

PSYCHOSIS

Written & Directed
by
Remington Henderson

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING MOVIE FILMED IS ENTIRELY IN BLACK AND WHITE EXCEPT WHERE EXPLICITLY STATED OTHERWISE.

1 THE SOUND OF SHACKLES permeate the hard footsteps of hard 1 shoes on linoleum. Muffled sounds of whoops and calls sound in the background.

FADE IN

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

CU - WE ARE LOOKING at BUSTER BROWN SHOES walking down an out-of-focus hallway. The cloth of a prisoner's jumpsuit is touching the top tips of the black leather shoes and around the ankles are a set of transport restraints.

PAN UP - We follow the chain of the restraints up the legs of the prisoner to limp hands hanging at waist level.

WE CONTINUE UP to see the form and face of **DONNA**, a woman of darker complexion, curly long hair, and appears to be roughly 21. She is being led down the hallway by a uniformed guard and, despite her situation, she has a smug look on her face like one of simple victory. On her forehead is a band-aid (IN COLOR).

A FLASH OF IMAGES show the other female prisoners of the institution cheering for the guided maverick. AS THEY BANG ON THE GLASS THEIR CLOTHS VIBRATE BETWEEN COLOR AND BLACK AND WHITE). **DONNA** ignores the ongoing prisoners but her visage shows a sort of satisfaction from the attention.

ONE FACE stands out amongst the many others. It is the face of an elderly black woman that is void of expression and does not cheer as her cohorts do. A single bead of blood drips down her forehead. (SHE IS COMPLETELY IN COLOR while the background remains B&W)

DONNA slows down briefly and her gaze turns to further examine this woman but she is prodded by her attending guard, **LAWSEN**, an imposing man, a deep voice, and an unmoving face.

GUARD LAWSEN

Not there yet...

THE GUARD walks **DONNA** past the standard cells and walks her around the corner to solitary confinement rooms.

THEY STOP at one door and GUARD LAWSEN pulls out a key chain and opens the door.

THE GUARD looks over at DONNA suggestively and steps closely to her as he unlocks her hands. DONNA stands stiff & alert.

DONNA
See something ya like?

THE GUARD ignores her response and begins to walk around to the backside of DONNA, eyeing her, and stands over her shoulder, [ALL IN ONE CONTINUOUS MOTION] grabs a handful of her hair and smells it, and whispers into her ear.

GUARD LAWSEN
You know, Donna, I'd hate to think
that your escape attempts have been
because of me. Do you find me so
distasteful?

DONNA
(tilting her down she
looks suggestively at his
crotch and lifts her gaze
back up to him)
I wouldn't know.

THE GUARD lowers his head to get a good look in her eyes and he continues down to DONNA's feet and begins to unlock her ankle shackles.

GUARD LAWSEN
Why do you postpone the inevitable?
An apple is only as good as it is
fresh...

DONNA
... and unbruised.

THE GUARD smiles as he stands up and slides the chain around her neck.

GUARD LAWSEN
Well don't forget that these can be
used for other activities ...

THE GUARD shakes the restraints in his hand and gestures to her cell. She ignores his remark and walks forward into the darkness.

DONNA walks into the cell and hears the door lock after her. The room is pitch-black except for low-key beams of light shining in through the ventilation shutters on the door. They are shining directly onto a cot absent of sheets.

DONNA walks over to the cot and sits down staring at the wall in front of her. She can hear the faint footsteps of LAWSEN walking away followed by a faint yell from him over the still-present chattering of the other inmates.

GUARD LAWSEN

That's enough, ladies. Lights out!

3 INT. TECHNICIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

A FLASH-IMAGE OF A man's hand turning off lights to the halls and cells.

1 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 1

From outside of DONNA's solitary cell the lights turn off progressively closer to her.

2 INT. SOLITARY CONFINMENT CELL - NIGHT 2

The sound of the light switchboard follows the ensuing darkness. DONNA looks up to her side at the shuttered lighting.

BLACKOUT

INT. DARK VOID - NIGHT

A TOP LIGHT shines down on DONNA suddenly. Her head is still turned towards the now-absent shutter lights. She looks up at this bright light above.

The camera pans around and we see a small object on a desk next to her with its own spotlight - IT IS A RED PICTURE FRAME.

DONNA sees it too. She stands up and walks over and picks it up. The picture is of herself in a white dress laughing at some unseen photographer. DONNA is baffled by the picture, clearly knowing nothing of it or its origins.

She sets down the frame and looks out at the darkness surrounding her but sees nothing. She begins to take a step towards the oblivion -- but hesitates.

Suddenly a rectangular light shines from a distance. It is the frame of a door, considerably further from the confines of the cell and also coming from the side opposite the original shutters.

DONNA looks back behind her where the cell's door should be and then looks back at the opened gate.

