

Pixie

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

Large modified basement. There's monitors and machines through-out.

CLAIRE STONE, 11, an obedient and fearful youth, lays on an examination bed trapped within heavy leather straps.

YOUNG CLAIRE

Where's my dad?

KIRK WINSTON, 24, an intelligent narcissist assembles a mechanical helmet.

The helmet has large wires sticking out of it that connect to a machine.

YOUNG CLAIRE

What is that?!

Kirk flips the helmet to show needles sticking out from the inside.

He walks to the table and pulls out a tape recorder then presses record.

KIRK

Test subject is human. Female.

YOUNG CLAIRE

I want my dad!

He shuts a handgun inside a drawer.

KIRK

Today's date. October 28, 1996.
Marks the first, successful human
experiment.

Kirk places the helmet on Claire's head. She cries.

KIRK

Test subject is hispanic. Female.
11 years of age.

He walks over to a machine that has a lever on it.

YOUNG CLAIRE

Are you gonna kill me?

KIRK

It's not my intention to, but I
can't make any promises.

Kirk pulls the switch.

Needles within the helmet inject into Claire's head and the helmet lights up.

Claire screams and her body shakes.

Monitors and machinery shake.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE CAR -- EVENING

An adult Claire wakes up in the passenger seat of a small car.

SUPERIMPOSE: 10 years later

HARRY, 21, a controlling jock kisses on her neck.

HARRY

I was waiting for you to wake up.

CLAIRE

Can you take me home?

HARRY

Why? I can buy us dinner.

CLAIRE

That's okay. I just gotta get home.

HARRY

I want you Claire.

CLAIRE

I've only known you a week. Don't get carried away.

HARRY

Come on Claire.

Harry gropes Claire and she grabs his hands.

CLAIRE

That's enough Harry.

He grabs her neck and pushes her down into the seat.

CLAIRE

Get off me!

He feels up her skirt and holds her down by the neck.

She scratches and claws at his face as he gets himself in between her legs.

She cries out.

HARRY

Shut the fuck up!

CLAIRE

Get off!

The car windows explode. Glass flies everywhere.
He gets off of her, looking at his shattered windows.
Claire gets out of the car.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- EVENING

Crowded, formal restaurant.

A crowded table sits at a section of the restaurant.

PETER HOLMES, 40, a protective and guilt-ridden father
lightly clings a fork against a wine glass.

The talkative table goes quiet.

Peter stands up, holding his wine glass.

PETER

Before I give this toast, I want to
say just how proud I am of this
moment.

THOMAS HOLMES, 19, disciplined and confident, smiles. He's
in a military uniform.

PETER

(continues)

I don't wanna lie. The path to this
moment has been a rough one but
he's here, ready to do great
things.

Peter holds his glass up.

The folks at the table raise their glasses.

PETER

(continues)

Happy birthday son and
congratulations Private Holmes.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT -- LATER

The table is nearly empty. Finished plates lay on the table.

Thomas kisses KACEY, 20, his supportive girlfriend as he
gets up from the table.

KACEY

Where are you going?

THOMAS

The guys are heading out. I'm
tagging along.

Three men walk towards the restaurant exit.

KACEY

Don't be an ass out there.

Thomas smiles and walks towards the exit.

Peter pats Thomas' shoulder and stops him.

PETER

Thomas. Hey, listen before you go.

THOMAS

Dad, I'm fine.

PETER

Yeah. Just take it easy out there.

WILLIAM

(O.S.)

Hey shit head!

Thomas looks over at WILLIAM, 23, a disrespectful degenerate.

WILLIAM

Hurry the fuck up!

PETER

Don't let those guys get you into any shit.

THOMAS

If I get into a jam, I'll get myself out.

Thomas smiles and pats Peter on the shoulder.

THOMAS

(continuous)

I'll see you later.

Thomas takes off with the three men.

INT. APARTMENT -- EVENING

Small clean bathroom.

Claire stares at herself in the mirror as she puts lipstick on.

She turns behind her and holds her arm up and the bathroom door swings open by itself.

She walks into the dull, dark living room half naked and throws her arms up.

A closet door opens on it's own and an outfit on a hanger floats it's way to her.

Claire snatches it off of the hanger and gets dressed.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- EVENING -- ESTABLISHING

A vehicle speeds down an empty city road lit up by street lights.

INT. INSIDE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Fully packed car. RILEY and DAVID sit in the back.

Thomas sits in the passenger seat while William drives.

WILLIAM

Where to soldier?

THOMAS

I don't give a shit. Wherever you guys want to go.

RILEY

Hit up the titty bar on Semoran.

WILLIAM

(laughs)

Titty bar it is!

THOMAS

It's good to be back!

WILLIAM

So Tommy boy. Let me ask you a question.

THOMAS

Shoot.

WILLIAM

What the fuck is up with your pops?

THOMAS

What the hell are you talking about?

WILLIAM

Don't play dumb asshole!

THOMAS

Hold on! My Dad hasn't said a word to you.

WILLIAM

That don't mean he hasn't said shit about us.

DAVID

He's right. Your old man's been throwing funny looks our way all fucking night dude.

THOMAS

Listen to me. My dad is just being a fucking dad. Looking out for my well being.

WILLIAM

What did you tell him when he pulled you aside?

THOMAS

Nothing. I said I was going out with the guys. Nothing detailed.

RILEY

(laughs)

You're a lying pussy!

THOMAS

Fuck you guys! Alright I'm home. Trying to have a good time with you fuckers.

WILLIAM

You don't gotta bullshit me tommy boy.

THOMAS

I'm not. Let's just go see some titties alright. Shut the fuck up and drive.

The guys erupt in laughter.

EXT. STRIP CLUB -- EVENING -- ESTABLISHING

William's car comes to a small club lit up with neon lights.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- LOCKER ROOM -- EVENING

Small, dingy locker room. A few strippers undress on the stages.

Claire adjusts her bra strap in the mirror.

DAHLIA bursts into the locker room.

DAHLIA

Larry wants Claire on the stage!

CLAIRE

I still need a minute!

Dahlia walks up behind Claire.

DAHLIA

Damn that skirt is tight. Are you gonna be able to slip out of that easy?

CLAIRE

Practiced enough so I should be good.

DAHLIA

How'd it go with Harry? You two a match made in heaven?

CLAIRE

Something like that.

DAHLIA

Hey. If you want any decoration advice for your micro apartment, send me a text.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- LOUNGE -- EVENING

Thomas, William, Riley and David enter the strip lounge and walk through.

DJ

(O.S.)

Bringing her fine ass to the stage is a favorite of ours. Get your dollars ready for Claire!

Claire walks out to the stage and pole dances.

Thomas stops and stares at her.

William nudges Thomas.

WILLIAM

You alright down there?!

THOMAS

Before tonight is over, I want a private dance from her!

INT. STRIP CLUB -- BAR -- LATER

Crowded bar.

Claire sits at the bar and takes a shot of liquor.

JOSEPH, the bartender wipes the table surface in front of her.

JOSEPH

You looked good out there.

CLAIRE

I don't think I'll be wearing that skirt again. It's too small.

JOSEPH

What? That's a waste.

CLAIRE

You guys got the exclusive look.

ELLEN walks up behind Claire.

ELLEN

Hey Claire. Guys in booth 3 are requesting you.

CLAIRE

(chuckles)

That's a joke right?

ELLEN

I'm actually being serious.

CLAIRE

Some old, rich guy?

ELLEN

4 guys. One of them is celebrating their birthday. Looks like one's in the army.

CLAIRE

Alright. I'm coming.

Claire gets up from the bar.

ELLEN

Give those kids a show.

INT. STRIP CLUB -- VIP BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

Small booth interior with love seats, and a small stage with a pole.

Claire gives Thomas a lap dance. The other three watch.

WILLIAM

Tommy boy looks like he's about to have a nose bleed!

The guys laugh.

THOMAS

Ignore them. They're virgins.

DAVID

(laughs)

Fuck you.

CLAIRE

What branch of military are you serving in?

THOMAS

Army.

WILLIAM

Yeah so take it easy on the fella.
He hasn't seen titties for a good
while.

THOMAS

Just got out of basic. Just in time
to celebrate my birthday.

Claire rubs her hands on Thomas' lap.

CLAIRE

Happy Birthday soldier.

DAVID

Damn. This bitch is gonna make me
rub one out!

David laughs.

WILLIAM

I want in on her. Bring your tight
ass over here!

Claire gets off of Thomas.

CLAIRE

Okay I'm done in here.

Riley, William and David groan.

RILEY

Come on sweetheart. Everybody's
just joking.

CLAIRE

Just take your money to some other
bitch in here.

THOMAS

I'm sorry about my friends. They
don't mean that shit.

WILLIAM

Fuck it. I do!

William grabs Claire's hand.

WILLIAM

(continues)

We could leave the kids in here,
and me and you take a trip to the
back of my car.

