipped to the outside.

Dr. Reed is busy counseling a female inmate:

CHANISE WASHINGTON (20's). African-American. Wearing an orange prison jumpsuit, but not handcuffed.

And chewing gum.

DR. REED
I gotta be honest with you, Chanise...

Dr. Reed's dead serious, then a playful smile:

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I think you've made some amazing
strides in the last year.

CHANISE
Thank you, Ma'am.

DR. REED
I'm very proud of you.

Embarrassed, Chanise cracks a smile.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 You're getting out in a few weeks. You ready for that?

CHANISE
 I wanna be, but it's scary.

DR. REED
 That's perfectly understandable. Have you been doing what we talked about?

CHANISE
 Yes Ma'am. Every night.

DR. REED
 And?

Chanise's lip begins to quiver.

CHANISE
 I'm sorry...

Dr. Reed waits it out.

CHANISE (CONT'D)
 He's gonna find me, I know it.

Dr. Reed glances down at Chanise's file.

DR. REED
 Tyrell?

Chanise nods, fights back a tear.

CHANISE
 He gonna make me start sellin' his shit for him again.

Dr. Reed gets up, kneels next to Chanise. *Genuinely cares.*

DR. REED
 You're less than a month away from starting a new life. New opportunities. None of us can control the past, but we're all in control of our future.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Dr. Reed looks up, sees a man in a suit outside her office.

Giving him the "*just one minute*" sign--

She turns her attention back to Chanise who's already doing better.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 So they're allowing gum in the bays now?

Smacking her gum, Chanise realizes her error. Stops.

CHANISE
No, Ma'am. Sorry.

DR. REED
Tell you what. You promise me you'll use the tools we've discussed here when you get out, and I'll keep the gum thing between you and I. *Deal?*

CHANISE
Deal.

Dr. Reed opens the door, the guard taking custody of Chanise and leading her away.

The man in the suit is WARDEN JOHN SLOAN (50's). A tough SOB.

DR. REED
John.

THE WARDEN
Let's take a walk.

PRISON

Dr. Reed and The Warden walk briskly through the Administrative section of the prison--

Pass several female inmates in orange jumpsuits on cleaning detail - mopping the floors, supervised by guards.

THE WARDEN
First things first. Everything alright between you and Griffith?

She hesitates, finally shakes her head. *Hurt.*

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Look, I've been through three myself. You learn to adapt.

DR. REED
But I don't want to 'adapt.'

THE WARDEN
Well, then maybe you should've listened to me and spent a little less time in that goddamn office of yours.

DR. REED
I know...

THE WARDEN
Think I was telling you that all these years cause I read it in some self-help book? I've lived it.

A beat.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 This job'll suck the life right outta
 you, you let it. Get wrapped up in
 everyone else's problems, start
 neglecting your own.

The two of them turn down another hallway. Calming down:

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Just hate to see shit like this
 happen to good people, I really do.

DR. REED
 Thanks.

THE WARDEN
 Anyway, just got off the horn with The
 Governor.

The Warden lowers his voice.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Margaret's final appeal has been
 denied.

This gets Dr. Reed's attention.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 They're executing her, via gas chamber,
 in two days.

DR. REED
 What?

THE WARDEN
 And by "they're," of course I mean
 "we're."

DR. REED
 Two days? But...

THE WARDEN
 You gotta hand it to The Governor. He
 ain't fucking around with this one, and
 rightfully so.

They turn into The Warden's office...

WARDEN'S OFFICE

THE WARDEN
 Seeing how you know that wretch of a
 woman better than anyone, wanted to
 tell you first. Guaranteed it'll be all
 over the news tonight.

DR. REED
 Does she know?

THE WARDEN

Oh, I'm sure. Her attorney was here earlier.

Stunned, Dr. Reed plops into the guest chair--

Subconsciously starts rubbing the key-shaped charm on her bracelet.

The Warden glances down, notices.

DR. REED

You have to stop it. Request a stay, something.

The Warden sits on the corner of his desk, closer to Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN

You're a fantastic therapist Tamsin, one of the best in the system. I mean it.

A beat.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)

That said, I know how much time you've invested in this case. Any closure you need professionally or personally, well, you've got till Thursday.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Dr. Reed sits patiently in the brightly lit room, a notebook and case file on the aluminum table in front of her.

In stark contrast to her comfortable office setting, this room is all about one thing - *security*.

Across from the table, a thick, metal chair bolted to the ground.

In the corner, a video camera on a tripod. The red light tells us it's already on.

BZZZZZZZ.

Dr. Reed turns, faces the large window behind her.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS.

And CHAINS.

She watches as Margaret Pyne shuffles past the window in an orange jumpsuit, turns into the room.

She's physically unassuming.

And extremely fucking dangerous.

Flanked by two armed guards, Margaret wears leg shackles and handcuffs attached to a belly-chain.

Appearing skittish, almost frightened, Margaret squints her eyes as if the bright lights were burning them.

She doesn't once look up at Dr. Reed as the two guards lead her to the other chair--

Secure her to it with locks.

Finished, one guard posts in the corner of the room, the other just outside the door.

Head down, eyes closed, Margaret gently rocks herself like a frightened child.

Dr. Reed studies Margaret for a long second before taking a small, plastic child's chair from the corner--

Sets it next to Margaret.

Next, she walks over and dims the lights in the room.

DR. REED

Better?

Margaret immediately stops rocking.

Sits up straight.

Slowly opens her eyes.

MARGARET

Yes. Thank you.

Dr. Reed takes her seat again at the table.

DR. REED

I take it you've heard?

MARGARET

Not something you can really hide from someone.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Does it hurt?

DR. REED

Does what hurt?

MARGARET

Breathing the gas?

Tamsin regards Margaret. It pains her to answer correctly, but she finally nods.

DR. REED
For what it's worth, I'm sorry.

MARGARET
Don't be. It's unavoidable, death.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
She gets to each of us sooner or later.

DR. REED
You know what I want. What Rachael's family wants.

MARGARET
Yes, of course.

DR. REED
And?

Margaret looks away, starts gently rocking again.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Margaret?

Margaret stops instantly, looks back at Tamsin.

MARGARET
I'll tell you where her body is.

DR. REED
(emotional)
Please...

MARGARET
If you'll agree to grant a dying woman two final wishes.

DR. REED
Wishes?

MARGARET
More like... favors.

DR. REED
I'm in no position to allow you favors.

MARGARET
You and I both know better than that.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Besides, I won't ask for anything I know you're not fully capable of providing. Promise.

DR. REED
Why now? After all these years?

MARGARET
Simple really. Because I'll be dead in
forty-eight hours.

Dr. Reed considers it.

DR. REED
I'll need to run it by The Warden.

MARGARET
So we have a deal?

The two lock eyes for a long second before Dr. Reed stands
and gathers her items.

She's leaving when:

MARGARET (CONT'D)
By the way. How's your son?

Dr. Reed wasn't expecting that.

DR. REED
Pardon me?

MARGARET
Isaac. What is he now, about seven?

Margaret can see the shock in Dr. Reed's eyes--
Seems to enjoy it as a visibly shaken Dr. Reed leaves.

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - DAY

Dr. Reed walks to her vehicle, looks up...

DR. REED
(sotto)
Shit.

As several NEWS REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN approach her.

REPORTER #1
Doctor Reed. What can you tell us about
Margaret Pyne's scheduled execution two
days from now?

DR. REED
Very little, I'm sorry.

REPORTER #2
What was her reaction when she learned
of the Governor's decision?

DR. REED
I'm not at liberty to discuss that.

REPORTER #1
But she does know, right?

DR. REED
 If you're asking me if Mrs. Pyne knows she was sentenced to death for the kidnapping, torture and murder of eight men, women and children, I can assure you she does.

Dr. Reed gets into her vehicle, is about to shut the door--

When an overly aggressive FEMALE REPORTER stops her, shoves a microphone in Tamsin's face:

FEMALE REPORTER
 Is it true you're friends with Margaret's daughter and if so, how is she handling the news?

Dr. Reed looks up at her for a long beat--

Before tugging on the door hard, SLAMMING it shut.

INT. LECTURE HALL - EVENING

A male COLLEGE PROFESSOR stands in front of the large room--

Addresses several dozen psychology students sitting randomly in the seats.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR
 So without further adieu, the author of one of the books we've read this semester, *Breaking The Cycle Of Violence*, Doctor Tamsin Reed.

DR. REED
 Thank you, Robert.

As Dr. Reed confidently steps up, the lights in the room dim, the massive screen behind her powering on.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Rather than stand up here and bore you all by discussing '*the latest research trends...*'

Her sarcastic tone gets a CHUCKLE from the audience.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 I thought instead I'd discuss an actual case.

Dr. Reed presses a button on the slide advancer in her hand and a PHOTO appears on the screen behind her:

Margaret Pyne.

Prison jumpsuit and shackles. Looking directly into the camera--

An expression of child-like innocence, yet the look in her eyes is one of undeniable evil.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
The following is all public knowledge,
for the most part... however, I need to
warn you, it is extremely graphic.

No one leaves as Dr. Reed looks out at her rapt audience.

She presses the button, POLICE PHOTO:

The white chest freezer. Lid open. Empty.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Much of Margaret Pyne's childhood was
spent inside this container.

POLICE PHOTO: A close-up, "Margaret" crudely scratched into
the inside lid of the freezer in a child's handwriting.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Horrific, yes, it gives us that rarest
of glimpses into what drives someone to
so callously take the lives of others.

PHOTO: A normal 10 year-old girl's bedroom. *Margaret's*.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
When she wasn't confined to the
freezer, Margaret Pyne actually led a
fairly normal life.

LATER

Still presenting, there's a NEW PHOTO:

A bloated, male corpse partially buried in the woods.

DR. REED
Her third victim.

PHOTO: A female corpse, bloody and horribly disfigured,
wrapped in clear plastic.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
And her fourth.

PHOTO: A child's corpse, stuffed inside a similar white chest
freezer.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Fifth.

PHOTO: A male corpse hanging nude, arms stretched above his
head--

His penis and scrotum missing, severed from his groin.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 There were eight total, all of them
 recovered.

A tense beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Except for one.

PHOTO: It's not a crime scene photo at all, but rather a home
 photo of an adorable little six year-old girl--

Smiling widely as she looks into the camera.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 This is Rachael McGivens. Born deaf,
 Rachael was abducted by Margaret from
 her own home nine years ago.

PHOTO: Another photo of a young, happy Rachael.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 So far, Margaret's been successful at
 using the whereabouts of Rachael's body
 as a bargaining chip to stay alive.

LATER

Dr. Reed calmly paces the stage:

DR. REED
 David Berkowitz. Ted Bundy. John Wayne
 Gacy. Even Aileen Wuornos.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Household names, all of them. Each with
 a very specific MO. Type. A victim
 preference.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Not Margaret. No, Margaret broke the
 FBI's mold. Seemed to kill at random.
 Calculated, but without discrimination.

PHOTO: An open dresser drawer with eight small mix-and-match
 plastic containers stacked next to the shirts and socks.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 As is common with serial killers...

PHOTO: The eight containers - *tupperware, yogurt, margarine* -
 lined up side-by-side on the floor now, lids off--

Each with a different severed body part inside soaking in a
 clear liquid - formaldehyde.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Margaret liked to keep mementos.

PHOTO: A finger.

PHOTO: An ear.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Eight total.

PHOTO: A nipple and areola.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
But again, what truly sets her apart
from her cohorts...

PHOTO: A penis with attached scrotum.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Is that no two are the same.

PHOTO: An eyeball.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Through DNA, law enforcement's been
able to match the body parts found in
Margaret's home with the recovered...

LATER

Still presenting, there's TWO NEW PHOTOS:

On the left: Mrs. Pyne - Margaret's abusive mother. Although
60-plus now in the photograph and looking thin and ill--

We still recognize her.

On the right: Another one of Margaret in prison.

DR. REED
So what we end up seeing is this
violent pattern of abuse being passed
down from parent to child, or even
sibling to sibling.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Anyone know the term for this?

A random student answers from the audience:

STUDENT (O.S.)
Intergenerational Violence?

DR. REED
(mock surprise)
Hey, someone did actually read my book.

A few CHUCKLES from everyone.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Correct, and what we have here with The
 Pyne Family is really a textbook
 example of it.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 So in conclusion, with these very
 complex types of cases it's my job...
 (points to audience)
 Our job as psychologists to not only
 ascertain what's going on up here with
 our patients...
 (taps on her forehead)
 But to help them recognize and break
 that cycle of violence, incarcerated or
 not.

The lights come on and the students graciously APPLAUD.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

The professor walks out, shakes hands with Dr. Reed.

COLLEGE PROFESSOR
 Are there any questions for Doctor
 Reed?

A FEMALE STUDENT raises her hand. Stands.

FEMALE STUDENT
 What's she like? Margaret.

The auditorium's eerily silent as Dr. Reed thinks about it.

DR. REED
 My opinion as a clinician? Deeply
 troubled. Surprisingly vulnerable. A
 victim herself.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 My opinion as a mother? Absolutely
 terrifying. A parent's worst nightmare.

A MALE STUDENT raises his hand next. Stands.

MALE STUDENT
 How'd she get caught?

DR. REED
 Great question. Remember this photo?

Using the slide advancer in her hand, Dr. Reed quickly
 scrolls through slides--

Stopping on the PHOTO of the male corpse hanging nude--

Sans his genitalia.

Even in the bright room, the image is still understandably hard to look at.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Meet Mr. Pyne.

The male student GULPS and sits down as quiet GASPS can be heard throughout the auditorium.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Every investigator I've interviewed regarding this case has told me the exact same thing.

Dr. Reed points to the PHOTO behind her.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
This is the only reason the FBI ever caught her.

A tense beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
If she hadn't killed her husband, there's no telling how many more victims there'd be.

EXT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Dr. Reed rings the doorbell, quickly straightens her hair.

