

The Shadow on The Window

written by

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INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Pan across a sparsely furnished apartment, only a couch, loveseat, and chair that are overstuffed and in disrepair. A single sign sits on the wall above the couch that says "Live, Laugh, Love". Across the room, there's a cheap tv stand that looks like it might fall apart at any time with a television. The blinds are open, and see a dirty window with sunshine is visible.

RILEY, a 27-year old Black woman with a blond afro, blue eyes and dark skin. She is rail thin and sickly looking. She sits on the broken down couch, watching TV and eating pho. On the coffee table and floor are food packages, dirty dishes and other refuse.

Riley begins the scene engrossed in a television program.

TV HOST, V.O.

(From television)

Up next on Ghost Encounters, Fifty-six-year-old Tina Hutchins claims a ghost lived in her apartment for years. She spent the time silently being tortured until her children came to her aid.

RILEY

(whispering)

Yeah, right, sure.

TINA HUTCHINS, V.O.

(From television)

I thought I was going crazy. Things would turn up missing: phone, keys, clothes that I had laid out. I started to notice that food would be left out and would spoil when I know that I didn't take them out of the fridge. Other times, I smelled cigarette smoke, but nobody in my family is a smoker. I really believed that I was crazy, until my son, Fernando, saw it himself.

FERNANDO HUTCHINS, V.O.

(From television)

The first time I saw it, mom and I were sitting in the living having a visit. Then, all of a sudden, books just fell off the shelf, and they just sat there, you know, in the middle of the floor.

(MORE)

FERNANDO HUTCHINS, V.O. (CONT'D)

Then, down the hall, I heard doors slamming, one after another. Mom started crying, and I, uh, told her that we needed to do something.

RILEY

(Yelling at the television)

Oh, for fuck's sake. That stuff isn't real.

FADE TO

Riley's apart slowly starts to get dirtier and dirtier as night transitions to day and day to night. Trash piles up, all the dishes are sitting on the couch and floor, pizza boxes are everywhere. Riley sits on the couch with her computer, typing, as the mess piles up.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Riley stands in the middle of her apartment, looking around. Suddenly, her door buzzer rings, a loud, aggressive sound. Riley walks over to the door, and presses the door button. She opens her door and stands in the hallway as her mother, MRS. ARTHUR, climbs the stairs onto the landing.

RILEY

(Sighs deeply)

Hi, mom. How are you?

Mrs. Arthur walks into the apartment, in the middle of the living room and looks over the mess in disbelief.

MRS. ARTHUR

Honey, your apartment.

Riley walks toward her mother, standing on the edge of the living room.

RILEY

I know, I know.

MRS. ARTHUR

(Shakes head)

I have never seen such a mess. This is really bad, Riley.

Mrs. Arthur walks over to Riley and reaches up to put a hand on her forehead.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
When is the last time you left the house and got some fresh air?

RILEY  
(Shakes head)  
I dunno, I dunno. Like three weeks.

Mrs. Arthur is taken aback by this. She moves her hand away from Riley's forehead and reaches into her coat pocket to grab a white, embroidered handkerchief. She blows her nose, and holds the cloth over her mouth.

MRS. ARTHUR  
I know you are working from home now, but that does not mean you can neglect your life. You need to get out and do things with your time. Could you take your laptop to a coffee shop or a park to get some work done?

Riley rolls her eyes. Mrs. Arthur removes the cloth from her mouth.

RILEY  
All the coffee shops are closed, for one. Second, you want me to go to the park in November? Really, mom, it's not that big of deal.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(Firmly)  
Yes, it is. It is a very big deal. You are living like a recluse. You are a shut in. You are a total mess. When is the last time you saw Doctor Walters?

Riley shrugs and puts her hands into her sweat pants pockets.

RILEY  
I dunno, I dunno. Maybe like two months now, maybe.

Mrs. Arthur puts a hand on Riley's right shoulder.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Go see him. Maybe he can put you on something. Are you depressed? You seem depressed.

Riley removes her hands from her pockets and shrugs off Mrs. Arthur's hand from her shoulder. She gives a heavy sigh.

RILEY

Ah, mom, you're worrying too much.

She pauses to think.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah, maybe I am depressed.

Riley sighs heavily again and pats her afro, playing with it.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I dunno, I dunno really.

MRS. ARTHUR

(Resolved)

I will call him today and set up an appointment for you. But, you need to go to it. You cannot skip because it costs money, and I will be very upset if you don't go.

Riley nods her head and puts her hands back in her pockets.

RILEY

Ok, mom. I'll go, I guess. I think you're making too much out of all of this, though. I'm fine, really.

Mrs. Arthur reaches out and tugs on Riley's right sweatshirt sleeve.

MRS. ARTHUR

When is the last time you changed your clothes? Or took a shower.

Riley looks down at her clothes and shrugs.

RILEY

Uh, I dunno. I really don't. What day is it now?

MRS. ARTHUR

(Annoyed)

It is Friday.

Riley laughs nervously.

RILEY

Uh, well, it's been a week at least.

Mrs. Arthur sighs.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Honey, you cannot do this to  
yourself. It is not healthy.

Riley rolls her eyes.

RILEY  
Fine, I'll take a shower.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Regularly. You need to shower at  
least once a day.

RILEY  
Couldn't I do every other day?  
Daily seems like so much work.

MRS. ARTHUR  
You need to shower regularly. You  
smell terrible right now.

Mrs. Arthur puts the handkerchief back up to her mouth and  
nose.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
And, my god, does it stink in here.

RILEY  
Do you want to go out? I'll take a  
shower, first.

MRS. ARTHUR  
I will wait in the car for you. I  
cannot be in here any longer.

RILEY  
Ok, mom. I'll be down in half an  
hour.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE- DAY

DOCTOR WALTERS sits across from Riley in a green, winged back  
chair. He has a stack of green lined paper in front of him  
and has a pen hanging out of his mouth. Light comes in from a  
window off to the left. Riley sits on a leather couch,  
holding a blue suede pillow. He removes the pen.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
So, Riley. How are we  
doing today? It's been a  
little while since our  
last session. Is there a  
reason for that?

RILEY

I know, I know. Things just aren't good right now. My apartment's a mess. I'm not sleeping. I stay up all night and then don't have the energy to do much beyond the bare minimum during the day. I feel like my life is spiraling. I eat shit food because I don't have the energy to cook. I know it's bad because I'm not showering.

Riley sits up in her seat and stares down at her hands.

DOCTOR WALTERS

(Nods)

I understand. Your mother said that you were having some trouble. She told me that you hadn't left your apartment in quite some time.

RILEY

Yeah, I mean, no, I haven't. I barely got out of the house today. It took me a while to think of leaving, you know? I hate leaving because it makes me feel panicked.

DOCTOR WALTERS

I see. And, on a scale of one to ten, how strong is this anxiety?

Riley looks up at Doc Walters for a moment, considering his question. She looks like she's about to speak, but then looks down at her hands.

RILEY

(Mumbling)

Maybe a seven or eight.

Doc Walters stands up and walks to his desk and sits behind the computer and starts it up. He begins typing.

DOCTOR WALTERS

I'm going to write you a prescription for a depression med that also helps with anxiety. As homework, I want you to test your anxiety with leaving the house. What do you feel specifically and what do you see and hear?

(MORE)

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)

Doing these things, where you become aware of your senses should help you to overcome that a bit before our next session.

RILEY

I mean, I think I'm anxious because the world has been shit lately. Everybody's getting sick, and I don't want to catch it.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Have you tried eating clean? That should help boost your immune system. And have you tried meditation?

RILEY

Excuse me?

DOCTOR WALTERS

Meditation has a lot of benefits. I'm going to email you a link that I found on the web that describes the benefits. Or, I could send it to you on Facebook, if you want. I heard also that intermittent fasting will help you lose weight.

Riley shifts uncomfortably in her seat, playing with her hands nervously.

RILEY

Uh huh.

DOCTOR WALTERS

You need to work on cleaning your apartment. Just decide to clean it, and you'll get it done. You have to put in the work, you know.

RILEY

I know, I know.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Let's set up a follow up in four weeks. How does that sound? We can give the med time to set in and see the progress you've made.

RILEY

Ok, ok.



DOCTOR WALTERS

Riley, look at me.

Riley takes a deep breath and holds it in as she looks up at Doc Walters.

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)

Small habits equal big habits.  
Invest in your future, and you'll  
be a whole person. I understand  
that it's hard for you, but you  
need to put in the work. It's not  
for anyone's benefit except  
yourself.

Riley lets out the air in a big sigh. She rubs the back of her head and looks out the window. A black truck pulls up in the parking lot outside.

RILEY

I'll try my best.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Try harder.

INT. RILEY'S BATHROOM

Riley holds a pill in her hand, standing in her underwear, which is white boy's boxers and a white bra. She looks at herself in the mirror, and eventually leans in close to look herself in the face. After a moment, she stands up straight, takes a deep breath, and pops the pill. She picks up a small glass of water off the counter and drinks.

She walks out of the bathroom into the living room where the mess still is, small flies buzzing from the food containers and discarded left overs of fruit.

Riley sits down on the couch, and reaches for the remote. The days go from day to night, changing into sweats, ordering more food, meditating, taking pills one after another, sleeping on the couch.

Slowly, incrementally, she begins to shower, dress, brush teeth, do laundry, wash dishes, and gather up all the trash. Time runs in real time as she looks at the large trash bags. She sighs heavily and looks out the slider in the living room. She picks up her coat and handmade scarf off the coat rack, puts on her galoshes, and heads out the door.

EXT. PIER AT THE LAKE - DAY

Riley gets out of her car and walks up to the sidewalk to the pier. As she walks on the pier, it goes further and further away from the beach. She walks up to several fishermen, gathered in cold weather gear, complete with balaclavas, hats, and thick gloves.

RILEY  
(To FISHERMAN 1)  
Catch anything today?

Fisherman 1 shakes his head as he recasts his line.

FISHERMAN 1  
I ain't caught shit today. Too cold  
out. The fish are freezing their  
tits off.

Riley laughs as she passes him. Next to him on the pier, FISHERMAN 2 screams with delight as he pulls in his line.

FISHERMAN 2  
I got one!

FISHERMAN 1  
Sonuva Bitch.

Fisherman 1 pulls his line out and begins to pack up his gear. Riley turns around and looks down at him as he's opening up his tackle box.

RILEY  
I'm sorry you didn't catch  
anything.

FISHERMAN 1  
It's just not my day. I'll try  
again tomorrow.

RILEY  
Good luck.

Fisherman 1 stands up with his gear and smiles.

FISHERMAN 1  
Have a gooden' young lady.

RILEY  
You too.

Fisherman 2 stands behind Riley and looks over her as she passes. His shadow casts on her as she walks by him. Riley looks up at him, looking at her, her mouth slightly open.

## INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley stands in front of the trash bags and sighs again. As she leans over to grab them, her phone rings from her back pocket. She pulls out her phone, and the call id says "Mom". She doesn't answer, sending the call to voicemail and returning the phone to her pocket. She grunts a little as she picks up the two trash bags.

Riley walks into the living room, in the hallway by the door, and looks over her apartment. It still looks run down, but it looks clean. She smiles a moment, shifting the trash bags in her hands and admires her work.

## INT. APARTMENT LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Riley opens her door and steps out where she sees MRS. CHALFONT standing there, looking at the stairs. When Riley enters the hallway, Mrs. Chalfont turns and grins widely at her.

RILEY

Hello, Mrs. Chalfont.

MRS. CHALFONT

Hello Riley. It's good to see you today. How are you?

RILEY

I went to the beach and walked on the pier.

MRS. CHALFONT

Was it a nice day?

RILEY

I saw a man catch a fish today.

MRS. CHALFONT

Is that so?

RILEY

I cleaned my apartment.

Mrs. Chalfont nods her head.

MRS. CHALFONT

Is that the reason for the trash?

RILEY

I feel so much better. I really feel like my life is starting to turn around.

MRS. CHALFONT  
How's your job going?

Riley sets down the trash and reaches for her cellphone which beeps. She looks down at it as Mrs. Chalfont looks at her.

