

DOLLHOUSE

EPISODE #1
"Echo"

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Writer's First Draft
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT.DOLLHOUSE, POOL - DAY

ANGLE: UNDERWATER

A woman's body cuts into the water from above, the camera moving along with her as she takes a lap.

This is ECHO. She is beautiful, and completely focused; her face betrays nothing but calm as she gracefully pulls herself along.

ANGLE: THE ROOM

It's a private, single lane pool in a beautiful, serene little cul-de-sac. Recessed lighting, natural colors, perfectly placed flowers accenting the spare and uncluttered beauty. No noise but the rhythmic splashing of the swimmer, going back and forth.

ANGLE: UNDERWATER

Echo comes the end, but doesn't turn. She pauses, swims down to the bottom of the shallow pool. Touches the surface with one hand as she brings her knees up in an almost fetal position and holds, impassively, wrapped in silence.

ANGLE: THE ROOM

As we wait for her to surface...

INT.HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A girl, DANIKA, rears up from her bed **screaming**, brushing imaginary creatures off her chest, arms, bed.

DANIKA

Off off get 'em off goAAD HELP ME
GOD NO get them, ahh -

Echo is on her in a moment, holding her, containing her thrashing till it subsides into wild shaking...

ECHO

SHH, no, they're gone, they're
nothing, they're gone...

Danika is maybe 19, would be very attractive if she didn't look close to death -- which she has been for a few days.

Echo is dressed very simply: jeans, work-shirt, both rumped from dozing in the chair by the bed for the last couple of days.

DANIKA

I can see... things... bugs...

ECHO

Don't trust your eyes just yet.

DANIKA

You don't understand. Those things are trying to kill me.

ECHO

They're not trying to kill you. Look at me. Nothing is trying to kill you. Except you.

Danika looks at Echo now for the first time.

DANIKA

You... you've been here...

ECHO

Two days.

DANIKA

Why?

ECHO

You were alone.

DANIKA

I don't know you. What do you want?

ECHO

I want you to live.

DANIKA

Hey, I got sloppy, it happens, it's not a big drama --

ECHO

A quart of vodka and a bottle of perkaset isn't sloppy, Danika.

DANIKA

I didn't tell you my name.

ECHO

First of all, it's on your wrist. And you told me plenty.

(MORE)

ECHO (CONT'D)

When you weren't passed out,
barfing in a bucket or fighting
thought-lizards you really opened
up. Especially when you thought I
was your mom --

DANIKA

(little girl panic)
You didn't call her...

ECHO

I'm not gonna do that. You're
gonna do that.

DANIKA

No no no --

ECHO

Possibly not right away.

DANIKA

I don't understand who you are.

ECHO

Does it matter? Maybe you made me
up, like the bed-bugs. Maybe I'm
all in your head.

Beat.

DANIKA

Well that's just creepy.

ECHO

(mock umbrage)

What are you talkin'? -- I'm a - a
fine-looking girl -- I mighta
looked better three days ago with
some sleep and no barf on my
sleeve, but -- I'm pleasing to the
eye and I'm **on your side!** If I **was**
in your head, that would mean some
part of you was still on the side
of right. Still wanted to live.
You should be so lucky to have an
imaginary me.

Danika actually laughs a bit -- which makes her stomach
clench up.

DANIKA

Ahh... oh God...

She instinctively reaches out, and Echo's hand is there.
Danika squeezes it hard.

ECHO

It'll pass.. It'll pass...

Danika reaches for the I.V., looking for a button.

DANIKA

They don't have any painkillers
hooked up...?

ECHO

Painkillers **got** you here, genius.
What you get now is pain.

DANIKA

I can't...

ECHO

Maybe not. But at least it's
simple, right? It clears the head.
No if's or maybe's, no wrong, no
guilt, just you versus pain.

DANIKA

(fearful)
What if I lose...?

ECHO

Pain has a party. Tells all its
friends how it took out a nineteen
year old alkie.

DANIKA

Why are you here?

ECHO

(points to bed)
'cause I used to be **there**.

DANIKA

God, you're not gonna try to be my
higher power...

ECHO

I'm imaginary, remember? I'm here
and gone.

Echo moves closer to the door, prompting Danika to hold her
with the comment:

DANIKA

I said a lot of stuff, huh? When I was out of it?

ECHO

You weren't out of it. You were right in the middle.

DANIKA

You can't tell anyone...

ECHO

About Carl? About Reno, the Snake-Pit, Carl's fine friends... Danika in limbo.

DANIKA

Limbo?

ECHO

(intensely soft)
"How low can you go."

DANIKA

Shut up.

ECHO

You should call your mom.

DANIKA

(tearing up)
No... she doesn't know... what I did... what I am...

ECHO

Maybe she wants to.

DANIKA

She's got no time for people like me. You don't know her.

ECHO

Know her? Couple times yesterday I **was** her. You talked to her -- you didn't act like she was a stranger.

DANIKA

I won't deal with her.

ECHO

I won't try to make you.

DANIKA

Are you leaving?

ECHO
Soon, yeah.

DANIKA
I'm scared.

ECHO
It's scary. Part of this you have to do alone. And part of it you can't.

DANIKA
(tentative)
But it gets better. You got better.

ECHO
I got this far. First thing I do every morning is thank God for another day. Second thing I do is wish I had a drink.

DANIKA
Why don't you?

ECHO
If I'm not stronger than the forces that try to control me, than what am I?

INT.BALLROOM - EVENING

ANGLE ON: ECHO as she downs a glass of champagne in one protracted pour.

She couldn't look more different. Elegant, almost old-fashioned in a sweeping hair-do and a dress that, though sexy, would not be entirely out of place in a 40's musical.

The ballroom is filled with wedding guests. A big band blasts fine old tunes from behind the floor. And pulling on Echo's hand is RICHARD, her date. He's verging on nerdy, but he's got some swing to him.

ECHO
Okay! Now I'm ready.

RICHARD
"I've Got You Under My Skin" waits for no man...

She turns to him --

ECHO

My legs are gonna be aching
tomorrow.

RICHARD

That's **part** of the plan...

ECHO

(intimate smile)
Devil-person.

And he sweeps her onto the dance floor. There are a few other couples but these two clearly own the floor. They dance, Echo bringing the sexy, but many of the steps actual steps -- Richard knows his way around a swing-dance, and Echo's the perfect partner.

