

Evil Within

written by

Naz Bader

FADE IN.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The sound of thunder booms as rain pours non-stop like it's trying to drown the entire neighborhood.

QUIET STREET

Silence fill the air; apart from the rain and thunder.

All the lights in every house are turned off.

All apart from one illuminating the upstairs bathroom of this residence.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A modern bathroom.

It's just a bathroom, but just from looking at it one can tell this family isn't from money.

Bland and unappealing, and the rest of this house follows suit.

There is an importance to this room, and it isn't on the décor.

It's on an ELDERLY MAN in his 50's.

This man is staring in the mirror with nothing on but pyjamas bottom.

There is fear in his eyes but laughter in his voice.

That is until his fear drives out delusional hysteria.

His hand slowly moves across the counter that the sink rest upon.

It reaches past a tube of toothpaste, a small glass containing three toothbrushes, and a comb, until it approaches a sharp razor.

The hand clenches the handle as tight as it can with trembling anticipation.

With a shaky grip, he starts to bring the razor closer to his face.

HALLWAY

A YOUNG BOY; about ten or eleven years of age, is walking towards the bathroom.

Light illuminates into the hallway which draws the boy in like a seductive calling.

He rubs his eyes as he just woken up.

Confusion and disorientation take him over.

BOY

Mom...? Dad...?

All he hears is delusional laughter.

MAN'S POV

The boy's dad continues to look at himself in the mirror laughing as he begins to cut away at his skin.

Pieces of flesh start falling in the sink below while blood drips down turning his face a crimson mess.

That doesn't faze him. He just keeps cutting away.

From the mirror's reflection, we see the young boy in the background standing near the door looking inside.

The only thing more shocking is the wide-eyed look of trembling fear on his face.

THREE WEEKS LATER - EVENING

LIVING ROOM

The young boy is sitting on the couch in the living room.

The lights are off.

The only thing illuminating the room, or to be more accurate, part of the boy, is the light from the lamppost that is erected outside the house.

It is quiet, until his MOTHER; NATALIE WILLIAMS - a middle aged woman - with sadness in her eyes, enters.

She turns on the light and watches as the boy just sits there.

The boy is watching television, only the television is off.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
Michael, do you need anything
sweetheart?

He doesn't answer, doesn't even move.

Too traumatized by what he witnessed.

His eyes are just transfixed at his reflection on the television screen.

NATALIE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Michael?

30 YEARS LATER

The son; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, is now in his early forties and working as a JANITOR in an understaffed MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY.

He is known as either Michael Williams, Mr. Williams or the Janitor.

He lives with his WIFE; CLAIRE WILLIAMS, and their eleven-year-old SON; LUCAS WILLIAMS.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - LATE AFTERNOON

The sound of a piercing scream can be heard resonated throughout this facility.

The screams are coming from a patient who is being held by two SECURITY GUARDS; dressed in white, who are hired to keep control and improve safety along with the other guards and assistants.

Although the facility lacks funding, security and the visitors, staff, and patient's safety is important.

The guards do everything to restrain the patient as he is growing more aggressive.

The two guards try to calm her; something which proves to be a challenge.

The JANITOR - who was nearby cleaning the floors, stops to help them only to be pushed aside by one of the guards.

The Janitor does nothing but stand there looking on.

The guards lead the patient out of the room.

A LITTLE LATER - HALLWAY

A doctor walks through a hallway where the Janitor is mopping the floor.

Stressed, frustrated, and in a hurry, he stops to wait for the Janitor to step aside instead of asking him.

THE JANITOR

Sorry.

He apologizes as he steps out of his way.

He continues to mop the floor in somber silent.

He looks out at the guard rolling a patient; a young girl of six named MELISSA, away, then gets back to mopping without saying a word.

The patient is sedated.

His eyes cry in sympathy which acts as a window to his soul.

As he continues to mop, an ASSISTANT runs to him in a hurry.

ASSISTANT SHAW

We need a clean-up in room two.

The Janitor nods to indicate his understanding.

The assistant runs off and, in no hurry, the Janitor slowly puts the mop in the bucket and walks off.

ROOM TWO - A LITTLE LATER

He slowly opens the door to anyone's' horror.

A room full of blood smeared all over the wall looking back at him.

In the corner of the room sits a YOUNG GIRL with her back against the wall and a sharp homemade object closely resembling a KNIFE in her clutches.

She uses the homemade knife to slowly cuts her left arm.

It is apparent from the thousand cuts all over her body - that and the lack of pain she feels - that this isn't her first time cutting herself.

This is CHLOE, a schizophrenic patient of many years.

What was once a youthful, energetic young lady, is now a medically diagnosed schizophrenic with bi-polar disorder.

One minute a calm and relaxed individual, the next a murderous psychopath. Impossible to tell what could set her off.

The Janitor looks at her; impossible to tell what he may be thinking.

The same guards push past the Janitor to enter the room in a haste and remove the patient.

She tries to fight them off, but they take her small homemade knife away from her.

They manage to force her out of the room and leave the Janitor to work.

He grabs his mop and begins.

The smell and sight of the bodily fluid doesn't faze him - he's been doing this far too long.

LATER

The Janitor exits the room and walks away.

LITTLE LATER

STORAGE CLOSET

End of his shift, he puts the mop and bucket away in a cramped storage closet and locks the door.

INT. MR WILLIAMS' HOME - NIGHT

Mr. Williams walk into his home stressed and not in the mood for anything or anybody.

His wife walks up to him and attempts to talk to him, but to no avail.

He is not in the mood for conversation.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Where have you been? it's quarter past seven.

(MORE)

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
We waited for you so we can all eat
dinner together. It will be good if
you could join us on time.

He drops his keys on the table after locking the door and
walks past her like she is not even there.

As Mr. Williams is walking away, Mrs. Williams is still
trying to talk to him.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You do have a family, you know?

But Mr. Williams just continues to ignore her as he walks
off.

DINING ROOM - LATER

Mr. Williams is sitting around the table with his family
eating dinner; it's quiet.

Mr. Williams sits on one end of the table with Mrs. Williams
on the opposite end.

Their 12-year-old son; Lucas, sits between them.

Despite their earlier altercation, Mrs. Williams still tries
to start a conversation.

MRS. WILLIAMS
So, honey, how was work today?

Mr. Williams shrugs it off.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
You've been coming home late this
week; they must really need you at
work.

Mr. Williams shrugs that off too, much to the frustration of
his wife.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Alright.
(thinks)
You know I'm trying here Michael,
but it's hard when you won't even
acknowledge me.

MR. WILLIAMS
Work was fine. I'm just tired and a
little stressed.

Lucas is looking cautiously at his parents.

He's been through this before, knows all too well this is just the beginning of an argument.

Staying quiet, he continues to eat.

Mrs. Williams finds that comment a little insulting.

MRS. WILLIAMS

And I'm not? I worked all day too you know, then I come home to make dinner. But I still care enough to try and make conversation.

Mr. Williams stops eating.

He drops his fork and stands to leave.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

So, this is how it's going to be? You're not even going to talk anymore? Fine. Just go.

Lucas by now has his head down.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

It's all you seem to do nowadays any-

Mr. Williams' temper boils over.

MR. WILLIAMS

SHUT UP!

Mr. Williams pauses to gather his thoughts before continuing.

Lucas closes his eyes and braces himself - he knows how this will end.

Mr. Williams' rage causes his voice to get louder as he continues to talk.

He takes a firm step towards her and, upon instinct, his wife stands and backs up against the wall behind her.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I am tired of always hearing you complain about nothing. Do you know what my day is like? Cleaning up after people's filth. Helping others do their job. Do you know what that's like?

After hearing that, it's now Claire's turn to take a firm step forward and get in her husband's face.

MRS WILLIAMS

Know what that's like? Are you kidding me? I do nothing but care for this family, not like I get any appreciation, and not to mention my job on top of that. You're always working late nights and weekends, and when you're here, you act like we're an inconvenience. Nobody is forcing you to be a janitor, Michael. You chose this life.

Mr. Williams, in anger, throws his plate at the wall.

Mr. Williams is normally the quiet type who speaks with a whispering tone, except for when his temper gets the better of him.

MR. WILLIAMS

(shouts)

I didn't choose any of this!

Mr. Williams storms off and his wife looks at the broken plate on the floor before turning her head to her son who has his hands over his ears.

EXT. NEAR-EMPTY PARK - LATER

Mr. Williams is sitting on a park bench looking out at a near-empty park; the only people around are late night joggers and people walking their dogs.

There is a hint of sadness about him.

FLASHBACK

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

A young Michael - about seven - is having a picnic with his parents.

The sun is brightly shining down.

Laughter and love fill the air.

Michael is running around with the family dog; a LABRADOR.

His parents; JOHNATHAN AND NATALIE WILLIAMS, are sitting on a blanket looking at them play.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
C'mon son, we're going home now.

His parents stand ready to leave.

MICHAEL
(shouts out)
Five more minutes.

He's still running around playing with the dog.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
(to Michael's dad)
When are you going to tell him?

BACK TO PRESENT

A deep breath... this place reminds him of a simpler time.

NEXT DAY

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - AFTERNOON

THE COMMON ROOM

The Janitor is cleaning windows in the main room where patients are sitting around.

Some are watching television - a random channel, they seem to be staring at the screen more than they are paying attention to what the television is showing.

Others are sitting around keeping to themselves.

The Janitor looks around the room.

The look on the patients' face and their unanimated demeanor gives him a deep sorrow - the inability to do something to help makes it worse.

One of the patients - DAVID; the screamer who the guards rolled away in the gurney, walks to the nurses' station where two NURSES resides.

He collects his medication.

He swallows them before walking off.

Shortly after, he starts to shake and scream.

DAVID
Shut up! Shut up!

He holds his head as he screams out for help.

The HEAD NURSE - a hefty looking woman, very passionate of her work, quickly notices this.

HEAD NURSE
(to Nurse)
Call in doctor Dunn.

As the nurse does so - to tell him what happened, the HEAD NURSE rushes out of the office overlooking the room.

She tries but has trouble to calm him down.

After the nurse puts the phone down, she rushes in to help.

They manage to hold him steady as the nurse injects him with Diazepam to calm him down.

David stops screaming; for now, at least.

The other patients don't seem bothered by it, as if what happened didn't register with any of them.

DOCTOR DUNN, a man in his forties who is more conservative in his medical work than most, is followed by an assistant pushing a gurney.

They hurriedly race into the room.

DOCTOR DUNN
What happened?

HEAD NURSE
He just started screaming again.

The Janitor, close enough to hear all this, looks around again at the unanimated patients in the room.

The patients now pay attention to what is happening.