SHE WALKS towards it.

4

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

DONNA walks out the door into the hallway of a hospital. She is no longer wearing her orange suit but a white jacket, that of a doctor, as well as she is missing the band-aid on her forehead.

DONNA looks both ways in the hall and sees a few hospital attendants doing various duties. A patient is wheeled past her and she slides along the wall.

SHE BEGINS to walk down the hallway and finally notices the change of clothes. As DONNA is checking out her new wardrobe she walks around a corner and is KNOCKED INTO by a male medical intern, whom drops his clipboard and folder. In the commotion he does not see DONNA's face and he frantically begins to pick up the strewn papers. He is WEARING A GOLD CROSS.

INTERN

Oh, I'm sorry. Sometimes I just get in such a hurry that I don't...

(looks up)

Oh. Dr. Kwixote. I was just looking for you. Would you like to hear my diagnoses? ... or would you prefer to make them yourself?

DONNA

(hesitant)

No... that's all right. What did you find?

5

INT. ER - NIGHT

5

THE INTERN leads DONNA to a series of bedside patients shielded from each other by plastic sheets. The room is aisle-based and there are patients lining both sides. The two begin on the left side and work their way from front to back. NOTE: While we can't see it, we can hear a woman giving birth nearby. THE INTERN carries on over the noise.

INTERN

Well, first we have Paul Miller.
Age 64.

(MORE)

INTERN (CONT'D)

Came in complaining of a headache and feeling a bit nauseous earlier this afternoon and blacked out in the waiting room. A candy stripper noticed him an hour later, poor guy. The CT scan suggests an extradural hemorrhage. The OR is being prepared and Dr. Johansson is performing the surgery.

AS THE INTERN SPEAKS, DONNA has a look of concern as she does not understand what the young man is saying.

DONNA

... Good.

INTERN

(not noticing the delayed reaction)

Here is Jessica White. Age 52.

ANOTHER DOCTOR walks by with clipboard and a nurse at his side. They stop in the hallway near intern and DONNA and begin speaking inaudibly over some figures on an unseen chart. HE LOOKS EXACTLY like LAUSEN. DONNA zones out on the intern's prognosis and the audio becomes muddled.

INTERN (CONT'D)

Chart said... "acute abdominal pain" ... "fever of 101" ... "nausea." The rectal exam shows early signs of appendicitis.

Her quickened heartbeat is audible as she is looking over with concern over at the unnamed doctor.

INTERN (CONT'D)

Dr. Young will be performing the appendectomy in the morning...

He finally looks up at DONNA and smiles as he sees her. He gives her a polite wave and then walks on with the nurse.

INTERN (CONT'D)

Doctor?

DONNA

Yes? Good... Good... I concur.

As they move to the third patient, DONNA looks across the aisle and sees an elderly black woman in one of the beds with a bandage around her head. - SHE IS IN COLOR

CU - IT IS THE SAME silent woman that DONNA saw as she was walking down the prison hallway.

INTERN

And here is ...

THE WOMAN GIVING BIRTH GIVES A FINAL PUSH AND A SCREAM. THE INTERN and DONNA cannot help but notice the scene now.

NEW MOTHER (O.S.)

What is it? Boy or a girl?

The doctor looks at the baby and is mortified (behind his face mask) to see a disfigured baby. He looks over to a nurse with a curious visage.

NOTE: See David Lynch's Erasehead baby for reference.

NEW MOTHER (CONT'D)

It's not crying...?

This spurs the crew into action who seemed to have overlooked that fact.

BIRTHING DOCTOR

Get the Aspirator!

DONNA TURNS AWAY FROM THE BABY AND WALKS to the comatose woman and stands bedside. She looks down at the gentle face.

RESPIRATORY CARE TECHNICIAN 1 (O.S.)

First pass, clear.

DONNA FOCUSES ON THE BANDAGE and then touches her own forehead but now knows that her own band-aid is gone.

RESPIRATORY CARE TECHNICIAN 2 (O.S.)

One and Two and Three, breath...

One and Two and Three, breath...

DONNA REMAINS standing over the woman. Suddenly she feels a wetness on her forehead and reaches her hand up. It is blood.
RED - OOZING

DONNA walks out of the ER with her hand covering her forehead.

THE INTERN loses his fixation on the disfigured baby and calls after DONNA.

INTERN

Dr. Kwixote, where are you going?

CUT TO:

INT. SOLITARY CONFINMENT CELL - MORNING

From a low position the camera sees the door to the cell open from the darkness. GUARD LAWSEN is silhouetted against the light.

GUARD LAWSEN

Up. You're free for now.

DONNA is curled up on the cot in the absence of sheets. She unravels herself and walks out the door.

DONNA

So soon?

