

A W A K E

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INT. BATHROOM - DAY

We drift into a sleek modern bathroom. Towards a claw foot tub in the corner.

A young woman lies unconscious under the water.

Small bubbles freckle her face and eyelids.

The drip...

drip...

drip of the faucet echoes.

We watch this submerged woman. Quiet. Peaceful.

That is, until the water stains pink. Then red. Thin streams of blood ink towards her face. Spiral and twirl.

MUFFLED VOICES fill the room. And her eyes shoot open.

The peace lost.

She's yanked from the water.

And GASPS. Desperate for air.

The woman--ANNABEL--late twenties and pale with black hair. Pretty I suppose, if you could get past a deep SCAR on her cheek and a stubborn furrow to her brow.

HOSPITAL AIDES drag her from the tub. Cover her in towels.

Bloody streams cover her arms and legs.

But they clean them quickly from her view.

She trembles, shaking. Truly in shock.

A nurse walks--50s with pursed lips and tight pulled back hair, NURSE PARKS.

NURSE PARKS

Close that damn window. It's freezing.

An Aide rushes to slam the window. The Nurse kneels beside Annabel. Covers her tightly in another towel.

Annabel throws up water, gagging. She looks up at the staff, searching for a sympathetic glance. Nurse Parks smiles at her, all teeth.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

We don't tolerate that here.

ANNABEL
Where...where am I?

She slaps Annabel across the face. Hard.

NURSE PARKS
Clean her up.

The Nurse leaves.

Aides force Annabel to stand on shaky legs.

ANNABEL
Please...I--I don't remember.

They pull Annabel from the room. Dragging her bloody footprint behind them.

Her eyes flutter and close.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Annabel wakes up in a sparse modern bedroom. Alone.

White and bleak. Large blinding windows.

She's dressed in plain light blue clothing, head to toe.

Annabel clutches her arms and legs. Looking for cuts or blood. But there's nothing.

Only a BARCODE TATTOO on her wrist. It's curious to her, but not her biggest question right now.

She wraps herself in a blanket. Peeks inside the attached bathroom.

It's undisturbed. Cleaned and bleached. No puddles or blood.

Walks to the window. Behind thick impenetrable glass is an expansive view of evergreens.

Serenity. Seclusion.

Beyond them, a dark frozen lake peeking through the trees.

She shuffles towards the door. Tries it.

Locked.

She knocks lightly.

ANNABEL
Hello?

Tries it again. Desperate now.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Is anyone there?

She bangs at the door.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Please.

There's the sound of a KEY IN THE LOCK. Annabel steps back.

An Aide looks in, 30s with a boyish face--JACOB.

JACOB
Annabel, what's wrong?

ANNABEL
Ummm...my--my door was locked.

He seems confused.

JACOB
Yes, I locked it.

Annabel shakes. Looks around the sterile room.

ANNABEL
I--I need help.

JACOB
What happened?

ANNABEL
I don't know. I--I just--

JACOB
Don't you remember?

She shakes her head.

A flash of worry across his face. Takes a step inside. Still blocking her path.

JACOB (cont'd)
You're safe. I promise. You're in a hospital.

ANNABEL
I don't feel sick.

Jacob pulls a syringe from his pocket.

JACOB

It's all going to be okay. Let me give you something to relax. And then I can explain everything.

Annabel backs away.

ANNABEL

I said I'm fine. Just tell me what's going on.

He puts a finger to his lips: *shhhhhh*. And comes inside her room, the thin needle in his outstretched hand.

JACOB

I'm gonna help you, Annabel.

ANNABEL

That's not my name. It's--it's...

She thinks. Can't remember.

He takes another step towards her and--

SLAM.

She pushes past him. Shoves Jacob to the ground.

Out the door and to--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An empty hallway. Gray and bare. Closer to a mausoleum than a medical ward.

JACOB

Please, I--

He struggles to stand.

Annabel runs off. Down the door-lined hallway.

She sprints. Bare feet on cold cement. Turns the first corner and into--

A patient--RECLUSE (30s), giggling and glass-eyed with long greasy hair. He's in a matching blue uniform.

RECLUSE

BOO.

He cackles. Brings a mitten-ed hand to his mouth. Naws at it. Guttural purrs from his throat.

Annabel scrambles away.

STAFF and other PATIENTS peek out of open doors. They whisper. Point at Annabel.

One Aide, tablet in hand, hurries towards them.

JACOB (O.S.)
Hey, come back!

Jacob rounds the corner. Rushes towards her.

She bolts away. Down one identical hallway to the next.

Passing wide windows, deep woods in every direction. Truly isolated.

Staff turn and stare as Annabel runs past.

An exit sign flashes above a double door. She bursts through.

INT. REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And into a Rec Room. Sterile and spacious. Filled with hand-me-down furniture and glass-eyes PATIENTS in blue uniforms.

A few simple toys and TVs, unused or broken at best.

Everyone turns at the commotion. Staff whisper to each other.

Annabel rushes through the room.

Jacob isn't far behind, but he keeps his distance.

JACOB
Please. We need you to come back to your room now.

She turns, tries to run. When--

JACOB (cont'd)
I'll explain.

--Annabel trips and knocks over a cart of food.

She tries to crawl away, straight into a figure blocking her path, Nurse Parks. Stops her with a single look.

Aides rush the room. Jacob watches from the doorway. Tries to keep invisible.

NURSE PARKS
(to Aides)
Get the jacket until she calms down.

An Aide runs over. Struggles to restrain Annabel in a straitjacket.

ANNABEL
Please. Please don't.

Annabel tries to pull away. Breaking down to tears.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I don't understand.

NURSE PARKS
Calm down, Annabel. All will be explained.

She struggles against the jacket. Hurting herself and the staff. Nurse Parks grabs her throat.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
You'll calm down now or--

DOCTOR DAWSON
Nurse Parks, is this really necessary?

Onlooking Patients and Staff freeze. Silently turn towards a Doctor entering the room, mid-forties and a lab coat. Undeniably in charge--DOCTOR DAWSON.

NURSE PARKS
Excuse me?

He crosses the room slowly. Stares down the Nurse.

DOCTOR DAWSON
There's no need to restrain her.

The Doctor helps Annabel to stand.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I'm sure Annabel just needs a proper introduction.

Slips her arms from the straitjacket. A delicate touch.

NURSE PARKS
Yes, Doctor. Of course, you're right.

He looks to Annabel, as if for the first time. A warmth and softness to him.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Are you alright?

He smiles. And she falls for it. Calms.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I'm sure you have questions...

She nods.

He searches her gaze. Puts a heavy hand on her shoulder.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Then let's try to clear some of those
up for you then.

Leads her from the room. The crowd watches.

NURSE PARKS
I'll be right with you.

Not looking back. Still walking.

DOCTOR DAWSON
No, I think we'll be just fine, thank
you.

They leave.

Nurse Parks turns to Jacob, still hiding in the doorway.

NURSE PARKS
I'd like to talk with you.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The Doctor holds onto Annabel's arm. Firm but soft. The way
a parent would lead their child across a busy street.

They pass a locked RED DOOR.

Annabel glances back at it. A moment of clarity or
recognition...but it fades.

He leads her into an office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

His office is clean, not a trace of personality.

A desk, heavily weighed by towers of neatly stacked
paperwork. No windows.

There's a large oak table separated by two uncomfortable
chairs.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I thought some privacy would do us
good. Don't you think?

He sits. Motions for her to do the same.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You're quiet today.

She takes the seat farthest from him.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
How are you feeling?

ANNABEL
Is this a hospital?

Almost a smile from him.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Something like that.

He moves to sit next to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Can you hold out your arm for me?

She listens. Slowly exposes her arm. He lifts her sleeve. Just enough for him to see white rippling SCARS up her forearm--what we are going to think are self harm cuts.

He pulls the fabric back down before she notices them. Puts fingers to her wrist, right over the barcode. Counts down her pulse.

ANNABEL
Why were they chasing me?

He holds up a finger. A silent *shhhh*.

She listens.

And he's done. Writes something in a black notebook.

The Doctor pulls out a stethoscope. Holds it to her chest.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Why were you running?

ANNABEL
I--I don't know.

Another *shhhh* as he works.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Stop that.

She pulls the stethoscope from her chest.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Answer me.

Really, truly a smile from him now. He writes something in his notebook.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 You're doing well today. Really well.
 (a moment)
 What kind of questions do you have?

There's a quiet charm about him. And an unbreakable gaze. It puts her at ease, if even for a moment.

ANNABEL
 What am I doing here?

He goes back to his own seat.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 If you remembered you wouldn't need to be here in the first place.

ANNABEL
 That's not an answer.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 It wasn't a specific question. Try again.

She stands. Goes to leave.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
 Do you know your name?

Annabel stops at the door.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
 It's okay if you don't.

ANNABEL
 It's Annabel.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Not what you heard. What you know.

ANNABEL
 No. I...I didn't remember.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 It's because you're sick.

She turns back to him. Hand off the knob.

ANNABEL
 I feel fine.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 But you're not. And somewhere deep down you know that.

She takes her seat again.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Everyone here is ill, just like you.
I'm fighting for them. One day it will
all be worth it when we have a cure.
And I can help you too. But only if
you let me.

She runs her hands along the barcode at her wrist. As if it
might hold more answers.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Memory is so fragile--susceptible to
decay, deterioration...disease. But
you need to understand, you're not
lost. And you will come back from
this. We all can.

ANNABEL
But who was I? I want details.
Something...anything.

DOCTOR DAWSON
We'll share that information when
you're ready for it. When you're
better. Not before.

ANNABEL
And if I don't get better?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Then you won't be missing them anyway.

ANNABEL
How do I even know I can trust you?

DOCTOR DAWSON
That's really up to you. I doubt
anything I say can sway that.

He reaches for her hand across the table. She pulls it back.

ANNABEL
You're right.

A moment. And he smiles. Laughs out loud. Stands and claps
his hands together.

DOCTOR DAWSON
It's good to know we're not the only
ones fighting on your behalf.

He heads to the door.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Can I show you something?

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Doctor strolls through a lobby with Annabel. A firm hand on her shoulder again.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You're new to our facility, so this must all be very scary. It's like starting a story at the end. Putting together a puzzle without a picture.

She buttons up a heavy winter coat. Looks up to cascading ceilings above. Stained glass windows and ornate stone walls unlike the rest of the facility.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
But we have plenty to keep everyone busy here. Music...art...sports and leisure. Whatever you could hope for, we can provide. It helps our patients, you know, really get the most out of their treatment.

Staff bustle through the room.

Patients stand like gargoyles frozen in corners and chairs. Adrift in time and mind. Dead 50-foot stares.

ANNABEL
Are they okay?

He leads her away.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Yes, of course.

A PIANO echoes across the room. A single patient playing beautifully. Eyes closed.

ANNABEL
That's...nice.

Annabel watches the PIANIST, a man (50s) with lightly graying hair. Singularly focused on the song.

The Doctor studies Annabel's gaze.

A NURSE LEE, 30s and bubbly, approaches the piano. Hands the Pianist water and pills. And the Pianist stops playing. Stands and accepts the medication with a lofty smile.

But the music keeps playing.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Come on now, plenty to see.

Annabel glances back to one patient on a couch, the Recluse. His face flat to a window, watching a bug climb the glass.

The Doctor pulls her along, towards the double doors at the front of the lobby.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You'll have the best care in the world here for someone with your... condition. And I'd like to be able to convince you that we're here for your best interest. But...

He stops in front of the doors.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
...at any moment you can leave--walk right out these doors and never see any of us again.

Annabel makes a step towards the doors. He opens it. Walks out with her.

EXT. FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The cold air fogs at her lips. Annabel pulls her coat tighter and takes in--

TALL EVERGREENS in all directions. A singular sliver of a road weaving through the trees.

The facility juts into the wood. Out of place in the wilderness, like a cut and shapely stone.

DOCTOR DAWSON
This way, Annabel.

He heads down a thin dirt path along the building. She follows. Keeping her eyes on the facility. Looming large, dark, and sleek. Cutting into the darker gray sky.

A CREW-CUT AIDE walks closely behind them now. He's harsh and hawk-like. More like security than medical.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Your new treatment is going very well. You're up and about. Talking. Remembering.

They go around a bend and into--

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A quaint garden, nestled against the building. Large windows at the far end look right into the Rec Room.

A small fountain flows. Ice crusting around its edges.

But the garden is in full bloom. Gorgeous. Annabel's breath fogs in the cold. She shivers.

ANNABEL

It's very pretty.

He leads her to a small bench. They sit.

DOCTOR DAWSON

I'm happy you like it.

Annabel nods. And he searches her face. Expecting something the rest of us can't.

ANNABEL

But...

She looks around the garden. Reaches for a particular lily. Gently, and pulls back. Turns to him.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

...it's fake?

He chuckles.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Of course *you'd* notice. Most of our patients wouldn't. Or if they did they wouldn't remember. Beautiful though, still. If you don't look too close.

Annabel nods. Goes to feel the flower again. But decides against it.

He pulls out a flashlight from his pocket. Goes to touch her. Hesitates.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

May I?

She nods. He carefully holds her chin. Lifts it gently. Flashes the light in her eyes. She follows it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

Hey...there you are. Awake today. Bright eyed. Even smiling.

She lets a little smile. Can't help it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Having a good day it looks like. Are
you feeling any disorientation?

ANNABEL
I don't think so.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Fogginess. How about that?

She shakes her head.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Good. That's good.

His attention turns to something behind Annabel. Shakes his
head at someone off-screen.

Annabel turns to see Nurse Lee. With her, a young boy,
NATHAN (2). Hanging from her arm, bright blue eyes and
rambunctious--the way a young boy is.

And behind her, a shy YOUNG GIRL (4) with black hair and
freckles.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
(to Annabel)
Excuse me.

He gets up. Goes to the kids.

The Doctor hugs the boy. Kisses his cheek and sits him on
his knee. Ruffles the little girl's hair.

Annabel stands and watches them from a distance.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
(to Nurse Lee)
I thought you were bringing them by
on Friday?

NURSE LEE
It is Friday, Doctor.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Right. Right, of course.

The little boy peeks behind his father's armpit. Sees
Annabel. Runs to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Nathan! Stop, come right...

Nathan scurries to Annabel. Looks at her curiously. He hugs her leg. Smiles up to her with a toothless grin.

Annabel kneels next to him.

ANNABEL
Well, who are you?

But the boy is quiet. Silly. Plays with the frays of her clothes.

The Doctor's concerned. But stays away. The young girl hides behind her father's leg. Peeks at Annabel.

DOCTOR DAWSON
It's time to head back inside now.
Let the patient have some space.

Nathan scampers back to his father.

Annabel looks back to the Doctor. He turns away from her. His attention on the children.

ANNABEL
Doctor?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Yes?

ANNABEL
How long have I been here?

He pauses. Too long for comfort.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Just a few days. And we'll have you
out in no time.

And turns. Ending the conversation. He heads back inside with the children.

Nurse Lee hovers nearby.

NURSE LEE
I'll be if you need anything.

ANNABEL
Can I stay here? Just a little while
longer.

NURSE LEE
You can stay as long as you like.

Nurse Lee takes a seat nearby.

Annabel goes back to the bench. Sits alone. Looks out at the deep endless woods beyond the facility.

Beside her, snow melts off a plant. The DRIP DRIP of droplets. She reaches out. Catches one before it falls.

ANNABEL
(mumbles)
Just a few days.

She shivers against the cold. Runs her trembling fingers across the barcode on her wrist.

There's a loud THWACK. Something hits the back of her head. It knocks her out of a daydream.

Annabel turns back to the garden. Nurse Lee is gone, curious. She's alone except for: GIGGLING.

Annabel spots a smiling girl--ELLIE (14) with dark hair, staring at her from the other side of the garden.

The girl is hidden in the shrubbery. A snowball in one hand. A tight mischievous smile.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
What'd you do that for?

Annabel shakes off the snow from her hair.

She walks towards the girl. Slowly. Crunching through the fresh snow.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I didn't know there were children here. Are you sick too?

Annabel gives a little wave in her direction. Ellie giggles. Throws another snowball at Annabel. It splatters at her feet.

They both laugh.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Ohh, I'm gonna get you now!

The girl runs off into the garden.

Annabel follows. Loses sight of her in the tall shrubbery. But hears light LAUGHTER again.

Annabel stumbles in that direction.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Hey, where'd you go?

She runs through the garden. Just out of reach of the girl.

Annabel trips on a loose rock and falls to the ground.
Crashes hard. Winces.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Ow.

She presses a palm against her leg. And notices:

Blood.

On her fingertips.

Spotting the snow at her feet.

Annabel checks herself.

She winces again at the pain. Pulls up her pant leg. Rips away the fabric just above to the knee.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

What the--

On her inner leg is a crude fresh carving of the word:

L▷AV▷ The skin around it red and irritated.

She tries to stand. Leans on a nearby fence.

But it snaps--

falls away.

And she tumbles down a snowy hill.

SLOSHES to a stop in a wet ravine.

Disoriented. Shakes off her coat. Stumbles to the bank of fresh powder.

In front of her, looming, the building. Or another side of it. Tall black windows jutting out from stone.

A basement.

She traces a finger against the glass. Trying to find a seam. A hint of a reflection.

Annabel presses her face to it. Cups her hands. Can't quite make out anything inside.

Shadows move. A red light. There's faint chatter.

A dark shadowed FIGURE on the other side.

Watching her.

Annabel breaks from the window.
She rushes up the hill. Back to the garden.
Panting. Desperate.
Running and not knowing why.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

An Aide wanders through the garden--it's Jacob. Checks that he is alone.

He pulls out a CELL PHONE tucked into his sock. Makes a call. And--

SMACK.

Annabel runs straight into him.

They crash to the ground.

JACOB
Sorry...

He barely looks up. Scours the path for his phone.

Annabel crawls away from him. Eyes red. Disheveled. Frantic.

ANNABEL
Stay away from me!