They see them strap David on the gurney and take him out of the room.

HALLWAY

They roll David along the hallway and through double doors leading into the MEDICAL WARD.

MEDICAL WARD (WARD M)

There are a few patients in similar condition to David resting on beds unconsciously.

The guards push the gurney up to a vacant bed and carefully transfers David from the gurney onto it.

Then they leave.

LATER

The Janitor enters the room.

He pushes his mop and bucket cart along towards David's bed.

He looks at David.

David opens his eyes and looks at the Janitor.

THE JANITOR

I know all too well of the pain you
are going through.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a syringe filled with an unknown substance.

Scared, David tries to react, but his straps keep him from moving.

THE JANITOR (CONT'D)

But don't worry, I can release you
of your suffering.

He injects the syringe just below David's left ear.

Quick acting, David starts calming down after a little while until he stops moving altogether.

The Janitor looks at his motionless body and closes David's eyes.

He puts the syringe in the rubbish bag attached to his cart then pushes it out of the room.

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - MIDDAY

Sitting on a bench in the grassy quarters near the facility is the Janitor who looks out into a small patch of grass as a shadow of a tree dominates the ground.

He places the Tupperware box that sits on his lap next to him.

He takes the lid off and starts eating half a tuna mayo sandwich.

In the box remains the other half of the sandwich and an apple.

Halfway through his lunch, he notices a SMALL CHILD.

This child is nine years of age, ten at most, and looks like a young Michael.

The child walks around the grass before stopping next to the tree.

He looks at it before turning to the Janitor and walks towards him.

Patients are not supposed to be out of the facility without supervision.

This child walks freely.

The child approaches the Janitor and sits next to him on the bench.

Before he does so, the Janitor removes his Tupperware box and places it back on his lap giving the child room to sit down.

They both sit there in silence.

The wind picks up and blows past.

THE CHILD

It's nice out here. I like to come here when I can. It's very peaceful.

The Janitor doesn't comment.

He continues to stare out into the grassy field.

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

Helps me clear my head.

Again, the Janitor doesn't comment.

By this time, the Janitor has finished his sandwich and is halfway through the other half.

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

If only everything can be this easy
and relaxing.

The Janitor continues to eat in silence.

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe one day. One
day when the voices stop. Maybe
then life will be easy and
relaxing. But that's what I'm
afraid of. What if? What if when it
all stops, it's only the beginning?
People always say it's most quiet
before the storm.

The Janitor finishes his sandwich, takes the apple then puts
the lid back on the box and stands to leave.

He starts eating the apple as he leaves.

In the background, the child isn't there anymore.

INT. MEDICAL HEALTH FACILITY - AFTERNOON

COMMON ROOM

Back to work.

The Janitor pushes his cart while he clears rubbish off the
floor of the common room.

Only a few of the patients are in this room.

The others are either in their room, seeing a THERAPIST for
evaluation, or in a group session.

The Janitor makes his way around the room.

Cleaning around the nurses' station - the station itself is
clean and organized - a male patient, is pacing around
mumbling something incomprehensible to himself.

He next cleans around and underneath tables where Chloe, the
female patient from earlier, is sitting head down around one
of the tables.

She looks up at him.

CHLOE

You. From before. I see, I see who
you are. You are the one HE warned
me about.

The Janitor walks off.

He passes a male patient who crawls and barks around acting
like a dog.

A few patients are keeping to themselves.

A voice comes over the INTERCOM.

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Nurse Barnes, can you please come
to Ward M. Nurse Barnes, to Ward M.

The head nurse, NURSE BARNES, hears it, walks out of the
nurses' station and out of the room.

Nobody else pays attention to it.

The other nurses continue with what they are doing.

One is sitting in the office looking out at the patients.

The other is organizing the medicine cabinet.

HALLWAY

The head nurse is making her way to Ward M.

As she does so, two guards run past her.

She pays them no mind as she has somewhere to be.

WARD M

The head nurse pushes the double doors that leads into Ward
M.

She walks in.

She can see David on his bed with his eyes closed.

The doctor and assistant are standing beside the bed looking
at him.

They turn to her attention.

HEAD NURSE

Doctor Dunn, what is going on here?

The doctor doesn't answer, but his assistant - ASSISTANT DONNELLY lets out a sigh.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

He's unresponsive.

HEAD NURSE

And by that, you mean?

He doesn't respond, nobody does.

The head nurse understands just by the look on their faces.

Not one to show many emotions, but she can't help feeling sympathy for the young man; as she does the other patients.

DOCTOR DUNN

This is the third patient who died under the care of this facility.

HEAD NURSE

You mean under your care.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

I called the coroner to come and evaluate the body. The guards should come by soon to help move it.

DOCTOR DUNN

Thank you. Now, please excuse me.

The doctor walks off.

HALLWAY

The head nurse makes her way to the nurses' station.

On her way, she walks past the Janitor.

HEAD NURSE

Do you have to stand in the middle of the hallway while you clean? People are trying to walk you know.

The Janitor moves aside to let her pass.

He doesn't say anything.

The head nurse walks off.

The Janitor stops.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a bottle of pills.

Opens the bottle, tips two in his hand and swallows them.

He continues to mop the floor.

As he mops along the hallway, he can hear faint sounds of a patents cry getting louder.

CHLOE

No... No... Leave me alone. You can't
do this to me.

It seems to be coming from a slightly opened door near where
the Janitor cleans.

He opens it a little more to look inside.

DOCTOR DUNN'S ROOM

In the room are doctor Dunn who is holding Chloe, with the
help of his assistant.

Chloe is kicking and screaming as she thinks she's in danger.

DOCTOR DUNN

Chloe. Please, calm down.

She doesn't.

The more they try to calm her down, the louder she screams
and the harder she flails around trying to get free.

All she cares about is escaping, even if it means causing
them harm. She swings her arms and kicks her legs, even tries
to bite them.

DOCTOR DUNN (CONT'D)

Claire, I'm going to have to give
her a sedative. Do your best to
hold her.

She does; with great difficulty.

Doctor Dunn goes into the drawer of a nearby cabinet and
quickly gets out a syringe.

Fills it with a sedative; Ativan, then injects Chloe.

It quickly takes effect.

Chloe's flailing subsides.

Before she goes to sleep, she notices the Janitor standing there looking in.

She tries to reach out for him with her hand.

At the same time, she tries to say, "help me", but in her condition, she can only mouth the words.

She then closes her eyes.

DOCTOR DUNN (CONT'D)
(to Claire)
Thank you.

CLAIRE
Is she all right?

Doctor Dunn doesn't answer. He just looks at Chloe before walking away.

HALLWAY

The Janitor pushes the door and goes back to mopping the hallway.

He continues to clean until his shift is over.

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - EVENING

Rain downpours from the heavens.

The Janitor walks out of the door and starts walking home.

Only thing to protect him is the hood from his coat.

Even that's not enough to keep his head dry.

A few steps out, and he receives a text.

PICK UP MILK.

He keeps walking.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE - LATER

Inside this small store near his home, Michael Williams is one of the few customers inside.

He goes to the cold section and grabs a pint of milk.

A woman finishes paying for her items; BREAD, MILK AND A CHOCOLATE BAR, which are already in a bag.

Her small child is stands quietly staring at the bag her mother is carrying as if she can see the chocolate inside.

She was told if she spoke, she wasn't going to get it.

She leaves, and he pays for the milk.

CASHIER

That'll be one pound, sixty. Do you want a bag?

He nods.

The cashier puts the bag on the counter.

He pays without saying anything.

Realising the cashier isn't going to bag the milk, Michael puts the milk in the bag himself, then leaves.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

He exits the store and continues to walk home.

While walking home, he notices people on the either side of the street staring at him.

Seeing a man with his hood on and head down would make anyone nowadays turn their heads.

INT. MR WILLIAMS' HOME - LATER

Mister Williams walks in.

He puts his keys on the table near the door and enters the living room.

LIVING ROOM

He walks in and immediately sits on his armchair.

He doesn't turn the television on.

From the doorway, his wife, Mrs. Williams look in.

MRS. WILLIAMS

How was work?

No response.

He just looks at a blank television screen. Mrs. Williams' reflection can be seen in it.

DINING ROOM - LATER

They all sit around the table for dinner.

It's quiet. Too quiet. Until...

MRS. WILLIAMS
How was work?

His answer is a shrug.

MR. WILLIAMS
How was your day?

MRS. WILLIAMS
You don't want to know.

He doesn't have any follow up questions.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
It's Sarah. Our biggest client came to us for financial consultation. This could be huge for us. We worked for months on this. Today I find that Sarah mixed up the numbers, and now Eric and I will have to spend time going over it. I might be a little late coming home the next day or two... or three, however long it will take.

Again, he doesn't comment.

He heard, but he doesn't say anything, instead, he just looks over at Lucas.

Upon eye contact, Lucas goes back to eating.

MR. WILLIAMS
What about you? You still having trouble with those kids?

Lucas doesn't say anything.

MRS. WILLIAMS
I don't know what to do. I don't think telling someone about it helped.

MR. WILLIAMS

It never does.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Maybe he should hit them. I don't agree with violence, but sometimes people need a smack or two so that-

He interrupts her.

MR. WILLIAMS

No.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You can't always rely on others to come to your rescue. Sometimes you just got to take care of yourself.

MR. WILLIAMS

I agree, but I don't want him to wind up like them.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Sometimes you have no choice. You can't let people continue to mistreat you. I remember you telling me you had a similar problem growing up, how did you handle it?

MR. WILLIAMS

My situation was different. He's not going to go down that road.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He can't just do nothing.

MR. WILLIAMS

He'll be fine.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He can't-

Mister Williams quickly interrupts her.

MR. WILLIAMS

I don't want him to be like me!
(to Lucas)

Listen to me son, I don't want you to get involved with these kids, you hear me?

MRS. WILLIAMS

How can you blame this on him?

Mister Williams doesn't answer her, instead, he just stands and leaves the room.

Lucas continues to eat in silence.

Mister Williams leaves the house.

The thudding of the door slamming shakes the house.

Although used to it, Lucas jumps almost out of his boots as he is startled by the noise.

INT. RICKIE'S PUB - LATER

In a small local DIVE PUB, there are a few down on their luck patrons scattered around trying to drink their sorrows.

At the counter, Mr. Williams sits drinking a scotch, neat.

Nobody is talking to anyone and the bartender; a WOMAN in her late forties, early fifties with stress plastered on her face, is getting on with her work; she has no time to entertain anyone.

The pub has a quiet feel to it with everyone using alcohol as a tool to escape their individual lives.

Mister Williams is muttering inaudibly as if he is having a conversation with himself about what happened at the dinner table.

