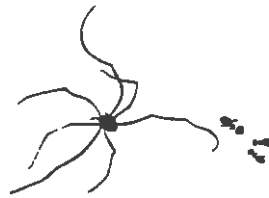


# girl, interrupted



written by lisa loomer  
Revisions by susan shilliday,  
anna hamilton phelan

third revised draft  
by james mangold

Producers :  
doug wick, cathy konrad  
columbia pictures

blue 1/14/99  
based on the book  
by susanna kaysen

I look at the world  
and I notice it's turning  
while my guitar gently weeps  
with every mistake  
we must surely be learning  
still my guitar gently weeps  
I don't know how you were diverted  
(you were perverted too)  
I don't know how you were inverted  
(no one alerted you)

— George Harrison 1968

1-11-00

1968. Dawn. Wind rattles frosted glass.  
Looking out an open transom. Through steel mesh.  
Brown grass. Barren trees. A spider crawls across the mesh.  
We pan. We are in a dark tiled basement.  
The sound of a cat purring. And a person breathing.  
We pan. Past rusting pipes. *drip. drop.*  
A furnace. licking flame behind sooty glass. *foosssh.*  
We pan. Past a cracked journal. An endless word-stream :  
*A ship without a rudder is like a ship without a rudder is...*  
Sunlight hits a puddle. A hypodermic glistens.  
Light ripples. Susanna's eyes. They fill the screen.  
Big. Brown. Raccooned with exhaustion. Grease-smudged.  
One of her hands. bloody. curled against her chest.  
The other hand moves. Petting an unseen cat.  
It purrs. We move down. It is *not* a cat.  
It is another young woman. blonde. lazy eyed.  
Her head in Susanna's lap. she purrs.  
Purrs with every stroke of her yellow hair.  
*The tinkle of broken glass.* Susanna turns.  
A red-haired girl sweeps glass and mutters in sing-song :  
*snip snip here. clip clip there. and a couple of la di dahs -*  
*that's how we pass the day away in the merry old land of Oz.*  
Footsteps echo. Heels. loud.  
Down the hall of pipes. A flashlight. Figures approach.  
A black woman in a nurse's uniform. And an orderly.  
Behind the furnace. Blue eyes rise in fear.  
Blue watery eyes set in a face of curdled leather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is a girl - horribly scarred - crying in the shadows  
Her mittened hands wrapped around a gray cat. A real cat.  
Susanna watches the burnt girl. Her voice is lush. calm :

SUSANNA (v.o.)

People ask how we got in there.  
What they really want to know is if  
they're likely to end up there as well.

Dawn light caresses Susanna's face. *A phasing whir rises.*

I can't answer the real question.  
All I can tell you is... *it's easy.*

SUDDENLY, WHITE HANDS GRAB SUSANNA'S HEAD -

*It's easy to enter a parallel universe.*

TWO OTHER HANDS THRUST A TUBE UP HER NOSE - DOWN HER THROAT -  
PUSHING HER FACE NETHERWARDS - TO A STRETCHER. WHITE LIGHT.

2 WE ARE : IN A BRIGHT 60'S EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A PALE SUSANNA RIDES A MOVING STRETCHER. IT SCREECHES TO A  
STOP. *A tube is inserted-* a "lavage" pump whirs on and -  
SUSANNA VOMITS IN A BASIN. SHE'S ROLLED ON HER BACK. EERILY  
CONSCIOUS. She pulls at the tubes, tries to sit up, gagging.

SUSANNA

- I'm okay -

NURSE

= *hold on, dear* -

E-R DOCTOR (o.s.)

5 milligrams Valium - *restrain her* -

THE NURSE FASTENS RESTRAINTS. *The pump continues sending  
water down Susanna's throat.* SHE CHOKES, PULLS THE STRAPS.

SUSANNA

*Ow.*

A NEEDLE POKES HER ARM - A NURSE DRAWS OUT BLOOD.  
ANOTHER NEEDLE - A NURSE INJECTS VALIUM.

*OW!*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

A RESIDENT takes the basin and examines the contents.  
IT IS FILLED WITH PILL FRAGMENTS. CLEAR LIQUID.  
He leans toward the E-R DOCTOR

RESIDENT

Aspirin fragments and Vodka, I think.

E-R DOCTOR

Don't tell me what you think.  
Take it upstairs.

Susanna looks to - A CONCERNED MAN (45) IN THE CORNER.  
Arms crossed, he wears a tweedy vest and a goatee.

*The lavage pump winds down* and the DOCTOR pulls the tube.  
He takes Susanna's tongue in his fingers - brusque.  
Susanna gags, looking helplessly into his eyes.

SUSANNA

- eee's iiigh -

The Doctor does not react - he releases her tongue and  
spreads her fingers, looking closely at them.

NURSE

What did you say, dear?

The Doctor checks her arms, notices - A BRUISE ON HER WRIST.

E-R DOCTOR

A wrist banger.

SUSANNA

I said, he's right - *it's aspirin.*

E-R DOCTOR

(moving to her legs)  
I still have to check for track marks,  
young lady. Any signs of drug abuse.  
(looking up, smiling grim)  
Attempted suicide is a *felony.*

SUSANNA

(head heavy, to Nurse)  
- *really - whas the punishment -*

NURSE

Your parents are on the way.

SUSANNA

(downright stoned now)  
- He sho-look at my hand.  
*There's no bones in it.*

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

E-R DOCTOR

Is that why you did this?  
Because there's no bones in your hand?

SUSANNA, glances at - THE MAN IN TWEED. He shifts, nervous.

SUSANNA

- *and other things* - it's hard to stay -  
*for me* - to stay in one place.

*There is an off-screen voice:*

VOICE (o.s.)

Susanna. If you had no bones in your hand -

SUSANNA TURNS, GROGGY (TO FACE THE VOICE) AND WE - CUT TO:

3 DOCTOR CRUMBLE. A SHRINK IN HIS FIFTIES.

DR. CRUMBLE

- *how did you pick up the aspirin?*

HE SITS IN A COMFY CHAIR, AWAITING AN ANSWER.

REVERSE ON - SUSANNA, dark-eyed, in a less comfy chair. She wears a turtleneck and a mini. HER SLENDER ARM bounces - *fuff fuff fuff* - on the plastic covered armrest. The fabric below, tangerine. *There's a bandage on her wrist.* We're in an office in a suburban house. A car passes. Susanna glances out the window. A WOMAN PULLS A SAMSONITE CASE from a Volvo.

SUSANNA

*What is my mother doing?*

DR. CRUMBLE

*Can you answer my question?*

Susanna turns, facing him.

How did you pick up the aspirin  
- *with no bones in your hand?*

SUSANNA

By then they had come back.

DR. CRUMBLE

I see.

SUSANNA

No. You don't. (demure) It's beyond you.

She lights a cigarette. Her hand shaking. She is holding back. The Doctor stares at her. Her eyes meet his. Angry.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

DR. CRUMBLE  
(smiles) *Indulge me. Explain it.*

SUSANNA  
- Explain what - explain to a doctor that  
the laws of physics can be suspended -  
that what goes up might not come down - ?

Somewhere - *a dog starts barking.*

- explain that time can flow backward  
from now to then and back again - and  
that you can't control it?

DR. CRUMBLE  
Why can't you control it?

*THE DOG BARKS LOUDER. Classical music is heard. distantly.*

SUSANNA  
(distracted by the dog)  
*...what?*

DR. CRUMBLE  
*Why can't you control time?*

SUSANNA TURNS TO FACE -

4 A FAMILY DOG BARKS AT SUSANNA - HALFWAY IN A KITCHEN DOOR -

WE ARE - INT. KAYSEN HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)  
SUSANNA'S MOTHER (ANNETTE) rushes in. Colorfully dressed, she  
holds a plate of hors d'oeuvres. *Classical music plays.*

ANNETTE  
*Where were you!?! Everyone's here.*

ANNETTE PULLS SUSANNA PAST HER FATHER, CHATTING WITH SOMEONE.

SUSANNA  
Hey, Daddy...

- INTO A LIVING ROOM PACKED WITH GUESTS.

ANNETTE  
Look who's here, everybody!

EVERYONE LOOKS UP - offers greetings.

MRS. GILCREST, a well-meaning lady wearing macrame, reacts to  
Susanna's arrival. She stands, handing her husband, PROFESSOR  
GILCREST, (45) a drink. He wears a tweed vest and goatee.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GILCREST  
Babe, can you hold this for me?  
(rushing Susanna) I want to say hello.

ANNETTE  
(hushed, to Susanna)  
Professor Gilcrest's wife.

From across the room, PROFESSOR GILCREST LEERS AT SUSANNA.  
Susanna rubs her head, leans in to her mother's ear.

SUSANNA  
Do we have aspirin down here?  
I need to go upstairs -

MRS. GILCREST  
My Lord! What beautiful skin! You  
remember me, don't you? Barbara Gilcrest,  
Bonnie's mom. Bonnie was in your Lit  
class, wasn't she?

SUSANNA  
Yeah. How's she doing?

MRS. GILCREST  
'Just accepted at Radcliffe. What a  
conundrum. I'm a Wellesley girl myself,  
but these days young women should make up  
her own minds, *don't you think?*

THE PROFESSOR CONTINUES STARING. SUSANNA AVERTS HER EYES.

*Where are you headed this fall?*

DR. CRUMBLE (o.s.)  
*Susanna. Are you stoned?*

5 SUSANNA LOOKS BACK UP - BEWILDERED. (BACK TO PRESENT)  
She is facing - DOCTOR CRUMBLE.

DR. CRUMBLE  
Do you smoke pot? - Take L-S-D?

THE ASH ON HER TREMBLING CIGARETTE. It is two inches long.

*No drugs?*

SUSANNA  
(taps her ash)  
I find them redundant.

DR. CRUMBLE  
Have a boyfriend? Maybe a few.  
(smiles) *Older boyfriends?*



5

CONTINUED:

Susanna smiles, knowingly.