Claire snatches away and smirks.

CLAIRE

I don't wanna waste any time with a
guy with one nut in the sack.

Claire walks out of the booth.

WILLIAM
What the fuck did she just say?!

The other three laugh.

WILLIAM
(continues)
What did you say to her?!

INT. STRIP CLUB -- LOUNGE -- CONTINUOUS

Claire walks outside of the booth. LARRY, 48, pompous controller, leans on the wall near the booth.

LARRY
What happened in there?

CLAIRE
Shit.

Thomas, Riley, William and David walk out of the booth and to the exit.

LARRY
There it goes Claire! There goes your money.

CLAIRE
You heard them right?

LARRY
I don't care what they did or said. You know how I do things here.

CLAIRE
Fine. What do you want me to do? They're gone now.

LARRY
And so are you.

CLAIRE
Really?

Larry points to the exit.

She goes and grabs her jacket from the bar and leaves.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- ESTABLISHING

Riley, William, Thomas and David walk through the parking lot to the streets.

DAVID
I've seen better looking.

RILEY

Where'd the hell did you park?!

William walks silently.

THOMAS

What's up with you?

WILLIAM

Dude what the fuck did you say to her?!

THOMAS

What?!

WILLIAM

How did she know about that?

THOMAS

I don't fucking know!

WILLIAM

I told you that shit in confidence.

William grabs Thomas and pushes him against a parked car.

RILEY

Hey! Chill the fuck out!

Riley looks out across the street.

RILEY

(continues)

Look!

Claire walks down the street, distant from the four guys.

RILEY

(O.S.)

That's her!

William releases Thomas and looks over in Claire's direction.

WILLIAM

Wait for me in the car.

William takes off.

THOMAS

Where the fuck are you going?!

Claire walks down the side walk and William catches up from behind.

CLAIRE

There's plenty of other strippers back there.

WILLIAM

Yeah, but none of those bitches
caught my attention like you did.

CLAIRE

Flattered, but I'm not interested.

WILLIAM

I don't give a shit.

William tackles Claire. He falls on top of her.

The back of Claire's head smacks the pavement.

William pulls off Claire's shoes and pants then unbuttons
his pants.

Claire lays dazed and her eyes roll back and forth in her
head.

CLAIRE

(disorientated)

Get off me.

William thrusts atop her.

Blood leaks out of the back of her head.

William gets off of her.

Thomas runs up to him.

THOMAS

That's crossing the fucking line!

Riley and David come up.

RILEY

We gotta get out of here. She ain't
moving!

WILLIAM

Don't act like a boy scout tommy
boy. You afraid of a little fun?

THOMAS

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

William looks to the ground.

Claire is gone.

WILLIAM

Where did she go?

William and Thomas turn around.

Riley's body lays on the ground dead. His neck is snapped.

Claire stands holding her arm out while David floats off of the ground in front of her. He's not moving.

THOMAS
Jesus Christ.

WILLIAM
Fuck this!

Claire swipes her hand. David's body flies across the street and crashes on the ground.

William runs off.

Claire stretches her arm out.

William lifts into the air.

Claire waves her arm down.

William's body slams onto the ground. He lays groaning.

Thomas rushes to William's side.

THOMAS
I'm gonna get some help!

Thomas looks behind him. She stands behind him.

THOMAS
He's hurt. He needs help!

Claire stares into Thomas' eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLMES HOME -- MORNING

An alarm clock RINGS.

Large bedroom. Drapes hang on the windows. The room is darkened but the sun slightly peaks in.

"6:00pm" displays on the clock.

CARRIE HOLMES, 38, insecure and gloomy lays next to Peter and sits up.

CARRIE
Honey, wake up!

Peter slowly wakes up.

PETER
What?

CARRIE
Get up. You're going to be late!

Peter shoots out of bed. He grabs pants and fumbles a bit putting them on.

PETER
First fucking day!

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- MORNING

Large hallway. A few patients are slowly escorted through.

Peter comes out of a door and walks down the hall. ISSAC VAC, 52, a desperate sexual deviant, joins him from behind.

ISSAC
I'm not sure how you managed to be late on your first day here.

PETER
I don't either. It won't happen again.

ISSAC
Good. We need our staff here and on time.

PETER
Right. So who are we seeing first?

ISSAC
Belinda. Pulled from her home after trying to beat her kids to death.

PETER
Christ.

ISSAC
Don't say anything. Just watch. Lately she's been a little quiet.

PETER
Why?

ISSAC
I don't know.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- QUIET ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Small room with a large table in the center of the room.

Issac sits on one side. BELINDA, 30 sits opposite. She's in a straitjacket. Peter stands at the far end of the room.

ISSAC
The last time we talked, things got a little carried away.

Belinda looks at Peter.

BELINDA
Why is he in here?

ISSAC
He is my new assistant.

BELINDA
Why am I still here?

ISSAC
It's either here or jail. Based on what you did, I'd say they won't be easy on you.

BELINDA
I don't want to be here.

ISSAC
Why?

BELINDA
You know why?

ISSAC
No. I don't.

BELINDA
Everyone will know.

ISSAC
You come out of here screaming like a mad woman and you'll be here longer. Remember that.

Issac stands.

ISSAC
(continuous)
I'll have the other care-takers escort you.

Issac walks to the door.

Peter follows. As he walks past, Belinda clips his leg with her foot.

Peter stumbles and looks at Belinda.

BELINDA
(whispers)
He cannot be trusted.

Peter stares at her.

ISSAC
Let's go Peter!

Peter follows Issac into the hallway. Two men in white coats enter the room.

PETER
Why did she say that?

ISSAC
She's loopy. Here you have to know
when to listen and when what
they're saying is bullshit.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Organized office with awards and certificates on the wall.
Issac is seated behind his desk. Peter organizes files from
a cabinet.

ISSAC
How's Carrie doing?

PETER
She's doing better. A lot better.

ISSAC
(beat)
When she was a patient here, she
tried to take herself out a lot.
She got creative.

PETER
Okay. I get it. I know.

ISSAC
I just want to make sure nothing
happens that'll trigger her. She's
very fragile.

PETER
I've been taking good care of her
and things have never been better.

ISSAC
Good. You're a good man Peter.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Peter brings a cell phone to his ear while driving.

PETER
So good to hear your voice.

INTERCUT

INT. HOLMES HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Large living room.

Carrie lounges on the couch with a cell phone to her ear.

CARRIE
What time will you be home?

PETER

Not until later. I got a relative
in town.

CARRIE

Okay. Just call me later. Let me
know how everything goes.

INTERCUT ENDS

PETER

I will.

CARRIE

(V.O.)

I love you.

PETER

I love you too.

EXT. HOTEL LOT -- ESTABLISHING

Peter's car pulls into a large parking lot.

INT. HOTEL HALL -- AFTERNOON

Largely decorated hallway.

Peter strolls down the hall and stops at a door. He knocks
on it.

MEGAN CHESNEY 27, arrogant and high maintenance, opens the
door and kisses Peter.

MEGAN

She let you go that easy?

PETER

I told her you were a relative.

Megan chuckles.

MEGAN

I'm so glad you're here.

Peter enters the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Large hotel bedroom. Clean and lavishly set up.

Peter and Megan lay in a bed naked, covered by blankets.

PETER

Started the job today.

MEGAN
Do you like it?

PETER
Not really something to like, but
I'll rise up the ladder eventually.

MEGAN
That's good.

PETER
How long are you in town?

MEGAN
Just this weekend but I'm going to
be honest. I'm sick of this.

PETER
Sick of what?

MEGAN
This.

PETER
We've talked about this.

MEGAN
I know we have but this is a lot
just for us to be together.

PETER
I'll simplify things in due time.

MEGAN
I don't want things simplified, I
just want you.

PETER
You have me. It's just my
marriage...

MEGAN
(interrupts)
Then be done with your marriage.

PETER
I can't.

MEGAN
Why?

Peter gets up from the bed and puts clothes on.

PETER
I gotta get home.

MEGAN
Answer my question Peter!

PETER

I just can't.

MEGAN

It's because you still love her.
We're fucking around and you still
love her.

Peter grabs his jacket and goes to the door.

PETER

I'll talk with you later.

MEGAN

Yeah. Sure.

Peter walks out of the door.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- ESTABLISHING -- EVENING

A vehicle drives down the dark road.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Peter drives the vehicle.

INTERCUT

EXT. CITY STREETS -- EVENING

A figure stumbles into the road.

Peter's foot hits the break pedal.

The tires SCREECH.

The car stops in front a hurt Claire.

INTERCUT ENDS

Peter gets out of the car.

CLAIRE

Help me!

PETER

What the fuck?

Claire falls to the ground and Peter comes to her side.

PETER

What happened to you?

CLAIRE

The voices!

PETER

I'm going to get you some help.

CLAIRE
Stop the voices!

Peter brings a cell phone to his ear.