ANGLE ON: THE BRIDE, sitting with her best FRIEND. The groom accepts congratulations in the BG.

FRIEND

Apparently they met at some old-
persons' tango class or something.
Thank God you dumped him, or **you'd**
be out there risking an ankle.

BRIDE

Well, good for Richard.

FRIEND

Oh, he's flaunting. I'd assumed it
was a **pity** date, but the way she
looks at him...

BRIDE

It doesn't matter. It's the
happiest day of my life.

FRIEND

But where does a girl like --

BRIDE

(throaty and fierce)
It's the happiest day of my life.

INT.HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

Camera races behind Echo and Richard as she pulls him toward their room, laughing.

EXT. EAST L.A. - DAWN

A low angle on a brand new Echo, this one looking tough and very calm as three guns are thrust into frame from above. The man behind her, in business attire and holding the shiny briefcase, is petrified, but Echo looks almost bored.

She speaks in Spanish, with subtitles.

ECHO
(in Spanish)
<Boys, boys... you make this messy,
all you're gonna get is a mess.>

We REVERSE to see the THUGS - too well-dressed to be gangbangers, but entirely criminal.

THUG#1
<We're gonna get what the man has
to offer. At a substantial
discount.>

ECHO
<He doesn't look like much, does
he? I think he's a little nervous.
But he's also very popular.>

THUG#1
<I should be worried about his
friends? They'll come after me?>

ECHO
<They'll set your children on
fire.>

The smile drops from the thug's face.

ECHO (CONT'D)
<You're very close to becoming real
businessmen. He has a good product
and you have the funds. Stop
trying to scare people.>

He steps forward, cocking the gun and putting it to her chest. Speaks, for the first time, in English.

THUG#1
What about you, Chica?

CLOSE ON: HER CHEST with the gun at it. We start to HEAR HER HEARTBEAT.

INT.VAN - CONTINUOUS

And we quick-dissolve to a video readout of her heartbeat -- steady and slow.

WIDEN to see a bank of monitoring devices -- not video, but more like medical scans, reading Echo's heart rate, body heat, brain activity -- and sitting among them, relaxed is BOYD LANGTON, Echo's gruff, older handler. Audio comes into the van:

THUG#1
(V.O.)
Are **you** scared?

BOYD
(mutters)
That'll be the day...

EXT. EAST L.A. - A BIT LATER

We see, in a wide, the exchange being made. Guns have gone away. And we hear:

A MAN'S VOICE
(prelap)
It all seems pretty clear to me.

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

It's grand, overlooking the vertical part of L.A. ADELLE DEWITT sits behind her wide and elegant desk, facing maverick billionaire MARC DREYFUSS and his lawyer. He's the one who just spokè, and he seems, despite his power, a little keyed-up, like a kid being handed the keys to the car.

Adelle, on the other hand, is the essence of reserve and elegance. One imagines this would not change were the building to collapse.

ADELLE
Does it now?

DREYFUSS
Whatever I want, right?

ADELLE
Within reason, yes.

DREYFUSS

Reason? Kind of money I laid out -- just for the background check -- well I was under the impression reason wasn't gonna be a factor.

ADELLE

In 1997 you put a young man through a plate glass window and paid him not to press charges.

He sits up straighter, shooting a look at his silent counsel.

DREYFUSS

What -- that was... an accident, I was dancing at a party, I **tripped**, I didn't -- he knew who I was, started looking litigious, we shut it down. Was not a fight.

ADELLE

(smiles)

That's what our investigators reported. Or you wouldn't be here. Where reason applies is in the safety and well-being of our actives.

DREYFUSS

I got no interest in hurting anybody. Don't object to a little **adventure**, I'm a physical fella...

ADELLE

Everest, twice. **That** I got from Newsweek. Our actives can keep up.

DREYFUSS

You sure?

ADELLE

The personality imprint extends to muscle memory as well. Whatever Our actives are called upon to do, they will in effect have spent their lives preparing for it.

DREYFUSS

Doesn't seem possible.

ADELLE

(a soft smile)

If it did, I doubt you'd have come.

DREYFUSS

Suppose I just want someone to pretend they're in love with me?

ADELLE

Then you are out of luck. If you engage an active, then he or she --

DREYFUSS

She!
 (looks at them both,
 awkwardly)
 She.

ADELLE

Then **she** will see you, and totally, romantically, chemically fall in utter and unexpected love. With you.

As the conversation continues, we cut occasionally to Echo in various stages of her engagements:

INT.HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ECHO and Richard, both sitting, naked, in the throes of sweaty love-making. She has stopped, staring at him, near tears with her absolute devotion.

ECHO

God... My God....

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

DREYFUSS

And we're alone? I mean, do we got the whole staff listening in on our business?

ADELLE

Of course not. That's the point.

DREYFUSS

But if you're supposed to protect --

ADELLE

A Handler monitors the Active internally for signs of danger or distress.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Echo is getting out of the car from her last engagement. The sweaty guy in the suit is happy, looking in his duffle bag o' money, as the window rolls up and the car drives away.

ADELLE

(V.O.)

If your engagement involves criminal activity then yes, the Handler may listen in but otherwise he has no idea what's happening. **Nobody knows.** This couldn't work any other way.

Echo is watching it go as the van with Boyd in it drives up. It's big, and sleek, but not too conspicuous. A moment, and Echo turns to enter it in the back.

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

Dreyfuss is getting less jovial, more thoughtful. Intrigued.

DREYFUSS

The... whadayou call 'em? -- "Active". **She** knows. She's got all the secrets. You really telling me she forgets?

INT.UNDERGROUND GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

The Van is being parked as Echo is being led to an elevator, where a woman in spa-staff attire waits with a similar outfit for Echo. Echo still has the swagger of her last persona, but never thinks twice about complying.

ADELLE

(V.O.)

The moment the engagement is over she will have the overpowering urge to return to her facility. Where she will be wiped of all memory.

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

ADELLE

What happens is always and only between you and her. Do you see?

Adelle really comes close now, as she is, clearly, closing.

ADELLE (CONT'D)

You're a man who can have everything he wants. If what you want is someone dressed up as a cheerleader telling you how big you are, you can hire a hundred women to do that -- quite convincingly -- for the price of one day with an Active. This is not about what you want. This is about what you **need**. An Active doesn't judge. This will be the purest, most genuine human encounter of your life. And hers. It is a treasure. One I guarantee you will never, **never** forget.