Griffith opens the door, wearing a prison guard uniform exactly like the ones we've seen earlier.

DR. REED
Hey.

GRIFFITH
Hi.

Griffith looks at his watch to make a point.

DR. REED
I know, I'm sorry.

He steps aside, Dr. Reed walking...

INSIDE

GRIFFITH
Rough one?

DR. REED
Yeah, you could say that. I thought you were off tonight?

DR. REED
I'm serious. Not only is it dangerous,
but it sends the wrong message.

GRIFFITH
What do you want me to do? It's not
like I let him play with it.

Just then an elated Isaac runs out of the bedroom, Griffith's
handcuffs locked around his wrists.

ISAAC
Look, Mom. I've been arrested!

Griffith has to avert his eyes from Dr. Reed's icy glare.

GRIFFITH
Now those are different.

Griffith bends down, pulls the loose handcuffs off Isaac's
tiny wrists.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
Uh oh, he's escaped! All points
bulletin!

Isaac tears off GIGGLING, disappears into the bedroom again.

DR. REED
Margaret made me an offer today.

GRIFFITH
Wait? She made *you* an offer?

DR. REED
Said she'd finally tell me where the
McGivens girl is.

GRIFFITH
Wow. Great. What's the catch?

DR. REED
In exchange, she wants two favors.

GRIFFITH
Okay. What kind of favors?

DR. REED
Didn't say.

GRIFFITH
So what are you gonna do?

Dr. Reed thinks about it, looks at the framed photo again.

DR. REED
Everything I possibly can to help bring
closure to that family.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back home, Dr. Reed tucks Isaac into bed.

DR. REED
You have fun with Dad today?

Isaac smiles. Nods.

ISAAC
When is he gonna live with us again?

DR. REED
I don't know, sweetie.

ISAAC
Soon I hope.

DR. REED
Me too.

Dr. Reed kisses his forehead.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Dead quiet.

The only light comes from the lamp on the desk--

As Dr. Reed flips through the same graphic crime scene photos she showed during her lecture.

Deep in thought, she turns on the voice recorder.

DR. REED
(into recorder)
Presented with the opportunity to
obtain crucial information...

She pauses for a second, then finishes her thought:

DR. REED (CONT'D)
(into recorder)
Is the psychologist ethically or
morally obligated to placate the
desires of a convicted criminal?

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - MORNING

The hot, desert sun just rising up over the horizon--

Dr. Reed gently rocks herself on a porch swing as she looks out across the barren, yet beautiful landscape.

An old, beat-up pickup truck kicks up dust as it drives up the long dirt driveway towards the house--

The only residence in sight.

Dr. Reed smiles, waves at the female driver as she parks and climbs out of the vehicle with a bag of groceries.

DR. REED
Morning, early bird.

KIMBERLY
Hey, Doc.

KIMBERLY PYNE (late 20's). Margaret's daughter. Stunning, yet cowgirl tough, her long hair braided.

And trying desperately to escape a horrid past.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
What brings you all the way out here?

Kim retrieves the spare key hidden above the door frame, unlocks the front door.

DR. REED
It's regarding your mother.

Kim turns, sees the concern on Dr. Reed's face.

KIMBERLY
Sure, come in.

INSIDE - LATER

Dr. Reed and Kim sit on the couch--

Kim staring out the window, processing what she was just told.

She's already seen them many times before--

But Dr. Reed looks at the thick scars on Kim's neck, wrists and forearms--

Permanent reminders of an unimaginable childhood.

KIMBERLY
I knew this day would come sooner or later. Hell, she managed to drag it out for how many years?

DR. REED
I'm sorry.

KIMBERLY
Don't be. She's a monster. And not just for what she did to me, but...

She's too emotional to finish. *It's heart-wrenching.*

DR. REED
You were a victim, Kim. Don't ever forget that.

KIMBERLY
I know. But there's still this tiny
little part of me that--

DR. REED
(stern)
NO.

Dr. Reed moves in close. Takes Kim's hand in hers, looks her
dead in the eyes.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Your mother was abused as a young girl
and in her very sick mind, felt it was
okay to do that to you.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
It's a learned behavior. This hurtful,
vicious cycle. Kim, what happened to
you wasn't your fault.

Dr. Reed comforts Kim, lovingly wipes a tear off her cheek.

KIMBERLY
It's crazy. Even after all this time,
she still has a hold on me.

Kim stands. Dr. Reed does as she was trained to do - listens.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I mean, look around. Do people think I
actually like living out here in the
middle of nowhere? That I left my job
to *what...* scrape by off a couple
hundred bucks every month?

An emotional beat.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea how hard it is to
have the last name Pyne? To be the
daughter of a serial killer?

And another.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I can live with the physical pain. All
the scars.

Kim looks down at her forearms. Her wrists.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
But you know what's the hardest thing?

Solemn, Dr. Reed shakes her head.

KIMBERLY
 Not ever being able to have kids
 because your insides are so messed up
 from what your own mother did to you.
 For that, I'll never forgive her.

The pain on Kim's face is slowly replaced by anger, *absolute resolution* as she stares at Dr. Reed.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
 I hope she rots in hell.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

This time it's Dr. Reed who enters last, finds Margaret already locked to the secure chair--

Head down, rocking--

Trying her best despite handcuffs and shackles to shield her eyes from the bright lights.

Almost child-like.

Dr. Reed immediately dims the lights, shoots the guard posted in the corner of the room a harsh look.

She takes the plastic child's chair from the corner, once again sets it down immediately next to Margaret.

Margaret stops rocking, peeks over at the empty chair.

Giggles innocently.

MARGARET
 That's his favorite.

DR. REED
 Billy?

Nodding, Margaret slowly sits up straight as Dr. Reed takes her seat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Just now... Where were you?

MARGARET
 Sorry?

DR. REED
 When you close your eyes, rock. Where do you go?

MARGARET
 Oh...

Margaret thinks about it.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Home, mostly.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
This may surprise you, with my past and
all, but I do miss it.

DR. REED
I'm not surprised. There's an innate
comfort in what we 'know.' In routine.

A genuine, almost understanding smile from Dr. Reed that
seems to put Margaret a little more at ease.

MARGARET
Something dawned on me after you left
yesterday.

DR. REED
Yes?

MARGARET
I asked about your son, yet failed to
inquire about my daughter.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
How is she?

WTF? Dr. Reed tries to hide her shock.

DR. REED
Fine. I just saw her actually.

MARGARET
So she knows about my execution?

It's dead silent in the room--

When suddenly, the overhead intercom goes off:

INTERCOM SYSTEM (V.O.)
Officer Dell to Bay Three.

Margaret immediately cowers in the chair, frightened by the
loud, jarring noise.

DR. REED
It's okay...

Dr. Reed studies Margaret, watches--

As the vile, dangerous woman before her slowly recovers from
a simple over-head announcement.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I've made my decision. I'll do it, but
only for the girl.

MARGARET
You've got a big heart. I knew you
would.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
A handshake? As a sign of good faith.

Margaret innocently looks down at her lap--

Just long enough for Dr. Reed to see the guard subtly shaking
his head 'no' behind Margaret's back.

Somehow, while still looking down:

MARGARET (CONT'D)
You're not going to let Officer Thomas
dictate what you do, now are you?

The two women lock eyes.

Confident, Dr. Reed stands. Walks over to Margaret.

Just a foot apart now, *the tension's palpable.*

Behind them, the guard rests his hand on the butt of his
holstered pistol.

Dr. Reed reaches her hand out... and the two women shake.

DR. REED
Officer Thomas? Are you familiar with
doctor-patient confidentiality?

GUARD
Yes, Ma'am.

DR. REED
And that your presence in this room is
for security purposes only?

GUARD
Yes, Ma'am.

DR. REED
Good.

Sitting down again, Dr. Reed looks at Margaret.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
What do you want?

MARGARET
While I don't expect you to understand
why, I'd like to enjoy a single meal
outside of this cell before I meet the
hangman.

DR. REED
You know I can't do that.

Ignoring her:

MARGARET
Nothing too fancy. The cafeteria should suffice.

The two women stare at one another, Margaret clearly in charge - and knows it.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I believe they're having Sloppy Joes tonight. I love Sloppy Joes.

DR. REED
And if I'm unable to arrange it?

MARGARET
Well, that would be most unfortunate.

INT. PRISON FOYER - DAY

The Warden walks briskly, a determined Dr. Reed right on his heels.

THE WARDEN
Have you lost your fucking--

The Warden nods to the guards, lowers his voice:

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Your fucking mind?

DR. REED
She promised she'd tell us where Rachael's body is.

The two step through the front entrance and...

OUTSIDE

THE WARDEN
I don't care! You have zero authority to be granting that woman favors!

It's all Dr. Reed can do to keep up with The Warden as they walk towards the parking lot.

DR. REED
John, this represents closure for that family. Think about it.

THE WARDEN
That's not the point.

DR. REED
No? Then what is it?

The Warden stops suddenly, turns to Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN
You're out of line right now and I suggest you watch your tone.

DR. REED
I'm sorry.

Walking again:

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Look, all I'm asking is for you to recognize the importance of this.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I'll take full responsibility should anything go wrong.

THE WARDEN
Nothing's gonna go wrong because it ain't happening. Period.

DR. REED
What if you talked to Rachael's parents?

THE WARDEN
I *have* spoken with them.

DR. REED
Recently?

Opening his car door, The Warden turns to Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN
No, but even if I--

Looking over Dr. Reed's shoulder, The Warden watches as Rachael's somber PARENTS approach.

Dr. Reed doesn't need to turn around, already knows. *She planned it.*

MR. MCGIVENS
Warden Sloan.

MR. and MRS. MCGIVENS (40's). Their faces and eyes show the unmistakable pain of any parents who's ever lost a child.

The two men shake hands.

THE WARDEN
Mr. McGivens. Mrs. McGivens.

The Warden goes to shake her hand, but she embraces him tightly instead.

Emotional, Mrs. McGivens finally let's go--

Pulls a photograph of young Rachael from her purse, hands it to The Warden.

MRS. MCGIVENS
Please, Warden. For our little girl.

Studying the photo, The Warden thoughtfully checks his watch, finally looks over at Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN
I'll be back from my meeting in two hours.

The Warden climbs into his car.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Have Margaret ready to go.

The Warden closes his door, Dr. Reed smiling at Rachael's emotionally overwhelmed parents.

MR. MCGIVENS
(to Dr. Reed)
Thank you.

INT. DEATH ROW - DAY

Wearing her restraints, Margaret is just outside her cell--
Getting searched by a team of guards as Dr. Reed stands by:
Metal detector. Pat down.

Shoes off. Hair checked.

Mouth inspected. *Absolutely thorough.*

The guard finally turns to his Unit Supervisor:

GUARD
She's clean, Sir.

The UNIT SUPERVISOR looks at Dr. Reed, nods.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Packed. Tables full of female inmates, all wearing orange jumpsuits, no restraints.

Talking. Eating. Segregated by race. *By choice.*

Spaced out evenly, a half-dozen armed guards stand along the walls. Watching.

We settle on a table full of tough-looking Latino inmates.

Obvious gang-bangers, they carry on loudly as their clear leader sits there quietly:

LIPS (30's). One big, mean bitch. Hair in corn rows.

Covered in tattoos, the one across her neck reads '*Pussy Eater*' in Old English lettering.

Lips is confidently taking it all in when:

FEMALE INMATE
Qué coño?

Translation: What the fuck?

The female inmate looks over Lip's shoulder. All heads turn--

Watch as Margaret, flanked by two armed guards--

Calmly walks down the aisle carrying a tray full of food.

Orange jumpsuit. Handcuffs. Belly-chain. Leg shackles.

And wearing DARK SUNGLASSES.

The talking stops till it's dead silent in the cafeteria.

The inmates stare not because she's slated to be executed, but because they fear her.

Lips swallows uneasily as Margaret heads directly to her table.

Although there's empty space on the bench to Lip's left--

Margaret stops, stands directly behind another inmate.

The inmate quickly stands, takes her tray and *gladly* leaves.

MARGARET
May I?

Lips looks up at her uneasily, nods.

Margaret sits down. The two guards stand back a few feet, watching her every move.

GUARD STATION

Dr. Reed and The Warden stand in a darkened room--

Take in the entire scene from behind the large, one-way mirror lining the cafeteria wall.

DR. REED
Shit.

THE WARDEN
What?

DR. REED
Those two had a beef when Margaret
first got here.

THE WARDEN
Yeah?

DR. REED
Well, Margaret did at least.

CAFETERIA

Sitting there, Margaret tries to remove her sunglasses with her shackled hands--

But can't quite reach. She turns to Lips:

MARGARET
Would you be an angel, do me a favor?

Lips hesitantly reaches out, slowly removes Margaret's sunglasses for her.

We half expect Margaret to squint at the bright light.

But instead she's staring directly at Lips--

Unblinking and uncharacteristically confident. *Chilling.*

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Margaret turns, is just able to stick her plastic spork into the unappetizing Sloppy Joe on her tray--

When suddenly she stops.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Almost forgot to say Grace.

Lowering her head and placing her hands on her lap, Margaret closes her eyes.

A bead of sweat rolls down Lip's forehead.

The cafeteria is dead silent. All eyes on Margaret and Lips.

GUARD STATION

Observing, Dr. Reed looks puzzled:

DR. REED
Margaret's not religious.

CAFETERIA

POV UNDER THE TABLE:

Imperceptible to everyone--

Margaret's hands barely move as they search the underside of the table *for something...*

GUARD STATION

Confused, still watching:

DR. REED
In fact, I've never known her to pray.

CAFETERIA

Margaret calmly raises her head, opens her eyes.

MARGARET
Amen.

Ready to eat, Margaret casually reaches for her spork--

The razor blade now in her right hand visible just briefly--

As she simultaneously stands--

Draws the stainless steel blade deep across Lip's neck in one fluid, spilt-second move.

GUARD STATION

Dr. Reed turns white, pounds on the glass:

DR. REED
NOOOO!