DR. CRUMBLE (cont'd)  
*How do you feel right now?*

SUSANNA  
*I like you're getting hopeful.*

The Doctor shifts in his chair. Unswerved.

DR. CRUMBLE  
*Is that all you're feeling? What else?*

Susanna looks him in the eye. *defiant. the truth.*

SUSANNA  
*I - don't - know.*  
*I don't know what I'm feeling.*

DR. CRUMBLE  
*You need a rest.*

SUSANNA  
*I'll go home... take a nap.*

DR. CRUMBLE  
*No. You need to go somewhere where you can get genuine rest, Susanna. And you're lucky - because the best place in the world for someone like yourself happens to be a half hour from here.*

SUSANNA  
*You don't mean Claymoore.*

Dr. Crumble says nothing.

*That's a bit extreme, isn't it?*

Susanna rolls her eyes.

*Extreme? Four days ago, you chased a bottle of aspirin with a bottle of Vodka.*

SUSANNA  
*I had a headache.*

DR. CRUMBLE  
*Susanna. Your father is a friend of mine. A colleague. He asked me to see you -*

Susanna glances at CRUMBLE'S FACE ON THE BACK OF A NEARBY BOOK JACKET. An important looking tome entitled "The Mind".

(CONTINUED)

DR. CRUMBLE (cont'd)

- even though I don't do this anymore,  
he begged me to see you. He's frightened.  
So is your mother. You are hurting everyone  
- around you. Claymoore is top notch. Many  
people have gone there. Writers - *like you*.

SUSANNA

Whatever.

Susanna looks off. Crumble rises, pleased. Dials a phone.

DR. CRUMBLE

Yes. Can I get a cab at 1240 Milford?

SUSANNA

My Mom is here.

DR. CRUMBLE

(covering the receiver)  
It's less emotional this way.  
Your parents and I discussed this.

CUT TO:

6

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE / CAB - DAY - AUTUMN

DOCTOR CRUMBLE leads SUSANNA by the elbow toward A CAB.  
Susanna notices - HER SAMSONITE CASE in the back.

Down the block, HER MOTHER cries in the Volvo.

DR. CRUMBLE

(handing the driver cash)  
No stops.

His face looms large as he closes the door.

*Bye bye.*

The cab takes off, rumbling.  
Her mother's Volvo becomes a speck.

Susanna turns back. Lighting a cigarette. *The cab radio  
chimes the hour. News headlines read aloud: Escalating  
fighting in Nam. Civil Rights riots.* Susanna notices -

THE CAB DRIVER'S WILD EYES. Meeting hers in the rear view.  
Long-haired, bearded. He looks like Charles Manson.  
She looks to - THE DRIVER'S I-D CARD mounted on the dash :  
ON THE I-D CARD - A PHOTO - the man is clean shaven.  
But still wild-eyed. His name - M O N T Y H O O V E R  
*The sound of people singing a muffled "Happy Birthday."*  
And someone knocking on a door. SUSANNA TURNS TO FACE -

7 A BEDROOM DOOR. *SOMEONE KNOCKS AGAIN - LIGHTLY*

WE ARE : INT. SUSANNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In her nightie - SUSANNA opens the door a crack.  
Standing there - PROFESSOR GILCREST. Drunk.  
*He whispers over the singing downstairs.*

PROFESSOR GILCREST

I want to see you again.

SUSANNA

It was a one-time thing.

PROFESSOR GILCREST

Come to the office later. Please.  
Tell them you're going to a friends.

SUSANNA

Who do I tell first? My parents, the  
department chairman, or your wife?

Susanna closes the door, locks it. *A siren rises.*  
She winces, leans her head against the door.  
*THE SIREN GETS LOUDER. and a strange triad of notes.*

8 SUSANNA OPENS HER EYES - SHE IS IN THE CAB (BACK TO PRESENT)

PASSING OUT THE WINDOW - AN AMBULANCE AT AN ACCIDENT SITE.  
People mill about a body on a stretcher.

*On the radio, Van Morrison - "It's all over now, baby blue."*  
Susanna checks her ash. It is two inches long.

MONTY THE CAB DRIVER looks at her.

They are stuck in Boston traffic. SUSANNA NOTICES -

AMID A BEATNIK CROWD, A LONG-LIMBED GIRL stands on the  
shoulder, amid traffic, smoking a cigarette. She wears ragged-  
cuffed jeans and a T-shirt. HER LAZY EYES MEET -

SUSANNA, WHO TURNS AWAY. OUT THE OTHER WINDOW - AN IDENTICAL  
BOSTON CAB idles in traffic, facing the opposite direction.

SUSANNA STARES, FASCINATED - In the back of the "mirror cab"  
she sees HERSELF. A DOPPELGANGER. Sitting there. Going home.  
Smoking. Traffic breaks and the cab pulls away.

SUSANNA sighs, pressing her wrist on the armrest. She flops  
down across the back seat, propping her head on her case.

SHE STARES UPWARD. *The unnerving music builds as we -*

CUT TO:

9 LEAF-LACED MOONLIGHT SWIRLING ON THE CEILING.  
*Music cross-fades to o.s. voices. good-byes. party's over.*

WE ARE : INT. SUSANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

SUSANNA LIES WIDE AWAKE IN BED. STARING AT THE CEILING.  
The shadows on the ceiling form a face. A man with a goatee?  
Gilcrest? It becomes a demon. A *guy laughs downstairs.*

Susanna feels something - looks down, and brings her hand to  
her face. Suddenly, she's horrified, stricken, staring at

HER HAND IN THE MOONLIGHT. As she flexes it, her fingers bend  
backwards, the knuckles popping. *More laughing downstairs.*  
SUSANNA SWALLOWS A SCREAM AND RUNS OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

10 A BATHROOM DOOR LOCKS. *FLUORESCENT FLICKER ON.*

In her nightie, SUSANNA stands in the pulsing light.  
She stares into the mirror. HER HAND IS NORMAL.  
The doorknob jiggles. *Someone's trying to get in.*

SUSANNA

I'm fine!

The doorknob jiggles again. Susanna flings open the door.

I'M FINE!

*There is no one in the hall.* Down the staircase, HER PARENTS  
AND GUESTS (The Gilcrests among them) look up from good-byes.  
Susanna covers her face, tortured, and turns back to the  
bathroom, closes her eyes - then opens them upon -  
A BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN on the sink in the flickering light.

CAB DRIVER (MONTY) (o.s.)

What did you do?

11 SUSANNA SITS UP WITH A START.

WE ARE BACK: INT./ EXT. - CAB TO CLAYMOORE - DAY  
(PRESENT) THE DRIVER (MONTY) watches her curiously.  
They are driving down a country road. He asks her again :

*What did you do?*

SUSANNA

Excuse me?

MONTY

You look normal.

(CONTINUED)

Susanna smiles politely.  
Passing outside - children play in a leaf pile, laughing.

SUSANNA

- - I'm sad.

MONTY

Big deal. Everyone's sad.

SUSANNA

I see things.

MONTY

You mean, like, tripping.

SUSANNA

Kind of.

MONTY

Well, then they better put John  
Lennon away, huh?

SUSANNA

(smiles at the thought)  
I'm not John Lennon.

MONTY

Maybe that's why you're sad.

Monty turns the wheel. They enter a winding campus road.

THE SIGN READS : CLAYMOORE - A GROUP OF WARM AND GRACIOUS  
BUILDINGS, which could be part of a college.  
Monty pulls to a stop in front of A HANDSOME BRICK BUILDING.  
A NURSE approaches. She has a cool Afro and a confident walk,  
a strut. She opens the cab door. HER NAME TAG READS: VALERIE

VALERIE

Susanna?

Monty turns around - looks Susanna in the eye.

MONTY

Don't get too comfortable.

12 INT. ADMINISTRATION LOBBY AND STAIRS - DAY

CUT TO:

Wide-eyed, Susanna passes GUARDS following VALERIE, who takes  
Susanna's Samsonite and moves briskly up varnished stairs.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

VALERIE

Doctor Cornish is giving you a check-up,  
and then we'll sign you in up at Doctor  
Wick's office. I'm Valerie, by the way.  
I'm in charge of your ward.

CUT TO:

A12 INT. ADMINISTRATION - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

SUSANNA sits in a gown on a vinyl padded table.

She pulls on a loose thread as -  
DOCTOR CORNISH listens to her heart with a stethoscope.  
VALERIE sits by the door with a fashion magazine.

CUT TO:

13 INT. DOCTOR WICK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA. BLEARY AS SHE EXAMINES ADMITTANCE FORMS :

*I, Susanna Kaysen, hereby commit myself...  
I understand I will not be released from care until...*

SUSANNA

I thought my parents -

A WHITE-HAIRED LADY - ARLEEN - SMILES CONDESCENDINGLY.

ARLEEN

You have to sign them, Miss Kaysen.  
You're over eighteen. This is your  
decision.

A NAMEPLATE ON THE OFFICE DOOR READS: S. G. WICK, MD.  
INSIDE - AN OBSCURED PERSON IN A WHITE COAT COUGHS.  
VALERIE STANDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR, READING ANOTHER MAGAZINE.

SUSANNA

I didn't try to kill myself.

ARLEEN

That's the kind of thing you talk about  
in *therapy*, honey. Not here.

SUSANNA looks to Valerie. SHE SIGNS THE ADMITTANCE FORMS.

MISS PAISLEY (o.s.)

Miss Kaysen, you have the distinction -

14 SUSANNA LOOKS UP TO FACE -

MISS PAISLEY, A WHITE-HAIRED GUIDANCE COUNSELOR looks through  
a file. A BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN SITS ON HER DESK.

(CONTINUED)

MISS PAISLEY

of being the only Senior at Springbrook  
not going on to college.

WE ARE : INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)  
Susanna presses her wrist, staring at the aspirin.