Claire bleeds badly from the back of her head.

PETER
I need an ambulance over on Semoran
boulevard. I bumped into a woman.
She needs help.

CLAIRE
Stop the fucking voices!

PETER
What's your name?

Claire stares wide eyed at Peter and shakes her head.

CLAIRE
I don't know.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- EVENING

Large hospital waiting room.

Peter sits in one of the chairs.

RICHARD FERRELL 42, headstrong and disciplined, walks over
to Peter.

RICHARD
Peter Holmes?

Peter looks at Richard and stands.

Richard holds up a badge.

RICHARD
(continued)
Detective Ferrell. Can you tell me
what happened when you found this
woman?

PETER
She was bruised. Bleeding from the
back of her head.

Richard writes in a note pad.

PETER
(continues)
How is she?

RICHARD
She's doing better but hysterical.
Had to pull I.D. from her because
(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
she couldn't remember her own damn
name.

PETER
Who is she?

RICHARD
Her name is Claire and she's a rape
victim.

PETER
Jesus.

RICHARD
We're still investigating but we
can't pull anything from her due to
her apparent amnesia.

PETER
I figured.

RICHARD
Did she say anything else to you?

PETER
Something about her hearing voices.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- EVENING

Small hospital room, with a bed in the center.
Claire lays in it. She groans and holds her head.
We hear numerous VOICES.

CLAIRE
Stop!

She sits up and screams.

A NURSE pops into the room.

NURSE
Is everything okay?

CLAIRE
They're everywhere and they won't
stop!

NURSE
Just take it easy and we'll assist
you.

The nurse goes to grab Claire.

CLAIRE
Don't touch me!

Claire shoots her arm out.

The nurse flies off of her feet and across the room. She slams into a wall and crashes on the floor.

Claire stares wide eyed at her hands.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- EVENING

Carrie lays on the couch of the living room.

Peter enters through the front door.

Carrie gets up.

CARRIE

Holy shit Peter. It's almost midnight!

PETER

I know I'm sorry.

CARRIE

Where were you?

PETER

The hospital.

CARRIE

Why? Are you okay?

Peter sighs and walks into the living room. He flops onto the couch.

PETER

I bumped into a woman. She was beaten.

CARRIE

Oh my God! How is she now?

PETER

I don't know. She's at the hospital recovering.

CARRIE

How was the visit?

PETER

What?

CARRIE

The relative in town?

PETER

Oh. Yeah. That went well.

CARRIE

Everything okay?

PETER

Yeah. I'm just tired.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Peter opens the door to two police officers.

COP 1

Mr. And Mrs. Holmes?

PETER

Yes. Is everything okay?

COP 2

During an investigation we found multiple bodies off road on Semoran. One of those we I.D.'d is of Thomas Holmes.

Carrie comes to the doorway.

CARRIE

What?

PETER

Are you sure?

COP 1

We found him in a military uniform.

Carrie breaks down crying.

COP 2

We're very sorry.

The cops leave.

Peter shuts the door, stunned.

Carrie sits on the floor and cries. Peter consoles her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- EVENING

The room is destroyed. Monitors are trashed and the bed is flipped.

The nurse lays unconscious on the floor.

Claire cries and lays on the floor.

A group of police officers enter the room and grab Claire.

CLAIRE

Get your fucking hands off of me!

Claire struggles as the officers restrain her.

CLAIRE

Get off!

EXT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ESTABLISHING SHOT --
MORNING

Large building with the sun rising in the background.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- QUIET ROOM -- MORNING

Claire sits in a chair in a straitjacket.

Issac sits across from her.

ISSAC

Do you know why you're here?

CLAIRE

No.

ISSAC

The officers who brought you here
said you assaulted a nurse at the
hospital.

CLAIRE

I never touched her.

ISSAC

Well that wasn't the case when they
found you.

CLAIRE

There's something very wrong with
me. I don't even know where I am.

ISSAC

You're in a small town in New
Jersey.

CLAIRE

Who am I?

ISSAC

You are Claire Stone. You worked at
a Gentlemen's Club.

CLAIRE

Why was I at a hospital?

ISSAC

You were sexually assaulted and you
were being treated for your
injuries.

CLAIRE

Why am I here?

ISSAC

Because of you, a nurse is severely
It would be safer for you to remain
here.

Issac pulls out a tape recorder and presses play.

ISSAC
Why did you attack the nurse?

CLAIRE
I never touched her.

ISSAC
Okay. Until tomorrow.

Issac presses stop on the tape recorder.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- MORNING

Small padded room with a bed on the side.

Two men in white coats remove the straitjacket from Claire.

Issac stands at the doorway.

ISSAC
I hope you like your room.

CLAIRE
I may not know who I am or what's
going on, but I know I don't belong
here.

ISSAC
This is your home Ms. Stone.

The men in white coats leave the room.

ISSAC
(continues)
I suggest you get comfortable.

Issac shuts the door and it locks.

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- AFTERNOON

Crowded funeral home. People fill the seats.

An open casket sits up front with Thomas' body in it.

Peter stands behind a podium with a microphone to his face.

PETER
Thomas had powerful glow to him
that brought joy to everyone. While
we mourn him we remember...

Peter hesitates holding back tears.

PETER

(continues)

...we remember the joy that he gave us and keep in mind the future that he was creating.

Peter's steps down from the podium and sits next to Carrie.

He texts on his phone which catches Carrie's attention.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Peter drives while Carrie sits in the passenger seat.

CARRIE

Is there anything you want to talk about?

PETER

Not really. Talking won't help.

CARRIE

You're doing enough of it from your phone.

PETER

That's my business. Let's not do this right now.

CARRIE

We're in there, paying respects to...

Carrie breaks down.

CARRIE

(continues)

...to our son and what can possibly be distracting you!?

PETER

I'm not distracted!

CARRIE

Who are you texting during our son's funeral?!

PETER

No one.

CARRIE

No one?!

PETER

No one important.

CARRIE

Of course.

PETER

It's my boss! I gotta head into work tonight.

CARRIE

Whatever Peter.

PETER

What the hell is your problem?!

CARRIE

What is wrong with us?!

PETER

What's that supposed to mean?!

CARRIE

You don't talk to me. You don't even acknowledge my existence as your wife!

PETER

You're just taking things out of context. You know I love you.

CARRIE

I find that very hard to believe.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- EVENING

Peter strolls through the hallway. Issac follows up behind him.

ISSAC

Come with me.

Issac walks past Peter.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- EVENING

Claire sits on her bed's side and stares at the floor. Her hair covers her face.

Issac and Peter enter the room.

ISSAC

I thought I would introduce you to our newest patient. Claire.

Claire raises her head and moves the hair out of her face.

Peter's eyes widen.

Claire stands from her bed.

CLAIRE

You.

Claire stumbles to Peter and grabs his collar.

CLAIRE
You helped me!

Issac grabs Claire's arm.

ISSAC
Let go of him Claire.

CLAIRE
Help me again!

Issac pulls at her arm but she doesn't budge.

CLAIRE
(continuous)
Get your fucking hands off of me.

ISSAC
Aggressor!

CLAIRE
Get me out of here!

ISSAC
Let go Claire or you'll be put
down!

CLAIRE
Don't touch me!

Claire waves her arm out.

Issac flies across the room and slams into the wall.

Three men in white coats storm into the room and pull Claire from Peter.

Issac gets up off of the floor and pulls a needle and syringe from his coat pocket.

Claire struggles while being restrained by the men in white coats.

Issac sticks the needle into Claire's neck and presses down on the syringe.

Claire is placed onto her bed and she passes out.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- EVENING

Peter and Issac walk out into the hall.

ISSAC
Sorry about that.

PETER
You expect us to control her?!

ISSAC

It takes time. Seems like you know everyone that comes in here.

PETER

The other day I found her on the road. She had no memory. Why is she here?

ISSAC

Because she attacked a nurse at the hospital.

PETER

And we're supposed to interact with her?!

ISSAC

One step at a time Peter. She knows you. That means you'll be able to get through to her better than we can.

PETER

No. She wants me to get her out of here.

ISSAC

Is that what you want to do?

PETER

No. After what just happened, I don't want to go anywhere near her!

ISSAC

Well. Get used to her. I'm starting to like her.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- EVENING

Peter and Carrie lay asleep in bed.

We hear KNOCKS.

Peter wakes up.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Peter opens the door to Richard.

PETER

Detective Ferrell.

RICHARD

Sorry to wake you Mr. Holmes.

PETER

It's alright.

RICHARD

We received word that a witness was transferred to a facility you work at.

PETER

Witness?

RICHARD

There's been an on-going investigation on your son and his friends' murder.

PETER

I want to do whatever I can do to help.

RICHARD

The woman you found on the road. She had blood traces of one of the men your son was with.

PETER

He was with his friends.

RICHARD

William Lox. He raped her shortly before they were all murdered.

PETER

How do we know she didn't do it?