CAFETERIA

Lips clutches her neck with both hands, unable to stymie the bright red blood spurting out across the table.

The once calm cafeteria erupts instantly in a cacophony of chaos.

Margaret, perfectly calm although splattered in blood--

Stands there for another half second before the two guards tazer her.

Margaret drops the razor blade, convulsing to the ground.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Warden is furious as he addresses Dr. Reed and the Unit Supervisor:

THE WARDEN
 Congratulations. We just set a new precedent here at Perryville. Never in the history of the Bureau of Prisons has an inmate on death row committed a fucking homicide!

Dr. Reed and the supervisor don't say a word.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Someone please tell me we searched her before sending her in with the general population.

UNIT SUPERVISOR
 Yes, Sir. She was clean.

THE WARDEN
 Then where the hell did that razor blade come from?!

UNIT SUPERVISOR
 I don't know Sir, but I take full responsibility for--

THE WARDEN
 Jesus Christ, you sound just like her.
 (imitating Tamsin)
 'I'll take full responsibility...'

Pissed, The Warden tries his best to calm down.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 I want that entire cafeteria turned upside down. I want every person she came in contact with interviewed. Every inch of corridor she walked down to get to the cafeteria searched. Do I make myself clear?

UNIT SUPERVISOR
 Yes, Sir.

The Warden looks at Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN
 And as for your little agreement...

DR. REED
 Understood.

THE WARDEN
 You made a deal with the Devil. Rolled the dice and lost.

INT. DEATH ROW - EVENING

Dr. Reed storms down the short hallway towards the guard posted immediately outside Margaret's cell.

When she arrives, she finds Margaret with her back to her--

Sitting cross-legged on her bed, quietly playing Pattycake with her imaginary friend:

MARGARET
Pattycake, pattycake. Bakers--

DR. REED
Margaret!

Margaret stops, calmly turns around.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?!

MARGARET
I'm sorry?

Dr. Reed is fuming.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Oh, right... the cafeteria.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
You saw it? From behind the glass?

Dr. Reed glares at Margaret, *who's in complete control.*

MARGARET (CONT'D)
It's all a blur after the tazer.

DR. REED
Why, Margaret?

Margaret gets up. Walks over until the two women are staring at one another through the bars.

MARGARET
Simple. She threatened my family. Told me years ago, before all this...
(re: death row)
In vivid detail exactly what she was going to do to Kimberly once she got released.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
So I promised I'd end her life.

DR. REED
Congratulations. You succeeded.

MARGARET
You may not fully understand this, but I do love my daughter and would do anything to protect her.

DR. REED
As a mother, I understand that completely. Where you and I differ is how we express that love.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I'd gladly give my life for my son, but I'd never take one.

An emotional beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Where'd you get the razor blade?

Margaret shakes her finger at Dr. Reed, then childishly gestures locking her lips and throwing away the key.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Our deal's over.

MARGARET
But, you still owe me another favor?

Margaret's confused, genuinely puzzled.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
You gave me your word? We shook on it?

DR. REED
I can't... won't let you out of your cell again.

Standing there, Margaret looks frightened as she slowly begins to rock herself.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Tell me where her body is, Margaret. Please.

Despite the near begging, Margaret doesn't answer.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
In the cafeteria I saw a side of you I've never seen before. In *seven* years.

Margaret stops rocking. Looks Dr. Reed dead in the eye:

MARGARET
When I kill... I'm no longer afraid.

Staring at one another for a long, intense second, Dr. Reed finally turns and leaves.

INT. DR. REED'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Reed hurriedly gathers her items.

Shuts the door as she steps out into the...

HALLWAY

Where she sticks her head into an adjacent office, addresses a MALE COLLEAGUE sitting behind his desk:

DR. REED
Do me a favor? Reschedule my patients
for me.

MALE COLLEAGUE
No problem. Everything okay?

DR. REED
Yeah. Just stepping out for a bit.

She turns and leaves.

INT. VEHICLE - DAY

On speaker, the cell phone on the passenger seat RINGS as Dr. Reed merges onto the freeway.

It goes to Griffith's voice mail:

GRIFFITH (O.S.)
Hey, leave me a message.

BEEP.

DR. REED
It's me. Can you pick up Isaac after
school again, there's something
important I need to take care of.

Dr. Reed pauses.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I already know what you're going to
say, so just... please don't.

She ends the call, focuses on the freeway ahead of her.

TWO HOURS LATER

Dr. Reed pulls into the parking lot of an older nursing home.

The sign out front reads **"Applewood Hospice Center"**

Several elderly residents meander the nicely manicured grounds along with nurses wearing colorful scrubs.

INT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Dr. Reed approaches the front desk, the annoyed RECEPTIONIST looking up from her computer.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

DR. REED
Yes, I'm here to see Mrs. Pyne.

The receptionist looks at Dr. Reed before nodding at a sign there on the counter.

RECEPTIONIST
Unless you're immediate family,
visiting hours ended at three.

Dr. Reed reads the sign, looks up at the clock: 3:10

DR. REED
Look, you'd be doing me a huge favor as
I just drove two hours from--

RECEPTIONIST
Three. Not three-ten.

DR. REED
Okay. When can I come back?

RECEPTIONIST
Tomorrow.

DR. REED
This is really important. I promise I
won't be--

The receptionist lifts up her phone handset:

RECEPTIONIST
Lady, I'm about two seconds from
calling security.

Biting her tongue, Dr. Reed raises her hands in defeat when:

BIG SHAWN (O.S.)
Doctor Reed, was it?

She turns, sees "Big" SHAWN IRVING (30's) walking up to her.

Immense at 250 pounds, the African-American's wearing a white orderly's uniform.

DR. REED
Yes. Hey, I remember you from last
time...

The two shake hands.

BIG SHAWN
I'm still here. Let me guess, America's
sweetheart?

Dr. Reed nods.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
No prob. Follow me.

Walking away, Dr. Reed looks at the receptionist:

DR. REED
Thank you so much.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

The two walk and talk, passing individual rooms on their left and right.

DR. REED
And her health?

BIG SHAWN
Wasn't supposed to last this long but she's one tough cookie, I can tell you that.

DR. REED
Has she ever acted violently towards you or any of the other residents?

BIG SHAWN
Nope. Quiet. Keeps to herself for the most part.

A beat.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Can't say she's got a lot of friends here. Guess that's expected when you've done time for abusing your own daughter.

DR. REED
Does she know?

BIG SHAWN
'Bout the execution? Oh yeah, been all over the news. 'Bout time you ask me.

A beat.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Hey, is it true she kept a different body part from each of her victims?

DR. REED
It is.

BIG SHAWN
Heard one was her husband's... you know.

Big Shawn can't bring himself to say it, instead eyes his crotch.

Dr. Reed nods.

BIG SHAWN
 Now see, that's some messed up shit.
 Tell you what you've never heard of and
 that's a black serial killer. Ain't
 gonna happen.

A beat.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
 We can be violent. But that? Oh, hell
 no.

The two stop in front of a closed door, SOFT MUSIC coming
 from the room behind it.

A placard reads "Mrs. Pyne."

Big Shawn KNOCKS:

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
 You've got a visitor, Mrs. Pyne.

He turns the handle, opens the door. Stepping into the...

ROOM

They find Mrs. Pyne in a recliner against the far wall,
 clearly fighting the end stages of cancer:

Thin and pale.

Chemo scarf on her bald head.

IV line in her arm from the IV stand.

And taking a long, slow drag from her cigarette as she and
 Dr. Reed immediately lock eyes.

Big Shawn walks over. Takes the cigarette, extinguishes it--
 Neither woman dropping their glare.

BIG SHAWN
 (to Dr. Reed)
 You need anything, just holler.

DR. REED
 Thanks.

Closing the door behind him, he stops. Points his finger at
 Mrs. Pyne, says half-jokingly:

BIG SHAWN
 Behave yourself.

Big Shawn shuts the door, leaving just the two women.

Dr. Reed glances around the basic room:

Hospital bed. Dozens of meds on the night stand. A private bathroom. SOFT MUSIC coming from an old record player.

Even a sliding glass door to one of the small courtyards.

MRS. PYNE
Thought you might stop by.

DR. REED
It's been a while.

MRS. PYNE
That it has.

Mrs. Pyne reaches over. Digs through a nearby drawer, pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

Putting one in her mouth, she eyes the lighter on the dresser next to Dr. Reed.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
Would you be an angel, do me a favor?

The exact same words Margaret spoke to Lips in the cafeteria, a fact NOT lost on Dr. Reed.

Dr. Reed hesitates.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
I don't bite. Well, not hard.

Dr. Reed grabs the lighter. Walks over, lights Mrs. Pyne's cigarette.

She takes a long, slow drag. Looks Dr. Reed up and down.

DR. REED
I'd like to ask you a few questions about--

MRS. PYNE
Margaret. Sure.
(sarcastic)
Loved that girl with everything I had.

A tense beat.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
Pull up a chair.

Dr. Reed does, drags a small chair over and sits down. Watches Mrs. Pyne as she clutches her side, grimaces in pain.

Taking a deep breath, Mrs. Pyne recovers. Focuses on Dr. Reed once again.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
What is it you wanna know this time?

INT. GRIFFITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A SOFT KNOCK on the front door.

Griffith opens it, finds an overwhelmed Dr. Reed weeping in the doorway.

Surprised, he takes her in his arms--

Comforts her as Isaac sleeps on the couch behind them.

GRIFFITH
It's okay...

INT. MARGARET'S CELL - NIGHT

Margaret's sound asleep--

When bright lights flicker on and she's awoken to the sound of FOOTSTEPS and VOICES.

Seconds later The Warden and several guards are standing outside her cell.

THE WARDEN
Open it.

The guards do, ordering a frightened, skittish Margaret into the corner of her cell--

Where she cowers, shielding her eyes from the bright overhead lights.

They quickly gather the linens, pillow, and thin mattress off her bed--

Leaving only a concrete slab before locking the cell again.

The Warden looks down the corridor, nods to the guard behind the thick-glass window.

Suddenly the BLARING TONE of an ALARM blasts through the intercom system.

Margaret covers her ears with her hands. Crouches down in the corner. Begins rocking herself.

The Warden watches her, has to shout:

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
You tell me where that razor blade came
from and I'll make it quiet again!

Frightened, she looks up at him. The Warden and guards leave.

Bright lights on.

ALARM blaring.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Walking towards the interview room, Dr. Reed exchanges a kind smile with Chanise, her patient from earlier--

Who's on cleaning detail, busy mopping the floor with another female inmate.

And *still* chewing gum.

Chanise nervously swallows the gum as Dr. Reed strolls past:

CHANISE

Ma'am.

GUARD

Alright, let's move it out ladies.

The two inmates and supervising guard disappear down the corridor as Dr. Reed steps into the...

INTERVIEW ROOM

Lights already dimmed this time, she takes a seat at the aluminum table, Margaret strapped down to 'her' chair--

And appearing more haggard than we're used to seeing her.

MARGARET

My apologies if I look tired.

DR. REED

Warden Sloan doesn't know I'm here. The sooner we get started, the better.

MARGARET

As much as I'd like two minutes alone with The Warden and a sharp instrument, something tells me that's unrealistic?

Not even a blink from Dr. Reed.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Doesn't hurt to ask.

DR. REED

Your second favor. What is it?

An intense beat, the two women staring at one another.

MARGARET

You know so much about me, my family. Yet I know so little about yours.

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Tell me more. About your mother specifically.

DR. REED
My mother?

Margaret nods.

MARGARET
Yes. How she died.

Dr. Reed's jaw drops.

DR. REED
I haven't told.... How...?

Dr. Reed covers her mouth, her hand trembling.

MARGARET
We've both got mommy issues. Takes one to know one.

Visibly shaken, Dr. Reed finally composes herself.

DR. REED
If I do, you'll tell me where I can find Rachael McGivens?

Margaret raises her restrained right hand as much as she can, three fingers pointed skyward.

MARGARET
Girl Scout's honor.

Dr. Reed turns to the guard:

DR. REED
That'll be it for now.

Confused, he looks at Dr. Reed.

GUARD
Ma'am, ward policy states--

DR. REED
I'm well aware of ward policy, Officer Thomas. Who do you think wrote it?

The guard hesitates. Finally dismisses himself, posts next to his colleague just outside the room.

Dr. Reed walks over, shuts the door--

And turns off the video camera in the corner before sitting down again.

She takes a second. A long second.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Like you, I was an only child growing up. My father worked hard at the family business. Probably too hard.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Other than an occasional argument, I
don't ever really remember my parents
fighting.

Emotional, Dr. Reed begins to bare her soul.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
They did a great job of hiding their
problems from me...

INT. HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Tamsin, just 7 years-old, HUMS to herself as she plays with a
doll in her bedroom:

YOUNG TAMSIN
Hmmm hmmm hmmm...

Standing, she shuffles down the...

HALLWAY

With her doll in hand, she KNOCKS on a bedroom door:

YOUNG TAMSIN
Mom?

MOTHER (O.S.)
Yes, dear?

Tamsin turns the handle, slowly pushes open the door.

Her MOTHER, sitting on the bed, quickly wipes away a tear.

YOUNG TAMSIN
You okay?

Her mother forces a smile, nods. Tamsin holds up her doll:

YOUNG TAMSIN (CONT'D)
Audrey needs a bath.

MOTHER
Maybe later. Can you do mommy a favor?

Tamsin nods.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Go get daddy for me?

Tamsin smiles, nods. She turns to leave when:

MOTHER (CONT'D)
I love you baby. Please know that.

YOUNG TAMSIN
Love you too.

MOTHER
Go ahead and close the door.

Tamsin closes the bedroom door--

Excitedly darts down the hallway to an office, finds her
FATHER sitting at a desk.

YOUNG TAMSIN
Dad, mommy wants to see you.

BEDROOM

Still sitting on the bed, the mother reaches under a pillow--
Pulls out a handgun.

