

EARWORM

Written by

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INT. PITTSBURGH - BLUE LINE SUBWAY - NIGHT

Heaters HISS under the feet of daily commuters.

Someone COUGHS into their scarf.

Another shuffles the Times to the next article, side-eyeing a MAN down the row, who's feverishly talking to himself...

MAN
(whispering)
Shut up! Shut up.

Black trench, dress shirt, brogue shoes. If it wasn't for his one-sided conversation, he'd blend right in.

MAN (CONT'D)
I'm going as fast as I can.

Other passengers move farther away from him, he notices.

MAN (CONT'D)
It better work.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The man's flashlight combs through file cabinets.

MAN
It's not here.

He listens for an answer.

MAN (CONT'D)
I've looked through all of them!!

Listens, turns to a cabinet in the corner.

MAN (CONT'D)
I see it.

He grabs a crowbar and wedges the locked drawer open. Looks through the contents... Plucks out a folder.

MAN (CONT'D)
Got it. Where do I go now?

INT. RED LINE SUBWAY - CONT.

A quick ride. He grips the straps to his backpack.

EXT. LIBERTY BRIDGE - NIGHT

He hustles to the middle of the bridge. Looks around.

MAN
I'm here! Tell me!!

Listens...

Takes the folder out of his bag, then a lighter. He holds it over the ledge and starts the folder on fire.

Other pedestrians notice, some walk away, a few raise their phones to their ears.

Once the flame has taken most of the papers, he lets it drop 130 feet to the water...

MAN (CONT'D)
It's done. Now hold up your end of
the bargain.
(beat)
No. NO! No more!

He wipes the tears from his eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)
Please. Just tell me how to make it
stop...

Listens...

His face drops.

MAN (CONT'D)
Promise me.
(beat)
Okay.

He reaches into his bag, pulls out a coil of rope. He ties one end to the railing. Ties another knot.

COP (O.S.)
Hey! Sir, what's going on?

Two cops on bicycles pull up.

MAN
(seeing them)
Shit. Look what you've done!

A crowd starts to form...

The man looks over the ledge.

COP
Easy now. Why don't you come stand
over here?

The man hops up on the railing. The onlookers GASP.

But all is well, he's still holding onto the rope attached to
the railing.

COP (CONT'D)
HEY! Come down!! We can help you.

Urine runs down his pant leg, drips off the railing.

Takes a deep breath.

MAN
You can't help me now.

He slips the rope over his head, he didn't tie a knot...

He tied a noose.

Someone SCREAMS as he falls backward into the darkness.

We PUSH toward the trailing slack in the rope over the edge
and follow the man's free fall.

The rope is pulled TAUT, on the CRUNCH, we

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREETS - PSYCHIC STOREFRONT - NIGHT

A car splashes by.

Rain.

Cold, bleak rain.

A neon sign HUMS in the window of a small, grey building. It
reads "PSYCHIC".

INT. PSYCHIC STORE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

No frills here. No incense, no three-eyed elephants. This
place could almost pass as a doctor's clinic.

The front door opens and a large woman enters. From the back,
a VOICE calls out.

KIMBALL (O.S.)

Hi, Ola!

OLA beams at the sound of her name being called out.

OLA

You always know it's me!

KIMBALL (30's) walks out, hair cut to her shoulders, a comfortable yet modern sweater on. She gives Ola a hug.

OLA (CONT'D)

You are talented, aren't you.

KIMBALL

Thank you. But also...

She points to the security camera in the corner.

OLA

(laughs)

I still think you're talented.

KIMBALL

You're sweet. Come on back.

INT. PSYCHIC STORE - READING ROOM - CONT.

Kimball leads Ola to a sitting area with a small circular table surrounded by floor pillows.

Ola points to an iPad.

OLA

May I? I've been debating what to play all week.

Ola scrolls through Spotify, finally selecting a track.

Etta James' "At Last" starts to play. Ola looks satisfied.

KIMBALL

Not that one. Sorry.

Kimball reaches across and stops it.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

You can pick any song... just not that one.

Ola eyes her as she looks for another song.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Anything else that will help open
your mind. Something that will drop
your walls.

Ola scrolls. Taps. Tap-tap.

John Legend's "Stay With You" plays from the speakers.

Kimball smirks, *too obvious.*

She motions for Ola's hands, they go palm to palm.

The music fills the room with sultry tones.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
When were you going to tell me,
Ola?

OLA
Tell you what?

Ola giggles, *she's not a good liar.*

Kimball closes her eyes again. Grips Ola's hands.

KIMBALL
Your chakra is firing like a
burning furnace. I can feel your
heart filling up...
(opens her eyes)
Where did you meet him?

OLA
At work. He's a client.

KIMBALL
Don't lie to me.

OLA
Tinder.

Kimball nods. Takes a deep breath.

KIMBALL
He's kind. Mature. But what is this
that I'm sensing...

Ola leans in, *what could it be?*

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Complications.

OLA
What complications?

KIMBALL
From the past. Do you know what I'm
speaking of?

OLA
(sighs)
Yes. I think I do.

KIMBALL
Say it out loud.

OLA
He's got kids.

KIMBALL
Ola, listen carefully because what
I'm about to say to you is very
important. And I feel that more
than one spirit here that wants to
convey this to you.

Ola looks around at the room, bewildered, excited...

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Care for those who need you and
love unconditionally. With the
proper care and guidance, I feel
this could turn into love for you.
A love that will last.

Ola wipes a tear from her eyes. Squeezes Kimball's hands.

OLA
Thank you.

Ola gets out some cash and puts it on the table.

OLA (CONT'D)
So, I should say yes?

KIMBALL
To what?

OLA
His proposal.

Hold up.

KIMBALL
He proposed? Already?

OLA

It's great timing too. I can retire
with full pension in 6 months.
We're going on an extended
honeymoon in 9 different countries--

Kimball quickly grabs Ola's hands again.

KIMBALL

Ola, this is what the Universe
desires for you. Tell him you won't
consider marriage for two years--

OLA

Two years...?

KIMBALL

And make sure your retirement is in
the pre-nup.

OLA

You sense that for me?

KIMBALL

I do.

Ola's a little confused, but she nods anyway.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

I'm very excited for you, Ola. This
is the start of something
wonderful. I can feel that. And I
think you can too.

OLA

I can. Thank you, Kimball.

INT. PSYCHIC STORE - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Kimball sits at the reception desk, scrolls through Facebook
on her phone, she stops and clicks a video from JUST NOW.

A COURTRoom shows the trial of a man in an orange jumpsuit
and handcuffs. We'll come to know him as LENNY HAYES.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Months ago, after the defense
council moved to plead insanity for
Leonard Hayes... Lenny, spoke the
magic words...

Lenny leans into the mic. Smiles, savoring his words...

LENNY
Guilty.

The courtroom erupts.

REPORTER (O.S.)
The decision to serve the death
penalty is now with the Governor,
who seeks a consensus in
psychiatric evaluations whether
Lenny Hayes was sane during his
gruesome murders...

Kimball shakes her head.

KIMBALL
That's bullshit.

The reporter wraps things up as footage of Lenny loops.

REPORTER (O.S.)
...and unless all of the doctors
agree on insanity, we could see the
first sanctioned execution in
Pennsylvania in over a decade...

GRAINY VIDEO of Lenny sitting in the courtroom, smiling.
Whispering to himself.

Nodding.

Chuckling...

RING!

Kimball jumps as the door opens.

A man in a suit cautiously steps in. Loose tie, friendly
smile. This is JUDD RYAN (40).

JUDD
Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.
Do you take walk ins?

KIMBALL
Of course. Come on in.

Judd notices the video looping on her phone. She locks the
screen and gestures to the back room.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Right this way.

INT. PSYCHIC STORE - READING ROOM - CONT.

Judd sits down at the table. Kimball hands him the tablet.

KIMBALL

Go ahead and pick a song, something
that speaks to you and what your
soul calls out to right now.

He looks through the list of song. Taps.

A 70's disco ballad plays. Judd sets it down, satisfied.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

Right... Okay.

She reaches for his hands. Looks him in the eyes.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

You've had a hell of a week.

JUDD

Yeah. I guess you could say that.

KIMBALL

I'm sensing... something in your
personal life.

Judd reluctantly nods along.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

No, something in your work life
that's affecting your personal
life. Want to tell me what it is?

JUDD

Why don't you tell me, just go
ahead and do your thing.

KIMBALL

I'm not a fortune teller. I'm a
psychic. Think of this like a
spiritual conversation.

JUDD

Alright. Yeah, there's a new person
that's making things...
complicated. At work.

She waits for more.

JUDD (CONT'D)

...well you see, she's married too.
Just makes me wonder if I've made a
mistake but the uh... 'chemistry'.
It's amazing. You know?

KIMBALL

Right. The 'chemistry'.

JUDD

Being with my wife for so long has
made me wonder if this is what's
supposed to happen, or if I'm just
acting out. Desperate for a change.

Kimball retracts her hands, crosses her arms.

KIMBALL

Are you done?

JUDD

With what?

KIMBALL

With this whole thing.

JUDD

Have I done something wrong?

KIMBALL

Look. I take my job seriously,
whether you put any stock into it
or not. So don't come in here with
your bullshit and bait me into
whatever game you're trying to
play.

Judd sits back, adequately chastised. Sets his jaw.

JUDD

Pretty ironic coming from you.

KIMBALL

Excuse me?

JUDD

This isn't a psychic reading.

He turns off the music.

JUDD (CONT'D)

You're just reading body language.
And using the music to intuit what
kind of fortune I want.

KIMBALL
I told you it's not fortune--

JUDD
You want me to stop the bullshit?
Let's stop the bullshit then.

He reaches into his jacket pocket. Pulls out a stack of twenty dollar bills and lays it on the table.

JUDD (CONT'D)
You tell me as many things about me as you can. And for every one you get right, you get a twenty.

He pulls a bill off and puts it to the side.

There's at least \$200 there...

JUDD (CONT'D)
Three strikes and I walk out free of charge. Deal?

Kimball eyes him. He returns her gaze.

KIMBALL
Deal.
(then)
You're from the East coast.

JUDD
You can hear that in my accent, that really shouldn't count.

But he moves a twenty over anyway.

KIMBALL
This is first time you've worn a suit this week.

JUDD
Strike one.

She thinks.

KIMBALL
You've never been to a psychic before today.

JUDD
Strike two.

Dammit.

She closes her eyes.

Takes a deep breath...

KIMBALL
You have a sibling. A sister.

Judd opens his mouth to speak--

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Had... You had a sister.

She waits.

He moves a twenty over.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
She inspired you to take the job
that you have now.

Another twenty.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
The person complicating your work
is someone that knew your sister.

Another.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
But you don't work with that
person... They are the job.

Another.

Getting faster.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
And that's the reason you're here.

Another.

Faster.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
You're an attorney for the State.

Another.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
You're prosecuting her killer...

Another.

Kimball opens her eyes.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
...who's name is Lenny Hayes.

Silence.

She waits.

Slowly, he picks up the last twenty...

Moves it over.

He slides over the stack.

JUDD
I believe this is yours.

INT. PSYCHIC STORE - RECEPTION - MINUTES LATER

Judd puts his jacket back on as he walks to the door.

JUDD
So... How much of this is real?

He waves his finger around.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Be honest.

KIMBALL
None of it.

JUDD
So you getting right answers back
to back was...

KIMBALL
Luck.

Judd considers this.

JUDD
It's definitely not your doctorate
in counseling psychology? Or your
minor in music therapy?

He smiles as his info drop seems to have hit a nerve.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Tell me, Kimball Cavannagh, age 34.
Why does a remedial psychologist
work at a psychic store?

KIMBALL

It's not any of your business.

JUDD

Just a question.

After a second,

KIMBALL

The people that come to psychics
are the same people that need
therapists, only they can't afford
it.

JUDD

And you think you're helping them
here? Really? I've seen your
customers, Kimball. Horny
housewives and people who pray to
rocks. Come on.

KIMBALL

So you're saying if they don't look
or act like what you deem as
"normal" they don't get help? What,
they don't deserve help? Or even
just someone who will listen to
them? Who are you to decide that?

There's passion here. Something burns under the surface.

JUDD

You want to make a difference?
Really, truly, help people?

When she doesn't answer, Judd steps closer to the reception
desk, leans on it.

JUDD (CONT'D)

I'm recruiting for someone with
your skillset, nothing permanent.
Just a little contract work for the
State Attorney.

KIMBALL

Like, forensic psychiatry?

JUDD

Forensic psychiatry... adjacent.
Anyway, it pays well--

KIMBALL

I don't need money.

JUDD

Then what do you want? A job in politics? A cushy position at the state hospital--

KIMBALL

Listen. I've got somewhere I need to be, so.

JUDD

Well. In case you change your mind...

He removes his hand from the desk, leaves the card there.

After he exits, Kimball picks it up. Blank, except for:

Eastern State Mental Institute

606 Fairmount Ave, Pittsburgh, PA

EXT. NELLIES HOUSE - NIGHT

Kimball waits at the door. The porch light comes on.

An older woman, NELLIE, hesitantly opens the door, then opens it all the way when she sees Kimball.

NELLIE

You missed your appointment.

KIMBALL

I know. I'm sorry, I got caught up.
Can I see her?

NELLIE

She's sleeping now.

KIMBALL

I just want to see her. I won't
wake her. I promise.

NELLIE

Okay, but I can't mark you present.

Nellie relents. Let's her inside.