RICHARD

We don't and I don't want to rule that out, though the manner they were murdered in, it seems unlikely.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- EVENING

Halls and areas are empty.

Issac walks through the halls.

ISSAC

Lights out!

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM -- EVENING

Long room with surveillance feeds displayed on small monitors.

Peter flicks a switch labeled "Room 8".

The camera feed of Claire's room shuts off.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- CONTINUOUS

Claire lays on her bed.

Issac enters the room and Claire sits up.

CLAIRE

Why are you in here? It's lights out.

ISSAC

I wanted to check on you.

CLAIRE

If I can't leave this place, at least let me sleep.

Issac sits on the bed.

ISSAC

Are you comfortable here?

CLAIRE

Why are you asking me stupid questions?

ISSAC

I've seen what you can do? Everyone here is afraid to question it but I know what you are.

CLAIRE

I don't know what you're talking about.

ISSAC

You're an extraordinary creature.

Issac rubs his hand down Claire's arm.

ISSAC

(continues)

Beautiful too.

CLAIRE

Don't touch me.

Issac rubs Claire's thigh.

ISSAC

Relax.

Claire grabs Issac's wrist.

CLAIRE

Don't fucking touch me!

Claire throws her arms up.

Issac flies upward and crashes into the ceiling. His body then falls to the floor.

Claire stands over him.

Issac slowly sits up.

ISSAC

It's astounding how we long for something we can't have more than anything else.

CLAIRE

What's stopping me from killing you and getting out of here?!

ISSAC

Because you'll be back in confinement. Lost and caged like a rabid dog.

Issac struggles to his feet.

ISSAC

(continues)

And I know you don't want that.

CLAIRE

Get out.

ISSAC

Sure.

CLAIRE

Get out of here!

Issac walks to the exit.

ISSAC

Have a good night Claire.

He shuts the door.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- QUIET ROOM -- MORNING

Claire sits at a long table. Richard sits across from her while Peter and Issac stand off to the side.

RICHARD

Ms. Stone. My name is Detective Richard Ferrell.

Claire stares at the table.

RICHARD

I'm going to ask a few questions. We're hoping that you could help us out.

She stares into Richard's eyes.

RICHARD

(continuous)

Do you know who William Lox is?

CLAIRE
I don't remember.

RICHARD
What about Riley Wilkenson and
David Myers?

CLAIRE
I don't remember.

RICHARD
What about Thomas Holmes?

Claire slowly looks up. She then glances at Peter then looks
back at Richard.

RICHARD
(continuous)
Do you know who they are?

CLAIRE
I'm sure you mean "were".

RICHARD
So you do know?

CLAIRE
I've told everyone since I've
gotten here. I don't remember
anything.

Claire looks at Peter and stares into his eyes.

CLAIRE
(continues)
I'm sorry about what happened to
your son. But I don't know
anything.

Richard sighs.

RICHARD
Alright Ms. Stone. Thank you for
your time.

Richard stands.

RICHARD
(continues)
How have you been in this facility?

Claire's eyes focus on Issac as he folds his arms.

CLAIRE
Peachy.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- HALLS

Peter, Richard and Issac stand in the narrow hall.

RICHARD

There's nothing I can really do.
Hopefully she regains some memory
in due time.

PETER

Perhaps triggering some kind
relapse. A connection to something
from her past.

RICHARD

It may help. I can't stick around
for long. I'll check in some time
this week.

Richard walks off.

Peter looks at Issac.

PETER

What did you tell her?

ISSAC

What are you talking about?

PETER

How does she know about my son?

ISSAC

I don't know but I said nothing to
her.

PETER

She knows something and I need to
find out.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- EVENING

Small office room.

Peter sits at a computer desk, staring at the screen.

There's a KNOCK.

Carrie stands in the doorway.

CARRIE

Are you coming to bed. It's very
late.

PETER

In a minute.

CARRIE

What are you doing?

PETER

Digging.

CARRIE

Well shut the computer down when
you're done digging.

Carrie leaves.

Peter faces the computer screen.

The screen reads "New Jersey man arrested on murder charges
and kidnapping a minor."

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- EVENING

Small, dark room.

Claire lays asleep in her bed.

FLASHBACK

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

Kirk sets glass bottles on a table.

A younger Claire is chained to a wall.

YOUNG CLAIRE

What is that for?

KIRK

It's going to help you with
control.

Kirk unlocks the chains and unpins Claire from the wall.

KIRK

Destroy the bottles.

YOUNG CLAIRE

Why? I could just throw and break
the bottles on the floor.

KIRK

And I can just pin you back on the
goddamn wall.

YOUNG CLAIRE

No!

KIRK

Then how about you do what I just
told you.

Claire stares at the bottles.

The bottles tremble.

Claire's fists clench.

The bottles explode.

Richard claps.

YOUNG CLAIRE
Oh my God! I did it!

KIRK
Well done.

Kirk pulls out a syringe and needle.

YOUNG CLAIRE
Wait. What are you doing?

KIRK
You don't expect me to trust you
while you're conscious?

YOUNG CLAIRE
I did what you wanted!

KIRK
On the wall Pixie!

YOUNG CLAIRE
No!

Kirk grabs Claire's arm.

Claire waves her arm out and Kirk lets go. His arm then
locks up and he struggles.

Kirk kicks Claire in the leg and punches her to the floor.
Claire doesn't move.

FLASHBACK ENDS

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- EVENING

Claire wakes from her sleep and sits up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLMES HOME -- MORNING

Small bedroom.

Peter puts on clothes.

Carrie sits up.

CARRIE
Aren't you off today?

PETER
There's someone I have to go see.

CARRIE
Family?

PETER
No.

CARRIE
Who?

PETER
It's a long story.

CARRIE
Is there something going on?

Peter sighs.

PETER
I can't talk. I gotta go.

CARRIE
Give me an explanation for why
you're always leaving!

PETER
This is different.

CARRIE
How?

PETER
I have to go.

Peters goes downstairs and opens the front door.

Carrie follows and grabs Peter's arm.

CARRIE
Who is it?

PETER
Who is what?

CARRIE
Who are you having an affair with?

Peter hesitates.

PETER
Now you're taking things out of
context.

CARRIE
You don't have to lie to me. I'm
not stupid!

PETER
If you could listen to me, I'll
tell you everything.

CARRIE
Tell me everything now!

PETER
I want to know what happened to my
son!

Peter breaks down.

PETER
(continues)
Our son.

Peter walks out the door.

INT. COUNTY PENITENTIARY -- MORNING

Large cell block. Numerous correctional officers rove
through.

An OFFICER moves down the cell block and stops at a cell. He
taps on the bars with his baton.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
Hey buddy. You got a visitor.

INT. VISITORS ROOM -- MORNING

Well set up room with chairs and tables set up through out.
Peter sits at one of the tables.

The correctional officer escorts an aged Kirk into the room.

KIRK
Who the fuck is this?

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
Don't ask me. He wanted to talk to
you.

PETER
I just need five minutes of your
time.

Kirk walks over to the table.

KIRK
Are you some kind of reporter?
Trying to get another scoop?

PETER
I'm not a reporter. My name is
Peter Holmes. I work at the Women's
Psychiatric Ward in East Orange.

KIRK
What the fuck does that have to do
with me?

PETER

I need some questions answered
about a woman. Claire Stone.

KIRK

Who?

PETER

You held her captive in your home
when she was a little girl.

KIRK

Oh.

Kirk laughs.

KIRK

(continues)

You mean Pixie.

PETER

Pixie?

KIRK

That was the nickname I gave her.
What we accomplished was magical.

PETER

What did you do to her?

KIRK

I made her extraordinary.

PETER

Why did you kill her parents?

KIRK

I saw something special in their
daughter, but I didn't want any
interference.

PETER

You murdered a young girl's parents
to turn her into some kind of lab
rat.

KIRK

Lab rat is a wild term.
Disrespectful to the builder.

PETER

Disrespectful. That's funny.

KIRK

It was a lot of work making her
into what she is. Strengthening her
brain. I made her into a goddess.

PETER
Are you listening to yourself? You
tortured a little girl.

KIRK
Torture? Are you a fucking saint?!

PETER
Why her?

KIRK
Why am I answering to you? Who the
fuck are you again?

PETER
Claire is an unstable patient at
the facility.

KIRK
Really?

PETER
Yes really. I need to know exactly
what you did to her.

Kirk stands up.

KIRK
I'm already in enough trouble and I
don't feel compelled to tell you
shit.

Kirk walks out of the room.

Peter stands from his chair.

KIRK
(O.S.)
Say hi to Pixie for me!

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- QUIET ROOM -- EVENING

Claire sits at the table, across from Issac while Peter
stands off to the side.

ISSAC
I'm going to leave Peter in here
with you. He has a few questions to
ask.

Issac stands and walks to the exit.

ISSAC
(continues)
Call if you need me.