OFFICE

Clearly stressed, the father rubs his temples.

FATHER
(sotto)
Of course she does.

He swivels in the chair, smiles lovingly at his daughter:

FATHER (CONT'D)
Tell her I'll be right there.

YOUNG TAMSIN
Okay!

BEDROOM

Standing now, the mother has her back to the bedroom door as
she stares out the window--

The gun in her hand.

And the sterling silver bracelet with the key charm on her
wrist.

HALLWAY

Tamsin sprints back down the hall, grabs the door handle...

BEDROOM

Hearing the HANDLE TURN, the mother raises the gun to the
side of her head...

HALLWAY

Tamsin pushes open the door... BANG!!!

We don't see what Tamsin sees, only the playful look on her angelic face replaced with terror.

The doll drops from her hand.

Her father emerges from the office down the hall, rushes towards her.

Young Tamsin just stands there, wide-eyed, staring into the bedroom.

END OF FLASHBACK

INTERVIEW ROOM

Emotional and vulnerable, Dr. Reed wipes away a tear--

And we see the bracelet on her wrist.

DR. REED
I've tried my whole life to forgive her
for that. I just can't.

Margaret sits there, listening. Studying Dr. Reed as if she's now become the psychologist.

MARGARET
You must detest the fact that your
husband, considering his profession,
carries a gun.

Dr. Reed nods.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Oh, what a tangled web we weave.

DR. REED
Again, how do you know so much about
me? My family?

MARGARET
People talk, Dr. Reed. Even here in
prison.

Regaining her composure--

Dr. Reed glances out the window, making sure the guards didn't see her cry.

DR. REED
Now tell me.

MARGARET
Fine. But know this...

A beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Little Rachael was my favorite.

A sick, twisted beat.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Feisty. Even at just six, she fought
 back more than any of the others.

Pen in hand, Dr. Reed opens her notebook to a blank sheet of paper--

Stares at Margaret for answers.

LATER

Dr. Reed finishes writing--

The sheet of paper now covered with notes.

MARGARET
 You're welcome.

Suddenly there's commotion in the corridor outside the room
 as one of the guards opens the door--

As The Warden steps inside - furious.

He glares at Margaret. Then at Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN
 Meet me in my office. Now.

Dr. Reed collects her belongings, leaves the room.

Next, The Warden directs his scorn at Margaret, who gently
 begins to rock herself.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Where'd the razor blade come from?

Looking down, she doesn't respond.

Furious, he charges her. Grabs her by the front of her orange
 jumpsuit and raises his hand to smack her.

Looking up at him - *fearless* - she doesn't even blink.

MARGARET
 Do it. I dare you.

His hand trembling in rage, The Warden hovers over her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
 Hit me!

Breathing heavy, The Warden considers it before finally lowering his hand, let's go of the jumpsuit.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

The Warden calms himself. Straightens his suit.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Know what you are, Warden Sloan? An embarrassment.

He turns to one of the guards:

THE WARDEN
Take her back to her cell. Make it real comfortable for her again.

GUARD
Yes, Sir.

The Warden leaves, doesn't once look back at Margaret through the window as he disappears down the corridor.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting behind his desk, The Warden reads Dr. Reed's handwritten notes--

As she waits patiently in the guest chair.

THE WARDEN
I don't know whether to promote you or suspend you.

DR. REED
Just trying to help.

THE WARDEN
There's a fine line between helpful and insubordinate.

An uncomfortable beat, The Warden impossible to read.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
That said, good job.

Relief washes over Dr. Reed.

DR. REED
Thank you.

THE WARDEN
I'll get this info to Agent Cooper at the local Field Office. See if his team can go out there right now.

Dr. Reed looks up at clock.

So does The Warden.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
The world's gonna be a safer place
after tonight.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

Big. Grassy.

Acres of undeveloped desert just beyond the chain-link fence.

Dr. Reed sits on her back porch, watches a carefree Isaac
play with a neighbor FRIEND.

DR. REED
Alright, let's wrap it up boys.

ISAAC
Five more minutes, Mom? Please?

YOUNG FRIEND
Please, Mrs. Reed?

Dr. Reed smiles, let's them continue playing

INT. MARGARET'S CELL - EVENING

Empty.

Bright lights turned on. ALARM TONE blaring.

Mattress and linens gone still.

Then, underneath the barren concrete slab of a bed--

REVEAL Margaret.

Knees to her chest in the fetal position. Eyes clinched
tight. Hands over her ears.

Terrified.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EVENING

A small FBI forensics team has set-up shop in the middle of
the desert.

Generator and light pole. Several utility vehicles.

A white canopy covers the shallow grave dug into the hard
earth.

FBI Special Agent CHAD COOPER (40's) supervises. Moustache.
Confident.

Working inside the shallow grave, his men finish uncovering a
body-size green, plastic tarp.

AGENT COOPER
 Alright. Bring it up here.

The men gingerly lift it out of the hole, lay it on top of a clear plastic sheet spread out on the ground.

Agent Cooper puts on a pair of latex gloves--

Begins to carefully unfold the tarp, any possible evidence falling onto the clear plastic sheet.

The team of five Agents watches as the tarp is slowly unfolded--

Revealing the jumbled, skeletonized remains of Rachael McGivens inside.

After a long beat, Agent Cooper takes off the gloves.

AGENT COOPER (CONT'D)
 Good job guys. We'll take this back to the lab for a positive ID. Meanwhile, let's start processing this entire scene.

INT. DEATH ROW - NIGHT

The Warden, several guards, and a priest walk down the corridor--

Find Margaret expecting them--

Standing there patiently in her cell.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CELL: Margaret puts the only item she owns into the small cardboard box she was given: a bar of soap from the sink.

CELL: Margaret calmly allows the guards to place the restraints on her.

COMMUNAL SHOWER: Alone except for several male and female prison guards watching her, Margaret relishes the hot water as it flows over her head.

CELL: Margaret gracefully eats her last meal of grisly steak, baked potato, and apple pie - *all with her fingers.*

CELL: Margaret listens politely as the priest, holding a Bible, reads her last rites.

DEATH ROW: A refreshed, almost vibrant-looking Margaret is led down the corridor wearing her restraints and a light blue prison jumpsuit.

INT. GAS CHAMBER - NIGHT

The attending PHYSICIAN (50's) and acting executioner steps into the gas chamber itself--

A cylindrical, steel chamber with thick glass windows--

That sits inside another small room with windows, curtains drawn.

He drops several yellow potassium cyanide pellets into an open compartment under the single sturdy chair, steps out.

Escorted by two guards, Margaret is led into the gas chamber--

Strapped to the chair using its wrist and ankle restraints.

Once secured, the guards remove Margaret's handcuffs and leg shackles.

The guards step out, one of them closing the air-tight door, sealing it shut by turning the wheel mechanism.

Behind the chamber, the physician pours a small quantity of concentrated sulfuric acid down a tube--

Then nods to The Warden who looks up at the clock.

11:55pm.

The Warden flips a switch on the wall and all three sets of curtains simultaneously begin to open.

He flips another switch and the intercom turns on.

The Warden address Margaret:

THE WARDEN
In the room to your right, the families
of your victims.

Margaret looks through the window to her right, the small room full of people sitting in chairs.

Some appear sad. Others happy.

One gentleman angrily flips Margaret off.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
In the room directly in front of you,
media.

Margaret turns her head, looks through the window straight ahead.

Another small room, this one with less-emotional journalists.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
And in the room to your left, your
family.

Margaret glances to her left. Empty.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Does the condemned wish to make a final
statement?

Margaret just sits there. The Warden's reaching for the
intercom switch when:

MARGARET
Warden?

He stops, looks at her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I'm looking forward to getting some
rest finally.

The Warden turns off the intercom, looks at the clock.

11:58pm.

He stands there. Waits. Silence.

Then the door to the room opens--

As a nervous Dr. Reed steps in, takes her place against the
wall between The Warden and the priest.

LATER

The second hand on the clock moves. TICK. TOCK.

12:00am exactly.

The Warden nods to the physician behind the chamber who pulls
a lever--

Causing the cyanide pellets to drop into the sulfuric acid
under Margaret's chair.

Immediately a white gas begins to fill the chamber.

Margaret holds her breath for a second, then sucks in the
poisonous gas.

She coughs.

Face contorts, grimaces.

Mouth open in a silent, agonal scream.

Her muscles flex involuntarily as she struggles, thrashes
against the restraints.

Violent, disturbing convulsions--

Until finally--

Her limp body and head slowly slump forward.

In the victim's families room, many sob while others stand and applaud.

In the media room, many scribble down notes while others simply watch.

Dr. Reed stands there, horrified. Yet *needs* to see this.

12:02am.

The physician looks to The Warden for the nod, instead gets a subtle shake of the head.

LATER

12:04am.

The physician again looks at The Warden for 'approval,' but doesn't get it.

He walks over to The Warden, intentionally turns his back to the three windows.

PHYSICIAN

I can assure you, Warden, that Mrs. Pyne is deceased.

THE WARDEN

With all due respect, if you knew just how dangerous this woman was you'd let her sit in that chair till next week.

The physician walks back behind the gas chamber.

LATER

12:05am.

The Warden stares at Margaret, who's limp body hasn't moved.

Finally content, he nods to the physician who flips a lever.

A VACUUM NOISE can be heard as the gas is sucked from the chamber.

The two guards begin putting on gas masks.

LATER

12:06am.

The two guards, wearing gas masks and blue latex examination gloves, open the air-tight door.

Stepping inside, one takes Margaret's limp wrist in his hand, checks for a pulse.

Content, he looks out the window at the physician and shakes his head.

The physician nods back.

The two guards begin to release Margaret's wrist and ankle restraints--

When one of them notices Margaret's neck, her carotid artery--

Pulsing just ever so slightly.

Ripping off his examination gloves, he picks up Margaret's limp wrist...

And his eyes go wide.

Suddenly, Margaret's eyes shoot open and she takes a long, exaggerated breath--

Exactly like she did as a little girl in the chest freezer, and again in her prison cell.

The thrashing. The convulsions. All an act.

Margaret immediately grabs one of the stunned guards duty weapons and with lightning speed

BANG! BANG!

Shoots one through the heart, the other through the face--

Bright red instantly coating the inside of his mask.

There's instant panic in both viewing rooms, people stampeding to reach the exits.

Still catching her breath, Margaret quickly raises the gun towards the room to her right

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Rapid fire shots shatter the thick glass of the gas chamber--

Yet can't penetrate the bullet-proof glass of the victim's families viewing room.

Margaret quickly does the same thing directly in front of her

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

More gas chamber glass shatters just a foot away from Margaret's face--

But no bullets reach any of the journalists.

Margaret calmly steps out of the gas chamber through one of the broken windows--

Finds The Warden and priest hunkered down in the far corner.

Watching her confident, non-frightened demeanor, it IS like she's a different person when she kills.

MARGARET
Who would have ever thought that trick
would come in handy.

Margaret calmly approaches the two stunned men.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Thanks, Mom.

She raises the gun and

BANG!

Shoots the priest through the forehead, blood and brain splattering across The Warden's face.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I've always hated priests.

Next she aims the gun at The Warden.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
But even more than them--

DR. REED (O.S.)
Margaret.

Margaret spins, sees Dr. Reed has recovered the other guard's weapon from inside the gas chamber--

Has it pointed at her.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Drop the gun.

Dr. Reed looks terrified, her hands trembling badly. Margaret notices.

MARGARET
Bet I know who you're thinking of right
now.

As if daring her to shoot, Margaret confidently points the gun at The Warden--

Who isn't scared, just angry as he glares up at Margaret.

THE WARDEN
Pull the trigger, Tamsin. Do it!

Dr. Reed has Margaret dead in the crosshairs, but still can't.

MARGARET
Always easier dispensing advice, isn't it?

Her gun aimed at The Warden, Margaret pulls the trigger
CLICK.

Out of bullets.

Margaret turns, quickly disappears through one of the side doors.

The stress overwhelming, Dr. Reed crumples to the ground.

The Warden gets up, checks on her briefly before grabbing the gun.

He darts after Margaret, bursting through the side door and into the...

CORRIDOR

He sees guards yelling and running towards him down one hallway--

But no Margaret.

He sprints down another corridor, bursts through that double door and...

OUTSIDE

Into the special parking lot on the side of the prison--

Where it's mass chaos as the dozens of witnesses and media flee the scene--

Several guards trying to control the situation as best they possibly can. *Failing.*

The Warden looks around, eyes darting everywhere, gun at the ready.

But no Margaret.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Waiting for The Warden, Dr. Reed is sitting by herself when a frantic Griffith runs in.

They embrace.

GRIFFITH
Thank God you're okay.

DR. REED
I'm fine. Margaret escaped.

GRIFFITH
I know. They've got a perimeter set up.
Road blocks. SWAT. Whole nine yards.

DR. REED
And?

Griffith shakes his head.

GRIFFITH
Nothing yet.

DR. REED
Oh my God...

GRIFFITH
Shhhhhh.

DR. REED
I could have stopped her, Griffith.

GRIFFITH
That doesn't matter.

He pulls an emotional Dr. Reed into him again, hugs her tightly.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
As long as you're not hurt, that's all
I care about.

The Warden storms in, barking orders at several GUARDS following him:

THE WARDEN
I don't care if they have to burn down
the entire west side of fucking
Phoenix!

He slams his fist down on his desk, THUD!

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
I want her found and brought back here,
NOW!

The guards take off, The Warden pacing as he regards Dr. Reed and Griffith.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea what a monumental
clusterfuck this is? We're not just
talking national news. We're talking
department-level review of how we
operate.

DR. REED
I'm so sorry, John.

THE WARDEN
Who the fuck checks for a pulse wearing
goddamn gloves!

Mad only at the situation, The Warden grabs hold of his desk
as he tries his best to calm down.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Listen. What happened out there isn't
your fault. Okay? Hell, it's no one's
fault.