RILEY  
I, uh, work as a content marketing analyst. I'm working from home right now.

MRS. CHALFONT  
What's a content marketing analyst do?

Riley puts away her phone and looks at the ceiling at the top of the stairs.

RILEY  
Uh, I basically do optimization to make sure that websites are showing up in searches and how they're being discovered.

MRS. CHALFONT  
Oh, that sounds like a very important job. You must work very hard.

RILEY  
How are you, Mrs. Chalfont?

MRS. CHALFONT  
I hope you give yourself time to rest. Young people are always coming and going these days. It's a terrible time now. The last time I saw things this bad was during polio, but this is so much different.

RILEY  
Do you need anything? Are you going somewhere?

Mrs. Chalfont looks at the stairs and sighs.

MRS. CHALFONT  
I need to get my mail, but those stairs worry me. I had a nightmare once that I fell.

RILEY

If you give me your key, I'll pick  
it up for you on my way back in.

Mrs. Chalfont reaches into her sweater pocket and pulls out a key ring that is full of keys. As she hands them over to Riley, there's a shout from a NEIGHBOR behind them. Both Riley and Mrs. Chalfont look to the apartment where the scream came from.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

God damnit! Fuck you!

A door inside the apartment slams, causing the pressure to shake the door to the apartment slightly. Riley looks back at Mrs. Chalfont and shrugs.

RILEY

Ok, then.

She takes the keys and puts them in her pants pocket and picks up the heavy garbage bags, heading for the stairs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Riley walks around her building to a door marked "Trash and Recycling". Putting down the bags, she opens the door and holds it open with one foot extended while she picks up the bags. She barely makes it through the door, having to pull the bags in quickly.

Inside the trash room, it's dark for a moment, but as she moves into the room, the sensor is activated and turns on a light from the left side of the room. It's buzzing loudly and seems to be pulsating slightly.

She walks towards the giant dumpster, and, as she gets closer, a long shadow from a cement pillar casts a long shadow over her.

Setting down the bags, she opens the dumpster and, with a lot of effort, throws the bags in with a grunt.

Suddenly, her phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket and rolls her eyes.

RILEY

Mom, I can't really talk right now.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

Why did you not answer my call?

RILEY

I'm serious, I have things to do.  
Can I call you tomorrow?

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

You never talk to me anymore. Why  
are you always like this?

RILEY

Mom! Stop!

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

It is because you don't really love  
me. I would never do this to my  
mother.

RILEY

I really, really can't talk right  
now. I'll call you tomorrow.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

You will not call me. You do not  
care about me.

RILEY

Mom! I'll call you tomorrow!

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

I heard you the first time. There  
is no need to shout.

RILEY

I gotta go. I need to pee.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

That is just an excuse. You-

RILEY

(Quickly)

Ok, mom, I'll call you tomorrow.  
Love you. Bye!

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

Riley!

Riley hung up the phone, and looks down at it for a second.  
Her breathing is fast. She looks away and sighs heavily.

Replacing her phone in her back pocket, she passes from the  
darkness back into the light. Suddenly, the light turns off,  
and she looks up, scared. She opens the door, and rushes out  
into the light. She is silhouetted against the background.  
She looks back as the door closes. It slams loudly.

Walking to the right around the building. It begins to rain, moving quickly into a downpour. Riley walks slowly, and as she passes in the dark around the building back into the light from her building, she closes her eyes, tilts her head up, and smiles. When she lowers her head back and opens her eyes, she is looking at her apartment window, which the blinds are open. There's a light from the hallway which dimly lights the room.

She squints and looks closer. Riley gasps as she sees a shadow move the the left side to the right, blocking out the light from the hallway.

Riley runs to the outside door and in a frantic hurry, pulls out her keys from her pocket. She puts the key fob against the door, and it buzzes. She throws open the door and runs inside.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Riley opens the door and slams it, locking it quickly. She walks into the living room, which is dark except for a horror movie playing on the television. She watches it for a moment but shifts uncomfortably the longer she looks.

She pulls out her phone to attempt distraction and paces nervously. Riley turns of the TV and in the dark walks to the back of the apartment, turning on lights and checking each room carefully.

Every inch of the apartment is checked: deep within closets for storage and clothes, under beds and behind furniture. As she searches, she becomes increasingly panicked, beginning to breathe harder and harder as she searches.

Finally, when every inch of the apartment has gone over, she curls up on the couch in the living room and balls herself up, in a full blown panic attack. Her phone rings, but she is unable to answer it. Her heart is beating fast. Her eyes are closed tightly and her mouth is held in a silent scream.

Suddenly, she holds her breath and counts off four fingers on her hand. Riley exhales and counts to four. She breathes in, holds it for four, and exhales counting to four.

Shaking, she sits up and looks around. Riley puts a hand to her head and puts her feet on the floor. She takes off her shoes and stumbles to a standing. She slowly makes her way to the bathroom and reaches for a red pill bottle and shakes out a circular white pill and takes it dry. She grimaces and looks at herself in the mirror as she hunches over the sink.

Her breathing slows down to normal, and Riley turns on the tap and slashes her face with the cold water. Behind her, the dark doorway looms.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley walks into the room with a slump. She begins removing clothing dropping them as she walks to the dresser: jacket, sweater, pants, socks.

The keys fall out of her pocket jingling loudly as they drop. Riley looks at them and swears.

RILEY

I forgot.

She hears a door slam from the hallway and then the sound of shuffling through the vent. Riley looks up at the ceiling, turning her left side to hear better.

Her ears start ringing, and she cups a hand over the left side.

CUT TO

A surveillance camera looking down into the room, zooming in on Riley in her underwear. She turns and looks up at it.

CUT TO

Riley shaking her head. She looks up again at the vent in the ceiling. She squints and tries to see in the darkness. She leaves the room, the shot staying in the room as she fumbles around in another room. She returns with a chair and sets it up under the vent. Holding a screwdriver, she gets up on the chair and attempts to remove the screws, but they are painted over and don't budge.

Suddenly, from a hallway closet, there's a loud crash. Riley falls off the chair and drops the screwdriver. Jumping up, she runs to see the source of the noise. In the hallway, a box of scrapbook paper stretches across the floor.

Staying on a shot of the papers, there's clamoring as Riley goes and picks up the screwdriver and heads back into the hallway.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Come out. I know you're there.

(MORE)



RILEY (CONT'D)

If you don't come on out, I'm going  
to call the police.

From the hallway, a door slams. She turns her head, and the light from the closet swings slowly, casting shadows that move along the floor. As she walks to the papers and begins to pick them up, she looks up at the light. It breaks and sends her into darkness.

She screams.

INT. THERAPISTS OFFICE- DAY

Riley is positioned as last time on the couch, holding the pillow. But, she's staring out the window, through the blinds at cars passing on the street below.

Doctor Walters sits down across from her, opening the thick folder to a blank, green lined page. He pulls out a heavy pen from his pocket and clears his throat.

He looks her over for a second. She turns her head and looks at him, then stares down at her hands submissively.

DOCTOR WALTERS

How are we doing today, Riley?

Riley lets out a small, meek laugh.

RILEY

I'm ok, I guess.

DOCTOR WALTERS

You guess?

Riley takes a heavy sigh.

RILEY

I mean.

(pause)

Ok, like... I mean, there was something that happened, but it was really stupid.

Doc Walters starts to take notes, which can't be seen. Riley looks at his hand scribbling and frowns.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Tell me what happened.

Riley continues to stare at his hand until she looks up and sees he's looking back at her. He sets down his pad and the pen on the side table next to him and walks over to his desk.

He takes out a bottle of eye drop fluid and puts them in, starting with the right eye and moving to the left.

Riley sighs.

RILEY  
It's no big deal, really.

Doc Walters rubs his eyes as they begin to water with the fluid.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Uh huh?

Riley looks down at her hands.

RILEY  
I mean, I was taking out the trash,  
and I had this thought that someone  
had gotten into my apartment.

Doc Walters moves back to his chair and picks up his pad and pen and begins writing again, slower this time. He's looking at her as he writes. She meets his gaze.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Why did you think someone had  
gotten into your apartment?

RILEY  
I left the door unlocked when I  
went down. I always do that when I  
walk down to take the trash out  
because I'm usually only gone for a  
minute, and it's pointless to lock  
it just to unlock it again.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
And your building has locks on the  
outside of the building?

Riley nods.

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)  
And you live on the forth floor?

RILEY  
I mean.  
(Sighs deeply)  
I know it's not logical. I know  
that I'm just psyching myself up,  
but I swear to god.

Riley looks down at her hands and begins picking at her shirt, smoothing out her skirt.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I swear to god, I saw someone there.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Why would they be in your apartment? Was anything missing?

RILEY  
I mean, no. But, you know how you can just sense you're not alone?

DOCTOR WALTERS  
How long have you lived alone?

RILEY  
The panini has been really hard.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Panini? Like the sandwich?

Riley laughs nervously.

RILEY  
I mean, the pandemic.

Doctor Walters looks down to write and nods his head.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
I understand.

Riley clears her throat.

RILEY  
Anyway, a box fell.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
In your apartment?

RILEY  
I was just scared because I thought that someone had...  
(pause)

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Had what?

Riley shifts nervously on the couch cause it to groan under her.

RILEY

Well, uh.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Yes?

RILEY

I just felt like I wasn't alone is all.

DOCTOR WALTERS

How would they have gotten in?

RILEY

I told you! The front door.

DOCTOR WALTERS

But, you didn't find anyone.

RILEY

I know it's crazy, but I really feel like it was real.

(pause, quieter)

It seemed real, anyway.

DOCTOR WALTERS

I see. And they knocked over the box? Why?

Riley crosses her arms and looks out the window. There's a crowd walking on the street. She squints and sees a hooded figure at a phone bank, making a call, his back to her. She looks at him for a long second.

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)

Riley.

RILEY

What?

DOCTOR WALTERS

Why would someone knock the box over?

RILEY

It's just a feeling.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Do you want my opinion?

Riley hold out a hand, lazily gesturing at him.

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)

I think you have been home for a long time now, and you've gotten really protective of your space. I think you've been increasingly unable to leave your apartment. I would have to have you take a diagnostic test, but I have some suspicions as to what you're going through.

RILEY

What do you think I'm going through?

Doc Walters holds up his left hand to stop her.

DOCTOR WALTERS

(Shakes his head)

I don't want to get into details right now because I want to do some testing, but I think whatever it is has left you feeling possessive and defensive about your space.

RILEY

(Becomes more agitated)

What do you mean?

DOCTOR WALTERS

You didn't find anyone in your apartment. Why would someone break into your apartment?

RILEY

(angrily)

What do you think it is? You think I'm losing my mind? You think I'm crazy?

DOCTOR WALTERS

I'm saying that there wasn't anyone there, and there's no reasonable explanation why anyone would want to be in your apartment.

RILEY

I know how I felt.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Our minds trick us.

Doc Walters begins to write again. Riley crosses her arms.

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)  
How are you sleeping?

Riley narrows her eyes at him and crosses her legs. She shakes her left foot which shows a tall red heel.

RILEY  
Fine. I'm sleeping just fine.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Really? How would you rate your anxiety?

RILEY  
Fine. I'm going just fine now.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Riley, could you just work with me, please? I'm here to help you.

RILEY  
Uh huh.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
This kind of attitude won't help you. It'll only make it so that you won't make any progress.

RILEY  
I know what I felt.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Do you think you're ramping up to an episode?

RILEY  
I'm not crazy.

DOCTOR WALTERS  
How are you eating?

Riley puts both feet on the floor and leans toward him.

RILEY  
What are you writing?

DOCTOR WALTERS  
Are you feeling paranoid? Do you think people are out to get you again?

RILEY  
I'm eating just fine. What are you writing?

Doc Walters stops writing and puts his hands in his lap, showing the pad, but covering up the writing with his hands.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Does the writing make you feel agitated?

RILEY

I told you, I'm sleeping just fine.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Are you exercising like I asked?

RILEY

What does that have to do with anything?

DOCTOR WALTERS

I think we should take you off the medication I have you on and put you on something else.

RILEY

But, it's helping me.