GUARD LAWSEN

If kicking a dog to teach it to stop pissing on the rug doesn't work, you try something else.

DONNA stands up and walks out the door. LAWSEN closes the door behind her.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)

Another escape attempt, though, and the warden will see to it that you rot in there... Think about it, you might even forget your own name... You understand?

DONNA

Beyond all doubts.

GUARD LAWSEN

Good... Walk.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - MORNING

CU - Cheap food tray sliding along by DONNA's hands. The camera follows as she picks it to get a scoopful of sloppish chow.

DONNA

Thank you.

The server smirks and shakes her head without a word.

DONNA proceeds to pick up her tray and walk out amongst the isle of tables. Various prison inmates walk in and around her while eating. The din of the room quiets down and fellow inmates spy her as she walks past in silence.

BITS OF COLOR SEEM TO POP OUT AT DONNA. The color of a bandana holding back some hair, some fingernails, etc.

DONNA walks to a table with four woman (MERYL, PEARL, EUGENIA, & IRIS) eating and chatting amongst themselves. She clearly has interrupted their conversation as the smiling and laughing of the group has ceased.

DONNA stands awkwardly in the silence for a moment before MERYL LAUGHS.

MERYL

Ladies, did you think she was gone forever?

They all eye DONNA as she sits down. PEARL speaks with a soft and high pitched voice.

PEARL

Did they hurt you, dear?

DONNA

No, Pearl.

DONNA sees that they are looking at her forehead. She touches it.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Oh, this was my fault, I'm afraid.
I kicked around when they caught up with me. I pulled away from them and hit my head in the process.

IRIS

They probably let go of you on purpose.

PEARL

(really high pitched tone)
Don't say things like that, Iris.
They wouldn't do *that*.

IRIS

Yes...

(looking around as if one
might be watching)
They would.

DONNA starts playing with the food on her plate and zones out to the conversation.

PEARL

But *why* would they?

IRIS

Because their horrible people.
Their parents raised them up wrong,
that's it.

PEARL

They might be a bit harsh sometimes
but they don't mean anything by it,
I'm sure. They're good people, deep
down.

IRIS

If they are, we'll never see it.
Especially here...

PEARL

It's not that bad...

DONNA continues looking at her plate as she speaks.

DONNA

Where's Joanna?

MERYL

(through the uncomfortable
silence)
... She's no longer with us.

DONNA

(looking up at Meryl)
What do you mean by that?

MERYL

Joanna suffered an aneurism last
night in her sleep.
(looking up)
She's in the Lord's company now.

A pause of silence.

DONNA

I wonder who's going to be my new
room mate?

EUGENIA

Everyone else has been thinking the
same thing.

The other women look bored at the conversation and one notices that DONNA is not eating.

EUGENIA (CONT'D)
You're not hungry, dear?

DONNA
Not for this slop.

DONNA scoops a chunk of potatoes and slaps back onto the tray.

EUGENIA
Did they catch you in the yard again?

DONNA
No, I got downtown and called my younger sister from a pay phone. No one saw me but they found me shortly afterwards so I'm guessing she called the office. I should've known better. She stopped visiting me a long time back.

DONNA GETS A WEIRD FEELING like the hairs on the back of her neck are on end. SHE TURNS AROUND. She sees the OLD WOMAN sitting alone at a table sitting upright with her tray in front of her, but not eating. She does NOT have a cut, wound, or bandage of any kind on her forehead. SHE IS STILL IN COLOR

She is staring right at DONNA and when they make eye contact she lifts her drink as if offering a toast.

EUGENIA
No one visits me anymore.

MERYL
My son's supposed to come by tomorrow.

EUGENIA
I can't remember the last time I saw my kids.

IRIS
(grabbing the hands of the nearest two)
At least we have each other.

Meryl catches sight of ELSA walking towards them.

MERYL
Here comes Elsa.

ELSA arrives and stands right behind DONNA while holding her own tray. DONNA talks without turning around.

ELSA
Back so soon, Donna?

DONNA
What do you want, Elsa?

As she continues she sits down next to DONNA.

ELSA
Nothing, deary. Presently, nothing - absolutely nothing - at all. What I wanted last night at 11:59 PM, exactly, is another matter altogether.

DONNA
Plans change. I was no where near the infirmary. I made a blitz myself.

ELSA
And left me here... To die.

DONNA
I don't see it that way. I'm here, ain't I?

ELSA
It's the principle. Your power here is based on lies. You can't even stay true to a deal. It doesn't matter that you couldn't stay out this time. Without me, you would've never left the yard in the first place. Maybe I wouldn't have messed up and got caught again for the fifth time.

DONNA
Maybe, or maybe you would've driven into oncoming traffic.

ELSA HITS DONNA across the face with her tray. They fall backwards onto the ground and a fight ensues. It is egged on by the other prisoners.