A beat.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
We followed procedures perfectly.
Unfortunately those procedures didn't
account for someone holding their
breath for six fucking minutes!

Again calming down, he looks at Dr. Reed.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
You know this woman better than anyone.
If you have any inkling what-so-ever
where she might be, law enforcement
needs that information yesterday.

A beat.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
No one sleeps until this is resolved,
do I make myself clear?

Dr. Reed and Griffith both nod. The faint SOUND of the OFFICE
INTERCOM clicking on:

SECRETARY (O.S.)
*Sir. The Governor's on line one for
you.*

THE WARDEN
I'll take it in here, thank you.

The SOUND of the intercom clicking off.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Now get outta here while I try to keep
my fucking job.

Griffith and Dr. Reed both leave while The Warden picks up
the phone, punches a button:

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
Mr. Governor. Yes, Sir, unfortunately
it is.

A beat.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
I take full responsibility.

Putting the phone on his lap, The Warden swivels his chair till he's facing away from his open office door.

Behind him--

The door slowly and silently begins to close--

REVEAL Margaret standing behind it, almost unrecognizable dressed in a guard uniform:

Utility belt. Gun. Everything.

She's been there the entire scene. Waiting.

On the phone still, The Warden's completely oblivious to the danger behind him.

A wire coat hanger in her hands from the coat hook--

Margaret silently locks the door, walks towards her prey--

As she bends the hanger open.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
I can assure you, Sir, we will use every resource available to locate and apprehend Margaret Pyne.

Immediately behind The Warden now, Margaret waits.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)
I understand. Yes, Sir. Thank you.

Hanging up the phone, The Warden sits there for a second--

Before Margaret throws the wire hanger over his head and with all her strength, leans back.

The Warden's eyes bulge as he GASPS for air, hands flailing to get a purchase under the coat hanger across his neck.

But it's no use.

Using the leverage of the chair back to her advantage, Margaret just waits it out--

And after a few long seconds, The Warden stops moving all together.

Slumped there in his chair. DEAD.

INT. DR. REED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Reed pulls two file boxes out from the cabinet, both boxes labeled:

Patient: Margaret Pyne

Opening one box, she looks at the stacks of reports inside.

Rubbing her eyes, she's an exhausted mess. *Looks it.*

Grabbing a handful of reports she plops down in her chair, opens one of them up and starts reading.

EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT - EVENING

It's controlled chaos in the special side parking lot as prison lock-down protocol is initiated--

Guards in riot gear running across the expansive lot.

The compound gate is closed and monitored by guards.

A WARBLING ALARM TONE pierces the night.

We follow a lone guard as she calmly walks to one of the several parked, white utility vans--

An "Arizona Department of Corrections" emblem on its door.

When she climbs inside the van and turns the key--

We see that it's Margaret.

INT. DR. REED'S OFFICE - EVENING

Dr. Reed is reading a report--

When a male guard YELLING something into his radio sprints past her open office door.

Not overly concerned, she looks down at the report again--

When two more guards hurriedly dart past.

Troubled, Dr. Reed rushes into the hallway herself now, heads after the guards.

INT. VAN - EVENING

Margaret reaches down, turns on the high beams--

As she pulls the van behind an armored SWAT-type of vehicle approaching the now opening compound gate.

The gate guards hurriedly wave the SWAT vehicle through--

And then the van as they squint and shield their eyes as the van's headlights hit them.

Unrecognizable in the guard uniform, Margaret gives the gate guards a slight nod of her head--

As she calmly drives away into the night--

The massive gate slowly closing behind her as she looks in the rearview mirror.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Reed rushes up, can't see inside the office due to large number of personal already there.

DR. REED
What happened?! John?!

Frantic, she pushes her way into the office--

Until she sees two guards performing CPR on The Warden as he lies on the ground next to his desk.

Eyes open in a dead man's gaze.

His limp, lifeless body moving with each chest compression.

There's commotion all around her in the office. People call 911 on their cell phones. A woman sobs hysterically.

Yet for Dr. Reed it becomes dead silent, things seems to slow down even--

As she stands there in shock, focused on The Warden's face.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
No....

Dr. Reed sways, then passes out.

SCREEN GOES BLACK

NURSE (O.S.)
Mrs. Reed? Open your eyes if you can hear me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Fuzzy at first, it takes a second for Dr. Reed to focus on the kind, young NURSE leaning over her.

NURSE
Hi.

DR. REED
Where am I?

NURSE
Saint Luke's. Downtown.

Dr. Reed's lying in a hospital bed.

NURSE (CONT'D)
You passed out, hit your head. How are you feeling?

DR. REED
Been better.

Dr. Reed rubs the back of her head as the nurse stands, tidies a few things up.

NURSE
Your husband and son just went down to the cafeteria for a second.

A beat.

NURSE (CONT'D)
But you have another visitor...

The nurse casually slides open the partitioning curtain--

REVEAL Margaret standing there.

Margaret raises the gun in her hand at Dr. Reed and

BANG!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Dr. Reed bolts up in her hospital bed, frantic.

She looks to her left--

But there's no partition to hide anyone, bright sunlight pouring in through the window.

Griffith, who was sound asleep in a chair, rushes over:

GRIFFITH
Hey, it's alright.

Realizing it was just a nightmare, Dr. Reed catches her breath.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
Good one, huh?

DR. REED
How long have I been out?

GRIFFITH
Oh, about seven hours.

Dr. Reed can't believe it.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
The doc gave you a little something. We both figured you could use the extra sleep.

DR. REED
Wait... What about John?

Griffith shakes his head, the look on his face telling her that part *wasn't* a nightmare.

GRIFFITH

I know.

Dr. Reed tries to get out of bed:

DR. REED

I have to help them find her and--

Griffith lovingly stops her:

GRIFFITH

Now hold on. Let's just see what the doc has to say. Besides, someone's been waiting not-so-patiently to see you.

Griffith walks over, opens the door.

Isaac, who was being entertained by the nurses, sees Griffith in the doorway--

Rushes over and jumps up on the bed with his mother for a big, loving embrace.

ISAAC

Mommy!

DR. REED

Man, have I missed you.

Isaac hands her the stuffed dinosaur toy in his hands.

ISAAC

We bought this for you at the store downstairs.

DR. REED

You did?

ISAAC

It's a T Rex.

DR. REED

I love her. Thank you.

ISAAC

Mom, it's boy.

DR. REED

It is?

ISAAC

Yes. All T Rex's are boys.

DR. REED

Oh. Well, then I love him.

Dr. Reed hugs Isaac.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Sitting on the couch in the front room of her house, Dr. Reed has her cell phone up to her ear.

Concerned, she ends the call when no one answers.

Griffith walks out of the kitchen with a hot cup of tea, hands it to her.

 GRIFFITH
Literally just what the doctor ordered.

 DR. REED
Kim's still not answering her phone.

 GRIFFITH
Okay...

Dr. Reed shoots him a dirty look.

 GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
What? So she's not answering the phone.
There could be a million reasons why,
that's all I'm saying.

 DR. REED
I'm worried.

 GRIFFITH
Again, the FBI was just out there this
morning. Kim's aware of her mother and
everything was fine.

 DR. REED
Then why isn't she answering her phone?

Clearly not getting through to his wife, Griffith doesn't even know how to respond.

Worried, Dr. Reed sets the tea down. Stands up.

 DR. REED (CONT'D)
I have to go check on her.

Griffith gives up, throws his hands in the air as he sits back in the couch.

 GRIFFITH
No. You *want* to go check on her.

 DR. REED
Fine, I want to go check on her.

 GRIFFITH
What about you? Isaac? Us?

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Kim?

Dr. Reed ends the call on her phone--

And the ringing stops.

Dr. Reed quietly places her ear against the front door, listening intently for *anything* inside.

She reaches out, slowly tries the door handle - locked.

Concerned, Dr. Reed reaches up above the door frame--

Retrieves the key. Unlocks the door and steps cautiously...

INSIDE

Standing there, she looks around. *Nothing amiss.*

DR. REED
 (shouting)
 Hello?

Silence.

Dr. Reed notices Kim's cell phone lying on the coffee table.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Kimberly?

Dr. Reed makes her way into the kitchen - empty.

Then cautiously down the hallway, looks into Kim's bedroom - also empty.

She's walking back down the hallway when she glances to her right--

Stops.

Not only is the door to the basement slightly ajar...

But a faint light seeps out from underneath it.

Dr. Reed GULPS, slowly reaches out for the handle when

RING.

Her cell phone startles her as she grabs the handle, quickly swings open the basement door:

Nothing except a wooden stairwell, a single bare light bulb at the bottom of it turned on.

Relieved, she answers her phone:

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Agent Cooper's standing inside a small forensics laboratory as he speaks into his cell phone:

AGENT COOPER
(into cell)
Doctor Reed? Agent Cooper, FBI. We spoke yesterday?

Along with another agent in a white lab coat, there's a stainless steel cadaver table in the room--

The skeletonized remains of Rachael McGivens meticulously, *perfectly*, laid out on it.

AGENT COOPER (CONT'D)
(into cell)
No, nothing yet. I'm calling in regards to the body we recovered.

Agent Cooper closely examines both of Rachael's hands.

AGENT COOPER (CONT'D)
(into cell)
We're still waiting on the DNA, but we don't believe it's Rachael McGivens.

We clearly see all ten skeletonized fingers.

AGENT COOPER (CONT'D)
(into cell)
Because this body still has all ten of its fingers.

FARMHOUSE

Dr. Reed stands there, stunned.

DR. REED
Okay. Thanks.

She ends the call, tries to comprehend what she just learned.

Then she considers the lit basement in front of her, looks down the stairs.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Hello?

Nothing.

She begins to cautiously descend the stairs into the...

BASEMENT

Dr. Reed steps off the last step, her eyes scanning the unfinished basement:

Washer and dryer in far corner. Old wooden shelves. Several boxes of junk. Rusty tools.

But no sign of Kim.

Finally content, Dr. Reed turns to leave--

When something underneath the stairs stops her cold:

A white chest freezer with a green, plastic tarp draped over top it.

Dr. Reed stands there for a long second, *not wanting to even entertain the thought*, then hesitantly approaches.

It's eerily quiet, the bare light bulb flickering once.

Dr. Reed pulls the tarp off the freezer, let's it fall to the ground.

She reaches down, lifts up on the freezer door--

When something abruptly stops it, CLANK.

Confused, Dr. Reed looks, notices the padlock on the side of the freezer--

A rudimentary after-market addition--

The likes of which we've seen before.

Dr. Reed yanks up on the door again, CLANK, but there's no opening it.

OUTSIDE

A sparkling clean rental car drives up the dirt driveway--

Parks directly behind Dr. Reed's vehicle.

We can't see the driver due to the glare of the sun off the windshield.

The dust begins to settle on the road behind it, yet no one gets out.

RENTAL CAR

REVEAL Kim sitting in the driver's seat.

By herself, she's silent as she considers Dr. Reed's car parked in front of her--

Then the front door to her farmhouse, still wide open.

We see the scars on Kim's neck.

Her forearms.

Her wrists.

We want to feel sorry for her--

Yet the subtle - *evil* - look in her eyes as she sits there is absolutely fucking terrifying.

BASEMENT

Frantically searching, Dr. Reed finds a rusty crowbar in the pile of old tools--

Uses it to pry off the padlock.

Taking a deep breath, she slowly opens the freezer door.

Expecting a body, instead her eyes go wide when she finds a set of stairs:

Narrow.

Made of concrete.

Old, pre-dating the farmhouse.

A light coming up from the bottom of them.

The entire bottom of the freezer cut away, its *only* purpose to conceal the stairwell.

Dr. Reed cranes her neck to see down them, yet can't.

She listens for a second. *Silence*.

Crowbar gripped tightly in her hand, she steps into the freezer--

Begins nervously descending the stairs.

At the bottom she finds a thick, metal blast door, just as old as the stairwell itself--

Some sort of cold war bomb shelter.

Dr. Reed lifts the heavy metal lever used to lock the door *from this side*--

Begins turning the large wheel handle - like you'd see on a submarine - as the door begins to slowly inch open.

The wheel finally spins freely and she pulls open the massive door.

Dr. Reed covers her nose and mouth, the stench hitting her immediately--

As she cautiously steps inside the lit...

BOMB SHELTER

It's small, a tiny three-hundred square foot metal box of a room.

Fluorescent lighting on the ceiling, a nasty, soiled mattress in the corner.

The latrine: a plastic bucket, filled with excrement.

Dr. Reed looks to her right--

Finds a YOUNG WOMAN (15) sitting in the corner with her back to Dr. Reed--

Picking at her scalp and gently rocking herself.

Horrified, the crowbar drops from Dr. Reed's hands, CLANKS loudly to the ground--

Yet the girl doesn't even flinch. *She didn't hear it.*

UPSTAIRS

Kim calmly walks through her open front door. Stops, eyes slowly scanning the front room.

These are *not* kind, gentle eyes.

She turns, shuts the front door--

But only enough to retrieve the loaded Mossberg 930 semi-automatic shotgun behind it.

Shotgun in hand, Kim quietly steps into the kitchen.

Searching.

BOMB SHELTER

The young woman finally stops rocking, turns around--

Scrambles to her feet, only to cower in the corner terrified at the sight of Dr. Reed standing there.

DR. REED
It's okay...

The girl clutches a dingy Snoopy stuffed animal tightly in her right hand.

As Dr. Reed glances down at it--

She notices the girl's right index finger is missing--
Severed off at the knuckle, a grotesque scar in its place.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Rachael?

The trembling girl reads Dr. Reed's lips, slowly nods.
Rachael McGivens.
Older now.

Malnourished.

Ghostly pale.

Wearing a baggy T-shirt and pair of filthy shorts.
Her neck, arms and legs covered in heart-wrenching scars.
But still very much alive.

Dr. Reed extends her hand to Rachael, but she nervously
shakes her head and signs 'no' with her free hand.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
It's okay.