NELLIE (CONT'D)

Don't drag mud in or I'm going to
make you mop it up.

Kimball laughs and gives her a hug.

INT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - RILEY'S ROOM - CONT.

RILEY (3), like sleeping angel is wrapped up in her blanket.

Kimball and Nellie watch her from the doorway.

NELLIE

She's looking more and more like
her momma every day.

Kimball smiles at this. Leaves Nellie to gently creep in.

She gives Riley a kiss on the cheek, covers her a bit more
with the blanket.

Just as Kimball is about to close the door, we get a glimpse
at a photo on the nightstand: *Kimball cradling an infant.*

INT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nellie and Kimball sit at her table, each with a cup of tea.

NELLIE

What about guardianship? Sometimes
it's an easier ask.

KIMBALL

They won't consider it, not with my
history. Turns out a foster kid
adopting a foster kid isn't so
easy.

NELLIE

Even with your family--

KIMBALL

Nell, believe me. I've been through
it.

NELLIE

Well, don't give up. She asks about
you every day.

KIMBALL

I wish she wouldn't.

NELLIE

She loves you. That's what kids do.

FOSTER CHILD (O.S.)

Aunt Nellie?

Just then, a FOSTER CHILD walks into Nellie's arms.

NELLIE
Harry, what are you doing out of
bed?

Nellie picks him up, even with her old age, she's got strength.

NELLIE (CONT'D)
(to Kimball)
Can you let yourself out?

KIMBALL
Of course.

NELLIE
And I'll mark you present for
today. Just don't tell anyone.

KIMBALL
Thank you, Nellie.

She smiles and carries the child out.

INT. KIMBALL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kimball turns the faucet for more hot water before reaching out of the tub for the wine bottle on the floor.

Her phone plays the song we heard earlier, "At Last".

She pours the rest in her glass -- there wasn't much left. She downs the glass.

She reaches over and looks at the business card Judd left. It's sopping wet now.

She wipes a tear from her red face, flush from the heat or the alcohol. Tosses the card away.

Takes a shaky breath.

Submerges herself under the water until the music softly MUFFLES out.

INT./EXT. KIMBALL'S CAR - MORNING

The GPS blinks, "You have arrived".

Kimball looks out her window at the barbed wire fences of Eastern State Mental Institute.

You can see it in her face: *This was a bad idea.*

INT. CLEARANCE ROOM - DAY

Kimball sits alone in a room with four chairs. Judd walks in with a security officer.

JUDD

You came.

KIMBALL

I figured an interview couldn't hurt.

Kimball stands, Judd notices her outfit for the first time - a v-neck blouse, tailored dress skirt.

JUDD

You don't have another change of clothes by chance, do you?

KIMBALL

No... Why?

JUDD

It's fine. Just... stay close.

INT. COMMON FLOOR - CONT.

The common area is full of people -- patients in baby blue jumpsuits and workers in white scrubs.

In one corner, a woman pounds a wall with her fists while a nurse tries to calm her down.

Another table hosts a mock-tea ceremony, the attendants are all shirtless.

A SQUIRRELLY MAN comes stomping towards them, flapping his arms with his hands in his pits.

SQUIRRELLY MAN

QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK QUACK!!

He takes one large side-step to Kimball and lifts up her skirt revealing her underwear.

KIMBALL

HEY!

A nurse runs over to scold him as he scuttles away.

JUDD

You okay? Did he touch you?

Kimball watches him stomp across the room.

KIMBALL
I recognize him. From the news.

JUDD
Yeah, Kevin Atwater.

KIMBALL
What's wrong with him?

JUDD
What do you mean? He's obviously a
duck.

KIMBALL
No, what is he doing here?
Shouldn't he be locked up?

JUDD
This is a facility for the sick.
Not a prison.

KIMBALL
But he shot up a diner... He killed
dozens of people!

JUDD
Kimball, everyone here has killed
someone.

She looks around with fresh eyes. Women and men, all in
varying stages of sanity.

JUDD (CONT'D)
That's right. This room is full of
rapists, molesters, and murderers.

KIMBALL
Then why are they here?

JUDD
Because guilty or not, they were
declared insane.

KIMBALL
That doesn't seem right.

JUDD
No? So what if they don't look like
what you deem as "sick". Who are
you to decide if they deserve help
or not? Do you get to decide that?

He's got her, she knows it.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Should they be in prison? Most of them, probably. But that's not how the system works. This is what we're fighting against, Kimball. This is why we're here.

(then)
Come on. Let's keep moving.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONT.

Judd and Kimball follow behind the security guard, OMAR.

KIMBALL
Where are we going?

JUDD
Separate wing. That's where the work is taking place.

KIMBALL
Which is what exactly?

JUDD
Research. We're using new tech that allows us to study someone's psychology, specifically their memories.

KIMBALL
And why do that here?

JUDD
For the obvious reasons. Prevention of future crimes, corroborate past ones, and in some cases even assisting a conviction.

KIMBALL
How big is the team?

JUDD
It was just me and one other, you'll meet him in a bit. There was one more, but unfortunately he passed away a couple weeks ago.

KIMBALL
I'm sorry.

JUDD

He was a good man. But the work has to continue.

INT. INTAKE ROOM - CONT.

ANTHONY (40s) stands when Kimball and Judd enter. He wipes his hand on his pants and offers it to Kimball.

ANTHONY

Sorry if it's clammy.

JUDD

Anthony is our resident neurologist. He legitimizes our operation here.

KIMBALL

Penn State?

ANTHONY

Yale, you?

KIMBALL

Penn State.

ANTHONY

Penn's a good school.

KIMBALL

It's no Yale.

Anthony bashfully smiles, shrugs.

JUDD

Let's get started, shall we?

Judd motions for her to sit at the table, where a device has been set up. It looks like a modern day polygraph.

KIMBALL

Didn't realize this interview would be through a polygraph.

JUDD

This isn't really a job interview, but probably the closest thing to it that we'll have.

ANTHONY

And this isn't a polygraph.

Anthony hands her a headset, it's plugged into the machine.

KIMBALL
Then what is it?

Anthony looks to Judd to answer, who shrugs it off.

JUDD
All you need to know is that when we start this, one of two things are going to happen. Either you're going to see some images in your mind... or you won't. You just have to tell us if you do. Simple.

KIMBALL
So it's a test?

JUDD
(thinks)
Sure.

As Kimball puts the headset on, she notices another identical cord is plugged in to the machine, but it runs out of the room under the door...

JUDD (CONT'D)
All good?

KIMBALL
Yeah.

Anthony starts to turn it on. Kimball looks to Anthony.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
It's not going to hurt, is it?

ANTHONY
It shouldn't.

Anthony turns a nob. The machine WHIRS as it gears up.

A dial needle goes up, Anthony notes it, looks over at Judd and nods.

JUDD
Alright. Here we go.

Another switch, the dial turns.

ANTHONY
And three...

A high pitch frequency SOUNDS, getting louder and louder...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Two...

Kimball grips her chair.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
One.

He lowers a lever, and with a THUNK, we

CUT TO BLACK.

After a few seconds, we

SMASH CUT TO:

- Traffic sounds, tires screech.
- We RUSH through the city in HYPERSPEED.
- Snippets of conversations blaze past us and we settle on

EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT

POV FROM AFAR: a YOUNG WOMAN locks her door, she repositions her camel-skin peacoat to ward off the cold winter air.

She walks down the sidewalk, messages on her phone. Still hasn't noticed we're following right behind her.

We look down at our hands. Old work gloves, stained with splotches of dark muddy brown.

We take out a carving knife.

The woman still hasn't seen us.

We pick up the pace.

We need to time it right when she's going past that staircase leading to the basement apartment...

Almost there.

We hear our voice shout out to her.

MAN (REVERB)
Miss?

She turns, only sees our knife for a split second before it enters her belly.

She's at the bottom of the stairwell now. Blood pooling under her exposed, bare torso.

We hurry and slip our gloves off.

We need bare hands for this. Spit.

We grunt. Moan in pleasure...

A shuffling of clothes as we stand above her.

KIMBALL (REVERB)
No... NO. NO!! STOP!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - CONT.

Kimball is having a complete panic attack.

Anthony quickly comes over, takes off the headset.

She's freaking out.

KIMBALL
What the hell just happened??

JUDD
You saw something... Didn't you?

She doesn't need to answer. Judd slams his fist on the table.

JUDD (CONT'D)
YES. I knew it!!

KIMBALL
What did you just do to me??

No one says anything.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Someone answer me!!!

She looks at Anthony. He gives in.

ANTHONY
IF and WHEN the machine works, it
allows the someone to see into
another person's memories.

KIMBALL
Another person? Who?

ANTHONY
Whoever is hooked up to the other
end--

JUDD
(scolding)
Anthony.

Kimball looks at the cords running under the door.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Now, sit back and we'll try it
again...

Kimball jumps up, swipes Judd's key card from his belt and runs to the door.

JUDD (CONT'D)
HEY!

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - CONT.

Kimball follows the cords on the ground, they lead down the hall to a door to a separate wing.

JUDD
Kimball, stop!!

She starts to fast walk, trailing the cords...

JUDD (CONT'D)
You can't go down there!

She runs.

Follows the cords until they disappear under a door that reads "Secure Treatment Wing".

She looks through the small window in the door just as Omar is walking someone back to a cell...

The man briefly turns to flash a brilliant smile. We recognize him from the news report yesterday:

Lenny Hayes.

Judd has caught up, he pulls her away from the door.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Goddamn it. What are you doing??

KIMBALL

Why didn't you tell me I'd be going
into Lenny Hayes memories??

JUDD

You wouldn't have come if I had.

He's right.

JUDD (CONT'D)

But now we know, you can do this.
With the machine you can see into
his memories.

KIMBALL

See into his memories? *HIS*
memories? Why would anyone want to
do that??

JUDD

Because we need to know if he
killed those women or not.

KIMBALL

He's already plead guilty!

JUDD

It. Doesn't. Matter. Even if he's
declared insane, a guilty plea
won't do much.

KIMBALL

I'll go under oath, he's insane.
There.

JUDD

If you do that then he ends up
right out there playing Duck, Duck
Goose with Kevin Atwater. You want
that to happen? You know how many
of those people end up back out in
the streets? 51%. *More than half.*
And the average time a patient is
here? *8 years.* 8 years and Lenny
Hayes is out there killing more
women. Is that what you want??

KIMBALL

I think I'm going to throw up.

Kimball paces. Runs her hands through her hair.

JUDD

Kimball. The machine worked for you. You're in the unique position where you can not only testify to his sanity but you can also help us figure out how he's doing it.

KIMBALL

What do you mean *doing* it?

JUDD

All of his murders the last decade happened while he was in a holding cell in county for petty crimes. Grand theft auto, armed robbery, the list goes on. Pittsburgh Jail is his alibi.

KIMBALL

That's impossible.

JUDD

And now there's been 3 murders in the last two weeks alone. All of the bodies have the *exact same* identifiers that Lenny Hayes is locked in that cell for right now. So if he's not our guy, I have to know.

KIMBALL

Then go in there and put that thing on yourself and take a look!

JUDD

I can't. It doesn't work for me, it doesn't work for Anthony. But it works for you. Please.

Kimball crosses her arms. Uncrosses them. Like she can't find a comfortable way to stand.

KIMBALL

He did it. That's what I saw.

JUDD

Okay. What exactly did you see?

KIMBALL

A woman, mid 30's. He dragged her down some stairs. And... he was jacking off on top of her.

He's silent.

JUDD
What was she wearing?

KIMBALL
A peacoat.

JUDD
Camel skin.

It clicks.

KIMBALL
You knew her.

JUDD
Yes.

KIMBALL
Your sister.

The gravity of this hits.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

JUDD
Well. Now you know. And now we know
the machine works for you. If we
can get enough information we can--

KIMBALL
No. I'm sorry. But I'm not going
back in there.

JUDD
Kimball, women will continue to die
unless we help them!

Anthony walks up from behind them.

KIMBALL
I'm sorry. But I can't.

She walks away. Anthony waits for Judd to give him the 'go
ahead'. Judd nods, Anthony follows her out.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONT.

Anthony and Kimball get in, Anthony BEEPS his security card
and pushes the button for the ground floor.

They stand in silence.

BUZZZZZ.

Kimball jumps, Anthony pulls out his phone.

ANTHONY

Sorry...

He answers it.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Laura?

PHONE (O.S.)

Daddy?

ANTHONY

Megan, hi sweetie. Can I call you back?

PHONE (O.S.)

I made something for you!

ANTHONY

That's great, honey. I'll be home soon and I'm going to come see it, okay? Okay. Bye. Love you.

He hangs it up.

The door opens, Anthony holds it for Kimball to step out.

KIMBALL

Doing a job like this, with a killer like Lenny Hayes... Don't you think about your family?

He looks at her straight in the eyes.

ANTHONY

Yeah. I do. Every day.

(beat)

Thanks for coming in, Kimball.

The elevator doors close.

INT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kimball walks in and closes the door. A social worker, SARAH CARVER stands from a chair and shakes Kimball's hand.

SARAH

Nice to see you again, Ms. Cavannagh.

KIMBALL

You too, I didn't realize this was
going to be a supervised visit.

SARAH

That's the point. Also, I've been
looking through your attendance--

RILEY (O.S.)

Mommy!!

Riley runs from around the corner and hugs Kimball. Sarah
waits for Kimball's response. Kimball bends down to Riley.

KIMBALL

Hey cutie bug, whatcha doing?

RILEY

Coloring.