Jacob moves away. Hands in the air.

JACOB
I...I didn't touch you.

She backs up. Stands.

JACOB (cont'd)
Are you okay?

Shakes her head.

JACOB (cont'd)
No?

She holds out her bloody hands--but they're bare. Just blue from the cold.

JACOB (cont'd)
I don't understand.

He finds his phone under a bush. Hides it back in his pocket.

She looks at her hands.

ANNABEL
I thought...nevermind.

JACOB
You want me to take you back inside?

ANNABEL
No. I don't want to. I can't.

JACOB
It's pretty cold, you sure?

ANNABEL
Yes.

JACOB
Well, I can't just leave you here.

Jacob reaches for her. She jerks away.

ANNABEL
I SAID NO!

He backs away again.

JACOB
Okay, okay. Sorry.

Annabel looks to the woods. The sun's starting to dip.

ANNABEL
He said I'm allowed to leave. So I am.

JACOB
Really?

ANNABEL
You can't stop me.

JACOB
I'm not planning on it. But are you
sure they'll let you?
(a moment)
It sounds like something they'd say
to keep someone from leaving.

He checks that they're alone.

JACOB (cont'd)
You know, open a door to stop someone
from climbing out a window.

She stomps off. He follows.

ANNABEL
Something's wrong.

JACOB
I know.

A glance back his way.

ANNABEL
Don't follow me.

JACOB
I'm just trying to help.

She stops short. Turns to him.

ANNABEL
Then tell me what the hell is going
on.

Jacob puts a finger to his lip. *Shhhhh*. Looks around the very empty garden.

JACOB
They can't see me talking to you
Annabel, not again. Not here. Come on.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jacob leads Annabel through the facility. They weave through hallways, patients, and staff.

JACOB
(whispering)
I told you before. You don't know
what you're a part of here.

She looks at him, questioning. Stays quiet.

ANNABEL
Where are we going?

Nurse Lee spots them and comes over.

JACOB
(to Annabel)
Just look off and drool or something.

Annabel glares at him. Listens. And goes a little slack. Looks off ahead of her. Avoids the Nurse's watchful gaze.

NURSE LEE
Where are you taking her?

JACOB
Ohhh, just back to her room. I found
her wandering outside in the garden.

NURSE LEE
In this weather?

Jacob nods.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
I know you're new here, but there's
protocol for this kind of thing. We've
been looking for her. She's supposed
to be monitored at all times.

JACOB
That's what I'm doing.

She weighs that. Looks back to Annabel, distant and foggy.

NURSE LEE
You know her room?

JACOB
On our way there right now.

NURSE LEE
I'll let them know.

Nurse Lee starts to walk off. Turns.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
And thanks. It would've been hell if
she got out again.

Jacob nods. Leads Annabel off down the hallway.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
You sure you know where--

JACOB
--Yep, I'll take her straight there.

Nurse Lee watches them go.

JACOB (cont'd)
(whispering)
We don't have much time.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jacob closes the door behind them.

Annabel wanders the room. It's different. Cleaned. A few
odds and ends moved around.

She plays with the petals of a flower at her bedside table.
He goes to the window. A setting sun bleeding through trees.

JACOB
It's...curious.

ANNABEL
What?

JACOB
Your room. What'd you do to get it?

ANNABEL
I thought I was asking the questions.

JACOB
It's different than the others, you know. Other patients don't have this. Not here.

He goes to the door. Makes sure no one is outside. Shuts it.

ANNABEL
I didn't do anything.

JACOB
It's just an observation.

He rummages through her drawers. Not finding anything.

JACOB (cont'd)
And I've been here long enough to know they walk on glass around you. It's interesting...

ANNABEL
I've only been here a few days.

A skeptical glance from him.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
It wasn't an accident you found me in the garden, was it?

He shrugs.

JACOB
I tried to talk to you earlier. Privately.

She takes a step back from him.

ANNABEL
You should go.

JACOB
They aren't going to let you leave.

ANNABEL
We'll see.

JACOB
They're lying to you. You haven't been here just a couple days. I saw you before that. You didn't seem awake though. Not like you are now.

ANNABEL
How long have I been here then?

He shrugs.

JACOB
At least two weeks. That when I came.

ANNABEL
I'm sick. Why would they lie about that?

JACOB
You only think that because THEY told you. You're a blank slate, can't you see. There's no oversight here. No regulation for these treatments. That's why I'm here. And that's why I have to leave before it gets too dangerous.

ANNABEL
I thought you were going to help me.

There are VOICES in the hallway outside.

JACOB
I need your help first.

ANNABEL
That wasn't the deal.

JACOB
If I can find out anything, I need your name. You're full name. And--

He pulls out his phone, grabs her wrist. Takes a photo of the barcode.

JACOB (cont'd)
--this. And then I can try and find some record of you.

Jacob goes to the door. Listens. It's quiet.

JACOB (cont'd)
They'll be here soon. We'll talk
another time. Don't forget.

ANNABEL
Wait.

She goes to Jacob. Hugs him. A little surprised at first,
but he warms to it.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Thank you.

JACOB
I'll see you soon.

Jacob slips out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jacob closes the door.

Turns straight to the Doctor. He's holding a tray of food.
Talks softly with Nurse Parks.

NURSE PARKS
What are you doing here?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Annabel puts her ear to the door. Hears faint CHATTER on the
other side. Can't make out what they are saying.

She goes back to the bed. Rubs the barcode on the wrist.
Lifts her shirt to see it better. Staring at it like it
holds all the answers.

But something else catches her attention. Thin white scars.
She pulls up the sleeve higher.

Rippling scars up her entire forearm. Healed, but deep.

She runs her fingers along them.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

NURSE PARKS
You're not supposed to be interacting
with that patient. Especially after
last week's incident.

JACOB

I'm sorry.

NURSE PARKS

You're just new. Not stupid. Right?

JACOB

I...ummm.

DOCTOR DAWSON

We have a very sensitive ecosystem here. Rules. Routine.

JACOB

I understand completely. I found her outside. A Nurse asked me to bring her here.

The Doctor and Nurse Parks trade glances.

JACOB (cont'd)

She had been outside for a while I think. I hope she's okay, it's winter you know. Patients shouldn't be running around without proper monitoring.

Nurse Parks grins. All teeth.

NURSE PARKS

Where would we be without your keen observation, Jacob.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Thank you for bringing her back.

JACOB

I'm here to help.

Jacob takes his chance to leave. Starts off down the hallway. The Doctor and Nurse share a look.

NURSE PARKS

This is what happens when she doesn't get the same treatment as the rest.

DOCTOR DAWSON

You don't have to say it again.

He goes to Annabel's room. Lightly taps on the door.

NURSE PARKS

Doctor...

DOCTOR DAWSON

You should go.

He walks inside. Closes the door behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Doctor places a tray of food at her bedside.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Hungry?

ANNABEL
A little.

DOCTOR DAWSON
We need to keep your strength up.

Annabel goes to the window. Looks out at the setting sun.

ANNABEL
Should thank you for the view?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Excuse me?

ANNABEL
Not all the other patients have this.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Why would you think that?

She shrugs.

ANNABEL
Just a feeling.

DOCTOR DAWSON
All of our patients are equal
invaluable assets to our program. Each
important in different ways.

ANNABEL
I'm an 'asset'?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Towards the treatment for your
disease, yes. If we heal just one of
you, then we can heal you all.

ANNABEL
That's a nice saying I suppose.

She pokes at the food with a fork.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Did you just come for room service?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Very funny. And, no.

He pulls out a bottle from his pocket. Holds out pills.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
It's part of the treatment we
discussed.

She grabs them, no hesitation. Pops them in her mouth.

ANNABEL
So, Doctor. How long have I been here?

DOCTOR DAWSON
You already asked that question.

ANNABEL
Just making sure the answer hasn't
changed.

He almost laughs. Heads for the door.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
What's my name?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Did you forget already?

ANNABEL
No, my last name.

He opens the door. About to leave.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Williams. Annabel Williams.

The Doctor leaves. Retreating FOOTSTEPS.

Annabel spits out the pills into her palm.

Looks for a place to hide them.

Tucks them under the soil of the flower beside her bed.

ANNABEL
Annabel Williams. Don't forget.

She feels her leg. Brings up the fabric. The carving of the
word $L\triangleright A\triangleright V\triangleright$ still red.

Annabel closes her eyes. Waits for something to come.

But it never does.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Annabel Williams. Don't forget.
Leave.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight bleeds in through the large window. Thick shadows of evergreens across the dark room.

Annabel stirs in bed. Asleep. But unsettled.

Complete silence.

Except...the CREAK of a chair. In the corner, SOMEONE is sitting and watching. Shrouded in the dark.

CREAK.

Annabel wakes suddenly. Sits up in bed.

She curls up. Covers herself in the blanket. Searches the room.

Locks eyes with something...someone.

She SCREAMS.

Scrambles to turn on her bedside light.

The flower pot SHATTERS to the ground.

She finds the switch and CLICK. Light.

But no one is there.

ANNABEL
I SAW YOU.

Annabel stands. Makes a wide circle around her room. Slowly. Carefully.

Peeks around the bed.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I know you're there.

But no one is.

She really is alone.

Except, a CLANG from the dark bathroom.

Annabel jumps back. Runs for her door.

But it's LOCKED.

She BANGS at it. Bloodying her knuckles.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
HELP ME! HELP ME! SOMEONE'S HERE.

The faucet DRIP DRIPS in the bathroom.

A soft squeak of FOOTSTEPS on tile.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
PLEASE! ANYONE.

Her DOOR swings open.

The Doctor runs in. Eyes red. Barely awake.

DOCTOR DAWSON
What's wrong?

ANNABEL
I...I saw...something.

She points to the bathroom. Crumples to the floor.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I think...someone's in there.

He grabs a lamp. Yanks it from the wall. Hurries to the bathroom. Pushes the ajar door. And flicks on the light.

The Doctor lowers the lamp. Wipes his face.

DOCTOR DAWSON
It's just the window. Someone must
have left it open.

He closes it.

Goes to her side.

Annabel shakes. Trembles.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
It's fine.

ANNABEL
No. I saw someone. I know it.

DOCTOR DAWSON
What did they do?

ANNABEL
Noth...nothing. But, I'm in danger.

The Doctor wraps his arms around her. Lifts her to stand.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 You're not in any danger here. Ever.
 Your mind is just playing tricks on
 you.

He leads her back to bed.

Nurse Parks comes into the room.

NURSE PARKS
 Everything okay, Doctor?

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Yes. Just a nightmare.

She doesn't buy it.

ANNABEL
 What if they come back?

He sits in the chair in the corner. Rubs his tired eyes.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Then let them. I'll stay right here
 till morning.

Annabel calms. Crawls back into her covers. Not about to
 sleep.

Beside the bed, she notices the flower she buried the pills
 under. It's BLACK and dying. Curled into itself and
 withered. *The flower pot still intact.*

NURSE PARKS
 Should I get something to help her
 sleep?

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Not necessary. Right, Annabel?

Annabel almost manages a nod.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
 We'll be just fine.

There's a soft DRIP DRIP of a faucet.

Annabel lays down. Eyes wide. Not about to sleep. Watching
 the Doctor. That CREAKING chair.

PRELAP: Louder now. A faucet DRIPPING.

OLD WOMAN (PRELAP)
 Annabel, wake up. Wake up now.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Annabel jolts awake. Sitting in a porcelain claw foot tub.
The same from her bathroom. Hands clutching the rim.

The faucet DRIPS. Making heavy ripples on the water's edge.
She's in her uniform. Soaked. Hair wet and stuck to her face.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
Are you awake, Annabel?

Annabel looks around. She's on a dock. Alone. Stretched out
in front of a cold dark lake. Heavy fog settling over the
water. Surrounded by evergreens.

She nods.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
Can you speak so I can hear you?

ANNABEL
I'm...awake.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
Can you tell me what you see?

She takes it in. A surreal scene.

ANNABEL
A lake.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
Surrounded by evergreens?

She nods. Remembers and then--

ANNABEL
Yes.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
Is anyone there with you?

SOFT CHILDISH LAUGHTER behind her. Turns--but she's alone.

ANNABEL
You're here. I can hear you.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
I'm always there. But you can't see
me right now. You're alone.

(beat)
Can you walk to the water, Annabel?

Annabel tries to stand. But her arms are heavy. Shackled to
the tub.

ANNABEL
I can't get up.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
Are you sure?

Annabel looks to her wrists again. The chains are gone.
She stands, slowly. Getting her bearings. Almost floating,
weightless, her breath shallow...eyes unfocused.

ANNABEL
I'm not quite sure of anything.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
That's okay. Now walk towards the
water.

Annabel listens. Her bare feet slow and precise on the
splintered wood of the dock. Towards the water's edge.

She kneels at it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
What do you see?

ANNABEL
It's just black. I don't see anything.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
What about a reflection?

She reaches--about to break the surface. But thinks better
of it. Pulls her hand away.

ANNABEL
No.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
That's okay. What about across the
lake. What do you see?

Around her, the trees shed dead and decaying leaves. The
black water starts to freeze. A light snow comes down.

She looks out across the lake--pure thick fog. A slow wave
if it settling across the water.

ANNABEL
Just fog, I can't see beyond it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
It's rolling towards you. It looks so
real. Like you can touch it. Stop it.
You almost want to reach out and...

Annabel reaches out. Her hand trembling. The fog spinning and growing, circling her outstretched fingers.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
...grab it.

She grasps for it. But her fingers slip right through. Like it's not even there.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
You can never get a good grasp. Your hands go right through.

ANNABEL
Yes.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
But we won't just wait there for it to change. For another season to come and go.

ANNABEL
What will we do then?

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.)
What would you do?

The fog surrounds her now. Spiraling.

She coughs. Can barely catch her breath.

DOCTOR DAWSON (V.O.) (cont'd)
(*scared, fast*)
What's in the water, Annabel?

Annabel looks down immediately.

Something from below her CUTS through the surface.

A grotesque grey ARM.

CLINGING for Annabel.

Dragging her into the black water.

Annabel SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Annabel SCREAMS. Jerks up in bed. Back in her room.

Dripping sweat.

The Doctor's across the room. Still sitting in the rocking chair. Legs crossed. Writing in his black notebook.

ANNABEL
What--what happened?

DOCTOR DAWSON
You tell me.

She shakes her head. Curls her knees to her chest.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
It was just a test. We've done this before.

ANNABEL
I don't like it.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Your mind's a muscle. This is part of the treatment. It helps, I promise.

She holds her head. Rubs at her temples.

ANNABEL
I just don't remember starting. I was awake and then I--I don't know.

He goes to the foot of her bed. Sits.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Do you know your name? Why you're here?

Annabel nods.

ANNABEL
Don't you dare ask how I'm feeling again.

A smile from him. A wink.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I won't. Not again. At least for today.

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

Nurse Lee walks with Annabel in the facility.

NURSE LEE
We like to keep you busy and active here.

(MORE)

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
 You'll have treatments in the
 mornings, then some personal time.
 After that is lunch. Then--

Nurse Lee checks her tablet.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
 --ooh, it looks like you've been
 scheduled to painting. We can change
 that if you want to though.

ANNABEL
 No, that sounds...nice.

NURSE LEE
 I think so too.

Nurse Lee swipes through the tablet.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
 In the afternoon I recommend some
 fitness, nothing too hard, but the
 pool is nice. The gym too.

ANNABEL
 And every day is the same?

NURSE LEE
 Only if you want it to be.

They pass a RED DOOR. A few staff head inside.

ANNABEL
 What's in there?

NURSE LEE
 Nothing you should worry about.

But Annabel doesn't take her eyes off it. Nurse Lee notices.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
 It's just medical storage.

Nearby, two patients get into an argument. Staff go to
 intervene. Nurse Lee starts off towards them.

NURSE LEE (cont'd)
 (to Annabel)
 Now, you're free to wander. See it for
 yourself. The Doctor will find you in
 a little while for your treatments.

ANNABEL
 I thought I already had them.

The Nurse checks her watch.

NURSE LEE

No, he's been very busy this morning
with other patients. He shouldn't
have seen you yet.

Nurse Lee goes to the commotion. Delicately leads the
patients away from each other.

Annabel walks off.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Annabel wanders into the Rec Room. Most of the patients are
quiet. Comatose or distant.

On a television, a cartoon plays between jittery static.

She takes a seat. No one pays her any mind, except MARGERY--
60s with matted grey hair and soft wrinkled features. Alert
to the room, but not quite able to interact with it.

Margery sits across the room in a wheelchair.

Annabel feels her look. Turns and gives a little wave.

Margery doesn't react. She may as well be staring right
through Annabel.

The TV jitters again. Annabel twists the antenna. Static to
crystal clear picture.

She smiles. But none of the patients react.

Annabel walks off. To a window, outside, the garden. A few
patients bundled against the cold. They babble and whisper.
Some staff watch them and smoke.

Margery wheels herself towards Annabel. The squeaking of
rubber and rusty metal on the linoleum.

But Annabel doesn't notice. And she walks off. Something
else catching her attention--a PAINTING on a far wall.

A blue house. Bright door. Green grass. Window boxes crudely
painted.

She rubs at the scars on her arm. Hidden beneath her sleeve.
And stares at the painting. A memory. Something stirring.

Annabel's reaches. Caresses the hills and valleys of thick
brush strokes on the canvas--

But there's a TAP on her shoulder. It's Jacob.

Annabel gives him a harsh look.

ANNABEL
Where've you been?

JACOB
I can't talk. Not here.

ANNABEL
Did you come back to my room last
night?

JACOB
No, I'm sorry. I needed a couple days.
I just had to figure something out.

ANNABEL
A couple days?

Jacob looks around the room.

Margery is right behind them, listening intently.

JACOB
I couldn't come back without someone
noticing. Please, let's not talk here.

He walks off.

Margery lets out a guttural MOAN.

Annabel jumps back. Finally aware of the woman's presence.