SUSANNA

Um. Do you have any aspirin?

The woman hands Susanna the bottle.  
Susanna swallows a handful of tablets. washes it with a Coke.

MISS PAISLEY

May I ask what you plan to do?

SUSANNA

I don't have a plan.

MISS PAISLEY

Everyone has a plan.

SUSANNA

I plan to write.

MISS PAISLEY

But what do you plan to do?

SUSANNA

You mean like: A) *Get married.*  
or B) *Go to college and get married.*

Miss Paisley smiles, strained. Susanna tries to be sincere:

Look. I'm not gonna burn my bra or drop  
acid or march on Washington. I just don't  
want to be my mother, alright?

MISS PAISLEY

Women today have more choices than that.

SUSANNA

No, they don't.

MISS PAISLEY

Have you thought about taking a  
secretarial course? Or volunteering as  
a student nurse?

Susanna laughs. She looks away. Miss Paisley becomes stern:

It's not funny. It would buy you some  
time, Susanna. We all have to grow up and  
do something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS PAISLEY (cont'd)

It may not be everything we hoped for -  
but we have to wake up everyday and do  
something useful with ourselves or else -  
*what's the point?*

Susanna looks up.

ARLEEN (o.s.)

...and here.

15 BACK TO - ARLEEN IN DR. WICK'S OUTER OFFICE (BACK TO PRESENT)

Arleen points out a place on the form SUSANNA missed.

*You forgot one, dear. Here.*

Susanna signs and pushes the papers across to Arleen.

ARLEEN

Well. Speaking for Doctor Wick and myself  
- welcome to Claymoore, Susanna.

SUSANNA

Thanks. It doesn't look so bad.

THE UNSEEN DOCTOR WICK COUGHS AGAIN from inside his office.

ARLEEN

What did you expect?

SUSANNA

I don't know. Bars on the windows.  
Screaming crazies.

ARLEEN

Well, fortunately, it's a private  
hospital - so we have -

SUSANNA

- a lot of rich patients.

ARLEEN

- *the resources* to maintain a healing  
atmosphere.

A15 EXT. APPROACHING SOUTH BELL - DAY

CUT TO:

VALERIE leads SUSANNA briskly along a RAISED WALKWAY past  
several brick buildings. A GROUP OF MEN PLAY VOLLEYBALL in  
the distance. Susanna notices -  
TRANSOMS run at ground level along the edges of the sidewalk.  
A GARDENER passes sacks of mulch up through one of them.

(CONTINUED)



VALERIE

Tunnels under the walkways. From the old days. They connect every building on campus.

Susanna nods. Valerie OPENS THE MAIN DOOR TO A LARGE BRICK BUILDING MARKED 'SOUTH BELL'.

The Women's Ward - South Bell - where I work and where you'll be staying.

CUT TO:

16 INT. SOUTH BELL - MOVING - HALL / STAIRS - DAY - SAME

SUSANNA finds herself facing -  
A LONG DARK HALL through a wall of thick wire mesh.  
VALERIE UNLOCKS A SIDE DOOR LEADING TO A STAIRCASE.

VALERIE

This way.

Susanna follows Valerie, spiraling upward. The staircase also encased in thick mesh. On the landing, Valerie unlocks ANOTHER DOOR, leading into -

17-19 INT. SOUTH BELL - THE WARD - DAY - SAME

A LONG HALL WITH A GREAT ROUND WINDOW AT ONE END. The sound of squealing girls echoes down the hall. Figures move about at the far end. Susanna's eyes are wide. She takes a few steps down the hall, taking it all in. Valerie crosses to unlock a door but discovers - it's open.

*God-dammit, Margie.*

(noticing Susanna wandering)

Stay with me, baby.

Valerie opens the door to a LARGE LIGHT FILLED ROOM with crude artwork on the walls, and supplies behind thick mesh.

*Pling!* In a side nook, A YOUNG GIRL, her back turned, stands before an array of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, also locked up. She strains against the mesh, trying to pluck a guitar string.

Polly - what are you doing in here?!

The young girl (POLLY) turns, revealing she's a seriously scarred burn victim (the leather-faced girl of sc.1). Her sweet eyes make strange counterpoint to the horrific texture of her face. She runs out of the room and Valerie smiles at Susanna, speaking matter of fact-ly:

The Art Room. You'll be painting and sculpting in here. Arts and crafts.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

...Great.

Valerie locks the door and leads Susanna down the hall.  
Polly now stands before them, walking backwards.

POLLY

Valerie - ?

VALERIE

Yes, Polly.

POLLY

I feel musical today. Can we - ?

VALERIE

Not today.

Polly accepts this cheerfully and flits into a room.  
Susanna peers in doorways as they move, catching glimpses of -

- A GIRL IN HER ROOM, SMOKING, READING A FASHION MAGAZINE.  
- ANOTHER GIRL DANCING ABOUT IN HER ROOM AS THEY PASS.

THEY APPROACH A YOUNG NURSE (MARGIE) with a meds tray.

Art room was wide open, Margie.

MARGIE

I'm sorry, Val. I'll talk to Gretta.

Valerie moves on, pointing out - A LARGE ROOM off the hall.  
Fancy wallpaper. Antique furniture. Like a funeral parlour.  
No one is there except ONE OLDER GIRL KNITTING A LONG SCARF.

VALERIE

The living room. Everyone hates it.

Valerie continues down the hall past - THREE PHONE BOOTHS.

The phones. If you want to call someone,  
you pick up a phone, a nurse answers,  
and you tell her who you want to call.

A sticker in one of the phone booths reads -  
IF YOU LIVED HERE, YOU'D BE HOME NOW. Susanna winces.

Valerie nods to - A CHAMBER ENCLOSED WITH RE-ENFORCED GLASS.  
A YOUNG NURSE works inside. Valerie hands her coat to her.

Nurse's station. Self-explanatory.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY - a conservative, Patricia Nixon type, peers out her door, a sign tacked on it, reading - *NO TRESPASSING*. Compelling, taut and sexy, she watches Susanna.

A few steps further, the hall opens up into -

A LARGE SUNNY ROOM. A TV SQUAWKS IN THE CENTER. With vinyl armchairs and couches, and card tables. TWO CATATONICS are (not) watching *FATHER KNOWS BEST*. One older with a 50's hairstyle. The other, in her teens, with a perpetually startled expression. JANET, (17) a green-eyed anorexic, gets up from doing extensions. Skin and bones, she wears a hospital gown and sucks a cig, looking piercingly at Valerie.

The TV room. Most girls hang out here.

JANET

I want my fucking clothes!

VALERIE

And when you break eighty, you'll get them, Janet.

Valerie moves on - but SUSANNA LINGERS, looking back as -

JANET FLICKS AN ASH IN A CATATONICS'S MOUTH and sings a refrain from 'Porgy and Bess', trying to annoy Valerie.

Valerie ignores her, smiling to Susanna, moving on -

She thinks that bothers me.

Valerie stands before A LARGE BLACKBOARD near A DISPENSARY. The board is filled with patient names, privileges and space to fill in destinations, times out and in.

Here you sign in or out - if you want to take a walk on the grounds, for instance.

*Janet is still singing 'Porgy and Bess', on her knees now. Susanna tries to focus on the names on the blackboard. Among them: Daisy, Polly, Georgina, Janet, Cynthia, and Lisa. Susanna's name is at the bottom, with an "R" next to it.*

Right now, you're 'R', restricted. You can't go beyond the ward. But after you've been a month, you'll move to "two to one's"; two nurses to one patient.

SUSANNA

I'm sure I won't be here that long.  
I'm just here for a rest.

Valerie smiles, moving on down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

VALERIE

Everyone gets the same tour, no charge.

MORE GIRLS CHECK SUSANNA OUT. *AMONG THEM :*

- CYNTHIA - crew cut, would now be called a lesbian.
- THE MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND - grinning through bad teeth.
- POLLY - we saw her before. The sweet-faced burn victim.

AT THE END OF THE HALL, VALERIE OPENS THE DOOR TO -  
A SMALL ROOM. A MATTRESS LIES ON A GREEN LINOLEUM FLOOR.

The seclusion room. You come here  
anytime you need to yell.

Susanna, pale, looks to -  
Valerie, who turns heading toward a another room.

By the way, if you don't feel like  
yelling, but you feel like talking,  
you let me know.  
(beat, looking back)  
*While you're here.*

CUT TO:

20 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - SAME

SUSANNA AND VALERIE stop in front of a pleasant room,  
something between a college dorm and a colonial hotel room.

VALERIE

And this is your room.

On one of the small beds is GEORGINA, a red haired all-  
American-looking girl of nineteen. (We saw her in the opening  
under more stress.) She's reading "THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ".

Georgina, this is Susanna,  
- your new *roommate*.

GEORGINA

Oh, great! Hi. No kidding.

SUSANNA

Hi.

VALERIE

You got lucky, Susanna.  
Georgina is an excellent roommate.

GEORGINA

Why thanks, Valerie.

Georgina smiles, laughs. Then, back to her book.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG NURSE (o.s.)

Valerie.

A YOUNG NURSE (LILLIAN) appears in the door, concerned. She whispers something to Valerie, who turns around to Susanna.

VALERIE

There's something I need to attend to.

Susanna nods, hesitant.

Georgina - will you take Susanna to the dining room in ten minutes?

GEORGINA

Sure.

VALERIE

(moving off, cautioning)

Yes means yes, Georgina.

GEORGINA

I know.

This last exchange a mystery to her, Susanna simply smiles at Georgina and crosses to her Samsonite case on the second bed.

SHE POPS IT OPEN. A PRETTY DRESS AND PAJAMAS are folded on top. Susanna sighs at the inappropriateness of her mother's packing. She digs. Finds her red-covered JOURNAL. And A CARTON OF FRENCH CIGARETTES. AND SOME BETTER CLOTHES,

Pretty box.

SUSANNA

They're French.