Issac leaves the room.

Peter takes a seat across from Claire.

PETER

I'm just going to get right to it.
Kirk.

Claire inhales deeply.

PETER

(continues)

That name ring a bell?

Claire stares down at the floor.

YOUNG CLAIRE

(V.O.)

Kirk please! Stop!

CLAIRE

That name comes up in my dreams.

PETER

You have dreams about a man named
Kirk?

CLAIRE

Yes. I'm chained to a wall. Then
I'm let go for a bit, and then he
puts me back on there.

PETER

You ever think to yourself that
those aren't dreams but memories?

CLAIRE

I told you guys over a hundred
times. I don't remember shit.

PETER

You do. It's there. In your face.

CLAIRE

I don't know what they are.

PETER

What did he do to you?

CLAIRE

I don't fucking remember!

PETER

What did he do to you in the damn
dream?!

Claire breaks down.

CLAIRE

I saw needles. I saw myself doing
things. Crazy things.

PETER
You mean like the crazy things
others have been claiming?

Claire nods.

CLAIRE
That and a little girl.

PETER
Another?

CLAIRE
I don't know but I remember other
things.

PETER
Like what?

CLAIRE
Floating.

FLASHBACK

EXT. FIELD -- MORNING

Younger Claire stands in the center of a bright green field.
Across from her is a main street, filled with moving
vehicles. Kirk stands a small distance from her.

KIRK
Your playground. Show me what
you're able to do.

YOUNG CLAIRE
What do you want me to do?

KIRK
Get creative.

Claire looks forward and closes her eyes.

She floats off of the ground and high into the air.

Kirk looks on from below.

She rises higher.

CLAIRE
(V.O.)
I was a bird, with invisible wings.
gifted with power I couldn't
understand.

Claire raises her arms and the cars lift off of the ground
and into the air.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- QUIET ROOM -- EVENING

Claire stares at Peter from her seat.

CLAIRE

All of that had to be a dream
because none of that is possible.

PETER

Can you tell me anything about the
little girl?

CLAIRE

No. I'm not going to tell you
anything else until you get me out
of here.

PETER

Okay. I'm done here.

Peter stands up and walks towards the exit.

CLAIRE

Don't you fucking walk out on me!

Peter continues towards the exit.

CLAIRE

(continues)

Does Carrie know about Megan?!

Peter stops and looks back at Claire.

CLAIRE

You're right. It has to be real
because I see everything.

PETER

Our session is done.

CLAIRE

You better tell her before she
finds out the wrong way.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- EVENING

Peter walks into the home.

Richard and Carrie sit on the couch in the living room.

PETER

Detective. I had no idea we were
getting company.

RICHARD

I won't be long. Can you excuse us
Mrs. Holmes?

CARRIE

Sure.

Carrie stands up from the couch.

CARRIE

(continues)

I'll be upstairs.

Carrie goes up the stairs.

Peter walks to the living room.

PETER

I was hoping you'd have some good news.

RICHARD

I was going to ask for the same thing. You seem comfortable doing my job.

PETER

I'm just trying to speed the process up.

RICHARD

I can understand questioning the witness inside the facility but an inmate who's unrelated?

PETER

She remembers him. There's something we're not looking into.

RICHARD

I could arrest you for interfering in an investigation.

PETER

Then you better arrest me now because I'm not going to stop until I am face to face with with my son's killer.

RICHARD

You're treading on a thin line Mr. Holmes. I suggest you just back off.

PETER

I suggest you do your fucking job.

Richard smiles. He goes to the door and steps out.

PETER

Kirk has a daughter.

RICHARD

How is this going to help this investigation?

PETER

Claire's mind is a locked box that she can't fully open. Her memories are the key.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- BEDROOM -- EVENING

Carrie lays in the bed reading a book as Peter enters the room.

CARRIE

What was that all about?

PETER

It's complicated as usual.

CARRIE

Everything is always complicated with you.

PETER

I gotta talk to you.

CARRIE

Me first. I bought a gun.

PETER

What?!

CARRIE

Hear me out.

PETER

What the hell do you need a gun for?!

Carrie pauses and glares at Peter.

CARRIE

Because our son was killed. I feel it's time we start making steps to protect ourselves.

PETER

Where is it?

CARRIE

Why?

PETER

Because we don't need a gun!

Carrie gets up and walks up to Peter.

CARRIE

We do.

PETER

You don't.

CARRIE

(beat)

I know what this. You think I'm gonna go mental or something over this?

PETER

We just need to take our time.

CARRIE

I am taking my time absorbing this! I also believe we need to take great measures.

PETER

Okay. I understand.

CARRIE

You don't! You don't understand that I've been treated and cured. I'm in my right mind.

PETER

Four times Carrie! Four! That's how many episodes you had when you were a patient. Four violent episodes.

CARRIE

You don't have to remind me Peter. I know. I don't forget the number!

PETER

I'm scared for you.

CARRIE

Why? We're fine. I'm better now!

PETER

I never said you weren't.

CARRIE

Then trust me.

Peter sighs.

CARRIE

(continues)

What's wrong?

PETER

Nothing. The news crew will be here tomorrow.

CARRIE
I already knew that. Is that all
you needed to tell me?

Peter stares at Carrie and says nothing.

CARRIE
Okay fine. Well I'm already...

PETER
(interrupts)
I'm having an affair.

CARRIE
(beat)
What?

PETER
I've been with someone else for the
past few months.

Carrie wears a pained expression.

PETER
(continuous)
I'm sorry.

Carrie slaps Peter across the face.

CARRIE
You pick a hell of a time to come
clean but I knew. Deep down I knew
it.

PETER
Carrie, I'm sorry.

CARRIE
Just leave me alone!

Peter leaves the bedroom and walks out of the house.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Peter sits on the large bed inside a small hotel.

He puts a phone to his ear.

PETER
Megan. When can I see you?

EXT. DAWSON HOME -- MORNING

Richard knocks on a door.

After a brief wait, KATHERINE KINGSLEY, 25, polite and
determined, opens the door.

KATHERINE

Can I help you?

RICHARD

Are you Katherine Winston?

KATHERINE

No one's called me Winston since I was a kid. Who are you?

Richard holds up his badge.

RICHARD

Detective Ferrell. I'd like to ask you a few questions about your father.

KATHERINE

I don't know too much about him but I'll try a bit. Come in.

INT. DAWSON HOME -- MORNING

Small dining room.

Katherine and Richard sit to the table.

KATHERINE

Where is he now?

RICHARD

Behind bars. Charged with murder.

KATHERINE

I don't consider that man my father. I know I sound like a cold bitch but since I was twelve, I've been on my own.

RICHARD

Do you remember another girl that stayed in the house?

KATHERINE

I do a little bit. I barely saw her though. It was weird.

RICHARD

Do you remember her name?

KATHERINE

No. Her name just doesn't come up. He called her "Pixie". I'm sure that wasn't her real name though.

RICHARD

Do you recall anything particularly out of the ordinary?

KATHERINE

Besides him keeping some random
girl in a basement all of the time?
No. Probably not.

EXT. HOLMES HOME -- ESTABLISHING -- EVENING

News vans and numerous vehicles sit outside the home.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Cameras and lighting equipment fill the living room, in
front of the large couch.

Peter stands off in the back of the room, watching the news
crew set up.

LISA COLEMAN, 46, approaches Peter.

LISA

Everything alright?

PETER

Yeah.

LISA

If I come across a tough question,
let me know. I'll skip it.

PETER

Yeah. Thanks.

LISA

Is your wife ready?

PETER

I'll check on her.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- BEDROOM -- EVENING

Carrie sits on the bed staring at a pistol on her lap.

PETER

(O.S.)

Carrie?!

Carrie stands up and tucks the pistol into the back of her
pants.

Peter peeks into the room.

PETER

They're ready for us.

CARRIE

I'm coming.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- SURVEILLANCE ROOM --
EVENING

Issac lays a syringe onto a metal tray.

He flips a switch above a monitor that has Room 4 labelled underneath it. The monitor goes black.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- EVENING

Carrie and Peter sit together on the couch. Lisa sits in a chair slightly across from them in front of television cameras.

LISA

On tonight's show, we hear first from the family of Thomas Holmes, a new soldier who was one of the four men mysteriously murdered.

We see Lisa, Carrie and Peter through the view of a camera monitor.

LISA

How are you two doing this evening?

PETER

It's a healing process.

LISA

I couldn't imagine. How involved are you in the investigation of your son's murder?

PETER

As involved as I'm allowed to be. The police are doing the best that they can.

LISA

I see. What about you Carrie?

Carrie says nothing and stares at her lap.

Lisa hesitantly glances at a few papers in her hand.

PETER

(whispers)

Carrie.

LISA

What about your marriage? How much stronger has this made your relationship?

PETER

Everyday we're...

CARRIE
(interrupts)
Are you married Lisa?

LISA
Engaged.