Too terrified to move, a tear rolls down Rachael's cheek.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Please. I won't hurt you...

Rachael finally begins to inch here way towards Dr. Reed--
Slowly, hesitantly closing the gap--

Till their two hands lock, *tight*, the Snoopy doll still
clutched in Rachel's other hand.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Good. Let's get you out of here.

The two head through the blast door and up the concrete
stairs--

When Kim suddenly appears at the top--

Looking down at them through the open freezer door.

Dr. Reed and Rachael freeze when they see her, Rachael
clinging to her rescuer for dear life.

KIMBERLY
You were right, Doc. It *is* hard to
break the cycle.

Stunned, Dr. Reed stands there, doesn't know what to do.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
I didn't ask for any of this. I didn't
have a choice.

DR. REED
Kim...

KIMBERLY
She killed my father for Christ's sake.
In front of me. Made. Me. Watch.

Kim's upper lip begins to quiver.

KIMBERLY (CONT'D)
You of all people understand that,
right? That it's not my fault?

DR. REED
We need to get you help--

Emotional and trembling--

Kim swings the shotgun up, points it directly at Dr. Reed and
Rachael.

KIMBERLY
I asked if you understood that.

Dr. Reed instinctively shoves Rachael behind her with one
hand while holding the other one up--

Not once dropping her gaze from the threat at the top of the
stairs.

DR. REED
Please, Kim. It doesn't have to be this
way.

Nervously chewing her lip, Kim's the physical embodiment of a
woman torn.

KIMBERLY
I can't end up like my Mom.

Kim uses the back of her hand to quickly wipe away a tear.

DR. REED
And you won't if--

Kim swings the shotgun to her right and

BAM!

Peppers the stairwell with buckshot, narrowly missing the two
women.

KIMBERLY
No.

Kim swings her legs over the freezer.

DR. REED

Run!

Dr. Reed and Rachael turn, bound back down the stairs and through the blast door--

Kim right behind them.

Inside the bunker, Dr. Reed frantically tries to pull the heavy door closed--

But she's no match for Kim's strength as Kim yanks it back open--

Steps into the bunker.

With a sadness in her eyes, Kim looks at Rachael cowering against the far wall--

Before she has a chance to see Dr. Reed to her immediate right who brings the crowbar down hard--

Shattering the bones in Kim's forearm with a sickening CRACK and causing her to drop the shotgun.

Kim crumples to the ground, SCREAMS out in pain:

KIMBERLY
AAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Dr. Reed kicks the shotgun across the room, frantically waves at Rachael to come over--

But she's too terrified to move, shakes her head.

DR. REED
Come!

Rachael looks at Kim lying on the ground - *between her and the door*--

Can't bring herself to physically leave the relative safety of the wall.

Dr. Reed runs over, grabs Rachael's hand and pulls her off the wall--

The two sprinting for the door.

KIMBERLY
(sobbing)
Please! Don't leave me in here!

As Rachael frantically stumbles up the stairs, Dr. Reed pushes the heavy door shut--

Spins the wheel handle--

SLAMS the metal lock down--

Turns and darts up the concrete stairs.

BASEMENT

Dr. Reed emerges from the freezer, doesn't see Rachael.

DR. REED
(shouting)
Rachael?!

She bounds up the basement steps.

FRONT ROOM

Dr. Reed runs through the front room, still no sign of Rachael.

She darts through the open front door...

OUTSIDE

Finds Rachael standing there in the driveway with her back to her--

Shielding her eyes from the bright sunlight, *the first she's seen in years.*

The Snoopy still clutched tightly in her hand.

Dr. Reed walks over.

Tears stream down Rachael's face as she sobs.

She immediately embraces Dr. Reed, hugging her for all she's worth.

DR. REED
You're gonna be alright.

After a second, the two run over to Dr. Reed's car--

Climb inside as Dr. Reed tears off down the drive and towards safety.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Agent Cooper and colleagues are busy behind their desks when the front door SLAMS open.

Several agents instinctively reach for their weapons--

Until they see it's Dr. Reed and Rachael, their hands gripped tightly together--

Rachael visibly trembling, beyond terrified.

Shocked, Agent Cooper looks down at Rachael's hand, notices her missing index finger.

Then he looks at Dr. Reed who doesn't need to say a word, simply nods at him.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The white chest freezer pushed out of the way now--

SWAT members in raid gear proceed down the concrete stairs with tactical, *silent* precision.

Lifting the metal lever and spinning the wheel, the heavy door cracks open a hair.

The team chief gives a hand signal to the other members, then counts down with his fingers:

One. Two. Three.

He heaves open the door, SWAT members with their shields and weapons raised darting inside the...

BOMB SHELTER

It only takes them a second before they lower their weapons.

Kim sits slumped forward in the far corner, DEAD with the shotgun in her mouth--

Skull and brains splattered on the wall behind her.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

TYRELL MITCHELL (30's), an African-American thug, sits back at his kitchen table--

As the prostitute kneeling between his legs finishes giving him a blow job.

TYRELL

Not bad.

She wipes her lips with the back of her hand, fixes her hair as he zips up his pants.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls a plastic bag with a few pieces of crack in it. Tosses it on the table.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

That shit'll kill you.

His cell phone RINGS.

TYRELL (CONT'D)

Like I give a fuck.

Tyrell answers his phone as the prostitute loads a crack pipe, takes a hit:

TYRELL (CONT'D)
Yeah. How much? Alright.

Hanging up, he takes the 9mm from the table, tucks it into his waistband.

He grabs the prostitute by her hair, looks at her:

TYRELL (CONT'D)
If you touch my stash bitch...

Already high, she just grins at him.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

In the projects of downtown Phoenix, Tyrell and a young man inconspicuously exchange money for a bag of crack.

Fist bumping, they turn, head opposite directions.

Tyrell struts across the deserted street, then through his sleazy apartment complex.

APARTMENT COMPLEX

Just about to head up a flight of stairs, a voice *only we recognize* from the side of the building:

MARGARET (O.S.)
Here kitty, kitty.

Tyrell stops, looks, sees the woman searching for her cat:

Blond wig. Reading glasses.

It's Margaret in disguise.

She looks up, smiles at Tyrell:

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Would you mind helping me find my cat?

Tyrell huffs, can't believe what he's seeing.

TYRELL
What's a white bitch like you doing here?

Approaching him, Margaret reaches into her handbag--

Causing Tyrell to instinctively go for his weapon until she pulls out a photo of a cat.

MARGARET
His name's Elvis. Maybe you've seen him?

Tyrell's floored. He looks around, doesn't see a soul.

TYRELL
What else you got in that bag?

Appearing completely oblivious to the danger, Margaret again reaches into her bag, Tyrell stepping closer to her--

As she secretly grips the handle of a knife--

Thrusts the blade through the bag itself and deep into Tyrell's rib cage.

MARGARET
Oh, not much.

In shock, Tyrell tries to muster a sound but can't as Margaret twists the blade deep inside him.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
It's Tyrell, right? I do believe you
and I have a mutual acquaintance...

INT. DEATH ROW - DAY (FLASHBACK #1)

Margaret sits on her bed while Chanise, on cleaning detail, mops the hallway.

Chewing gum.

The supervising guard doesn't notice the two women make the briefest of eye contact--

Or the slight nod of Margaret's head.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY (FLASHBACK #2)

It's the scene of Margaret praying, POV HER HAND barely moving, searching the underside of the table.

But this time we see her locate the razor blade--

Stuck to the table with a wad of gum.

APARTMENT COMPLEX

Eyes wide, Tyrell fights to catch a breath. *Can't*.

MARGARET
Chanise helped me out once. Promised
her I'd return the favor.

Still smiling, Margaret pulls the blade out of Tyrell as he falls to the ground clutching his fatal wound.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
It is really all about family.

Margaret casually walks away--

Using a towel from her bag to wipe off her blood-covered hand.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Elvis? Where are you?

INT. DR. REED'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dr. Reed unlocks the door, steps inside and sets down her belongings.

Turning on her computer, she takes a sip of her coffee while regarding the large stack of reports on her desk--

Right where she left them yesterday.

Closing her office door, she looks at the clock: 7:00am.

Sitting down at her desk, she grabs the top report off the pile.

Opens it up. Begins reading.

LATER

Engrossed in a report, she highlights a random sentence, then continues reading.

Without taking her eyes off the report, she reaches for her coffee cup--

Empty.

LATER

Jotting down a few notes in her notebook, she finishes reading the last page of a report.

Closing the report, she's deep in thought--

When a news broadcast on her computer screen catches her eye:

Live footage from Kim's farmhouse, the entire place cordoned off with crime scene tape - law enforcement everywhere.

Dr. Reed turns up the volume, watches the young female news anchor deliver her report:

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
Yes, Matt, we've learned from police and federal agents here on scene that Kimberly Pyne, the daughter of serial killer Margaret Pyne and owner of this property, was found dead of an apparent self-inflicted gunshot wound.

Staying just outside the yellow crime scene tape--

The news anchor begins to walk towards the back of the property, her cameraman following her.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 What still remains unclear, at least to us here in the media, is why Kimberly Pyne took her own life...

As the rear of the house comes into view--

Three separate white canopies can be seen erected on the back property--

Forensic teams underneath, meticulously working inside each of the three freshly dug graves.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 And what exactly these forensic teams are searching for.

The cameraman focuses on the news anchor once again.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 By the looks of things behind me, I'd say human remains are a good possibility. Matt, back to you.

Dr. Reed turns down the volume. Sits there in stunned disbelief.

Suddenly her cell phone RINGS.

She looks at the caller ID, answers it:

DR. REED
 Hey. No, I'm fine. You just scared me.
 (beat)
 Yeah, watching it now.
 (beat)
 Isaac's with you, right?

Relief. Dr. Reed looks up at the clock: 5:00pm.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 Sure. See you in a bit.
 (beat)
 I love you too.

Ending the call, she allows the smallest of smiles to creep across her face.

INT. DR. REED'S HOUSE - EVENING

Exhausted, Dr. Reed walks through her front door--

Is pleasantly surprised to find Griffith wearing an apron and cooking dinner.

DR. REED
Now this is... unexpected.

She puts down her things as he brings her a glass of wine.

GRIFFITH
Figured you could use the night off.

DR. REED
Try a dozen, but thank you.

The two clank glasses, solemnly take a sip.

GRIFFITH
Dig up anything interesting today?

DR. REED
Everything about that family is interesting, in a very sick, twisted kind of way. But anything new? Helpful? Nope.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
It dawned on me earlier that here I am, the supposed 'leading expert on the field of intergenerational violence,' and not once... *not once* did I ever suspect Kim.

GRIFFITH
Wasn't just you. No one did. You see the latest?

DR. REED
No, what?

GRIFFITH
They've uncovered remains from at least three different individuals on her property.

DR. REED
Jesus...

Isaac runs into the room, plastic dinosaur toy in hand.

ISAAC
Mom! I'm building a Neanderthal cave in my room. Wanna see?!

DR. REED
In a little bit.

ISAAC
Can I sleep in it?

DR. REED
I don't see why not. Neanderthals did for thousands of years.

ISAAC
Thanks!

The two hug before he takes off.

LATER

Dr. Reed pours herself more wine, watches Griffith prepare the meal.

 GRIFFITH
I spoke with Agent Cooper today.

 DR. REED
And?

Griffith shakes his head.

 GRIFFITH
No sign of her.

 DR. REED
I'm not surprised. She's smart.
Cunning. Forced to learn at a very
young age how to stay alive. To adapt.

 GRIFFITH
He thought she might try and flee the
country.

Dr. Reed CHUCKLES at the thought.

 DR. REED
Not Margaret. Be too easy. Trust me,
fleeing isn't in her genetic makeup.

 GRIFFITH
Well, that's what I would do if I were
her. Get the hell outta dodge. Gone.

 DR. REED
Most people would.

A beat.

 DR. REED (CONT'D)
But if she has an axe to grind, God
help anyone who gets in her way.

A beat.

 DR. REED (CONT'D)
I was hoping by re-reading all the
notes I've taken over the years, maybe
something would jump out at me. A clue.

Dr. Reed gets quiet. Griffith looks over, sees her lost in
thought--

And once again gently rubbing the key charm on her bracelet.

GRIFFITH
Tell me what's going through that big
brain of yours.

DR. REED
Just that this entire thing, this
entire situation is my fault.

GRIFFITH
No, it's not.

DR. REED
It is! I had a chance to stop her,
Griffith, and I didn't.

GRIFFITH
You tried.

DR. REED
I didn't try! Gimme a break. Trying
would have been pulling that goddamn
trigger!

She calms herself down.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I failed, that's what I did. And at
least two people lost their lives
because of it.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
At *least* two, Griffith.

GRIFFITH
(shouting)
Isaac, dinner's ready!

Griffith brings the food over, sets it on the table.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
You need to stop beating yourself up
over this.

Isaac runs into the kitchen, takes his seat at the table, the
two adults trying to hide their emotions from him.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
It's *not* your fault.

ISAAC
What's not Mom's fault?

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Reed lies on the floor next to Isaac--

Inside the dim light of his 'Neaderthal cave' made out of bed
sheets and sofa cushions.

DR. REED
I'm impressed. All this cave needs now
are some petroglyphs.

ISAAC
What are those?

DR. REED
Cave paintings. One of the earliest
forms of art ever recorded.

ISAAC
Cool.

A beat.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
When can I go back to school?

DR. REED
Soon, I hope. You're a good kid, you
know that?

Isaac holds up the same plastic dinosaur toy he had earlier.

ISAAC
What kind of dinosaur is this?

Dr. Reed takes the dinosaur.

DR. REED
I'm not sure.

Looking it over, she doesn't seem to recognize it.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Is this new?

ISAAC
Yeah. The woman in the backyard gave it
to me today.

WTF? Dr. Reed bolts upright.

DR. REED
What woman, sweetie?