LAWSEN and another guard come in and break up the debacle.

GUARD LAWSEN
What do we have here?

DONNA
It's nothing.

GUARD ZACHARY
Who started it?

Neither respond.

GUARD LAWSEN
(to DONNA)
This could just as easily be your
strike three...

GUARD ZACHARY
One of the others knows.

GUARD LAWSEN WALKS among the other girls in a menacing way and finally stops before Pearl. He lifts up her chin with the tip of his baton.

GUARD LAWSEN
Come on. Who was it?

She shakes her head.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)
Perhaps a couple days in isolation
could help you find your voice?

She looks at ELSA quickly and then back down at the ground.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)
(to Elsa)
You. Come with me.

A bell rings.

GUARD ZACHARY
All right, ladies. Breakfast's
over. Get to work.

INT. PRISON BATHROOM

DONNA is looking in a foggy metal mirror with a bit of RED BLOOD coming out a corner of her mouth.

She spits a big mouthful of the iron liquid into the sink and runs the faucet. She scoops a handful of water and rinses her mouth before spitting again.

Lastly, she runs her hands through the water and rubs her face as she is looking down at the running water.

TRANSITION TO COLOR.

DONNA looks back up at the mirror and sees the OLD WOMAN (instead of herself - just to be clear) in the reflection.

AGNES

Donna?

BACK TO BLACK AND WHITE.

DONNA whips her head to the voice and sees Agnes.

DONNA

I'm coming.

DONNA looks back at her young self in the mirror.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM

A small montage of DONNA cleaning and folding some linen and pushing a laundry cart.

ELSA is escorted into the laundry room by GUARD ZACHARY. She is limping slightly, has her head down, and is silent. She looks over at DONNA but makes no gestures of any kind before being shoved by the guard and then walking over to her own pile of clothes and begins to fold.

The same guard who escorted ELSA walks over to DONNA.

GUARD ZACHARY

The warden wants to see you.

DONNA goes to finish folding the thing at hand.

GUARD ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Now.

DONNA

What for?

GUARD ZACHARY

He didn't say... Let's go.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE

DONNA is let into the office by the guard. He goes to stand in the back. DONNA LOOKS AT THE WARDEN in his BROWN SUIT gesture.

WARDEN

No, Zachary, please wait outside.

The guard looks at DONNA for a second and then closes the door behind him. DONNA is still standing behind a set of chairs.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Please, have a seat.

DONNA sits down.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Can you guess why I called you in here?

DONNA
Because of last night?

WARDEN
No... But that is something I want to talk about at another time.

DONNA
...The fight?

WARDEN
No, not that either.

DONNA shrugs.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
Look, Donna, I'm not sure how to say this but I suspect that there have been serious cases of misconduct between members of my staff with the 'residents' of this fine institution.

The warden stands up from his desk and walks around to the front.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
It goes without saying that you are well represented among the woman. They respect you, I mean to say. You have a strong sense of character which give you the traits of a natural leader. That, combined with your numerous attempts to vacate these facilities have left you a sort of... celebrity among the woman. I'm sure they can, and do, confide in you all sorts of information.

The warden sits on an edge of the table using his hands as he speaks.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

You see Donna, what I need from you are the names of men, or even *one man*, who may be responsible for these terrible

(hand shakes in the air as he looks for the right, political correct, word)

... allegations. It could be just be a notion you've had from your bench-side discussions, maybe something you saw, maybe even something first-hand. I just want you to feel comfortable telling me the truth without worrying what will happen to you consequently.

The warden now stands up again and walks around to the back of the desk and sits down.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

If you cooperate I could be persuaded perhaps to overlook your recent 'nightly escapades' and find you extra yard time on 'good behavior'. Now, do you have something you want to tell me?

DONNA

Well that is quite a deal ...

Three hard knocks come at the door.

WARDEN

Yes?

The door opens and LAWSEN pops his head in the door. DONNA turns her head and is a bit alarmed.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

What is it, Greg?

LAWSEN walks into the room and walks past DONNA and puts his hand on her shoulder. He leans on the desk halfway between the two. He looks towards the warden.

GUARD LAWSEN

I just was coming by to tell you that the situation with Elsa has been ...

(MORE)

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)

(causally making eye
contact with Donna)
handled ... I don't think she'll be
having any more tantrums any time
soon.

WARDEN

(the slightest level of
agitation breaks through)
This couldn't have waited even five
more minutes?

GUARD LAWSEN

I thought you would want to know.

WARDEN

(waving him out without a
second thought)
Fine, fine. Get out of here.

LAWSEN walks out the door and closes the door behind him.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

(back to DONNA)
Where were we?