CARRIE
You must not understand everything
that goes into building a family.
Once you lose everything, you give
up the will to live.

LISA
I see.

CARRIE
That's how I feel. I have no will
to live anymore.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- EVENING

Claire lays on her bed.

Issac enters the room carrying a metal tray with the syringe
on it.

She sits up.

ISSAC
Good evening Claire. How are we
doing?

Claire's eyes set upon the syringe.

CLAIRE
Am I the only one you harass in
here?

ISSAC
You're like forbidden fruit. I
can't help but continue to try and
take a bite.

Issac sets the tray on the bed and sits near Claire.

ISSAC
(continues)
You amaze me in more ways than one.

CLAIRE
I'm sure. That amazement shows up
in your pants.

ISSAC
Relax.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- EVENING

Carrie stands up and walks center of the camera.

LISA
Carrie. Can you please sit back
down over here?

CARRIE
I've lost my son and now I'm losing
my marriage.

PETER
Carrie. Don't do this right now.

CARRIE
I trusted that we'd be able to
build things back together but you
hurt me. Now I'm going to hurt you.

Carrie pulls the gun from her back.

Lisa and Peter stand from their seats.

LISA
Cut the cameras!

Carrie holds the gun up.

PETER
Carrie please put the gun down.

CARRIE
I loved you.

Peter stands and walks towards Carrie.

PETER
I still love you. We can fix
everything.

Carrie points the gun at Peter.

CARRIE
You can't fix something you
intended to break. You broke us.
Now I'm gonna break you.

Carrie puts the gun in her mouth and fires it. Blood
explodes through the back of her head.

Lisa screams.

Carrie's body falls to the floor.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- ROOM 4 -- EVENING

Issac is on top of Claire thrusting.

She stares at a camera in the top corner of the room. A red light comes on and the camera moves.

ISSAC

I'm surprised. It's different when you're not screaming or putting up a fight.

CLAIRE

I don't need to scream. They're going to see everything.

Issac sees the camera move.

Claire elbows Issac in the face and he falls off of the bed.

Claire stands.

CLAIRE

I'm leaving!

Issac grabs the syringe off of the tray.

Claire approaches the exit.

Issac lunges forward and stabs Claire in the neck, pressing down on the syringe.

Claire waves her arms out and Issac flies across the room and slams hard into a wall. She then pulls the syringe out of her neck.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WARD -- EVENING

Claire runs and stumbles out of the building.

She scurries out into the street and a speeding car hits her, sending her tumbling over the body of the car.

Her head slams onto the car's windshield.

Claire's body plops onto the ground.

Her body lays on the ground.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE AMBULANCE -- EVENING

A badly bleeding Carrie lays on a gurney in the center small interior of an ambulance. Paramedics assess her.

The monitor makes a long BLEEP.

The paramedics freeze.

Peter breaks down.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- EVENING

Near empty, large lobby.

Peter sits in one of the chairs with his head in his lap.

Richard comes out of one of the doors.

Peter stands and approaches him.

PETER

I wasn't expecting the police to be here. Everyone else saw what happened.

RICHARD

I'm sorry for what happened but I'm not here for you.

PETER

What's going on?

RICHARD

Claire was hit by a car. She was banged up pretty bad but she's awake.

PETER

Good.

RICHARD

No. Nothing is good. Issac Vac was arrested.

PETER

What? Why?

RICHARD

Sexual assault. As far as I'm concerned that place is getting shut down.

PETER

Is this going to put a hold on the investigation?

RICHARD

It might. Depends on how her memory is doing. She may never recover it.

Peter goes through the nearest door.

PETER

Let's hope she does.

RICHARD

What are you doing?

PETER
What room is she in?

RICHARD
This isn't going to help anything.

Peter turns and walks back to Richard.

PETER
I owe it to my wife and son to find
out the truth. I need to trigger
her memories.

Richard sighs.

PETER
(continuous)
Don't stop me from finding this
out. Now what room is she in?

RICHARD
(beat)
She's in room 23.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- EVENING

Small hospital set up.

A bruised Claire lays in bed.

Peter enters the room.

CLAIRE
I was hoping you'd show up.

PETER
Believe me. I'm not here for you.

CLAIRE
I know. I'm sorry. I've caused
this.

PETER
What are you talking about?

CLAIRE
I didn't want that cop to know, but
now that you're here.

PETER
You have your memory back. Am I
right?

Claire nods.

CLAIRE
I hit my head pretty fucking good.

She cries.

CLAIRE
(continues)
I killed him. I killed your son.

PETER
(beat)
Goddamn you.

CLAIRE
I wish I could change what I've
done. I know what needs to be done
now. I need your help.

PETER
Why in God's name should I help
you?

CLAIRE
So this doesn't happen to anyone
else.

PETER
What? You can't fucking control
yourself?

CLAIRE
I can't control this! I can't
control what he did to me!

PETER
Kirk.

CLAIRE
He turned me into this and there
are times I can't control this.

PETER
What do you want me to do?

CLAIRE
I need Kirk to undo what he did to
me.

PETER
Well. That's not happening. He's
locked away.

CLAIRE
I can break him out.

PETER
What do you need me for?

CLAIRE
After everything is done, I need
you to help me make sure he doesn't
get free.

PETER

I'll help you. Once this is done, I will make sure that you rot in a prison.

CLAIRE

I'll turn myself in.

PETER

We gotta get out of here.

Claire sits up and groans.

CLAIRE

Not an issue.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLS -- EVENING

Richard walks through the halls and peers into a dark and vacant room.

A nurse walks past.

RICHARD

Ma'am.

The nurse stops.

RICHARD

(continuous)

Was the patient from this room recently moved?

The nurse looks into the room.

NURSE

We haven't moved anyone.

The nurse scurries down the hall.

NURSE

Ladies we're missing a patient!

EXT. CITY STREETS -- ESTABLISHING -- EVENING

A car speeds down the empty dark road.

INT. INSIDE CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Peter drives the car. Claire sits in the passenger seat.

PETER

I don't know what you are, or what you were made to be but I know my son had a future.

CLAIRE

I get it.

PETER

You don't get shit. It's not something you could just dust off.

CLAIRE

I don't know what happened. After I was attacked, I saw him and in the right part of my mind I didn't want to harm him, but something snapped.

PETER

He had just finished basic training for the Army but he just kept hanging around the wrong goddamn people.

CLAIRE

He seemed a good man. I danced for him.

PETER

Danced.

CLAIRE

I worked at a strip club. He wanted me to dance for him. I did. His friends got out of hand.

PETER

I didn't want them around him. He was supposed to start over.

CLAIRE

God, I wish I could take it back. Start everything over.

PETER

You could start over within a prison cell.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry for what I did. For the lives I took.

PETER

The only one you should feel sorry for in front of me is my son's.

CLAIRE

Why did you tell your wife?

PETER

(beat)

I thought it would've been the right thing to do. I was wrong.

CLAIRE

I never made plans to say anything.

PETER

It doesn't matter. You're going to do what's right.

EXT. OUTSIDE PENITENTIARY -- EVENING

Peter's car pulls up outside of the massive prison.

He and Claire emerge from the car.

PETER

This place is well guarded.

CLAIRE

I know. I feel it.

They walk to the building doors.

Claire holds her arm out and the heavy door rips from the frame of the building and flies out into the street.

Peter looks at the doors in the street.

An alarm RINGS.

CLAIRE

Let's go!

INT. PENITENTIARY -- EVENING

Small cell interior.

Kirk peeks out from the bars of his cell.

Peter and Claire stand in front of it.

KIRK

It's been a long time. You look vibrant.

CLAIRE

Cut the shit. I need you to reverse this.

Kirk looks at Peter.

KIRK

Reverse what?

Claire lifts her arm up.

The cell bars rip from their foundation and crash to the floor.

CLAIRE

Don't play dumb with me.

Kirk smiles.

KIRK

Fair enough.

EXT. OUTSIDE PENITENTIARY -- EVENING

Claire, Peter and Kirk emerge from the broken entrance.

Numerous police officers surround the entrance, outside of their vehicles and point their guns.

COP 1

You are surrounded!

PETER

Claire?

COP 1

(O.S.)

Get on the ground!

KIRK

This should be nothing for you.

CLAIRE

I don't want to hear shit from you.

PETER

They're pointing guns at us.

CLAIRE

No shit Sherlock.

PETER

Do something!

Claire raises her arms into the air.

The police vehicles float into the air. The officers look up at the cars.

CLAIRE

Go to your car and wait for me.

Peter and Kirk take off.

Claire takes a step.

An officer points his pistol at her.

COP 2

Take another step and I will shoot you!

CLAIRE

You shoot me and all of those are coming back down, and not lightly!

Claire takes another step.

CLAIRE

There's no need to try and understand this. The only thing you need to do is let me pass, and no one will be hurt!

Claire steps from the front of the penitentiary and takes off into the streets.