ISAAC
Some lady.

DR. REED
Isaac, *what woman?!*

His mother's demeanor frightens little Isaac.

ISAAC
I don't know. She was old. With white
hair.

DR. REED
Did she say anything to you?

Scared now, Isaac nods.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
It's okay. What'd she say?

ISAAC
Just that she missed her daughter.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Every outside light is turned on as Dr. Reed and Griffith frantically search the massive yard.

DR. REED
He said she was right there on the other side of the fence.

Gun in hand, Griffith strains his eyes as he tries to pierce the darkness of the desert beyond their fence line.

Nothing.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Were you even watching him today?!

GRIFFITH
Of course I was watching him!

DR. REED
She knows where we live, Griffith! She talked to our son!

GRIFFITH
I know!

DR. REED
What'd Agent Cooper say?

GRIFFITH
He's on his way over right now.

DR. REED
I swear to God, Griffith, if she hurts him...

GRIFFITH
She won't have the chance, alright. Just calm down.

Griffith overturns a small plastic pool in the yard, anywhere Margaret could be hiding. *Nothing.*

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
Go get Isaac. I wanna know exactly where he saw her.

Dr. Reed heads back...

INSIDE

Where she walks through the living room:

DR. REED
(shouting)
Isaac?

Dr. Reed freezes.

The front door is wide open.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Isaac?!

She quickly darts into his bedroom, then hers.

Both empty.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Isaac?!

Hysterical, she darts through the open front door, Griffith on her heels...

OUTSIDE

DR. REED
(shouting)
Isaac?!

GRIFFITH
What is it?!

DR. REED
He's gone!

GRIFFITH
What?!

DR. REED
He's gone!
(shouting)
Isaac?!

GRIFFITH
(shouting)
Isaac?! Isaac?!

The two parents look around the front yard. The driveway.

Dart out into the street, trying frantically to find any sign of Isaac in the darkness--

But there's no trace of him.

DR. REED
She took him! She took our son...

GRIFFITH
 (shouting)
Isaac?! Isaac?!

His gun in hand, Griffith continues to search--

While Dr. Reed crumples to the ground in the middle of the quiet street, SOBBING.

 DR. REED
No. No...

INT. DR. REED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

FBI Agents everywhere, both inside and outside.

Agent Cooper's managed to find a somewhat isolated corner of the front room where he addresses Griffith and Dr. Reed--

Both looking haggard, but Dr. Reed especially.

 DR. REED
This is exactly how she abducted
Rachael.

 AGENT COOPER
Finding Isaac is our top priority and I
give you my word we've got every
available resource working on this.

 DR. REED
I don't want your word, Agent Cooper. I
want my son back.

 AGENT COOPER
I know. We're going to do our best,
promise.

Griffith tries to comfort his wife, calm her down, but it doesn't help. She's equal parts grief and anger.

 AGENT COOPER (CONT'D)
The Amber Alert went out shortly after
you called. We've set up checkpoints at
each of the--

 DR. REED
Checkpoints? Really?

 GRIFFITH
Babe...

 DR. REED
No, I'm just curious because those
didn't seem real effective around the
prison.

Dr. Reed fights back tears, the two men sharing a knowing look and smartly not saying a word.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. It's just that I've... I've
seen what she does to her victims.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I know what she's going to do to my
little boy if we don't find him.

Dr. Reed CRIES, Griffith pulling her into him tightly.

GRIFFITH
We will find him...

AGENT COOPER
If you two think of anything that might
help us track Isaac down, regardless of
how insignificant it might seem, please
let me or my team know.

Griffith nods to Agent Cooper.

DR. REED
This is all my fault. If I had just
shot Margaret back in the gas chamber,
he'd still be here with us.

Dr. Reed begins SOBBING again, Griffith trying his best to
comfort her as Agent Cooper politely steps away.

LATER

The house is empty now except for Dr. Reed, Griffith and
Agent Cooper.

Despondent as she sits on the couch--

Dr. Reed stares off into space while Griffith politely shows
Agent Cooper to the door.

AGENT COOPER
We'll be back in a couple of hours. Try
and get some sleep if you can.

GRIFFITH
Thanks.

AGENT COOPER
And if you need anything, you call me,
okay?

GRIFFITH
We will.

Griffith shuts the door. Stands there for a long second
before taking a seat next to his wife on the couch.

Looking at her, she finally turns and faces him.

DR. REED
I'm so, so sorry.

GRIFFITH
Shhhhh....

He pulls her into him, both of them CRYING.

LATER

Griffith has fallen asleep on the couch--

While Dr. Reed sits there, wide awake, just staring at the wall across the room.

It's dead quiet. Eerily still.

Then, Dr. Reed looks down at Griffith.

She stands, slowly, careful not to wake him.

She walks over to the dinning room table where Griffith's handgun is lying--

Picks it up and puts it in her purse.

She walks over, quietly opens the front door.

Taking a final look to ensure Griffith is still sleeping, she steps outside, silently shuts the door behind her.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

Driving down the highway, Dr. Reed punches a few buttons on her cell phone, puts it to her ear.

DR. REED
Hello? Yes, it's Doctor Tamsin Reed.
(a beat)
Sorry to bother you, but I need to ask
a favor.
(a beat)
About two hours?
(a beat)
Okay. Bye.

She hangs up, focuses on the road in front of her.

EXT. APPLEWOOD HOSPICE CENTER - NIGHT

Closed, there's still a few lights on here and there.

Dr. Reed stands at the glass front doors, purse in hand, while Big Shawn unlocks them from the inside.

He let's her...

INSIDE

Locks the door behind her.

BIG SHAWN
You're lucky I'm working the late shift
tonight.

DR. REED
Thank you.

BIG SHAWN
No problem. This have to do with what's
on the news?

Dr. Reed nods.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Yeah, I figured.

Big Shawn takes a seat at one of the desks behind the
reception counter--

Immediately goes back to watching a college basketball game
on the television.

Standing there, Dr. Reed's not sure what to do until:

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
You remember where her room's at?

DR. REED
Yes.

BIG SHAWN
Deal. You've got more credentials than
me, Doc.

Dr. Reed turns, begins to leave when:

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
(joking)
Just don't do anything that'll get me
fired, alright?

DR. REED
No problem.

HALLWAY

Dr. Reed stops in front of Mrs. Pyne's room, can hear SOFT
MUSIC coming from inside even at this odd hour.

She takes a deep breath. Glances down *inside* her purse.

She KNOCKS.

Another deep breath before she turns the door handle--

Opens the door, steps inside the dimly lit...

ROOM

Finds Mrs. Pyne standing there, supporting herself with the IV stand--

Smoking a cigarette and staring at Dr. Reed almost as if she were expecting her.

MRS. PYNE
Welcome back.

Dr. Reed closes the door. Locks it.

A warm breeze blows through the sliding screen door, darkness in the courtyard outside.

Dr. Reed watches nervously as Mrs. Pyne hobbles over to her hospital bed--

Gingerly sits on the edge of it, using the IV stand to help balance.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
What can I do for you, Tamsin?

Struggling with her emotions, Dr. Reed just stares at her.

Then she pulls the handgun from her purse, lays it down on the table next to her.

A wry smile from Mrs. Pyne when she sees the gun.

DR. REED
Margaret has my son.

MRS. PYNE
And what? You think I might know where he is?

Choking back tears, her lip quivering, Dr. Reed nods.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
If you believe that gun is going to threaten me, you're mistaken.

Mrs. Pyne clutches her side, grimaces as she breaths through the pain.

MRS. PYNE (CONT'D)
I'd welcome a bullet through the head.
Take me out of my misery.

Dr. Reed stares at Mrs. Pyne. *Both women hurting - Mrs. Pyne physically, Tamsin emotionally.*

Dr. Reed finally looks away, wipes her moist eyes.

Then she freezes.

On the floor to her right--

She sees a blond wig tossed in the corner.

Dr. Reed quickly snatches up the gun, points it wildly around the room--

Stopping on the closed bathroom door, just slightly ajar, the light off inside.

Pointing the gun at Mrs. Pyne:

DR. REED
Don't you move.

Aiming the gun at the bathroom door, Dr. Reed cautiously approaches.

Her hands shaking, a new SONG begins to quietly play on the record player.

Slowly reaching out--

Dr. Reed SHOVES the door open, ready to fire--

But the bathroom's empty.

Confused, she steps back, points the gun at Mrs. Pyne.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Where is she?

Mrs. Pyne doesn't flinch. Doesn't even blink.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Where is she?!

Then, the sliding screen door opens.

Dr. Reed spins, points the gun at the screen door--

As Margaret slowly steps in from the dark courtyard outside.

Dr. Reed's eyes go wide, aims the gun at Margaret as she calmly closes the screen door behind her--

The two of them locking eyes.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Where's my son? Where's Isaac?

Margaret doesn't respond.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Tell me!

MARGARET
In time.

DR. REED
No! You tell me right now.

Hands trembling, Dr. Reed takes a couple of confused, nervous steps back as Margaret approaches her mother--

As Mrs. Pyne simultaneously lies down in her bed.

MARGARET
You know why you're not gonna pull that trigger?

Although she's speaking to Dr. Reed, Margaret doesn't once look at her as she gently tucks her mother into bed.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Cause I'm the only person on this entire planet who knows where he's at.

Margaret picks up a syringe from the night stand, fills it using several of the small viles of medicine.

Mrs. Pyne looks up at her daughter. Not fearful at all, but welcoming.

Proud. Knows exactly what's coming. *Wants it.*

MRS. PYNE
You remember this song?

Margaret smiles at her mother, nods. She turns to Dr. Reed:

MARGARET
Would you be an angel, do me a favor?

Again, that same exact phrase.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Turn up the music. Just a hair.

Emotional, Dr. Reed realizes she doesn't have a choice.

She slowly lowers the gun.

Walks over, turns the knob on the record player as the SOFT MUSIC get's louder.

Margaret looks lovingly down at her mother, gently brushes her hair to the side.

MRS. PYNE
God gave me the cancer for what I did to you. And I can't blame him.

MARGARET
You had this commin', mama.

MRS. PYNE
Oh, I know, child. I know.

A tear rolls down Margaret's cheek as she brings the syringe up to her mother's neck.

Carefully inserts the needle deep into Mrs. Pyne's jugular vein--

Slowly presses the plunger until it's empty.

MARGARET
I forgive you, mama.

Margaret holds her mother down as she convulses briefly, the medicine coursing through her heart.

Mrs. Pyne's convulsions slow. Then stop.

No movement. Eyes open, glassy.

DEAD.

Margaret gently kisses her mother's forehead, pulls the covers over her face as Dr. Reed stands there--

In utter shock, hand over her mouth.

Margaret turns to Dr. Reed. Sticks her hand out. *The gun.*

DR. REED
No.

MARGARET
I'm sorry, it's not up for a vote. I'll let your boy rot right where he's at.

Dr. Reed hesitates.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Should be a real easy decision.

Finally, Dr. Reed relinquishes the gun to Margaret.

Margaret turns, writes down an address on a sheet of paper, hands it to Dr. Reed.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Meet me there in forty-five minutes.
Alone.

She grabs the blond wig from the corner. Puts it on her head, straightens it while looking in a mirror.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
If you're even a second late, or not alone...

Margaret doesn't finish - doesn't need to.

She opens the screen door, disappears into the darkness.

Dr. Reed looks at the clock on the night stand: 5:15am.

Then over at Mrs. Pyne's lifeless body lying there under the sheets.

MUSIC still PLAYING, Dr. Reed hurriedly grabs her purse, opens the door, steps out into the...

HALLWAY

Finds Big Shawn walking directly towards her.

BIG SHAWN
(joking)
You two throwing a rave or what?

Dr. Reed flashes him a fake smile--

Secretly presses the button lock on the inside door handle before closing it shut.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Sounds like Club Applewood up in here.

Shawn grooves his massive body with the beat, Dr. Reed watching nervously, but trying her best to hide it.

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Love me some tunes...

He stops dancing, steps up to the door:

BIG SHAWN (CONT'D)
Just not at this hour.

Dr. Reed stumbles back as he turns the handle. Locked.

DR. REED
(nervously)
Thanks again, for everything.

Big Shawn casually removes the keys from his pocket, sticks them in the lock as Dr. Reed watches in horror.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I need to, uh, meet someone. Do you mind letting me out?

Click. The door unlocked, he begins to turn the handle.

BIG SHAWN
No prob. Let me just tell America's Sweetheart here to--

Dr. Reed reaches out, gently grabs his forearm.

DR. REED
She's actually really tired.

Shawn looks at Dr. Reed.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Doesn't want to be bothered.

Then, as if on cue, the SONG playing comes to an end and the once loud room and hallway are dead silent.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
See?

Studying Dr. Reed for a long second, Big Shawn finally breaks into a big, friendly grin--

Closes the door, removes his keys.

BIG SHAWN
Know anything bout college hoops?

DR. REED
A little, why?

BIG SHAWN
Yeah? You gotta team?

The two of them turn, walk down the hallway TALKING.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT

Dr. Reed climbs back into her car. Breathing heavy, she sits there--

Watches through the windshield as Big Shawn locks the front door of the building from the inside.

Dancing and grooving a bit like we saw him earlier--

He casually steps back behind the reception area. *Safe.*

Dr. Reed immediately checks her cell phone lying on the passenger seat: 9 Missed Calls.

Turning on the engine, she looks at the clock: 5:30am.

DR. REED
Shit.

She quickly pulls out of the parking lot, picks up her cell phone and dials.

INT. DR. REED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Agent Cooper and several others from his team watch Griffith as he paces nervously around the front room.

Suddenly, his cell phone RINGS on the table.

He lunges for it, Agent Cooper pointing to his ELECTRONICS TECH sitting in front of a laptop and wearing headphones.

Griffith answers immediately:

Dilapidated wooden barn. Rusted-out tractor.

Sheep and lambs meander the area, eat out of a long trough made of thin, corrugated metal.