ANNABEL
Ohh, hello.

Margery's stares ahead. Straight through Annabel.

Annabel kneels. Waves a hand in front of her face.

No response.

Annabel looks off to Jacob, but he's already gone.

She follows after him.

DOCTOR DAWSON (O.S.)
Just who I was looking for!

Annabel turns. The Doctor strides over. Notebook in hand.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You making some friends already?

A pang of fear. Until the Doctor nods towards Margery.

ANNABEL
Yeah, she's a real talker.

He chuckles.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Are you ready?

ANNABEL
Do we have to? I'm still really tired
from this morning.

DOCTOR DAWSON
This morning?

He thinks about it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
That doesn't count. And we really
should keep to your treatment
schedule.

ANNABEL
I'm just so tired.

He reaches for her forehead. She pulls away.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Are you feeling unwell?

ANNABEL
No, just tired. I promise.

DOCTOR DAWSON
We can push them off till later if we
have to. But I won't do it again.

Annabel fake yawns.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Shame you aren't up for a surprise
though.

A sly smile her way.

ANNABEL
Surprise?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Well, well. Look who's awake now.

He starts to walk off. Turns back to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You coming?

She glances to where Jacob walked off. Follows the Doctor instead.

Margery's still nearby, a statue. Listening. She turns slowly. Reaches out towards Annabel just as she slips from her grasp.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Annabel follows the Doctor out of the building.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You have a visitor.

A woman, 60s, we'll call her MOTHER but don't believe the name tag. Pinned back hair and a woolen shawl. She's a Mother straight from a Macy's catalog.

She sits in the garden. Turns at their voices. All smiles. Jumps up, wide open arms.

MOTHER
Hon!

Annabel stops short.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Don't you remember? Come on.

ANNABEL
I--

The Doctor nudges her forward. Straight into the arms of this stranger. Who hugs the freakin' life out of her. Dripping with warmth and love.

MOTHER
You look so...well.

Mother holds Annabel's face tightly in her hands. Searching every inch of her.

MOTHER (cont'd)
It's been too long.

Mother goes to the Doctor, gives him a big hug. Just as big.

MOTHER (cont'd)
Thank you, thank you. It's everything you promised. It's working. I can feel it.
(beat)
Now, if you'll excuse us.

The Doctor stiffens.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I should really stay.

She turns him by the shoulder. Nudges him towards the door.

MOTHER
Come on, shooo. This is our time.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Only if that's okay with Annabel.

It's definitely not okay with Annabel. It's written all over her face.

MOTHER
Don't make me say it again now.

The Doctor glances back. Hesitant. Then leaves.

Mother takes a seat. Taps the bench for Annabel to join her.

ANNABEL
Thank you for coming.

MOTHER
Of course.

But something's changed. Mother's colder. Faces away from Annabel. Checks her phone for a moment.

Annabel takes the seat. Tries her best smile.

ANNABEL
I'm so happy you came. I've been...
confused. Just trying to understand.

Mother, a forced smile.

MOTHER
Aren't we all?

A silence. Awkward and ill-placed. Mother puts away her phone.

ANNABEL
He says I'm improving.

MOTHER
Who?

MOTHER (cont'd)
Ohh, right. Yes, the Doctor. I always
had good feelings about him. And you
are getting better. I can tell.

(MORE)

MOTHER (cont'd)
You have the best care in the world
here for someone with your condition.

That's strange. *Have we heard that before?*

ANNABEL
And what is that, my condition?

Mother warms again. Taps Annabel's palm.

MOTHER
Nothing you need to worry about, as
long as you're here and he's trying
to help you.

Annabel glances back to the building. He watches them from
the Rec Room. Not hiding it at all.

She squeezes Mother's hand. Moves closer and whispers:

ANNABEL
But how long have I been here?

Mother pulls her hand back. A little startled. A little
hesitant.

MOTHER
Just a few days. They'll have you out
in no time.

That sits wrong with her. *And it should for you too.*

Annabel stands. Backs up.

ANNABEL
Thank you for visiting. But I'm not
feeling well. I can't miss my
treatments.

MOTHER
Where are you going?

INT. FACILITY - DAY

Annabel rushes inside. Passes the Doctor.

DOCTOR DAWSON
What's wrong?

ANNABEL
Thank you for bringing her in. It was
so great seeing her again.

She hurries off.

INT. FACILITY, KITCHEN - DAY

Jacob's in the kitchen, curiously watching the Doctor and Mother fight in the garden.

A silent argument. But certainly heated. It ends.

Jacobs leaves the room too and--

INT. CENTER, HALLWAY - DAY

Bumps into Annabel.

ANNABEL

Where've you been? I've been looking all over for you.

JACOB

I can say the same thing.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

Jacob ducks into a small stained glass room. It's empty except for a singular grand piano at the center.

Outside, a good view of the lake.

Annabel follows him in.

JACOB

Who were you were talking to?

He closes the door behind her, make sure no one followed them. Locks the door.

ANNABEL

My mother. I think.

A questioning glance her way.

JACOB

You sure?

ANNABEL

No, definitely not. But that's what he told me.

(beat)

But it doesn't matter. I found out my name. You can still help me, right? You can get my records.

Jacob questions that. Something she doesn't know. Takes a seat at the piano bench.

JACOB
We've already talked about that,
Annabel. It's a dead end.

ANNABEL
But--

JACOB
--It's not safe here for me anymore.
You either, or any patient.

ANNABEL
What did you find out?

JACOB
Nothing...tangible. But, I'm going to
leave soon. First chance I get. And I
can take you with me. We'll sort it
all out later.

ANNABEL
I'm not leaving.

JACOB
But you said before--

She turns her back to him. Lifts her sleeve, getting a
better look at those rippling white scars. The black barcode
at her wrist.

ANNABEL
--I'm not going to get answers by
running away.

JACOB
They're lying to you. What don't you
understand about that?

ANNABEL
I know something's wrong...but I--I
don't think I'm in any danger. Not
yet. If I stay, I can find out why
I'm here.

Jacob stands abruptly. Starts to leave.

JACOB
Then you're sicker than I thought.

ANNABEL
Hey! You said you'd help me.

JACOB

I tried. But people are dying here. Disappearing. It's a fuckin' black hole and I won't be sucked into it.

ANNABEL

I don't understand. Hey.

She grabs his arm. Stops him.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Stop!

JACOB

No, you need to stop. You're wrong and gonna get yourself killed. I already told you. There's no record of you as a patient.

That stops her.

ANNABEL

What? You're wrong. That's not possible.

JACOB

And they'll be after me next when they find out why I'm here.

ANNABEL

Why are you here?

JACOB

You're not remembering again. We've talked about this. What did they do you?

Annabel closes her eyes. Trying to remember...anything.

JACOB (cont'd)

This might be your only chance to leave. What's stopping you?

ANNABEL

Because I need information.

JACOB

Stop and just listen to me. There's no record of you because you're not Annabel Williams. She died 4 years ago. It's just another lie they've been telling you.

This shocks her. She's silent for a moment.

ANNABEL
I'm not leaving.

Jacob huffs. Goes to the door.

JACOB
Good luck.

He leaves. Slams the door behind him.

She sits at the piano. Thinking. Face in her hands.

And she POUNDS the keys.

Annabel straightens. Rubs her temples.

ANNABEL
You're Annabel Williams. You've been
here at least two weeks. You're sick.

She wants to believe it. Tries again and again.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
My name is Annabel Williams. I'm
sick.

She rests her hands on the piano. Softer this time. Traces
the white and black keys with her fingers. A faded memory. A
sliver of something...

KNOCK KNOCK.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I said I'm staying.

DOCTOR DAWSON (O.S.)
What does that mean?

Annabel looks up to find the Doctor. Smiling from the
doorway.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Didn't want to startle you.

He comes in. Takes a seat next to her at the piano.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Do you play?

ANNABEL
I'm not sure.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Do you want to try?

She slams the cover closed.

ANNABEL
I don't know how.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Everything alright?

ANNABEL
I'm feeling fine.

DOCTOR DAWSON
That's not what I asked.

ANNABEL
Just...tired.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Well, I just wanted to check in. You seemed upset.

ANNABEL
I thought you wanted to help me, but you still aren't telling me the truth.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Did you ask your mother anything?

Annabel turns to him. Stares him down.

ANNABEL
She was lying.

He turns to her. Taking that it.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Maybe she was just trying to protect you. Learning about your past may not be the best way to look towards your future. It could hurt your progress.

A long heavy look between them.

ANNABEL
Maybe.

He stands. Offers her a hand.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Are you ready for your next treatment then, Annabel?

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Annabel sits on a table. A small medical room bustling with staff. Glowing monitors. Wires.

Nurse Parks directs the staff.

DOCTOR DAWSON
All ready?

NURSE PARKS
Whenever you are.

The Doctor sits beside Annabel.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Now. Just as we talked about. This may hurt a little. But just a pinch.

He pinches her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
But not anymore. Okay?

ANNABEL
Okay. I...I trust you.

Not convincing.

He smiles.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Good.

The Doctor places a mesh covering over her temple, fastens it tightly.

NURSE PARKS
Good of you to finally join us.

Jacob sneaks into the back. Nods apologetically.

Annabel spots him. But he won't make eye contact.

Nurse Parks waves Jacob over. Hands him a clipboard.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
(to Jacob)
Keep an eye on those monitors. Track her vitals, please.

DOCTOR DAWSON
(to Annabel)
I'll be right here with you the whole time.

The Doctor lays her down on the table.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Open for me.

She opens her mouth. He puts a bracer in. Holds her look.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I'm going to count it down for you
now. Starting from 5---4---3---2---

And ZAP. An electric current goes through Annabel's temple.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Good. Perfect. Just like that.

He holds her hand. Pats her palm.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You did great.
(to Nurse Parks)
You got that reading?

He pushes stray hairs from Annabel's face.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Two more times, okay?

She winces. Doesn't let go of his hand.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You need to let go. Just for a moment.

She doesn't. Holds his hand firm.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Please, I--

He pulls his hand from hers. Puts on a thick rubber glove.
Gives his hand back.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Let's go again.

ZAP. Annabel cringes. Gasps. Squeezes his hand.

ZAPPPPPP.

Annabel SCREAMS.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Perfect. Done.

The Doctor takes off the mesh helmet. Rips off his glove and
gives his hand to Annabel. She eagerly takes it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
(to the room)
Give us a moment, please.

Annabel winces. Closes her eyes. Sweating. Her body convulses on the table. Trying to calm.

Electricity still pulsing under the skin.

Jacob looks away. Hurries out of the room.

The rest of the room clears right after him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jacob walks off.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)
Excuse me, Jacob.

He stops. Turns to her.

NURSE PARKS
You're not done just yet.

Two Aides flank her sides.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

The Doctor helps Annabel sit up.

DOCTOR DAWSON
How was that?

ANNABEL
More than a pinch.

Her eyes flutter. Toes curls.

She can't quite keep herself up.

Genuine concern from him.

DOCTOR DAWSON
How do you feel?

He puts a light to her eyes. Flashes it.

ANNABEL
The same I think.

The Doctor lifts her again. Forces her to sit up.

He wipes her sweaty face with a dripping towel.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Come on. Let's get you cleaned up.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Annabel showers. Dousing herself in steaming water. Eyes closed.

Alone.

A familiar DRIP DRIP from the faucet.

It stirs her. Panics her.

FLASH. Then ZAP.

She crashes to the bottom of the tub. Catches her breath. Covers herself.

Her eyes open--

to the carving on her leg. The word ~~LEAVE~~ no longer red and fresh. The cuts are white scars--healed over.

ANNABEL

I can leave.

She clutches her temples. Another FLASH of pain convulsing through her body.

FLASH TO:

Annabel clutches a RAZOR. Rusty and forgotten, in her trembling bloody fingers.

She stares at it curiously. And sees the scar on her leg half-carved: ~~LEA~~

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Don't forget.

The razor slips from her hands.

She scrambles for it as it slides towards the dripping drain.

And cups it, catches the sliver just as it disappears. But the pain comes back.

FLASH BACK TO SCENE:

Convulses to

GASPING.

She opens her hands.

The razor is gone.

Hands bare. Not bloody.

She looks to her leg. The word **LEAVE**, fully carved. Fully healed.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I should leave.

INT. POOL - DAY

A glass dome. An indoor pool surrounded by nature.

Annabel swims hand over hand. Reaches a wall. Spins. Laps to the other side. Water rushes past.

Above, large glass walls. The evergreens and the lake beyond. A heavy snow coming down outside.

Other patients quietly wade around the pool.

But Annabel doesn't lose stride. One hand over the other.

She stops at the other side. Breaks the water's surface. Breathless. Grabs onto the edge of the pool.

Gasping for air.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR
Good job, Annabel.

A SWIM INSTRUCTOR wraps a blood pressure monitor to her arm.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
Just like I said. It's like riding a bike.

He reads the monitor. Notes it on a clipboard.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR (cont'd)
Can you go again?

ANNABEL
I don't think so.

SWIMMING INSTRUCTOR
That's okay. Maybe next time.

The Instructor walks off. Helps another patient.

Annabel treads in the shallow water. Catches her breath. Watches the other patients nearby. They wade around the pool. Quiet, distant, and glass-eyed.

She lays on her back. Staring up at the glass ceiling. Floating along.

Peaceful. Centered.

DRIP. DRIP.

A dog BARKS in the distance.

AIDE (V.O.)

Hey, over here. In the water.

There's a blinding LIGHT in Annabel's eyes.

She loses her center, sinks from the surface.

Falling beneath the water. Deep. Dark.

Only for a moment.

Annabel stands. A deep breath.

No one's noticed. And no one's looking her way.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Annabel dries herself on a bench.

Staff talk nearby, folding towels.

NURSE

Did you hear about the reporter?

AIDE

Don't know how he got through the background check in the first place. He's been here over a month.

NURSE

No, I heard he was sick too. The whole time. Just trying to get on the trials.

They catch Annabel listening. Turn away from her and whisper.

AIDE

(barely audible)

Did they let him?

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Snow melts. Drips off the roof.

It's a rare winter day with a warm wind.

Annabel takes off a heavy coat. Strolls through the garden. Looking for someone.

She catches a group of bright-eyed patients watching her. They smile and point. An Aide naps nearby on a bench.

Annabel goes to them.

ANNABEL

Can I help you with something?

They're startled. Trade glances. Shake their heads.

ELLIE

I wouldn't expect an answer from them.

In among them is Ellie, the young girl with the snowballs from earlier, but paler...thinner. Sickly.

On the base of her neck is a thick BANDAGE.

Snow freckles her eyelashes. She sits cross-legged on the ground between the patients.

ANNABEL

Why not?

ELLIE

They're sick.

ANNABEL

I've heard that before.

Annabel takes an empty seat. The patients don't seem to notice. They caw. Scratch. Stare off indiscriminately.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

So...why were they laughing?

ELLIE

I was telling a joke.

ANNABEL

About me?

ELLIE

Maybe part of it.

Ellie winks. Stands and dusts off her coat.

ANNABEL

Why?

ELLIE

Am I here? Talking with them? Telling a joke? There's lots of questions.

(MORE)

ELLIE (cont'd)

(a moment)

I like to make them smile. The treatments try I guess--by making them remember. But they'll have to remember how to smile one day too.

ANNABEL

I like that.

Annabel stands too. Walks towards the little girl to get a better look.

But out of the corner of her eye she spots--

An Aide walking off into the garden. Just a fleeting glimpse. And he looks just like Jacob.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Jacob?

(to Ellie)

I'll be right back.

Annabel runs off into the garden. Surrounded by tall neatly manicured bushes. Stumbling over heavy snow--

Turns a corner to find Jacob. Reaches for him--

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I changed my mind.

But it's not Jacob at all. Just some other staff member. Face to face. Kissing a Nurse.

The Nurse pinks up. The Aide laughs.

Annabel turns her back to them. Red in the face.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to.

She walks back through to the garden, to the same group of patients. Blank. Staring at the woods.

But Ellie isn't there.

Annabel goes to the sleeping Aide on the bench, taps him on the shoulder. He startles awake.

AIDE

Can I help you?

ANNABEL

I'm looking for a little girl.

He shrugs. That's that.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Well, what about Jacob?

AIDE
Sorry, never heard of him.

ANNABEL
He works here. He's new.

The Aide shrugs.

AIDE
Worked here for years. But don't know
a "Jacob". Maybe you're confused.

Annabel starts back inside. Sloshing through snow. Ducks
under the dripping roof.

AIDE (cont'd)
Can I help you instead?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Annabel walks down a hallway. Searches.

Nurse Parks directs staff with furniture.

NURSE PARKS
We'll be putting the new patient in
this room later today.

Annabel keeps her distance. But Nurse Parks locks onto her.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
How are you feeling today Miss
Williams?

Annabel keeps walking.

ANNABEL
Fine. Just fine.

NURSE PARKS
Wait for me a moment. Will you?

Nurse Parks ducks into the room after the staff.

Annabel waits. Down the hallway, Nurse Lee pushes a
wheelchair. And a familiar face.

ANNABEL
Jacob?

Annabel follows them to--

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Nurse Lee parks the wheelchair at a window. Walks off.

Annabel goes over. Hesitant.

ANNABEL

Jacob?

Turns the patient to see: Jacob. Dressed in a patient's uniform. His face slack. A fresh black eye. Unable to focus.

JACOB

Who...who's that?

She checks the room, but no one seems to be listening.

Annabel kneels next to him.

ANNABEL

What did they do to you?

Jacob looks back to the window. The garden beyond.

JACOB

It's lovely out.

ANNABEL

You were supposed to leave.

JACOB

The snow's gone. It's not supposed to be spring.

ANNABEL

It isn't.

JACOB

It's not supposed to be spring.
It's not supposed to be spring.

Annabel turns outside. The snow's melting. Nearly all gone. Flowers bright and trees green. A DRIP DRIP of rain off the roof. *Definitely different than just a few minutes ago.*

JACOB (cont'd)

Leave. Run. It's not supposed to be spring.