She looks back at the officers and slowly waves her hands down.

CLAIRE

Thank you for your cooperation!

The vehicles in the air harmlessly fall to the ground.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Peter sits in the driver's seat while Kirk lounges in the back.

KIRK

So how did you convince Pixie to go against her power?

PETER

You shouldn't even be talking right now.

KIRK

I'm just curious. With her being a goddess among humanity, you must have damn good persuasive skills.

PETER

Whatever you did to her has effected me in more ways than one and not for the better.

Peter turns and looks at Kirk.

PETER

(continues)

So I'm gonna warn you one more time. Stop fucking talking.

Claire gets into the car.

CLAIRE

Switch me. I'll drive.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- ESTABLISHING -- EVENING

Peter's vehicle speeds down an empty road.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Peter sits in the passenger seat. Claire drives.

PETER

So it's a lab?

CLAIRE

A freak show lab. It's where he kept me.

KIRK

What's the point of having me, when you're going to pull the negatives out of my accomplishments?

CLAIRE

If I didn't need you right now, you'd be still rotting in your cell.

KIRK

It feels so good to be needed. So what happens when you're powerless "Pixie"?

CLAIRE

Stop fucking calling me that! I'm not your 12 year old lab rat!

KIRK

Okay Claire. What happens next?

PETER

You both go to prison.

KIRK

And you're okay with that?

CLAIRE

Doesn't matter if I'm okay with it. It's just what needs to happen.

KIRK

Suit yourself darling.

Police lights flash into the car.

Kirk looks out of the back window.

Police cars pursue them.

KIRK

Oh shit!

Peter looks behind.

PETER

Cops. A lot of them.

KIRK

Yeah and they're pissed!

Claire looks at her rear view mirror.

CLAIRE
Hold on to something!

Claire's foot steps harder onto the pedal.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Peter's car speeds up. Over five police cars follow.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

KIRK
If you don't do something drastic,
we won't make it to the lab.

CLAIRE
I'm not going to hurt anyone else!

KIRK
You think you're going to get
anywhere with that mentality?!

PETER
Back off. You're not helping!

Peter looks at Claire.

PETER
(continuous)
He's right. You gotta do something.
You gotta stop them.

KIRK
If you want me to shut it off, then
we need to shake these pigs off!

CLAIRE
Goddamn it I hate you!

Kirk smiles.

KIRK
Do what I made you for.

CLAIRE
Keep talking and I'll melt your
mouth shut.

PETER
What are you gonna do?

CLAIRE
Take the wheel.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Peter's car curves through a few sharp turns as the police vehicles keep pursuit.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Claire raises her hands off of the wheel. Peter grabs hold of it.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

The police cars lift high into the air. They fall and crash to the ground.

Peter's car speeds off into the night.

INT. INSIDE PETER'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Claire grabs the wheel.

Kirk and Peter stare out the back.

KIRK

Magnificent.

CLAIRE

That was it. I'm not going to hurt anyone else tonight. I swear it.

KIRK

Observe what you're choosing to give up.

CLAIRE

Believe me, I've seen enough.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- EVENING

Peter's car enters a gated community.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY HOME -- EVENING

Small front yard.

Peter, Claire and Kirk exit the car parked in front a small house. The house has lights on inside.

PETER

There's a family here. Is there a way to the lab without going into the house?

KIRK

The only way into the lab is
through the house.

PETER

We better get in there and get this
going before they send more units
after us.

INT. FAMILY HOME -- EVENING

Small dining room set up.

A family of three sits at a table. SAM, 34, MARY, 32, and
DIANA, 12, eat a cooked dinner. Diana stares blankly at her
food.

SAM

Eat your food Diana.

DIANA

I'm not hungry. I'm tired.

MARY

Someone stayed up way too late last
night.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Sam gets up from the table.

SAM

I got it.

Sam opens the door. He's catapulted off of his feet and
slams into the wall.

Claire stands in the door way with her arm up. Kirk and
Peter stand behind her.

PETER

Easy Claire.

CLAIRE

He's okay. Trust me.

Claire moves into the house.

Mary and Diana scream frantically.

CLAIRE

(continuous)

He'll live.

Peter and Kirk follow Claire down a hall. They stop at an
old carpet on the floor.

Kirk flips the carpet from it's spot to reveal a hatch and
handle in the floor.

Claire pulls and lifts it, and reveals a staircase.

EXT. COUNTY PENITENTIARY -- EVENING

Destroyed front entrance of the prison.

Numerous police officers scatter into their cruisers.

Richard stands in front of the destroyed entrance.

RICHARD

Was it demolition?

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

A woman. She and another man left
with an inmate.

RICHARD

Any idea where they're headed?

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Not a clue.

A vehicle passes the police vehicles. Katherine's face is
seen from it.

The car speeds off.

RICHARD

Don't follow me.

Richard runs off.

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

Dark, powered down lab.

The lights come on.

Peter, Claire and Kirk walk through.

KIRK

Brings back memories.

CLAIRE

I don't want to remember.

Kirk looks at a small drawer.

CLAIRE

(continues)

I just want you to turn this off.

KIRK

You're so ungrateful.

Kirk opens the drawer, pulls out a gun and points it at
Peter.

KIRK

Surprise!

PETER

Claire!

Claire goes to lift her arm.

KIRK

Wait! If you kill me, you won't get what you want!

CLAIRE

You're lying!

Claire stares into Kirk's eyes. We hear VOICES.

CLAIRE

(continues)

You can't turn it off!

KIRK

I wouldn't if I could.

Kirk shoots Peter in the chest. Peter falls to the floor holding his bloody chest.

CLAIRE

What the fuck are you doing?!

KIRK

Helping you make a decision. We can finish what I ventured out to do.

CLAIRE

Which was?

KIRK

Creating a new race of human beings and since you were the first, that makes me God.

CLAIRE

And what? That makes me Eve?

Claire and Kirk stare off.

Kirk nods.

She looks at Peter who holds his chest wound.

CLAIRE

And him?

KIRK

He fucking dies. You don't owe him anything.

Claire waves her hand and the gun flies out of Kirk's hand.

CLAIRE

No. That's garbage. I've hurt enough people. I won't become the same monster that turned me into one.

Claire holds her hand up at Kirk.

CLAIRE

(continues)

You're going to fix me. Now. Figure it out!

KIRK

You've just made the biggest mistake of your life.

CLAIRE

I don't want to be your Eve.

Claire soars off of her feet and slams into a wall. She falls roughly to the floor.

Katherine walks into the lab, holding up her arm.

KATHERINE

Why trust Eve when you have Lilith?

CLAIRE

You made another?

KATHERINE

Sad. I thought your memory was back.

KIRK

She's a helpless case. I tried.

CLAIRE

Kate?

KIRK

At first I thought my daughter was a failure. I was wrong. I needed her more than I realized.

FLASHBACK

INT. STONE RESIDENCE -- EVENING

Large living room.

ULYSESS STONE, 30 sits on the couch. A young Claire sits next to him.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

ULYSESS

Really? At fucking eight?

Ulysess opens the door.

A younger Kirk points a pistol and shoots Ulysess in the head.

Ulysess falls to the floor.

Claire screams.

STACEY STONE, runs into the area.

STACEY

Ulysess!

Kirk shoots Stacey in the head. Her body falls atop Ulysess'.

Kirk points the gun at Claire.

KIRK

Come with me.

Claire stands and stares at her parents' bodies.

KIRK

Now! I won't hesitate to shoot you too.

Claire tearfully walks to Kirk and he grabs her by the shoulder.

INT. INSIDE VAN -- EVENING

Dark and empty van back.

Claire sits in it crying.

The van doors open and Kirk stands there.

YOUNG CLAIRE

Where am I?

KIRK

Shut up and get out!

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY HOME -- EVENING

Large front yard.

Claire comes out of the van.

She stares at the home.

INT. FAMILY HOME -- EVENING

Claire follows Kirk into the home and down the hall.

Kirk pulls a handle on the floor and lifts the hatch revealing stairs.

KIRK
Welcome to your new home.

A young Katherine comes downstairs and into the hall.

YOUNG KATHERINE
Dad who is that?

KIRK
Get your ass upstairs Kate!

FLASHBACK ENDS

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

Claire slowly gets to her feet.

KATHERINE
Been keeping a good eye on you
Claire.

CLAIRE
You don't need to do what he says
Kate. Where has he been most of
your life?

KATHERINE
In jail because of you!

FLASHBACK

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

A young Katherine walks around the empty lab.

Kirk enters the lab.

KIRK
Why are you down here?!

YOUNG KATHERINE
I saw you open the door in the
floor. What is this place?

There are loose straps hanging from the steel plate mat on
the wall.

KIRK
(beat)
Where is she?!

YOUNG KATHERINE
Who?

KIRK
Pixie!

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY STREETS -- EVENING

Small city block.

A young Claire runs through the streets, looking behind her.