KIMBALL

That's good. I want to see what
you're coloring... But ummm...

Kimball looks up at Sarah, who's still watching...

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

Listen, remember how I told you
that you can't call me mommy?

Riley thinks about this.

RILEY

No.

Kids...

KIMBALL

Well, I did. So you gotta try
harder to call me by my name, okay?

Riley nods.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

You remember what that is?

Riley shakes her head.

Sarah jots down a note. *This is not going well...*

NELLIE (O.S.)

Dinner, everyone!

Nellie walks in from the kitchen. Sees Kimball.

NELLIE (CONT'D)
Kimball, have you had supper?

KIMBALL
Not yet.

NELLIE
Come grab a plate then.

Kimball ushers Riley forward.

Sarah waits for Nellie to invite her as well.

NELLIE (CONT'D)
Ms. Carver. I've prepared a chair
for you to observe from.

Nellie turns on a heel back into the kitchen. Sarah forces a smile and gestures for Kimball to go first.

SARAH
After you.

EXT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Sarah walks from the porch, Kimball comes out as well.

KIMBALL
Ms. Carver?

Sarah turns, but doesn't slow down.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
I just wanted to say thank you, for coming by and I appreciate all that you're doing.

SARAH
It's my job. Happy to do it.

KIMBALL
I was also wondering if you had any updates on where things are in the adoption process.

SARAH
Unfortunately, I don't.

KIMBALL
It's just, it's been 3 years.

Sarah finally stops walking.

SARAH

And?

KIMBALL

And I was just hoping to have her by her birthday--

SARAH

Ms. Cavannagh. It's my job to make sure every child is placed in the right home, a good home. Surely, you out of all people know the value of that.

KIMBALL

I do, which is--

SARAH

Which is why I'm not rushing to take Riley from Nellie regardless of your connection with her.

Supremely chastised, Kimball just nods in agreement.

SARAH (CONT'D)

If you're so desperate to adopt a child, there are other options.

KIMBALL

There are no other options for me.

SARAH

Then I recommend you be patient.

Sarah leaves Kimball at the sidewalk.

INT. CLEARANCE ROOM - MORNING

Kimball stands as soon as Judd opens the door.

JUDD

You changed your mind?

KIMBALL

No. But I figured out what I want in return.

Kimball takes a deep breath, looks at her hands.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

I'm in the process of adopting a 3 year old girl, fulfilling a promise to... well, to fulfill a promise.

(MORE)

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

But there are things in my past
that have prevented me from doing
that and could potentially
disqualify me from ever doing that.
So, if there's anyway--

JUDD

Done.

She looks up.

JUDD (CONT'D)

Once we accomplish what we've set
out to do, the Attorney General
should have no qualms about pushing
that through.

KIMBALL

Okay... Thank you.

JUDD

Thank me after. Let's get to work.

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - CONT.

Omar leads them to the Secure Treatment Wing door and opens it. Dozens of high security, barred cells on both sides.

It's a long, long hallway...

KIMBALL

I thought you said they don't lock
people up here...

JUDD

Obviously, some patients are a
little more... high risk.

On the far end, a table has been set up for them.

JUDD (CONT'D)

Relax. We won't be in the same room
as him. He'll remain in his cell.

She still doesn't move.

KIMBALL

And what happens if you turn it on
and it doesn't work this time?

JUDD
We start looking for someone else.
And you go back to reading tarot
cards.

She flips him off.

Along the wall, *cockroaches* scuttle out of sight.

Kimball and Judd are halfway to the other end when they start to hear something.

Someone's whistling a song...

Omar raps on Lenny's cell.

GUARD
Hands out, Lenny. You know the drill.

Two hands appear, Omar cuffs them to the bars.

Kimball and Judd step around to face him, and here we get our first good look at Lenny Hayes in the flesh.

Deep socketed eyes. Buzzed hair. His frame suggests an athletic build but clearly his diet hasn't supported it for years.

He licks his lips as Kimball comes into view.

LENNY
Time for my last meal already?

If Kimball is unnerved, she doesn't show it.

Anthony comes jogging down the hall with the machine cradled in his arms, he sets the machine down on the table.

ANTHONY
Sorry I'm late.

LENNY
God, what is that smell?

Lenny pretends like he's seeing Anthony for the first time.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Ah. Leave it to the spics to stink of mildew in the dead of winter.

Anthony flushes red. Kimball sniffs.

KIMBALL
I smell it too.

She takes a step closer to Lenny and takes a whiff.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
But it smells like... loneliness
and dried semen to me.

Anthony cracks a smile. But Lenny grins ear to ear.

LENNY
Oh, you know as well as I do that I
only do that on special occasions.

KIMBALL
Is that a confession?

He licks his palms and holds them up in surrender.

LENNY
Guilty.

JUDD
Enough. Let's get started.

Judd moves a seat out for her.

LENNY
So Jed, what's on the docket for
today?

JUDD
That's not my name.

LENNY
I know, but I like "Jed" better.
Reminds me of a girl I once fucked.

Lenny catches Judd's eye, pleased with how tense Judd
suddenly is.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Kind of looked like you too.

Judd's jaw tightens, he walks to Lenny who smooches his lips.

JUDD
(to Omar)
Strap him in.

LENNY
Mmmmm.

Omar enters Lenny's cell, brings in a similar chair to the one Kimball sits in. Handcuffs dangle from each arm.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Oh, daddy...

He winks at Kimball. She looks away.

Omar exits the cell. He uncuffs Lenny from the bars.

OMAR
In the chair.

Lenny slumps into the chair. Cuffs himself.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Tighter.

Caught -- Lenny grins. CLICK-CLICK. They're tight now.

A cockroach scurries over to where Lenny sits, he STOMPS it. Smears it across the concrete floor.

Anthony finishes setting up the machine. He plugs two identical headbands in. Leaves one on the table next to Kimball, feeds the other through the bars.

OMAR (CONT'D)
He's good.

Anthony goes in, he's shaking as he puts the headband on Lenny's head. Lenny's very calm...

Suddenly, Lenny BARKS and BITES at Anthony who jumps out of his skin.

Lenny ROARS with laughter.

LENNY
Oh, grow a pair. Jesus.

Anthony finishes and hurries out. Goes to Kimball next.

He lines the headset up so two nodes are directly over her temples. He then reaches for some arm straps.

ANTHONY
I'm going to strap your wrists down, just a precaution in case you... well, just in case.

Her leg is shaking like crazy.

KIMBALL
It's probably too late to go to the
bathroom, right?

Meanwhile, Lenny is all set up directly across from her -- cool as a cucumber. Whistling the same song again.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
You a fan of "It's a Wonderful Life"?

LENNY
What?

KIMBALL
"Buffalo Gals", the song you're
whistling. It's from the movie
"It's a Wonderful Life".

LENNY
Never seen it.

Omar exits the cell, closing the door with a SLAM.

Anthony flicks a couple of switches. Watches the dial go up.

ANTHONY
NMDA level's at 540. We're good.

JUDD
Kimball, you ready?

She nods, or at least tries to.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Kimball?

KIMBALL
I- I'm ready.

Anthony turns a nob. The machine WHIRS as it gears up.

ANTHONY
Alright. Here we go. And three...

Another switch. A high pitch frequency SOUNDS, getting louder and louder...

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Two...

Lenny smiles at her from across the bars.

Kimball's hyperventilating.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
One.

He lowers a lever, and with a THUNK, we

CUT TO BLACK.

After a moment of complete silence, we hear a
Ding!

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. A young BRUNETTE smiles and steps in. We hear our voice:

LENNY
What floor?

BRUNETTE
Three. Thanks.

We shuffle the box in our hands to reach over and push the button. No others are lit.

It's silent as we admire her heels. Tight jeans...

The elevator door opens.

LENNY
After you.

She goes right. We follow.

She stops at a door, fumbles with her keys. *Is she stalling?*

We check the slip on our box.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Apartment 304... Let's see...

We move past her.

Her door unlocks. She steps in.

Immediately we've turned around.

Lunging for the shutting door...

Just as it's about to close, *success*. Our knife blocks it from closing.

We GRUNT as we put our shoulder into the door.

It flies open, the brunette falls backwards from the force.

She SHRIEKS.

No matter... She'll be quiet soon.

We chase the screaming brunette around her apartment.

One slash on her outstretched hand.

The brunette shuts the door to her bedroom.

We try the handle. Locked.

We kick it.

Again.

Finally, one more kick and it opens.

Our shadow casts into the room between two twin beds.

Totally different from the one the brunette just went into.

We're now in:

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

A makeshift tent is set up in between a couple of twin beds. The GLOW from a nightlight casts the shadow of two GIRLS.

They whisper and GIGGLE together under the bedsheet canopy.

A door SLAMS in the distance.

KIMBALL (AGE 9)
(whispers)
Dad's home!

They both scramble out of the tent and get into bed.

CARTER (AGE 9)
The light!

CARTER gets out, flicks off the light just as the door opens.

Kimball and Carter's father SAM stands in the doorway, his silhouette separating the two seemingly slumbering girls...

SAM
Girls?

No one moves.

He walks over to Kimball. He leans over, her eyes are shut. But the moment he goes to Carter, Kimball's eyes shoot open.

SAM (CONT'D)
Carter?

Kimball's frozen as she waits for him to leave.

It's quiet.

She finally looks over at Carter's bed.

It's empty.

KIMBALL (AGE 9)
Carter...? Carter??

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - CONT.

Kimball's back. Drenched in sweat.

JUDD
Kimball?

KIMBALL
I'm fine.

Judd helps Anthony take the straps off.

She's shaking. She steadies her hands before anyone sees it.

Except for Lenny.

INT. JUDD'S OFFICE - DAY

A voice recorder is on the desk. Anthony sits in a corner chair and Judd paces in front of Kimball, who holds a cup of coffee in her hands.

JUDD
Go through it again.

KIMBALL
Brunette. Early, maybe mid 20's.
She lived in an apartment building
on the third floor--

JUDD

What about the box Lenny was
carrying?

KIMBALL

I don't know. It was just a regular
cardboard box.

JUDD

Any labels? Decals?

KIMBALL

I don't think so.

JUDD

Well, what was he wearing? Any sort
of uniform?

KIMBALL

I don't remember.

JUDD

Then how do you know it was him?

KIMBALL

His voice was the same when he
asked her what floor on the
elevator.

JUDD

His voice was the same.

Judd rubs his forehead.

JUDD (CONT'D)

You got to do better than this.

KIMBALL

I'm sorry.

JUDD

Without specifics all of this is
worthless.

KIMBALL

I'll do better next time.

Anthony looks through his data sheets.

ANTHONY

What about after he followed her
inside her apartment?

KIMBALL

What do you mean?

ANTHONY

The NMDA levels spiked near the end, like he tapped into a deeper memory.

Judd waits for her reply. She scrambles for an answer.

KIMBALL

No. Nothing. That's where it ended.

Anthony looks though his data again.

ANTHONY

Really? That's strange...

Judd looks at his watch.

JUDD

I have an appointment to update the Governor. Which seems like a waste of time today, if I'm honest...

He grabs his coat and hurriedly throws it on.

JUDD (CONT'D)

I'll talk to you guys tomorrow.

He leaves. After a moment of silence,

KIMBALL

What's NMDA mean?

ANTHONY

The machine records synaptic connections during memory retrieval, specifically in the N-menthyl D-aspartate or "NMDA" receptors. An open receptor appears as a 0 and a closed one as a 1, then it gives us a numeric score where the higher number equal the more closed receptors.

KIMBALL

Right...

ANTHONY

Think of it like a flood gate. The more receptors are closed, the bigger the number and the higher the wall.

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Which is a problem for the water...
(points at Kimball)
...trying to get through.

KIMBALL
How high is too high?

ANTHONY
Anything over 600 would make his
memories difficult to access. Over
1000, impossible. And possibly
dangerous.

KIMBALL
Good to know. I'm going to take off-

She stands to get her coat.

ANTHONY
Today it spiked to 900.

Beat.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Thought maybe you dug up something
that might be worth mentioning. A
traumatic memory of some kind.

She turns to face him.

KIMBALL
I saw him murder a woman in her own
apartment. So yeah, it was pretty
traumatic.

She puts on her coat.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow.

INT. KIMBALL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A bedsheet tent is mid-progress. Kimball stumbles into the room, uncorks a bottle of wine.

It becomes pretty clear, Riley isn't here. She's alone...

She collapses into the tent.

Unlocks her phone.

Spotify.

She plays, "At Last" by Etta James.

She lets it play for 10 seconds but suddenly can't take it. She turns it off.

She wipes her eyes and opens up her phone again.

A tear falls down her cheek but she quickly wipes it away.

She goes back to her phone, plays "At Last".

She turns off the lights. Turns over to go to sleep.

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - CONT.

Judd walks in with Kimball, Anthony is already at the table setting up.

In the cell, Lenny is on the ground, finger-painting with toothpaste. He glances up as Kimball takes a seat.

LENNY

Hiiiii. Does this look like a lion?

It doesn't.

Kimball ignores him.

JUDD

Omar, could you get him ready please?

Anthony and Judd starts to strap Kimball in. Omar raps on the cell bars.

GUARD

Hands out. Let's go.

Lenny leaps to his feet, smiling ear to ear. Just as Omar is about to grab his wrist, Lenny pulls it back.

LENNY

Oops.

He puts it back out. Pulls it again as Omar reaches for it.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Oops. Oops! Gotta be faster!

Lenny sticks both arms out a different parts this time like wack-a-mole.