Jacob seizes. Clings for her arm. Repeats over and over:

JACOB (cont'd)

Run.
Run!
RUN!

Annabel backs away from him. Staff hurry over.
She runs from the room.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Annabel hurries through the open space. Trying to keep her pace quick but unnoticed. She eyes the exit.

Annabel sees a family hugging on the other side. Crying. Happy but overwhelmed.

A middle-aged HUSBAND and WIFE hold dearly to the Recluse.

The Recluse doesn't return the emotion, doesn't return anything actually. Just stands motionless as the two adults in front of him cry tears of joy. A loving goodbye.

The Recluse turns and sees Annabel. Seems to look right through her. It's unnerving.

Annabel's nearly at the door now...just feet away, when--

A hand comes up behind her. Grabs her shoulder.

NURSE PARKS
I've been looking for you.

ANNABEL
I was just going to get some fresh air.

Nurse Parks glances to the doors. Back to her.

NURSE PARKS
It's time for your medication.

Nurse Parks pulls out a glass of water with one hand. In the other, a small cup filled with pills.

Annabel takes a step away from her.

ANNABEL
What are they for?

NURSE PARKS
You wouldn't understand.

ANNABEL
I'm not going to just take something without an explanation.

NURSE PARKS
Are you going to be difficult?

ANNABEL

I want to know what's going on here.
I deserve to know.

NURSE PARKS

Take the pills.

ANNABEL

I need someone to give me a reason
why I'm here. The truth. Right now.

The Nurse takes a swift step towards her.

Annabel smacks the pills from her hands. They scatter across
the floor.

She makes a run for the exit.

Everyone in the room stares. Patients, staff, the Husband
and Wife. Not the Recluse though. He plays with a flimsy
button on his sweater. Unaware of the commotion.

Annabel throws the doors open. Momentarily blinded by the
light. The cold air cuts through her. And she stops.

SNOW in every direction.

NURSE PARKS

You won't get very far. Not in this
weather. Not in your condition.

ANNABEL

I'm free to go.

Annabel turns. Walks out.

NURSE PARKS

No. You aren't.

One glance back, and Annabel runs. Down the path. Away from
the facility.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

Where do you think you're going to
go?

Nurse Parks nods to some GUARDS. They rush from the
building. Immediately overtake her.

Annabel SCREAMS. Tries to crawl from them.

ANNABEL

I'm allowed to leave. I'm not a
prisoner. Please...

They drag her back towards the facility. Nurse Parks watches from the doorway. Emotionless. Looks at her tablet.

NURSE PARKS
Take her to his office.
(beat)
And give her the damn meds.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Annabel sits across from the Doctor. She's out cold. He works through paperwork at his desk.

She whimpers. Unconscious, but stirring.

ANNABEL
(mumbling)
Please...

He stands. Watches her. Too closely. Lifts her sleeve to get a better look at those rippling scars.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Where'd you think you were going to go?

She stirs. Smacks dry lips.

He heads back to his desk. Pours her a glass of water.

Annabel's eyes flutter open. Takes in her surroundings.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Thirsty?

He slides the glass to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
The medication will do that to you.

She groans and sits up.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I'm really sorry it had to happen like this.

Annabel tries to stand. Can't.

ANNABEL
You...you lied. I can't leave.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I've never lied to you. You're still free to go.

ANNABEL

But--

He puts up a single finger. *It's Bandaged (but we aren't going to talk about that right now)*. It quiets her.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Only once you have all the information. Because we both know if you walk out those doors. You're dead.

ANNABEL

You're gonna hurt me?

The Doctor stands. Hurt by that. Takes a step towards her. And she flinches.

He stops.

DOCTOR DAWSON

It's not a threat. It's a fact.

He sits in the chair opposite her.

ANNABEL

For all I know you could be making me sick. Why should I believe anything you say?

DOCTOR DAWSON

Because you don't have any other choice. You're alone. You're...no one. At least no one you remember.

ANNABEL

I need to hear that from anyone besides you. Anywhere besides these walls. Don't you understand? This place is wrong. And you are too. And I know I'd remember everything if I just could speak to someone I can trust.

DOCTOR DAWSON

What about your mother?

A heavy moment.

ANNABEL

What about Jacob?

DOCTOR DAWSON

We're getting off topic.

ANNABEL

What did you do to him?

DOCTOR DAWSON
He was dangerous.

ANNABEL
You are too.

He stiffens. Makes a fist. But isn't about to use it.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You think you can trust anyone else
but you can't, can you?
(beat)
You don't even trust yourself.

ANNABEL
You're twisting things.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You've never trusted yourself. That's
why you're here. That's why you
begged to be part of these trials.

ANNABEL
You're lying again.

The Doctor tosses a folder in front of her. She cautiously
looks at it--it's her file. Thin.

DOCTOR DAWSON
That's what you wanted, isn't it?

ANNABEL
It's almost empty.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I told you already. You haven't been
here long.

Annabel flips through it. A bare-bones backstory really: a
photo of her. A few brain scans. Mostly medical charts.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Nurse Parks shouldn't have treated you
that way. We only want what's best.

He holds out his hand, three pills in his palm.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You want answers. Transparency. I'm
prepared to give that.

Holds up the small black pill to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
This is Acetylcilin hiepoamygdan.
It's worked on 4/5 patients that come
through those doors. It offers a
channel where some can become self-
aware for moments. We're hoping to
elongate those effects. It's still in
testing. But you weren't taking this
three days ago. And I believe this is
why you were trying to leave. Self-
awareness gives you an identity but
nowhere to focus that confusion.

He offers her the pill. She takes it. Weighs it in her palm.

The Doctor picks up a yellow pill. Larger.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Did you eat yesterday?

ANNABEL
Yes, you brought dinner to my room.

Curious. He writes that down in his notebook.

DOCTOR DAWSON
We can't watch you every second. We
can't trust you or other patients. So
this is just nutrients. It's to make
sure your body stays healthy and
strong so your mind can catch up.

The Doctor hands her the yellow pill.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
But most important...

He holds up a red pill. Square. Tiny. Chalky.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Do you know what this is for?

ANNABEL
It's familiar...maybe.

The Doctor gives a small smile.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You've taken this every day since you
were seven years old.

He offers her the last pill. She plays with it in her palm.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You're diabetic, Annie. We don't want
to go back to sticking you with a
needle, do we?

ANNABEL
Don't call me that. I hate when
people call me that.

A secret smile from him.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Sorry, I won't call you that again
then, Annabel.

He stands. Pushes the glass of water closer to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
So, it's up to you.

She stares him down. Then back to the pills. Swallows them.
Downs the glass.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
If you have any additional concerns
I'd like to hear them now.

ANNABEL
I don't.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Bullshit. You've sat across from me
with the same look time and time
again. I know it.

ANNABEL
How long have I been here? Exactly.

He takes the file. Flips through a few pages. Glances at her.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Three weeks and two days.

ANNABEL
Are you lying to me?

DOCTOR DAWSON
No.

ANNABEL
Did you really need to look at the
file to know that?

He smiles. Better this time.

DOCTOR DAWSON

No, I didn't.

ANNABEL

I would remember agreeing to this.

He types something into his computer. A screen flashes on beside Annabel. The lights dim. A projector whirs to life.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)

No one does.

Nurse Parks is in the doorway. Her face peeking through a crack. Checking on them.

NURSE PARKS

I need to speak with you for a moment, Doctor.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Not now. We're busy.

NURSE PARKS

This is against protocol.

DOCTOR DAWSON

I said go.

She nods. Leaves the room.

Annabel sees herself on the screen. Sitting in the same chair. Nervously avoiding the lens of the camera. Fidgeting. Talking with someone off-screen.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

You don't have to trust me. But maybe you can trust yourself.

He turns the volume up. In the video, Annabel twists knotted hair between two trembling fingers.

Her arm in a cast. The deep scar on her cheek fresh with blood.

ANNABEL (VIDEO)

I don't want to do this anymore.

A familiar voice comes on.

DOCTOR DAWSON (VIDEO) (O.S.)

You'll need this recording later. We already talked about this.

Annabel stares at the camera. Red rimmed eyes. Tired. Can't quite focus.

ANNABEL (VIDEO)
Now...is it on?

DOCTOR DAWSON (VIDEO) (O.S.)
Yes, Annabel, the camera is on.

ANNABEL (VIDEO)
I'm scared.

DOCTOR DAWSON (VIDEO) (O.S.)
Everyone's always scared during this part. But smile pretty, you're gonna be looking at this one day.

Annabel tries to smile, her face distorted by the shadows of the room.

ANNABEL (VIDEO)
I'm scared but this is my only choice...

The video cuts--a segment missing.

NURSE PARKS (VIDEO) (O.S.)
Annabel, say what you have prepared in front of you.

Annabel shifts nervously in her seat. Reads through a paper on the table in front of her.

ANNABEL (VIDEO)
I, of my own volition, give this facility permission to help me save myself in whatever means they see fit. I will not remember why I am here. I don't want to remember-- please don't let me.

NURSE PARKS (VIDEO) (O.S.)
Thank you, Annabel.

ANNABEL (VIDEO)
I don't want to hurt myself again. Never again. Or anyone else. I just want to sleep and for all of this to be gone. I just want--

The video cuts off.

ANNABEL
I want to see the rest.

DOCTOR DAWSON
That's all there is. I promised you the truth and you have it.
(MORE)

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Now, you have to accept our help if
you're ever going to get out of here.
You're finally getting better. Can't
you feel it?

ANNABEL
Why does it matter?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Excuse me?

ANNABEL
What do you or this place get out of
me? We're just some lab rats too
confused to realize what's going on.
That's it, right?

DOCTOR DAWSON
You don't know what you're--

ANNABEL
--That's what we are then, research?
Or are you some sick lonely--

He stands abruptly. Fists to the table.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Lonely?

ANNABEL
No family pictures. Locked in an
office. You're tired, aren't you?
Late nights. You're putting all your
energy on these empty shells to--

DOCTOR DAWSON
--You don't know what you're talking
about.

ANNABEL
I've seen what you do to them. To
Jacob. You're hurting us.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You're delusional.

ANNABEL
Delusional enough to make you angry?
Lying doesn't upset people, honesty
does.

He walks to her. Hovers above. She doesn't flinch.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I think you should go now.

ANNABEL
No.

DOCTOR DAWSON
No?

ANNABEL
I'm here for answers.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You're here because you didn't take
your medication and tried to flee the
premises.

ANNABEL
And if I try to leave again?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Think about it. Would you even
remember?

A woman SCREAMS in the distance.

Nurse Lee runs into the Doctor's office.

NURSE LEE
We need you. There's been an incident
with Margery.

A violent SCUFFLE can be heard nearby.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Again?
(to Annabel)
Stay here.

The Doctor hurries out of the office. Annabel stands. Looks
at her palm. The small black pill was hidden, not swallowed.

She tucks it under the chair.

Snatches the black notebook from his desk.

And runs out.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Margery, the old woman, kicks and thrashes from the ground.
All the staff are too hesitant to get a good grip on her.

The patients in the room watch silently. Transfixed.

The Doctor rushes in. An Aide hands him a syringe. Nurse
Parks rounds a corner.

Staff circle the room, keeping their distance.

DOCTOR DAWSON
What are you doing just standing
around? Restrain her!

Annabel comes in, following the commotion.

Margery catches sight of Annabel and her eyes go wide. She crawls towards her with impossible speed. Clutches her clothing. Claws at her arm.

MARGERY
(whispers)
They're hurting you.

Nurse Parks rushes in. Restrains Margery. The Doctor stabs the syringe into the old woman's neck.

Aides drag her away to--

Nurse Lee, ready with a straitjacket.

Margery screams. Thrashes again. Her arms being twisted and forced into the sleeves. Her eyes roll back to the ceiling, she chokes on air and seizes.

Nurse Parks nods to the Doctor. He acknowledges it. Turns his attention to Annabel. His anger flaring.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN MY OFFICE.

Aides drag off the unconscious woman. All the patients go back to their normal routine--like nothing has happened. Only Nurse Parks watches them.

Annabel holds her arm tightly behind her back. Tears come to her eyes. He softens.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Are you okay? Did she hurt you?

ANNABEL
I'm...I'm fine.

He doesn't believe her. Takes a step closer. She takes a step back.

Starts to leave.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Are you sure?

ANNABEL

Yes, of course. Just tired.

He takes another step closer.

DOCTOR DAWSON

We have more to talk about.

And she's already at the door.

Hiding his black notebook tucked in the back of her shirt.
Clutching her clawed arm.

ANNABEL

Tomorrow, please. I took my
medication. I'm not going anywhere.
It's just been a long day.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Yes. You're right. Of course. Let me
take you back to your room.

ANNABEL

No.

He stops. Surprised.

Annabel glances towards Jacob in the corner, still in the
wheelchair. Unresponsive to the commotion.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I know the way.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Annabel closes the door behind her. Jams it with a chair.

Thick blood stains her sleeve.

She pulls out the Doctor's black notebook. Opens it.
Dripping red on the pages--

But they're empty. Each and every page blank.

She throws it the ground. Rushes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Her sleeve is red and torn. Sticking to the raw claw marks
up her arm. Rippling and deep. She tears off the cloth.

A silent scream.

Red fabric, threads knotted to sinew, drops to the white sink.

She sobs. Rinses the marks. Washes them clean.

Annabel traces them with trembling fingers. Something... familiar.

Stops near her wrist.

ANNABEL

What the...

She feels something. Rubs her bloody fingers across the barcode again. Stops on a thin bump.

Annabel digs at it, beneath the skin. Through the raw skin. Burrows it out.

It's taught.

She tugs violently. Muffles her own mouth.

A bloody little...something. She rinses it clean.

And holds it up to the light: a thin METALLIC CHIP with a red wire.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Shit.

Annabel leaves it on the counter.

Rips up her sleeve into thin strips. Ties them over the claw marks. A temporary bandage.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

She carefully dresses in a new uniform from the closet.

Winces as she slides on the new sleeve.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Annabel fastens the lid over the tank of the toilet. Mashed bloody towels stuffed inside.

A looks at that little unexplainable chip on the counter. Grabs it.

Stands on the toilet. Lifts herself up to a light in the ceiling. Tucks the chip safely inside it, but feels something.

Her fingertips graze a small folded note.

Annabel yanks it free. And it floats to the ground.

She unfolds a piece of paper, a photograph actually. A stained crumbling photo of Annabel(20) with Margery(50). Smiling in a garden.

A moment of weakness. Peace. As she takes in that old woman's face.

Like it holds all the truth.

DRIP DRIP. The faucet behind her goes.

There's a loud KNOCK on her door.

Annabel folds the picture back up, finds a note on the other side. The single word **RUN** written in dried blood.

She registers that. But only for a moment.

DRIP. DRIP.

KNOCK.

KNOCK.

She stands on the toilet. Hides the metal chip inside the light. Tucks the photograph in her pocket.

The doorknob jiggles. But won't open.

Annabel jumps down from the toilet. Runs to the door--

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

--and pulls the chair from the knob just in time for Nurse Parks to barge through. A tray of food in her hands. She looks at the displaced chair. Eyes Annabel suspiciously.

ANNABEL

The door has been getting stuck.

Not believing her at all.

NURSE PARKS

Really?

Annabel spots the Doctor's notebook on the floor. Curses herself. Looks away. But Nurse Parks notices.

She always notices.

Nurse Parks picks it up. Flips through it.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
The Doctor's been looking for this.

ANNABEL
He must have forgotten it here.

Not believing her.

NURSE PARKS
I'm sure he did.

She CLANGS the tray on the bedside table. Tucks the notebook into her pocket.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
It's time for dinner.

ANNABEL
I don't get to eat with everyone else?

NURSE PARKS
It's for your safety, just for today.

Annabel stares at it, mouth watering. Hungrier than she previously thought.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Hungry?

ANNABEL
Yes, very. I didn't realize before.

NURSE PARKS
Well, the pills will do that to you.

Annabel doesn't move for it.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
This is your favorite.

ANNABEL
Is it my last meal or something?

NURSE PARKS
Or maybe we just tell you that every day.

Nurse Parks pulls a syringe from her pocket.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
But first, we just need to get some bloodwork.

ANNABEL
Now?

NURSE PARKS

Yes now. If you want to eat.

Annabel hesitantly nods. Holds out her arm without the scratches.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Annabel eats the food alone. Quickly. Scrapes the plate.

She dresses in layers. Puts on shoes and a heavy winter jacket.

Stuffs a pillow underneath the blanket.

Shuts off the lights.

And leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The lights are dim. Hallways empty. Annabel tiptoes through, alone. Lost.

She opens a door. Pitch black, until her eyes adjust to:

A small room. Clean and sterile, but off.

The windows poorly covered with sheets. Cutting moonlight. The HUM of a vital machine.

Four GAUNT FACES of patients turn to her from the beds. Ghostly. Eyes dead. She stumbles back. Closes the door.

And tries the next room.

Inside, the lights are on.

Jacob is strapped to a bed. His eyes unblinking and unfocused.

An empty wheelchair beside him.

She walks to him. Puts a soft hand to his cheek.

ANNABEL

I'm so sorry.

He sees to her. A hint of recognition.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Jacob, can you hear me?

He doesn't say a word.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Do you know me?

Jacob nods. Barely.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Good. That's good.

He roughly grabs her bandaged arm.

Annabel pulls back. Winces. But the pain isn't there as she expected.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
They put something in me. I found it.

She shows Jacob her arm. The underside. Unwraps the bandages. But the deep bloody claw marks are gone.

Thick ripples of white scars instead.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
That's not possible.

He squeezes her arm harder. His eyes screaming.

JACOB
I'm...not supposed to be here.

She shakes it off. Covers the scars with her sleeve.

ANNABEL
I'm going to get you out. We're
leaving tonight. Together.

He shakes his head.

JACOB
Can't leave. Can't leave the girl.
The one with the name. She's dead. I
have to tell her.