The BARTENDER passes by unfazed; she's seen them all - this place usually attracts all sorts of "questionable" customers.

MR. WILLIAMS
(to bartender)
Another please.

The bartender serves him another.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The bartender walks off to tend to her business while Mr. Williams goes back to talking to himself.

Mr. Williams continue to drown his sorrows in alcohol until the clock turns past midnight.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - PAST MIDNIGHT

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMS' BEDROOM

In a drunken state, Mister Williams stumbles into his home.

He makes his way to the right side of the bed; his side.

He gets in bed and looks up at the ceiling.

Letting out a sigh, he takes a few seconds before turning to the side - away from his wife - and closing his eyes to go to sleep.

A FEW DAYS LATER

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - AFTERNOON

COMMON ROOM

The light is dim. The room is quiet.

The television is on.

A film is playing; Back to the Future, which is half-way through. A fun movie for recreational therapy.

Patients; a group of twelve, are sitting around the television watching in silence.

The nurses, a doctor's assistant, and a guard are in the room keeping watch in case things get out of hand.

Some of the patients seem to be really invested in the movie. With others, it's difficult to say whether they are watching it, or just staring at the screen.

One of the patients seems a little uncomfortable and fidgets quite a bit.

While trying to get comfortable, he moves in his chair which causes it to squeak against the floor.

Much to the displeasure of a SKINNY PATIENT who is really into this movie.

SKINNY PATIENT

Shh!

The UNCOMFORTABLE PATIENT stops.

LATER

Back to the Future has finished. The end credit rolls.

The nurse walks over to turn off the television.

All the patients look at her as she does so.

They look at her as if they are waiting for to tell them what they are going to do next.

NURSE STONE

All right. Movie's over. I would like you all to make your way across the hall where we will start group therapy.

Like sheep, they all mindlessly do as they are told.

GROUP THERAPY ROOM

The Janitor is in the room helping to prepare snacks and drinks on tables at the far wall.

Biscuits on plates and water in cups.

The room layout has chair, in the middle of the room, set up in a half circle facing one chair who is looking out.

This is the chair where the social worker is already sitting.

The patients walk in, grabs a biscuit and cup then takes their seat.

The social worker smiles as they enter and patiently waits for them.

SOCIAL WORKER

Thank you for coming. Today, I think we should talk about the drugs you are taking and how all of you feel about them.

The Janitor leaves the room.

He closes the door on his way out as the social worker continues to talk.

SOCIAL WORKER (O.S) (CONT'D)

(calm voice)

We are going to go around the room so each of you can share your experience with everyone.

The Janitor takes his pill bottle out, takes out two pills and swallows them before walking off.

HALLWAY

As the Janitor walks the hallway, he passes by an open door to Doctor Dunn's office where he and his assistant are talking inside.

DOCTOR DUNN'S OFFICE

They both stand in the middle of the room.

Doctor Dunn looks a little worried, as does his assistant

DOCTOR DUNN

Are you sure?

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

Yes, but I didn't feel comfortable with it. I didn't feel comfortable last time either.

Doctor Dunn closes the door before turning back to his assistant.

DOCTOR DUNN

I know. I know. And I appreciate your help.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

It's the third patient. I don't feel comfortable lying for you.

DOCTOR DUNN

It's just temporary.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

It's not right. You were the one treating them.

DOCTOR DUNN

This is not on me. I have done everything I can do to help.

The doctor goes to his file cabinet and takes out the files for the three patients.

Sits behind his desk and looks through them.

DOCTOR DUNN (CONT'D)

I just don't understand it. They all were making healthy progress. And none of them showed any signs of suicidal tendencies.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

Do you think foul play could have played a part?

DOCTOR DUNN

Foul play? You think it's a patient?

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

Or orderly.

DOCTOR DUNN

You think...?

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

It's possible. I'll inform the authorities.

DOCTOR DUNN

No.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

What do you mean, no?

DOCTOR DUNN

We don't need the police snooping in here. If they rule the patient's death to be a suicide, it will land on me.

ASSISTANT DONNELLY

What if they're not suicides?

The doctor takes a little time to think.

DOCTOR DUNN

All right. I'll call it in.

The assistant leaves.

Doctor Dunn goes into the right bottom drawer of his desk and takes out a bottle of whiskey; JOHNNY WALKER'S BLACK LABEL, it's three quarters empty.

The doctor opens the bottle.

He takes a shot... then another.

Before he pours a third, he looks at the bottle.

A FEW DAYS LATER

INT. LINDA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

LINDA HANDOCK, the neighbor of Mister and Missus Williams live alone with her cat. She is an elderly woman who lives off her pension. She has accumulated a good fortune when her husband died and pays just for what she needs.

She and Mrs. Williams are sitting on her couch talking and drinking coffee.

The television is on; the news channel, the only channel Linda watches.

The sound is mute, so the two women can talk.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I don't know Linda, I tried talking to him, but I don't think I'm getting through.

(sighs)

Sometimes I think of leaving him. Does that make me a terrible person? I mean, I still love him, and I know that couples fight, but for a long time now, all we seem to do is argue. I just want him to talk to me. Let me know what's going on so we can work through the problem together.

LINDA HANDOCK

Some people are past helping, Claire.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I don't believe that to be true.

Linda catches CLAIRE'S disapproving reaction.

LINDA HANDOCK

Well I'm sorry, but I never liked him. He never speaks, I always see him leave your house late at night, there's something about him that never sat right with me.

Claire chooses to bypass that last comment from Linda.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He's always been like that. Always quiet and keeping to himself, but I know Michael. There's something he's not telling me. It's become work to even make him tell me about his job.

LINDA HANDOCK

What's there to tell, he's a janitor. He cleans up after people. Why do you want to know anyway?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Because I care about him, Linda. I want him to tell me if something is bothering him.

Linda notices the sadness in Claire's eyes.

LINDA HANDOCK

I'm sure he's fine. He's probably stressed. Give him a little time. How is Lucas doing by the way?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Not so good. He's still having problems with the children at school. Michael want him to stay away from them.

LINDA HANDOCK

I remember my brother, Shawn, when he was in school, he had the same problem with one of the mean boys.

MRS. WILLIAMS

What happened?

LINDA HANDOCK

He went to school one day with a brick in hand and..

Linda notices Claire's shocked reaction.

LINDA HANDOCK (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Let's just say he didn't have any more problems with that boy after that.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - AFTERNOON

HALLWAY

The whirring noise of the floor waxing machine is the only thing that can be heard in this otherwise silent hallway.

The Janitor is waxing the floor - he's already done about a quarter of the hallway.

On the other side of the hallway, two POLICE OFFICERS make their way across the hallway to talk to him.

OFFICER MAY, the female officer of the two, takes charge.

OFFICER MAY
Are you Michael Williams?

The Janitor looks at her and nods.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
We just want to ask a few questions.

She waits for a response but doesn't get one.

He just makes eye contact to indicate he is listening before going back to his work.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
How long have you been working here?

THE JANITOR
(shrugs)
A few years; sixteen, maybe seventeen.

OFFICER MAY
Have you seen anything that could be described as "out of the ordinary" as of late?

The Janitor shakes his head.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
About the patients that have passed, doctor Dunn calls it suicide, what do you think?

THE JANITOR
I think based on what they went through, they have finally found peace.

The male officer, OFFICER LOCKES, cuts in.

OFFICER LOCKES
That's what you think?

The Janitor doesn't say anything.

He just looks at him for a quick second before going back to his work.

OFFICER LOCKES (CONT'D)
Any chance this could be more than suicide?

THE JANITOR
Patients can become violent.

OFFICER LOCKES
All the victims were patients of Doctor Dunn, what can you tell us about him?

THE JANITOR
Not much. I prefer to keep to my work.

The officers realize that they are not getting much information out of him.

By the lifeless tone and demeanor of the Janitor, they become frustratedly aware that they won't get the information they are looking for.

OFFICER LOCKES
Thanks for your time.

Not getting anywhere, they decide to take their leave.

As they walk away, they see Doctor Dunn and talk to him.

The Janitor sees this happening but can't make any of it out.

They are too far, and their conversation is inaudible to him.

The Janitor spends the rest of the day keeping his head down while working hard.

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - EVENING

Shift is over.

The Janitor walks out of the building and immediately feels the cold of the evening air.

DOCTOR DUNN
 (on the phone)
 Yes, yes I know, honey but... Will
 you please let me talk? I...

Doctor Dunn turns to notice the Janitor staring at him.

DOCTOR DUNN (CONT'D)
 (to Michael)
 Do you mind?
 (on the phone)
 What? no, not you... What? nobody. it
 was nothing... Fine.

In frustration, he hangs up the phone and takes a deep
 breath.

MR. WILLIAMS
 My name is Michael.

DOCTOR DUNN
 What?

MR. WILLIAMS
 My name, it's Michael.

DOCTOR DUNN
 Yeah, Okay.

Doctor Dunn leaves and gets in his car.

Mister Williams walks home.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - NIGHT

LIVING AREA

Mrs. Williams is sitting on the couch next to her son, Lucas.

She has one arm around him trying to comfort him as he seems
 to be saddened about something that happened at school.

He has a black eye and his clothes is a little worse for
 wear.

MRS. WILLIAMS
 It'll be okay honey.

She doesn't know quite what to say to him.

Sometimes you think you have the right answers until you open
 your mouth and realize you have made the situation worse.

Keeping that in mind, she decides to not say anything right now.

Mr. Williams walks through the door and walks into the room to see them both on the couch.

He walks past them and walks into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

He opens the cabinet above the sink and takes out a bottle of medical pills before leaving for the living area.

LIVING AREA

Mr. Williams walks back in and looks at his wife who is staring at him.

He takes one look at Lucas.

MR. WILLIAMS
What's wrong with you?

Lucas doesn't say anything.

MRS. WILLIAMS
He's still having problems with those kids.

A feeling of disappointment can be seen on his face.

MR. WILLIAMS
Lucas.

Lucas looks up. Mister Williams sees the black eye.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Didn't I tell you to not to get involved with these kids?

Lucas doesn't answer him, but he does nod.

He's learnt sometimes a nod is better than words when answering his dad.

His wife can't believe what he just said to him; how he is blaming Lucas for it happening.

She heard it before, and it still doesn't make any sense to her.

But even with her reaction, Mr. Williams decides not to explain himself.

He notices one of his hands shaking, like it is having a small independent spasm that goes unnoticed by the rest of his body.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Your hand is shaking again. How many-

Before she can continue, Mr. Williams interrupts her.

MR. WILLIAMS
I'm fine.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Are you? How many have you taken today?