DOCTOR WALTERS

I think you're swinging the other direction, and you need to be stabilized.

RILEY

I'm not crazy!

DOCTOR WALTERS

There's no reason to shout.

The buzzer goes off on the side table. They both turn to look at it. Doc Walters silences it. He closes the notepad.

DOCTOR WALTERS (CONT'D)

If you want a copy of my notes, please fill out the form at the desk, and we'll make that available to you.

(Stands up and gesturing her towards the door)

I'll put in for that medication. I want you to pick it up today, ok? It's going to take a few weeks until you're feeling normal again, but I want to get you on the right path.

Riley sighs deeply and stands up. She stands taller than Doctor Walters as she is shuffled into the lobby. Doc Walters and the secretary share a look for a brief moment. The secretary looks at Riley and smiles.

RILEY

Ok, ok.

DOCTOR WALTERS

Take care of yourself, please. And check in with your mother if you're feeling anxious.

RILEY

When's our next appointment?

Doctor Walters looks at his watch and gestures to the person sitting in the lobby chair.

DOCTOR WALTERS

I think I'm booked up through the end of next month. You can schedule the appointment with Monica.

RILEY

Next month?

Doc Walters sighs as the next patient walks into the room and sits down.

DOCTOR WALTERS

I have to go, Riley. I hope you have a nice day.

Riley looks down at the floor and nods.

RILEY

Alright.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley sits on the couch watching television in the dark. It's an episode of Ghost Hunters. Next to her, propped on the couch, is a wooden baseball bat. She sits forward watching television and shaking her left while wringing her hands.

She looks off into the hallway, where the light shines into the room.

Suddenly, the light shorts out. Riley jumps up holding the baseball bat, ready for the pitch. A shadow moves across her, and she turns her head to the window. A car pulls into the parking garage outside her apartment.



Sitting down again, she notices that the television is off too. Riley reaches for the remote and tries to turn on the television. The apartment is quiet, devoid of the natural hum of fridges and electrical outlets that have filled the air with underlying white noise.

She lays the bat across her lap and grabs her cellphone, which had been charging on the side table. She has 33 percent battery. She dials her phone and holds it to her ear as it rings.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
(Groggily)  
Hello?

Riley shakes her leg as she begins to cry.

RILEY  
Mom?

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
(concerned)  
Riley, are you ok? What is  
happening?

Riley wipes her nose on her sleeve and then wipes her eyes.

RILEY  
(Whispers)  
Mom, I'm scared.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
You are going to have to speak up.  
I cannot hear you.

RILEY  
I think there's someone in my  
house.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
I am worried about you. Doctor  
Walters called me and told me you  
were feeling paranoid. Go check the  
door. Is it locked?

RILEY  
I'm too scared to move.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
You need to stop this nonsense. Go  
to the door, please.

Riley puts her mom of speaker and puts the phone in her pocket. She holds the bat up again as she moves into the dark hallway.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O. (CONT'D)  
Riley? Are you there?

RILEY  
(whispering)  
Yes, I'm here.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
I cannot hear you. Check the door please.

She approaches the door. Suddenly the hall light turns back on and the fridge starts up in the kitchen next to the hallway and the television blares in the other room. Riley jumps and drops the bat. In the same moment, she grabs the doorknob and pulls. It's deadbolted. She lets out a gasp as the door bangs as she pulls on it.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O. (CONT'D)  
Riley? Riley! Are you there?

Riley grabs her phone out of her pocket, taking it off speaker mode.

RILEY  
I'm here. I'm here! The door is locked.

Mrs. Arthur sighs in relief.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
You see? How would anyone get into your apartment? Are you taking your meds?

RILEY  
I don't know how they would get in, but I know I'm not alone!

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
You did not answer my question.

RILEY  
(hissing)  
Yes, mother. I'm taking my fucking meds.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
You do not have to use that  
language with me. I would never  
talk to my mother that way.

RILEY  
I'm sorry. I'm just frazzled.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
You do not need to be so sensitive.  
You need to calm down. You are  
overreacting.

RILEY  
I am a little paranoid.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
It is not you. It is your illness  
that makes you like this.

Riley sighs and looks down at the bat. She leans over and  
picks it up.

RILEY  
I mean, ok.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Have you tried to call Doctor  
Walters?

RILEY  
I just started taking the meds. He  
said it's going to take a couple  
weeks for it to kick in.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Do you want to come over to my  
house?

RILEY  
I'll just take my meds.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
That is probably a good idea. Were  
you watching that ghost show again?

RILEY  
It's late mom. I need to go to bed.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Alright, are you going to take your  
meds?

RILEY  
I'm going to go now.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
I love you.

Riley hangs up the phone, turns off the hall light and walks to the living room, illuminated by the television playing. She turns it off, plunging her back into darkness.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley is sleeping on the couch, TV playing a morning show as light streams through the window onto her brightly causing a shadow from the couch onto the floor. The baseball bat rests on the floor, just out of reach. She's dreaming, with furrowed brow. Her buzzer rings, and it startles her awake. She stands up and slips on the bat, falling back onto the couch. Swearing, she kicks the bat out of the way and runs to the door.

RILEY  
(Pressing the intercom)  
Hello?

MRS. ARTHUR, O.S.  
Riley, you did not answer your phone. I told you that I was coming over to check on you.

Riley presses the door button and leans forward on the wall.

RILEY  
(Whispering)  
No, you didn't.

Moving into the hallway, Mrs. Arthur climbs up the stairs. She is panting as she reaches Riley.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Hello. How are we doing today?

RILEY  
(Annoyed)  
What are you doing here?

MRS. ARTHUR  
I just said that I am here to check on you. You are not listening. What is wrong with you?

RILEY  
I'm fine. I'm really ok.

MRS. ARTHUR

Well, are you not going to ask me  
to come in?

Riley opens the door and steps inside the apartment. She holds the door open, and Mrs. Arthur clamors past her. Mrs. Arthur removes her coat and sets it down across a chair.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Do you still think there is someone  
coming into your apartment?

Riley walks into the living room and looks around.

RILEY

Where's my bat?

MRS. ARTHUR

What are you talking about?

RILEY

My baseball bat! It was on the  
floor next to the couch.

MRS. ARTHUR

Well, I do not see it anywhere.

Riley walks quickly to the couch and flattens herself onto the floor, to look for the bat.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Did it roll under the couch?

RILEY

I'm not crazy. I know it was just  
here.

MRS. ARTHUR

(Sighs)

You are working yourself up over  
nothing.

RILEY

Don't you think it's weird that it  
was here and then it wasn't?

From the hallway, a door slams. Riley looks up and then down at Mrs. Arthur.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

MRS. ARTHUR

Should you come over to my house to relax for a few days? I think you need to not be alone right now.

Riley looks around again, walking into the hallway and opening a closet door.

RILEY

It was just here.

MRS. ARTHUR

So you think that someone came into your apartment to steal your baseball bat? Why would someone do that?

Riley moves back into the living room and sits down with a huff. She leans forward as an attempt to look under the chair Mrs. Arthur is sitting on.

RILEY

I'm absolutely sure that it was here before I answered the door. I even fell on it.

MRS. ARTHUR

I think you are mistaken. These things do not tend to disappear.

Riley bends down and puts her head in her hands. She breathes quickly.

RILEY

I feel like I'm losing my mind.

Mrs. Arthur stands up and walks over to Riley, putting a hand on her shoulder.

MRS. ARTHUR

I do not think you are crazy. I think that the mind plays tricks on us, and what we think has happened is not what actually happens.

Riley looks up at her mother. Mrs. Arthur smiles and nods her head.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I would never tell him this, but when your father died, before I met David, I used to think the house was haunted by a ghost.

(MORE)

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Things would turn up missing, and I had no reason for them to disappear.

RILEY

I miss dad a lot.

MRS. ARTHUR

I would eventually find what I was looking for, in strange spots. And, the house at night has its own little creaks and groans. Houses do that. And, you are experiencing the same thing. You are just tired and stressed from your job. I think you need a break.

RILEY

What do you mean?

MRS. ARTHUR

I think you are getting worse and we need to take care of this before you hurt yourself or someone else.

RILEY

I just want to be taken seriously.

MRS. ARTHUR

Honey, I called, and I found some beds available. I thought maybe you would feel better, and we would not have to go. But, I think it is good that you go.

(pause)

For a rest. Just for a little while. You know.

INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY ROOM

Riley sits in brightly colored plastic chairs that have a playschool vibe (rounded edges, primary colors, seems like it would be from a kindergarten class, but it's big enough for adults). Around Riley are various patients of various sizes, sexes, races. They all wear bright red scrubs, and, no matter the patient, wear ill fitting, green psych ward socks. A reality show on TLC plays in the background.

There is a buzz of conversation around her, but Riley isn't listening to the words, she's looking at the TV with a thousand yard stare.

One PATIENT, an older white woman with missing teeth looks at her and leans forward, tugging at Riley's pant leg.

PATIENT 1

Hey. Hey you. What's your name?

Riley isn't phased or acknowledging the woman. The woman sits back in her seat and frowns.

PATIENT 1 (CONT'D)

Whatever, bitch.

INT. PSYCH WARD - BEDROOM - LATER

Riley shuffles into the room, wrapped in a warm, white blanket. She lays down, still wrapped in the blanket. The room is dimly lit, the light coming from the hallway in which the door is ajar. She falls asleep, and after a moment, a shadow passes over her.

She wakes up and sees the blur of a figure standing over her, but Riley can't see any of the details. She tries to scream but find she can't.

Riley closes her eyes, and puts her head into the pillow. She takes a deep breath, and time speeds ahead, showing her sleeping again. The moon rises through the window, but it's dimly lit and can be barely seen.

Waking up, she looks up at the ceiling and unfurling herself from her blanket. Riley rubs her eyes, and stares groggily. Sitting up, she looks out the window, with blinds open. She groans a little and stands up to close the blind. A running car under a street light, in the parking lot across the road at the offices of Doctor Keller, is parked across the spaces to face her window.

Riley squints to try and see the driver. The car turns on its brights, which are tinted blue, bright LED headlights. The streetlight above the car goes out. The car revs its engine and drives to the entrance to the lot and turning left.

Riley breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. PSYCH WARD - NURSE'S STATION

Riley is standing across from a NURSE who is talking to her, but the sound of her words can't be heard. Instead is the sound of wind chimes starting low and building in sound. Riley turns her head to the side and closes her eyes, taking in the sound.



Suddenly, a shadow passes over her, and her eyes fly open. NURSE 2 is standing next to Nurse 1. She's holding a clear plastic bag with several bottles of medication in it. They both are staring at her looking concerned.

NURSE 1

Riley.

Riley looks from Nurse 1 to Nurse 2, mouth hanging open.

RILEY

What?

NURSE 2

(Shakes her head)

She said that she doesn't want to see you come back again.

Riley smiles nervously.

RILEY

Oh, I'll be ok. I feel much better now.

NURSE 1

Are ya feeling safe to go home?

RILEY

(Nodding)

Sure, sure.

The two nurses look at each other and back at Riley. Nurse 1 folds her arms defensively.

NURSE 2

Do you need to stay longer?

Riley looks like a wild dog.

RILEY

No, no!

(laughs nervously and pats her hair)

I mean, I don't need to stay any more. I just need to go home now. I need to sleep in my bed. I feel like I haven't been at home in ages.

NURSE 1

(Nods)

The beds here aren't very comfortable.

RILEY

I just want to rest easy. I want to be able to sleep through the night.

Nurse 2 pulls out a bottle of pills from the bag and shows them to Riley. Riley looks from Nurse 2 down to the wide, large bottle.

NURSE 2

Take one of these while you're winding down for the night, about an hour before bed. It should help you sleep.

A SECURITY GUARD walks up to the three of them and looks Riley over.

SECURITY GUARD 1

Ready to go?

RILEY

(Nods)

Mmmhmm.

EXT. PSYCH WARD - CONTINUOUS

The security guard escorts Riley out, holding two large plastic hospital bags which hold her clothes and books and things. He hands her the bags, and Riley accepts it. A car honks at her from her right, and she turns and squints at it. The brights flash at her, and one of the headlights is out when it stops blinking.