MONTAGE:

The events of the three scenes of Echo, being pulled backwards, strangely occluded and with a rushing suck -- key moments being paused at, chiefly a sweating Echo holding Richard close, looking at him with almost sad wonder, amazed at the way he's making her feel... and that is pulled back, more memories pulled back, Danika grabbing her hand...

INT.IMPRINT ROOM - DAY

And we see Echo, in a tight tank and loose linen drawstring pants, lying in THE CHAIR, a giant, pulsing machine surrounding part of her head. She's arched back in great pain.

We see another flash of memories pulled backwards and Echo gasps -- then it ends and she lies still, eyes closed.

The machine retracts as the chair tilts forward. A young programmer, TOPHER, steps forward and pulls a lit-up, computerized wedge out of the machine above her head. He replaces it into another machine, touches a couple of command screens, and we see the light in it changing color, almost literally draining into the machine.

Echo blinks awake, sitting up. She has the faint air of having forgotten something, but she seems completely peaceful. When she speaks, it's with an utter lack of guile.

TOPHER

Hello, Echo. How are you feeling?

ECHO

Did I fall asleep?

TOPHER
For a little while.

ECHO
Shall I go now?

TOPHER
If you like.

She smiles at him as she gets out of the chair and heads for a door, pushing it open to reveal:

INT. DOLLHOUSE, MAIN AREA

A vast, beautiful, almost spa-like complex, in which at least twenty other male and female "actives" wander about, sit and eat, exercise... they are all dressed more or less like Echo, most of them young, and all beautiful. The space is natural, serene -- and windowless.

As we pull back to see Echo's grand and quietly bizarre home....

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT.DOLLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As Echo continues through the space, we see cut-aways of various areas in the Dollhouse...

INT.DOLLHOUSE, DINING AREA - DAY

Four small tables are set up in the dining area.

Actives enter from a serving area with plates of food -- delicious, healthy spa fare, not institutional in the slightest. Some sit and eat, and there are staff checking on them, or serving them as well.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, CRAFTS AREA - DAY

A few Actives are working with watercolors, in a setting not unlike a calligraphy class -- though their motor skills are not that advanced. A Staff member quietly walks among them.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, MEDICAL - DAY

We see an Active getting a massage in the front area. Tracking beyond, we find an Active having his knee bent and examined by a female doctor. This is DR CLAIRE SAUNDERS, in-house physician. She speaks gently, but we do not see her face.

CLAIRE

You must have taken quite a spill.
Tell me if this hurts.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, GYM - DAY

Actives work out of various machine, occasionally spotted and encouraged by staff or by each other.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, SHOWERS - DAY

Here we pick up Echo again as she rinses off. The showers are open, and men and women move freely and unconcerned in the open space, which is obscured where it needs to be by wooden slats and frosted glass.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, POOL - DAY

And we find ourselves back in the private little pool room, where Echo steps to the edge and dives, sliding gracefully under the surface.

EXT.HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT

To establish.

EXT. RESTAURANT IN THE HILLS - NIGHT

Federal Agent PAUL BALLARD steps out toward the balcony. He is wearing the nondescript suit of the government agent, his handsome face lined with years of suspicion and disappointment. He looks around, spots:

A man, good-looking but scruffy and dissipated, waits nervously for him. This is KEENE, a deep-cover agent who cannot be still for two seconds, partially from fear, partially from coke.

PAUL

Nice view.

KEENE

(deadpan)

Yeah look at all the pretty lights the people look like ants and I can see my house from here. You trying to get me killed?

PAUL

I wasn't followed.

KEENE

Not **here**... you think you weren't made outside Nickolai's?

PAUL

Feds have a **tent** pitched outside that joint. One more agent isn't news.

KEENE

You cannot be sniffing around the family and talking to me. I've been inside almost two years. The Borodins see us together, we both get a death and I don't get the nice one. This is the our last date.

PAUL
Then let's make it special.

KEENE
(sarcastically)
Champagne, Agent Ballard?

PAUL
Give me something I can use.

Keene just looks at him, grimacing. Sniffs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Nothing. You got nothing.

KEENE
Because there **is** nothing.

PAUL
Or you're too scared to tell me.

KEENE
I'm too scared to take a **dump**. I sleep with a pillow under my **gun**, you get it? These are the lowest, scariest, human-trafficking scumbags on the planet and I did what you asked, started throwing the word "Dollhouse" around, they look at me like I'm a tourist. I can't afford that.

PAUL
Maybe you're not in deep enough.

KEENE
It's a **myth**, okay? It's an urban legend: young people having their personalities replaced so they can be the perfect date, it's alligators in the sewers!

PAUL
No.

KEENE
You got no leads. Anything you think you had led you to me and I'm a dead end.

PAUL
You don't know what I got.

KEENE

What you got is the nicest version of fired the B.I. has. You think I'd sit down with you I didn't check you out? You don't close. The Van Dynes, the Illinois Gun Club, Vegas... you get blocked, you rush in; you don't make nothing but a mess. There ain't a thing less useful than a righteous man. Bureau takes pity, give you the one case you can't blow 'cause it **doesn't exist.**

PAUL

The technology exists. I've seen the reports --

KEENE

Somebody made a monkey tango, right? Doesn't mean it's being used on people.

PAUL

(dark and definitive)
It does. It means that.

KEENE

How do you know?

PAUL

We split the atom -- we make a bomb. We come up with anything new, the first thing we do is destroy. Manipulate. Control. It's human nature.

His quiet conviction is undeniable and for once, he and Keene are on the same page. Keene responds with some measure of sympathy:

KEENE

I seen aspects of human nature made my eyes wanna vomit. I don't think there's a Dollhouse. I hear different, I'll get word. Personally, I wish there was.

PAUL

How come?

Keene starts moving off, leaving Paul at the balcony.

KEENE

So I can sign up, wipe the last two years right outta my skull.

PAUL

(grim smile)

We'll keep you in mind.

KEENE

Not a care in the world. Okay? I get outta here I wanna be Doris frikkin' Day.

He goes, leaving Paul with no one. And nothing.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, DINING AREA - DAY

We fast-dissolve to Echo, sitting at a table in the eating area.

She eats slowly, looking off at nothing, until Sierra crosses with a plate and Echo brightens a bit, motions for Sierra to sit with her.

ECHO

Good day.

SIERRA

I wasn't certain where to sit.