Omar seizes his arm, forces the cuffs on him.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Ouch! That hurt...

Then Lenny starts to cry. Actual tears.

Kimball sees this, somehow this seems sincere...

KIMBALL
You okay?

He avoids looking at her, quietly sobs to himself.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
No earworm today?

He peeks one eye over at her.

LENNY
What's a ear worm?

KIMBALL
An earworm is something that gets stuck in your head. Like that song you were whistling last time.

LENNY
Oh, I can't whistle.

KIMBALL
Yes, you can. I heard you yesterday.

LENNY
No, I can't. You must be thinking of my brother.

KIMBALL
Your brother? Who's your brother?

LENNY
Lenny Hayes.

She looks over at Judd, he shrugs.

KIMBALL
You're right. I was thinking of him. So what's your name?

He wipes his nose on his sleeve. Snorts.

LENNY
Howie Hayes.

KIMBALL
Nice to meet you, Howie.

Omar uncuffs Lenny from the bars.

GUARD
Alright, go to the chair and put
those on.

Lenny obeys like an obedient little puppy, he tightens the
cuffs all the way, unlike the other day.

Omar lets Anthony in to put the head band on him.

LENNY
Oh no! I don't like that! I don't
want that!!

He starts to struggle as Anthony tries to put it on his head.

ANTHONY
Hold... Still!!

LENNY
I don't like it!!! No!!

Omar steps in to hold him down, but Lenny only squirms more.

KIMBALL
Howie, it's okay. Look! It's on me
too!

Lenny's not listening. Twisting. Wriggling. Screaming.

Kimball watches as he starts slamming his fists on the chair,
the cuffs start to cut into his wrists.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
(singing)
Buffalo gals, won't you come out
tonight? Come out tonight, come out
tonight...

Lenny suddenly looks over.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Buffalo gals, won't you come out
tonight?

Lenny smiles, tears still streaming down his face. He starts
to sing with her.

LENNY KIMBALL (CONT'D)
And dance by the light of the moon... And dance by the light of the moon...

Anthony carefully slips the head band on his head.

LENNY (CONT'D)
That's from my favorite movie!

KIMBALL

LENNY
Noooo! I watch it every day! "I
wish I had a million dollars. Hot
dog!!"

Anthony mans his post at the machine. The NMDA dial is steadily dropping...

ANTHONY
NMDA at 620... 580...

Judd leans over to Kimball, whispers.

JUDD
Keep him distracted.

She turns back to Lenny, talking to him like he's a child.

KIMBALL
Hey Howie, let's play a game. I'm going to sing the song and you close your eyes and try and imagine the movie in your head. Okay?

Lenny beams. Shuts his eyes with all his strength.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
(sings)
Buffalo gals, won't you come out
tonight...

ANTHONY
(hushed)
Three...

Anthony flips on the switch.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Two...

Turns a knob.

KIMBALL
Come out tonight...

ANTHONY
One...

Throws the lever.

KIMBALL
Come out tonight...

Kimball closes her eyes and we

CUT TO BLACK.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - DAY

SERIES OF FRANTIC SHOTS

- We PUSH through the steel gates of a stone cast building. It towers over a sun-scorched lawn and a broken sidewalk.

- A long corridor. Children run from one room to another. Tagging each other and giggling.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONT.

A small boy (9) draws in a notebook. He suddenly perks up.

LENNY (AGE 9)
Can I go play with the mouse?

A WOMAN reads a book in the corner. She waves for him to go.

Lenny runs out of the room.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONT.

In the middle of the corridors is a courtyard, a small boy (identical to Lenny) plays in the dirt. Lenny runs over to him.

LENNY (AGE 9)
Let me hold him.

Howie looks up at his brother. Holds his hands out.

HOWIE (AGE 9)
Careful...

In his hands, a MOUSE squirms and fights for freedom. It almost gets out of their hands.

HOWIE (AGE 9) (CONT'D)
You'll lose him!

LENNY (AGE 9)
No, I won't.

Lenny grips Howie's hands together. Squeezing the mouse in their hands...

HOWIE (AGE 9)
Stop!!

Lenny grits his teeth. Doubles down...

A SQUEAL EEKS from the mouse and--
CRUNCH.

Watery, pink ooze drips from their hands.

Lenny's eyes glimmer with excitement.

MS. CONSTANCE (O.S.)
BOYS!!

MS. CONSTANCE, a stern looking woman (40s) storms into the courtyard. She marches right up to them.

Lenny sticks his hands in his pockets, Howie for obvious reasons, isn't able to.

MS. CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Open your hands. NOW.

A bloody, clump falls from Howie's hands.

She grabs both of them by their hair and YANKS them, drags them to the building.

MS. CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Both of you are going to the boiler room! For the rest of the week!!

They're dragged away.

The mouse twitches on the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - MORNING

Kimball comes back with a GASP.

Judd unstraps her, takes the headband off.

JUDD
We'll finish up. Wait for us
outside.

Kimball starts to walk away.

LENNY (O.S.)
Wait!

Lenny is crouched over something on the ground. He walks to the bars with his fingers delicately covering something.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Will you take him with you? He
wants to be outside.

Kimball walks closer to see what he's holding...

It's a cockroach.

She reaches to take it from him.

JUDD
Kimball, no!

Lenny gently passes it over to her.

LENNY
I didn't mean to hurt the little
mousey.

His eyes water with tears. Then he walks back to his cot.

KIMBALL
(sotto)
I know. I know you didn't.

EXT. EASTERN STATE MENTAL INSTITUTE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Kimball paces as Judd leans against his car, Anthony has a voice recorder out.

KIMBALL
...this could be his way of dealing
with trauma from when he was a kid.
Abandonment by his parents, abuse,
neglect, whatever.

ANTHONY

That could also be why he
repressing those memories. You
should've seen the synapses light
up as soon as you started singing
that song.

KIMBALL

Well, music has been found to
stimulate neurogenesis in the--

ANTHONY

--hippocampus, where memories the
are stored. Exactly. He's buried
something in there.

Anthony and Kimball are on the same wavelength. Judd shrugs.

JUDD

I don't know. Isn't it possible
he's created Howie? Like multiple
personalities?

KIMBALL

(corrects him)

Dissociative personality. It is
possible, people do tend to
fabricate memories, or alter them
to fit their own narrative in order
to hide wounds, suppress guilt...

ANTHONY

You think he's faking it to get
insanity?

JUDD

Absolutely.

KIMBALL

Maybe. But I saw two boys. Even if
the act is fake, my gut tells me
the memory was real.

(then)

What do we know about his
upbringing?

JUDD

He was put in an adoption agency
after his father killed his mother
and then shot himself...

KIMBALL

God...

JUDD

Then chucked into the foster program at 9, where his foster mother stabbed his foster father and then killed herself.

KIMBALL

Another murder suicide?

He nods, continues.

JUDD

Followed by years of home after home. Arrested at age 15 for arson, 16 for armed theft... two decades more of this and that.

KIMBALL

And his brother Howie?

JUDD

Before today, we didn't even know he had a brother.

KIMBALL

There's more here. I know there is.

JUDD

I can go poke around. Visit the adoption agency.

KIMBALL

Could I go with you?

JUDD

I don't know...

KIMBALL

Judd. I need to go.

Judd thinks about this.

JUDD

It can't be an official inquiry. No flashing badges, none of that. We can't push for any information they don't volunteer. Got it?

KIMBALL

Understood.

ANTHONY

Is it alright if I sit this one out? Lauren would kill me if I make it home late again.

JUDD

Of course. Tell her I said hi.

ANTHONY

I will.

(to Kimball)

Good work today. The singing and all that... brilliant.

KIMBALL

Thanks, Anthony.

Anthony walks off, Kimball waits for Judd.

He sighs.

JUDD

Alright. I'll drive.

EXT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - EVENING

Black steel gates.

Neglected lawn.

We've seen this place before.

INT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - HALLWAY - CONT.

It's just as we saw in Lenny's memory before: four hallways form a square around a central courtyard.

JUDD

I think the office is this way.

Kimball nods, but her eyes are fixed in the middle, as if expecting to see two boys strangling a mouse in the dirt.

WHISPER (O.S.)

Over here...

She turns toward the voice... But there's no one there.

KIMBALL

Did you say something?

JUDD

Huh?

KIMBALL

I just heard someone say--

A group of kids run out of a doorway, down the hall.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

Nothing. Sorry.

They keep walking.

WHISPER (O.S.)

Turn right...

She stops, grabs Judd's arm to stop him as well.

JUDD

What is it?

She puts her finger to her lips.

To their right, a door. She tries the door knob.

JUDD (CONT'D)

Locked?

KIMBALL

Yeah.

She starts to walk away, then the door creaks open.

JUDD

I thought it was locked?

She turns the doorknob. It's firm.

KIMBALL

It is.

She pushes it more, someone's taped the doorframe so it won't close all the way.

The door opens, reveals staircase leading down.

Kimball starts to walk down. Judd reluctantly follows her.

INT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - BASEMENT - CONT.

Kimball and Judd creep down the stairs to the dimly lit basement.

JUDD
Kimball, what are we doing...

WHISPER (O.S.)
Go straight...

There's a long hallway in front of them.

They move forward. A couple small mice hug the hallway as they run away from them.

At the end of the hallway, there's a single blue door.

WHISPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open it...

A RUMBLE comes from behind it...

WHISPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hurry!!

Kimball picks up the pace.

Reaches for the door.

MS. CONSTANCE (O.S.)
Excuse me?!

Behind them, a stern woman charges at them, MS. CONSTANCE.

MS. CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
What in the world do you think
you're doing?

The closer she comes, we can see she's the same woman from Lenny's memory, 20 or so years older.

KIMBALL
I'm sorry, we were just looking for
the administration office.

MS. CONSTANCE
And you thought that it would be in
the basement?

Fair point.

KIMBALL
We got lost.

A bad lie.

Judd sighs, reaches into his jacket, pulls out his badge.

JUDD

I work for the District Attorney,
just needed to talk to whoever is
in charge.

MS. CONSTANCE

That would be me. Do you have a
warrant?

JUDD

No ma'am. This isn't an
investigation, nor do we plan on
seizing any property. We just
wanted to ask some questions about
Lenny Hayes.

Her lips purse.

MS. CONSTANCE

Well, I'm happy to talk to you but
I'd rather do it in my office.

She motions toward the exits with her arm and they walk past.

Ms. Constance shoots one last look at the blue door, then
follows behind them.

INT. MS. CONSTANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kimball and Judd sit in oversized arm chairs, like everything
else here, they're old and tattered.

Ms. Constance sits. Neatly places her hands on the desk.

MS. CONSTANCE

Now. You had some questions.

JUDD

Yes. Just regarding Lenny Hayes. At
what age did he get here?

MS. CONSTANCE

Leonard was here before he was two
years old. The police came and
handed him over without a word. It
was as unceremonious as can be.

KIMBALL

And his brother.

MS. CONSTANCE

Excuse me?

KIMBALL

His younger brother, Howie. I
assume he came at the same time.

Ms. Constance sizes her up for a moment.

MS. CONSTANCE

That's right.

JUDD

So he does have a brother?

MS. CONSTANCE

Had. Howard died as a young boy.

KIMBALL

How?

MS. CONSTANCE

Someone pushed him down the stairs.
Cracked his head right open.

KIMBALL

That's awful.

MS. CONSTANCE

Truly. He was a very sweet boy.

JUDD

Would that explain some of the
problems Lenny's had?

MS. CONSTANCE

No, Leonard was troubled long
before that.

JUDD

How so?

MS. CONSTANCE

As I said, *someone* pushed Howard
down the stairs.

KIMBALL

You're not suggesting he pushed his
twin brother to his death, are you?

MS. CONSTANCE

Leonard was born violent. Even as a
child, you could see he had the
devil in his eyes. Howard was
sweet, if he wasn't retarded they
might have had a chance to find a
home.

Ms. Constance sees their reactions.

MS. CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Oh, I know nowadays people frown at
that word but what do you want me
to say? He was slow? Mentally
handicapped? Un-adoptable, that's
what most parents call it.

KIMBALL
People adopt kids with disabilities
all the time.

MS. CONSTANCE
They don't adopt a retard and a
demon. Not together.

Kimball is fuming.

KIMBALL
Because that's all that matters,
isn't it?

MS. CONSTANCE
Adoption is our goal.

KIMBALL
Because the longer kids are here
the more of government assistance
they eat up, isn't that right?

MS. CONSTANCE
That's hardly fair to say.

KIMBALL
Really? Because you clearly see
throwing Lenny into the foster
program as a victory.

MS. CONSTANCE
Of course I do. Because otherwise
he would have stayed here torturing
the other children and dousing
stray cats with gasoline. I was
glad to be rid of him. It's a shame
it wasn't Lenny's brains splattered
on the stairs.

Kimball ready to blow, Judd steadies her. Ms. Constance is
goaded and he knows it.

JUDD
Do you have his papers? Birth
certificate or medical records?

MS. CONSTANCE

I would assume you already have
that on record at the Institute.

JUDD

Not Lenny's, Howie's.

MS. CONSTANCE

Unfortunately, we had a break in a
couple months ago and his documents
were among those that were taken.

KIMBALL

Someone took Howie's documents?

Ms. Constance stands.

MS. CONSTANCE

I've got to start getting ready for
dinner. But feel free to come back
when you have more questions.

Judd stands, shakes her hand.

JUDD

Thank you for your time.

Ms. Constance holds out her hand for Kimball.