MR. WILLIAMS
I said I'm fine.

MRS. WILLIAMS
You need to talk to me about it. Or talk to someone. What did the doctor say?

MR. WILLIAMS
He said to take them when needed.

MRS. WILLIAMS
How many did he say to take a day?

He doesn't respond. He turns to Lucas instead.

MR. WILLIAMS
Stay away from those kids, son.

He looks back at his wife before walking out without saying anything else.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - EARLY AFTERNOON

THE COMMON ROOM

Patients are keeping to themselves.

Some are sitting around.

Others are walking around the room.

On one of the tables sits a young girl; twenty-years of age but looks at least a decade older. Her name is Laura and she is looking out a window.

She is sitting at the far end of the room alone.

She is mumbling something to herself, something incomprehensible, as if she is having a conversation with the whispers in her head.

She looks around the room, still mumbling, but now fidgeting a little.

The fidgeting slowly gets worse as she starts banging on the table.

It gets louder and louder until a nurse takes notice.

The nurse; NURSE WAKES approaches her but is still unable to make out what this girl is mumbling.

Eye to eye, the girl stops, but stare at her with a scared look in her eyes.

NURSE WAKES

Laura, is something wrong?

Laura continues to stare at her.

LAURA

Tonight. It will happen tonight.
I'm ready.

The nurse reaches for Laura's hand.

Laura notices.

Laura sinks her teeth into the nurse's forearm.

The nurse SCREAMS.

The nurse recoils back in pain with her forearm in tremors from the pain.

Laura releases her grip.

Her intention wasn't pain, she just attacked to scare the nurse away.

The nurse is not in disbelief as this sort of behavior from patients happen more often than one would care to admit.

The shock still strikes her as if this was the first time it has happened.

Laura turns away.

She continues to mumble incoherently.

A guard runs in the room having heard the scream.

He sees the nurse standing next to Laura. The nurse is still clutching her arm.

He approaches and immediately notices Laura mumbling to herself.

He attempts to approach her only to be stopped by the nurse who shakes her head indicating to leave her be for now.

He ignores her.

He makes a reach for her planning to escort her out of the room to safety - for herself and others - but she recoils in fear.

The more Laura moves away, the more he forcefully the nurse tries to grab her.

This leads to Laura screaming and flailing her arms trying to bat him away.

He gets control of her arms only to have her trying to bite him.

When that doesn't work, she spits in his face in a desperate bid to be released from his grip.

After she spat at him, she stops to see what he's going to do - she has her guard up. He ignores it and grabs her.

He leads her out of her room while she continues to scream and flail her arms and legs.

The nurses all look on and can't help feeling pity for her.

Some of the patients saw all this happening while others carry on as if nothing has happened.

As the guard and Laura leaves the room, the Janitor stands looking; he witnessed the whole thing.

He looks around and notices Chloe sitting on a chair staring deadpan at her reflection on the black screen of the television.

The way she sits there; motionless, soulless, it triggers a memory.

FLASHBACK

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' PARENTS' HOME - DAY

LIVING ROOM

A young Michael - about eleven years old - is sitting on the couch in the living room of his parents' house staring blankly at his reflection on the television screen.

His mom stands in the doorway looking.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
Michael, do you need anything
sweetheart?

He doesn't answer, doesn't even move.

Too traumatized from witnessing his father's craze suicide.

His eyes are just transfixed at his reflection on the television screen.

NATALIE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Michael?

She cautiously walks over and sits down next to him careful not to frighten him.

She doesn't say anything.

She looks at him.

She looks at his unresponsive body; it's as if his very essence has been drained out of his body.

NATALIE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Your father was very sick Michael.

Still, Michael lays unresponsive.

NATALIE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
There was nothing more anyone could
do for him.

Michael slowly turns to his mother.

MICHAEL
Why was dad sick?

His mother looks at him chocking up a little in response to what he said.

She has no answers. Sometimes no one does.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
I don't know sweetheart.
(she hugs him)
I don't know.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - EARLY AFTERNOON

THE COMMON ROOM

The Janitor is still staring at Chloe.

HEAD NURSE
Do you always have to be in the
way?

He turns around to see the head nurse standing there cross at him for standing in his way.

He steps aside.

She walks towards Chloe to check on her.

The Janitor looks in sadness before he starts mopping the floor.

HALLWAY - LITTLE LATER

The guard still has hold of Laura and is leading her through the hallway towards her room.

She's still trying to fight him off as he pushes her.

He just has enough time to close the door shut before she can lunge at him.

Laura starts wailing on the glass screen with her fist and screams while intently staring him down.

He walks away not paying it any mind.

He can still hear her as he walks off.

Fits of hysteria.

She continues screaming while trying to laugh it off, but the fear is real.

Nobody is coming back for her.

The light in the hallways turns off.

NIGHT

Footsteps can be heard.

Laura, still standing where she was in her room looking out of the glass panel can't see anything. But she can hear.

The footsteps are getting louder.

They're getting closer.

With the footsteps, the rattle of the Janitor's mop and bucket cart follows.

Then it stops.

Laura backs away and looks out of the glass panel at a silhouette of the Janitor standing outside her door.

After a short while, the Janitor standing outside leaves.

The footsteps once again begin to get quieter the further he gets from Laura's room.

She continues to look out trying to see him, see her, see something.

It's too dark to see anything even in the near distance.

While pressing against the door, it creaks opens a little.

That surprised her.

She could have sworn the door was locked as it is every other night.

She pushes it open to look out.

Both sides of the hallway are empty.

The only light illuminating it are coming from one or two office rooms where employees are working late.

She decides to leave her room and starts walking, not sure why, but something tells her not to stay in her room.

It is as if the whispers in her head are controlling her.

She walks slow.

She walks cautiously.

She looks over her shoulder every few steps.

She's scared.

She gets startled by all sorts of noises.

She keeps walking. Taking slow breaths while doing so to try and calm her nerves.

She starts to hear footsteps along with the rattle of the mop cart.

She turns a corner away from it.

After gaining distance, she can hear the rattle of the mop cart getting louder, this time from in front of her.

She turns another corner and runs off.

She turns the corner and lights starts to flicker.

The lights start buzzing as it flickers like it's forcing itself to turn on.

Laura carefully places one foot in front of the next while looking around cautiously in case something or someone catches her off guard.

Noises can be heard from patient rooms that occupy this hallway.

As she continues walking, the noises from the patients gets louder; what sounds like wailing and objects hitting other objects.

She walks past a patient's room when she feels an eerie presence.

She stops.

Turns her head to look through the window glass on the door, and in the room stands a small, young boy who stares at her.

She looks into his soulless eyes - impossible to tell what he's thinking - for a second or two before walking off.

Reaching the end of the hallway, as she turns the corner, she bumps into an ELDERLY JANITOR who has been walking around with his cart.

It is not Michael but another Janitor who works the late-night shift.

The Elderly Janitor looks in his seventies.

Part timer who needs to work after getting tired of being in retirement. He decided to get a small job to keep himself occupied. Fairly new to the facility, he works three nights a week for a few hours and does not know many of the people working or patients living here.

ELDERLY JANITOR

Oh, my sweet. Are you all right?

She nods.

ELDERLY JANITOR (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to be here, are you?

JANITOR MICHAEL (O.S)

It's okay. I'll make sure she returns to her room.

ELDERLY JANITOR

Thank you, Doctor.

Michael stands there wearing Doctor Dunn's medical coat.

JANITOR MICHAEL

Come on now, child.
(reaches out with one hand)
Everything's going to be okay.

LATER

They both stand outside of Laura's room.

The door is opened, and Michael leads her in.

THE JANITOR

Here we are. You know it's dangerous for you to sneak out and wander the halls at night.

She walks inside.

LAURA'S ROOM

She steps inside; slowly.

Darkness surrounds her.

Out of the darkness, the Janitor steps out.

He takes out a syringe and injects it in Laura's neck under her left ear; just as he did with David in the medical ward earlier.

THE JANITOR

I know all too well the pain that
is inside of you. But don't worry,
I can release you of your
suffering.

Quick acting, she slowly starts to lose her consciousness.

She collapses in his arms.

He lays her down on her bed. Covers her body with the blanket.

Then leaves.

He gently closes the door behind him on his way out like a dad who don't want to wake their child.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - NIGHT

The family is gathered around the dinner table eating in silence.

A moment of quiet before Mrs. Williams attempts to start up conversation.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You were working late today. We
waited for you before we ate.

Mr. Williams shrugs it off.

MR. WILLIAMS

It's fine.

He looks up and notices she is staring at him.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

MRS. WILLIAMS

We finished the account today.

She waits for a response.

MR. WILLIAMS

Great. I'm happy for you.

Blank expression on his face, it is difficult to say if he meant it or not.

She takes it as a compliment and smiles at him.

MRS. WILLIAMS
What about you, Michael?
(she eats)
How was your day?

He doesn't answer.

He keeps eating while thinking of the night he had at the facility.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Mike?

He looks at her and quickly realizes she asked him a question.

MR. WILLIAMS
It went...fine.

He continues to eat.

He drops his forks then sighs heavily.

His wife and son look at him.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Ever felt like you're running on a treadmill.

He looks over at his wife to see her reaction; confusion.

She doesn't say anything thinking Mr. Williams will explain himself.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
It's kind of like... you go through life. You put in the work every day You do what you can to care for others. You keep going, and going, no matter what life throws at you, you just keep going, you know. But even with all you do... you still feel like you're going nowhere.

It goes silent.

He can tell they don't understand what he is talking about.

Mister Williams then picks up his fork and goes back to eating.

She does not know how to respond.

She has half-eaten her dinner but has completely stopped unsure of what to say or do.

Lucas, a slow eater, still has plenty on his plate.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Maybe you need to make a change in your day. If you feel like what you are doing isn't getting you anywhere, it wouldn't hurt to try something new.

Mr. Williams looks at her.

He doesn't know where to begin with responding to her suggestion.

She doesn't get it.

Why would she? She isn't going through what he is; mentally or emotionally. To be honest, even he isn't sure of what he is going through.

MR. WILLIAMS

Forget it.

He feels it's best to drop the subject here and now.

She smiles, in her mind, she is trying to help him; it makes sense to her, if something is wrong, change it. You have the power to change your life for the better.

Mr. Williams turns to Lucas who is still playing with his food before slowly eating it.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

What about you?

Lucas looks up.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

How's school going?

Lucas shrugs.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He got an A in his biology paper today.

Mr. Williams nods in approval.

MR. WILLIAMS
That's good. You keep focusing on
your schoolwork, you hear me, son?

Lucas nods.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Childhood is tough for everyone.
Just keep your head down and focus
on what's important. Education.
It's what I should've done.