She sits across from Echo, looking at her plate.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

This smells very good.

ECHO

I think so too.

She takes a dainty bite, chews.

ECHO (CONT'D)

I swam thirty laps today.

SIERRA

Good for you.

ECHO

I'm tired now.

SIERRA

It's important to exercise. I try to be my best.

There is a moment, as something crosses Echo's brow.

ECHO

Are you?

SIERRA

Excuse me?

ECHO

Are you your best?

The question confuses Echo almost as much as it confuses Sierra. They both ponder...

SIERRA

I'm not sure how to know that.

Echo turns to the side, and for the first time we realize there is someone else at the table with them.

ECHO

I think, if you always try, that's best. Right?

As she speaks the camera comes around to reveal the third person. We've seen him before: Keene, the mole who told Ballard there was no such thing as a Dollhouse. He is as impassively upbeat as the girls, and we realize 'Keene' was just another Active -- this one called VICTOR.

VICTOR

Every day is a chance to do better.

(beat)

I'm going to climb the rock wall.

INT. TOPHER'S LAB - DAY

Boyd enters, looking tired and grouchy. Topher is staring out across the main area at the dining threesome. His blithe energy both contrasts with and annoys the older man.

BOYD

I'm supposed to be off. If this isn't the second coming or giant bats I'm gonna kick your tiny boy ass.

TOPHER

Giant bats would be awesome. Check this out.

BOYD

Topher, I had three days in the van outside that hospital and I'm in no mood.

TOPHER

Get a mood! That's your girl, center stage in this riveting drama. **Look.**

Boyd follows Topher's eye-line out across the main area.

BOYD

(unimpressed)

They're eating lunch. Thank God you called.

TOPHER

They're eating lunch **together**, man-friend.

BOYD

Still not a headline.

TOPHER

Third time this week. Same group. Even the same table.

Now Boyd is interested -- but not as happy as Topher.

BOYD

Statistical probability that it's random?

TOPHER

Don't even **look** down that path. They're grouping.

BOYD

Are you saying they remember each other?

TOPHER

(shakes his head)

The wipes are clean. This goes deeper than memory, into instinctual survival patterns. Flocking. Whole mess of sparrows turning on a dime. Salmon truckin' on upstream. This isn't a book-club, man-friend, it's the herd.

BOYD

They're not Bison, Topher.

TOPHER

They're a little bit bison.

BOYD

(quietly)

Well they didn't used to be.

TOPHER

Oh, what is this? Have you been hanging around the Phantom?

BOYD

The Phantom?

TOPHER

Dr. Saunders. That self-lacerating crap reeks of her. She's a glorified G.P., Boyd, and BTW she's the **reason** you were at that hospital --

BOYD

I didn't say it was a wrong job. I'm just tired. Dr. Saunders is working the radical theory that those people are still people.

TOPHER

People who volunteered for this.

BOYD

So we're told...

TOPHER

You're not allowed to have conspiracy theories when you're in the employ the conspiracy. These folk elected to give us five years of their lives, after which they will be blissfully ignorant and very wealthy.

BOYD

What about during? What about the things you program them to do? Even if they did sign up, they didn't know what they were signing up for.

TOPHER

Lay down your burdens, old man. They have what everybody wants. They live every life. Have every skill, every experience...

(MORE)

TOPHER (CONT'D)

They fall in love -- real love --
with unreserved passion.

BOYD

There's nothing real about it.
They're programmed.

TOPHER

That tie keep you warm?

BOYD

What? No.

TOPHER

No, it's what grown-up men do in
our culture. They put a piece of
cloth around their necks so they
can assert their status and
recognize each other as non-
threatening kindred.

BOYD

What is this, the sixties? Are we
gonna burn our draft cards?

TOPHER

You wear the tie because it never
occurred to you not to. You eat
eggs every morning but never at
night. You feel excitement and
companionship when rich men you've
never met put a ball through a net
or over a goal line, you feel
guilty and a little suspicious
every time you see a Salvation Army
Santa ringing his bell, you look
down for at least half a second if
a woman leans forward and your
stomach rumbles every time you
drive by a big golden arch even if
you weren't hungry before.
Everybody's programmed, Boyd.

BOYD

Damn. You've really spent some
time on your self-justification.

TOPHER

Not the case. I don't care. This
is an awesome gig. This is cutting
edge science in a house full of hot
chicks. Morality is programming
too.

BOYD
Dewitt finds out about this, she'll
kill them.

TOPHER
Not all of them.

BOYD
You think Echo's the initiator?

TOPHER
It's not conclusive. I might
ruffle through the Phantom's files,
see Echo's physical progression --

Boyd gets to the point:

BOYD
You gonna tell Dewitt?
(off Topher's stare)
Morality is just programming, I'm
hearing lately.

TOPHER
I'm amoral -- I'm not a dick. This
is too fascinating anyway. If Echo
is really evolving beyond the
wipes...

BOYD
(looking out at the group)
Then sooner or later she will wind
up dead. And we might too.

TOPHER
Well, now we have our own little
conspiracy, man-friend.

BOYD
Don't call me that.

TOPHER
We're not friends?

BOYD
(almost to himself)
We're not men.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Paul lets himself into his mess of a home. There's a manila envelope that's been slipped under his door. He picks it up, turning it over as he moves toward the cluttered couch.

On the back is just written: "Keep looking."

He places the envelope gently on a side table, looks around and grabs a couple of fast food napkins, picks it up with them, gently. Fingerprints. He looks it over and opens it slowly. Pulls out a photo, 4x6, of a young girl smiling in front of what looks like a college sorority. The girl is Echo, but a little younger- seeming, carefree.

He turns the photo over. In different handwriting, girlish script, is the name "Caroline".

INT.FBI COMPUTER BASE - DAY

Paul is haggling with a weary female data worker, LOOMIS.

LOOMIS

Because three days is when I can get to it!

PAUL

You scan the face, you look for a match! Computer does all the work...

LOOMIS

I got plenty of faces to scan, for people much more impressive than you.

PAUL

But not as charming...

Beat. He can't sell it.

LOOMIS

Was that flirting?

PAUL

(defeated)

I think so; it's been a while. Tell me what I gotta do.

LOOMIS

You know what? Okay. The scan. For a dog.

PAUL

A dog?

LOOMIS

Black Lab. Two year old.

PAUL
 (uneasily)
 Pets or meat?

She grabs the photo from him, goes to work, scanning the photo and starting the search.