Kimball looks like she wants to say more, but instead slowly
grabs her hand, shakes.

MS. CONSTANCE

Thank you for coming by.

INT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kimball and Riley sit at the table, drawing with crayons.

Unconsciously, Kimball starts to whistle "Buffalo Gals".

RILEY

What's that?

KIMBALL

It's a kitty cat. See?

RILEY

No, that.

Riley starts to pretend to whistle. It's ridiculously cute.

KIMBALL
It's called whistling. Watch.

She demonstrates it for Riley. Riley tries to mimic her. Kimball reaches over to squish her lips to the right shape but it just makes Riley giggle.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Do you know any songs?

Riley shakes her head.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
None?

RILEY
I don't like songs.

KIMBALL
Everyone likes songs, silly! You
don't like any?

She shakes her head again.

RILEY
But friend can whistle.

KIMBALL
You mean Harry?

Riley shakes her head.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
What's your friend's name?

RILEY
I dunno.

KIMBALL
Is your friend a boy or girl?

RILEY
Boy.

KIMBALL
Is he small like you or big like
me?

RILEY
Bigger than you. And he wears
'jamas all the time.

Riley shows Kimball what she's drawing...

Before we see it, Kimball grabs the drawing from Riley.

She jumps up. Locks the back door, closes the drapes.

KIMBALL

Where did you see him?

RILEY

I dunno...

KIMBALL

Riley, tell me RIGHT NOW where you
saw this man.

Riley starts to cry. Nellie walks in.

NELLIE

What's going on?

Kimball shows Nellie the drawing:

A tall, large man in a blue jumpsuit... It's Lenny.

INT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kimball paces as Nellie holds the drawing.

NELLIE

It could just be a coincidence.

KIMBALL

Nell, c'mon.

NELLIE

No, really. This could be the
cookie monster! Or The Tick! The
kids watch these shows--

KIMBALL

It's not the cookie monster!!

Nellie puts the paper down.

NELLIE

Are you still seeing a therapist?

KIMBALL

No.

NELLIE

Are you still drinking?

Kimball doesn't answer.

NELLIE (CONT'D)

I think you need to reconsider
doing this job. It's making you
paranoid.

KIMBALL

I'm fine. Just promise me you'll
double check the locks. Every
night.

NELLIE

Always do. Now go get some sleep.

INT. ANTHONY'S OFFICE - DAY

Anthony's at the desk. There's a KNOCK on the door. It's Kimball.

ANTHONY

Hey, take a look at this.

She walks over to the other side of the desk, he's got a video pulled up, titled: TWIN TELEPATHY CASE STUDY.

The video shows two twins, separated by a divider. A case worker shows one twin a picture of an animal. The other twin is blind folded.

Each time, the blind folded twin guesses the animal correctly.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

What's your opinion on any of this?

KIMBALL

I'd say it's on the same level as
ghost stories or witch doctors, or--

ANTHONY

Psychics?

Touché.

KIMBALL

I mean, twins are notoriously
close. Some develop secret
languages from birth, others
experience extreme empathy...

ANTHONY

Extreme empathy?

Judd walks in. He holds up some papers.

JUDD

There was another murder. Same
identifiers.

KIMBALL

What? When?

JUDD

Two days ago. Around 3 or 4.

KIMBALL

AM?

JUDD

PM.

ANTHONY

But that's when we were here with
Lenny.

JUDD

No, we weren't...

Kimball finishes his thought.

KIMBALL

...we were here with Howie.

They realize the correlation.

JUDD

Let's go.

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - DAY

Kimball sits in the chair, Anthony straps her down.

Omar exits the cell. He uncuffs Lenny.

GUARD

In the chair. Go.

Lenny saunters in, whistling "Buffalo Gals" as he does. Cuffs
himself loosely.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Lenny. Tighter.

Caught again -- Lenny grins. CLICK-CLICK.

Anthony walks in to prep him. But as soon as he gets close,
Lenny jerks in his chair to startle Anthony.

KIMBALL
Had a good chat with Howie the
other day.

That gets his attention.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
He's a real good boy.

LENNY
You are not to talk to him.

KIMBALL
Paranoid?

LENNY
Protective.

KIMBALL
Why?

LENNY
Wouldn't you be? If it were me
talking to Carter?

Beat...

KIMBALL
What did you just say?

Anthony flips the switch. The NMDA dial bounces.

ANTHONY
NMDA 550. Good to go.

Judd waits for Kimball to break from her stupor.

JUDD
Kimball?

Lenny is whistling again. Taunting her. She takes the bait.

KIMBALL
Ready.

JUDD
Okay. Here we go.

Anthony pushes the ON switch.

ANTHONY
Three...

Kimball locks eyes with Lenny.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Two...

Anthony turns the knob.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
One...

Anthony flips the lever.

Kimball closes her eyes, and....

Nothing happens.

She opens her eyes again, looks over at Judd, who looks at Anthony -- he doesn't know what's going on either.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Umm. Let me restart.

Kimball gets settled again. Calms herself.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Three... Two... One...

Flips the lever. And we

CUT TO BLACK.

After one second of BLACK we see

One FLASH of an image and then we

SMASH CUT TO:

Kimball's eyes open, back in the chair.

JUDD
What happened?

KIMBALL
I don't know. It started to work
and then it kicked me out...

ANTHONY
We've got a problem. His levels are
skyrocketing. He's almost breaking
1000 right now.

She looks across at Lenny. He's sweating bullets.

KIMBALL
He's forcing me out.

JUDD

How?

ANTHONY

I- I don't know. But there's no way
to get in this high.

She looks around, sees Anthony's phone on the table.

KIMBALL

Can you play music through the
speakers?

ANTHONY

Sure, what kind?

KIMBALL

Something relaxing.

He plugs his phone in. Taps.

He plays Vivaldi's "Op. 37: No.2 in D-Minor".

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

Volume up.

LENNY

Yes, louder please!

Anthony obeys. The NMDA dial dips.

ANTHONY

NMDA 730, still not--

KIMBALL

I can do it.

Anthony looks to Judd, he nods.

Anthony pushes the ON button.

The piano concerto tickles as he counts down.

ANTHONY

Three...

Turns the knob.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Two...

Kimball clenches her jaw. Closes her eyes.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
One...

Flips the lever.

BLACK.

A FLURRY of IMAGES:

- a dog barking
- TV static
- a woman being strangled

Then suddenly we're

BACK OUT TO:

Kimball again. Sweating, panting.

Lenny's out of breath too.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
NMDA's back up to 940. We should
abort--

KIMBALL
Pick a different song.

ANTHONY
(apprehensive)
Kimball--

KIMBALL
I can push through! Just pick
something that will disarm him!

Anthony looks at his phone, then to Lenny, who just shrugs.

JUDD
Give it to me.

Judd grabs the phone, clicks, plays As I Lay Dying's
"Blinded". The metalcore ROARS through the corridor.

The NMDA dial dips drastically.

ANTHONY
690... 660...

KIMBALL
Do it.

ANTHONY
And three...

Kimball locks eyes with Lenny.

He grits his teeth.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Two...

The double hammer of the base drum THUNDERS like a TEMPEST.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
One.

Kimball concentrates... Lenny groans under pressure.

Then everything

CUTS TO BLACK.

Then,

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

TV static.

Everything is slightly skewed. The edges a little too sharp.

A small boy sits directly in front of a TV, we recognize him as LENNY (12). The screen is filled with static.

FOSTER DAD (O.S.)
He's doing it again.

FOSTER MOM (O.S.)
He likes it. Let him.

Heavy footsteps THUMP over and switches the TV channel.

FOSTER DAD
Your brain's going to rot.

Lenny flips it back to static.

The man changes it again.

FOSTER MOM
Why don't we play that Jimmy Stewart movie you like. Huh?

Lenny flips it back.

He lightly shoves Lenny with his foot.

FOSTER DAD
Alright. You're done. Get away from
the TV.

Shoves him again. Lenny refuses.

FOSTER DAD (CONT'D)
GO! Your room. NOW!

He tries to grab Lenny, but Lenny bites him.

He slaps Lenny, who falls over.

Lenny starts to cry.

FOSTER DAD (CONT'D)
He bit me!
(to the mom)
He's actually bit me!

Lenny gets up. Storms up the stairs.

FOSTER MOM
You shouldn't have done that.

FOSTER DAD
He had it comin'.

INT. LENNY'S BEDROOM - CONT.

From under Lenny's bed, we see him enter his room.

LENNY
(under his breath)
I'm going to kill them.

More mumbling. More pacing.

LENNY (CONT'D)
No, I'm going to do it!!

Then, in a very calm, confident voice.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Be quiet. I'll be right back.

He kneels down under the bed, pries a floorboard up.

He reaches in and pulls out a steak knife.

Walks back downstairs.

We wait in silence...

And then,

A SCREAM from below.

FOSTER MOM (O.S.)
Oh God. No!! Stop!!

More screaming.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The knife drips blood from Lenny's fingers.

And in front of him... two bodies crumpled together.

Even with blood splattered on his face, Lenny's completely impassive.

He drops the knife.

And unbuckles his pants.

They drop around his ankles.

Then his boxers...

Keep in mind, he's only 12 years old here.

Even so, his face contorts as he stares at his dead foster parents...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - DAY

Kimball's in the chair. Her eyes shoot open.

She's sweating.

Hyper ventilating.

KIMBALL
Judd. Get me out of this thing.

She raises her hands but it's met with a CLINK of metal.

Handcuffs.

Wait.

She's handcuffed in...???

She looks around.

She's inside of Lenny's cell.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on??

She looks across the bars and her face drops...

WE WHIP PAN TO SEE: Kimball's body in the chair next to Judd and Anthony, who have absolutely no idea what is going on.

When WE WHIP BACK to the cell, it's not Kimball at all -- It's Lenny.

Somehow, they've swapped bodies.

Kimball is in Lenny's body, and Lenny is in Kimball's.

KIMBALL (IN LENNY'S BODY) (CONT'D)
Help me! What's happening? Get me out! Get me out!!

JUDD
Anthony what the hell is going on??

Anthony starts frantically turning off switches. Meanwhile, Lenny (in Kimball's body) is laughing maniacally.

KIMBALL (IN LENNY'S BODY)
Do something!!!

ANTHONY
Restarting! THREE TWO ONE!

Anthony screams through the sequences and both Kimball and Lenny's chins drop to their chests and we

CUT TO BLACK.

Then,

SMASH BACK TO:

Kimball takes a sharp breath. Looks down at her own body, feels the fabric straps on her hands.

KIMBALL
What just happened??

Judd starts untying her.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
I was... When I came back out--

JUDD
I know.

She looks over at Lenny, who's patiently waiting for his turn to be released.

LENNY
You look frightened, Kimball. Was it seeing yourself from my perspective? Or realizing you and I have more in common than you thought?

Judd grabs her arm. Walks her down the hall.

Lenny calls after them.

LENNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Run, Kimball! Run!

INT. JUDD'S OFFICE - DAY

Kimball holds a cup of coffee close to her face. Anthony's in the corner with his hands under his arms.

Judd's waiting for the right moment to break the silence.

JUDD
So what happened?

KIMBALL
I was hoping you'd tell me.

JUDD
Everything was normal on our side.

KIMBALL
Then why don't you tell me exactly what that machine does.

JUDD
We have told you.

A little more coffee. A little more strength.

KIMBALL
How does it work?

She looks at Anthony.

ANTHONY
It allows you into the memories of
the person on the other end--

KIMBALL
I didn't ask what it does. I asked
how it does it.

Anthony doesn't respond, looks to Judd, who shakes his head.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
You don't actually know, do you?

Beat.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Did you actually go to Yale?

ANTHONY
Yes! I did. For about a year...

KIMBALL
Oh my God... How could I have been
so stupid.

Judd raises both hands to calm her.

JUDD
Okay. Okay. Look... We were trying
to see if he was lying about the
multiple personalities, so we used
a polygraph--

KIMBALL
Polygraphs are bullshit--

JUDD
Regardless, when Anthony connected
my old partner to Lenny, he found
that he was able to do what you do.

KIMBALL
How?

ANTHONY
We don't know. It just did.

KIMBALL
So you invented the microwave.

JUDD
Huh?

ANTHONY

The person who invented the microwave was developing radio transmitters during WWII. He noticed when he got too close it melted the chocolate bar in his pocket. A couple years later, we got the microwave oven.

KIMBALL

That's right. You learn that at Yale too?

Anthony looks down at his hands.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

So what happened to him? Your partner?

JUDD

I told you. He's dead.

Judd reaches over to a book shelf, picks up a framed photograph and hands it to Kimball.

JUDD (CONT'D)

Killed himself about a month ago.

She looks at the photo...

It's the man from the opening scene, the one that jumped off the bridge.

JUDD (CONT'D)

Something about him and Lenny made it happen. And so I started trying to find his replacement.

KIMBALL

Starting with psychics?

He shakes his head.

JUDD

Starting with twins...

Kimball sets her coffee down.

KIMBALL

You said you wanted someone with my skillset to HELP people. But really you just needed someone wired the same, someone with a dead twin to operate your stupid machine!!

She looks at Anthony.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
And you knew it too. That's why you showed me that twin study.

ANTHONY
I didn't know for sure! I- I knew you both had a twin but I wasn't sure if that was the key or not!

KIMBALL
So does the machine really let me into his memories?

He takes a second to think about his answer...

ANTHONY
Yes.

KIMBALL
But...

ANTHONY
But... There's not always room for two people in one person's mind.