Her eyes scanning the area, there's no sign of Margaret, Isaac, or anyone anywhere.

Dr. Reed comes to a stop just outside the decrepit wooden fence line.

She looks at the clock on the dash: 5:59am.

Then turns off the engine.

Listens.

FARM

BLEATING sheep and lambs part as if to allow Dr. Reed access as she walks cautiously towards the old barn--

A dozen rusty oil drums stacked against the side of it.

Despite the gaps in the wood that make up the barn's walls, Tamsin isn't able to see anything inside.

She makes a small detour, takes a quick glance behind the barn:

More sheep. More oil drums.

And a parked car. It's trunk open. Empty.

Returning to the front, Dr. Reed grabs the wooden handle, pulls the barn door open as it CREAKS on rusty hinges.

She steps...

INSIDE

Early morning rays of sunlight pierce the barn's siding, cast eerie shadows as she lets her eyes adjust:

Dusty and barren except for a few old bales of hay--

And a red, vintage Coca-Cola chest cooler sitting right in the middle of the barn--

A new roll of duct tape lying atop it.

DR. REED
(shouting)
Isaac?!

Dr. Reed rushes over--

Immediately hears THUMPS and muffled GROANS coming from inside the cooler.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Isaac?! I'm here, baby!

She tries to lift the lid, but can't - it's locked tight.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Mommy's here! You just hold on!

More THUMPS and muffled GROANS from inside the cooler.

Frantic, Dr. Reed looks around the barn for a tool, a crowbar, anything to pry open the lid with--

When Margaret calmly step out from the shadows.

MARGARET
Looking for this?

Margaret holds out the key to the cooler in one hand--

Griffith's gun held tightly in her other.

DR. REED
I'll do whatever you want, please. Just let him go.

Standing there, Margaret begins to rock herself.

MARGARET
(re: the red cooler)
White is preferable...

She looks around the barren barn.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
But that simply wasn't an option.

Dr. Reed uses every ounce of strength she has to heave up on the lid - yet it doesn't budge.

She bends down, inspects the seal around the lid - sees that it's airtight.

Desperately trying to break the seal, she runs her fingers along the edges of the lid, but can't break it--

The entire time listening to the sickening THUMPS and GROANS coming from inside.

DR. REED
He can't breath in there!

MARGARET
As my mother would say, 'Of course he can't.'

At her breaking point, Dr. Reed falls to her knees SOBBING.

DR. REED
What do you want from me?

MARGARET
An apology.

DR. REED
An apology?

Margaret walks over towards Dr. Reed.

MARGARET
For taking my daughter from me.

DR. REED
Your daughter took her own life. You know that.

MARGARET
True. But never would have if you hadn't... interfered.

DR. REED
Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything.

MARGARET
You and I are products of our environment, you know that?

DR. REED
Please, just open the lid...

MARGARET
We're both mommies, with issues regarding our mommies.

Dr. Reed still on her knees, Margaret circles her--

Slowly dragging the barrel of the 9mm across her scalp.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
How is it that I've been able to forgive mine, yet you *still* can't forgive yours?

DR. REED
Is that what you want?

MARGARET
No. It's what you want.

DR. REED
Fine, I forgive her. Mom, I fucking forgive you, alright?!

Dr. Reed's emotions are genuine - *raw, real* - as she SOBS even harder now, YELLS as she looks toward heaven:

DR. REED (CONT'D)
I forgive you for taking your life in front of me!

MARGARET
There we go. Let it out.

DR. REED
For searing that horrific image into my
brain!

As she walks behind Dr. Reed, Margaret can't see that despite the sincere crying--

Dr. Reed's carefully following her through moist, squinted eyes.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
For forcing me to grow up without a
mother...

MARGARET
See how good that feels.

DR. REED
I forgive you. Mom, I forgive you.

Directly in front of her now, Margaret presses the barrel of the 9mm *hard* into Dr. Reed's forehead.

MARGARET
And I you.

Dr. Reed doesn't even flinch, her head hung low, tears dripping off her cheeks and onto the dusty wooden floor.

Margaret cocks the gun's hammer.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Which is why I'm about to end your--

Dr. Reed looks up slightly, seems to notice something behind Margaret.

DR. REED
Billy?

Margaret's eye twitches.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Is that you?

Stunned, Margaret turns just enough to look behind her--

Which is exactly what Dr. Reed wanted as she SCREAMS OUT--

Swings her arms at Margaret's ankles--

Sweeping her clean off her feet, Margaret landing flat on her back with a sickening THUD.

The gun tumbling out of her hands--

Dr. Reed dives, recovers it while Margaret slowly hobbles to her feet, struggling to catch her breath.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Don't move.

Looking up, Margaret finds Dr. Reed with the 9mm aimed directly at her.

Only this time--

Dr Reed's hands are perfectly still.

MARGARET
You never cease to surprise me.

DR. REED
Give me the key.

MARGARET
Have we finally overcome our demons?

Testing her, Margaret inches her way towards Dr. Reed.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Or is there still a hint of doubt?

DR. REED
Don't make me do this.

Margaret continues to seduce her way closer, teasing Dr. Reed with the key as she holds it out in her hand.

MARGARET
A little voice maybe in the back of
your head telling you--

BANG!

Dr. Reed fires. The bullet rips through Margaret's stomach.

BANG!

This one tears through Margaret's shoulder--

As she stumbles backwards, slams hard against the barn's wooden wall.

DR. REED
Pull the fucking trigger.

Clutching her bloody wounds, Margaret slides down the wall, legs crumpling underneath her.

Bleeding out, all she can do is CHUCKLE as she looks up at Dr. Reed.

MARGARET
Congratulations.

Dr. Reed rushes over, rips the key from Margaret's bloody hand and sprints back to the cooler.

She frantically slams the key in the lock, opens the lid.

But instead of little Isaac inside--

There's a sheep.

Its feet and mouth bound with duct tape.

Eyes wide, Dr. Reed stumbles back in horror.

DR. REED

No...

The sheep's feet THUMP against the sides of the cooler--

Its muffled BLEATS sounding like human GROANS.

Coughing up frothy blood now and just seconds away from death, Margaret watches. Grins. *Loves it.*

Dr. Reed rushes over, grabs Margaret by her shirt:

DR. REED (CONT'D)

Tell me where he is!

MARGARET

If only it were that easy.

Blood runs out the side of her mouth, down Dr. Reed's hands.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

To bring Isaac back. To bring my Kimberly back.

Speaking in drawn out, labored BREATHS:

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I think it's safe to say... when it comes to my family at least... that we've officially... broken the cycle of violence.

Margaret takes her last breath. Slumps forward. DEAD.

Her eyes open, focused downward in a deadman's gaze.

DR. REED

Margaret? Margaret?!

Dr. Reed shakes her limp body, but it's no use.

Slowly standing, Dr. Reed's in a state of shock as she takes a few steps back.

She turns, stares helplessly at the cooler.

REVEAL behind her, Margaret's eyes look up - *not dead.*

Margaret pushes off the wall, lunges towards Dr. Reed.

MARGARET
AAAHHHHH!!!!!!

Dr. Reed spins, empties the entire clip into Margaret

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Click. Click. Click.

Momentum carries Margaret's dead body forward--

As she skids across the dusty wooden floor, coming to a stop at Dr. Reed's feet.

Overwhelmed, Dr. Reed falls to her knees--

Begins SOBBING.

LATER

Still on her knees, Dr. Reed hasn't moved as more and more sunlight pierces through the barn's walls.

No longer crying, the blank look on her face says it all.

She looks down at Margaret, blood pooled around her. *Truly dead.*

Dr. Reed stands.

Near catatonic, she shuffles...

OUTSIDE

Standing there a broken woman, she takes it all in:

The beautiful, bright sunrise.

Sheeps and lambs BLEATING, meandering around.

A tear rolls down her cheek as she watches several FBI vehicles speed down the dirt road towards her.

They come to a stop next to her vehicle.

Lost in her own tragic world--

She watches as Griffith and the other Agents emerge from their cars.

They run towards her, as if in slow-motion.

And then...

PING!

It's faint, but wakes Dr. Reed from her trance.

Blinking, confused, she looks to her left in the direction of the noise.

Uncertain, she walks around to the rear of the barn--

Griffith and the others still running towards her in the background.

Her eyes scanning, she spots it:

A shiny white egg timer atop one of the oil drums.

DR. REED

Isaac?

She hurries over, finds the brand new packaging for the egg timer lying crumpled there on the ground.

Then a THUD from inside one of the drums.

And a muffled GROAN.

DR. REED (CONT'D)

(shouting)
Isaac?!

She immediately begins to knock over the drums searching for her son--

As Griffith and the Agents finally round the barn.

DR. REED (CONT'D)

Help me! He's in one of these!

GRIFFITH

(shouting)
Isaac?!

All the drums are light, clearly empty--

Until Dr. Reed goes to move one and there's something in it.

DR. REED

This one!

She frantically begins to unscrew the circular locking ring, rips off the lid--

And finds little Isaac inside.

Feet and hands bound. Duct tape over his mouth.

But still very much alive.

DR. REED (CONT'D)

Isaac!

MRS. MCGIVENS
 The doctors say it's gonna take a long
 time, as you know, but that's fine.
 We're just so grateful to have our
 little girl back.

DR. REED
 She's one tough cookie.

Kind, knowing smiles between the two mothers.

MRS. MCGIVENS
 Thank you again. If you hadn't--

Rachael walks into the front room, the Snoopy doll in one
 hand--

A big smile on her face as she runs over, hugs Dr. Reed.

DR. REED
 Hi!

Rachael looks much healthier now:

Cleaned-up.

New clothes.

Some color on her skin.

Still far too skinny, but otherwise a fairly normal looking
 fifteen year-old.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
 You look great.

Smiling, Rachael mouths and signs '*thank you*' to Dr. Reed--

Then signs some more, her proud mother translating for her:

MRS. MCGIVENS
 Rachael wanted to give you something.

A beat.

MRS. MCGIVENS (CONT'D)
 A gift, for helping her.

Rachael hesitates, then hands Dr. Reed the Snoopy doll.

DR. REED
 You sure?

Rachael nods, signs.

MRS. MCGIVENS
 She says there was a time not too long
 ago, when she couldn't imagine being
 without it.

A beat.

MRS. MCGIVENS (CONT'D)
But that was before you showed up and saved her.

An emotional beat, then Rachael signs more.

MRS. MCGIVENS (CONT'D)
Rachael doesn't care if you burn the thing, she just wants you to know that she doesn't need it any more.

All three women LAUGH at that.

EXT. PARK - DAY

It's a beautiful, sunny day in the desert.

Dr. Reed and Griffith snuggle on a blanket in the shade of a tree--

Watch as Isaac plays on the busy playground.

GRIFFITH
I think you're gonna like the new Warden.

DR. REED
Yeah? Why is that?

GRIFFITH
Cause he's a good guy. By-the-rules, but a big advocate for all of our rehabilitation programs.

DR. REED
I already like him.

A beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Can I ask you something?

GRIFFITH
Of course.

DR. REED
What if I didn't go back to work at the prison?

Griffith looks surprised.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
In fact, what if I didn't go back to work at all?

A smile creeps across Griffith's face.

Really? GRIFFITH

 DR. REED
Yeah. There's a couple of really
important things in my life that I've
been neglecting for too long.

An excited Isaac and one of his buddies comes running over:

 ISAAC
Did you see us over there?!

 DR. REED
We sure did.

 GRIFFITH
You two are pretty good on those monkey
bars.

 ISAAC
When do we have to leave?

 DR. REED
We can stay as long as you guys want.

 ISAAC'S BUDDY
Awesome!

 DR. REED
You guys want these?

Dr. Reed holds up a dinosaur toy. The Ankylosaurus.

Isaac takes it.

Looks at it for a second before tossing it back down on the
blanket - uninterested.

 ISAAC
Nah.

 DR. REED
 (surprised)
Oh. Well, alright then.

The two young boys turn, run back to the playground.

Dr. Reed lays down, rests her head on Griffith's lap.

Gently rubbing his wife's wrist, Griffith's surprised to find
she's not wearing the bracelet--

The first time we've ever seen her without it.

 GRIFFITH
What's this?

DR. REED
It's back at the house. In my jewelry
box, where it belongs.

GRIFFITH
Wow.

DR. REED
Sometimes it's just best to move on.

She can't see the deeply happy, relieved expression on
Griffith's face above her.

GRIFFITH
I was doing a little thinking myself.

DR. REED
What about?

GRIFFITH
That paperwork you signed.

Dr. Reed finally looks up at her husband.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)
I'd like to give 'us' another try. That
is, if you'll take me back.

Griffith sees the sparkle in his wife's eye.

DR. REED
Yes, please.

He bends down, the two of them kissing and clearly still very
much in love.

DR. REED (CONT'D)
Wait? Sure you're just not trying to
get out of the apartment lease?

GRIFFITH
Have you seen that bathroom?!

INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. McGivens watches proudly as Rachael - completely
engrossed - explores the wonder that is the iPhone.

Without even looking up--

Rachael signs to her mother who gladly brings her the drink
from the coffee table--

Lovingly kisses her daughter on the head before sitting back
down.

Mr. McGivens walks in, joins his wife on the couch.

CHUCKLES when he sees Rachael on the cell phone.

MR. MCGIVENS
Typical fifteen year-old.

He notices his wife looks puzzled.

MR. MCGIVENS (CONT'D)
What is it?

MRS. MCGIVENS
Nothing.

MR. MCGIVENS
No?

MRS. MCGIVENS
Rach just caught me off guard, that's
all.

She hesitates, then:

MRS. MCGIVENS (CONT'D)
Asking for her drink she said, *Would
you be an angel, do me a favor?*

Preoccupied, Rachael continues to tap on the phone, swipes
the screen.

Then, without any head movement--

Rachael looks up, directly into the camera--

And the exact second we see her eyes we CUT TO BLACK.

THE END