Riley walks briskly to the car, and the passenger door opens. Her mother leans back over to her seat. Riley sits down and puts the bags at her feet.

RILEY

I really appreciate you coming.

Mrs. Arthur reaches over the seat and hugs Riley. She sits back in her seat and keeps a hand on Riley's elbow.

MRS. ARTHUR

Of course. I am here for you. Are you hungry?

RILEY

No, I just ate lunch. I need to go home again.

MRS. ARTHUR

Is there a big rush? We could go down to the lake and have a walk. It is a little warmer today.

Riley sighs deeply.

RILEY

I might still be wearing the psych ward underwear because all mine got dirty.

(Pause)

Do you know what psych ward underwear are made of?

Mrs. Arthur turns toward the wheel and starts the car. The radio belts out classical music, and she turns it off.

MRS. ARTHUR

We could go for coffee. You said that you only had decaffeinated coffee.

RILEY

It's see through mesh basically. Do you know why it's like that?

MRS. ARTHUR

Do you need to get anything from the store?

RILEY

They want to easily be able to cut them off if they have to. Or, they want to get access to your butt in case they have to give you a shot.

Mrs. Arthur frowns.

MRS. ARTHUR

We could go to the grocery store and cook something for you, maybe for later in case you are tired.

RILEY

Mom! Stop!

EXT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

From the apartment window, with shade pulled up, we see the car pull into a parking space. Riley gets out and takes her bags. Mrs. Arthur gets out of the car slowly and straightens her panshima scarf.

CUT TO

Riley walks up to Mrs. Arthur and hugs her again.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Please call me if you start feeling  
bad again.  
(pause)  
I mean it.

RILEY  
I know.  
(pause, looks down, shakes  
head)  
I know. I'll call you tonight.

MRS. ARTHUR  
I love you, my darling.

Mrs. Riley puts a hand to Riley's face.

RILEY  
Ok, ok. I'm going to go.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Are you sure you do not want to  
stay with me?

Riley starts to walk away, still looking at her mother.

RILEY  
It'll be ok. Promise.

CUT TO

Back from the apartment looking down. Riley moves towards the door, and Mrs. Arthur walks back to the car and gets in. She waits for Riley to enter the building before driving off.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Riley puts the fob to the door and opens it. She walks up the stairs toward her apartment and runs into Mrs. Chalfont. The old woman smiles and waves at Riley before looking down at the bags.

MRS. CHALFONT  
Oh, Riley, did you just get out of  
the hospital?

Riley laughs nervously and scratches the back of her head.

RILEY

Uh, yeah, yeah. I did.

MRS. CHALFONT

I saved some mail, packages, that you got that I was worried would get taken away.

(pause)

It would be very sad if they were stolen I think.

RILEY

That's very, very sweet of you.

Suddenly, up the stairs a door slams. The two try to ignore it and stand looking at each other, but they both tense up.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So, how're you?

MRS. CHALFONT

(stumbles over her words)

I'm alright, I think. My joints are acting up from the weather, though. What are you planning for the rest of the day?

Riley looks up the stairs, expecting someone to come down. When nobody does, she frowns.

MRS. CHALFONT (CONT'D)

Riley?

Riley looks back to Mrs. Chalfont blankly.

MRS. CHALFONT (CONT'D)

I asked what your plans are for the rest of the day?

RILEY

I need a shower because I feel dirty. And I'm tired. You don't get very much sleep in the hospital.

MRS. CHALFONT

(nods)

Uh huh?

RILEY

Yeah, I might try to get some work done later.

Riley looks past Mrs. Chalfont again up the stairs.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I have to go. I hope you  
have a nice day, Mrs. Chalfont.

MRS. CHALFONT  
When things look dark, remember  
that there's a light that shines.

Riley looks quickly at Mrs. Chalfont who is smiling.

RILEY  
What do you mean?

MRS. CHALFONT  
I mean, God loves you, child.

Riley sighs a breath of relief. Mrs. Chalfont reaches forward  
and touches Riley's shoulder.

MRS. CHALFONT (CONT'D)  
Just remember, child, the kingdom  
of heaven is at hand.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Riley unlocks her door and notices it's already unlocked. She  
looks around the hallway and sees no one. She begins to  
shallowly breath as she enters the apartment. Upon entering,  
she turns and locks the door behind her. She takes  
deliberate, deep breaths as she walks into the living room.

On the couch, there's hints of caked dirt on it. Riley walks  
over and brushes off the seat.

Walking past the couch, Riley walks to her bedroom and looks  
around. It seems undisturbed, but she looks at her closet  
door. She opens it up, a deep, walk in closet and looks  
around. She sees the shoe rack has several left shoes missing  
from the high heels.

Riley kneels down in front of them, like a catholic on the  
alter, light coming down from above casting dark shadows over  
her face. She reaches forward and picks up two right shoes  
and hugs them close to her. She cries.

She looks out the door into the bedroom and sees that it's  
dark and can't see into the room as it's in shadow. She  
begins crying. After a moment, still hugging the shoes, Riley  
walks to the garbage in the kitchen and kisses the shoes  
before throwing them away.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley walks into her room and sits cross legged on the bed. She pulls up a guided meditation on her PHONE. She closes her eyes.

PHONE, V.O.

It's time to take a deep breath and relax.

Riley takes a deep breath in for four counts. She holds her breath. The sound of her heart beating fast is in her ears. When she exhales, the sound of her heart beating slows down. She takes another deep breath in, and, as she holds it. As she sits there, there's a thumping that sounds like footsteps in the ceiling.

She doesn't open her eyes, but her heart beat starts going faster and can't maintain the deep breaths.

PHONE, V.O. (CONT'D)

Take another deep breath in and imagine yourself outside your body, floating up through the ceiling, through the roof, up into the clouds high above the houses into the atmosphere.

Riley attempts to take a deep breath in but begins sobbing again. A shadow passes over her, and she opens up her eyes and looks around quickly. But, there's nobody there.

PHONE, V.O. (CONT'D)

You are golden. You are made of divine light. Live in your power. You are strong. You are fearless. And remember the thing that's holding you back is your own inner fears.

Looking down at her phone, she frowns. Turning off the phone, Riley looks at the open door which is in darkness. She takes a deep breath.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley's hand reaches across and turns on the shower. The room begins to steam up. Panning up to see Riley in her underwear. She is turned away from the shower, looking at the mirror. On the mirror, a number is revealed. It's not entirely clear.

She grabs her phone and takes a picture. Going into her phone editor, she messes with the settings until the number shows up clearly. It's a phone number: 867-5309.

Leaving the shower running, she steps into the hallway, closing the door behind her. Riley walks into her bedroom and flops down on her bed. She looks around the room to see if there's anyone there but there's no one.

Riley dials the number, finger hovering above the send button. She takes a deep breath and hits send. She holds the phone to her ear, the phone rings a couple times. A woman named JENNY answers.

JENNY, V.O.  
(Quietly)  
Hello?

Riley doesn't say anything but breathes into the phone.

JENNY, V.O. (CONT'D)  
(Angrily)  
You piece of shit. Stop calling me.  
I called the police. I know you've  
been in my apartment. Now, I've got  
your number, you motherfucker!  
LEAVE ME ALONE!

Riley's mouth opens, and before she can say anything, Jenny hangs up the phone. She looks down at her phone, speechless. Her face is in shadow. Setting down her phone, she sits up, sitting on her feet. Abandoning the phone on the bed, she opens the door and walks into the darkness of the hallway, walking out to the right into the bathroom.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM- LATER

Riley is asleep, and there's a light coming through the window from the moon. She tosses and turns in her sleep.

We are in her dream, and it's taking place in a long alley. Riley, in her underwear, sees a figure in the middle of the alley, looking at something off to his right. She runs after the person, screaming but the sound is muted.

The figure gets to the edge of the alley and turns right. Riley catches up to the figure, and there's a series of winding, cobblestone streets and pedestrian walking areas. The path is narrow, and as she continues to chase the buildings start to come down around her, as if to suffocate her. The ground becomes liquid sand and falls into darkness.



She wakes with a gasp. Sitting up, she rises like she's coming out of the water. Riley looks around the room, confused. Looking at the moon, she hears the door open and close. She screams.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley stands at the edge of the living room, almost in the hallway. Two OFFICERS stand in the living room, with flashlights shining into the dark parts of the room. Even on top of the flashlights, the room is bathed in bright light, almost sterile.

One of the officers (white male, 40s) pulls out a notepad and pen from his breast pocket and shares a glance with the other officer (hispanic woman, 20s). The man turns to look at her and starts taking notes.

OFFICER 1

So, your shoes were missing?

RILEY

Yeah, I mean, I threw the other halves away because they were missing.

OFFICER 1

And you heard the door open?

RILEY

I could have sworn I heard the door close.

OFFICER 2

Well, we looked around and don't see anyone here now. Was the door locked when we came in?

RILEY

(visibly stressed)

I mean, yes it was.

OFFICER 1

Were you sleeping when you heard it?

Riley shuffles her feet and looks down at the ground.

RILEY

(mumbles)

Yeah, I was.

The two officers share another look. Officer 1 puts the notepad and the pen away.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry to bother you. I guess I was just sleeping. But, it really freaked me out. You know?

Officer 1 moves toward the door. Officer 2 comes close to Riley.

OFFICER 2

It's ok. That's what we're here for. It's better to be safe than sorry.

Riley looks up at the officer and smiles weakly.

RILEY

Thank you for being there for me. I really could have sworn that someone was there.

Riley looks down at her hands which are shaking.

OFFICER 2

It's a little cold in here. Do you have the heat down low?

RILEY

I don't think so. But, it is cold.

Officer 1 looks back from the door and smiles.

OFFICER 1

If something else happens, don't hesitate to call us. It's what we're here for, ok?

Riley looks at him with her mouth hanging open. She smiles and nods.

RILEY

Thank you both very much. I'm really glad you're here for me.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Riley sits on her couch with her laptop. Next to her is her cellphone. Riley sets down her laptop to her left and picks up a bowl and lighter from her hoodie pocket.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
I am worried about you, Riley.

RILEY  
(rolls eyes)  
It's no big deal, mom. I got scared  
and called the cops.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Why would anyone come into your  
apartment? Your building has locks,  
and you have door locks.

RILEY  
I don't know how they're getting  
in, but they are! I'm telling you  
they are because why would my shoes  
just disappear?

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Why would they take your shoes? Are  
you sure that you did not misplace  
them?

Riley pauses and lights the bowl, taking a deep drag. She  
holds the smoke in for a moment and rolls her eyes.

RILEY  
(breathing out)  
Oh yeah. And where would I put my  
right shoes? Throw them off the  
balcony?

With her left hand, Riley leans over to the side and hides  
the bowl and lighter.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
(sighs)  
Maybe you left the hospital too  
soon?

RILEY  
I don't need to be in the hospital!  
I'm not going back! You can't make  
me!

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
I know I cannot. But, think about  
this logically.

RILEY  
I know it's not logical! It doesn't  
make sense! But, I feel what I  
feel.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)

My gut is telling me that something is really wrong here. Stuff is getting moved around. Stuff turns up missing.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

You are jumping at ghosts, Riley. People misplace things all the time. It is not unusual.

(Pause)

Have you thought about giving up your apartment and moving back in with David and I?

RILEY

I'm an adult. I don't want to live with you again. I don't need to.

Riley crosses her arms and scoffs.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You're so fucking impossible.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

Excuse me, what did you say? That is not very nice. I would never use such language and neither should you. It hurts my feelings.

Riley rolls her eyes, uncrosses her arms, and sighs.

RILEY

Look, I'm sorry. It's just, we don't get along when we live together. You always get into my business and get so nosy. Plus, I can't have people come over.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

Do you even leave the house? Do you even have people come over anymore?

RILEY

There was a phone number written on my mirror. I saw it when I took a shower.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.

This is absolutely ridiculous.

RILEY

I swear it's real!

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Are you sure that you are not  
inventing things in your head?

RILEY  
I called the number, and a woman  
screamed at me because she's being  
harassed. Like, how I am.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Think about this logically. If  
there was someone in your  
apartment, why would they write a  
phone number on your mirror?

