

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?

GRIFFITH  
I was. Peter called in sick.

Dr. Reed looks around, checks out the place seemingly for the first time.

Not bad... DR. REED

GRIFFITH

Well, you haven't seen the bathroom yet.

Both CHUCKLE.

DR. REED  
Where's Isaac?

GRIFFITH  
In the bedroom.

Dr. Reed regards a small, framed family photo of her, Isaac and Griffith there on a shelf.

Emotional, she finally snaps out of it:

Oh, here... DR. REED

She pulls the stack of divorce papers from her purse, sets them down on the table.

GRIFFITH  
That was fast.

DR. REED  
All signed and dated.

GRIFFITH  
You even read em'?

DR. REED  
What's to read, Griffith?

Not angry - *hurt*. Both of them.

DR. REED (CONT'D)  
Anyway...

Dr. Reed quickly wipes away what might be a tear--

Disapprovingly eyes the handgun on Griffith's utility belt.

DR. REED (CONT'D)  
You know I don't like him seeing that.

GRIFFITH  
Oh, trust me. I know.

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'm sorry.

DR. REED  
How?

GRIFFITH  
Margaret didn't leave the prison after she escaped from the chamber last night. She killed... She killed Amy, used her uniform to gain access to Warden Sloan's office.

A beat.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)  
They found Amy's body stuffed in a laundry cart.

DR. REED  
No....

Griffith pulls her in, hugs her.

DR. REED (CONT'D)  
*Please* tell me they caught her, Griffith.

He looks at his wife, then shakes his head.

DR. REED (CONT'D)  
How is that possible?

GRIFFITH  
I don't know. They've turned that place upside down. She's definitely gone.

DR. REED  
And the perimeter? The road blocks?

Clueless himself, Griffith shrugs his shoulders.

GRIFFITH  
Her picture's up on every television station in town. She can't hide forever.

DR. REED  
It's not her hiding that we need to be worried about.  
(suddenly nervous)  
Wait, where's Isaac?

GRIFFITH  
He's fine. I've pulled him from school, just till this thing blows over and she's caught.

DR. REED  
Good. I don't want him out of our sight, Griffith, you hear me?

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.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)  
I lost some good friends today as well,  
but I know where I'm needed right now.

                  DR. REED  
If you knew what Kimberly went through  
as a little girl in the hands of  
that... that vile monster...

She's too emotional to continue.

Staring at Griffith, she makes her decision.

                  DR. REED (CONT'D)  
I'll be back in an hour. I'm sorry.

Dr. Reed grabs her keys, leaves.

#### **INT. VEHICLE - DAY**

Dr. Reed drives up the long, dirt driveway--

Parks next to Kim's old pick-up truck in front of her  
farmhouse.

Turning off the engine, she looks around.

Nothing out of place.

    No one in sight.

    Eerily quiet.

#### **OUTSIDE**

Dr. Reed walks up the front steps, knocks on the door.

Waits for a second, but no one answers.

                  DR. REED  
                  (shouting)  
Kim? It's Tamsin Reed. You home?

She knocks again.

Dead silence.

Dr. Reed studies the old pick-up parked there as she calls  
Kim on her cell phone.

It's eerily quiet-

When Kim's cell phone suddenly RINGS inside the house.

Surprised, Dr. Reed spins around.

Again, Kim's cell phone RINGS just inside the house.

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.

Horrificed, 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

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!

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:

GRIFFITH  
Tamsin?

A tense beat, then relief washes over him.

GRIFFITH (CONT'D)  
Oh, thank God. Where are you?  
(beat)  
What do you mean you can't tell me?

Griffith shoots Agent Cooper a concerned look.

#### **VEHICLE**

Driving, Dr. Reed speaks into her cell phone:

DR. REED  
I just can't, okay.  
(beat)  
I took your duty weapon, I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
Actually, Margaret has it now, but  
listen. I called because...

An emotional beat.

DR. REED (CONT'D)  
You were right. I was focused on all  
the wrong things.

Immediately ending the call, she turns the cell phone off.

With a singular, newfound focus--

She stares out the windshield at the dark highway before her.

#### **DR. REED'S HOUSE**

GRIFFITH  
Tamsin? Tamsin?!

Griffith lowers the cell phone from ear.

The tech agent furiously types away at his laptop, removes his headphones and looks up at Agent Cooper:

TECH AGENT  
We got it.

AGENT COOPER  
Good. Let's go.

The team and Griffith grab their gear, head out.

#### **INT. VEHICLE - EARLY DAWN**

The sun's just beginning to peak over the horizon as Dr. Reed drives slowly up to an old abandoned farm:

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!

GRIFFITH  
Oh, thank God!

Dr. Reed lifts her son from the steel drum, gently removes the duct tape from his mouth.

DR. REED  
Are you okay?

Frightened, Isaac nods his head.

DR. REED (CONT'D)  
Oh, sweetie...

She brings him to her chest, hugs him for all she's worth as Griffith embraces both of them.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY (1 WEEK LATER)**

Dr. Reed rings the doorbell of a nice house in an upscale neighborhood, straightens her clothes and waits.

Mrs. McGivens opens the door--

As her and Dr. Reed embrace in a warm hug right there in the doorway.

MRS. MCGIVENS  
It's so good to see you.

DR. REED  
Thanks for having me.

MRS. MCGIVENS  
Come in, please.

Dr. Reed steps...

## INSIDE

Stands politely in the front room, Mrs. McGivens shutting the door.

MRS. MCGIVENS  
Rach said she'd be down in just a  
second.

DR. REED  
How's she doing?

MRS. MCGIVENS  
Surprisingly well considering  
everything she's been through.

A beat.

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**