Kirk tackles Claire onto a yard. He pins her down.

KIRK
Running away I see!

YOUNG CLAIRE
Get off of me!

Claire screams.

KIRK
Shut up!

Police SIRENS can be heard.

KIRK
(continues)
Pixie, you're going to mess this
up!

YOUNG CLAIRE
I don't care!

Police vehicles pull up.

The police officers pull Kirk from Claire and slam him on the hood of a vehicle. They handcuff him.

Kirk's face lays onto the cars hood, staring off at Claire.

FLASHBACK ENDS

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

Kirk picks the gun off of the floor.

KIRK
You only have two options. Embrace
your gift or...

KATHERINE
...risk giving up an eventful
forthcoming.

Richard moves into the lab.

RICHARD
Drop the fucking gun!

Kirk turns around and points his gun at Richard.

KIRK

Drop yours boy scout.

Claire waves her hand and Katherine spins to the floor.
Claire hops on top of her and lays into her face.

Kirk moves his finger to the trigger.

KIRK

Drop it!

Richard moves forward and knocks Kirk's forearm who fires a bullet into the wall.

Richard tackles Kirk to the floor.

Kirk's gun slides across the floor.

Katherine shoots her arm out and Claire flies across the lab and slams into a wall.

Katherine walks towards Claire holding her arm up.

Claire slams against the wall and lifts into the air. She holds her neck and wheezes for air.

Katherine clenches her fists.

Claire's arms fall then she lightly waves her hand.

A foreign object flies across the room and slams into Katherine.

Claire falls back to the floor.

Katherine crawls to her feet.

KATHERINE

You had your chance. Even when I tried to assist.

CLAIRE

You were hiding about?

KATHERINE

I had to make sure you embraced your full potential, but it backfired.

CLAIRE

It was you. You killed them.

FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY STREETS -- EVENING

Dark city streets.

A car sits near the curb. A large distance from the car, William attacks Claire.

INT. INSIDE KATHERINE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Small vehicle interior.

Katherine sits in the vehicle. She lifts her arm up.

INTERCUT

EXT. CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

William lays on the ground. Thomas kneels at William's side.

Claire stands over them.

INT. INSIDE KATHERINE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Katherine clenches her fist.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Thomas' neck snaps.

BACK TO:

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- EVENING

Claire holds her arm up and Katherine holds hers up.

CLAIRE

You took innocent lives!

KATHERINE

With no favorable results.

Katherine and Claire flick their hands and the both of them lift into the air and slam onto the floor.

Kirk crawls towards the gun. Richard jumps on him and chokes him.

RICHARD

Don't make me fucking shoot you!

Kirk elbows Richard in the abdomen, turns over then punches him in the face.

Kirk grabs the gun.

Kirk gets to his feet and points his gun.

Richard gets to his feet.

Kirk's finger touches the trigger then he pulls his finger off of it. He then points the gun at his own head.

Claire lays on the floor holding her arm out.

Kirk struggles.

KIRK

I thought you were done with
hurting others.

CLAIRE

I lied.

Claire clenches her fist.

Katherine kicks Claire across the face.

Kirk shoots himself in the head. His body flops to the
floor.

Katherine holds her arm out.

Richard slams hard into the wall.

Katherine flicks her wrist, Richard crashes into the
ceiling. His gun slides across the floor.

Claire runs at Katherine

Katherine turns around, shoots her arm out and Claire
suspends into the air. She wheezes and holds her neck.

KATHERINE

There are things worse than death.

Katherine clenches her fist.

Claire's head starts to twist.

KATHERINE

(continuous)

I intend to show you.

A bullet explodes through Katherine's head. Her body falls
to the floor.

Claire falls to the floor.

Peter lays on the floor, pointing Kirk's smoking gun.

Peter and Claire look at each other. Peter drops the gun.

Richard gets up and moves over to Peter.

RICHARD

Don't move. I'm gonna get some
help.

He pulls out a cell phone and puts it to his ear. He looks
behind him.

Claire is gone.

RICHARD

I have a gunshot victim who needs
an ambulance right now!

Peter passes out.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- MORNING

Peter lays in a hospital bed, hooked up to a monitor. He has
a large bandage wrapped around his chest.

He opens his eyes.

A blurry female figure stands by a window.

PETER

Carrie?

The woman turns around. It's Megan.

MEGAN

It's me Peter.

She comes over to his bed side.

PETER

Megan.

MEGAN

Oh my God. You had me so worried.

PETER

I thought you were out of town.

MEGAN

After I heard about what happened
to your wife, I came. But you were
gone.

PETER

Things got out of hand.

MEGAN

I know. The police told me you were
here.

PETER

I did this. I ruined everything.

MEGAN

Don't do that to yourself. Self
guilt is only going to bring more
pain.

PETER

I don't think I can feel any more
pain than I do right now.

MEGAN

That's why I'm here. To help you
heal. To help you start over.

Megan holds Peter's hand.

Peter pulls his hand away.

PETER

I don't want to start over. Being
with you won't ease the healing
process.

MEGAN

So what? This is it?

PETER

Yes. Just move on.

Megan walks to the door.

MEGAN

Get better Peter.

Megan walks out. Richard walks in.

RICHARD

I was waiting for her to leave. I
didn't hear much though.

PETER

It's okay. Just someone I needed to
let go.

RICHARD

How are you feeling?

PETER

I feel like I've been chewed up and
spit out.

RICHARD

Better than dead. We almost lost
you.

PETER

Where's Claire? Did you arrest her?

RICHARD

No. She vanished.

PETER

Well there would be no reason to go
after her. Kirk's daughter
confessed to the murders.

RICHARD

I know. That's why everything on Claire was dropped. Wherever she has gone, she can stop looking over her shoulder.

PETER

What about you? How are you going to explain any of this?

RICHARD

Re-word I presume. Make it believable. I don't think we'll experience anything like this again.

PETER

I just want to forget about all of this.

RICHARD

I don't think that's possible. There are things that are easy to forget but in your case...

PETER

It'll be for the better. I need to let go of the bad parts for the sake of a good future.

RICHARD

What are you going to do now?

PETER

Has the ward been shut down yet?

RICHARD

Not yet, but it's in the plan.

PETER

Who do I have to talk to keep the facility open?

RICHARD

It's gonna take a lot of talking to the right people.

PETER

It has to stay open. There are people out there who need the right help.

INT. CEMETERY -- MORNING

Grave yard section.

A grave stone reads "Carrie Rodriguez Holmes - July 15th, 1976 - July 18, 2015"

Peter stands over it.

PETER

I don't deserve to mourn you, but
somewhere out there, I hope you and
Thomas have found peace.

Peter lays a rose on the grave and turns to leave. He turns
back around and sits near the grave.

PETER

(cries)

I did this and I lost my world. I
don't want to be part of this one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLMES HOME -- MORNING

Peter sleeps in his bed.

SUPERIMPOSE: One month later.

He wakes up and looks around.

EXT. HOLMES HOME -- MORNING

Large yard.

Peter checks his mailbox and pulls out a stack of letters.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- MORNING

Peter holds up a letter with no return address. He opens it
and reads the letter.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

Dear Peter. I wish I could say that
things between us are well, but I
know they're not and probably never
will be.

INT. PENITENTIARY -- MORNING

Tiny jail cell.

Issac sits on his bunk.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

Most of what happened was my fault
but I'm glad you and I know the
truth about what happened.

INT. BASEMENT LABORATORY -- MORNING

Police officers walk through the laboratory.

Richard talks to another officer.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

We are both victims and because of that, I believe we share something valuable. A will to make a better future.

EXT. MCRD PARIS ISLAND -- EVENING

Large building. Street section with yellow footprints on the ground. A bus pulls up to the section.

A drill instructor stands at the entrance of the bus. Dozens of women frantically run out of the bus. Claire is among them.

They stand on the yellow footprints.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

Even though I can't get rid of my powers, I can't let my past run my future. I have to take control.

EXT. DRILL FIELD -- AFTERNOON

Large concrete quad in between buildings.

Claire, among other women, march in formation on the field carrying rifles. They wear military utilities.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

Despite the pain that my past has given you, I hope you do the same.

INT. WOMEN'S PSYCHIATRIC WARD -- OFFICE -- MORNING

Organized office with desk in the center.

Peter fixes a nameplacard that shows his name.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

In my heart I can heal knowing you're doing better. I'll make it my life's purpose to ensure it.

INT. HOLMES HOME -- MORNING

Peter sits on the couch reading the letter.

CLAIRE

(V.O.)

You've risked your life to help me and for that, no matter how you

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
feel, you have my love. Sincerely
Claire Stone.

EXT. DRILL FIELD -- MORNING

Claire stands in a formation with other women. They wear
Marine Corps blues uniforms.

CLAIRE
(V.O.)
P.S. I hope to meet again, on
better terms.

A smile forms on her face.

FADE OUT