Annabel pulls her hand back sharply.

JACOB (cont'd)
Don't hurt me. Please.

ANNABEL
I...I won't. But we have to leave.

He's wide-eyed. Gasps...and SCREAMS. BLOOD CURDLING.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
SShhhhhhhhhh.

Annabel's tries to silence him.

Covers his face with a pillow. But it's no use.

FOOTSTEPS outside the room.

Annabel ducks into the closet. Closes it behind her. Leaves a small crack.

Nurse Parks and Aides rush in. Try to restrain Jacob's writhing body.

NURSE PARKS

Calm him down!

They try, but his restraints cut through his wrists. They loosen them.

An Aide holds him in a headlock.

Jacob's eyes bulge. His face blue. Gasping for air.

Nurse Parks takes out a large BLACK PILL. Holds it up to Jacob's mouth.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

I said stop.

He freezes. Slack. Like he's no longer in control of his movements.

Nurse Parks drops the pill into his mouth. Strokes his throat to make him swallow.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

There it goes.

Annabel gasps. Covers her mouth. Horrified.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

Easy now. Didn't have to put up a fight.

Jacob's body starts to convulse. Seize. *They're killing him.*

But the Aides keep him standing.

Jacob locks onto the closet. Reaching out. Grasping for... anything. Eyes bulging. Mouth open and silently screaming.

And Nurse Parks follows his look--

To the ajar closet door.

She goes to it. Slowly...

Hands reaching out to find--

SLAM.

Annabel bursts out of the closet.

SMASHES her to the ground.

Nurse Parks grabs for Annabel, but she's already gone.

Running out of the room.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Annabel races through empty dark hallways. A maze.

Moonlight bleeds through the windows. Casts eerie blue shadows on the walls. Each step echoing.

Behind her, the faint sound of someone following.

The CLICK CLICK CLACK of heels.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Annabel rushes through the lobby. Straight to the front door. Footsteps getting closer.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)
(*sing song voice*)
Annabel?

Annabel pulls at the front door. Locked. Covered in a thick CHAIN.

She runs off. Looking for another escape.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

Annabel stumbles through the room. Runs to the glass door to the garden--

Also locked.

There's nowhere to go.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)
You can stop now.

Nurse Parks rounds the corner.

NURSE PARKS
It's time to stop fighting.

Aides flank Nurse Parks. Ready for their orders.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
 (to Aides)
 Be careful with her.

Annabel picks up a chair. Threatening.

Nurse Parks smirks. Almost a laugh.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
 What do you think you're going to do?

Annabel makes another step for the door.

Smashes the chair against the glass. Not a bulge.

Another laugh from the Nurse.

Tries again and...CRACK. Thin spiderwebs.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
 Ms. Williams, don't make me get the
 Doctor.
 (to the Aides)
 Stop her.

The Aides rush towards Annabel.

Annabel smashes at the glass again
 and again.

It SHATTERS.

The Aides reach for her just as--

She crawls through the glass. Snags her fleshy ankle on a
 sliver.

A silent SCREAM. All crisp fog and frozen tears.

She stumbles away from the building.

EXT. GARDEN/WOODS - NIGHT

In front of her, the garden is bare, frozen and dead.
 Beyond, the woods is dark. Evergreens like shadows against a
 starry night.

The Aides smash through the glass on the door. Fumble with
 the lock.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)
 Get that door open.

Annabel lifts herself over the garden wall.

Slips down a crumbling path. Towards the woods.

Her shoes crunching through snow.

Behind her, the facility comes to life. Lighting up. Like a sleeping giant ready for the kill. The faint outline of Nurse Parks watches her from the doorway.

The Aides runs.

Flashlights duck in and out of the trees.

Following her trail.

She hides behind a tree just as light sweeps by her feet.

They rush past her.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A black car speeds up to the facility. Jerks to a stop at the entrance.

The Doctor slams the door. Jogs up the steps. He's in jeans and a hoodie. His hair messy and eyes tired.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Annabel staggers between trees.

Her bloody ankle slowing her pace.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The Doctor flicks through security footage of Annabel leaving the facility.

There's a soft knock on the door. Nurse Parks enters.

A heavy pause. He doesn't look up.

DOCTOR DAWSON
No sign of her yet?

NURSE PARKS
We have a dozen staff out there
looking.

DOCTOR DAWSON
That's a "no". Tell me, Nurse Parks,
how is it that she manages to be our
only problem. Are you so incapable
that--

NURSE PARKS
--maybe if she was given the same
treatment as the others.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Not going to happen.

Silence.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Why'd she run?

NURSE PARKS
She saw a patient being...disposed.

His eyes flash to hers. Pressing her for more.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
The reporter.

DOCTOR DAWSON
How could you have been so stupid?

She takes that. Swallows it whole.

He covers his face. She goes to him. Rubs his hand with a
soft touch.

NURSE PARKS
She'd been suspicious again. You saw
her.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Asking questions is good for her
progress.

NURSE PARKS
Not when she doesn't get the right
answers.

He slams his fists on the desk. She flinches back.

DOCTOR DAWSON
This is your fault. Don't blame me
again. Fix this. Bring her back. Do
you understand?

NURSE PARKS
We're trying.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Set off her tracker.

NURSE PARKS
No, sir. I--

DOCTOR DAWSON

Do it.

NURSE PARKS

We have staff looking. They'll find her. If you activate it...well she's unpredictable right now. We don't know what she'll do.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Set it off. Bring her back again. We'll deal with it here.

The discussion is over.

NURSE PARKS

Yes, of course.

She turns to go. Stops at the door.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

I can get you if there are any more updates. Tomorrow's a big day. You should get some rest.

DOCTOR DAWSON

I'm fine. Just make sure Annie's back in her bed by morning.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

Annabel curls up behind a large decaying tree.

Catches her breath.

Listens for voices. None.

She calms for a moment. Tightens her jacket. And then, something catches her eye: a faint RED BLINKING LIGHT beneath her wrist.

Annabel pulls back the sleeve of her coat.

A dog BARKS in the distance.

She turns. No one in sight.

And back to the light. Annabel scratches at her skin. But can't break it.

ANNABEL

I took it out. I know I did.

Her hands scour the ground. Finds a rock. Not sharp enough to break through skin.

There are faint VOICES nearby now. Another ANGRY BARK.

AIDE #1 (O.S.)
THIS WAY!

She turns the smooth rock over in her hands. Holds onto it for a weapon. But thinks better of it.

Annabel stumbles away into the woods. The voices follow her. But they're still far enough away.

She flattens her arm on a stump. Holds up the rock above her tender thin wrist.

Trembling.

AIDE #2 (O.S.)
Over here!

And CRACK. Smashes her wrist between the rock and stump.

She CRIES OUT. Covers her mouth and sobs.

Pain pulsing. Losing her footing. She holds her limp hand to her chest.

AIDE #1 (O.S.)
Damn it. Something's wrong. The signal cut out.

The dog BARKS again.

Annabel runs.

INT. WOODS, CLEARING - NIGHT

Two Aides are pulled by a DOG.

AIDE #2 (O.S.)
Woah there.

The dog growls viciously at the treeline. It fights against its leash. And they lose their grip.

The dog tears into the trees.

The Aides follow it.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

Annabel rushes through the woods. Holding her arm. Cutting through the shadows.

The dog bolts through the underbrush. Nips at her heels. She pulls away. Darting between trees as it SNAPS at her ankles.

Annabel turns back. And it growls. Right there. Seconds from taking her down to--

Falling.

Annabel trips and tumbles to

ICE.

In all directions. The frozen lake.

The dog rushes down the hill behind her.

She shakes off the confusion. Head dazed. A fresh CUT on her forehead. Tries to stand.

And scrambles away.

Thin streams of water pucker from splintering ice beneath her feet.

The dog won't take one step closer to her. It stays safely on shore. BARKS.

SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS coming closer. The scattered sweep of a flashlight through dead trees.

AIDE #2

Hey, over here. I think it found something.

ANNABEL

Shit.

Annabel crawls away.

Deeper into the lake.

Hiding in the darkness.

The Aides come to the water's edge. Restrain the dog.

AIDE #1

Must've been on the wrong trail.

But the dog GROWLS. Dead-locked on the lake.

AIDE #2

Wait.

The Aide sweeps it.

And she freezes. Blinded by the light.

She's far out, surrounded by black ice.

AIDE #2 (cont'd)
Hey sweetie.

AIDE #1
(quieter)
Fucking bitch.

AIDE #2
(to the Aide)

HEY!
(softer for Annabel)
Come on now, Annabel. It's not safe
out there. You need to walk back to
us now.

Annabel clutches her arm. Blood dripping from her wrist.

AIDE #1
Are you hurt? Come on, we'll take you
back. You need our help.

ANNABEL
No.

She takes a step back. Shakes her head.

AIDE #2
STOP!

ANNABEL
I can't go back.

And another step back. Resolute.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I won't.

Another step.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I--

CRACK. Ice snaps beneath her feet.

Sudden and impossibly fast.

She's gone.

EXT. WATER - NIGHT

Dark. Swirling bits of bubbles and ice.

The blinding light gone.

It's endless. Cold.

And she's falling.

Struggling beneath the freezing water as it pulls her under.

And everything goes black.

OVER BLACK:

NURSE PARKS (V.O.)

What happened?

AIDE #1 (V.O.)

She's not waking up. Ohh no, be careful of her wrist, she--

NURSE PARKS (V.O.)

--Jesus. Start a warm bath. She's in shock.

A door SLAMS.

The scene comes slowly into focus.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Doctor runs in. Eyes red and unfocused. He's been drinking and his clumsy footsteps aren't the only give away.

Nurse Lee starts a bath. Steaming water sprays into a basin.

Annabel is sprawled out on a table. Wet hair stuck to her face. Her eyes closed. Skin bluer than any living thing should be.

And her wrist is black, twisted, and limp. Nurse Parks runs the room. Staff follow her instructions.

The Doctor stomps over.

DOCTOR DAWSON

What happened?

NURSE PARKS

You have to get out of here. Get some sleep. Get ready for tomorrow.

DOCTOR DAWSON

No...I--

NURSE PARKS

You can't be here, Doctor. Leave.

The entire room stops. Freezes. Waiting to see what will happen next. The Nurse and Doctor glare each other. Neither about to break.

The water gushes loudly.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Would you like me to continue?

The Doctor softens. Takes a step back.

Nurse Parks motions to the Aides.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Get something to steady her arm.

The room bustles again.

The Doctor watches from a distance. Still. Unmoving.

Four Aides lift Annabel carefully. Lower her into the bath.

Her body seizes at the temperature.

Nurse Parks kneels next to Annabel. Softly. A change of attitude here. The staff give her some room.

Nurse Parks dips Annabel's head below the warm water.

She turns back to the Doctor. Her gaze hardening. About to make another comment.

He turns and stumbles out.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
(to Nurse Lee)
Get some dry clothes, dear.

INT. HOME, HALLWAY - DAY

DRIP. DRIP.

More of a nightmare than reality.

Bare wet feet on cement floors...twisted dark hallways that suddenly--

are blinded by a bright light in Annabel's eyes. She covers them and--

She's not at the facility at all. But in a home. Charming, quaint. Suburban.

And she SMILES.

ANNABEL

Come out come out wherever you are.

CHILDISH LAUGHTER echoing around her.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I know you're there.

A slow FIGURE comes up behind her.

And Annabel slows. Her smile fading...

When a HAND grabs her throat.

INT. COMMUNAL MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Annabel stirs and wakes. Rows and rows of bed. Wide bright windows.

Her arm in a sling. *The wrong arm.* That cut on her cheek surprisingly fresh, sewn and stapled.

An old woman watches her warmly from the next bed over-- Margery. With a smile and clean hair. Not the same crazed manic we've seen before.

MARGERY

You were having a nightmare, again.

ANNABEL

Where...where am I?

MARGERY

Safe. Don't worry. You're back at the hospital.

Annabel stares at her. Searching her features. Trying to find some explanation.

ANNABEL

I almost got out. I shouldn't be here.

MARGERY

That's just the pills talking, Annie. You're confused.

ANNABEL

What did you call me?

A Nurse walks in. Tends to Margery's IV.

The Nurse looks exactly like Annabel's "Mother". Or at least the woman who was introduced as her Mother earlier. But she's dressed as a Nurse. And won't pay Annabel much mind.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
 (to the Nurse)
 Excuse me.

MARGERY
 You should get some rest, Hon.

ANNABEL
 (to the Nurse)
 I know you. What are you doing here?

The Nurse looks up. Barely a hint of acknowledgment.

NURSE "MOTHER"
 I think you're mistaken. Let me give
 you something to calm your nerves.

ANNABEL
 No, I'm--

The Nurse comes over. Adjusts something on Annabel's IV.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
 Stop it!

She tries to push her away.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
 What are you...

Annabel's eyes flutter and close.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Annabel wakes suddenly. Wrapped tight in a fleece blanket.
 The deep scar on her cheek healed and white.

Nurse Parks sits next to her. Waiting.

NURSE PARKS
 Good of you to join the world of the
 living.

Annabel tries to sit up. Can barely manage.

Nurse Parks forces back down again. Annabel goes to rub her
 eyes, finds her wrist in a CAST.

ANNABEL
 What happened?

Nurse Parks walks off. Grabs some food and a thermometer.

NURSE PARKS
 I was hoping you could tell me.

ANNABEL
I don't remember.

NURSE PARKS
You wandered outside. Must have
fallen. You're lucky we found you
when we did.

Annabel holds her head. A headache.

ANNABEL
Last thing I remember was...was
swimming, maybe.

NURSE PARKS
Well, you did plenty of that too.

She stands. Gives her a bowl of thin broth.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Eat this slowly. I'll be back soon. I
just need to update the Doctor on
your condition. He was worried.

ANNABEL
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to worry
anyone.

Nurse Parks turns to leave. Outside the door, a GUARD stands
watch. There's a dog sitting next to him--same dog as before.

Parks whispers to the Guard and leaves. The dog BARKS.

Annabel flinches.

The door closes. And she's alone.

Her demeanor changes. Hardens. *She remembers.*

Annabel wraps the blanket tightly around her shoulders.
Struggles to stand.

And tries the window. It's locked.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The Doctor's at a mirror. Applying hair dye to cover
peppered gray strands in his hair.

Nurse Parks strolls in. She's way past knocking.

NURSE PARKS
No one's going to notice.

He finishes a touch-up. Runs his hands through it.

DOCTOR DAWSON
So you aren't knocking anymore?

The Doctor struggles with his tie.

NURSE PARKS
I didn't expect you to be awake.

DOCTOR DAWSON
It's an important day. Of course, I'm awake.

NURSE PARKS
And sober?

DOCTOR DAWSON
I haven't touched the stuff in years.
You know that.

Nurse Parks fixes his tie. A little too close for comfort.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
How is she?

NURSE PARKS
Awake.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Good. Good.

She steps back. Straightens his collar.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Does she remember anything?

NURSE PARKS
She says she doesn't. But she's lying.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Maybe that's a good sign. We're trying to get her to remember. That's the fucking point.

NURSE PARKS
She remembers...so I cut back her treatment, just temporarily. We can't have her remembering last night.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I didn't approve that.

Nurse Parks tosses a folder to the table.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
What's this?

He picks it up.

NURSE PARKS
You wanted the new tracker set off.

DOCTOR DAWSON
And we found her because of it.

NURSE PARKS
Sure. But she also shattered her wrist
to break the device. That's what she's
capable of.

The Doctor opens the folder. Inside, on top of a stack of papers is a picture of Annabel's black and limp wrist. Beside it, an X-ray of the shattered bone.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
And you're enabling it.

Nurse Parks grabs a photograph from her pocket--the one of Annabel and Margery. She hands it to him.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
We found this with her too.

DOCTOR DAWSON
How in the world did she get this?

NURSE PARKS
I told you never to bring Margery
here. And you didn't listen.

DOCTOR DAWSON
She wanted to help.

NURSE PARKS
At first. Only at first. But it's
been ten years, she's still haunting
this place.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I'll talk with Annabel. Find out what
she knows.

NURSE PARKS
She knows more than she'll tell you.
But never enough to leave. That's
always the problem.

The Doctor flips through the pages. Stops at a photograph of Annabel's stomach with a crude carving of the word: RUN.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Is this new?

NURSE PARKS

The treatments have to get better or she's off them. It's not safe for the other patients.

DOCTOR DAWSON

She's the only patient as far as I'm concerned.

She takes the file from him.

NURSE PARKS

And the Board?

DOCTOR DAWSON

They're only here for a few days. They never have to know.

She heads towards the door.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

Nurse Parks?

NURSE PARKS

Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Keep her out of sight. It's an important day.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nurse Parks walks at a quick pace through the building. Staff and patients scatter from her path.

The Doctor is just a few paces behind her. All smiles. Decked in a freshly ironed suit.

He fixes his tie.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Nurse Parks talks to staff at the reception desk.

The Doctor crosses the busy lobby. It's unusually filled with SUITS. Stern MEN and WOMEN ready for business but only interested in the numbers.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Early? Always early aren't you, Charles?

The Doctor claps the back of an AGING MILLIONAIRE.

All eyes turn to them. A small circle forms around the Doctor. All looking to shake hands. And he gives it.

A true performer. All smiles and handshakes and half-phrases.

Nurse Parks watches them from across the lobby. Their laughing muffled and hollow.

She leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nurse Parks winds her way through the facility. Making her rounds. Checking that everything is in order.

She pulls Nurse Lee aside.

NURSE PARKS

Double check patients fifty to one-twenty-one are double medicated for the guests today. We can't have any more outbursts.

NURSE LEE

Yes, ma'am of course. What about--

NURSE PARKS

--She's not a patient here as far as they're concerned. I'll take care of her.

Nurse Parks continues on her way.

She stops outside of the medical ward.

GUARD

Just as you left her, Ma'am.