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY ROOM - MID-DAY

DONNA is back folding clothes. She looks over at her
supervising guard (who looks just like THE INTERN) and goes
to leave the room. He is WEARING THE SAME GOLD CROSS.

GUARD #1

Where are you going?

DONNA

Bathroom break?

GUARD #1

Make it quick.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY

TRANSITION TO B&W

DONNA walks around a corner to an empty hallway. The hallway
is empty except for a set of double-doors. She walks to the
doors and looks both ways. She begins to reach for the
handle.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(almost a whisper)
Where are you going?

DONNA snaps her head to the side where she thinks the voice is coming from but realizes that she is in an empty hallway.

SOME UNSEEN FORCE SEEMS TO BE CHASING TOWARDS HER.

She reaches back for the door handle but sees that it is a painted door.

SHE STARTS RUNNING THE OTHER WAY.

THE WALLS BEGIN TO COME TO LIFE WITH COLOR AND FLOW TOWARDS HER.

DONNA stumbles and falls down. She curls up and closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

She opens her eyes and everything is normal. She stands up sees that there are no doors around at all. She walks into the bathroom.

INT. PRISON YARD - NOON

A set of doors open up and group of women in prison uniforms walk outside into a prison yard. Some women are already outside playing basketball and two women are playing a game of checkers on a table with a few people watching.

DONNA is sitting at a nearby bench.

Checkers Player #1 (WEARING PINK EARRINGS) picks up a piece and moves it across the board and kicks off another piece.

CHECKERS PLAYER #1
Checkmate.

CHECKERS PLAYER #2
This isn't chess, idiot.

Checker Player #2 (WEARING A SILVER NECKLACE) replaces the pieces. DONNA spots the OLD WOMAN walking towards her.

CHECKERS PLAYER #1
Oh, sorry.

CP#2 moves onto the far end.

CHECKERS PLAYER #2

King me.

CP#1 picks up another one of her own pieces and kicks off the piece like before. The OLD WOMAN sits down next to DONNA.

CHECKERS PLAYER #1

En passant.

CHECKERS PLAYER #2

This isn't chess!

We transition to the OLD WOMAN (IN COLOR) and DONNA talking with the other two out of focus.

OLD WOMAN

That normal around here?

DONNA

Guess so. You my new cell mate?

OLD WOMAN

Yeah... What'd ja say to that girl to rile her up like that?

DONNA

I may have suggested for her to drive into oncoming traffic.

OLD WOMAN

Why would that bother her so much?

DONNA

That's what brought her here in the first place. She drove a school bus right off the road and killed three people. She says she wasn't high but I think otherwise.

OLD WOMAN

I could see why it upset her so much.

DONNA

Oh well. I wouldn't've done it if she wasn't bein' such a dumb bitch about last night.

OLD WOMAN

I heard that you're the resident Papillion here.

DONNA

Huh? What's that?

OLD WOMAN

"Who?" I'm afraid, not "What?".
Just a man who escaped a penal
colony after many years of failure.

DONNA looks the other way.

DONNA

I've gotten out a few times.

OLD WOMAN

Yet here you are?

DONNA

Yeah, but it's always cuz of dumb
luck. Getting out is easy but I
can't get very far. No money and no
hideouts left.

OLD WOMAN

How many times have you tried to
escape?

DONNA

Last night makes five. Who are you?

OLD WOMAN

You. Or rather, I was a lot like
you when I was younger. Resilient,
persistent. I got out a few times
but I never made it far. You know,
I've spent the better part of my
life in places like here. I think
you will to.

DONNA

I'm going to get out. For good.

OLD WOMAN

When do you think you'll try again.

DONNA

What's it to you? For all I know,
you could be looking to get out on
'good behavior.' Ratting me out or
something like that.

OLD WOMAN

See here, I ain't no narc... I know
a way out.

DONNA

You just got here?

OLD WOMAN

I was just transferred here, yes,
but I spent quite a while here
when I was younger. I found a way
out.

DONNA

And yet here you are...?

OLD WOMAN

Like you said, 'dumb luck.'

DONNA

Perhaps I already found it myself?

OLD WOMAN

That's unlikely. They never figured
out how I got out. That's why I was
transferred away. 'Cause they knew
I'd escape in the same way again.
That was another lifetime ago so
they must've forgotten about me
altogether ... or they assumed that
I did.

DONNA

Perhaps they've renovated?

OLD WOMAN

(she chuckles)

Not a chance. Not where I'm
thinking.

In the background Checker Player #2 stands up and throws the
checkerboard.

DONNA

Then why are you talking to me?

OLD WOMAN

I can't get out the passage by
myself, you see. I've seen too many
sunsets. Not as agile as I once
was, you know, slower all around.

The two checker players begin to fight. Two guards run out
and handling the scene.

DONNA

And maybe you'll slow me down?