Kimball looks like she's about to be sick.

KIMBALL
So when I'm in his mind... Where is he??

Anthony can't look at her anymore.

JUDD
Kimball, you have to understand where we're coming from--

KIMBALL
Where is he, Judd??

Judd looks at her, you got it.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Right, people are dying out there so you let a PSYCHOPATHIC MURDERER rummage around in my head!

She grabs her things and storms out.

JUDD
Kimball, wait--

INT. KIMBALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kimball stumbles into her bedroom, hastily sets down a bottle of wine next to her bed, takes one last gulp from her glass and then collapses into her bed.

We CUT BACK AND FORTH from her DREAMS as we MOVE down to Kimball in bed, she's in an uncomfortable slumber...

- Granville Adoption Agency, quiet at night.
- The wrought-iron gates SLAM shut and someone LOCKS it.
- A RUSH of traffic.

KIMBALL: MUMBLES in her sleep.

- A old home. The back porch light is on. We look through the windows... Someone is watching TV.

- POV: A knife is inserted into a door frame, it pops open.

KIMBALL: swats at her face. Something's irritating her...

- We creep behind an armchair, it's OCCUPANT unaware of our presence, and us still unaware of who they are...

KIMBALL: mid-fever dream. Something *squirms* in her ear...

- Suddenly, we're on top of the person in the chair. Choking them. We finally look at their face as they GASP for air...

- It's MS. CONSTANCE.

KIMBALL: We CLOSE IN ON her ear, as dozens of little WORMS come crawling out of her ear canal, BUZZING with life.

Kimball JOLTS awake with a SCREAM, grabs her ear frantically... but there's nothing there.

Her phone BUZZES on the nightstand.

She reaches for it and knocks over a wine bottle and glass, it shatters on the floor.

KIMBALL
Shit!

She turns on the light. Answers the phone.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Hello?

JUDD (O.S.)
Sorry to wake you.

She carefully steps around the shards of glass, starts to pick them up.

KIMBALL
What is it?

JUDD
There's been an incident.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. JUDD'S CAR - NIGHT

KIMBALL
An incident? What do you mean?

JUDD
Another woman was killed tonight.

Beat.

KIMBALL
Ms. Constance.

JUDD
Yeah. Wait, how did you know?
Shouldn't be out to media yet...

KIMBALL
I saw it. In my head.

JUDD
What are you talking about?

KIMBALL
I saw him go to her house and kill
her. Somehow he's still in my head.

JUDD
That's not possible.
(then)
There's something you need to see.
Can meet me?

Kimball steps on a piece of glass and drops a large shard of glass, it clips her wrist and cuts her.

KIMBALL
Ouch! Umm, honestly I probably
shouldn't. I've had a lot to drink.

JUDD
I'll pick you up.

KIMBALL
It can't wait till tomorrow?

JUDD
No, it can't. See you soon.

EXT. MS. CONSTANCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Judd and Kimball step out of the car. Judd flashes his DA's badge to a cop on the perimeter.

KIMBALL
That's the back door, he used a knife to trip the latch.

JUDD
Kimball, be quiet.

He looks around to see if anyone else heard her.

JUDD (CONT'D)
No more talking while we're here.
Follow me.

He walks into the house. She follows.

INT. MS. CONSTANCE'S HOUSE - CONT.

The living room is a wreck, signs of a massive struggle. There's an white outline on the floor where Ms. Constance's body would have been.

Kimball walks in, follows Judd's eye line to the wall.

On it, written in blood:

RUN KIMBALL RUN

EXT. MS. CONSTANCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Judd and Kimball walk back to his car.

KIMBALL
It means we're getting close. He wants to scare me off.

JUDD
Or he's taunting us. Hoping we'll
do something reckless.

Judd notices something on Kimball's sleeve.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Hey, I think you're bleeding.

Sure enough, blood seeps through her shirt by her wrist.

KIMBALL
Oh.

JUDD
How'd you do that?

KIMBALL
I knocked over a glass when you
called. I must've cut myself.

Judd watches her put pressure on it. He chooses his next words carefully...

JUDD
Kimball, can anyone provide an
alibi for where you were tonight?

She sees where he's going with this.

KIMBALL
I told you, I was drinking and
knocked a bottle over... I saw
Lenny's memory of tonight. I swear.

JUDD
What if they're not his memories?
What if they're yours?

KIMBALL
Not possible.

JUDD
I didn't think it was possible for
you two to still be connected
without the machine but you're
telling me you saw this happen--

KIMBALL
Judd--

JUDD
And just hours ago you woke up in
his body and he in yours.
(MORE)

JUDD (CONT'D)
Someone killed Ms. Constance
tonight and that someone isn't
behind bars.

KIMBALL
I didn't kill her!!

They look around, thankfully no one is close enough to hear.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
You have to believe me.

JUDD
No. I don't have to.
(beat)
Let's go find out.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A SECURITY TECH sits with Kimball and Judd. He sips a cup of coffee and works on the computer.

JUDD
No alarms, no breaches, nothing?

SECURITY TECH
Nope. Nothing.

He scrubs through CCTV footage of Lenny's cell.

JUDD
Can you play it here?

He plays it: Lenny's pacing all over the room.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Is there sound?

The tech turns it up.

It's shitty audio, but you can distinctly make out Lenny whistling something.

SECURITY TECH
We keep his volume low. He whistles
that all day.

KIMBALL
Lenny's earworm.

JUDD
Keep going.

Hours later, Lenny sits on the ground. The tech hits play.

KIMBALL
No whistling...

They scrub a little more...

Lenny stands and faces the corner. One hand steadies himself against the wall, the other hand at his groin.

JUDD
Is he pissing on the wall?

They look closer.

His hand jerks back and forth, back and forth...

KIMBALL
No, I don't think so.

JUDD
What's the time stamp?

The tech looks in the corner of his screen.

SECURITY TECH
1:54am.

KIMBALL
What time was Ms. Constance killed
tonight?

JUDD
Just before 2am.

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - NIGHT

Kimball and Judd speed walk to Lenny's cell.

JUDD
Knock, knock.

Lenny turns to look at them. He sees Kimball and flashes her a bright, friendly smile.

LENNY
Oh hi, Kimball!

Kimball looks to Judd, mouths "Howie".

KIMBALL
Hi, Howie. What are you doing?

LENNY
Just counting.

He holds his fingers out, as if juggling numbers.

KIMBALL
Counting what?

Lenny looks at her like she's an idiot.

LENNY
Seconds. Duh.

Resumes pacing.

LENNY (CONT'D)
322... 323... 324...

Anthony comes walking in, he looks half awake.

JUDD
Thanks for coming in. Hope we won't
get you in trouble.

ANTHONY
Not as long as I'm back in bed
before breakfast. It's our
anniversary tomorrow.

He looks at his watch.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Or, today I guess.

KIMBALL
Happy anniversary.

ANTHONY
Thanks.

LENNY (O.S.)
Happy anniversary!

Lenny waves, and then continues counting.

Anthony gets to work. Judd and Kimball approach the cell.

JUDD
Listen, Howie. A couple hours ago
something happened and we need to
ask you some questions.

Lenny ignores him.

LENNY
339... 340...

JUDD
Howie?

LENNY
I don't want to talk to you.

JUDD
I just need to ask you--

LENNY
Kimball, please tell him I'm not
talking to him.
(beat)
Also, he's ugly.
(beat)
And he smells like farts.

KIMBALL
Do you mind if I ask you some
things then?

LENNY
343. Okay, you can ask. 344...

Judd motions *go ahead*.

KIMBALL
Tonight around 2 o'clock in the
morning, did something happen?

LENNY
347. 348...

KIMBALL
Did something happen Howie?

LENNY
Well yaaaaah but I didn't look.

KIMBALL
What do you mean?

LENNY
I was 'sposed to close my eyes.

KIMBALL
Who told you to do that? Lenny?

LENNY
351... 352...

KIMBALL

And then you went into the corner
and did something. Right.

Lenny stops.

LENNY

No.

KIMBALL

I saw you, Howie.

LENNY

No!! I didn't!!

He backs up to the wall.

KIMBALL

It's okay, Howie--

LENNY

Don't hit me!! I won't do it again!

KIMBALL

Howie! Calm down. I'm not going to
hit you. It's okay...

He wipes some tears from his face.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hit you. I
promise.

LENNY

(calming down)

350... 351...

KIMBALL

Howie, can you tell me what
happened at 2am?

LENNY

Nope.

KIMBALL

Okay. Can you tell me why you did
it though?

LENNY

357... We always do it right after
Lenny does it. 358...

Judd touches Kimball's shoulder. *This is it...*

KIMBALL

After he does what, Howie?

LENNY

Can't tell. He'll be so so so mad.
364! 365. 366..

Kimball realizes something.

KIMBALL

Howie, why are you counting?

LENNY

'cuz Lenny said he'll be back when
I count 1000 seconds.

Kimball turns to Judd, no time to lose.

Judd quickly moves to help set up.

KIMBALL

Howie, I know you can't tell me.
But do you think if I played some
music, you could show me?

She takes out her phone, starts to play "Buffalo Gals".

He starts to smile.

LENNY

Maaaaaaybe...

MOMENTS LATER

Anthony rushes to put everything together. Kimball straps
herself in, she restarts the song.

KIMBALL

What second are we up to, Howie?

Howie's getting strapped in. He's having a blast.

LENNY

812! 813!

Judd kneels in front of her.

JUDD

Get in, find out where Lenny's at
and then get out. Got it?

KIMBALL

Got it.

JUDD
Be safe.

He grabs her hand. She squeezes it.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Anthony, how's it looking?

Anthony walks over to the machine.

ANTHONY
Well below, 400. We're good to go.

Kimball nods at them, determined.

JUDD
Let's do it.

Anthony flips the switch.

ANTHONY
Three...

Turns the knob.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Two...

Kimball braces herself.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
One.

Throws the lever. And we

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence. Then,

SMASH TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

We walk past a line of cars.

It's quiet.

Too early for anyone to be up.

We put on our work gloves. Dirty. Tight.

We open the gate to a house.

We look up at the two story Colonial style house...

It's Nellie's.

SMASH OUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - CONT.

Kimball comes back. PANICKING.

KIMBALL
HE'S AT NELLIE'S!! HE'S GOING AFTER
RILEY!! HE'S ALREADY THERE!!

Judd runs over.

JUDD
What are you talking about??

Kimball's hysterical.

KIMBALL
He's at 134 Sycamore we need to get
there now!!!

Judd starts to get her unstrapped, it's taking too long.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Leave me! JUST GO!!! Please Judd!!

Judd takes off running down the hallway.

Kimball sits back in the chair, readjusts the headset.

ANTHONY
What are you doing?

KIMBALL
I'm going back in.

ANTHONY
But--

KIMBALL
NOW!!

Anthony flips the switch. Turns the knob.

Kimball braces herself. Looks across at Lenny.

Just as Anthony throws the lever, the NMDA dial skyrockets into the red...

Lenny smiles.

LENNY (REVERB)
Gotcha.

CUT TO BLACK.

Silence. Then,

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GIRLS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kimball (9) sleeps peacefully in her bed. Her father stands in the doorway behind her. He slowly walks in.

SAM
(whispers)
Carter.

Carter stirs.

SAM (CONT'D)
Come with me.

Over Kimball's shoulder. We see Sam lead Carter out of the room. The door SHUTS and Kimball stirs awake.

Kimball looks over at her sisters bed...

Empty.

EXT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Kimball looks around. Kitchen oven light is on... and the doorframe to her father's room glows across the hall.

She tip-toes to it.

MUMBLES from Sam. Crying from Carter...

Kimball settles herself.

She knocks.

KIMBALL
Carter?

No answer. Knocks again.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Carter??

SAM (O.S.)
Go back to sleep, Kimball.

CARTER (O.S.)
Kimball??

She continues to pound on the door.

KIMBALL
Let me in!!

More pounding.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
You're hurting her! You're hurting
her!!

Kimball knocks harder. Harder.

The door opens. Sam's shirtless, eyes bloodshot.

He shoves Kimball away from the door.

SAM
Go back to bed! NOW!

He slams the door.

Kimball waits for a moment.

Walks to the kitchen.

Takes a carving knife out of the knife block.

She walks back to the door. Holds the knife behind her.

Knocks.

KIMBALL
I want to sleep in there too.

Silence.

The door opens.

We wait outside the door as she quietly steps inside.

There's a rustle of movement inside.

A whimper from Carter.

A SLINK as metal punctures tissue.

Sam GASPS.

The ajar door slowly starts to open...

We hear another puncture.

Another.

A SCREAM from Carter.

The door has opened enough for us to SEE the THUD as Sam hits the ground. He's naked and drenched in his own blood.

He holds his neck as blood pours over his own fingers.

On the bed, one of the twins, Kimball, is splattered with blood. She holds Carter who's sobbing uncontrollably.

LENNY (REVERB)
I couldn't have done better myself.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kimball and Carter, now TEENAGERS. Sleep in a bed together.

Carter jolts awake. Full panic.

CARTER
Don't touch me!! Stop!!!

Kimball grabs her.

KIMBALL
It's okay! It's okay! No one is here! It's just me.

Carter starts to sob.

CARTER
I can feel him on me. I can still feel him grab me...

KIMBALL
It's okay. He's gone.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

NELLIE, much younger than we know her, opens the door.

NELLIE
Girls? Everything okay?

KIMBALL
We're okay. Thank you, Nellie.

Nellie's footsteps fade down the hall.