Lucas doesn't respond, instead, he keeps his head down and
continues to eat.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I don't want you to end up like me,
you hear me, son?

Lucas looks over to him before turning away. He keeps eating.

Mrs. Williams can't help but smile at Lucas.

Mister Williams starts eating again, after a few bites, he
turns back to his wife.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
(serious tone)
You find that funny?

She is taken aback by the question. The smile leaves her
face.

MRS. WILLIAMS
(confused)
I'm sorry?

MR. WILLIAMS
Yeah, I'm sure you are. I'm sure
you are sorry you got stuck with
someone like me. Is that it?

MRS. WILLIAMS
No, of course not.

He doesn't believe her.

He drops his fork and storms out.

From the distance, the noise of the front door being slammed
can be heard as it sends chills down her back.

LATER

Late in the night and Mrs. Williams and Lucas have gone to bed.

Mr. Williams is still out but will return any moment from a night of drinking.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - LATE NIGHT

BEDROOM

Mrs. Williams is in bed sleeping.

Noise of keys rattling can be heard followed by footsteps which awakens Mrs. Williams.

She isn't startled, she knows it's her husband getting home from drinking and stumbling his way upstairs - It isn't the first time, won't be the last.

He gets into his side of the bed, Mrs. Williams has her back against him, but she knows it's him.

She doesn't let on that she is awake (not yet anyways).

In bed, he doesn't say anything, instead, he closes his eyes and tries to sleep it off.

MRS. WILLIAMS
I'm sorry about earlier.

Doesn't think she has to apologize, or if there is anything to apologize for, but she does.

She waits to see if he will reply.

He doesn't; he never does.

She closes her eyes to sleep.

THE NEXT DAY

INT. LINDA'S HOME. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Linda and Claire are sitting on Linda's couch drinking coffee and talking.

Claire is visibly upset as Linda tries to comfort her.

The television is on in the background; the news channel, and it is again muted while they talk.

LINDA HANDOCK
It will be okay, Claire.

MRS. WILLIAMS
I don't know, Linda. I don't know what to do. Sometimes I think I'm wasting my time. But I don't want to leave him.

Linda does not know what to say.

She takes a sip of coffee.

LINDA HANDOCK
Does he hurt you?

She can barely get that out.

The thought of a man hitting a woman, yet alone his girlfriend or wife sickens her.

MRS. WILLIAMS
(shakes her head)
No.

LINDA HANDOCK
Then what is it?

MRS. WILLIAMS
I didn't tell you, but Michael has been dealing with severe depression for years now.

Linda listens intently.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
The doctor has prescribed him with antipsychotics to help with his moods. It helped him at first, but lately it has gotten worse. I tried to be supportive and do what I can to help him. But it isn't the same. He isn't the same. I think he's abusing, and when I try to talk to him about it, he pushes me away. I don't know what to do.

She buries her face in her hand.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Mr. Williams has clocked in hours earlier.

He kept to himself and focused on his work duties.

HALLWAY

The head nurse is hastily marching down the hallway with a purpose.

COMMON ROOM

In the room stands Doctor Dunn who is tending to a male patient.

He is observing his movements and attitude while keeping a distance for evaluation.

The head nurse enters.

Immediately spots him and engages.

HEAD NURSE

Doctor Dunn. You mind telling me what is going on here?

DOCTOR DUNN

Excuse me nurse, but I am with one of my patients right now.

HEAD NURSE

This is about one of your patients, Laura Sphinx.

DOCTOR DUNN

I have giving her a shot yesterday after she attacked nurse Wakes. She should still be asleep. I will see how she is doing when I have finished here.

HEAD NURSE

That won't be necessary, I can tell you right now. She's dead..

Doctor Dunn stops. He can't believe what he just heard.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)

Some time last night apparently.

The doctor leaves in a hurry.

HALLWAY - LATER

The doctor is making a beeline down the hallway.

He passes the Janitor who stands there cleaning in silence.

DOCTOR DUNN
Move will you.

He walks past him and takes two or three steps.

THE JANITOR
I'm sorry.

The Janitor says in a quiet tone of voice.

The doctor turns back to him.

DOCTOR DUNN
What was that?

The Janitor looks at him with sadness and deep regrets in his eyes.

THE JANITOR
I said I'm sorry.

From the look in his eyes and the tremble in his lips, it can be interpreted as the Janitor saying sorry for the death of Laura rather than for being in the doctor's way.

The doctor, who doesn't have time to talk, carries on along his way while the Janitor looks on for a while before going back to moping the floor.

As he mops he feels his hands shake.

The broom slips and smacks the floor.

The doctor turns to the sound.

The Janitor looks at his hands as he tries to stop them from shaking.

Unable to, he takes the bottle of pills out and swallows two.

He turns to the doctor, who witnessed all this, and sees him shake his head before he hurries along his way.

Doctor Dunn runs to his office.

DOCTOR DUNN'S OFFICE

Out of breath and not thinking straight; at this point, worry has taken over his face.

He speed-walks to his desk but before he can do what he came in for.

His attention is being taken over by the policewoman from earlier, Officer May.

OFFICER MAY
Doctor Dunn, can we talk?

He looks up.

The look on his face is one of mixed fear and shock, like a deer caught in a headlight knowing the inevitable.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
Are you looking for something?

He looks down at his hands clutching the handle on the first drawer of his desk.

He releases the handle and takes a second for himself before speaking.

DOCTOR DUNN
No. Nothing.

OFFICER MAY
I would like to talk to you about
Laura Sphinx, you were her doctor.

DOCTOR DUNN
Yes, that's right. I'm still trying
to understand.

OFFICER MAY
I understand you have been helping
her for the last four years now.

DOCTOR DUNN
That sounds about right. I have
many patients here.

OFFICER MAY
I also understand she wasn't your
first patient who was found
deceased.

DOCTOR DUNN
What are you trying to say?

He shuffles through papers on his desk quickly looking through them.

He stops.

DOCTOR DUNN (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, some patients in the past have...

(thinks of his next words)

Passed away. But I can assure you that I do what I can to give them the best care I am able to provide.

He goes back to looking through his papers.

OFFICER MAY

What were you treating her for?

DOCTOR DUNN

Schizophrenia, bi-polar disorder, anxiety, depression, she had many problems.

OFFICER MAY

Did she have any suicidal tendencies?

DOCTOR DUNN

No, but over the past few weeks, she was convinced somebody would come to kill her.

OFFICER MAY

Who wanted to cause her harm?

DOCTOR DUNN

Nobody, it was just another hallucination. Schizophrenics often believe in false perceptions. Sight, sound, smell, they are convinced that things happen when they don't.

OFFICER MAY

Well something did happen this time.

DOCTOR DUNN

And I'm sorry to hear. Suicide should never be an option, but unfortunately it does happen.

OFFICER MAY

It wasn't suicide.

That surprised the doctor.

DOCTOR DUNN

It wasn't?

OFFICER MAY

They found a needle mark on her body. Just below her left ear. You don't think that was strange?

Doctor Dunn doesn't answer.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

And your other patients? We found they all have needle marks under one of their ears.

DOCTOR DUNN

You think I had something to do with it?

OFFICER MAY

I think it's strange your patients died of apparent suicide, and then we find needle marks on their body in the same area.

DOCTOR DUNN

I see, well let me just tell you, if you think I had something to do with it, well, that's just nonsense. And frankly I am insulted you would dare to accuse me of something this.. this criminal.

The doctor goes back to looking through his notes.

At this point, Officer Lockes enter the room. He keeps quiet and stands by the door looking in.

OFFICER MAY

Is there a problem?

DOCTOR DUNN

No, I'm just looking for my notes on Laura.

He opens the first drawer.

The drawer he was about to open before Officer May entered.

He looks confused looking inside the drawer.

OFFICER MAY
Is everything okay?

He stands there, frozen.

She takes a few steps closer.

She looks in the drawer, then at him.

In the drawer rests the syringe that was used to penetrate Laura's neck.

There is trace of the substance used still in the barrel and on the tip of the needle. Next to it lies a bottle of half-drunk whiskey.

He looks at her with a blank expression on his face.

She is waiting to hear him comment but he doesn't say anything.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
Care to explain yourself?

DOCTOR DUNN
Not really.

OFFICER MAY
And why not?

DOCTOR DUNN
I don't know why that's in there.

OFFICER MAY
(sighs)
All right, I don't like games

DOCTOR DUNN
Excuse me?

OFFICER MAY
You ran in here, walked right to your desk, and you were about to open that drawer before I came in. I think you knew that was in there and tried to hide the evidence before getting caught.

Doctor Dunn doesn't say anything at first.

He looks into her focused and determined eyes judging him, waiting for him to slip up in some way.

After a short while, he eventually speaks up.

DOCTOR DUNN

Like I said, I was looking for my notes. I didn't open the drawer because...

(takes a moment)

A professional should not be drinking on the job. And I couldn't afford anyone finding out about-

He doesn't finish; the policewoman is suspicious.

OFFICER MAY

I understand. But that doesn't explain why the syringe is in your drawer. And I suspect if we trace the substance we will match it with the same chemicals that killed Laura and your other patients.

The officer standing at the door, officer Lockes, takes a few steps into the room.

Doctor Dunn can't find any words to say.

He tries but is unable to as if the words themselves materialized in his throat and starts choking him up.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

And you were here last night weren't you?

He's worried.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

I need you to come with us. Right now.

To the shock and disbelief of the doctor - and knowing he is unable to change the inevitable - he walks over to officer Lockes who meets him halfway.

The officer arrests the doctor and leads him out of the room. Officer May follows a short distance behind them.

THREE MONTHS LATER

THREE MONTHS AFTER THE ARREST OF DOCTOR DUNN, MICHAEL QUIETLY LIVES A LIFE OF MUNDANE SIMPLICITY. HE HAS NOT PUT ANOTHER VICTIM OUT OF THEIR MISERY SINCE LAURA. ALTHOUGH THE TROUBLES AT HOME HAVE NOT LESSENERED, THEY HAVE NOT INTENSIFIED EITHER. WITH THE MIX OF GUILT AND THE FEELING OF RIGHTEOUSNESS WEIGHING IN HIS MIND, HE IS CONSTANTLY BATTLING HIMSELF.

HIS FAMILY TAKES THE BRUNT OF THIS AS THEY ALWAYS DO. HE CAN FEEL HIS SILENT TEMPER ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

WITH THE SELF MEDICATING AND TROUBLES IN HIS LIFE TAKING A TOLL ON HIM. MICHAEL HAS GAINED WEIGHT, AT TIMES HIS VISION BECOMES BLURRY AND HE OCCASIONALLY FEELS DROWSY AND FATIGUE.