OLD WOMAN

Look, don't cross me and I'll god damn guarantee you that you'll make it further than you ever have before.

INT. PRISON PHONE BOOTH - NOON

DONNA is standing by a phone booth and calls a number discreetly. She holds the phone close to her mouth and turns away when people walk by in the background.

The phone rings for a bit before someone picks up on the other end.

DONNA

Caroline, I ain't got time for chit-chat. Just know that I'm back on schedule.

INT. PRISON BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

DONNA WALKS OUT OF A BATHROOM STALL. She washes her hands and looks at herself in the metal mirror. She turns her head and focuses on the PINK band-aid.

She touches the bandage. She presses down on it and realizes that it doesn't hurt.

There is the sound of footsteps entering the bathroom but DONNA is too focused on herself.

She carefully pulls back the band-aid and sees that SHE HAS NO WOUND OF ANY KIND.

She inches closer to the mirror.

HER HEAD IS SLAMMED into the metal mirror.

DONNA FALLS to the ground.

GUARD LAWSEN

What the fuck do you take me for!?!

DONNA begins to get up and we see that her head is bleeding where the band-aid once was.

LAWSEN SLAPS her across the face and she falls on her stomach before him.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)
I get called into the warden's
office shortly after your 'private
meeting'. He says 'some things'
have been said against me.

DONNA
(whimper practically)
I didn't...

GUARD LAWSEN
Don't speak! I saw you give me the
signal when I was in there but did
you have to leave it to a time like
this? When I'm all ... riled up.

LAWSEN kicks her in the stomach and she rolls over onto her
back.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)
I think I have been nice to you for
too long. I'm beginning to see that
you like it rough.

LAWSEN takes off his belt with his nightstick.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)
Treating you like a lady, when
you're nothing more than a common
bitch. Bitch, like a dog in a
pound. Get up!

DONNA claws at his face with her fingernails. He recoils
back.

GUARD LAWSEN (CONT'D)
You fucking cunt!

DONNA grabs the nightstick and as LAWSEN turns back to face
her with a RED BLEEDING CLAW MARK across his face she hits
him in the jaw and HE FALLS backwards.

SHE JUMPS on him and hits him once with the night stick.

LAWSEN LOOKS DAZED.

DONNA looks down at her hand with the nightstick and sees him
move a little bit.

IT BECOMES PRIMAL INSTINCT. She repeatedly BEATS LAWSEN until
RED BLOOD flies up on her face.

OLD WOMAN
Donna!

DONNA stops short of hitting him again and looks back at the OLD WOMAN. She drops the nightstick.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Did he hurt you badly?

DONNA breathes deeply and looks down at the body.

DONNA
I'm fine.

OLD WOMAN
Put the body in a stall and grab his keys. It's time to go.

DONNA
It's not dark yet?

OLD WOMAN
It doesn't matter. We can't stay here.

INT. PRISON TUNNEL

DONNA and the OLD WOMAN are walking by a series of machinery. The only light they have is a big mag-light they took off the body of LAWSEN. The OLD WOMAN taps on something and then they crawl down together through a hole. Steam pours out and the hole looks almost as if it is breathing.

OLD WOMAN
See, still here. Watch your head.

INT. CAVE TUNNEL

DONNA WALKS INTO an ancient cave that is about ten feet tall and extends off into the distance. The cave contorts and changes size down to a point where crawling is necessary.

DONNA IS WALKING AHEAD HEAD of the OLD WOMAN.

DONNA
(to herself)
What is this place?...
(to Old Woman)
Which way now?

As she turns around to say the line to the OLD WOMAN, she sees that the O.W. is no longer there.

OLD WOMAN
How should I know?

DONNA spins around and sees that the O.W. is now in front of herself.

DONNA

You said you've been here before.
You said you'd gotten out. You
said you'd get me out.

OLD WOMAN

I lied. I have been here ...but I
never found an exit. You will,
though.

DONNA

What makes you so sure?

OLD WOMAN

You will. You must.

DONNA continues to walk through the cave but the O.W. is never seen walking. She just seems to move throughout the cave.

DONNA comes to a large hill and climbs to the top. Just as she is about to crest the summit the O.W. appears suddenly.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DONNA

I...

OLD WOMAN

You have to get out.

DONNA

I'm trying.

OLD WOMAN

You can't *stay* here.

DONNA

I'm not!

OLD WOMAN

Leave now.

DONNA

I can't! I've tried. They always
find me. They always will.

OLD WOMAN
 ... Why is that?
 (to herself)
 ... Why is that?

Later on as DONNA as walking. The following lines are cut from different locations as if DONNA has been walking continuously and the O.W. has kept jumping in front of her.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Why is it that you always get caught?

DONNA
 I don't know.

OLD WOMAN
 Are you sure?