RILEY  
I don't know! It doesn't make  
sense. I didn't say this made  
sense. Maybe this is a game they're  
playing.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
(long pause)  
I am dubious.

Suddenly, a shadow appears on the balcony in the corner where  
she can't see. Riley continues talking.

RILEY  
I mean it.

MRS. ARTHUR, V.O.  
Stop chasing ghosts, Riley. You are  
only stressing yourself out.

The shadow disappears as Riley turns her head. She gets up  
off the couch and looks out the slider to check. There's  
nobody there.

RILEY  
Whatever Mom. Whatever.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Riley lies in bed with her phone, in a blanket burrito.

VIDEO NARRATION, V.O.  
When we investigated the house on  
Whipple Lane, our resident psychic  
discovered that there was a woman  
who had died in the eighteen  
hundreds.

VIDEO PSYCHIC, V.O.  
She's crying now. She's lost. She  
needs to get home on the other  
side.

Riley pulls out her bag of tarot cards from under her pillow  
as they're talking and starts to shuffle them.

VIDEO NARRATION, V.O.  
We went in and set up our motion  
detector, an EVP recorder, and a  
ghost box. What we discovered was  
extremely shocking.

From the video, a ghost box emits static and clicking noises  
before it begins randomly scanning radio signals. Hints of  
words are heard before it descends back into static.

VIDEO GHOST BOX, V.O.  
... help me... hurt... Jonah...

VIDEO NARRATION, V.O.  
Was this person that killed our  
woman named Jonah? We tried-

Suddenly, the video stops. Riley picks up the phone to notice  
it has a loading screen.

RILEY  
Oh, c'mon. I was watching that.

She looks at her wifi setting on her phone, and it is  
disconnected. She sighs and gets up to look at the router.

As she walks into the hallway, large footsteps are heard  
above her head. Riley grips the handle on the closet door,  
staring at the ceiling as they get closer to her, and stop as  
they come to where she's standing.

CUT TO

A shadow leaning over a camera changing an SD card. Riley can  
be seen through the vent below.

CUT TO

Riley shakes her head, breathing hard. When she stops, she  
looks up at the vent again, squinting to see if she can find  
anything. When she doesn't see anything, Riley walks over to  
another closet and pulls out a step ladder and a screwdriver.

As she brings it over to the vent, the hallway light flashes and goes dark. She lets out a gasp and then, a weak scream.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Riley shakes out a pill from a bottle and sets it on the side table. She swallows the pill dry and grimaces. Reaching for her phone, she looks up the police blotter.

RILEY  
(whispers)  
There's got to be something.

Scrolling through the recent calls, most say "domestic dispute", "traffic stop", "retail fraud", and various drinking/drug related arrests.

Riley frowns. Her phone rings. The caller id shows "Doctor Walters". She presses ignore.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Riley's phone sits on her couch. The door is locked. She walks outside her building into the perfect snow storm, with thick, heavy flakes that fall slowly.

She zips up her puffy jacket and adjusts her hat as she heads towards the sidewalk, turning the corner to the right. She walks through the downtown area for several blocks until she reaches the local coffee shop.

From a high window, the camera looks down at Riley as she crosses the street when a car tries to stop but slides and almost hits her.

CUT TO

Riley cowers down in front of the car, which has stopped and the horn blares. She holds up her arms in a defensive gesture.

RILEY  
Please! Please don't hit me!

The horn stops, and Riley looks up at the driver who is yelling and swearing at her.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Riley stands at the back of the line for coffee. Slowly, the line moves, and she gets closer and closer to the counter until she is standing in front of the line. She stands in front of a CASHIER, 18 with a shock of short, blue hair.

CASHIER

What can I get for you today?

RILEY

Iced Mocha no whip.

CASHIER

Not hot?

RILEY

(shakes head)

No, no thank you.

CASHIER

(looking at screen)

That's going to be four eighty nine.

Riley reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small, feminine wallet. She begins searching for her debit card but becomes increasingly frustrated. The cashier looks up at Riley from her screen and frowns.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Is everything ok?

RILEY

(riffling through wallet  
still)

I, uh, can't find my driver's  
license or my debit card.

CASHIER

Did you leave it at home?

Riley starts to cry. She frantically pulls out all of her cards on the counter, looking through them over and over again.

RILEY

No, No! I didn't! I didn't!

The cashier reaches a hand out and touches Riley's shoulder. Riley looks up at her.



CASHIER

How about we just give this to you  
for free today?

The cashier has a strange look on her face, a mixture of concern and sympathy. Riley picks up all her cards and slowly puts them away.

RILEY

(mumbles)

What do you mean?

CASHIER

(shifts uncomfortably)

Well, uh, you know, we can just  
make it free. No charge, eh?

Riley puts her wallet away slowly and wrings her hands.

RILEY

Sure, ok. Ok. Thank you.

From outside the coffee shop window, a shadow appears standing just over Riley's shoulder. Riley looks up and out the window, but there's nothing there. She shakes her head as the cashier comes back with her coffee. Riley turns and accepts it before quickly walking out.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - LATER

Riley stands outside Mrs. Arthur's house, walks up the outside stairs and rings the bell. She puts her hands in her jeans and evaluates her surroundings. The door opens and Riley turns.

RILEY

Mom.

Mrs. Arthur steps outside, breathing out cold air. She hugs Riley.

MRS. ARTHUR

I have been trying to call you for  
hours, but you did not answer.

Riley shrugs and puts her hands in her pockets.

RILEY

Ah, mama, I forgot my phone at  
home.

The two step into the entryway. Riley takes off her coat and sits on a bench to take off her boots.

MRS. ARTHUR

Doctor Walters tried to call you, too, but you did not answer either. He is very concerned about you as well. Did you walk over here?

Riley nods. Mrs. Arthur puts a hand to Riley's forehead.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Are you feeling ok? You seem upset.

Riley shrugs off Mrs. Arthur's hand.

RILEY

Yeah, mom, I'm fine. I'm fine.

MRS. ARTHUR

You are not fine. You have not been fine for a while now. Do you think there is someone breaking into your apartment?

From the hallway stairs, a door opens and closes. Riley looks up and holds her breath. Suddenly DAVID ROGERS appears. Riley breathes a sigh of relief.

RILEY

Oh, David. It's just you.

David looks from Mrs. Arthur to Riley.

DAVID ROGERS

Who else could it be? What is this?

Mrs. Arthur moves next to David Rogers and puts an arm around him.

MRS. ARTHUR

It isn't anything, David. Riley is worked up about something and came over.

DAVID ROGERS

(to Riley)

In this weather? You're not cold? It's freezing out right now, baby.

MRS. ARTHUR

That is what I said.

RILEY

My driver's license and debit card are missing.

(MORE)

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Someone took it.

Mrs. Arthur walks over to her jacket and starts going through her pockets.

DAVID ROGERS  
Are you sure?

Mrs. Arthur pulls out the cards from the pocket.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Here they are. You must have taken them out of your wallet and forgotten about them.

RILEY  
No! I didn't! I didn't!  
(looks down and sighs)  
I don't think I did.

Mrs. Arthur shares a look with David Rogers before looking back at Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I didn't have them. I swear.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Obviously, you are mistaken.

Riley puts her head in her hands and starts to cry.

RILEY  
It wasn't there. I know it. I know it! It wasn't there.

INT. CAR- LATER

Mrs. Arthur is driving while Riley pouts. She looks over at Riley as they approach a stop light.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Have you considered going back to the hospital?

RILEY  
You can't make me go back.

MRS. ARTHUR

I did not say that. I cannot force you to go or not go. I worry about you.

RILEY

I'm fine! I'm fine. I'm totally fine.

MRS. ARTHUR

You are absolutely not fine. You are obviously paranoid, and it is affecting your judgement. Are you even getting anything done for work?

RILEY

Work is going fine.

Riley stares out the window as the light turns green. Mrs. Arthur turns right down a side street. Riley catches a glimpse of a car in the mirror, and she stares at it. They turn into a parking garage.

MRS. ARTHUR

What is the matter?

RILEY

It's nothing. I'm fine. It's fine.

Riley looks at Mrs. Arthur.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I said I'm fine.

MRS. ARTHUR

You have said that already.

The car pulls up to Riley's apartment. She gets out, closing the door before Mrs. Arthur can say anything.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Riley is hiding under a weighted blanket watching a TAROT READER, an older Black woman with perfect red nails. She flips over the Nine of Swords.

TAROT READER

Someone has got you fucked up. Fucked up! You're not sleeping. You been treated like shit.

(MORE)

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

Someone's running these streets  
making you look crazy, but you,  
honey, you're not crazy.

Riley turns up the sound, light shining on her face, the rest  
in shadow. The tarot reader flips over the Six of Wands.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

You're going to be out and about,  
living your best life here, getting  
your coin, and this mutherfucker

The tarot reader points to the rider on the Six of Wands

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

You see him. He's looking at you  
living your life, and he's in awe  
of you. He might be stalking your  
social media, watching your house,  
taking pictures of you through the  
window.

The tarot reader smacks her lips and folds her hands across  
the cards.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

I mean, take it as it resonates  
with you. This might not be for  
ereyone. But, if it's you, this  
masculine is trying to take your  
crown. They're trying to catch your  
bag, get into your shit. They be  
trying to come up in your house,  
trying to knock you down.

She taps the pile of cards.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

But, here's you, you getting back  
up, warding off this evil energy. I  
just heard the names Jessica, Tim,  
and Marcus.

Riley is riveted, mouth hanging open. The light flickers over  
her face. The tarot reader flips over the Knight of Swords.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

This energy is coming, and it's  
coming in hot. He's going to reveal  
himself to you, and you need to  
prepare yourself for this spiritual  
battle.

(MORE)

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

He's coming for you, right this very minute, and you're going to have to fight him, get him outta ya life.

The reader flips over The Sun card.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

But, don't worry. You're powerful. You know the truth. You're out here, living your best life, in your lane, moisturized, not stressed. You're going to shine that light and get him outta your life. You're going to live to see your sunny day. Could be in Spring or Summer.

RILEY

(whispers)

Spring? That's so far away.

The tarot reader flips over the Seven of Wands and the Eight of Wands.

TAROT READER

Exactly, what was I saying.

(taps cards)

This is you, you're fighting this masculine. You're trying to get rid of him. And, you feel like you're losing control right now.

(holds up card to camera)

That's you. That's you. You're trapped, and they're trying to break you down. They're trying so hard to get your goat! But, chile, you are the goat.

The tarot reader flips over the Devil card and the Three of Cups.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

He's controlled by an addiction. He's addicted to you! He wants to destroy you, this masculine. They are a slave to these feelings.

(pause)

And, ok! I know this might be a TMI, but this masculine might be having sexual fantasies about you. They see you as this person that they could be with, could have a good time with you.

(MORE)

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

But, they want to take you down a notch.

(pause)

But, this might not be the reading for you. Take it as it resonates.

RILEY

(whispers)

Right, right.

She shuffles the deck, and the Four of Cups falls out as well of the Five of Swords. Suddenly, the sound of a door slamming in the hallway makes Riley jump.

TAROT READER

This energy is hanging around you, and you're trying to get away. But, you ain't getting away. They follow you, get up in your business, watching your house, peeking in your windows, checking your mail, sniffing your fucking hairbrush, shit like that.

Riley starts breathing shallow, low, and fast. She holds the phone closer to her face, making the shadows deepen. The tarot reader sets the deck of cards down on top of all of the cards laid out.

TAROT READER (CONT'D)

Oooo, I need to get out of this energy. It's freaking me the fuck out. Get outta your house because this masculine is up in your shit. This is some necromancy going on, some black magic that's coming down on you.

(pause)

Get outta that house, my goddess.

Riley throws the blanket back and sits up, the room in darkness, the light from the window creating light and shadow on her face. The rest of the room is dark. A dark shadow with the hallway light shining in enters her apartment without a sound.

Riley shakes her head, trying to get her breathing under control and failing. She hides under the blanket again as the shadow enters her room.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - LATER

Riley wakes from sleep and looks around. She reaches for her cellphone, but it's not there. She moves pillows and throws back blankets. She finds the charger cord, but it's still not there.