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Nurse Parks walks in. And there she is. Just as we left her. Annabel sitting on a bed. Wrapped in a blanket. But she's smiling, and that's more than a little concerning.

NURSE PARKS

Feeling better?

ANNABEL

I believe so. Yes.

Nurse Parks looks around the room. Nothing out of place.

NURSE PARKS

Then it's time for your medication.

She offers pills and water to Annabel. A long stare.

Annabel pops them in her mouth. Downs the glass. Not a shred of hesitation.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Open your mouth.

She listens.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Tongue up.

Annabel complies.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Are you okay to walk?

ANNABEL
Are we going somewhere?

NURSE PARKS
You need your rest. And your own bed.

Annabel nods. Stands slowly. Shaky at first. But steadies.

Nurse Parks heads to the door. Annabel checks her arm. Slipped into her cast is a thin SCALPEL.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

They wind through the hallways. Annabel tries to keep up.

ANNABEL
Where are we going?

NURSE PARKS
I told you. We're going to your room.

Annabel looks around. Lost.

ANNABEL
But this isn't the way.

NURSE PARKS
We're taking the long route. The facility has special visitors today.

ANNABEL
So I have to stay out of the way?

Nurse Parks looks at her for a moment.

NURSE PARKS
Well, have you seen yourself?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

It's been cleaned. Bed made. Annabel comes in. Nurse Parks follows.

NURSE PARKS
Let's get you cleaned up.

Nurse Parks goes to the bathroom. Draws a bath. Checks the temperature.

ANNABEL
I don't think I need a bath.

Nurse Parks pulls out a twig knotted into her hair.

NURSE PARKS
Of course you do. Now take off your clothes. I'll be right back.

She leaves. Annabel goes to the bathroom. Closes the door.

The water spout GUSHES loudly.

She kneels at the toilet. Finger deep down her throat. And GAGS.

But nothing comes up. She tries again and again...until--

Annabel THROWS UP. Broth and pills swimming in the porcelain bowl.

There's a KNOCK at the bathroom door.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)
Are you ready?

The knob jingles. But it's locked.

Annabel pulls out the scalpel from her cast. Hides it behind the tub.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.) (cont'd)
Open up right now or--

Annabel opens the door wide.

NURSE PARKS
You're not ever supposed to lock this door. You know better.

ANNABEL
Then why are there locks?

She won't take that bait.

NURSE PARKS
Come on, take off those clothes. It's
nothing I haven't seen before.

Nurse Parks turns the gushing water off.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Well, go on.

Annabel listens this time. Fragile. Self-conscious. She
unclothes. Covers her body and steps into the warm water.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Let's keep that new cast out of the
water or I'll have to redo it.

Annabel brings her knees to her chest. Rests her cast on the
rim of the tub.

Nurse Parks pulls a rough SPONGE from her pocket. Kneels
next to the tub.

And pulls Annabel's arm from her chest revealing--thick scars
down the arm. Those white rippling scars from Margery.

On her leg: the word ~~LEAVE~~ .

Nurse Parks scrubs her with the sponge. Over the scars.
Gives Annabel only the faintest hint of acknowledgment.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)
Just like I said. Nothing I haven't
seen before.

Nurse Parks gently pours a bucket of warm water over
Annabel's head.

DRIP DRIP of the faucet.

Annabel hides her face. Looks away.

And Nurse Parks goes to her back--cleaning it with a sponge,
but it's not just bare. It's scarred too.

Maimed with tally marks carved into the skin.

Like scaling on her back.



Nurse Parks cleans them carefully. Not a hint of surprise.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Annabel dresses. Dries her hair with a towel. Comes out of the bathroom.

Nurse Parks cleans up. Waiting for her.

NURSE PARKS

I gave you something to help you sleep.

ANNABEL

I feel it.

Annabel fakes a yawn. Crawls into bed.

Nurse Parks heads to the door. A ring of keys on her belt.

NURSE PARKS

I just need to check on a few things. And then I'll be right back.

Annabel lays down. Gets comfortable in bed. Eyes close.

Nurse Parks leaves. LOCKS the door.

And Annabel's eyes pop back open.

She gets out of bed. Goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Annabel grabs the hidden scalpel.

She stands on the toilet seat and reaches for the light in the ceiling. Reaching. But grasping at air...

It's empty. The metal chip is gone.

She tries for a better look, but slips.

Falls.

Crashes to the floor. Her head hits the ground.

The scalpel falls from her grasp. Slides under the dark dusty corner of the bed.

BLACK FOR AN INSTANT.

DRIP DRIP from the tub.

And then Annabel sits up suddenly. Shakes it off. Steadies herself to stand. But the ground is covered in BLOOD.

She slips in it. Back to the floor.

Winces. Pulls up her shirt. Exposing her stomach.

A fresh carving of the word *RUN*.

She runs her bloody fingers along it. Finding every slice and jagged edge.

But she doesn't have time for that right now.

She goes under the bed. Searching for the scalpel. Nearly out of sight. Crawls to it.

Finds it covered in dust and cobwebs.

Annabel rushes to the door. Jams the scalpel in the lock. Twists. Turns. Something clicks.

But the scalpel blade snaps.

Someone's on the other side. A key clicks and slides out. The door opens.

Annabel stumbles back. Holds up the broken scalpel, ready to swing at--

Ellie, standing in her doorway. *That little girl, 14, from earlier in the garden.* A small mischievous smile on her face. Twiddling a key in one hand. Her dark curls in another.

Annabel drops the scalpel.

Ellie comes in. Checks the hallway behind her. Empty.

She closes the door.

Moves to Annabel, still smiling. Sits on the bed. Ellie pats the blanket. Urging her to sit.

Annabel studies her face. Her dark hair. Freckled pale skin.

ANNABEL

I was told there weren't any children here.

ELLIE

There aren't. We don't get sick--not like what you have. Anyway, I'm not a child. I'm fourteen.

ANNABEL

Why are you here, then?

Ellie puts a finger to her lips.

ELLIE

Shhh. I'm not supposed to be. Don't tell Nurse Parks or the Doctor.

Annabel nods. She reaches out slowly. Touches the child's face. A hint of recognition.

ANNABEL

Do I know you?

Ellie thinks about it. Shakes her head.

ELLIE

No, but I'd like to get to know you.

ANNABEL

I think I'd like that.

ELLIE

I heard that you weren't feeling good.

ANNABEL

I got lost. Hurt my hand.

Annabel pulls out her arm from her sleeve. Expecting the thick black cast. But her wrist is bare. The cast missing. The discoloration on her arm is gone.

Annabel turns her hand over again. Feels her wrist.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

That's...that's impossible.

Ellie's impatient now. She taps Annabel's knee.

ELLIE

I'm Ellie you know.

Annabel looks up at the girl. Forgetting her wrist.

ANNABEL

My name's Annabel.

ELLIE

I like that. Like the poem.

ANNABEL

Maybe...I don't know.

Ellie reaches out. Holds Annabel's hand. Squeezes it tight.

ELLIE

You're scared, right?

Annabel shrugs.

ELLIE (cont'd)
 I get scared sometimes too. But that
 can mean you're doing the hard thing.
 The right thing's always hardest.

A silent moment. Annabel thinks, trying to put something
 together, something familiar. Ellie watches her carefully.

ELLIE (cont'd)
 Do you want to leave?

ANNABEL
 I just want to remember.

ELLIE
 I can help with that I think. Maybe
 you won't want to leave. Maybe you
 can get through the scary part then.
 I can show you.

Ellie stands. Goes to the door. Turns to Annabel. Waiting
 for her to follow.

ELLIE (cont'd)
 It could help you get better if you
 understand. But we need to go now.
 While they're busy. So no one sees us.

Ellie holds out a hand.

ELLIE (cont'd)
 Coming?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Doctor Dawson goes through a presentation in a conference
 room. Thick wood paneling on the walls. Wide expansive views
 of the property outside the windows.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Before we go on the tour, I'd liked
 to introduce our newest trial. We're
 two months into a revised drug.
 Testing with some of our premiere
 patients is going exceedingly well.

AGING MILLIONAIRE
 You say that every six months. When
 can we go commercial with something?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ellie holds Annabel's hand. A few staff watch them.

ELLIE
Just keep walking.

Nurse Parks strolls down a nearby hallway.

Ellie tugs Annabel into a side-room.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - DAY

A dusty grand piano at the center.

ELLIE
The Nurse can't see you. She won't
understand.

Annabel wanders the room. Calmly. A little lost in thought.

Ellie watches her.

Annabel takes a seat at the piano.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Do you know how to play?

Annabel shakes her head.

Ellie sits next to her. Taps on the base at the bottom.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Come on. Try.

Annabel lets her fingers hover over it. Waiting for something to come. Tracing the black and white keys.

ELLIE (cont'd)
Why are you crying?

ANNABEL
I'm--I'm not.

Annabel puts a hand to her eyes. Finds teardrops on her cheeks.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I mean. I don't know.

Ellie takes her hands. Lays them flat to the piano keys.

ELLIE
You can do this.

Ellie stands. Gives Annabel some space--

Anger and frustration welling up. Heavy breathing.

DRIP DRIP. From outside, snow melts off the roofs. Slides down the windows.

And Annabel brings her arms away from the piano.

And a faint HAUNTING MELODY PLAYS.

Not from her. Not from the piano.

But somewhere. At some time.

She closes her eyes and lets it fill her...until--

Pinnnnngggg...the lilt of a soft high note ringing through the air.

Annabel plays along. Not a real memory...but the closest thing she's got. A feeling. A rhythm.

Almost like she never even forgot.

Until it's over. And the song dies off. Gone as quickly as it came.

Annabel moves her hands away from the keys. Looks around for Ellie.

But she's not there.

Annabel stands. Goes to the door just as--

Ellie pops her head back inside. Smiling.

ELLIE (cont'd)
She's gone. Let's go.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ellie and Annabel slip into the Doctor's office.

The girl hides a ring of keys in her pocket.

ELLIE
Nurse Parks hates when I slip them.
But it's not stealing because I'll
give it right back after. Once
everyone sees you better they won't
care anyway.

Ellie rummages through the drawers. Annabel starts on the other side of the office. Rifles through paperwork and filing cabinets.

ANNABEL
What are we looking for?

ELLIE
His pictures...or the video.

ANNABEL
I already saw that.

ELLIE
Not the whole thing.

Annabel goes through a filing cabinet. Finds the photograph of her with Margery crumpled up.

She feels around the drawer again. Stuffed in the back, her hand grazes something hard. Picks it up.

A GUN. Feels the weight in her hand.

Looks back to see that Ellie hasn't seen. And tucks the gun under her shirt.

ANNABEL
Have you ever seen this before?

Ellie comes over. Annabel shows her the photograph.

ELLIE
Yes.

ANNABEL
Do you know her?

Ellie shakes her head, definitely lying--the way a child does.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Are you lying to me?

A nod.

ELLIE
Maybe. Maybe I can show you. Then you'll understand.

Ellie goes back to rummaging through the drawers.

Annabel opens the Doctor's desk. Pulls out a tablet.

ELLIE (cont'd)
You found it.

Ellie grabs it from her. Plays through the settings and files.

A screen comes down from the ceiling. The lights dim.

Surveillance footage flashes on the screen.

ANNABEL

Wait. Stop there.

Annabel snatches back the tablet.

She flips through the rooms and hallways in the facility. Every room is there. Every corner and patient. And her own bedroom. In black and white. *Monitored this whole time.*

ELLIE

Give it back. That's not what we're supposed to look at.

In the surveillance video: Nurse Parks walks into Annabel's bedroom. Finds her gone.

ANNABEL

I have to leave. Now.

ELLIE

No. I have to show you first. I thought you wanted answers. That's the only way you'll get better.

Ellie snatches the tablet back. The feed changes to a conference room.

ANNABEL

Can I hear what they're saying?

ELLIE

But--

ANNABEL

Please.

Ellie turns it up.

AGING MILLIONAIRE (FOOTAGE)

You say that every six months. When can we go commercial with something?

DOCTOR DAWSON (FOOTAGE)

It's not as simple as--

BOARD MEMBER (FOOTAGE)

--It is simple. It's been over ten years. We need provable results or this place is just a waste of resources. And frankly your talents, Doctor.

ANNABEL

Where is this?

Ellie steps back from Annabel.

ELLIE
You can't. Please.

ANNABEL
You want me better. And I want answers
you can't give me. So tell me where
this is.

Ellie wipes tears from her eyes.

ELLIE
I--I...

Annabel kneels next to her. Grabs her by the shoulders.

ANNABEL
Sometimes the hardest thing is the
right thing to do, hmmm?

Ellie nods. Tears streaming down her cheeks.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
He can't help me. But maybe they can.
Maybe they'll have answers.
(beat)
So where are they?

ELLIE
It's...it's the room next to
recreation. But please don't go.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

AGING MILLIONAIRE
What we need are paying families,
Dawson. We need change. Drastic
results. Or this place doesn't have
any purpose for us.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I completely understand.

The room stirs. Waiting for a real answer.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
We've been having some luck with our
newest strain of trials. Patients are
becoming lucid. Aware, even paranoid,
about being here. They don't feel
clouded or lost. They're looking for
answers just like us.

AGING MILLIONAIRE
But that's not--

DOCTOR DAWSON

--You're right. Not drastic enough.
Which is why we've been extracting
spinal fluid from other patients.

BOARD MEMBER

That wasn't approved by us.

The Doctor ignores that.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Using this biological delivery system
we've drastically increased the body's
absorption of the newest chemical
trial. It's not the pill you were
looking for, no. But it's working.

An excited murmur in the room.

AGING MILLIONAIRE

Many patients with the disease,
especially prolonged, can't undergo
losing spinal fluid.

The Doctor holds up a finger. The punchline.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Exactly. But you have prisoners,
comatose patients, even willing family
members. It's not a dead end, it's a
real opportunity. Two surgeries.
Continuous medication. Can you even
imagine the returns that can bring you.

The Aging Millionaire doesn't seem convinced.

AGING MILLIONAIRE

What do you need from us then?

DOCTOR DAWSON

More patients. Ten new a week.

AGING MILLIONAIRE

You don't have the facilities to hold
that many.

DOCTOR DAWSON

You're thinking small scale, Charles.
We need to expand.

The doors bursts open. Annabel runs in. The Board Members
trade looks.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

What are you doing here?

AGING MILLIONAIRE

Annabel. Is that you?

The Doctor hits a button on a COMM.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Nurse Parks, please come to the
conference room immediately.

The comm bursts. Sparks everywhere. Shattered by a bullet.
The gun shakes in Annabel's hands.

ANNABEL

Step away from that.

The Board Members scatter to the other side of the room.

Ellie rushes in. Straight into the chaos. Tears in her eyes.
She runs to the Doctor. But Annabel grabs her by the cuff.
Puts the gun to her neck.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I need the truth!

The Doctor's eyes go wide. He reaches out to Ellie. But
Annabel roughly pulls her back.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

Stay back.

ELLIE

Daddy!

Shocked. Annabel releases Ellie. Ellie runs to the Doctor's
side.

ANNABEL

I didn't...didn't know you had
another daughter.

The Doctor pries Ellie away from him. Walks to Annabel,
hands up.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Please. I'll tell you everything. You
just need to--

ANNABEL

NO.

He grabs for her. And they struggle.

BANG.

A picture frame shatters on the wall. The Doctor falls back. Hands up. She puts the gun to his temple.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
We need to talk.

She looks to the crowd. The crying little girl.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
But not here.

Annabel motions to the door.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The Doctor hurries from the building. Annabel's right behind him. The gun to his neck.

Annabel checks behind her.

ANNABEL
Why aren't they stopping us?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Because they know you won't hurt me.

Annabel pushes him forward. He stumbles in the snow.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Nurse Parks surrounded by staff and Board Members.

Everyone's shouting.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

ANNABEL
Which car is yours?

DOCTOR DAWSON
We aren't leaving.

She shoots at the tires of a random car.

ANNABEL
Are you sure.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Just be careful.

ANNABEL
Where is your car?

He points to a black car.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Open it.

He puts his fingerprint to the handle. It unlocks.

She motions for him to get in the driver's side. She gets in the passenger's seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

DOCTOR DAWSON
Where are we going?

ANNABEL
Anywhere but here.

He starts the car. They pull away from the facility.

INT. CAR - LATER

Off a woodsy path. Turning onto a main road.

ANNABEL
Did you put a new tracker in me?

DOCTOR DAWSON
We always do, Annie.

ANNABEL
Don't call me that.

Silence. He isn't about to agree to that.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Pull over.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I thought you wanted to get away.

ANNABEL
Pull over!

He stops.

Annabel hands him the cracked scalpel.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Take it out.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I'm not going to do that.

Annabel points the gun at her wrist.

ANNABEL
If you aren't then I will.

He snatches the scalpel from her.

DOCTOR DAWSON
No. No. Don't do that.

She points the gun back at him.

ANNABEL
Nothing funny.

He nods. Carefully holds her wrist in his hands to steady it.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You sure?

She nods.

He cuts lightly along her wrist. Precise. Finds a little wire and carefully tugs it out. She stifles the pain. Snatches the chip from him and throws it out the window.

Annabel rips her sleeve and ties it tightly around her wrist.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
We need to get that properly covered.

ANNABEL
Make a left up ahead.

DOCTOR DAWSON
We need to go back.

Annabel points at the fork in the road ahead.

ANNABEL
I said go to the left.

The Doctor starts up the car again. Follows her directions.

Annabel nurses her arm. The gun shaky in her hand. Barely pointing at the Doctor anymore. He eyes it. Knowing he could take his chance.

But looks back to the road instead.

INT. CAR - DUSK

The car slows through a suburban town.

She points him down a side street in a development.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Why are you taking us here?

Annabel looks around, house by house. Picturesque. Row by row of similar homes. Tries to recognize something. Anything.

ANNABEL

I don't know. It's...it's probably nothing.

They pass by a few KIDS playing roller hockey in the street. The kids turn and watch them drive by.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Or, maybe you're getting better.