The French resistance smoked them.

Georgina nods. Susanna opens a pack, pulls a cigarette.

SUSANNA

You have a light? They took my matches.

GEORGINA

Nurses are supposed to light cigarettes.

Susanna lies back on the bed. Takes in the room. Dark spots on the wall and pieces of yellowed scotch tape.

SUSANNA

Who was your roommate before me?

Georgina ignores the question - then, suddenly, she looks up.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGINA

Have you read this?

SUSANNA

No, but I saw the movie a bunch of times.

Susanna notices - THE BOOKSHELF IS LINED WITH 'OZ' BOOKS:  
*The Wizard of Oz. Road to Oz. Ozma of Oz. Glinda of Oz. etc.*

GEORGINA

The movie's based on the first book.  
I read that, too. But there's no ruby  
slippers. They added that. This takes  
place afterward. Dorothy doesn't have  
such a big part in this one.

*There is the bleat of a siren outside.*  
Susanna crosses to the meshed window.

Did you see "The Yellow Submarine"?

A20 A POLICE CAR IS PARKED AT THE CURB. VALERIE ARRIVES.

Did you notice "The Yellow Submarine" is  
just a cartoon "Wizard of Oz"? Instead of  
a yellow brick road, it's a *submarine*.

ONE OF THE POLICE OFFICERS opens the back door of the squad  
car, extends his hand to help out THE PASSENGER.

Georgina looks out her window. She becomes nervous.

Oh, no.

THE PASSENGER - A LONG-LIMBED GIRL exits unassisted. Her  
hands are cuffed. She shakes her tangled mane of hair. The  
police remove her handcuffs and hand her over to Valerie.

21 INT. SOUTH BELL - MAIN HALLWAY - SAME

SUSANNA AND GEORGINA peer out their door as -

THE LONG-LIMBED GIRL WALK DOWN THE HALLWAY WITH VALERIE.  
Though filthy, there's a nobility to this girl, a poise.  
OTHER GIRLS STAND IN THEIR DOORWAYS, WATCHING AS THEY PASS.

LONG LIMBED GIRL

Hey, Torch!

POLLY chirps back, with a southern lilt :

POLLY

*hey, Lisa.*

(CONTINUED)

LISA

- you miss me?

POLLY

- Not much.

Lisa and Valerie stop at the Nurses' station.

VALERIE

Give me the hair thing.

LISA removes A FEATHER ROACH CLIP from her hair.

LISA

Hey Daisy! Let anyone in your room yet?

DAISY slams her door. 'NO TRESPASSING.'

LISA'S EYES TRAVEL TO - SUSANNA AND GEORGINA  
The sight of Susanna disturbs Lisa.

Who's that - with Georgie girl?

Valerie says nothing, removing Lisa's belt.

*Where's Maddy?*

Suddenly, GEORGINA CLOSSES THE DOOR cutting off Lisa's glare.

22 INT. GEORGINA AND SUSANNA'S ROOM - SAME

Georgina turns to Susanna. Desperate.

GEORGINA

I - can't deal with this.

WE HEAR VALERIE SHOUTING. SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.  
LISA - *eyes blazing* - raises her finger toward Susanna.

LISA

Who are you?

Susanna backs up toward her bed. Georgina stammers.

GEORGINA

Sh-she just got here, Lisa. Her name is  
Susanna. She smokes french cigarettes.

LISA TAKES ONE OF HER SHOES AND THRUSTS IT UNDER THE DOOR,  
kicking it. PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY ARRIVE AT THE DOOR, BANGING ON  
IT. It's jammed but it won't hold. Lisa advances on Susanna.

LISA

I'm confused. Where THE FUCK is Madeline?  
What is your SHIT doing all over HER BED?

SUSANNA

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

VALERIE bursts in the room. AN ORDERLY AND NURSE behind her.

VALERIE

Lisa - Get out! You've been gone two weeks. Shit has gone down since then.

Lisa spins around, glaring at Valerie. Her eyes are wild - possessed by the devil. She screams at the top of her lungs :

LISA

*WHERE IS MADDY?  
WHERE THE FUCK IS MADDY?!*

This outburst affects OTHER GIRLS in the hall. A catatonic head-bangs. Another cries. Another (M-G) begins to shout with Lisa. NURSES shepherd them to their rooms.

THE ORDERLY - JOHN - a sweet Irish boy, advances on Lisa.

VALERIE

*You come with us. NOW!*

LISA'S EYES DART ACROSS THE FACES AROUND HER. It's at this moment that she understands - *Madeline is dead*. Like a cougar, Lisa leaps across the bed, grabbing Susanna by the collar, putting her red-nailed finger in her face.

LISA

*HOW'D SHE DO IT? HOW - DID - SHE - DO - IT?! TALK - CAN YOU FUCKIN' TALK!?*

SUSANNA

*I don't know!*

VALERIE AND JOHN GRAB AT LISA BUT SHE GOES WILD. SCREAMING, POINTING HER FINGER AT SUSANNA.

LISA

*I will kill you, Geisha Girl.*

THEY WRESTLE HER OUT INTO - THE HALLWAY.

Shrieking. Kicking. LISA CLAWS VALERIE WITH LONG RED NAILS.



VALERIE

Damn. We have to cut those.

Susanna rises from behind her bed. She goes to the door -  
STUDENT NURSES SIT ON LISA TO KEEP HER DOWN.

A HYPODERMIC IS HANDED TO VALERIE, spouting a clear liquid.  
It is plunged into Lisa's shoulder. LISA SCREAMS in protest.

LISA

NO! No, no, no...

She melts. Goes dull-eyed. They pull Lisa to her feet.  
Orderlies drag her to the last room - *the seclusion room.*

SUSANNA steps back into her room, pale.  
She looks to Georgina, awaiting an explanation.  
Georgina methodically straightens the wrinkles on her bed.

SUSANNA

Maddy was your room mate?

No response. Georgina neatens her bookshelf. hums.

POLLY (o.s.)

Maddy was Lisa's friend -

POLLY STANDS IN THE DOOR. She cocks her head at Susanna,  
her waxy face stretched into a smile. Georgina hums louder.

- *and* Georgina's roommate. It's short for  
Madeline. She was sad last week - cause  
Lisa ran away. So she hung herself with  
the volley-ball net - from that light.

INT. CLAYMOORE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Five girls at each table, dining on china with plastic forks.  
Patients from other wards dine in separate sections.

SUSANNA SITS WITH POLLY AND GEORGINA who is still quiet.

JANET and MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND (M-G) sit at an adjacent  
table. M-G is small, round and often in contact with  
invisible friends. She eats from Janet's plate.  
CYNTHIA gets seconds of Jello. Due to her crew-cut and boxy  
clothes, she stands out. She sits with Janet and M-G.

POLLY

That's Cynthia. She's here cause her  
parents don't like her clothes. That's  
Janet - she won't eat anything. And next  
to her is M-G, the Martian's Girlfriend.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY moves past. She elbows another girl out of the way to get to the coffee pot. She glares at Susanna.

And that's Daisy. She's got her own room.  
Her daddy pays extra for that.

Daisy sits down alone, sipping her coffee. She looks nauseous and shields her eyes from all the eating going on around her.

DAISY

*Can someone get me a fucking light?*

Susanna meets eyes with - JOHN THE ORDERLY, who lights Daisy's cigarette. M-G leans over to Susanna.

MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND

I have a penis. Want to see it?

SUSANNA

Um... can I have a light?

John lights Susanna's cigarette.

JOHN

You okay? *Susanna, right?*

Susanna nods.

*I'm John.* (he smiles and moves off)

JANET

What kind of cigarette is that?

SUSANNA

Gauloise.

Susanna has a perfect French accent.

JANET

*Go-what?*

GEORGINA

The French Resistance smoked them.  
They're very chic.

JANET

You're gonna run out of them.

SUSANNA

I'm not going to be here that long.  
I'm just here for a rest.

Janet looks at Georgina, knowingly.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SOUTH BELL - OUTSIDE DISPENSARY - NIGHT

Susanna stands, smoking - *"I Dream of Jeanie"* on TV.

MRS. MCWILLEY, a veteran nurse with gray hair that clings to her head like a migraine, holds a tray filled with LITTLE PAPER CUPS. She calls out the name of each girl and they come forward, dutifully. *It is like Graduation.*

MRS. MCWILLEY

Susanna Kaysen?

Susanna stands, unsure - steps forward. McWilley smiles:

Good evening, Susanna.

I'm Mrs. McWilley. And this is for you.

SUSANNA

What is it?

MRS. MCWILLEY

It'll help you sleep.

SUSANNA

But it's only ten thirty. I don't -

DAISY

*Oh, for Christ's sake.*

Susanna looks to Polly, who happily swallows her pills.

MRS. MCWILLEY

You can discuss it in the morning, dear - *with your doctor.* In the mean-time, we'll just have to agree to disagree.

Susanna swallows the pills. She stands there, realizing she's now free to head back to the couch, her room, where-ever.

AT THE END OF THE HALL - THE DOOR TO SECLUSION IS OPEN - TWO NURSES tend to LISA, a tangle of hair, strung out.

Susanna turns away, eyes fluttering. The drugs taking effect. At the other end of the hall, McWilley calls out more names, continuing this medicinal graduation ceremony : *We hear a band playing "Pomp and Circumstance."*

MRS. MCWILLEY

Cynthia Crowley... Daisy Randazzo...

Susanna puts her hand on the wall, supporting herself.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SCHOOL LAWN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Graduation ceremony.

MOVING PAST - THE PARENTS: well-dressed, beaming - except for CARL AND ANNETTE KAYSEN, who look anxiously at -

SUSANNA - AMONG THE ROBED GRADUATES - FALLING ASLEEP. GROGGY.

TOBIAS JACOBS, a good-looking college guy with a pony tail, sits with his family. He smiles, watching Susanna sleep.