RILEY

Where the is it? Where the hell is  
it?

Suddenly, her cellphone rings. Riley stands up trying to locate the sound. She walks into the living room, and it's the loudest there. She looks around for it. As she looks up, the sound of heavy steps are heard.

Riley follows the sound into the hallway and sees an access point into the ceiling. She rushes back into her apartment and grabs a chair. Dragging it along the floor and carpet in the hallway, she sets it up under the access point. Riley gets on top of the chair, but she can't reach the ceiling.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Give me back my phone!

The ringing stops. The noise in the ceiling stops as well.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Damn.

Slowly, she gets off the chair and drags it back into her apartment. She doesn't bother putting it back at the table, dragging her body into her bedroom. She picks up her weighted blanket and crawls into bed.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Riley drags herself out of bed into the bathroom. She picks up her med bottle and shakes out a pill and swallows it dry.

The intercom buzzes, but she ignores it and goes back to sleep.

In the afternoon, Riley drags herself out of bed and opens the blinds. She squints at the light, and as she looks out the window, she falls into shadow as she surveys the street. It is empty, but then her gaze moves up the edge of the block.



There's a person standing with their back to her. Her eyes can be seen from the light from the window, and she squints even harder to try and see what is hidden. Does that look like her cellphone? It's not clear.

Suddenly, they turn, taking the cellphone away from their ear. They're wearing sunglasses, a cap, and sunglasses. They look down at the cellphone and then up. Are they looking at her? It's not clear.

The mysterious person puts the cellphone in their pocket and start walking toward her. She backs away from the window, and the shadow of the blinds falls on her.

Suddenly, the door to her apartment unlocks. Riley walks into the hallway, where the cops, her LANDLORD, and her mother file into the living room. Her mother steps forward, panting, and hugs Riley.

LANDLORD

I'm sorry we're bursting in like this but-

MRS. ARTHUR

I was so worried about you! You did not answer the door, and you have been acting so strange lately. I tried to call you so many times.

Riley steps away from her mother, and she looks down at her mother's shoes. They're red flapper pumps. When she looks up, the cops have started walking around the apartment, which has started to become dirty again.

RILEY

I couldn't find my phone. It disappeared.

The MALE OFFICER comes into the entryway just then and is holding her cellphone. He walks over and hands it to her. Riley looks at the phone with a dead battery and starts to cry.

MALE OFFICER

It was in the kitchen.

RILEY

I swear. I swear! It disappeared!  
It did. I heard it in my attic.  
(sobbing harder)  
I want this to stop! I want to die!

The officers and the landlord head out into the hallway, speaking in low whispers.

Mrs. Arthur places a hand on Riley's shoulder and pulls her into another hug. Riley sobs into her Hermes scarf with deep, body aching wails. Mrs. Arthur strokes her hair.

INT. PSYCH WARD - INTERVIEW ROOM

The PSYCHOLOGIST, a white man about 50, places a paper in front of Riley and pushes it closer to her.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Since you're back again so soon,  
this time, you're here  
involuntarily. And you're on  
suicide watch, so you'll be  
confined to one side of the ward.

Riley stares at the paper then looks up.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

You have to sign this saying that  
you understand what is happening,  
and that, under the terms of the  
agreement, you understand that you  
will be released after meeting with  
your court appointed lawyer and are  
compliant with the psychiatrist as  
well as the nurses in medication  
changes. It says that you are  
required to attend all meetings,  
eat all meals, and that your shower  
time is monitored.

Riley looks back down at the paper and crosses her arms. The psychologist leans forward to try and match her gaze.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Are you listening, Ms. Arthur?

She continues to look at the paper and, after a moment, nods her head. The psychologist pulls a psych ward pen, a german invention of just the ink of a ballpoint pen in a plastic tube, out of his pocket. He sets it down on the paper.

Riley looks at his hand as he lays the pen down. It is a worn, calloused hand, as though he were a cowboy or a farm hand.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Sign the paper, Ms. Arthur. And, we  
can move through this more quickly  
and smoothly.

Reaching for the pen, it rolls away from her and falls off the table. She looks at it a moment. It has landed next to his shoes, a pair of brown men's oxford wingtips.

He leans over and picks up the pen and sets it down on the paper. She reaches for it and signs the paper.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Atta girl. Now, we'll go on and get you all set up in a room.

(pause)

Are you feeling tired? You've been in the ER for six hours now.

Riley picks up her legs and hugs her knees. The psychologist stands up and puts the paper in a thick folder. He walks to the door and opens it, gesturing out.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Come on now. If you're hungry, we can get you a snack for you.

Riley drags herself out of the chair and shakes her head no as she looks at the ground. The floor is dirty, scuffed polished concrete. She hugs her arms around her body before scratching her arm. She walks out the door, and the psychologist follows her out.

They stop at the nurses station.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

(to Nurse 1)

Do you have a room ready for her?

NURSE 1

Yes, sir. It's room 26, just down the hall.

PSYCHOLOGIST

(to Riley)

The nurse will give you your old meds and tomorrow, you'll start on some new ones.

The psychologist walks off, shoes hitting the floor heavily. The nurse gives Riley her pills, and she swallows them dry. The nurse takes away a small plastic cup of ice water and puts it back on her side of the counter.

The nurse steps out from the station and gently takes her arm, leading her to the hallway.

NURSE 1

Come on, now. Let's have you lay down because it's late. Are you hungry at all?

Riley slowly shakes her head no again. They reach the room and go inside. There's one bed against the wall. The sound of the vent blowing in air is heard.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Well, I'll bring you some stuff that we have just in case. Do you want a warm blanket?

Riley walks over to the bed, which appears small in the large, looming room, and sits down. The plastic mattress crumples under her weight. She looks at the nurse's shoes and nods yes. The nurse is wearing white keds which are scuffed and dirty.

The nurse walks over to the bathroom and brings out a grey tub filled with various grooming and hygiene supplies. She sets it down on the bed next to Riley.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Do you want to brush your teeth before you go to bed?

Riley looks up at the tub and reaches for it. The nurse goes to hand it to her and as the weight is exchanged, Riley drops it, spilling everything onto the floor.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

Oh! Oh no!

The nurse kneels on the floor picking up everything that spilled. Riley looks at the back of her head, blond hair that appears brassy and over dyed. The nurse looks up, and Riley looks at her eyes, which are bright and brilliant blue.

The nurse sets the tub next to her on the bed. Riley looks at it, scanning over all of the objects, each detail expanded and sharpened. She reaches for it again, and this time picks it up and sets it gently on the floor.

Riley lays on top of the thin blanket and hugs the wall, pulling her knees up to her chest. The nurse walks to the door and turns off the light. The light of the moon through the window shines on Riley. The rest of the room is in shadow.

Riley cries quietly. The vent stops and the sounds in the silence are heightened.

Her gentle crying, the sound of her stomach gurgling, the distant, muffled conversation from the hall, a television playing somewhere.

Riley falls asleep.

INT. PSYCH WARD - TV ROOM

There are several patients sitting around the room, with oversized colorful chairs that look like they're the adult version of kindergarten chairs. PATIENT 2, a white woman with missing teeth and a pocked face weathered by drugs, is laughing at the TV which is turned up too loud. Fatal Attraction plays on the TV.

Patient 3, a heavy set Native American man, chuckles. Where Patient 2 is leaning forward, Patient 3 is sitting back. The other patients are looking at the two of them, except for Riley who is staring absently at the TV.

PATIENT 2

I swear to gawd, the last time I was down here, I was coming down from zannie. And, christ, I don't even know how to say it. This crazy mutherfucker picks up one of these chairs and chucks it at the nurses.

PATIENT 3

These chairs have got to be seventy five pounds. The sand makes them too heavy. When I tell you that I don't believe you.

PATIENT 2

(holds up hands  
defensively, smiling)  
I shit you knot. It totally happened. They chased him down, and he kept wildin'. It took a couple shots to get him down.

PATIENT 3

(shakes head)  
Isolation.

PATIENT 2

Isolation and restraints. I don't think I saw him the rest of my 14 days.

Patient 3 sighs heavily, frowning and putting his hands up to his face and moving them over his long, salt and pepper hair.

PATIENT 3  
 Restrained. I never.

PATIENT 2  
 (laughs)  
 I been restrained before.

Patient 3 looks at her, moving his hands down to his knees. He rubs them against his legs, in a self-soothing gesture.

PATIENT 3  
 How did that happen?

Patient 2 sits back in her chair and picks a foot up, holding it on the seat. She wraps her arms around her leg and looks at Patient 3 over the knee.

PATIENT 2  
 I punched a security guard. He was a fucking per-VERT, I tell ya what. He was getting off staring at me gitting naked.

Patient 3 sits forward and interlaces his fingers.

PATIENT 3  
 Sounds sick.

PATIENT 2  
 Oh, I was alright. I got a whack in, so I ain't mad about it.

Patient 2 stands up and stretches, showing off her stomach, covered in splotched flesh from picking at it.

PATIENT 2 (CONT'D)  
 Well, it's a nice chatting, but this bitch needs some gum cause I got me a craving like a mutherfucker.

Suddenly, Riley bursts into tears. As she begins to wail uncontrollably, everyone turns to look at her. Several nurses and a security guard come from the station over to her, guide her out of her seat and take her away.

PATIENT 2 (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck was that?

PATIENT 4, a young Hispanic woman with hair in a messy bun, shakes her head.

PATIENT 4

That girl has been acting weird ever since she got here. She doesn't talk at all.

PATIENT 2

How do you know that?

PATIENT 4

I dunno. But, I have never once seen her talk.

PATIENT 2

What'll ya think is wrong?

PATIENT 4

Why is anyone in here? She probably tried to kill herself.

PATIENT 3

(nods)

She seems like a pill popper to me.

PATIENT 4

I think you're right. She's so whacked out right now, man.

NURSE 2, V.O.

Attention all patients: It's snack time. Please make your way to the dining area.

The patients all stand up in varying degrees of speed and make their way out of the TV room.

INT. PSYCH WARD - PHONE HALLWAY

Riley sits on a plastic chair, maroon but still the same as the TV room. She's staring at the phones, rubbing her hands on her legs. One of the payphones ring. Riley looks around for someone to answer it.

When no one appears, she stands up and heads to the phone bank. She picks it up without a sound. She puts her hand over the receiver.

There's no sound on the other end.

RILEY

(meek whisper)

Hello?

Riley presses the phone to her ear, trying to hear better. With all the sounds elevated, she hears the sound of someone breathing. It gets louder and louder, until it drones out every sound.

She screams and drops the phone. Moving her hands to cup her ears, she screams again. Nurses come out of the station, one holding a needle. The nurse pulls down her scrubs and gives her a shot, which has red liquid in it, just above her butt.

The other nurse puts an arm around her and leads her back to her room. The nurse who gave her a shot holds the needle away from her delicately and hangs up the phone.

INT. PSYCH WARD - INTERVIEW ROOM

The psychologist sits across from Riley. It feels the same as before, but he's leaning forward tapping his pen on an open file folder with a blank, baby blue page in front of him. He's wearing a deep brown suit with a bolo tie. He has black cufflinks with silver letters: K and H.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
(sighs deeply)  
How are you doing today, Riley?

Riley grips the bottom of her seat, staring at folder. Suddenly, she takes a deep breath and turns toward the security camera in the corner, not blinking.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Riley?

The camera looks down into the room, showing Riley looking up at it, a dead expression on her face. The psychologist turns to look at the camera, too, before looking back at Riley.

In the room, the psychologist taps the desk.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Hey, Riley, hey. It's only the security guard looking at us, to make sure you're safe. You don't have to be scared of him.

Riley continues to not break her gaze, to the point her eyes start to water. A controlled sob wracks her body, like a pristine lake that's only been slightly disturbed.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
You won't get out of here if you don't talk to me. It's been two weeks already.  
(MORE)



PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

If you don't stop cooperating, you  
won't get out of here.

She breaks her gaze, tears running down her face and snot welling up in her nose. She turns and leans her body down, head between her knees. Riley cups her ears again and screams.