It starts to lightly RAIN. Pattering the window.

They pass by a nondescript BLUE HOME. The same as from the painting.

Annabel locks onto it.

The yard is neatly kept. Empty flower boxes in the windows. An early blooming tree stains the frozen grass with pink petals. Ice on the driveway just starting to melt.

ANNABEL

Stop.

Annabel slams on the dashboard. The Doctor hits the breaks.

She stares at the home. Like it's a picture about to burn straight up. Pauses. Breathing. Tears welling up.

DOCTOR DAWSON

It's nice. Where'd you take us?

She breaks. Turns to him.

ANNABEL

I don't know.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Yes you do.

Tears roll down her face.

ANNABEL

I want to leave.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Come on, you know this.

She shakes her head. Turns away. Watches a pair of fireflies dive-bombing a streetlamp. Not wanting to face him.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You brought me home, Annabel.

She points the gun at him. Her face twisted, thoughts scattered.

ANNABEL
Get out of the car.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You first.

Annabel waves the gun. Finger to the trigger.

ANNABEL
I SAID GET OUT!

DOCTOR DAWSON
It's empty. There were only two bullets.

ANNABEL
YOU'RE LYING.

She aims it to him. In a fury. And CLICK. Empty.

DOCTOR DAWSON
What are you doing? You could've killed me.

He snatches the gun from her. She doesn't fight back.

ANNABEL
But--we...we left.

He checks that the barrel is empty. And calms. Tosses it to the floor.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Yes, and look where we ended up.

She cradles her knees to her chest.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Now, how could you possibly know where I live? Where my family lives?

ANNABEL
I don't know.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Think harder.

ANNABEL
STOP IT!

He tenderly touches her hand. She turns. Finally seeing him. Seeing the house. She breaks. Cries openly.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Annabel, I--

EXT. BLUE HOUSE - DUSK

She runs out of the car. Slams the door behind her.

It's raining harder now. Droplets stain her clothes. Dripping down her face.

She paces the front lawn. Sloshing through melting snow.

The Doctor gets out. Keeps his distance.

A porch light flickers on at the house. A YOUNG BOY (6) comes to the window. Familiar but not immediately recognizable.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Do you know who that is?

She won't answer. Can't comprehend.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Come on. You know this. You know him.
That's my son.

Annabel shakes her head.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
That's Nathan.

ANNABEL
No. No...no...it can't be. The boy I met couldn't have been older than two.

The Doctor collects himself.

DOCTOR DAWSON
When did you see him last?

She thinks back. Can't concentrate.

ANNABEL
I...I don't know. Days maybe...

DOCTOR DAWSON
How long have you been gone? Come back. Look at the boy in the window. That boy. Right there. You know him. Tell me how long it's been since you've seen that boy. That six year old boy.

FLASHBACK TO:

The garden. *We've seen this before.*

Two year old Nathan playing with the frays of her clothes.
Touching her face.

A warm familiarity to him.

BACK TO SCENE:

The blue house. That six year old boy in the window.

Annabel runs back to the car. But it's locked.

The Doctor tears her away from the door. She fumbles with the keys. He rips them from her hands.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Answer me!

ANNABEL
I can't. He can't be the same...

It hurts her. You can see it. Her mind spinning. Her body in shock.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
I don't understand.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Or you've just been away longer than
you thought.

She shakes her head. Staggeres towards the porch steps.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
And Ellie, she's only eight you know.
But she remembers you. The way you
were.

ANNABEL
Ellie. She's...eight?

He follows her. And she stops at the door. Red-eyed.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Why'd you drive here, Annie?

ANNABEL
Don't call me that. It's not my name.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You know why you're here.

He rushes her. She stumbles back. But he's there in an instant, with his arms tightly restraining her.

No.

Hugging her. Her body goes limp.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You remember. Us. Our children.

ANNABEL
No.

She tries to pull away from him, but doesn't have the strength. He holds her face to his.

DOCTOR DAWSON
This is ALL for you. And it's finally working. This is the breakthrough we've been waiting for. Those trials, and patients...the years. It's all been worth it. Don't you understand?

The locks on the door turn. He gets distracted. Annabel grabs the car keys from the ground. Stumbles away from the house.

The Doctor stands. Talks to Nathan, unseen.

Annabel runs to the car.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
(to Nathan)
Go back inside. It's okay. Mommy's fine.
(to Annabel)
Annie, come back! You aren't going anywhere.

She turns to him. At the driver's door.

He searches his pockets for the car keys. But they're empty.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Wait. Stop!

She fumbles with the keys in the door.

He rushes over. She SLAMS the door behind her.

Struggles with the lock. Secures it right as he BANGS against the car.

And Annabel SCREAMS. Clutches her head.

He BANGS again.

FLASH TO:

BANGING on a door. The same car. *But a different time. Different place.*

Rain pounds on the windows.

The Doctor BANGS on the car. More frustrated than angry.

Annabel nurses an arm in a sling. Sitting in the passenger seat. She's stiff, stubborn. Holds the door closed with one arm. *No scar on her cheek.*

The Doctor yanks it open. Pulls it from her hand.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
We already talked about this.

ANNABEL
No, we didn't. You're lying.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I never lie. Now come on.

Around him, Guards. Nurse Parks hovering a few feet away. The facility behind them.

ANNABEL
Take me home.

The Doctor stiffens. Motions to Guards. Annabel notices. A twinge of fear. She tries to pull the door closed again.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Just remember. You made me do this.

The Guards charge in full force. Grabbing Annabel. Dragging her from the car.

ANNABEL
Hey. Get off me.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Be careful with her arm.

The rain hits her HARD. Nearly blinding.

ANNABEL
STOP! I won't. I--

Before her, the building looms. Dark, overcast. Half-built and covered in scaffolding and tarps.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Bring her to her room. It's all ready.

The Guards pulls her kicking and screaming towards it.

ANNABEL
Please, don't do this. I'm fine. I'll
get better.

She's dragged up towards the building. Past Nurse Parks,
watching closely. Horrified in her own detached manner.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
HELP ME. PLEASE.

Annabel struggles. Breaks free enough to CRASH to the
ground. Slices her cheek on the stone steps.

That's that scar on her cheek.

She coughs. Drowning in the rain. Thunder BOOMING overhead.
BOOM.

DOCTOR DAWSON
GET HER INSIDE, NOW!

The Guards grab her. Drag her towards--
BOOM.

FLASH BACK to SCENE:

BOOM.

The blue house. Lightning flashing on its windows.

Thunder shaking the sky.

The Doctor BANGS on the car door. Furious now. She scrambles
away. Not trusting it to hold.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Annie, open the door.

ANNABEL
Stop, please.

Annabel looks back to the house. The boy is back at the
window, faceless. In the shadows. Watching them.

DOCTOR DAWSON
He wants to see his mother. Have you
say his name. Tuck him to bed at night.
We're so close to getting you better.
(beat)
We have to go back to the hospital.

She tears her gaze from the boy. Puts the key in the ignition.

ANNABEL
I'm not going back there.

His face twists. Bangs on the glass with his fist.

DOCTOR DAWSON
GET OUT OF THE DAMN CAR!

He pulls at the door. Slams on the window again and again.
The glass starts to splinter.

She screams. Hits the gas. Almost runs him over. He falls to
the asphalt.

Annabel speeds away from the house.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car speeds along a mountain highway. Through winding
roads.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Annabel tries to control the steering wheel. To keep her
focus on the road through swollen tear-stained eyes.

A car passes her. BEEPS and speeds ahead.

She skids, but corrects the car.

There are SIRENS in the distance. Annabel puts her foot on
the gas. Rounds a corner and straight into--BLINDING
FLASHING LIGHTS of a car.

She clutches her head.

FLASH TO:

The blinding light of a FLASHLIGHT. The Doctor waves it in
front of her and smiles.

DOCTOR DAWSON
There you are.

FLASH BACK:

A deer in her headlights.

Annabel skids out of the way. Turning quickly onto a poorly
paved road.

A phone RINGS in the car. The DASHBOARD lights up. FLASHING.

EXT. OFF ROAD - NIGHT

The car tumbles along shifting gravel and icy leaves.

The wheels spin wildly. Rides the road with a mind of its own and--

SWERVES. She doesn't have a chance.

Slick black ice under spinning wheels.

The car tumbles off the road and into a ditch. It CRUNCHES into a thick tree.

SMOKE bellows from the hood.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Metal grinds from the upside down car.

Annabel's head bleeds. Lopsided against the ground where a window should be.

She tries to scream. But her voice is barely a whisper.

Annabel squirms against the car door.

Legs pinned. Face bloody.

The car door creaks and opens.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Annabel crawls out of the car onto fresh white powder. Her blood stains the snow.

She crawls away from the car. Barely lucid.

BLINDING LIGHTS flash between RED and BLUE up the gravel road. Sirens speeding toward them.

And MUFFLED VOICES.

The DRIP DRIP of a leaking tank of gas.

HEAVY FEET stomp towards the car. Dark hands reach for her--

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOME, HALLWAY - DAY

More of a dream than reality.

A bright suburban home.

ANNABEL

Come out come out wherever you are.

Two children run past, nearly faceless. Nathan (2) and Ellie (4). The PITTER PATTTER of their feet echoes in a maze of hallways.

A figure comes up behind her. A HAND to her throat.

Annabel turns to find--the Doctor.

He kisses her fiercely. And she smiles.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

You scared me, Dawson.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Annabel's foggy. Restrained to a gurney. The Doctor is at her side. A few EMTs around them.

EMT

Sir, please stand back. We'll take care of her.

The EMT fills a syringe. Gets it ready for Annabel's arm.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Stop, no. You can't give her that.

He pushes the EMT away. Annabel's eyes flutter and close.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. RESTRICTED MEDICAL - DAY

Annabel wakes in a dark room. Alone. Sitting in a wheelchair. Legs restrained to the seat.

It's not a place we've seen before.

There's medical equipment and an operating table. Shiny and aluminum. Large dark tinted window covers the far wall. Outside, evergreens. Snow.

She wheels herself to the window.

Outside a tree whips in the wind. Snow melts lightly around it. But that's not what holds her attention.

Annabel feels the glass. Traces the outline of a face pressed to it. Her own face.

A ghost of a memory.

Outside, Annabel cups her hands to the glass to try to see inside. Falls back. Runs away.

Annabel clutches her head in pain.

And FLASH:

She's laying on the table in that same room. Strapped down. Her arms and legs bound. Her head in a metal cage. A thick single NEEDLE jutting into her forehead. A bracer in her mouth. A cast on one wrist.

Annabel coughs. Screams. Hyperventilates. But can barely move.

Nurse Parks comes in. Checks on her. A guilty glance.

She puts a comforting hand to Annabel's shoulder. Wipes away sweat and tears with a damp cloth.

NURSE PARKS

This'll be over soon, Annabel. Go back to sleep. You aren't supposed to see this part.

Nurse Parks grabs a syringe. Hooks it to one of Annabel's many wires and tubes.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

Just breathe. Can you try that for me?

A black liquid goes up the tube. Towards Annabel's arm.

And her body convulses. Writhes and falls. Fighting back.

Nurse Parks looks away and leaves. Can't stand to watch.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

I'll go get him for you.

Annabel coughs. Eyes darting helplessly.

The door closes behind her.

But Annabel's been clutching the tube in her arm. Strangling the plastic. Stopping the drug from going into her veins.

She YANKS the cord out.

Blood and black liquid spill to the ground.

She rips off her restraints. Grips the needle in her head. And PULLS.

SHRIEKS.

Falls to the ground. Convulsing and quivering.

Her cast shattered, black and blue at the exposed wrist.
Legs bruised. Arm bleeding. Completely dazed.

Crawling across the bloody slippery floor.

Holding the wall. Almost able to stand.

To the door and straight into--

HELL.

INT. RED ROOM - DAY

Really. A place of nightmares:

The walls are a deep red. The lights above are fluorescent
and blinding.

The marble ground is bone white. But that's not why
Annabel's scared.

Before her are rows and rows of pale BODIES on slabs. Each
subject naked. Unresponsive. Embedded with tubes and vials.
There's a steady hum of vital machines.

The DRIP DRIP of IVs.

A handful of bodies are suspended above the ground. Upside
down. Live subjects. Eyes open and crying out to her.

On the other side of the room is a staircase--the only way
out.

Annabel stumbles along the bodies.

But CRASHES to the floor. Her legs can barely move. She
pulls herself up on a slab.

Staggers through the room. Slab to slab. Knocking over trays
and equipment.

And there. Staring at her on the last slab is Jacob. A THICK
BEARD on his face. His skin starting to wrinkle. Hair
turning gray.

The Doctor hurries down the stairwell towards her. Nurses
and Aides right behind him.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Annie, what are you doing?

Annabel staggers away from him. Barely conscious. Falling
over herself.

He motions to a few staff to help her.

They rush over. Restrain her. Secure Annabel to a wheelchair.

ANNABEL
Please, stop. I have to...

She tries to think. To remember.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
To leave.

The Doctor comes to her. Holds her face to his. He's concerned. Distraught. His hair peppered grey.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Why would you want to leave?

ANNABEL
I have...to run.

Staff restrain her ankles and arms. Annabel turns to them, helpless.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Please, help me.

They won't. *They never will.*

The Doctor pushes her towards the exit. Through the staff. And up the staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Annabel struggles against her restraints.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You weren't supposed to see them. I never wanted to make you unhappy.

The Doctor turns her wheelchair and backs her up the steps. One by one.

ANNABEL
What are you doing here? Why are you hurting them?

They go out a locked RED DOOR at the top of the stairs.

INT. HALLWAYS - DAY

The halls are eerily empty. The Doctor pushes her along.

DOCTOR DAWSON

I know you think you've been through
a lot. But--

ANNABEL

--You're hurting people. I saw them.
I won't forget.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Yes, you will. You always do.

She grabs a door frame, but he easily pulls her hand free.
Continues on.

ANNABEL

You're a monster.

He stops. Kneels in front of her.

DOCTOR DAWSON

A monster doesn't cure the incurable.

ANNABEL

Cured, is that what I am?

DOCTOR DAWSON

Not yet.

She spits on him.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

Sometimes you have to put progress
above the patients. Think of the
people we'll save. The families we'll
keep together.

ANNABEL

And what about me?

DOCTOR DAWSON

You're not a patient as far as anyone
is concerned.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The Doctor wheels Annabel into his office. Unties the
restraints on her ankles.

She pushes him away from her. Thrashes at him.

ANNABEL

Don't touch me.

Annabel tries to stand. Struggles. Crashes to the ground.

He watches her intently.

Pours a cup of water.

Droplets DRIP DRIP down the side of the glass.

He offers it to her. But she smacks it away.

SHATTERING the glass.

She lifts herself. Again. Slowly.

DOCTOR DAWSON

You don't understand what I've been through. What I've done for--

ANNABEL

--And what about what you put me through. What you've put these patients through...FOR WHAT?

DOCTOR DAWSON

No. For you.

He goes to his desk. Sits. Ruffles through some paperwork. But not to read it, just to give himself a moment.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

Every day I see you. You walk through those doors and I track your progress. Your lucidity. It helps me know what you're thinking and feeling. How you're improving.

She tries to stand again. Better this time.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

It's been hardest on me. You have to understand that. It's been ten years. Alone. Struggling. I've just been trying to find you again, bring you back to us.

ANNABEL

What?

DOCTOR DAWSON

You think it's been easy.

Annabel hyperventilates. Cries openly. She tries to think. To breathe. To wrap her sick mind around:

ANNABEL

Ten...years?

That breaks him, only for a moment. Then a smile, sad.

DOCTOR DAWSON
But it's all been worth it. And you
can see that now. Everyone can.

ANNABEL
No...no. I'm leaving.

She staggers to the door.

DOCTOR DAWSON
You can try. Again...if you want. You
always try. You think you want answers
but you just run as far away from the
truth as you can. Every time.

And she stops. Hand on the knob. Stares at her broken black
wrist. But...that's just the thing. It's not broken or
black. It's healed. Perfectly fine.

ANNABEL
How many people have died because of
those trials?

DOCTOR DAWSON
We shouldn't talk about that. How about
you sit down for a moment. We'll talk,
just like we used to. You're thinking
clearly right now, you always get
scared when you're thinking clearly.

Silence. He walks towards her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I just need to do a few tests.
They'll help you.

Annabel grabs a LAMP and swings it at his head. But he
catches her arm.

His face squares. Hurt. But never more in love.

The Doctor squeezes her wrist. The lamp CRASHES to the floor.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You broke your wrist a few years
back. Shattered it really. It never
really fully healed.

She's wide-eyed. Fighting against his strength. He puts more
pressure on it.

Annabel gasps. Crumples to the ground. He kneels next to her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You aren't done yet. I still need you.

His gaze softens.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Annie, I'd do anything to get you
back.

The Doctor lifts her back up. Holds her up against the wall.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Do you understand?

He hits a COMM.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
(into COMM)
Get in my office now. Bring the next
treatment.

ANNABEL
The person you want is dead. You're
hurting people to bring back a ghost.

He covers her mouth. A MUFFLED SCREAM.

She tries to push him away but doesn't have the strength.

DOCTOR DAWSON
(into COMM)
And double the dose.

The Doctor holds her there. Pinned. Weak. Trapped.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
This isn't your decision to make.

Annabel BITES his hand, hard. Breaking skin. Blood on her
lips.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
JESUS, WHAT THE HELL.

He uncovers her mouth. Nurse Parks hurries into the room. A
large syringe in hand.

ANNABEL
Please. Please help me.

She stops when she sees the scene. Two Aides follow her in.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Come on.

The Doctor holds out his hand for the syringe.

Nurse Parks doesn't move.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I SAID GET OVER HERE!

She hands him it.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
It'll only be a pinch, okay? You
won't even remember.

The Aides hold her down against a table. The Doctor rips off the cap from the syringe with his teeth. Kneels next to her.