THE PRINCIPAL is at the podium, calling out names.

PRINCIPAL

Andrea Jacobs. Yearbook Editor,  
President of the French society...

Andrea, next to Susanna, rises and steps over Susanna's feet.

Susanna Kaysen...

Susanna remains asleep. A HUNDRED HEADS TURN, ALL FACING HER.

Susanna Kaysen..?

There is a strange silence. A ritual run aground.

Suddenly - *click, swish* -

27 THE DOOR TO SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM FLINGS OPEN.

SUSANNA OPENS HER EYES. A FLASHLIGHT-WIELDING STUDENT NURSE shines her light on Susanna, scaring the hell out of her.

NURSE

Checks.

The light sweeps over Georgina. She rolls over, half-asleep.

*Swish, click* - THE NURSE IS GONE.

All quiet again. Trees blowing.

SUSANNA

Georgina?

After a beat, Georgina opens her eyes - groggy.

Why do they do that?

GEORGINA

They're doing checks. They space'm out more after you've been awhile.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

I can't even *think*.

GEORGINA

That's the point.

SUSANNA

How did that girl - *Polly* - get all...

GEORGINA

When she was ten, her Mommy told her she had to give away her puppy - he was giving her a rash. So *Polly* found her Daddy's gas-can, poured it all over - where she was getting the rash - and lit a match.

Susanna takes this in, horrified.

SUSANNA

Why are you here?

GEORGINA

Pseudologia Fantastica.

SUSANNA

What's that?

GEORGINA

I'm a pathological liar.

Georgina smiles and closes her eyes. She lies very still now.

Susanna crosses to - THE DOOR - *The hall is quiet.*  
No sign of the Nurse. Just the throbbing light of the tv.

SUSANNA

I have to go to the bathroom.  
Am I allowed - ? *Georgina.*  
*I don't know where it is.*

*Nothing.* Georgina is out cold.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

*From somewhere - a cat meows.*  
The television flickers in the empty TV ROOM.

SUSANNA pads down the hallway. She approaches the door to - *SECLUSION.* She peers in through the door's little window.

The room is dark. moonlit. The mattress is bare - and empty.  
Susanna gets on her toes. Looks again. *But Lisa is not there.*  
*The big door creaks.* It's open. She pulls away, quickly.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

1/14/99

-28-

Susanna moves the other way - up the hall.

The hallway splits. ARROWS point in both directions - art room, administration, etc. - but no mention of a bathroom.

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

You could go that way.

Susanna stiffens. A sluggish, drugged voice :

- or you could go the other way.

Susanna spins around. The hall is empty.

*Myself.* If I had to take a wee.

I'd go to the third door on the right.

In the flickering light of the TV ROOM, LISA MEOWS.  
SUSANNA BOLTS - SPRINTING DOWN THE HALL.

29 INT. SOUTH BELL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Blue tile. Green fluorescents. A morgue. Water drips.  
THE STALL is covered with SEXUALLY GRAPHIC GRAFFITI.  
Crudely drawn dicks. A primitive caricature of McWilley  
(spelled "McWillie") rides one, blissful.

SUSANNA flushes the toilet. She is exposed (there are no doors), her eyes riveted on the entrance.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

SUSANNA walks briskly around the corner, past the TV room.  
There's no one there. But there's an incessant stream of  
Meows coming from the darkness. *The essence of madness.*

SUSANNA CHARGES DOWN THE HALLWAY, and rounding the corner,  
runs headlong into - MRS. MCWILLEY. *SUSANNA SCREAMS.*

MRS. MCWILLEY

Next time, push the call button.

Here's another sleepy pill.

SHE PUSHES A PINK PILL into Susanna's mouth.

CUT TO:

31 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - MORNING

SUSANNA sleeps in the dawn light. Pillow in her arms.  
GEORGINA sits in bed, reading. A transistor radio on her  
pillow plays the Chambers Brothers' "Time Has Come Today".

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, *click, swish* - THE DOOR FLINGS OPEN and -  
MARGIE A STUDENT NURSE - with a clipboard.

MARGIE

- Checks.

Susanna's eyes flutter. *Swish, click*. The door closes.  
She looks to - Georgina, oblivious. *Her music drones on*.  
Susanna rolls over, her eyes focusing on something -

32 HERSELF - DANCING, IN PULSING LIGHT WITH A FRECKLED BOY (JOSH)

WE ARE AT A PARTY - A CAMBRIDGE APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)  
*On the record player, THE CHAMBERS BROTHERS in glorious hi fi*.  
JOSH keeps coming closer to Susanna. He yells over the music.

JOSH

What are your plans for the fall?

SUSANNA

What?!

JOSH

What are your plans?!

SUSANNA

I don't have any.

JOSH

I'm going to be an ethnobotanist.

SUSANNA

I'm thinking of joining the *Krishna*.

JOSH

Hare Krishna? - *that's interesting*.

SUSANNA

I was just kidding... *God*.

Susanna bolts away, crossing to the food table.  
She grabs a bottle of wine and tries to pour but -  
IT SPILLS ON THE WHITE TABLE CLOTH.

Shit!

She wipes at the SPREADING STAIN, feeling *Josh watching her*.

TOBIAS (o.s.)

I hate parties.

Susanna turns around to see TOBIAS JACOBS.  
*(The handsome young man looking at her at graduation)*.

SUSANNA

So do I.

TOBIAS

What do you hate most?

SUSANNA

The talking. The people.  
The general misery of Existence.

TOBIAS

I'm Toby, Andrea's Jacob's brother.  
I was at graduation. (smiles)  
You're pretty when you sleep.33 *click. swish.* THE DOOR OF SUSANNA'S ROOM OPENS.

LILLIAN

Checks. Seven o'clock.

*Swish, click.* The door closes. *Georgina is gone.*

SUSANNA rolls over, groggy - facing -

34 TOBIAS JACOBS - NAKED ON THE MATTRESS BESIDE HER

WE ARE - INT. TOBIAS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An ashtray of Galouise butts. SUSANNA is also naked, on her back, smoking. A spark in her eye - she trusts this guy.

TOBIAS

I mean - everybody thinks about it -  
- *at some point.*

SUSANNA

How would you do it?

TOBIAS

I don't know. (beat) I guess I haven't  
really thought about it.

SUSANNA

Cut your wrists in the tub?  
Gun in the mouth? Hang from the rafters?

TOBIAS

Sometimes I imagine I just disappear.

SUSANNA

That's good. Vague but good.

Tobias smiles - he's getting uncomfortable with death-talk.  
However, Susanna's just getting going - *she loves it.*

(CONTINUED)



SUSANNA (cont'd)

Once it's in your head, though, you become *tainted*. You become a strange new breed. A life-form which enjoys fantasizing about it's own demise. Perverse? Perhaps. But now, you can't stop thinking about it. Anything becomes part of the debate. Make a stupid remark? Kill yourself. Like the movie? you'll live. Miss the train? Kill yourself.

TOBIAS

I don't want to talk about this anymore.

Susanna turns. Confused. She was having fun.

SUSANNA

*Why not?*

TOBIAS

'Cause it's stupid.

Susanna pulls away, as if struck. Jumps up and dresses.

*What?! - 'cause I don't want to die - that's not cool to you?*

SUSANNA

*I don't want to die - I was just talking. Jesus.*

Tobias sits up, sensing everything is ruined, getting angry.

TOBIAS

*The world is fucked up - okay? - I'm down with that.*

Susanna rolls her eyes, pulling on her jeans in a hurry.

*- it's so fucked up - even though I dig living in it - if some draft zombie pulls my birthday out of a barrel, I'm gonna die.*

Susanna buttons up her blouse, unimpressed.

SUSANNA

When's your birthday?

TOBIAS

June twenty ninth.

Susanna grabs her bag, heading for the door.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

1/14/99

-32-

SUSANNA  
I'll pray for you.

35 SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND REVEALS -  
LILLIAN THE NURSE - HOLDING A CLIPBOARD.

LILLIAN  
*Checks.*

WE ARE BACK IN SUSANNA'S ROOM AT CLAYMOORE.

SUSANNA OPENS HER EYES -  
looking at the crumpled pillow beside her head.

36 WATER BUBBLES AND STEAMS

CUT TO:

SUSANNA lies in A HUGE TUB, staring at the ceiling.  
We are in a GREEN-TILED HYDROTHERAPY ROOM. *Water drips from hoses.* Chrome plate stimulation devices encircle the tubs.

ONE OF THE CATATONICS SITS IN AN ADJACENT BATH.  
Unmoving, a string of drool running from her lip.

THE DOOR OPENS - VALERIE ROUNDS THE TILED CORNER.  
She holds out a razor. Susanna takes it and waits for Valerie to exit, but VALERIE SITS ON A STOOL WITH A PAPERBACK.

SUSANNA  
Are you going to watch?

VALERIE  
'Fraid so. I guess that's why there's  
so many hairy legs around here.

Susanna sighs. She begins to shave her calf.

SUSANNA  
'Anybody ever watch you shave?

VALERIE  
I got two kids and one bathroom.  
What do you think?

SUSANNA  
I think you should lock the door.

VALERIE  
Sometimes, I do.

Susanna nods and begins to shave her other leg. Valerie watches her, peering over her reading glasses. There's a tenderness in Susanna that Valerie finds endearing.

(CONTINUED)

VALERIE (cont'd)  
It'll get better, you know.

Susanna looks up. Valerie smiles and looks back to her book.  
Susanna smiles to herself. She likes this woman.

37 INT. SOUTH BELL - TV ROOM - DAY

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA'S JOURNAL AS SHE SCRAWLS THE WORDS:

*TWO KIDS AND ONE BATHROOM*

SUSANNA sits on the couch, writing, next to THE TWO  
CATATONICS. She puffs on her Gauloise.