The psychologist jumps out of his seat and pulls at Riley.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Riley! Riley! Stop it! Stop it!

The psychologist pushes a red button on the door intercom and nurses and security guard walk quickly to the door, the room too small to hold them all. They stand out in the entryway, and a nurse enters the room with another needle of shocking bright red liquid.

As the nurse steps toward her, Riley becomes angry, grabbing the nurses arms and knocking the needle onto the floor. It shatters. The security guard steps in after the nurse and wrestles her to the ground. The psychologist steps back into the corner, and the nurse leaves the room, walking backwards with her mouth slightly open.

Another security guard comes in, and the two heft her up and drag her out of the room into isolation. The two security guards and several nurses move to restrain her. She spits at the nurse closest to her.

From her pocket, a nurse pulls out a needle with glowing red liquid, almost as if it were ooze, and injects it into her leg, through her scrubs. Riley is illuminated, the rest of the room in shadow. She turns her head up to the light, long shadows on her face and in the folds of her scrubs.

After struggling against the restraints, she begins to tire and slowly, her breathing returns to normal. She falls asleep, tears running down her face.

Slowly, the nurses and security guards turn away from her, into the shadows leaving her twisted into her current, messy state, her hair misshapen and twisted, her skinny body crumpled on the thin hospital mattress.

INT. PSYCH WARD - VISITATION ROOM

Patients and family sit at various tables in a concrete block room. Nurses and security guards are seated and standing in positions around the room, talking to each other, reading magazines, checking phones.

But, at variable intervals each one will stop what they're doing and carefully look over the patients and their families.

Conversations wax and wane, getting louder and quieter. As it gets quieter, the camera pans over to Riley sitting in an awkward position on her chair, and looks over her knee which she hugs, at Mrs. Arthur and David.

MRS. ARTHUR

Anyway, I've been keeping your apartment clean and tidy. Maybe when you get out, we can take you out to lunch and do some shopping.

Riley looks at her knee and ejaculates a small laugh.

RILEY

(whispers)

I'm never getting out of here.

She pulls her knees close to herself, and leans into them starting to cry. All the nurses and security guards are looking at her.

MRS. ARTHUR

What was that?

RILEY

I said I'm never getting the fuck out of here!

She crumples back into herself and cries quietly, her body shaking.

All the patients and staff and families look at her as she's led out, the room deathly silent. Mrs. Arthur pulls out a handkerchief from her coat pocket and cries into it.

The room settles, and the conversations return to a dull roar.

David puts an arm around Mrs. Arthur.

INT. PSYCH WARD - BATHROOM

Riley leans close to the metal mirror and looks at herself as she brushes her teeth. The door to her room opens, then closes. Riley first looks up at the sound, but then brushes softer as she turns away from it, to the right. She puts down her toothbrush and leans over the sink to spit.

Walking out of the bathroom into the bedroom, Riley looks over the room in the dark, with light coming above the small padded door. Her shadow falls over the bed until she steps to the right, illuminating the bed. The bed is bare, without pillows, blankets, sheets.

Riley sighs and walks out of room, down the hall to the nurse's station.

NURSE 2  
(looks up)  
What's going on?

RILEY  
Can I get another pillow and blanket?

NURSE 2  
What happened to yours?

RILEY  
The ghost took it.

The nurse cocks her head to the side.

NURSE 2  
The ghost?

RILEY  
Yeah.

She walks from behind the station to her room. The nurse turns on the light. Riley, looking down, follows behind her. The two stand over the bed that's empty.

NURSE 2  
Huh, that's weird.

Riley looks up at her.

RILEY  
You see it too?

The nurse looks at Riley.

NURSE 2  
What are you talking about? Of course I can see it.

The two walk out of the room to the supply closet next to the TV room. The nurse enters and leaves Riley. Riley crosses her arms and rubs them, warming herself. The nurse returns with a white cotton blanket that is steaming a little, a pillow that is light blue, and a set of thin sheets.

RILEY  
 (whispers)  
 Thank you.

She reaches out for them, and they fall to the ground, out of the nurse's hands.

NURSE 2  
 Oh no!

The nurse kneels down to pick them up. A shadow falls over her from Riley. She looks up at Riley and her eyes are bright, but the rest of her is in shadow. She hands Riley the blankets.

NURSE 2 (CONT'D)  
 If there's anything else you need,  
 let me know.

Riley nods, takes the blankets, and walks off. The nurse follows her and watches Riley make up her bed. The overhead light is obscenely, institutionalized white. Riley lays down after the bed is made.

NURSE 2 (CONT'D)  
 Goodnight Riley.

She turns off the lights, closes the door almost all the way, leaving a bright sliver of light in the room. Riley sighs, the room not completely dark, but shadows in every part of the room, sharp and oppressive. She rolls over and falls asleep.

INT. PSYCH WARD - BEDROOM - LATER

Riley startles awake from a deep sleep. She is in a fetal position, and her blankets are missing again. She shivers, a shadow falling across her body. She breathes, and her breath can be seen. Riley sighs and gets up, pulling up her socks to cover her loose scrubs.

She stands up and walks into the shockingly bright light of the hallway. Riley blinks and rubs her eyes, walking to the nurse's station.

NURSE 2  
 It's really late, Riley. What're  
 you doing up at this hour?

RILEY  
 (whispers)  
 Can I get another blanket?

The nurse furrows her brow.

NURSE 2

Again?

Riley shifts her stance from the left to the right. She looks down at her feet, at the green socks.

RILEY

(whispers)

Yes.

The nurse gets up and walks to the supply closet, coming back faster than before with a couple of blankets. She is shaking her head.

NURSE 2

Let me walk you back again.

She takes the lead, walking back to the room quickly, with Riley trailing behind. She gets to the room first and opens the door. PATIENT 5, a 30s white male, is leaning over the bed grabbing the pillow and sheets. He is in shadow, and he turns, his eyes shining like a possum that's been caught.

The nurse turns on the light.

NURSE 2 (CONT'D)

Hey! You can't be in here!

Patient 5 groans turning into a growl. The nurse pushes Riley back into the hallway, and presses a worn out blue button on the wall outside her room. A pulsating alarm sounds, and two security guards come running up to the door.

NURSE 2 (CONT'D)

(to Riley)

Go to the nurse's station and wait there.

Riley turns and starts walking away, looking straight ahead, as the security guards and the nurse file into the room.

EXT. PSYCH WARD - DAY

Riley steps out of the shadow of the building into the cold light of day. She wears her jacket, but under it, she still wears her scrubs with boots hastily put on as she leaves. She holds close to her the bag of her clothes and underwear.

A car flashes its lights at her, and the horn honks once.

MRS. ARTHUR, O.S.  
Riley! Over here.

Riley looks over and sees her mother waving from the window. She trudges through the unshoveled parking lot to the car. Opening the back door, she sits down, feet still in the snow.

MRS. ARTHUR  
Get in, Riley. We are going to take you home.

Riley turns and puts her bag next to her in the car and very slowly, pulls herself inside. She leaves the door open.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Please shut the door, would you, so we can go? It is very cold out here.

Riley sits there, the door hanging open. Mrs. Arthur looks at David Rogers, who is behind the wheel. He sighs. Mrs. Arthur gets out of the car, checks that Riley's feet are inside, and closes the door.

Mrs. Arthur gets back in, and David starts the car. Riley looks down at her legs, at the thin scrubs.

RILEY  
(whispers)  
I just want to go home.

The car drives out of the parking lot and turns left.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - LATER

Riley and Mrs. Arthur enter the apartment building, the buzz from the door still hanging in the air. She walks over to her mailbox and, holding the bag of personal items in her right arm, flips through her keys to the small mailbox key. It looks like a vintage safety deposit key.

Mrs. Chalfont slowly, one foot at a time, walks to the landing at the top of the stairs.

MRS. CHALFONT  
Oh, hello Riley. Hello, Mrs. Arthur.

Mrs. Chalfont and Mrs. Arthur share a look.

MRS. CHALFONT (CONT'D)  
Is everything alright?

MRS. ARTHUR

(sighs)

Everything is fine, Mrs. Chalfont. She was in the hospital for a little bit longer this time.

MRS. CHALFONT

(shakes her head)

Poor thing. I know how tough it can be being in the hospital. I basically lived there for three weeks when my husband was-

MRS. ARTHUR

(holds up a hand)

Yes, it is very difficult being in the hospital. Did Riley get any packages in the mail while she was away?

Mrs. Chalfont frowns and reaches into her white cardigan pocket for her mailbox key.

MRS. CHALFONT

I didn't see any, that I can think of. Was she expecting anything?

Mrs. Chalfont and Mrs. Arthur turn to Riley who is throwing away her mail in the bin near the mailboxes. She closes the mailbox, puts the keys in her scrub's pocket and walks around Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Chalfont toward her apartment.

MRS. ARTHUR

I do apologize. She is not feeling like herself right now. She has had a shock.

MRS. CHALFONT

(nods)

I understand. Was this time worse than last time?

MRS. ARTHUR

I think it was. She would have stayed longer, but her insurance ran out.

Mrs. Arthur checks her watch and snuffles. Mrs. Chalfont walks up to her and touches her shoulder gently. Mrs. Arthur leans over and gives Mrs. Chalfont a hug.

MRS. CHALFONT

It's going to be ok.

MRS. ARTHUR

I am so worried about her. I have never seen her like this. It is not like her.

Mrs. Chalfont pulls back and manages a smile.

MRS. CHALFONT

I just have a feeling it's going to be ok. She needs to rest some more, is all. I'll bring her a casserole, so she doesn't have to cook.

Mrs. Arthur pulls a handkerchief out of her pocket and wipes her eyes. She takes a deep breath and puts the handkerchief back.

Suddenly, they hear screams coming from inside the apartment. Mrs. Arthur throws open the door, and Mrs. Chalfont follows.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The two enter and find Riley, on the floor, cross legged and rocking back and forth. All of the cabinet doors are open, but the shelves are completely bare. Mrs. Chalfont and Mrs. Arthur share a look. Mrs. Arthur turns back to Riley while Mrs. Chalfont walks into the room, looking the cupboards over.

MRS. ARTHUR

Where did all your food go?

Riley begins crying. She stops rocking back and forth and hugs herself. Mrs. Arthur leans down and puts a hand on her shoulder.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Riley, where did it all go?

She shakes her head and looks down at a crumb on the floor.

Mrs. Arthur stands up and looks again at Mrs. Chalfont who is closing the cabinets and shaking her head. Mrs. Arthur walks into the apartment, through each room. Riley's bed is stripped of its blanket, and, checking the closet, she notices that several pairs of shoes are missing the left one. Her closet is missing several dresses, and her underwear drawer is open and appears to be rifled through.

She walks back to the kitchen, taking her phone out of her pocket and looks at Mrs. Chalfont leaning down and rubbing Riley's back. She looks up at Mrs. Arthur.



MRS. CHALFONT  
Was she robbed?

Mrs. Arthur dials the police.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(whispers)  
Something is going on here.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Two police officers walk up to the door, the male officer taking a notebook out of his pocket and knocking. Mrs. Arthur opens the door for them, and they enter, walking into the living room. Mrs. Arthur follows behind them. Riley sits cross legged on the couch, wrapped in a blanket.

MRS. ARTHUR  
What can we do?

MALE OFFICER  
Ma'am, there's nothing we can do  
except wait for now.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(annoyed)  
Are you telling me that you are not  
going to do anything about this?

MALE OFFICER  
There's nothing to be done in the  
immediate except call her insurance  
company to get the food replaced.  
It looks like a general break in.

MRS. ARTHUR  
I do not believe that. I believe my  
daughter has had things happen over  
time, that she tried to tell me  
about, and I did not listen. It has  
only gotten worse until now.

FEMALE OFFICER  
There's nothing we can do at this  
point. I would suggest she leave or  
call us if something else happens,  
so we can document it.

MRS. ARTHUR  
You are all useless. This is  
ridiculous! Does she have to have  
bodily harm happen to her before  
you act?!

The two officers look at each other and then back at Mrs. Arthur.

MALE OFFICER

Maybe she should stay with you for a while.