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - MIDDAY

Sitting on a bench in the grassy quarters near the facility, is the Janitor who looks out into a field of nothingness.

He places the Tupperware box, the same Tupperware box as before, that sits on his lap next to him.

He takes the lid off and starts eating half a tuna mayo sandwich. In the box remains the other half of the sandwich and an apple.

As he eats, he notices a child sitting next to him.

The same child he saw and always sees while he eats the same lunch every day.

THE CHILD

It's been quiet lately.

The Janitor doesn't say anything.

He continues to eat his lunch.

There is a gently breeze in the air.

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

I don't know how to feel about that. I guess in some way, I grew comfortable with the voices.

The Janitor continues to eat.

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

I can still hear their whispers. Sometimes it's difficult to understand.

The Janitor finishes half of his sandwich and begins to eat the other half.

THE CHILD (CONT'D)

And that's what scares me the most.

The Janitor continues to eat.

The child is no longer sitting next to him.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - LATER

HALLWAY

The Janitor is once again mopping the floor.

After a short while, his hands start to shake.

He stops to take a deep breath.

It subsides, then stops.

He decides to stop mopping and puts his mop in the cart and walks off.

A LITTLE LATER

The Janitor walks towards the supply room at the end of a hallway.

He opens the door to the supply room before putting his mop and cart away.

He closes the door.

He turns to walk away, and his vision becomes blurry.

He waits for it to clear up before slowly walking away.

COMMON ROOM

In the large room, the nurses are in the nurse's station, all except the head nurse.

Patients are occupying the room.

Some are left to their own devices while others are being tended to.

PATIENT WARD

Screams and loud noises echo around this ward.

EXT. METAL HEALTH FACILITY - A LITTLE LATER

The Janitor walks out of the facility and walks home.

There is a grey mist in the air as the clouds brew high above.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - LATER

Mr. Williams slowly enters his home.

His wife is home from work and hears him enter.

She greets him at the door and notices he's worse for wear.

She has noticed how his health has deteriorated as of late and is worried for his wellbeing.

MRS. WILLIAMS
You're home early today.

MR. WILLIAMS
Yeah.

Mr. Williams walks past her. His hands shake as it did before.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Your hands are still shaking. Why
won't you go to a doctor about it?

MR. WILLIAMS
I did.

He goes into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

He walks in.

Mrs. Williams followed him and stands by the doorway looking in.

Mr. Williams open the cabinet and takes out more pills.

He takes two and washes it down before he leaves.

HALLWAY

He walks out and past his wife.

MRS. WILLIAMS
I don't think you should be taking
them like sweets.

MR. WILLIAMS
I take them when needed.

Mr. Williams walks upstairs closely followed by his wife.

MRS. WILLIAMS
The bottle is almost empty.

MR. WILLIAMS
It helps with the pain.

Mrs. Williams runs up and grabs his arm to try and make him stop to talk to her.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Where are you going?

MR. WILLIAMS
To sleep.

MRS. WILLIAMS
You need to stop and talk to me.

MR. WILLIAMS
(swings his arm back)
You need to leave me alone!

The force of his swing knocks her down the stairs.

He feels sorry, although he doesn't show it.

Instead, he keeps a straight face, almost like he doesn't care that his wife is hurt.

While looking down at her body laying at the bottom of the stairs.

He turns back and continues walking upstairs.

Standing there behind Mrs. Williams is Lucas who has witnessed her fall.

He tends to her.

She isn't hurt too bad, or maybe she's acting that way as a mother would to protect her child's feelings.

MRS. WILLIAMS
It's okay honey, I'm fine.

She forgets about herself and thinks of him and what he just saw.

She can't keep up the act for long.

She hugs him and they both begin to cry.

DINING ROOM

They eat dinner.

Mr. Williams is absent.

They eat in silence.

BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Mrs. Williams is in bed.

She is awakened by the noise Mr. Williams makes as he is now getting home.

She follows the noise from the front door to this bedroom as he enters and sits on the bed.

He has been drinking.

MR. WILLIAMS

I'm sorry.

He doesn't know if she is awake or still sleeping. He assumes with the amount of noise he made that she can hear him.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Not just for tonight. But for everything. I don't want to hurt you. I don't want to hurt anyone anymore.

He lays down and closes his eyes.

MORNING

Lucas slowly enters.

Mr. Williams slowly wakes up and sees him standing there holding a glass of water and two paracetamol capsules.

Mr. Williams sits up and rubs his eyes.

FLASHBACK

Michael is a young boy who just entered his father's room.

MICHAEL

Dad, mum told me to give you these.

His dad, sitting on the bed finishes rubbing his eyes and sees a young Michael placing the glass of water and two medical pills on the dresser next to the bed.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS

Thanks, son.

MICHAEL

How are you feeling?

Michael's dad nods implying he is feeling okay. He doesn't have the strength to keep talking.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Mom wants you to take your medicine.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS

I'll take it later

MICHAEL

Take it now so you can get better and be happy.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS

People are never happy son. People just do enough today to make sure they are able to wake up tomorrow.

Michael just stares at him; he doesn't know what to say.

He then turns to look in the mirror on the dresser.

His face looks droopy and pale.

He stands and walks out of the room closely followed by Michael.

Michael takes the pills before following his dad.

DINING ROOM

They both walk in and sit around the dining table without saying a word.

Natalie is in the kitchen near the dining room table.

Michael places the medicine on the table. His mom notices.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
 You should take your medication,
 honey.

He reaches for it.

MICHAEL
 You will feel good.

He turns to Michael.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
 People don't do drugs to feel good
 son, they take them to feel a
 little less bad then they already
 do.

Michael does not know how to respond; he keeps quiet.

Natalie walks over and places a glass of water in front of
 her husband.

Johnathan takes his medicine.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
 You shouldn't say things like that
 to him.

He turns to Michael.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
 I'm sorry son. Everything will be
 fine.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
 You need to eat something.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
 I'm not hungry.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
 You haven't eaten much in a few
 days; you need to eat.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
 (raises voice)
 I'm not hungry.

Johnathan doesn't say anything for a while, but it becomes
 apparent that he feels bad for raising his voice.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry.

He looks down and buries his head in his hand.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I just want this to end.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
You're going to get through this.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
I don't know. Sometimes I think it
would be better if I just...

He is interrupted.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
What are you saying? You want to
kill yourself, is that it?

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
No, I don't want to die.
(quieter tone)
I just want to kill the part of me
that wants to kill myself.

PRESENT DAY

DINING ROOM

They all sit around the dining room table.

Where Michael's family were in the flashback is now where
Michael's family is in the present day.

Mrs. Williams walks over and places a plate of eggs on the
table in front of her husband.

MRS. WILLIAMS
I don't want to hear that kind of
talk from you, now you need to eat.

Mr. Williams slowly starts to eat.

He takes a few bites before putting the fork down.

MR. WILLIAMS
I need to go to work.

Mr. Williams leaves.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - MORNING

HALLWAY

Mr. Williams has a slower step in his walk as he makes his way from one end of the hallway to the other.

In the near distance in front of him, a door is opened revealing Chloe laying on the couch inside.

This is the office of DOCTOR GILES, the new doctor who replaced doctor Dunn after his arrest.

The doctor is a few years younger than doctor Dunn and is less conservative in his approach. He believes in healing the mind and understanding the core reason of the trauma and illness rather than just giving medication aplenty.

The Janitor stands outside and looks in the room.

He can only see Chloe but can hear the doctor's voice talking to her.

DOCTOR GILES' OFFICE

DOCTOR GILES

I understand it may be difficult Chloe, but I need you to talk to me.

Chloe doesn't say anything.

DOCTOR GILES (CONT'D)

How are you feeling?

CHLOE

Like this will never end.

DOCTOR GILES

You have been making progress. I know it doesn't feel like it, but your depression has lessened since we reduced your medication.

CHLOE

No, it hasn't.

DOCTOR GILES

It may not feel that way. But since we started to monitor the medicine, changed your diet, they have been days where your mood and behavior has improved.

CHLOE

Not always.

DOCTOR GILES

And that's why I need you to talk to me. I need to make sure you don't rebound or suffer from withdrawal. That we are moving along the right path. Please tell me, how are you feeling right now?

CHLOE

Like I want to die.

DOCTOR GILES

Is that how you really feel?

CHLOE

(she thinks)

I don't know. I don't really know how I feel right now..

She notices the Janitor standing outside looking in and looks at him for a while before turning back to the doctor.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I just think it would make life easier.

DOCTOR GILES

Have you, today or in the last few days tried to harm yourself?

CHLOE

No.

HALLWAY

The Janitor walks off, the voice of the doctor gets quieter the further the Janitor is from his office.

DOCTOR GILES (O/S)

Have you, today or in the last few days..

He walks further and notices another door opened.

He stands outside looking in.

DOCTOR HARRIS' OFFICE

A teenage boy is sitting on the therapy couch inside this room.

MALE PATIENT (O.S)
I don't know, sometimes I just think...

HALLWAY

The Janitor continues walking along, he can hear the male patient talking as he becomes quieter the further away the Janitor is to the room.

All the other doors are closed but some have the lights on as patients inside are talking to professionals about their problems.

The Janitor turns the corner and notices the same two police officers as earlier talking to the head nurse.

The head nurse sees the Janitor and tells the officer who makes their way to him.

OFFICER MAY
Mister Williams, can we talk?

The Janitor doesn't say anything.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
I just have a few questions to ask you.

The Janitor waits for her to ask her first question.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
You were working during the night Laura was murdered, is that correct?

THE JANITOR
(straight-faced)
No.

OFFICER MAY
We talked to employees working here that night and they told us they saw you in the building.

The Janitor doesn't know what to say.

He starts to get a little anxious although he does his best not to show it.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

And the janitor working here that night identified you with Laura minutes before she died.

THE JANITOR

He must have been mistaken.

(thinks)

What about doctor Dunn? I thought he did it.

OFFICER MAY

We questioned him. We found he was with his wife during the time of Laura's murder. And some of the murders took place after he signed out or before he signed into work.

THE JANITOR

What about the syringe?

OFFICER MAY

It could have been planted. Beyond that, there was insufficient evidence against him.

It gets a little more difficult for the Janitor to hide his worry, he knows this can cause trouble for him, but he manages to remain calm in front of her.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

Why were you with Laura that night?

The Janitor regains his composure and tells her with a straight face.

Even though he is terrified on the inside.

THE JANITOR

I was on my way out of the building. I saw her roaming the hallway scared and I wanted to help.

OFFICER MAY

Is that right?

Officer May looks at him intently.