LOOMIS
 I don't **want** a dog, I got a black
 Lab I gotta get rid of.

PAUL
 Why?

LOOMIS
 My terriers don't like it.

PAUL
 I don't want a dog.

LOOMIS
 Well you can't leave it in the
 country or toss it in the river.
 You gotta find it a good home.

ANGLE: ECHO'S PICTURE is on screen next to a rapid-fire succession of possible matches. We PUSH IN at it, hearing:

PAUL
 (O.S.)
 Is it house-trained?

LOOMIS
 (O.S.)
 Ahh... that's a complicated
 question.

PAUL
 (O.S.)
 (slight panic)
 No it's not...

And we **come around** to see the screen we're looking at is actually in:

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

She is watching the FBI link up with her usual reserve. Next to her is the head of security, LAURENCE DOMINIC.

ADELLE
 Well this is spectacularly
 unacceptable.

DOMINIC
They won't have anything.

ADELLE
They have the picture. This is the
same Agent?

DOMINIC
Paul Ballard, yeah.

ADELLE
Victor was supposed to throw him
off.

DOMINIC
He never said anything to Victor
about a picture. We have to assume
it came after.

ADELLE
From whom?

Dominic shrugs.

DOMINIC
We can shut this man down.

Adelle moves away from her desk, the true meaning of that
statement heavy on her.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)
We can --

ADELLE
I heard you.

She turns back to Dominic.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, MAIN AREA/GYM - DAY

We follow a HANDLER as he walks toward the gym, through the
opening and in, past Actives quietly training...

ADELLE
(V.O.)
That's a last resort. If he has
the picture he may have more.

The handler reaches Victor, taps him on the back.

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

She crosses back to her desk, sits.

ADELLE

We do have a few loose ends
dangling and if he's got his kitty-
claws into one of them... We need
to bring him out, get him talking.

DOMINIC

So I'll make him talk.

She looks at him, thinking.

INT.IMPRINT ROOM - DAY

Victor lies back in the chair as Topher inserts the
personality bank into the device above his head. A moment,
and Victor sucks in painful breath, eyes popping wide --

EXT.STREET - DAY

And there's Victor as Keene again, on a pay phone, if those
still exist. (We'll call him Victor from now on).

VICTOR

It was a Chinese laundry, can you
believe it? Do we still call them
that? Is it 'Asian laundry' now?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's on his cell, finishing writing the address.

PAUL

If it's burned down what am I
looking for?

VICTOR

If people were being held it
would've been in the basement. I'm
getting this third hand. And I
still think it goes nowhere.

PAUL

Then why call?

VICTOR
'Cause you inspire terrible pity.
Watch your back.

He hangs up and crosses out into traffic.

Paul looks at the address, thinks.

INT.BURNED OUT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Paul enters, afternoon sun streaming through shells of windows over the burnt remnants of a business. Where the sun doesn't hit it's dark enough to be a bit creepy. He moves slowly to the back, where a metal door is nearly hidden in the gloom. It's slightly ajar.

INT.BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Paul slips through. As he creeps down the steps he pulls a flashlight.

He reaches the bottom and looks around. There is a row of burnt twin mattresses on the floor.

A noise in an inner chamber makes him turn and pull his weapon. He moves that way...

ANGLE: The inner chamber. We see Paul approaching - and the camera slides over to reveal, against the wall and holding a crowbar in her shaking hands, a wild-eyed Echo.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Paul reaches the doorway to the inner chamber and Echo swings at him, he takes it in the arm as his flashlight drops, she tries to swing again but he pins her against the wall, wrenching the bar away and putting his gun to her chest.

ECHO
Get off of me!

PAUL
Don't move!

He steps back. She's still in relative dark. He crouches, reaching for his flashlight. She starts to move --

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hand! Hands!

ECHO
Don't shoot me.

He hits her with the beam, really sees her face. Stops.

She's dressed differently -- a summer dress, not fancy, hair back -- she's lower middle-class and a little grimy from being down here -- and she looks weary. But it's the same face.

PAUL
I.D.

She indicates her purse on the floor. He reaches in, pulls out her wallet. Flips it open to find a New Hampshire driver's license for SHAUNA VICKERS, Echo's pic on it.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Step forward.

ECHO
Please...

PAUL
In the light. This is you?

ECHO
Yes, I'm just, I'm lost and I
didn't know who you were, I just
wanna get home, please you don't
have to hurt me.

PAUL
This is you? Shauna Vickers?

ECHO
(huh?)
Yes...

PAUL
Middle name?

ECHO
(huh?)
Daltry.

PAUL
Shauna, I'm gonna holster my
weapon. If you try to run, do
anything sudden or hit me with
anything made of metal I'm gonna
unholster my weapon, are we clear?

ECHO
Are you a cop?

He pulls his own I.D., hands it to her. Her hands are
shaking.

PAUL
I'm Agent Ballard. F.B.I.

ECHO
(looking at it)
"Paul".

PAUL
That's right.

ECHO
(looking at him)
Middle name?

PAUL
What are you doing here, Ms.
Vickers?

ECHO
I'm looking for someone. My
sister.

PAUL
Why would your sister be here?

ECHO
(bitter, down)
She's not.

PAUL
You gotta be straight with me...

ECHO
Do I? 'Cause you people have been
pretty frikkin' bendy with me.
Eight months she's gone and nobody
moves a muscle, I get doubletalk,
excuses, they call her a whore!
She's gone, my little sister drops
off the planet and no one in the
system can lower their donut long
enough to follow a lead!

She hurls his I.D. at him at the last, near tears.

PAUL
I have your picture.

ECHO
What?

PAUL
Somebody sent me a picture of you.

ECHO
Why?

PAUL
I don't know.

ECHO
Are you sure it was me? Can I see
it?

PAUL
Trust me.

A noise from within makes them turn and Paul pull his weapon
again, though he keeps it at his side.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(whispers)
You here alone?

She nods, and he backs her out toward the stairs, keeping his
eyes on the darkness.

Nothing. Sounds, now clearly from the street. He holsters his piece. Thinks.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Come with me.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, MEDICAL - DAY

ANGLE: DOWNSTAIRS we see Actives engaged in what looks like art therapy. TILT UP to see Topher making his way across the upper level into Medical. He's being sneaky, which he does slightly badly.

The area is only partitioned off from the examination and massage therapy area, but it's cut off from view enough for Topher to start rummaging through files with a modicum of security.