Kimball grabs a small stereo. She checks the CD, pushes play.
It begins to play, "At Last", by Etta James.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Just listen to the music, relax.

Carter visibly starts to calm down.

CARTER
I wish he'd leave me alone... I
just wish he'd leave me alone...

She starts to cry more. Kimball holds her.

The music plays on:

ETTA JAMES (O.S.)
...my lonely days, are over. And
life is like a song...

PRE-LAP: LOUD KNOCKS on a door.

KIMBALL
(pre-lap)
CARTER! Carter, open up right now!!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

There's a shuffle of feet and then BANG! The door flies open.

Kimball (20) rushes in front of a group of COLLEGE KIDS.

Carter (20) is on the ground. One arm is bleeding, there's a spilled bottle of pills on the ground. She's dazed.

CARTER
I'm sorry...

Kimball turns to the gawkers.

KIMBALL
Someone call an ambulance!!!

One of the boys pulls out his cell phone and starts to dial.

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

Kimball stands just outside of the room talking to a doctor.

Carter watches the rain PATTER on the window.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMBALL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kimball makes out on the couch with a boyfriend, GREG. It's passionate, clothes start to come off.

Suddenly, Kimball breaks away.

GREG
What's wrong?

KIMBALL
I have to go.

GREG
What are you talking about?

Kimball grabs her phone, dials. No answer.

KIMBALL
It's my sister. I'm sorry.

GREG
She's probably fine.

He tries to kiss her again but she stops him.

Kimball redials. Greg carries on. It goes to voicemail.

KIMBALL
Can you stop?

She dials again, starts to get dressed. Voicemail.

GREG
Kim, you do this all the time and
nothing is ever wrong.

He stands to stop her from dressing.

GREG (CONT'D)
She needs to learn to manage on her
own.

She ignores him, shuts the door behind her.

INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kimball walks in with a can of black olives.

KIMBALL
Where's the girl making me crave
olives?

The apartment is a mess. In the corner, a pregnant Carter.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Where's Nate?

CARTER
He's gone.

KIMBALL
Gone where?

CARTER
Just gone, okay??

Kimball walks over, sits with her on the ground.

CARTER (CONT'D)
He's right. I'm broken.

KIMBALL
No, you're not.

CARTER
Yes, I am. I can feel it. There are
pieces of me missing... Like
someone took them from me.

Kimball puts her arms around her, HUSHES her. After a beat:

CARTER (CONT'D)
Why do you think he picked me?

KIMBALL
Nate?

Carter shakes her head.

CARTER
Dad.

Kimball doesn't know what to say.

CARTER (CONT'D)
We're identical, right? So why did
he pick me?

KIMBALL
I don't know, Car.

CARTER
I think it was because you're
stronger than me.

Kimball reaches over for her hand.

Carter leans her head on Kimball's shoulder.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Do you ever feel bad? About...
About what you did.

KIMBALL
No. Not at all.

Kimball closes her eyes...

PRE-LAP: "At Last" plays again in the distance...

CUT TO:

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Two DRUNK GIRLS sing bad karaoke.

DRUNK GIRLS
"....at last, my love, has come
along..."

Kimball sits in the audience, Greg comes back with drinks.

GREG
We're up next!

He kisses her on the cheek. She's having a great night.

BUZZ.

Kimball checks her phone, it's Carter.

Greg sees it, immediately takes his arm off of her.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm getting another drink.

She watches him go, debates... Answers it.

KIMBALL
Carter?

INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT - CONT.

Carter's a mess. In the corner, a baby CRIES.

CARTER

I can't take it, Kimball. I'm going to do it.

EXT. KARAOKE BAR - CONT.

Kimball walks out, finger in one ear to hear better.

KIMBALL

What are you talking about?

CARTER (O.S.)

Just please keep your promise, okay? I just need to know you'll keep your promise.

Through the windows, we can see Greg looking at Kimball. He throws up his hands and points to the stage.

Kimball gives him the "one sec" with her hands.

KIMBALL

I'll come over a little later.

Okay?

INT. CARTER'S APARTMENT - CONT.

Carter holds a small silver six-shooter. She turns the chamber, it's full.

CARTER

I can still hear him. It's like he's stuck in my head... I can't take it anymore.

KIMBALL (O.S.)

Carter, enough. Stop it!

EXT. KARAOKE BAR - CONT.

KIMBALL

I'm going back inside now. So I'll see you in a couple of hours. Okay?

Carter's sobbing on the phone. The baby crying harder.

CARTER (O.S.)
I'm just going to do it. I'm just
going to do it.

Kimball sees Greg through the windows, he turns away from
her, disappointed.

KIMBALL
No, you're not! You can't keep
doing this Carter!!

CARTER (O.S.)
(sobbing)
Just please remember your promise.
Remember what you promised...

KIMBALL
You do this all time! It's got to
stop!

CARTER (O.S.)
I'm going stop it right now... I'll
just do it right now...

Greg opens the door.

GREG
Kim, you coming or not?

Kimball loses it.

KIMBALL
(into the phone)
Yeah? You're going to do it?

CARTER (O.S.)
Yes.

KIMBALL
Yeah? Then just *fucking* do it
already.

Then through the phone, we hear it...

Gunshot.

Kimball can't move.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
Carter?

Nothing.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
CARTER???

Everything SLOWS as Greg holds her as she starts to scream in her phone...

LENNY (REVERB)
Ironic...

CUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - NIGHT

Kimball starts to seize up as she stares straight ahead at Lenny, who's verging on catatonic.

LENNY (REVERB)
She was right, you know. You were
stronger.

Anthony runs to her side.

ANTHONY
Kimball? Wake up!!

She continues to shake, starts to foam at the mouth.

LENNY (REVERB)
And that's why your daddy liked
your sister. The weak can only
fight for so long.

Anthony yells to Omar.

ANTHONY
Turn it off!!

Anthony holds Kimball down as she seizes in her chair.

LENNY (REVERB)
You killed your daddy and never
lost a wink of sleep over it. I
don't blame you, I'd done the same.

Omar unplugs the machine, but the dials don't turn off.

OMAR
It's not turning off!

Anthony rips off Kimball's headband, but it doesn't help.

LENNY (REVERB)
But this? You did this. She didn't
commit suicide. You killed her.

Lenny is in his cell, eyes bulging as he stares at Kimball.

ANTHONY
We have to get his off!!!

Omar fumbles with the keys to unlock Lenny's cell.

LENNY (REVERB)
You think you can pay penance for
this by saving a bunch of whores!

Omar finally unlocks it. Anthony slips in past him to grab Lenny's headband off.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
But you can't. There's no getting
past this. You're a monster.

But suddenly, Lenny grabs Anthony and wraps the cords around his neck and pushes the cell door shut with his legs, keeping Omar out as he strangles Anthony who's squirming under him.

OMAR
Someone!! HELP!!

Omar runs over to the wall and pushes the ALARM.

Anthony is purple faced. His legs kick under him.

LENNY (REVERB)
You're a killer. Just like me.

Omar shoulders the door. Finally forces the door open.

He strikes Lenny in the head with his baton and Lenny releases Anthony, who rolls off of him, limp.

Omar puts his hand on Anthony... dead.

Kimball's eye droop and she falls out of her chair.

Some more GUARDS arrive, but they're just footsteps to Kimball who's on the ground, eye to eye with Lenny.

They stare at each other, still in each other's heads...

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
But I can help you, Kimball.

DIP TO BLACK:

INT./EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Kimball's in a gurney getting compressions. She fades in and out, the edges around her sharpen. Blur...

LENNY (REVERB)
I can make all of the hurt go away,
Kimball.

The overhead lights blur until they DISSOLVE to the bokeh of the cityscape through the windows of

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONT.

Judd sleeps in the chair next to Kimball's hospital bed.

LENNY (REVERB)
I can help you find what you came
looking for.

Kimball is as still as a corpse.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
Would you like me to help you make
it all go away?

She hasn't moved a muscle, but we HEAR Kimball crying.

KIMBALL (REVERB)
Yes.

LENNY (REVERB)
Then do as I tell you.
(beat)
Get up.

Her eyes open.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
Quietly.

Kimball moves her legs off the side of the bed. Stands.

She opens the door, shuts it gently behind her.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
Now, take the subway.

INT. RED LINE SUBWAY - CONT.

Kimball holds onto the rails, still mid-trance.

LENNY (REVERB)
Get off at the bridge.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONT.

Judd shifts in his sleep, his eyes open for half a second.
He jerks awake, realizing Kimball is gone.

JUDD
Kimball??

He looks around, runs out the door.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Somebody??

EXT. PITTSBURGH STREETS - NIGHT

Kimball walks barefoot past a camp of transients.

LENNY (REVERB)
Almost there. Keep going.

INT./EXT. JUDD'S CAR - CONT.

Judd floors it. Scans the streets for Kimball.

Up ahead, he sees the Liberty bridge.

Guns it.

EXT. LIBERTY BRIDGE - CONT.

Kimball gets to the center of the bridge.

LENNY (REVERB)
Stop here.

She looks over the ledge.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
This is the last thing I need you
to do. And then it'll all go away.

A tear falls from Kimball's impassive face.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
Climb up on the railing.

One foot, then the next.

She stands up.

Just then, Judd SCREECHES to a halt. He gets out of his car.

JUDD
Kimball!!

She wobbles.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Kimball. Come down from there.

She finds her balance.

KIMBALL
I just want to make it stop. He's helping me get it out of my head.

JUDD
No he's not. Come down...

Kimball's toes hang over the edge.

RILEY (O.S.)
Mommy?

Riley climbs out of the car.

She looks up at Kimball on the edge.

KIMBALL
Hi cutie...

Judd softly walks over, holds out his hand.

JUDD
We can help you.

She takes a deep breath.

Takes his hand.

Kimball climbs down and Riley runs into her arms.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAYS LATER

Kimball comes to, back in bed. Riley curled up next to her.

Judd sits next to her, he looks like he hasn't slept in days.

Kimball tries to speak, but her mouth is too dry.

JUDD
Here...

He brings over a water with a straw in it. She sips it.

KIMBALL
Anthony?

Judd shakes his head. His shoulders slump, his bullet proof facade breaking for the first time.

KIMBALL (CONT'D)
It my fault. I was reckless.

JUDD
I should've never put you in that position.

KIMBALL
No, I wanted it. I hoped if I was able to help people, maybe I wouldn't hurt anymore. But I've realized, I think pain is my earworm. Something I'll just have to learn to live with.

Judd listens. Thinks for a minute,

JUDD
My sister was a musician. And you'd know she was working on something new because that's all she'd hum, all day, all night. And it drove her crazy, well it drove ME more crazy if I'm being honest with you.

Kimball cracks a tiny smile.

JUDD (CONT'D)
But as soon as she finished the song, poof. It was gone. The song just needed to work itself out.

He lets this sink in.

JUDD (CONT'D)
Maybe that's what you need to do.
Let the pain in, let it work itself out.

He pulls out an envelope.

JUDD (CONT'D)
This is for you.

She takes it, opens it.

It's an adoption application, signed by the Attorney General.

KIMBALL
But we're not done...

JUDD
No. We are. We're done.

KIMBALL
We haven't figured out how to stop
him...

JUDD
I'm not sure that we will.

KIMBALL
If we can catch him when he's
Howie, I think we can figure out
how he's doing it. We can do this.

JUDD
We're out of time. He'll get
insanity, we can only hope for the
best from there.

KIMBALL
I can do it. I can get through.

JUDD
You're no match for him! Look what
happened last time you forced your
way in!

KIMBALL
I just need to figure out how to
bring his guard down. Find his
song...

Judd sits back, tired of arguing with her.

RILEY
Maybe he doesn't like songs.

Kimball looks down at Riley.

KIMBALL
What did you say, baby?

RILEY
Maybe he doesn't like songs.

Lightbulb.

KIMBALL

He doesn't like songs... It's not a song.

JUDD

What?

KIMBALL

I know how to get through to him.

JUDD

Kimball--

KIMBALL

Please. I need you to trust me.
Just one more chance.

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - NIGHT

Lenny's got a big bruise on his forehead. He grins when he sees Kimball and Judd walk in.

LENNY

Glad to see you've made a full recovery. I thought you were going off the edge for a while there.

He laughs at his own joke as Judd sets up the table.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Oh no. Not this again.

KIMBALL

We're going to try something a little different this time.

LENNY

Oh really? Found my song, did you?
It's not the stupid tune I keep whistling if that's what you think it is.

He puts his hands out of the bars for Omar to cuff him.

LENNY (CONT'D)

"Have you considered it might be 'Who Let the Dogs Out?' Or 'Careless Whisper'? That Boy George back in the day--

His face drops as he sees what Judd is pushing over...

A television.

Boxy, analog. Similar to the one we've seen in his memories.

Lenny tries to back up, but he's cuffed to the bar.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Uncuff me.

He starts shaking the bars.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Stop!! I'll tell you what you want
to know!

Judd flips on the TV.

STATIC.

Lenny goes completely silent as he stares at the screen. Omar slips the headset on him.

Once it's on, the NMDA dial plunges, hovers right at 0...

Omar offers Kimball the other headset, but instead, Kimball reaches in her bag, pull out some headphones. She connects it to her phone and puts them on.

She plays her own earworm.

"At Last" drowns out the static.

ETTA JAMES (O.S.)
"At last, my love has come along.."

Kimball takes a deep breath.

KIMBALL
(sotto)
Okay, Carter. Let's finish the
song.