The Janitor keeps calm and quiet, but if his body looked like his mind feels, he would be trembling with fear right now.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

Okay.

She said it with doubt of his involvement, but without proof to directly tie him to the murders, she can't arrest him.

Before she can continue, the Janitor cuts her off.

THE JANITOR

Are we done here? I have work to do.

OFFICER MAY

Yeah, for now.

He walks away.

The child from earlier follows behind the Janitor.

THE CHILD

Is something bad going to happen?

The Janitor doesn't say anything.

He doesn't know what he's going to do.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - LATER (LATE AFTERNOON)

HALLWAY

Mr. Williams enters his home and is distracted by the day long paranoia that grew in his head.

He is talking quietly to himself but is inaudible to anyone who would be near him.

He quickly makes his way to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

He opens the cabinet and takes out his bottle of pills before shoving two down his throat.

His hands shake as his vision becomes blurry.

He puts the bottle back before exiting the bathroom.

FLASHBACK

LIVING AREA

Michael's dad stumbles into the living area holding the doorframe for balance.

His vision is blurry, and spell of dizziness befalls him. He stumbles to his knees.

His wife walks in and quickly helps him regain his balance.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
Honey, are you all right?

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
(faintly)
Yeah, I'm fine.

NATALIE WILLIAMS
You need to rest.

She tries to help him up, but he pushes her back out of frustration.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS
I said I'm fine.

She is scared, he has never laid a hand on her before, even out of frustration.

He slowly stands.

He is disgusted with himself.

He has never laid a hand on her before, no matter how he felt.

He stumbles to the couch to rest.

He turns to his wife who is standing by the door.

JOHNATHAN WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

back to present

LIVING AREA

Mrs. Williams is standing by the door.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Sorry for what?

Mr. Williams is slouched on the couch just like his dad was in the flashback.

MR. WILLIAMS

Sorry for everything. I haven't been the best husband and father, I know that. I have tried to do better. And I want to do better. But I'm afraid it might be too late.

Confused, Mrs. Williams doesn't say anything thinking he has more to say.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

(feint voice)

I'm sorry.

MRS. WILLIAMS

You need a doctor.

She helps him up, although lifting him feels like lifting a truck to her.

She is unable to lift him since gaining seventy-five pounds in the last few months.

She musters up all her strength and with his help, he gets to his feet.

MR. WILLIAMS

No. Leave me alone.

She leads him out of the room.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I said, leave me alone!

He pushes her away.

She collides with the door frame hitting her arm and cutting the side of her head.

He stumbles out of the room before slamming the front door on his way out.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Mr. Williams is walking by his lonesome.

He is feeling the effect of years of self-medication.

He is cold.

He is weak.

He coughs and wheezes.

Every step is agony.

He finds a parked bench where he slowly sits on using the arm rest for support.

INT. MR WILLIAMS' HOME - MORNING (THREE WEEKS LATER)

KITCHEN

It's early morning.

Lucas is sitting around the table quietly eating Corn Flakes before going to school.

His mother is running around the house getting ready to go to work.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Hurry up sweetheart or you'll be late.

She rushes in and hurriedly walks around the kitchen.

She pours herself half a mug of coffee, drinks some then puts it back down.

There's a knock at the door.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

That's probably your father.

She leaves to answer.

The police greet her at the door; officer May and Locke.

OFFICER MAY

Misses Williams, is your husband home?

MRS. WILLIAMS

No. No he isn't. In fact, he hasn't come home all night. What is this about?

OFFICER MAY

Can we talk inside please?

She doesn't have the time, but she also feels that she can't say no.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Sure, please come in.

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She leads the officers inside and into the living area.

They all take a seat.

MRS. WILLIAMS
What is this about?

OFFICER LOCKE
Sorry to bother you like this.
We'll be quick.

OFFICER MAY
You said your husband didn't come home, have you talked to him?

MRS. WILLIAMS
No. Not since yesterday. I tried calling many times, but he never answered. I am worried about him. He isn't well.

OFFICER MAY
Where would he go?

MRS. WILLIAMS
He would often go to Rickie's pub. I called last night, but the bartender hadn't seen him... I don't know where he is.

OFFICER MAY
Does your husband often stay out all night?

MRS. WILLIAMS
No, but he has been for the past couple of weeks. I really don't know where he goes.

OFFICER MAY
We need to find him. We believe he may hurt someone else.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Else? Who has he already...?

OFFICER MAY

We have reason to believe he may be responsible for the death of several patients.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I heard they committed suicide.

OFFICER MAY

We don't believe that to be true. And we think your husband knows more than he lets on.

Mrs. Williams shakes her head in disbelief.

She knows he has problems, but never would expect him to be involved in something like this.

MRS. WILLIAMS

No. no, you must be mistaken.

OFFICER LOCKES

I'm afraid not.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I know my husband has problems, but he would never hurt anyone.

OFFICER LOCKES

We just want to talk to him.

OFFICER MAY

What problems?

MRS. WILLIAMS

(to officer May)

I'm sorry?

OFFICER MAY

You said your husband has problems.

MRS. WILLIAMS

He has a temper like anyone else..

As she says that, she brushes her hair behind her ear and officer Locke notices the bruise on the side of her head from earlier when she was thrown against the door frame.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

He has become very agitated. Very... spacey, I think half the time he doesn't know where he is, or even if he knows anyone is in the room with him. To be honest, I don't think the pills help.

OFFICER MAY

Pills? Your husband takes medication?

MRS. WILLIAMS

He was prescribed antipsychotic, but over the last few months, he has been taking them more often than I believe he should.

OFFICER MAY

Can I get the details of his doctor?

MRS. WILLIAMS

One moment please.

She tells them that as she stands and leaves the room.

A few minute later, she comes back with a folded piece of paper and hands it to officer May, then give officer Lockes a bottle of pills that her husband has been taken.

OFFICER MAY

Thank you.

OFFICER LOCKES

If you hear from your husband, please let us know.

The officers leave.

Next door, Linda Handock watches as the police officers leave.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - SAME TIME

HALLWAY

Chloe walks through the hallway alone.

As she turns a corner, she bumps into the Janitor who stares zombified from the lack of sleep.

THE JANITOR

Are you okay?

She nods.

The Janitor has difficulties believing her. He stares with empathy as if he can stare into her soul and see a familiar hurt.

Without saying anything, she slowly walks past him as he watches her leave.

In the distance, she is met by doctor Giles.

DOCTOR GILES

There you are Chloe...

The Janitor looks on from afar.

DOCTOR GILES (CONT'D)

Come on.

He puts his hand on her back and leads her away.

The Janitor somberly watches as Chloe leaves with the doctor.

She looks back at the Janitor before disappearing around the corner.

LATER

DOCTOR GILES' OFFICE

Another therapy session is taking place.

Chloe is sitting on the therapy couch as the doctor is sitting quietly on the chair next to the couch with a pen and paper out ready to take any notes needed as they converse.

Chloe lets out a sigh.

CHLOE

Better. I'm doing better... I think.

However, she doesn't believe it herself; not completely anyways.

It was something in hearing it out of her mouth that left her confused over her own feelings.

DOCTOR GILES

You don't seem sure.

CHLOE

I haven't been sure of a lot of things lately. I have been having difficulties thinking at all, probably because of the lack of sleep.

He notes that down.

DOCTOR GILES

You've been having difficulties sleeping? Since when?

She shrugs.

DOCTOR GILES (CONT'D)

It's okay if you can't remember.

Chloe doesn't have anything to say.

She is, however, mumbling something quietly to herself; she is gathering her thoughts trying to make some sense of them.

The doctor quietly allows her to continue without intervening.

After a little while, she stops mumbling and he feels he needs to say something when he notices she is getting frustrated.

DOCTOR GILES (CONT'D)

It will come back to you, you just got to give it time.

The Janitor stands outside the office.

With the door slightly open, he has been looking in and hearing their conversation thus far.

HALLWAY

The Janitor backs away from the door and walks away.

LATER

INT. MR. WILLIAMS' HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

DINING ROOM

The family is sitting around the dining room table quietly eating.

They have sat in silence through half of their dinner.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Is everything okay, Michael?

He looks up from his plate before swallowing.

MR. WILLIAMS
Fine.

He looks at Lucas who doesn't look back, then looks back at his wife.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Why do you ask?

MRS. WILLIAMS
It looks like you're about to cough up a lung.

MR. WILLIAMS
(coughs)
I'm fine.

She stares at him. He doesn't say anything, but he knows she is staring.

MRS. WILLIAMS
The police came by earlier.

That made him look at her.

MR. WILLIAMS
They did? What did they want?

MRS. WILLIAMS
To talk to you. Why do the police want to talk to you?

MR. WILLIAMS
They think I know something about the string of suicides in the facility.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Do you?

He doesn't respond.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Michael, do you?

MR. WILLIAMS
I don't hurt people.

She is fearing the worst but holds on to the sliver of doubt she can hoping for it not to be true.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Michael?

MR. WILLIAMS
Being in that place. Watching these poor people suffer. Nobody cared for them. Nobody helped them. To everyone around...we don't matter.

MRS. WILLIAMS
So, you...?

MR. WILLIAMS
I helped them. I know all too well what they go through. I witnessed it many times before. Experienced it even. The fear. The paranoia. The pain. That's no way to live a life. They needed a way out, and they needed me to show them the way.

She is speechless.

Her worst thoughts are materializing before her very eyes and she can't pull herself together to do anything but listen in silence; for now.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
The way to unburden them of their suffering.

He continues to eat.

MRS. WILLIAMS
Why...?

MR. WILLIAMS
Because now they can finally be at peace. Every day I saw the light dim in their eyes. Their souls faded a little more with each passing minute. Most of them didn't even have the strength to move.

(MORE)

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I heard their screams, felt their anguish. I sympathized with their pleas. I knew they just wanted someone to end their misery, as I do.

Upon hearing all this, Claire covers her mouth in disbelief before finally finding the strength to say something, to say anything.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I would never of thought that... Why would you...? I always knew you had... but never would I have thought you would be capable doing something like this.

She takes a minute to think, then stands.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I need to call the police.

She runs out of the room but is caught by Michael reaching out to stop her.

He pins her against the wall clutching her neck with one hand and covering her mouth with the other.

MR. WILLIAMS

No.

She can't speak, but her eyes can and the fear they are screaming out makes him take his hand off her mouth.

Her lips quiver as she speaks, her words are feint, but audible.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Michael. Michael, please.

He still holds her throat and is staring a hole through her.

He is fighting an inner battle against his rage as he does not want to hurt her.

MRS. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Michael, I heard you the other day.
You said you don't want to hurt me.
You said you never want to hurt me.
Michael?