CLAIRE

You seem a little out of place.

Topher jerks back. Standing in relative shadow is DR. CLAIRE SAUNDERS. She does not approach -- she rarely tries to be near anyone who's not a patient. She barely looks people in the eye. This may be explained by the fact that her face, though still quite attractive, is crisscrossed by pronounced scars, clearly the work of a blade, some time ago.

Claire smiles politely. She doesn't confront, doesn't raise her voice, but neither is she cowed. Her politesse and strength make Topher nervous on a good day, pissy on a bad.

TOPHER

Dr. Saunders, hey...

CLAIRE

I think you're aware of the policy on Active evaluations.

TOPHER

Well, you know how I feel about rules. You might not know. I feel oogy about them.

CLAIRE

The policy is Open Book: all records are to be shared and you have access to them any time you want.

TOPHER

Right. Well I wanted. But now I don't. It's passed. Like gas.

CLAIRE
Do we have a problem?

TOPHER
I don't have a problem.

CLAIRE
You're stealing things you have a perfect right to. If you don't have a problem you seem pretty intent on creating one.

TOPHER
All right, I'm busted, get out the thumb-screws -- look, can you promise to keep something to yourself?

CLAIRE
No.

TOPHER
Hah. 'Kay. Hell with it. A couple of the Actives --

CLAIRE
It's Echo.
(polite smile)
That's her file.

TOPHER
Well, that pro-bono deal you've been pushing, the "good works"... I think it might be stretching them a little thin. Echo had an engagement --

CLAIRE
The girl in the hospital, I know.

TOPHER
Yeah. The girl in the hospital had Echo at her side for **three days**. Supposed to be ten hours. These things are unpredictable and they're a drain on the Actives. Boyd's still bitching about the three-day stint in the van... but that part's actually kind of funny.

CLAIRE
I'm compiling a report.

TOPHER

I'm making a paperclip Eiffel Tower.

CLAIRE

The report is conclusive. In every case, including Echo, we've seen an improvement in muscular response, density, in stamina... all the Actives sent on "pro bono"s, on totally altruistic engagements, are physically improving.

TOPHER

Huzzah.

CLAIRE

Have you even checked their cognitive response?

TOPHER

It's not my job to improve them, Doc. I have to keep them right where they are.

He's actually gotten engaged, as though this were his purpose in sneaking in here.

CLAIRE

The paid engagements, the sex, the crime --

TOPHER

That is not all they --

CLAIRE

There is a physical need for something other than fulfilling the whims of the rich.

TOPHER

They fall in love.

CLAIRE

(quietly)
Love is a selfish emotion.

TOPHER

And altruism isn't? Break it down: Helping others makes us feel good about ourselves.

CLAIRE

It's not that simple --

TOPHER
 (actually angry)
**I program them so that it feels
 good.**

There is a pause. Both of them know Topher has bared something ugly in himself. He shoves the file back in the cabinet.

TOPHER (CONT'D)
 What, so I'm a monster, right?

CLAIRE
 (more sad than cutting)
 I'm compiling a report.

He takes off. She moves to the open drawer, slowly pulls Echo's file out and starts examining it.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Paul lets Echo in to his cluttered living space. She's in mid-tale.

ECHO
 She followed him out here. He was at USC and she said they were gonna get a place, she was gonna apply for the next year, maybe audit some classes...

PAUL
 She ever talk about maybe, I don't know, pledging? A sorority?

ECHO
 Laura hated girls like that. I mean, when we were still close... it doesn't matter.

PAUL
 Why not?

He sweeps some clothes off the couch and Echo sits, heavily.

ECHO
 Because Vince -- her boyfriend -- was never at U.S.C. I've been through all their admissions records.

PAUL
 He use a different name?

ECHO
(shaking her head)
I saw photos.

PAUL
Could you describe him to an sketch
artist?

ECHO
(bitterly)
Again?

PAUL
I'm sorry. You want a drink or
something?

ECHO
Do you have a wine-cooler?

PAUL
(beat)
I didn't know they still made
those. I gotta white wine in the
fridge, I never opened it, I think
it's a.... The sweet kind. German.

ECHO
Ex-wife leftovers?

PAUL
(suspicious)
How did you know I was divorced?

Echo points to a photo of Paul and a woman.

ECHO
Wife.

She indicates the mess on the floor.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Ex.

He smiles forlornly.

PAUL
You should maybe have my job.

ECHO
I do. They're just not paying me
for it.

PAUL

They're not paying me much either.
Dollhouse.

She whips her head around at the word. He's pleased by the reaction -- he threw the word out suddenly just for that reason.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Where did you hear it?

ECHO

(testing him)

It's an urban legend...

PAUL

Unless it isn't. What did you hear?

ECHO

That people were taken off the streets, and, like, hypnotized... doing stuff they don't remember... the guy that said it was... well, a pimp, so I didn't really think it was... I mean can they do that?

PAUL

This pimp say he knew anyone personally involved?

ECHO

He said there was a guy, looked like a cop, was talking to his girls. About a "better life". I asked him for a name, or... I didn't have any money, though, and he said he'd only give me information for...

(humiliated)

..."trade".

PAUL

Maybe we'll go look him up.
(tough guy smile)
Maybe he'll trade with me.

Echo looks down at her wine, really starting to cry this time.

ECHO

I'm sorry...

PAUL

No...

He almost moves to touch her, but isn't sure he should.

ECHO

I'm trying so hard not be such a girl...

PAUL

I think you blew that with the wine cooler.

He little laugh only burps up a bigger sob. She clenches her jaw against it, tears streaming down her face. After a bit:

ECHO

You give up. It's like the only way to keep trying, keep looking, failing, and still looking... you give up right away, so that part of you can't get beat up. You don't... react. You don't hope. You don't even miss her. She's half of me, I know that sounds cheesy but our whole lives we... and I cut her out. So I could get her back, do you understand? You don't think I'm crazy?

PAUL

(quietly)

I think you're pretty amazing.

ECHO

Amazingly crazy?

PAUL

(smiles)

That is what I meant, yes.

She takes his hand, brings him close. She's looking at his hand -- after a moment she places hers on top of it. It's a solemn moment for her, but he can't not feel her nearness.

ECHO

Will you swear?

(he waits...)

Will you swear you're not lying, or jerking me around, or just punching a clock on this? You'll help me get her out of there?