DONNA
I don't know.

OLD WOMAN
 You do.

DONNA
 Go away.

OLD WOMAN
 Why won't you just admit it to yourself?

DONNA
 Go away.

OLD WOMAN
 Who are you hiding it from?

DONNA
 Go away. Leave me alone. Get out of my sight. Leave now!

The O.W. is suddenly no where around. DONNA looks around and is concerned but continues walking

Donna comes to a dead end.

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
 Dead end.

Later

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
 Dead end. Where are you going?

INTERN (V.O.)
Where are you going?

Later

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
Dead end.

After total exhaustion has set in, DONNA climbs a hill and her batteries go dead.

DONNA
No. No. No.

She is in total darkness and wanders around aimlessly.

After a while she manages to see a light in the distance.

She approaches it and sees a hole in the cave above her.

She crawls to the top of the beam of light and as she is pulling herself and adjusting to the change of light, a guard suddenly appears and stands in front of her exit.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - DAY

DONNA is walked into the warden's office by GUARD #1 who stands quietly in the back by the door. THE WARDEN (IN THE SAME BROWN SUIT) is sitting at his desk table and there is a doctor there with a white coat on.

THERE ARE SPECS OF COLOR AROUND THE ROOM. Pictures and certificates in frames, etc.

DONNA
I got caught, again, I'll admit it
and I know that you're gonna throw
away the key this time but you need
to send a rescue party, *now*.

WARDEN
For whom?

DONNA
My cell mate!

WARDEN
(absolutely confused)
Donna, Joanna had an aneurism in
her sleep last night. She was
rushed to the hospital... She died.

DONNA
I know that! My new cell mate. The
one I got today.

WARDEN
What's her name?

DONNA
... I don't know. I never asked.
But we got into an argument back in
the cave and... and... I don't
know... She just... just
disappeared. She's probably still
down there.

DOCTOR
(to himself)
Cave...?

WARDEN
We'll attend to that in a moment
but first I want to say...

DONNA grabs a folder on the Warden's desk and throws it.

DONNA
Send someone now!

WARDEN
(furious)
Patience!
(gesturing to a seat but
still stern)
Sit down.
(calming down)
I know you're feeling a wave
emotions right now. Take a deep
breath and calm down for a moment.
Now, doctor.

Donna sits down reluctantly as GUARD #1 pulls her from behind
into the chair.

DOCTOR
Hello, Donna. My name is Doctor
Paulson. Please look into this
mirror and tell me what you see.

THE DOCTOR pulls a BLUE MIRROR up to her face and Donna sees
her own reflection with the RED WOUND on her forehead.

DONNA
What?

DOCTOR
Just describe yourself.

DONNA
What kind of question is that? I'm seeing the same fucked up 21-year-old woman you are.

DOCTOR
Donna, I need you to tell me what happened earlier from beginning to end.

DONNA
There's a woman down there dying, or dead, for all we know!

DOCTOR
There's no use.

The doctor looks at the warden and gives him a nod.

WARDEN
Bring her in.

The door opens up and ANOTHER DONNA (IN THE SAME DRESS IN THE PICTURE AND IN COLOR) walks through the door. Donna looks confused and angry.

DONNA
Is this some sort of joke? Where is the old woman?

DONNA 2
(on the verge of tears)
Don't you know who I am?

DONNA
No.

DOCTOR
Donna, I need you to listen to me very carefully. We all care for you here. You know that don't you?

DONNA
Bullshit.

WARDEN
It's true, Donna. We care about your health here. First and foremost.

DONNA 2

It's true. We love you very much.

DOCTOR

Please look at the mirror, Donna.
What do you see?

DONNA

Stop fucking around with me. Where
is the woman? I think she might be
dead. She fell and I couldn't see
...

WARDEN

What happened to Lawsen earlier?

DONNA

(giving in)
...He's dead.

The DOCTOR gives a nod to the WARDEN again.

WARDEN

Uh huh, bring him in.

GUARD LAWSEN walks in the door with a claw mark across his
face and a bruise on his forehead.

GUARD LAWSEN

Joe.

WARDEN

Greg. You doing all right?

GUARD LAWSEN

Well considering...

WARDEN

Understood.

DONNA looks startled and scared but doesn't say a word.

DOCTOR

You see Donna. I have been trying
to tell you that you are not who
you think you are. You're suffering
right now from a severe case of
psychosis. As a matter of fact,
this is your second case which is
enough for me, professionally, to
diagnose you with dementia. This
here is your grand-daughter Vicky.

VICKY
Grandma. Don't you recognize me?

DONNA
(fighting it)
No.

DOCTOR
Yes.

DONNA
No. You're lying.