ON TV - A DRAFT LOTTERY IN PROGRESS : *SEVERAL SELECTIVE  
SERVICE BOARD MEMBERS watch capsules tumbling in a wire drum.*

MARGIE (THE JUNIOR NURSE) READS THE PAPER.

JANET and M-G sit on the opposite couch.  
M-G is drugged, mouth open. She giggles at the Draft Lottery:

MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND  
Bingo. It's bingo.

JANET  
Stakes are higher, M-G.

ON-SCREEN - *Advisory Board Members take turns pulling  
capsules - posting them on a board. The dates roll across  
the T.V. screen. October 1st... June 29th.*

SUSANNA  
- oh my god - June twenty ninth.  
A guy I know was just drafted.

JANET  
What's his name?

SUSANNA  
- Toby.

JANET  
Well - he's dead now.

Janet stands and crosses to the window - as we hear -

DAISY  
*Get out! My room is FUCKING PRIVATE!*

DOWN THE HALL - LISA HOVERS IN DAISY'S DOORWAY.  
ALL HEADS TURN THEIR WAY. Including Susanna.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

I'm not *in* your room, Daisy-Mae!  
Look. I'm right fuckin' here.

(holding out some nail polish)

*I was just gonna offer you some of my*

**SLAM!** DAISY'S DOOR SLAMS SHUT IN LISA'S FACE.  
Lisa stands there a beat, then turns, recovering instantly, blowing on her nails. Unlike last night, Lisa is lucid, her movements brisk. She sashays past Margie her eyes are riveted on Susanna - who stiffens, closing her journal.

MARGIE

You're looking better, Lisa.

LISA

Why thanks, Margie - how's that engagement going?

MARGIE

Oh, *you know*

LISA

No - I don't. I've been away.

MARGIE

- Joe wants me to -- before the wedding.

LISA

Fuck his brains out - use a rubber.

MARGIE

(laughs)

Oh, gosh. I don't know.

LISA parks herself on the arm of the couch - *BESIDE SUSANNA*.

LISA

Can I bum?

SUSANNA

Excuse me?

LISA

Can - I - bum - one?

Susanna nods coolly to the pack on the coffee table.

SUSANNA

Go ahead.

Lisa takes a cigarette and crosses, leaning over Margie, who lights it without looking up from her paper. Lisa moves to the opposite side of the couch beside the other catatonic.

(CONTINUED)

Kicks up her heels, strums her nails.  
Susanna watches as - Lisa blows a cloud of smoke at one of  
the catatonics. There is no reaction. Lisa smiles at Susanna.

LISA

'Had your first Melvin yet?

SUSANNA

(turns, wary)

Who's Melvin.

LISA

'Bald guy with a little pecker and  
a fat wife.

Margie chuckles from behind her paper.

- Your th-*rapist*, sweet pea. Unless,  
they're giving you shocks or God-forbid,  
letting you out. Then, you see the great  
and wonderful Doctor Dyke.

MARGIE

She means Doctor Wick.

SUSANNA

I was in his office - but I didn't see him.

MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND

*He's a she!* - - Doctor Wick is a girl!

LISA

That's right, M-G. Wick is a chick.

(grins at Susanna)

*Hence the nickname.*

(to Lillian - passing)

Hey, Lil. When the fuck is my check-up?

LILLIAN

Now - it's now, Lisa.

You said you'd be in your room.

(down the hall)

John - She's here!

*The phone rings.*

Margie crosses into the nurse's station to answer it.

MARGIE

Susanna. You've got Melvin in a half  
hour. I'll take you there.

Lisa struts off with Lillian, looking back at Susanna.

LISA

'Can't let you sit too long  
without popping the hood.

Suddenly alone except for the Catatonics and M-G,  
SUSANNA sits back and stares bitterly at -

THE TELEVISION - *more draft dates travel across the screen.*

Susanna turns, glaring at - THE NEAREST CATATONIC.  
She blows a cloud of smoke at her. THE WOMAN TURNS. ANGRY.

CATATONIC

Asshole.

SUSANNA IS STUNNED.

MARGIE

Susanna. *Phone call. Booth one.*

38 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY PHONES - DAY

CUT TO:

SUSANNA picks up a phone. It's dead.

SUSANNA

Hello?

VALERIE struts by, exchanging words with DOCTOR CORNISH who  
heads down the stairs. Valerie smiles at Susanna and crosses  
into the Nurse's station. Susanna tries the next phone.

Hello?

ANNETTE (o.s.)

Susanna?

SUSANNA

Hi, Mom.

ANNETTE (o.s.)

Your father's on, too. He just got back  
from the Reserve hearings. His plane got  
stuck at Dulles.

CARL (o.s.)

How are you doing, honey?

SUSANNA

I'm fine, Dad.

Susanna watches as - DAISY THROWS A FIT DIRECTED AT MARGIE -  
THROUGH THE DUTCH DOORS OF THE DISPENSARY.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY

How come that sociopath gets nail polish - but I can't get something medical to help me function!?

ANNETTE (o.s.)

We talked to your nurse this morning - you were still asleep. She said you were doing well.

MARGIE

No more, Daisy. That's what Dr. Cornish put on your chart. -

CARL (o.s.)

A black lady, I take it. Crumble said it was progressive there. Like a resort hotel.

SUSANNA

Yeah. It's nice.

MEANWHILE, DAISY CONFRONTS VALERIE AT THE NURSE'S STATION:

DAISY

Valerie! Please. If you can't give me Ex-Lax - then give me some Colace!

ANNETTE (o.s.)

Have you made any new friends?

VALERIE

No! They said no more laxatives.

SUSANNA

Mom. This isn't Camp Winetka.

MARGIE

I can get her some prune juice

SCREAMING, DAISY storms toward her room, past SUSANNA.

DAISY

*This is outrageous!*

As Daisy marches toward her room, she and Susanna exchange A BRIEF GLANCE. Daisy SLAMS her door - NO TRESPASSING.

ANNETTE (o.s.)

...Susanna - I'm sorry I didn't take you myself - but Doctor Crumble said it would be better if - (weeping) - I wanted to.

SUSANNA

Mom. It's okay. Hey. If they met the whole family, maybe we'd all 'been committed.

CARL (o.s.)

That's uncalled for, young lady.

Susanna can hear her mom, still crying. She hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

39 INT. MELVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

A DESKPLATE READS : MELVIN BUNDT, MD.

TILT UP TO - CLOSE ON - Melvin, a soft-spoken man in his forties. There is a picture of his wife (rotund) and his child (rotund) on his desk. He smokes.

SUSANNA sits in an armchair, also smoking.

MELVIN

Why are you using the past tense?

SUSANNA

What do you mean?

MELVIN

He was only drafted today so - chances are - he's not dead yet. 'Probably has several months before he reports.

SUSANNA

Whatever. He was - he's just a nice guy. That's all. So I felt bad.

MELVIN

But you've been feeling bad in general, right? You've been depressed.

SUSANNA

I haven't been a ball of joy, Melvin.

MELVIN

I understand you tried to kill yourself last week. Is there anything you want to tell me about that?

SUSANNA

I had a headache.

MELVIN

So I assume you took the recommended aspirin dosage for a headache.

Susanna adjusts - a worthy opponent.

SUSANNA

I didn't try to kill myself.

MELVIN

What were you trying to do?

(CONTINUED)



SUSANNA

I was trying to make the shit stop.

MELVIN

(reading her file)

The time jumps - the depression - the headaches - the thing with your hand -

SUSANNA

All of the above.

MELVIN

I see.

SUSANNA

You people always say "I see" when clearly you don't.

Susanna looks out the window.

MELVIN

What were your other experiences with therapy like?

On the lawn, A NAKED MALE PATIENT streaks past, through the leaves. He is gone as quickly as he appeared and Susanna is left wondering whether she even saw him.

SUSANNA

Are my parents coming here?

MELVIN

- Do you miss them?

She shakes her head.

- I'm going to suggest they give you a few weeks. To settle in.

Susanna nods. The cigarette trembles in her fingers.

SUSANNA

They're gonna love this.

A sadness overtakes Susanna - looking outside :

On the lawn ORDERLIES RESTRAIN THE PRANCING MAN.

MELVIN

You seem puzzled about something.

Susanna quietly cries, her eyes unmoving from the window.

SUSANNA

Well, Melvin - I'm puzzled about why it is I have to be in a mental institution.

MELVIN

You put yourself here, Susanna.

SUSANNA

My parents put me here.

MELVIN

No, they didn't.

Hot tears run down Susanna's cheeks.

SUSANNA

Everyone here is fucking crazy!

MELVIN

So, you want to go home.

Susanna turns, eyes red.

SUSANNA

Same problem.

CUT TO:

40 INT. SOUTH BELL - TV ROOM - AFTERNOON

SUSANNA WATCHES AS - LISA TAKES HER MEDS.  
Slung upside-down on a couch, Lisa takes a pill cup from  
GRETТА and routinely swallows, her eyes down the hall.

SUSANNA TURNS - FOLLOWING LISA'S GAZE -

DOWN THE HALL - DAISY KISSES HER FATHER GOODBYE.  
A potato-faced man, he hands her TWO FOIL-WRAPPED CHICKENS.  
He departs, nods to Valerie.

SUSANNA turns back, meeting eyes with LISA, upside-down.  
Lisa smiles and SPITS HER PILLS INTO HER PALM. She discreetly  
displays them to Susanna - then slips them in her pocket.

GRETТА (o.s.)

Susanna.

Gretta stands before Susanna, holding A CUP WITH TWO PINK PILLS.

SUSANNA

What are these?

GRETТА

Colace. A laxative.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA  
I don't need them.

GRETTA  
- Are we going to have a problem?

Susanna looks to Lisa - puts the pills in her mouth.

41 INT. SOUTH BELL - OUTSIDE DAISY'S DOOR - DAY

CUT TO:

NO TRESPASSING, says the sign on Daisy's door.  
SUSANNA knocks. *Lisa watches her from the lobby.*

SUSANNA  
Daisy.