PAUL
Yeah. I swear.

She leans her head on his chest a moment, then picks it up with resolve.

ECHO
Tell me what you know.

PAUL
I know the science is there. I know it's working at a very high level; it's not a back-street op. and I've had enough people tell me I'm crazy to know I'm probably not.

ECHO
Is there a team on this, a task-force?

PAUL
Well, there's a team now...

She looks at him with a mixture of disappointment and gratitude.

PAUL (CONT'D)
This isn't a priority for the Bureau. But it is for me.

ECHO
Do you have... a file, leads, something I can look at? Am I allowed to look at that stuff?

PAUL
Yeah, give me a sec...

He moves back to the clutter of the living room, she follows but falters, putting her hand to her head...

ECHO
Whoah...

PAUL
You okay?

He catches her in a kind of half-faint, leads her to the couch, as she clings to him. It's awkward and authentic, not romance-novel-swoony. But there's not no touching.

ECHO
Okay... wine might've been the wrong idea right now...

PAUL
You eat today?

ECHO
A little... I'm on a budget. And I had a gun pointed at me, that doesn't really help my equilibrium.

PAUL
I'm sorry.

ECHO
God, I'm not. You make it real. Everything I've been through, everything I... I'm trying awful hard not to go all "white knight" on you, but...
(trying to shake it off)
Files. We're gonna look at files.

Instead he crouches in front of her, keeping the closeness.

PAUL
I'm not the white knight, Shauna. I've been butting up against this case like a moth on a screen door, for longer than I like to admit. Nobody thinks it'll make. Which is a pattern with me. Everybody tells me no, give it up, back off -- even the Missus tells me no: no more, no thanks, so long. I go a little nuts: is it real? Am I anyone? And then you show up, and I remember, I remember "Yes", I remember connection...

He touches her hair, puts it behind her ear...

PAUL (CONT'D)
...I'm so...relieved, and I think...

He grabs her throat, His gun whipped right at her temple.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...who tells me exactly what I want to hear? Who gives me just what I need? Nobody. So I think maybe that's who you are. Nobody.

ECHO
Please...

PAUL

So maybe I'll take nobody down to
lock-up while I run her prints.

(she moves, he cocks the
gun)

I can get them from your fingers
whether they move or not. Get up.

He roughly pulls her up -- and it's amazing how fast she moves, knocking the gun away from her head and twisting his arm, palming his nose and ripping the gun away, spinning, holding it out in front of her with the graceful efficiency of a trained fighter.

ECHO

I'm not nobody.

PAUL

Are you Caroline?

The name has a visible effect -- she almost jerks. Her eyes, for a moment, look lost.

She puts two bullets in his torso and he drops.

ACT FOUR:

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE PAUL'S APT.

We see the van parked across the street.

INT. VAN NIGHT

Boyd is on a speakerphone, listening to Topher.

TOPHER
(on the phone)
The Phantom is creepy! Come on!
She could have something done about
those scars...

BOYD
Maybe she wants to remember.

TOPHER
(on phone)
Remember?

BOYD
Alpha.

TOPHER
(on phone)
Again, creepy. The sooner we
forget about Alpha --

BOYD
The sooner we get another one.

We hear the GUNSHOTS from outside the van.

Boyd runs out --

EXT. OUTSIDE PAUL'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

And sprints across the street into Paul's building.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Boyd enters, gun first, like a cop. Echo has left the door ajar, is piling his papers into a shopping bag. Paul lies on the floor, unmoving.

BOYD
Hell is this?

ECHO
I got made. Guy was dangling, next second he nearly takes my head off. Help me with this.

BOYD
I thought this was a recon... you had a kill order? On a Fed?

ECHO
(to herself)
Nobody's ever made me.
(to Boyd)
Are you gonna help me with this stuff?

Sirens, approaching.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Oh, come on!

Boyd approaches the body --

ECHO (CONT'D)
I got the wallet. He hired a girl, it got ugly, she took his stuff.

She shoves a box of files into his arms.

ECHO (CONT'D)
It's a classic tale and it'll stick.
(indicates mess)
Look how lonely the poor shmuck was. Gonna have a lady over, you'd think he'd tidy...

She looks down, sees something.

ANGLE: HER FEET. The floor is more of a mess now that she's gone through his stuff, but right at her feet is the picture of her that Paul had been sent. As she crouches to pick it up Paul's hand shoots into frame and grabs her ankle.

ECHO (CONT'D)
God!

She jerks back, spinning and pulling Paul's weapon from the back of her pants -- and we hear squad-cars screeching up outside the building.

Boyd puts his hand on her arm, pushes it away. Looks at her sternly:

BOYD

Shh.

He herds her out the door, both of them toting boxes and bags.

INT. PAUL'S LOBBY/EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They come down the stairs, the flashing lights reaching in, and duck around the back just as cops come rushing in the front and head up the stairs.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They come out the back, Boyd pulling out his phone.

BOYD

This is Boyd. We need extraction.
We're cut off from the van.
Heading down Montero.

He pockets his phone. Echo looks almost sullen.

ECHO

Son of a bitch made me...

BOYD

What'd he say?

ECHO

I don't know. Nothing. He grabbed me, I had a gun at my skull -- I didn't chit-chat. I pulled this act on a hundred guys, how come this one doesn't buy it?

BOYD

You're usually not lying.

She looks at him, not getting it, as they turn the corner.

EXT. OUTSIDE PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As the doors slam on the ambulance and it peels off...

EXT. STREET - LATER (NIGHT)

Far enough from the scene, Boyd and Echo wait in the shadow of an alley. Boyd's phone rings.

BOYD
(into phone)
Where the hell is our car, it's
been --

He's interrupted, listens.

BOYD (CONT'D)
They're sure?
(listens)
That's a bad call, there's no she
can...

ECHO
What is it?

Boyd puts his hand over the mouthpiece a moment.

BOYD
It's not a one eight seven.

ECHO
(appalled)
What?

BOYD
We got a guy at Cedars. It's
looking like you didn't hit
anything vital.

ECHO
No way. No.

Pulls Paul's gun from her pants, checks the chamber and shoves it into her purse. Crosses into the street.

BOYD
What are you doing?

ECHO
My job.

BOYD
You can't go near that hospital.
It's gonna be stuffed with cops.

ECHO
 I been slipping past cops since I
 was five. And I don't leave a job
 unfinished.