DOCTOR
This is the lie, Donna. The lie you constructed for yourself. No one's attacking you here but we can't leave it alone. You're becoming violent, Donna. You've tried to flee from the home *six* times now. You need a different kind of care. Technically speaking, with my diagnosis Vicky could sign you over to our ward without your consent, but I hope it won't come to that.

DONNA
That man hit me. He tried to rape me.

The DOCTOR and the WARDEN look at each other, then at LAWSEN.

GUARD #1 makes a face expressing the thought "really?"

GUARD LAWSEN
Look, I may have been a bit too rough handling her lately because of her insulting me and giving me a hard time but I didn't hit her...
(stifling a laugh)
and I *certainly* didn't rape her.

DONNA
That is a fucking lie!

DOCTOR
Donna, you can't fight this. You can't run away from this. You can't will this to be any different than it is. Look in the mirror.

He shoves the mirror practically right in front of her face and she closes her eyes and looks away.

DONNA

No!

WARDEN

You made a call today? Who was it to?

DONNA

...A friend.

WARDEN

You called Vicki. You called her 'Caroline' on the phone. A friend of yours that died 6 years ago from a heart attack. You told Vicki that you were, "back on schedule."

DONNA shakes her head violently to the side.

CUT TO:

INT. RETIREMENT HOME LOUNGE - DAY

DONNA re-lives the phone call as the OLD WOMAN in a lounge. Everything is in color.

BACK TO SCENE (B&W)

WARDEN

You were outside in the garden earlier. One of your friends said that you were talking to yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME GARDEN - DAY

DONNA relives the moment as a OLD WOMAN talking to herself with two people playing checkers in the background. COLOR.

BACK TO SCENE.(B&W)

DONNA

Don't. I don't wanna look.

DOCTOR

You have no reason to be afraid. You have had a full life and a family that loves you. You don't need this hierarchical wonderland, you've created.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(softly)

Let it go.

DONNA

No. No.

VICKY

Grandma, please.

ECU - DONNA slowly looks forward and opens her eyes.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The face reflecting back at DONNA is the OLD WOMAN with some dried blood on her forehead. THE WORLD IS IN COLOR.

She looks up and recognizes that the man behind the desk is not a warden but is the RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR.

OLDER DONNA

(near tears)

I see it now. Is this how it's going to be from now on?

DOCTOR

Donna, I'd like to say that this was a major breakthrough for you but it's very well a possibility that it will happen again; and next time you might not be able to pull yourself out at all. It's hard to tell what will happen.

While the doctor speaks the RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR hears a ping from his iPad and opens an email. He looks concerned.

OLDER DONNA

May I go to my room now?

RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR

Sure. Take her back.

LAWSEN walks up to help DONNA out of her chair.

RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

No, Greg I want to talk you for a bit... Zach, can take her back.

(turning to the doctor)

You'll see Vicki out, won't you?

DOCTOR

Sure.

All exit except for LAWSEN and the RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR.
The DIRECTOR holds the iPad in his hands as he speaks.

RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR
Greg, you've been working here for
three years now, correct?

LAWSEN
Three and a half, actually.

RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR
(correcting himself)
Yes... And you've done tremendous
work here. You've taken on our
worst cases. You've helped them to
calm down and interact better with
the nurses.

LAWSEN
They just want people to listen to
their problems. If you sit down
with them one-on-one they warm up
quickly.

RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR
I know, I know. Considering your
efforts, then, these accusations
must have been hard on you so far?

LAWSEN
Well ... not really. I know that
they can't really help it so I just
to be understanding and hope that
an orderly might do the same for me
one day.

The director nods his head with approval. He puts the tablet
down on the table with the footage on. He slides it towards
LAWSEN. On the screen is footage of LAWSEN pushing some
elderly residents harshly and striking DONNA.

RETIREMENT HOME DIRECTOR
Uh huh. Well, I hope that's not
altogether true. Greg, don't you
read the emails I send out. We
installed cameras in the hallways a
week and a half ago after Mrs.
Whiting ... had that fall.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The other guard is escorting DONNA down the hallway. She sees a volunteer (who looks like guard #1) wearing the GOLD CROSS, chase after an older woman walking off in a random direction.

VOLUNTEER

Whoa. Where are you going?

The orderly gives her a small shove.

ORDERLY ZACHARY

You think you're something special
don't you? You thought you could
make a fool out of Lawsen in front
of everyone. Get him fired was that
what you were thinking? Doesn't
matter now, psycho-bitch. Who's
going to take your word over his.

(in innocent voice)

Oh she must've hurt herself again
getting out of the bed.

(back to normal voice)

Better get used to your new life
now that you've got no where else
to go... Don't worry we'll take
good care of you. We'll be spending
a long, long time together here.
You're with us here for good.

As they're walking along they see a group of old people
outside meandering. Two are playing checkers. Wearing the
same jewelry from before.