DAISY  
Fuck off.

SUSANNA  
*I got something you want.*

THE DOOR FLINGS OPEN. Susanna enters, looking back as -  
IN THE LOBBY - LISA WATCHES - *STUNNED.*

CUT TO:

42 INT. DAISY'S ROOM - DAY

A FOIL-WRAPPED CHICKEN sits open on the floral bedspread.  
DAISY sits on the bed, pulling meat away in strips.

SUSANNA stands in the room. Daisy offers no response, lining  
up chicken strips on the foil, like a Japanese chef.  
Susanna sits down. She watches Daisy - - *waiting.*

SUSANNA  
- I saw a guy once on the subway -  
and he was all wrapped up in tin foil.

Daisy pays no attention. Susanna notices - Clothes stacked  
neatly in A SUITCASE. *Ready to move at a moment's notice.*

Why are you all packed up?

DAISY  
I'm out of here in a month.  
My Dad got me an apartment.

SUSANNA  
Where? What kind of apartment?

DAISY

Near the airport. One bedroom, two baths,  
eat-in chicken. He fixed it up for me.

SUSANNA

- you mean, eat-in kitchen.

DAISY

That's what I said, asshole.  
(looking up, impatient)  
So - what do you got that I want?

Susanna opens her hand.

IN HER PALM - THE TWO PINK LAXATIVE PILLS.

Put'em on the bed and get out.

LISA (o.s.)

Put yours on the bed.

LISA STANDS IN THE OPEN DOORWAY.

DAISY

Oh, Jesus. Get out.

LISA

Don't take advantage, Daise - just cause  
she's new. Pony up some Valium.

DAISY

Get the fuck out or I'm calling Valerie.

LISA

Go ahead. Ask Val for some Colace -  
- like Susie Q's got in her fucking hand.  
(aside)  
*Why does it stink in here?*

DAISY

I don't take Valium.

LISA

That's the point, Daise. They give them  
to you - *and you don't take them.*  
(stepping into the room)  
What are you making with that chicken?  
*'You gonna eat that?*

Swish - GRETТА PEERS IN THE DOOR.

GRETТА

Checks. (beat, smiles)  
Hey. You've got visitors, Daisy!

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Mark it in the book, Gretta.  
Daisy's going social.

DAISY

(to Gretta)

I want some fucking Colace.

GRETTA

(smiles, departing)

Talk to Melvin tomorrow.

LISA PUSHES THE DOOR CLOSED. *ka-clunk.*

LISA

I think you want to poop, Daisy.  
I think it's been days.

Susanna stands. Offers the pills to Daisy.

SUSANNA

Look. It's okay. I don't care.

LISA

But I *do*. I do care. Sit down!

Susanna sits. Lisa moves about the room - plays with Daisy's porcelain figurines. Finds post cards stacked on the dresser.

Daddy buys you a private. No one gets in.  
You leave only when Valerie makes you go  
to the cafeteria - *where you never eat.*  
You're a laxative junkie, so I figure  
you're like Janet, but then, here you are  
with this chicken. *What's with that?*

DAISY

My Dad owns a deli, *asshole* - with a  
rotisserie. I like my Dad's chicken.  
When I eat something else - I puke.

LISA EXAMINES - THE POSTCARDS IN HER HAND. She reads them:  
*From Hawaii, Florida, Italy, there is a sickly sweetness to  
the inscriptions, each ending with - love and kisses, Daddy.*

SUSANNA

So, your dad brings you  
your favorite food every week.

Daisy nods.

LISA

How does he know you're eating it?

DAISY

*He knows.*

LISA

*- What about the bones? Doesn't Valerie -*

DAISY

*Unlike you two, I'm not interested in killing myself.**Lisa notices - SOME FOIL PEEKING OUT FROM UNDER THE BED.*

SUSANNA

*Why can't you eat in the cafeteria?*

DAISY

*What do you like better - taking a dump alone - or with Valerie watching?*

SUSANNA

*- alone -*

DAISY

*Everyone likes to be alone when it comes out - I like to be alone when it goes in. To me - the cafeteria is like being with twenty girls at once all taking a dump.*

LISA

*(laughing)**Daisy. That's fucked up.*

DAISY

*Show me the cat on your arm. Show me Ruby - and we have a deal.*

LISA

*No.*

DAISY

*Why not?*

LISA

*Because I'm bored and I want to go  
(exiting, to Susanna)**Come on. Come on!**Daisy retrieves - TWO VALIUM FROM A RAGGEDY ANN'S HEAD. SHE THROWS THEM ON THE BED.*

DAISY

*Alright, asshole. Alright!*

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA DROPS HER PILLS ON THE BED - AND DAISY *INHALES THEM*.  
LISA SCOOPS UP THE VALIUM, swallows them, and suddenly - -  
LEAPS TO THE FLOOR, LOOKING UNDER DAISY'S BED.

DAISY (cont'd)

Hey!

SEVEN FOIL WRAPPED CHICKEN CARCASSES LIE ON THE FLOOR.  
Arranged chronologically: on the right the oldest, mold  
encrusted, to the left, fresh carcasses.

LISA

(holding her nose, gagging)

Dios fucking Mio.

Susanna kneels beside Lisa, staring at the carcasses.

*'how Daddy knows she's eating.*

DAISY

When I get ten, Valerie makes me  
throw them away.

SUSANNA AND LISA look at one another in disbelief.

CUT TO:

43 INT. SUSANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA'S JOURNAL - AS SHE SCRAWLS THE WORDS:

*IF YOU LIVED HERE, YOU'D BE HOME NOW.*

SUSANNA looks up to see - LISA sitting on the end of her bed.

LISA

Scribble, scribble, scribble.  
*Written anything about me yet?*

GEORGINA looks up from her book, half asleep. Her little  
radio plays. SUSANNA closes her journal. tight. Lisa grins.

SUSANNA

Don't do that.

LISA

Do what?

SUSANNA

Scare me.

LISA

(smiles gently)  
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

I get scared at night. That's all.

LISA

- Of what? Of what are you scared?

SUSANNA

Nothing. This thing - nevermind.

GEORGINA

Lisa - is Daisy really getting out?

LISA

(nods) She coughed up a big one.

SUSANNA

But she's crazy.

LISA

(smiles) Hey, man. That's what th-rape-me's all about. Why do you think Freud's picture is on every shrink's wall? He created a fucking industry. *Lie down - confess your secret - you're saved - ka ching!* The more you confess, the more they think about setting you free.

Susanna takes this in, disturbed.

SUSANNA

What if you don't have a secret?

LISA

*Then, you're a lifer - like me.*

GEORGINA

You're a lifer because you keep coming back! (to Susanna) She's escaped nine times and she keeps coming back.

LISA

Liar.

(back to Susanna)

Six times. I've been out six times in twelve years.

SUSANNA

So - why do you come back?

LISA

You ever watch that TV? It's a mess out there, baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



LISA (cont'd)

Here - *shit* - they feed me, they do my laundry, fresh sheets, buy me cigarettes. (smiles). Mom and Pop ain't gonna put me up at the Hilton.

CUT TO:

44 INT. MELVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

SUSANNA stares out the window, holding a carton of Galouise.  
CARL AND ANNETTE - beside her, anxious, out of their element.

ANNETTE

I was changing her diaper - and I turned to get the powder - and while my back was turned, she *rolled off the bed* - rolled off and broke her leg. The Doctor put her in a body cast, but he also strapped her down. They do that with babies -

CARL

Annette! This has nothing to do with =

SUSANNA

(stunned)

You never told me this!

ANNETTE

Carl had been planning this trip - to Santa Monica - we couldn't postpone it - he had a commitment at RAND - so we took her with us - strapped to this board - on the back seat - four thousand miles.

MELVIN

If you like, Mrs. Kaysen - we can discuss that further on the way out, but I doubt =

CARL

Just how long is she going to be here?

MELVIN

With all due respect, Mr. Kaysen, psychiatry and economics are a bit different. The length of Susanna's stay isn't fixed - it depends on her response to treatment.

CARL

Treatment for what? Depression? Look. Mr. Bundt, before I was an economist -

MELVIN

Susanna tells me you were an advisor to President Kennedy -

(CONTINUED)

CARL

= before that - I was a teacher. I taught people her age. That was my job. And I can tell you, they're all depressed.

ANNETTE

She's always been shy.

Melvin's eyes fall on Susanna. An uncomfortable pause.

CARL

It's almost Christmas. What are we supposed to tell the people who care about her?

SUSANNA

What you don't understand, Melvin, is that my parents are having a Holiday cocktail party crisis.

CARL

Susanna!

ANNETTE

What exactly is the *borderline* business you mentioned on the phone?

*On the word "borderline", Susanna looks up.*

MELVIN

Look. This information is not useful - to Susanna - it's not useful - not now.

SUSANNA

What borderline business?

MELVIN

The mind is the only organ where awareness of its condition can affect its recovery.

SUSANNA

*What borderline?! Borderline between what and what? Melvin! -*

MELVIN

It's a condition, Susanna - known as *Borderline Personality Disorder*.

*Annette immediately begin to cry. loud.*

It's not uncommon. Especially among young women.

44 CONTINUED: (2)

ANNETTE  
- what causes it?

MELVIN  
- We're not sure.

SUSANNA  
Is it genetic?

CARL  
Oh, *Christ*, Susanna.

MELVIN  
It *is* five times more common among  
those with a borderline parent.

Carl and Annette become ashen - *they're ready to leave.*

CUT TO:

45 INT. TV ROOM - DAY - LATER

SUSANNA STANDS AT THE WINDOW, WATCHING

HER PARENTS TRUDGING TO THEIR VOLVO - WITH MELVIN.

CYNTHIA, LISA and POLLY are playing cards at a table.  
JOHN pushes a cart down the hall, his eyes dart to Susanna.

JOHN  
Hey, Susanna.

Susanna turns. He's sweet. She smiles.