RILEY

I'm not leaving. This is my home.

MRS. ARTHUR

Do your job and catch who is doing this to her.

MALE OFFICER

Ma'am. Ma'am! There is absolutely nothing we can do at this point.

The two officers move toward the door, the male officer putting his notepad away. Mrs. Arthur follows them as they exit. As they stand in the hallway, they turn back to look at Mrs. Arthur.

FEMALE OFFICER

Please call us if-

Mrs. Arthur slams the door closed.

MRS. ARTHUR

If you're not going to do anything, I'll just help her myself!

She leans against the door, breathing heavily. She stands up and crosses her arms, walking back into the living room. Riley looks up at her.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Riley? Do you think you should leave for a few days while we sort this out?

RILEY

I want to be home.

She stands up and leaves to crawl into bed. She lays in a fetal position. Mrs. Arthur sighs heavily.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A shadow passes over Mrs. Arthur who is asleep on the couch, hugging her arms around her for warmth. She is still wearing her clothes but has removed her shoes which are on the floor next to her.

Mrs. Arthur wakes with a jolt. She looks up at the ceiling as heavy sounds are heard. She sees the light from the hallway shake.

Riley steps into the living room with a blanket wrapped around her. She moves toward the kitchen.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(whispers)  
Riley! Riley! Come here.

The sound continues moving from the living room back towards the kitchen. Mrs. Arthur follows the sound with her eyes, her face in shadow, eyes illuminated. Eventually the sound stops.

Mrs. Arthur looks down and straightens her pencil skirt. She takes off her jacket, sets it down gently on the couch and walks toward the kitchen slowly, each step measured.

Riley looks down at the running water, filling a dull yellow tea kettle. The water sloshes onto the floor as she walks over to the stove.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
Riley.

Riley looks up from the stove, whose burner is steaming from the water, as she drops a tea bag into a red cup.

RILEY  
Mmm?

MRS. ARTHUR  
Did you hear that just now?

Riley shakes her head and looks back down at the cup.

RILEY  
(whispers)  
No.

Mrs. Arthur nodded her head and looked up at the ceiling again, the overhead light stretching the shadows down her side.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(whispers)  
I heard it this time. It was definitely there.

Riley shrugs as the tea kettle steams. Mrs. Arthur stands close to Riley and casts her in shadow as Riley shrinks away. She turns to Mrs. Arthur, her face in the light, the rest of the room in shadow.

Mrs. Arthur puts a hand on her shoulder, and Riley looks up. She cries, and Mrs. Arthur pulls her into a hug. Riley sobs as she leans against her.

RILEY  
(whispers)  
Am I crazy, mom?

Mrs. Arthur pulls her back. The room is bright now, with no shadows.

MRS. ARTHUR  
I think you are going through something.

Mrs. Arthur pulls her back into a tight embrace.

MRS. ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
I am so, so sorry I did not believe you.

Riley stops crying and shakes in her mother's arms. She reaches up and hugs her back.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mrs. Arthur and David Rogers open the door into the hallway. David carries several opaque plastic bags. Mrs. Arthur walks into the living room where Riley is leaning over her laptop, deep in focus. When Mrs. Arthur sits down next to her, she looks up, her concentration broken. Riley smiles weakly at her mother and closes the laptop.

David sets the bags down, and Mrs. Arthur leans over and pulls out the contents: they have brought nanny cams.

MRS. ARTHUR  
(nods and sighs)  
We should get this set up before dark.

RILEY  
Will it record at night, too?

MRS. ARTHUR  
(picks up box looking it over)  
It should.

DAVID ROGERS  
Yes, I asked the clerk, and he said yes.

Riley reaches over and touches her mom's hand that's holding the box. She looks at Riley.

RILEY

Are we going to catch them?

MRS. ARTHUR

You can be damned sure of that.

David starts opening the boxes, pulling them out, one after another. They look like old style clock radios.

DAVID ROGERS

(looking around the room)

Where should we put these?

From another angle, the room is shown from the nanny cam. David is fiddling with it on the bookshelf, looking down on them. Mrs. Arthur stands next to him, steadying him on the step stool. Riley is in the background, downloading an app, looking at her phone.

RILEY

The app is working. I can see you through it.

DAVID ROGERS

(grunts)

Alright, let's put the other one in place.

RILEY

Are you going to be here when they come?

Her mother walks up to her, and puts a hand on her shoulder.

MRS. ARTHUR

We are going to be close by, down on the street. We will be up and watching all night if they come. And, we will be here so fast if they show up.

RILEY

Do you think this will work?

MRS. ARTHUR

I have no idea, but it is better than doing nothing.

David walks up to Riley and hands her a gold baseball bat.

DAVID ROGERS

We got this, too, for your protection.

Riley looks David over and nods slowly. She reaches out and takes the bat. Mrs. Arthur pulls out her handkerchief and wipes her eyes. David walks over to Mrs. Arthur and wraps his arms around her.

RILEY

What's wrong, mom?

MRS. ARTHUR

I regret not believing you sooner. I feel terrible. What if something had happened to you? It would have been my fault.

Riley looks down at the bat and clenches it tightly. She looks up at Mrs. Arthur.

RILEY

Let's hope I don't have to use it.

Her mother breaks away from David's embrace and reaches to grab Riley's left arm that's holding the bat.

MRS. ARTHUR

I know, my darling. But, it is better to be safe than sorry.

INT. RILEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Starting in the kitchen, a long panning shot into the hallway, down past the living room, and into Riley's bedroom. Riley lays in bed, under her blanket, holding her phone close to her. With her left hand, she holds the bat close to her body.

She throws the blankets back and leans over to turn off the light, cradling the bat.

She pulls the blanket over her, the light from her phone illuminating her face in blue light. She has trouble breathing, and she begins to box breathe. She does this for a long moment before finally relaxing.

Riley leans puts her cellphone down and closes her eyes.

Suddenly, it's later, and her cellphone is vibrating. She opens her phone, and looks at the camera alarm. She hears the slider open in the living room.

Checking the camera, there is a shadow stepping into the living room. Silently, holding her breath, she gets up from the bed and grips the bat.

She walks into the open closet, and slowly reaches down and closes it with her left hand. Riley puts her right hand over her mouth and looks as the shadow opens her door the shadow falling over the bed.

Riley shakes, a single tear from her left eye as she looks at the shadow entering the room. They're wearing a polyester balaclava with night vision goggles.

Suddenly, Riley bursts through the closet door, and raises the bat, which is shining brightly. Holding it defensively, she swings at him, but he jumps back quickly and runs into the hallway. The light from the hallway flashes and the STRANGER is blinded.

Riley runs up to him and swings again, missing him again as he stumbles to the slider door. David Rogers and Mrs. Arthur rush into the room.

MRS. ARTHUR

You will not escape! We have  
already called the police.

The stranger opens the slider door, and Riley moves toward him and swings again. This time, she catches his head with a heavy thunk. He hits the floor, plunged into shadow from David and Mrs. Arthur. His night vision glasses fall off as he exhales a heavy sigh.

From the window, the lights from police vehicles illuminate the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Riley and her mother sit in white plastic chairs in the middle of a long, empty hallway. David stands next to them, crossing his arms, staring off to the right.

Her mother opens up the app on her phone and replays the video of Riley hitting the stranger with her baseball bat. Riley leans over and looks at it, too.

RILEY

Have you given that to the police  
yet?

MRS. ARTHUR

Not yet. But, I will. You did it.  
He has been caught.

Suddenly, a door opens in front of them, and a DETECTIVE walks out. He looks at the floor and then at the three of them. He sighs.

RILEY  
What's going on?

DETECTIVE  
(scratches the back of his head)  
He hasn't confessed yet. He said he didn't want to talk to us.  
(pause, to Riley)  
He said that if you talk to him, he'll give a statement.

MRS. ARTHUR  
No way, there is no way! We have proof he did it. It simply does not matter what he says.

Riley stands up and looks down at her mother, and then to the Detective.

RILEY  
I'll go in. I'm not scared of this spook anymore.

The detective reaches out and gives space for Riley to walk. She walks ahead of him, and he keeps pace with her.

DETECTIVE  
I will be behind the glass, watching you. You are completely safe. He's chained up, so he can't hurt you.

RILEY  
(whispers)  
He should be scared of me.

David and her mother exchange a look as the door closes.

From behind the glass, a few cops stand around watching Riley enter the room. The stranger, from the right side of the table, lifts his head from his hands. When he sees Riley, he leans forward on the table, trying to relax his handcuffs to a more comfortable position. He folds his hands as if they aren't there. He smiles weakly when he sees her.

STRANGER  
Hello.



Riley steps forward, standing over him casting him in shadow. He leans back in his chair uncomfortably and frowns.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

I wanted to say-

Riley puts up a hand, and he closes his mouth. She looks him over. He is pale and skinny with bright green eyes and a shaved head.

RILEY

I have something to say first, and then I don't care what you have to say.

The stranger opens his mouth as if to speak, but then closes it. He nods slowly.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You have haunted me, making my life a living hell. And, now, you're going to pay for what you did to me, whether you confess or not.

(pause)

Do you understand? Nod if you understand.

The stranger looks down at his hands, and nods weakly. He pulls against the handcuffs, trying to put them in his lap and being unable to.

RILEY (CONT'D)

(nods)

Good, that's real good. Now, the only reason I agreed to to this is to say that you're not getting away with this, and to also say this: I forgive you.

The stranger snaps his head to look at her, and his mouth opens.

RILEY (CONT'D)

That's right. I forgive you. I don't need that hate in my heart because it's a poison that could kill me, and I'm not allowing you any more control over me.

She looks down at him with a wicked, withering look. He looks down at his hands, which are raised upward. He leans forward and puts his head in his hands.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I don't know why you did what you did, and, honestly, I don't give a fuck. I don't want to hear it. Tell the judge, tell the press, tell the police, but don't make excuses to me, because I could give a shit why you did it.

Riley turns to look at the mirror and sees herself standing tall in the reflection. She nods.

STRANGER

I'm... sorry. For everything. For what I've done.

Riley walks to the door that opens as she approaches it. The stranger looks up at her as she walks through.

RILEY

You should be.

The light is illuminating her face, and the light above the stranger flickers briefly before the door closes.

INT. RAGE ROOM - LATER

Riley walks into the room, holding the golden bat. She steps past various bits and pieces of plastic and ceramics that litter the floor. On various pedestals around the room, several large, clay pots sit. There are various angry faces painted on the outside. On the edge of the room is a karate kick bag. She positions herself in front of the first clay pot. She tests the swing and then pulls back with potential energy.

RILEY

You gaslit me!

She swings and breaks the pot, sending pieces flying in every direction. Riley adjusts her safety glasses and walks to the next pot.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You put me in the hospital!

She swings again and the breaking is louder, more hollow, breaking into larger pieces, with less of a satisfying break. She frowns and walks to the next pot.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You raped me!

Walking to the center of the room, she screams as she hits the bag over and over.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
You... haunted... me! That's not ok!

Suddenly, she stops and leans forward, breathing hard. She stands up and leans with both hands on the bat, catching her breath.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I'm... going... to... be... ok.

From her back pocket, her phone rings. She pulls it out and checks the call id. It's Doctor Walters.

DOCTOR WALTERS, V.O.  
Hi, Riley.

Riley frowns.

RILEY  
Hello, Doctor Walters.

DOCTOR WALTERS, V.O.  
Are you ok? You missed your last appointment. I wanted to check in and see how you're doing. Is everything copacetic?

Riley holds the bat in her left hand and leaves the room, turning out the light into the hallway. She is in the darkness of the hallway.

RILEY  
Well.

DOCTOR WALTERS, V.O.  
What is it, Riley?

Riley walks out of the Rage Room, onto the street. She is bathed in a bright day, the snow shockingly bright. The heat escapes her mouth. Riley closes her eyes and turns her head up and smiles.

RILEY  
I don't want to see you anymore.  
I'm going to find a new therapist.  
You can send me my last bill to my address.

DOCTOR WALTERS, V.O.  
Wait!

Riley hangs up the phone and looks up again, smiling brightly.

FADE OUT