She focuses on the swell of the music.

ETTA JAMES (O.S.)
"My lonely days are over..."

As she closes her eyes, we

FADE TO BLACK.

ETTA JAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
"And life is like a song..."

FADE UP ON:

INT. PARK - DAY

Kimball's phone is playing music, while she dozes. A very pregnant Carter lays next to her in the grass, with an open can of black olives.

A bedsheet tent providing shade and a safe place for them.

CARTER

Kim?

KIMBALL

Hmmm?

CARTER

If something ever happens to me,
will you be Riley's mom?

KIMBALL

Nothing's going to happen to you.

CARTER

But if it does.

Kimball sits up.

KIMBALL

Why are you asking me?

CARTER

I just want to know that you'll
take care of her. Like you've taken
care of me.

She's serious. Kimball can see that.

KIMBALL

Of course.

CARTER

Promise?

KIMBALL

I promise.

Kimball rests her head on Carter's stomach. Hums along to the song, the MUSIC suddenly cuts as

WE SMASH TO:

STATIC.

It switches to another channel.

Then, static.

Finally, we see:

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE PLAYS ON AN ANALOG TV SCREEN.

We PULL BACK and reveal we're at

INT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - DAY

Two boys, LENNY (9) and HOWIE (9) sit in front of a TV set.

They're both entranced by George Bailey and Mary Hatch walking down the sidewalk singing together.

GEORGE BAILEY (sings) ...and dance by the light of the moon.	MARY HATCH (sings) ...and dance by the light of the moon.
---	--

Behind the boys, MS. CONSTANCE and a couple of SOCIAL WORKERS walk up to them. One grabs Lenny and the other grabs Howie.

MS. CONSTANCE
Get up. Time to go.

LENNY
Go where?

MS. CONSTANCE
You, are being fostered.

LENNY
What about my brother?

Ms. Constance looks from Howie to Lenny.

MS. CONSTANCE
Your brother? What do you mean? He died last week after you pushed him down the stairs.

Howie starts to fight and SCREAM, he kicks over the TV, it immediately goes to complete STATIC.

Ms. Constance grabs Lenny's face.

MS. CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
You'll never see him, talk to him, or be in the same room together, ever again. You understand me? This is goodbye, forever.

Lenny spits in her face.

She SLAPS him, the way one adult would hit another.

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY

A sliding van door SLAMS and Lenny's face appears next to it. He looks up at Granville as they drive away.

LENNY
(under his breath)
Howie?

He looks to the front of the van, the driver isn't watching.

LENNY (CONT'D)
Howie, can you hear me?

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONT.

Howie cries on a mattress in the corner of the room. The boiler GROWLS nearby.

Howie stops and listens.

HOWIE
Lenny? Where are you?

LENNY (REVERB)
I don't know.

HOWIE
I'm scared.

LENNY (REVERB)
Don't be scared. I'll be with you.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A school yard, kids run and play together. In the sandbox, Lenny's alone, drawing Tic-Tac-Toe in the sand....

- Howie's in the courtyard of Granville, similarly drawing in the dirt. He plays the other half of Lenny's Tic-Tac-Toe.

- We're OVERHEAD on Lenny as he lies on his bed. He's on his side, pillow-talking to someone next to him... But when we TRUCK over, no one is there.

We keep TRUCKING past the wall and complete the MOVE AND see:

- An empty spot on another bed. Howie mirrors Lenny's position, talking to the empty spot in his bed.

A fluid conversation between the twins in separate locations.

INT. LENNY'S FOSTER HOME - DAY

Lenny is now a teenager, already over 6ft tall. He yells at his foster parents, slams his door to shut them out.

LENNY
You there, little brother?

INTERCUT:

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Howie is also built large, but is slumped over in a ball as a bunch of boys throw rocks at him at the park.

TEENS
Get out of here, stupid!

Howie covers his head as more rocks come flying.

LENNY (REVERB)
Go fight them, Howie!

HOWIE
I can't.

BACK TO LENNY

He paces around his room. Fists clenched.

He gets an idea.

LENNY
Howie. You want me to do it for you?

HOWIE

wipes his bloody nose. Nods.

HOWIE
Okay.

LENNY (O.S.)
Close your eyes.

LENNY

closes his eyes. Rolls his head back.

HOWIE

closes his eyes. Tilts his head back...

Then, Howie stands.

His posture is straighter.

Voice deeper...

HOWIE

Don't leave my room, Howie. I'll be right back.

Howie picks up an ugly rock, walks towards the teenagers.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILLY - NIGHT

Rain pours in downtown Philly. Howie (now in his 30s) runs under an awning by a cafe.

He's been crying.

HOWIE

Lenny, I'm lost...

INT. COUNTY JAIL - CONT.

Lenny's (30s) in a holding cell with a bunch of other men.

LENNY

I can't help you right now. Ask someone else, Howie.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILLY - CONT.

Howie stops a YOUNG WOMAN in a dress and heels.

HOWIE

Can you walk me home?

But she doesn't know how to deal with this strange grown man.

Howie watches her walk away. His gaze lingers a little too long on the back of her legs.

LENNY (REVERB)

You know, I might know the way back home, Howie.

The woman crosses the street.

LENNY (REVERB) (CONT'D)
You want to switch places with me
for a bit?

Howie wipes his eyes.

HOWIE
Okay.

LENNY (O.S.)
Close your eyes.

Howie closes his eyes. Tilts his head back...

Stands up straighter.

He crosses the street, walks after the woman.

INT. BOILER ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Howie rushes into the room, buzzed with energy.

He takes off his shirt, it's completely stained red.

He goes to the sink, washes his hands of blood.

HOWIE
Just hold on, Howie. I'm almost
ready.

He puts on a new shirt.

Walks over to the TV, pushes in a video cassette.

'It's a Wonderful Life' begins to play.

He sits on the bed.

HOWIE (CONT'D)
Alright. Close your eyes, little
brother. I'm ready.

He closes his eyes. Tilts his head back...

He opens them again with a big smile. He sees the TV.

HOWIE (CONT'D)
Hot dog! You wanna watch with me?

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Lenny puts his hands behind his head. Satisfied.

LENNY
No, you go ahead.

Begins to whistle "Buffalo Gals".

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SECURE TREATMENT WING - NIGHT

Kimball comes back. Gets to her feet, immediately starts walking to the door.

LENNY
Don't you dare touch him! I'll kill you!! I'll fucking kill you!!!

Judd catches up to her.

JUDD
Where are you going??

EXT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - MORNING

Kimball, Judd, and a host of armed police officers storm past the black steel gates.

INT. BASEMENT - CONT.

Kimball leads the way, down the narrow corridor we saw before.

She walks to the heavy, blue door.

Music echoes in the hallway, coming from behind the door...

Kimball turns the handle and opens it.

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONT.

The giant boiler Hisses and SHUDDERS.

There's a book shelf. Even a couple small plants.

A TV plays 'It's a Wonderful Life'.

ON THE SCREEN: George Bailey and Mary Hatch walk down the sidewalk singing:

GEORGE BAILEY	MARY HATCH
(singing)	(singing)
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight...	Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight...

And in the far corner of the room, laying on the mattress with his back against the wall...

Howie.

He lights up as Kimball walks into the room. Waves.

HOWIE
Oh hi, Kimball!

INT. GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kimball and Judd sit at the table. Judd has a stack of papers and a box with the machine next to him.

The door opens and GOVERNOR PARK storms in. Judd stands, Kimball follows suit.

The Governor sits without acknowledging them, he flips through a stack of papers. He throws it on the table.

GOVERNOR PARK
Anyone want to tell me what the
hell is going on?

Judd grabs his notes.

JUDD
Well, as I explained in our report--

GOVERNOR PARK
Is Lenny Hayes our killer or not?

JUDD
He is.

GOVERNOR PARK
Wasn't he in custody during the
times the murders took place?

JUDD
Yes. Umm, that's correct.

GOVERNOR PARK
So he escaped from county?

JUDD
Well no--

GOVERNOR PARK
Which is it? Someone tell me what
the hell is going on!!

KIMBALL
May I, sir?

Governor Park notices her for the first time.

GOVERNOR PARK
And who are you?

KIMBALL
Kimball Cavnagh. I was the one
who shared a psychic connection
with Lenny Hayes.

He grabs his papers, flips a couple pages.

GOVERNOR PARK
Cavnagh. Okay. Go ahead.

KIMBALL
There's a theory, if you can even
call it that, it's called 'twin
telepathy'. Which is that by
nature, twins are able to share a
psychic connection. I knew this,
not because of my studies, but
because I had a twin sister with
whom I experienced it with in the
past.

GOVERNOR PARK
But you don't anymore?

KIMBALL
Not since she killed herself 3
years ago.

He goes back to shutting the hell up.

JUDD
This is how Lenny Hayes was able to
get away with the murders for so
long.

(MORE)

JUDD (CONT'D)

He purposefully put himself in custody for petty crimes on the nights he killed because he didn't need to physically be there.

KIMBALL

He simply had to mind swap with his brother Howie and kill through him.

JUDD

The DNA samples matched because identical twins share identical DNA. Lenny was the only suspect because thanks to Granville Adoption Agency, Howie died at age 9. He didn't exist.

KIMBALL

When Ms. Constance faked Howie's death--

JUDD

--to bypass the law prohibiting separating siblings--

KIMBALL

--she forced the twins to cling to the only bond they had ever had their entire lives. If their psychic connection was a muscle, this trauma was like a steroid. She forced them to exercise and strengthen it over miles and miles and years upon years.

GOVERNOR PARK

But what about the machine? Isn't that how you were getting into his mind?

JUDD

We're unsure if it acted as a conduit or simply amplified Lenny's abilities to entrench himself in Kimball's mind, eventually they became connected even without the machine's help.

The Governors pales, looks to Kimball.

GOVERNOR PARK

Does this mean... Is he still in your head?

Kimball closes her eyes as if to listen...

LENNY
(whispers)
...cut your wrists and watch you
bleed. And then I'll...

KIMBALL
Yes. He's still here.

Governor Park stands up. Walks to the window.

GOVERNOR PARK
Can you prove any of this?

Judd and Kimball each take turns shaking their heads, no.

GOVERNOR PARK (CONT'D)
So who's the killer here? The non-
existent twin with the mental
capacity of a 10 year old, or the
psycho twin that can't be placed at
any of the crime scenes?

He waits for a response. Finally,

KIMBALL
Howie wouldn't hurt anyone. If you
talk to him, you'll see that.

GOVERNOR PARK
How would I know I was talking to
him at all?

KIMBALL
He's not like Lenny. He's kind,
childlike.

JUDD
In a way, Howie wasn't even there.

KIMBALL
That's right. It was Lenny the
whole time. Lenny's guilty.

The Governor thinks about this.

GOVERNOR PARK
Here's what we're going to do.
You're going to destroy that
machine and any records you've been
keeping.

He points at Kimball.

GOVERNOR PARK (CONT'D)
You're going to sign a medical evaluation stating Lenny Hayes is of sound mind now AND was so even at the time of the crimes.

Then to Judd.

GOVERNOR PARK (CONT'D)
You'll be transferring to another unit. Pick one.

They both nod in acknowledgment.

GOVERNOR PARK (CONT'D)
And next week, Lenny Hayes will be executed by lethal injection.

He tosses over his copy of the report.

GOVERNOR PARK (CONT'D)
And then we bury this 6ft under.

EXT. GRANVILLE ADOPTION AGENCY - DAY

The steel black gates are shut.

A chain is fitted through the bars, it's padlocked shut.

EXT. NELLIES HOUSE - DAY

Kimball and Riley hold hands and wave to Nellie as they walk from the porch, a couple of bags in their arms.

Nellie wipes a happy tear and watches them go.

INT. EASTERN STATE PRISON - DAY

Lenny is escorted out of a cell. He's walked past other inmates who YELL and JEER at him.

A door opens, inside is a medical chair. Lenny stands at the entrance, he slowly walks in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - CONT.

HOWIE sits on a couch. He clings to a pillow and sobs.

LENNY

is strapped down to the medical chair.

A nurse swabs his arm with alcohol.

He rests his head back, as a JUDGE reads him the verdict.

HOWIE

rocks back and forth, tears stream down his face.

LENNY

tries to whistle Buffalo Gals and fails.

Closes his eyes.

Rests his head back.

LENNY
Goodbye little brother.

He exhales as the doctor inserts the lethal dose into his IV.

The heart rate monitor flatlines.

HOWIE

howls as he clutches his pillow, heaving two heavy sobs into it. He knows his brother is gone...

A couple of SOCIAL WORKERS rub his back.

SOCIAL WORKER 1
You want to watch a movie or
something?

SOCIAL WORKER 2
We can put on "It's a Wonderful
Life" if you want?

Howie shakes his head, wipes his tears.

HOWIE
No. I just want to go to my room.

They come and take Howie's arm.

FROM A DISTANCE:

Judd watches as they turn and walk down the corridor with Howie to the exit.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - HOWIE'S NEW ROOM - CONT.

The staff member opens the door for Howie and he goes straight to the bed.

The door closes, leaving just a small vertical window for us to see him through.

He lays on his bed.

Puts his hands behind his head.

With a smile...

He begins to whistle...

EXT. NELLIE'S HOUSE - CONT.

Kimball stops dead in her tracks.

RILEY
What's wrong, Mommy?

She turns, the faint tune of "Buffalo Gals" in her head...

KIMBALL
Oh my God...

CUT TO:

BLACK.

END.