That gets through to him and he slowly releases the hold.

She quickly runs out of the room.

He knows he will never see her again.

LIVING ROOM

Claire runs in and grabs the phone. She begins to dial for the police.

She cautiously watches but Michael has not followed her.

HALLWAY

She slowly walks towards the dining room as she waits for the police to answer.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Hello, can I please talk to officer
May?

She looks in the dining room area and finds Michael has disappeared.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - EARLY MORNING

The hallways are empty.

Lights flicker from the ceiling.

An eerie silence fills the building.

While the patients sleep, all the healthcare professionals are getting ready for work; organizing their stations and preparing for the day.

HALLWAY

As the employers of the facility make their preparations around the building, the Janitor lurks through the hallways absent to all who are present.

EXT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - SAME TIME

Police cars pull up outside of the facility.

Officer May and Stokes exit their cars and run in, along with the THREE OFFICERS who rode with them.

They've spent the night looking for Mister Williams with no luck in finding him.

They deduced that this is where he would be if anywhere.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH FACILITY - A LITTLE LATER

HALLWAY

Chloe slowly walks through the hallway, in an unbalanced manner, on her way to talk to doctor Giles.

DOCTOR GILES' OFFICE

She walks in and immediately sits on the couch.

CHLOE

It's been nine days. For nine days I have been having difficulties sleeping, and when I do, I have nightmares. I can never remember what the nightmares are about, but I wake up in a sweat, and my heart feels like it's about to burst out of my chest. I know you said it's normal, but I just want this to end.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (O/S)

I can help you.

Chloe looks up.

HALLWAY

Doctor Giles is walking quickly to his office; he is late for his appointment with Chloe.

DOCTOR GILES' OFFICE

The doctor walks in.

DOCTOR GILES

Sorry I'm late Chloe.

Looking around the room, he notices it is empty.

He finds it strange as she always shows and is never late.

He looks at his watch before looking back at the hallway to see if she may be on her way.

A LITTLE LATER

The police have already started looking around the facility for Michael Williams.

They have separated to take more grounds but have yet to find him.

THE BASEMENT

There's a needle mark where Michael Williams injected her in her neck under her left ear.

She lays unconscious on a table with homemade straps attached to it from her wrists.

Michael used what he found in this dingy, half-abandoned basement.

It is darkly lit with the only light source being illuminated from a small window high on the wall.

Chloe slowly opens her eyes to look around.

Her view is blurred and obstructed by her lack of movement.

As she moves to get a better view, she rattles the table.

That gets the attention of Michael.

He turns for a quick glance before turning back.

He stands with his back towards her filling a syringe with the poison. There is a bottle of Succinylcholine on the table in front of him.

He turns to her.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Please relax, I only want to help.

She tries to relax as he said, but she can't help from feeling scared.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You don't need to be afraid; I don't want to hurt you.

He turns back to finish what he was doing.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

This will help.

Michael then injects Chloe with the syringe, but only a little as to not kill her.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

It's a paralysis. It will help you relax.

He puts the syringe on the table.

He pulls a nearby chair towards him and sits.

She looks at him, she can't move any of her muscles, but her eyes are locked on his. He smiles.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I've been watching you for a long time now, Chloe. I've seen the way they treated you. The pain you had to endure. You know, we aren't so different you and me. When I was a child..

(he chokes up)

When I was a child, I watched as my father deteriorated before my eyes. I did what I could to help, but I was a child. What could I do. I remember clearly, one night. One night I couldn't sleep, I walked towards my parent' bedroom. I saw a light coming from the bathroom. It was him. My father looked straight in the mirror, grabbed a razor, and just started cutting.

He runs his finger across his face; his cheeks, his forehead, then back to his cheeks.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

He was smiling, laughing. I didn't understand why for a very long time. I didn't understand how a human being could think of doing something like that, but I do now. He wanted a way out. He wanted it all to end. And when nobody could help him, he helped himself. You see, I wasn't there to help him, but I am here to help you.

HALLWAY

Doctor Giles exits Chloe's room not finding her inside.

He notices officer May run past him and looks on as she turns the corner.

THE BASEMENT

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

It affected me more than I care to admit. I was always afraid that I would end up like him. Still do. And to be honest, if I do end up like him, I would like to be able to go out on my own terms.

He looks at her.

She still can't move but she has shed a tear, a single tear which runs down her cheek.

If she could, her entire body would be trembling with fright.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I know, believe me, I know. But that's what everybody wants, right? For it all to end?

He looks at her like she's going to answer.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You want to be alone. But when your alone, you're left with someone you don't recognize anymore. And who wants to be around someone who hates who you are? Nobody understands. They think they do. They think they are there for you. They think they know what you are going through. How can they know what is going on in your head? you don't even know. Nothing makes sense. You can't concentrate, can't think straight. This voice says one thing, that voice says another. You don't control your thought, it's your thoughts that control you.

He stands.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You see, I know all too well the pain you are going through.

He picks up the syringe of the table.

Chloe looks on, her eyes fixed on him.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
And I can release you from your
suffering.

The police rushes in guns out.

OFFICER MAY
MICHAEL WILLIAMS!

Michael is startled.

He thinks of running but has nowhere to go.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
STEP AWAY FROM HER!

He sees the officers pointing their weapons at him and sticks
the needle against Chloe's neck.

Chloe, who still can't move, is looking at the officers.

It's impossible to say what may be going through her head or
how she must be feeling at this moment.

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)
Don't do this Michael.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
You think I want to?

OFFICER MAY
It's your choice Michael.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
I didn't choose any of this!

The officers take a step forward but are signaled to stop by
officer May.

OFFICER MAY
Okay, Okay. But you can choose what
you do next. Come on Michael, let
the girl go.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
The girl? Do you even know her
name?

OFFICER LOKES
Chloe, her name is Chloe.

OFFICER MAY
Let Chloe go, Michael.

One of Michael's hands shake.

He wants to put her out of her misery, but the police and voices in his head confuses his decision.

He doesn't know why he can't do it, part of him wants her to live and get through it, but the other tells him if he does, nothing will change for her as nothing changes for anyone; that's how he sees the world.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
I...I can't.

OFFICER MAY
Yes you can Michael.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
You don't understand. You can't understand.

OFFICER LOCKES
Then help us understand.

The officer steps a little closer.

She's not close enough for Michael to notice them move.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
I never wanted to hurt anyone. I see them every day. No improvement. No peace. I keep thinking, why? Why them? Why me? They put you on medication, and the side effects makes you feel worse than the illness. What kind of life is that?

The police get a little closer.

Again, they don't move enough for Michael to notice.

OFFICER MAY
And you had the rights to take it away from them?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS
I saved them!

OFFICER MAY
All of them? What about the ones who were making improvements.

(MORE)

OFFICER MAY (CONT'D)

They still had a chance, they all had a chance, until you took it away from them. And for what?

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

For peace! They are all resting in peace, as oppose to living in agony. You should thank me!

OFFICER LOCKES

They were getting treatment, Michael. They didn't have to die.

He tries to cover his tears.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Treatment? By who, that alcoholic doctor, Dunn? I have been walking these halls for almost two decades, I hear the patients' screams in that office. I see what happens to them.

The officers take another step closer; except for May.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

The so-called "treatment" he gave them. And not just him. Do you know how many doctors and nurses work here and just don't give a shit about their patients? They had nothing. They had nobody. They had me!

Michael puts the needle back against Chloe's neck.

OFFICER MAY

Michael, you don't want to do this.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I don't want to hurt her. I just want this to end.

The officers look at Chloe who stares at them motionless.

OFFICER MAY

Not like this, Mike.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

It's the only way.

He injects himself with the syringe.

The officers run to him to try and stop; a desperate but futile attempt.

Other's run to Chloe to offer their assistance.

Michael falls to the ground dead on arrival.

He lays there frozen with what appears to be a smile on his face, almost as if he is finally at peace.

It gets quiet. Very quiet.

ONE WEEK LATER

INT. LINDA'S HOME - EARLY AFTERNOON

LIVING ROOM

The television is on; the news. The ANCHOR WOMAN is talking about the murder of Michael Williams that happened close to one week earlier.

Linda is sitting on the couch drinking tea. She watches the television as a picture of Michael Williams shows up on the screen.

ANCHOR WOMAN

It's been almost a week since Michael Williams, the forty-one-year-old janitor at HealthCare Mental Facility has taken his life. Mister Williams has worked for the facility for almost two decades where police believe that he was responsible for the death of at least thirty-five patients over the course of his employment...

Linda turns the television off.

Her body is frozen by the shock of the news.

She slowly walks outside of her house.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rain drizzles down.

The streets are bare of people except Linda's neighbor Claire and her son who are outside of their house walking towards their car.

Claire opens the trunk of the car before Linda sees her.

When she reaches her, she immediately gives her a hug.

She looks down and notices her luggage.

LINDA HANDOCK
 Claire, you're leaving?

Lucas puts his suitcase in the trunk of the car and gets in the back seat.

CLAIRE WILLIAMS
 My sister has room at her house. I was going to come by and say goodbye but...

She loses her train of thought.

LINDA HANDOCK
 I understand... I heard about Michael, I'm sorry.

Linda doesn't know what else to say.

CLAIRE WILLIAMS
 I had no idea. My own husband and I had no idea that...

She couldn't finish.

LINDA HANDOCK
 This is not your fault, Claire.

CLAIRE WILLIAMS
 Then why do I feel guilty? You know when the police told me that... I didn't want to believe them. I refused to believe them. That Michael could be responsible for... And for years I lived in that house with him, and I had no idea that he... I'm sorry Linda.

Claire puts her luggage in the trunk of the car next to Lucas' and opens the driver's side door.

CLAIRE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
 I chose to stay. I thought, I don't know, maybe that he needed me.
 (MORE)

CLAIRE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
That I can be the one to care for
him. But I didn't even know what
was going on.

She looks at Lucas sitting quietly in the car.

LINDA HANDOCK
How is he?

Claire doesn't answer. She doesn't know how.

LINDA HANDOCK (CONT'D)
If you need anything, you can
always call.

CLAIRE WILLIAMS
Thank you Linda.

They both smile at one another as Claire gets in the car and
drives off.

Linda waves them away.

INT. CLAIRE WILLIAMS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Claire drives away as the rain pours heavier.

She looks in her rear-view mirror at Lucas who sits quietly
in the car.

The rain increases as they drive until the sound of thunder
trembles through the sky.

Lucas continues to stare out of the window at his reflection.

As the car continues to drive, lightning strikes and Lucas'
reflection turns into his dad as a reminder of who he is... the
son of Michael Williams.

FADE OUT.