She steps out, stuffing the gun in her purse and looking suddenly frantic, and a car slows. She comes around to the passenger side. A YOUNG MAN is driving.

ECHO (CONT'D)
 (tearfully)
 Please can you take me to the
 hospital?

BOYD
 Don't do this...

ECHO
 Stay away from me!
 (to the driver)
 Please, I think he broke my
 wrist...

Boyd watches as she slips into the car and is gone. He looks around, uncertain...

INT.HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Echo walks calmly in. She pulls a bouquet of flowers from a vase on a cart and, still walking, slides Boyd's gun right into it.

A cop passes her, and she smiles sadly at him, the weight of someone's sickness momentarily on her face. It's gone as soon as he is.

INT.CAR - NIGHT

Boyd is in the back of the Sedan, on the phone.

BOYD
 Can't you just shut her down?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT.DOLLHOUSE, TOPHER'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Topher is keeping out of general view and speaking quietly.

TOPHER

A remote wipe is very twitchy. And Echo out there without an imprint, she'd be helpless. And very noticeable.

BOYD

She's about to noticeably shoot her way into an operating room.

TOPHER

I made her a sociopath, not an idiot. The orders from on high are to complete. Even if you could stop her, what do you think they'll do to you if you do?

Boyd has no answer.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ECHO, moving with murderous calm.

INT.ADELLE DEWITT'S OFFICE

Adelle is looking out at the skyline. The phone chirps.

ADELLE

Judith, I said to hold my --

She sees what line it and her face tightens. She breathes once, picks up the phone.

ADELLE (CONT'D)

Hello.

She listens.

ADELLE (CONT'D)

That decision was mine. I considered containment to be --

Interrupted. Listens.

ADELLE (CONT'D)

It's being handled.

Listens.

ADELLE (CONT'D)

Immediately. Yes sir. Thank --

Cut off. Lets out a second breath. Hits the com.

ADELLE (CONT'D)

Judith?

INT.HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Echo is moving up the hall, gun concealed in a bunch of flowers. She comes to an open area - and sees three cops outside the OR. She pulls casually out of sight, back against the wall, thinking. Her attention is caught by something across the hall. She moves forward, very slowly, expressionless, her brow starting to furrow ever so slightly...

ANGLE: ACROSS THE HALL

Is Danika's room, the room Echo was in before, in another life.

Danika is with her mother. She is crying, and her mother holds her, stroking her hair, her own eyes wet.

Echo stares at them, something trying to work back into her brain. But in the end, all she can do is stare.

Boyd appears suddenly in frame, muscling her along, away from the cops.

BOYD

We got the Stand Down.

ECHO

Job isn't finished!

BOYD

It's finished.

ECHO

I don't complete, I don't get paid!

BOYD

(wearily)

You're gonna get paid, kid.

MONTAGE: THE EVENTS BEING SUCKED FROM ECHO'S HEAD:

Principal among them is Paul, saying "Are you Caroline" and her shooting him.

INT.IMPRINT ROOM - NIGHT

Echo grits her teeth in pain, arching back as she's once again wiped.

Boyd and Topher wait for it to be done. Boyd's still smoldering.

BOYD

A kill order on a Fed.

TOPHER

Hi-ho the glamorous life...

BOYD

They didn't tell me about it.

TOPHER

You are awfully judgemental...

BOYD

Kill order the Handler doesn't know about it is reckless. This whole operation is based on not being reckless.

TOPHER

Nonsense. We walk the wire, Friend-man. We live in the Dollhouse. Which makes us dolls, and the people playing with us, little children. Children break their toys, Boyd.

BOYD

That they do.

Topher hits the lever that tilts the chair back up. We pull back as he does to include Echo, blinking at the light.

TOPHER

How are you feeling?

ECHO

Did I fall asleep?

TOPHER

For a little while.

ECHO

Shall I go now?

TOPHER

If you like.

She rises, turning briefly to Boyd, at whom she smiles politely. He nods, almost smiling himself, not wanting to indicate unpleasantness.

Echo moves gracefully into:

INT. DOLLHOUSE, MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Walking across the bridge. Approaching from the other side is Adelle, who softens at the sight of her, saying:

ADELLE

You're doing wonderfully, Echo.
We're so glad you're staying with
us.

Despite her obvious stress, Adelle is surprisingly genuine. She is passing Echo as she turns to respond:

ECHO

I try to be my best...

A moment, and Echo continues along the bridge.

ANGLE: DR. SAUNDERS watches Echo from her station in the medical area.

ADELLE

(V.O.)
Agent Ballard lives.

INT. IMPRINT ROOM - A BIT LATER

Adelle is grilling Topher and Boyd. (As they talk, we cut to ANGLES of Echo...)

ADELLE

Point blank, two slugs, and he'll
be walking in a week. How is that
possible?

TOPHER

I gave her the skills. She knew
where to aim.

ADELLE

Or where not to?

INT.DOLLHOUSE, SHOWERS - NIGHT

ANGLE: ECHO SHOWERS, her face impassive as the water runs over it.

TOPHER

(V.O.)

She had no reason not to complete.

INT.IMPRINT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADELLE

The Agent is a problem. I want to make sure Echo isn't as well.

INT.DOLLHOUSE, CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Echo slips into sleep-wear.

ADELLE

(V.O.)

Pay very close attention to her. If she shows you anything you don't expect...

INT.IMPRINT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADELLE

... We're in this together. The day we forget that, will be our last.

INT. BED-CHAMBER - NIGHT

We see them lined across a long room, off from the main bustle of the Dollhouse. They are not beds; they are holes in the floor, ten of them in this room alone. Each one with a plush mattress and just enough room for a tiny shelf on either side of the head-space. They are softly lit from within, and the room has the same Japanese-serenity-meets-slight-high-tech that delineates the rest of the Dollhouse, so they look both comforting and snug.

But not unlike graves.

Echo lays down in hers as many others do the same in theirs. We hold close on her face for a while, staring out with bland, optimistic complacency. After a time, she turns on her side.

Ten frosted glass covers slide up over ten bed-holes.

ANGLE: FROM WITHIN ECHO'S BED

The frosted white lid slides over us as we focus on Echo, staring right at us, that now-familiar expression of working a far-away problem on her face. After a time she whispers, feeling the word in her mouth as both foreign and familiar...

ECHO

"Caroline."

ANGLE: FROM ABOVE

The lids all close.

BLACKOUT.