ANNABEL
Please. Please don't...

DOCTOR DAWSON
Don't worry. I'll be right here with
you.

Annabel struggles against the Aides.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
Keep her still!

They hold her tighter.

The Doctor kisses her forehead softly. Lets it linger and fill him up.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
(*whispers*)
Your mind's just trying to make sense
of all this. I'm going to help.

He holds her neck down. Carefully slides the syringe into the base of her head.

She SHRIEKS. Earsplitting pain. Tears. Unable to move.

He injects the full syringe. Annabel's eyes roll back into her head. Lids flutter closed.

Her body goes limp.

The Doctor pulls out the needle. Pushes the Aides off her. Picks up her body and drapes it across his chest.

Nurse Parks looks away.

AIDE
You want help with her, Sir?

He ignores that. Cradles her limp body. Leaves the office.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Doctor carries Annabel through the facility. Patients don't even acknowledge them--they walk around aimlessly.

Staff trade glances with each other.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Doctor brings Annabel to her room. Carefully places her on the bed. Tucks her under the blankets.

She's peaceful. Pale and unmoving.

He sits next to her.

Nurse Parks knocks on the door.

NURSE PARKS

Do you need me to stay with her?

He runs his fingers over her palm softly. Turns his wrinkled hand over her warm skin.

DOCTOR DAWSON

No, I'll stay.

He moves to the rocking chair in the corner.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

She won't even know I'm here.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nurse Parks nods. Hesitantly closes the door behind her.

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

Annabel wakes in a blurry room. There's muffled chatter.

She sits up. Rubs her eyes. She's wrapped in a blanket and sitting by a window.

Outside, the garden is brown and dying, except for some unnaturally bright stiff flowers. Orange leaves drift by and sway in a growing wind. It's fall and overcast.

Other patients sit nearby--unresponsive.

Annabel's been napping. And not quite sure where she is. But it doesn't cause her much concern.

She stretches. But winces instead. Feels the back of her neck. Rubs it a little. A hint of a scar at the base.

Nurse Parks spots her from across the room. Walks to her.

NURSE PARKS

Looks like you're awake and well,
Annie. Did you sleep okay?

ANNABEL

Yes. Very good. Thank you.

NURSE PARKS

Are you hungry?

Annabel nods.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

We'll have something brought to your
room then.

Annabel stands. Can't quite lift herself.

ANNABEL

Call me Annabel, please. Only my
husband calls me Annie.

NURSE PARKS

Yes, of course. Let me get you your
wheelchair.

Nurse Parks leaves for a moment. Annabel lifts her pants above the knee. Dark blue bruising up and down her legs.

That confuses her. She tucks her pants back down to her ankle.

CUT TO:

Nurse Parks wheels Annabel out of the Rec Room.

They pass the painting of the blue house. It catches Annabel's attention. Nurse Parks stops.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

Pretty, isn't it?

ANNABEL

Yes, yes it is...

Nurse Parks waits patiently until Annabel looks away. Ready to move on. She wheels her from the room.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I have a headache. Can I get some
aspirin?

NURSE PARKS

Of course.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nurse Parks pushes Annabel down a hallway. They pass by a closed RED DOOR.

ANNABEL

Wait.

Nurse Parks stops. Annabel stares at it strangely. Reaches out just as--

the door opens.

FLASH BACK TO:

Annabel stands next to Nurse Parks. The wheelchair gone.

And JACOB's there, at the door. Dressed in his Aide's uniform. Trying a keycard that is not allowing him access.

NURSE PARKS

You don't have clearance to be down there, Mr. Brady.

JACOB

One of the Aides told me to get something.

A Nurse comes out of the RED DOOR. The descending staircase behind it. Jacob sneaks a glance. And the door closes.

NURSE PARKS

New employees aren't allowed in the medical vault.

JACOB

I'll send someone else down then.

Jacob hurries off. Nurse Parks watches him curiously.

NURSE PARKS (PRELAP)

Are you okay, Annabel?

FLASH BACK TO SCENE:

Annabel shakes her head. Smiles back up at Nurse Parks from the wheelchair.

ANNABEL

Yes, I'm fine.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Annabel is wheeled through the lobby.
It's filled with sickly unresponsive patients.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nurse Parks pushes Annabel down a hallway.

ANNABEL

I thought we were going to my room.

NURSE PARKS

(chuckles)

Well, don't you have a good memory.
We have a surprise for you, Annabel.

They turn into an office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The Doctor is at his desk. Riffing through paperwork.
Ellie(10) and Nathan(8) play a game on the couch. It's clear that they've been waiting a while. The room is a mess.
The Doctor looks up and smiles at Annabel. He puts away his work. Crosses the room and kisses her on the cheek.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Sleeping your life away out there?

ANNABEL

You know I hate it when you say that.

Nurse Parks hands Annabel a glass of water and a pill. She takes them eagerly.

The Doctor gives her a questioning look.

NURSE PARKS

Just aspirin. For her headache.

The children watch them from across the room. Not daring to come down from their perch on the couch. Uncertain.

Annabel holds out her arms. Smiles warmly.

ANNABEL

Well, come here munchkins. Don't be afraid.

Nathan runs to her arms. Crawls into her lap.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Ohh, be careful.

She watches Ellie on the other side of the room.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
What's wrong, Hon?

Ellie wanders up to her Mother. Head down. Paler than she should be. Annabel checks her forehead.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
She has a temperature, Dawson. Why didn't you tell me?

DOCTOR DAWSON
Ellie just got back from the lab.
Just some preliminary tests. She'll be fine. Won't you, sweetie?

Ellie looks up. Smiles.

ANNABEL
Just keep me updated. Okay?

He nods. Kneels down next to Annabel. Nathan crawls from his Mother's lap to his Father's.

The Doctor looks into her clear eyes. Sees something there that no one else does.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Feeling better. Aren't you?

ANNABEL
Much better.

They share a look. The kids seem to notice.

Nurse Parks heads to the door, a hint of jealousy.

Annabel turns suddenly. Away from the family.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
Excuse me, Nurse. Could I get that aspirin?

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Annabel sits. Motionless. Like a carefully tended manikin.

There are YOUNG MUFFLED VOICES.

Her eyes glassed over. A bug buzzes around her face. And Annabel blinks. As if for the first time.

She's sitting in the garden in a lounge. Looks around. It's fall probably, based on the leaves. She's bundled in a coat.

Nathan (12) plays a hand-held video game on Annabel's lap.

Ellie (14) reads at a nearby table.

Annabel takes it in slowly. Carefully. Scared but unsure whether to touch the moment.

She swats the fly from her face. And Nathan turns, wide-eyed. Like he's woken some monster from an eternal sleep.

He sits up. Backs away from Annabel.

ANNABEL

I'm sorry I...

ELLIE

Nathan, come here right now.

Annabel reaches for Nathan. Nathan hurries to Ellie's side.

ELLIE (cont'd)

--Nathan, go get Dad.

ANNABEL

No. Please, don't.

He hurries off and disappears inside.

Ellie goes to Annabel. Braver than she should be.

ELLIE

You're awake?

Annabel nods.

ANNABEL

I know where I am. And who I am...

Annabel lightly brushes the girl's face.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

...and who you are.

A long moment. Really quite painfully long as Annabel collects herself.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

But, when am I?

ELLIE

I don't understand.

Annabel clutches her head in pain.

ELLIE (cont'd)
 It's okay. It'll all be okay. Dad's
 trying a new medicine. It'll work
 this time. He promises.

She tries to think clearly. But the pain is unbearable.

ANNABEL
 It's not safe. I have to leave...run.

ELLIE
 We aren't allowed to leave. Not until
 you're better. No matter how long it
 takes. That's what he says.
 (beat)
 You're sick.

Ellie reaches for Annabel's face. Lightly touches under her
 nose. Drops of blood.

ANNABEL
 No--I...

Annabel's body spasms. Head rolls back. She screams and
 crashes to the ground in blinding pain.

And straight to--

INT. RED ROOM - DAY

Annabel opens her eyes. GASPS for air. A tube down her
 throat. Her body WRITHES on a slab.

She pulls at the tube. Gagging.

The light is blinding. The walls red.

She's been here before.

A face above her comes into focus: the Doctor. He wipes sweat
 off her forehead with a cloth. Sweeps a light by her eyes.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Shhhhhh. You're fine. Breathe for a
 moment. Just breathe.

Annabel swipes his flashlight out of her face.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
 There you are.

He wipes the spittle from her lips with the cloth.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
 You're back. Just breathe for me.

Annabel tries to sit up. He lets her.
 She's surrounded by other BODIES on slabs.
 Falls to the ground. Crawls away from him.

ANNABEL

I know where I am. I know what you're
 doing to them.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Good.

She tries to stand. But her legs can barely hold her weight.

ANNABEL

Good?

DOCTOR DAWSON

That means the treatment is working.
 You've always known what was down
 here. But now you actually remember.
 Really remember why we built this
 place. To do--

ANNABEL

No...no.no.no.

Annabel stumbles away from him. And straight into a slab
 with--

Ellie(14) unconscious and pale on the cold hard metal.
 Annabel reaches for her face. Caresses it gently.

DOCTOR DAWSON

--Anything that's necessary.

The Doctor's right there. At her back. He watches Ellie over
 Annabel's shoulder.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

And it's finally working. You're
 almost back.

ANNABEL

I wouldn't have agreed to this. Not
 any of these people. Not her.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Ellie wasn't planned. But your mother
 only lasted so long. I needed a
 genetic match to continue my work.

ANNABEL

My mother?

DOCTOR DAWSON

Margery.

Annabel searches the room for her.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

But she's been gone for some time now.

ANNABEL

This is wrong.

DOCTOR DAWSON

You're not thinking clearly. It's like waking up in a dream for you, right? Disorienting. Your mind trying to piece together what makes you... well you. This is all good. You're just trying to understand. You'll get there. You'll see why I did all this. I can help you accept it. Even... maybe one day, appreciate what I've done for you.

He reaches for her, and--

WHACK.

Annabel throttles him over the head with a defibrillator. He falls backward. CRASHES into a table.

She runs to the stairs.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

And there you go. Running again. Because you can't handle the truth. How far will you get this time?

She stops short. Turns.

Takes the room in. Dozens of bodies and tubes. Connected. Flesh being bled dry and blue.

ANNABEL

You aren't going to hurt anybody else.

She stumbles to the closest BODY and tears out the tubes. The body seizes and crashes.

ANNABEL (cont'd)

I won't let you.

Annabel goes to the next slab. And then the next. Disconnecting each unwilling subject. Watching them writhe and fall.

COUGHING catches her attention.

She spins. The Doctor's over Ellie's slab. He pulls the oxygen mask off her face. Pulls a needle from her arm.

DOCTOR DAWSON

You always had a temper. Paranoid and distrustful too. It must have been hell for you all these years.

ANNABEL

Stay away from her!

DOCTOR DAWSON

This was her decision. Not mine.

Ellie's eyes flutter open and close.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

(to Ellie)

Shhhh, just sleep baby. Rest a little.

ANNABEL

Please, stop.

The Doctor wipes blood from his forehead. A deep new scar.

DOCTOR DAWSON

I can make you forget.

Annabel walks towards him slowly.

ANNABEL

I don't want to forget. Or remember. I just want it to all stop. I want you to stop.

DOCTOR DAWSON

You think that now. But in a few weeks, we could be home. Together.

ANNABEL

At what cost?

Annabel circles him. Not wanting to get too close. And goes to Ellie's side. Embraces the girl.

The Doctor gives them space. Puts pressure to the wound on his head.

DOCTOR DAWSON

See this...this is why I did it. That look on your face.

Annabel holds onto Ellie. Cries into her.

He isn't about to step in.

ANNABEL
You aren't going to hurt anyone else.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I've only ever done what's necessary.
And you'll thank me one day.

ANNABEL
You aren't going to save me.

Annabel slips her hand onto a medical tray. Grabs a bottle filled with BLACK PILLS.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I just need a little more time.

ANNABEL
I'm not going to run this time.

She turns. Pills in her hand.

ANNABEL (cont'd)
And you won't be able to bring me
back.

His face drops. She swallows the pills. An overdose.

DOCTOR DAWSON
No. STOP!

Annabel coughs, but forces them down.

The Doctor jams his fingers down her throat. She gags.
Pushes him away.

Annabel grabs a scalpel and STABS it into his side. He falls
back. Crumples to the floor.

She struggles to pick up Ellie's limp body. Staggeres from
the room.

Up the stairs and into--

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Annabel stumbles through an empty hallway. Barely able to
keep herself upright. Barely able to carry Ellie.

INT. RED ROOM - DAY

An Aide runs down the steps. The room's a mess. The HUM of
flat-lining.

There's a GROAN. The Aide runs to the Doctor, who's struggling to stand. His hand at his side. Blood dotting his lab coat.

AIDE
Doctor, are you okay?

He nods, sweating bullets.

DOCTOR DAWSON
I'm fine. Get me that.

He motions to a medical kit. The Aide gets it for him. Grabs some gauze and covers the wound at his side.

AIDE
Should I get someone?

DOCTOR DAWSON
No.

The Doctor feels his side. Secures a bandage.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
She didn't hit anything. Annie would never hurt me. Not really. She loves me too much.

The Aide helps him stand.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
We have to find her. Now. While there's still time.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

She drops Ellie. They crash to the ground, together.

Annabel can barely keep conscious. She's drifting. Gags. Foam at her lips.

ANNABEL
You're gonna be fine, I promise.

Annabel tucks Ellie in a corner. Kisses her forehead.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Annabel staggers into her room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

And closes the door.

Her eyes drifting. Vision blurred.

She crawls to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

DRIP.

DRIP from the faucet.

She lifts herself into the tub. Shivers uncontrollably.
Turns the water on.

It GUSHES up past her body.

She lifts her shirt and traces thick white scars on her
stomach and legs.

The words ~~RUN~~ and ~~LEAVE~~ cut into the skin.

She puts the scalpel to her palm. Carves the word ~~DE~~.
...or tries to, until she can't hold the blade in her
trembling hand.

It falls into the rising water.

A little red sensor blinks beneath the barcode on her wrist.

Her head rolls back.

The faucet shuts off.

DRIP. DRIP.

Annabel's eyes flutter. There are muffled VOICES in the
distance.

Her arms go limp. Eyes close.

With one last breath, her head dips below the surface.

And we stay there. Above her. Small bubbles trickle from her
nose and mouth. Past her freckles.

Almost quiet. Peaceful. If it weren't for her blood inking
the water red.

And we're just watching her as she sleeps her life away.
Second by second. Moment by moment.

We've seen this before though. Haven't we?

There's a loud BANG.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Aides rush the room. Nurse Parks right behind them. They hover at the door of the bathroom. All staring at the tub.

The Doctor comes to the door of the bedroom. He won't dare cross the threshold.

He wipes his bleeding head. Holds his bandaged side.

Nurse Parks and the Aides wait.

NURSE PARKS

What do you want us to do?

Silence.

NURSE PARKS (cont'd)

We have to make a decision.

DOCTOR DAWSON

Pull her out.

NURSE PARKS

Are you sure? Again? You've done everything you can. There are other patients that--

DOCTOR DAWSON

Now!

No one moves.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)

I SAID PULL HER OUT.

An Aide steps forward. Pulls Annabel's sopping body from the tub. Lays her on the cold tile.

Nurse Parks breathes into her mouth. Does chest compressions.

Annabel's back arches. She coughs violently. Eyes fluttering but never opening.

Nurse Parks turns her on her side. Annabel pukes up water and black pills. The staff look on.

She hits Annabel's back hard--but there isn't anything else to come out.

NURSE PARKS

She'll be fine. Just give her some time.

Annabel barely moves.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Give me a clean slate. It'll work
this time. I know it.

The staff look at the Doctor. Surprised. He's stone-faced. Unblinking. Nurse Parks turns to him.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
I said reset for the new treatment.

NURSE PARKS
We can't.

He holds a syringe out to the room. The staff trade looks. But he's not up for a discussion.

DOCTOR DAWSON
Unless we should test it on you
instead?

A moment.

Nurse Parks hesitantly stands. Wipes her wet hands on her uniform. The room is silent. Waiting.

She grabs the syringe. Annabel's body spasms on the ground. Gasps for breath.

A hand comes up and holds onto the Doctor. Ellie (14) stands bravely next to her father. He squeezes her hand.

Nurse Parks kneels next to Annabel. Brushes the wet hair from her unconscious face. In pain...and you really see it--the scrunched eyes, the tight mouth, her trembling body--if you didn't know her, you'd think she was having a nightmare.

Nurse Parks jams the syringe into Annabel's neck. Her body writhes violently. He turns away. Kneels next to Ellie.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
You're so brave.

Ellie doesn't look away from her mother on the floor.

ELLIE
Will she get better this time?

He lightly touches Ellie's cheek.

DOCTOR DAWSON
We won't stop until she is.

Annabel's body calms. She starts to become lucid. Mumbles and stirs. Her fingers claw at the floor.

DOCTOR DAWSON (cont'd)
 (to Nurse Parks)
 Thank you.

But she turns away from him.

NURSE PARKS
 Put her back in the tub before she
 wakes up.

An Aide lifts Annabel's limp body to the tub. Submerges her.
 The staff give her some space.

The Doctor leaves. Pulls Ellie behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

And they walk off down the hallway.

ELLIE
 I want to stay this time.

There's a loud GASP from the room.

We've definitely heard this before.

The Doctor leads the girl away. And we stay on them as the
 commotion continues off-screen.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.)
 Close that damn window. It's
 freezing.

A window SLAMS.

The SPLASHING of water and Annabel THROWING UP.

NURSE PARKS (O.S.) (cont'd)
 We don't tolerate that here.

Ellie tugs at the Doctor's coat.

ELLIE
 I want to stay with her this time!
 I can help.

DOCTOR DAWSON
 Don't worry. You will.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

ANNABEL (O.S.)
 Where...where am I?