CYNTHIA  
John - will you call me a cab?

JOHN  
Okay, you're a cab.

Cynthia laughs hysterically - as John exits.

SUSANNA watches her parents pull away.  
She feels LISA WATCHING HER. She meets Lisa's eyes. Lisa  
smiles coy, and looks away, arranging her cards.

LISA  
*Razors pain you. Rivers are damp.  
Acid stains you. Drugs cause cramp.  
Guns aren't lawful. Nooses give.  
Gas smells awful. You might as well live.*  
(slapping down her cards)  
Gin. I'm gone.

(CONTINUED)

Lisa crosses past - JANET and the TWO CATATONICS watching a movie on television. She snaps it off, moving down the hall.

JANET

- Asshole!

Janet turns the TV back on. The tube comes to life.

SUSANNA'S EYES move to the TV - she sits down.  
*Fred Astaire, dances on the ceiling.* Polly starts to dance about the room to the music. Janet turns to Susanna.

JANET

Lisa says you got into Daisy's room.  
'Said it was filled with chickens.

Susanna nods. Lillian calls out from the Nurse's Station.

LILLIAN

Susanna. You have a phone call.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - HALLWAY - DAY

CUT TO:

SUSANNA picks up the phone in the first booth. Apprehensive.

VOICE

So. What's your diag-nonsense?

SUSANNA

*Who is this?*

VOICE

What'd he say to Mom and Pop?  
What's your *malady*?

SUSANNA TURNS TO SEE - LISA TWO BOOTHS DOWN, ON THE PHONE:

SUSANNA

I have a borderline personality.

LISA

That's like - *nothing*. What else?

SUSANNA

He didn't want to say more -  
He said it would affect my recovery.

LISA

Tongue your meds tonight. After one o'clock checks, Gretta goes out for a smoke - check in the mirrors - if you're clear - go to Hector's closet - by the art room. It'll be open.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

Lisa hangs up and walks off. *Susanna watches her.*

47 INT. SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Under the blankets, SUSANNA pulls on her jeans.  
*GEORGINA sleeps in the background. The clock says one.*

*click, swish.* LILLIAN peers in.

SUSANNA FREEZES - FEIGNS SLEEP.

CUT TO:

48 INT. HECTOR'S SUPPLY CLOSET / HALL - NIGHT

Glancing at a security mirror to see that it's clear,  
SUSANNA SCAMPERS DOWN THE HALL. She opens the door. Enters  
quickly. She stands there in the dark closet, feeling stupid.  
Suddenly, in the shadows, she notices -

TWO GLISTENING BLUE EYES. silent. quiet.

POLLY

*you're beautiful*

Crouched in the shadows, POLLY watches Susanna with utter  
admiration. She reaches - touching Susanna's cheek. Beat.

SUSANNA

Did you really set yourself on fire  
because of your puppy?

POLLY

Who told you that?

SUSANNA

Georgina.

POLLY

Do you believe her?

SUSANNA

She's a pathological liar.

POLLY

(smiles)

Only to authority figures.

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENS. IT'S LISA. HOLDING A KEY RING.

CUT TO:

49 INT. ART ROOM - NIGHT

M-G, CYNTHIA, JANET, LISA AND SUSANNA shuffle to the side exit where Lisa reveals - A DIVOT OF ART CLAY WHICH SHE STUCK IN THE LOCK, KEEPING THE DOOR OPEN. THEY FILE DOWN THE STAIRS EXCEPT - Polly, who lingers, staring at -

THE LOCKED CAGE ADORNED WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS:

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Polly!

Polly joins them on the stairs - she whispers to Susanna:

POLLY

Some musician gave'em to the hospital  
after they cured him - of his addiction.  
But they keep'em locked up since Becky  
Martin slit her wrists with an E-string.

50 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

CUT TO:

*KaCHUNK.* A DOOR OPENS ONTO - A NETWORK OF TUNNELS.  
- LISA, CYNTHIA, M-G, POLLY, SUSANNA AND JANET HEAD  
into the tunnel, around a blind corner. There the tunnel  
bisects. One part leading to a staircase up.  
The other - *INTO A DARKER TUNNEL.*

51 WALKING IN THE PITCH-BLACK TUNNELS - NIGHT

CUT TO:

*Footsteps on wet cement.* Pipes everywhere. Susanna looks  
about, wide-eyed. Suddenly - *FLUTTER, FLUTTER, FLUTTER.*

POLLY

What was that?

SUSANNA

Probably a bat.

JANET

It wasn't a blue jay.

POLLY

Around this corner - it'll be light.

Faint light emanates from the end of the tunnel. Flashlights  
are turned off. Walls glisten with moisture.

JANET

When they built this place - they put  
tunnels in so the loons didn't have to  
go anywhere in the cold.

SUSANNA

I missed that in the brochure.

POLLY

Now they dunk us in freezing water.

They pass another junction in the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

LISA  
Watch it, there's a dip.

Susanna side-steps A RECESSED AREA in the floor that's wet.  
She veers to the left. Lisa grabs her.

POLLY  
- that goes to the sheds.  
Lisa's way out.

Susanna looks to Lisa. Lisa raises her brow, grins.

LISA  
Some other time, Susie-Q.

CUT TO:

52 ANOTHER TUNNEL. DRIPPING PIPES.

THE GIRLS ARE HUDDLED AROUND A DOOR FRAMED IN THE WALL.  
Cynthia uses a bobbi-pin to pick the lock.

We're under administration.  
(jingles her keys) - No good here.

JANET  
Thank God this place has a sliding scale -  
we get to co-mingle with lock-pickin' trash.

Cynthia smiles - thinks it's a compliment.

*click* - THE DOOR OPENS A FEW INCHES - CHAINED FROM THE OTHER  
SIDE. SKINNY JANET SLIDES THROUGH - INTO A DARK CHAMBER -  
She un-chains the door from the other side. IT OPENS.

*Fluorescents sputter on.* Susanna stares at -

53 A DUSTY REGULATION SIZE SINGLE-LANE BOWLING ALLEY.

THERE ARE TWO BOWLING BALLS - heavy, with huge finger holes.  
M-G grabs one. Slings it down the alley into the gutter.

JANET trudges to the pin-pit, a lit cig on her lip.  
She retrieves M-G's ball, puts it in the return chute.  
LISA lights a cigarette.

JANET  
Alright - you're up.

SUSANNA  
Me? - I don't know -  
I only did this once in my life.

(CONTINUED)



LISA

Shut up and bowl, woman.

Susanna stands at the lane, struggling with the heavy ball. She feels all eyes on her. She drops the ball. *THUD*. It meanders down the lane, really slow - but straight -

Everyone watches, slack-jawed - AS SUSANNA'S BALL LETHARGICALLY TAKES OUT EVERY SINGLE PIN. A *CHEER*.

Susanna smiles, red-faced, as the motley crew applauds and whoops. *The first friends she's had in years*. She sits down on a bench next to Lisa as -

CYNTHIA steps onto the lane with a big red ball. She does a little two-step then lets loose - powerfully. HER BALL SLAMS INTO THE PINS - *a few left standing*. Janet and M-G argue about how to keep score. Susanna and Lisa sit and watch like mothers on a park bench

SUSANNA

Georgina's right on.

LISA

About what?

Susanna points to each of the girls, in *sing-song* :

SUSANNA

(M-G) 'if I only had a brain -

(Polly) - a face.

(Janet) - some hips.

(Cynthia) - a dick.

Lisa smiles as Janet swings a big ball and it flies backward from her hand, bouncing to the wall. *All the girls laugh*.

CUT TO:

54 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - WICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

POLLY CLIMBS FROM A DUMB WAITER, JOINING LISA, CYNTHIA, JANET AND SUSANNA. THEY ENTER DR. WICK'S OFFICE.

Suddenly - *VRRRRRMMMMMMMMM*. Silence broken by a ROARING MOTOR. M-G STRUGGLES WITH A VACUUM. It runs away from her, spinning.

JANET

Mother of God. *Turn it off!*

M-G

I can't!

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Hold this.

Lisa passes the flashlight to Susanna -  
AND JERKS THE POWER PLUG FROM THE WALL. The beast is quiet.  
Lisa turns, calmly facing M-G and - SMACKS HER ACROSS THE  
FACE. M-G crumples into a ball.

THE GIRLS SCRAMBLE INTO WICK'S OFFICE - BUT SUSANNA LINGERS -  
watching as Lisa strokes M-G's hair. M-G cries.

55 CLOSE ON - A FILE - THE NAME : KAYSEN, S.

CUT TO:

FINGERS FLIP THROUGH - SUSANNA'S FILE - PSYCHIATRIC REPORTS -  
- the word BORDERLINE seems to jump out. Among other words  
such as - *RESISTANT, DENIAL, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT, DEPRESSIVE.*

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA'S EYES - RIVETED

In the corner, M-G pouts in the corner, red-eyed.

WIDER - THE FILE DRAWERS ARE THROWN OPEN. THE GIRLS SIT ALL  
AROUND THE OFFICE, READING. LISA sits on the file cabinet,  
foraging her file. Her eyes scan SOMETHING UPSETTING.

LISA

Fuck you, Melvin.

JANET

Want to see mine? - *then let me see yours.*

LISA AND JANET TRADE FILES. Janet reads aloud :

*"Highs and lows increasingly severe.  
Controlling relationships with patients."*

SUSANNA LOOKS UP.

*"No appreciable response to meds.  
No remission observed."  
(looking up)  
And that was before you ran away.*

In the corner, POLLY SITS WITH HER FILE ON HER LAP.  
The others converse in the bg. as POLLY READS - painfully.

LISA

We are very rare. And mostly we are men.

JANET

Lisa thinks she's hot shit because  
she's a sociopath.

(CONTINUED)

CYNTHIA

I'm a sociopath.

LISA

No. You're a dyke.

CLOSE ON - POLLY'S FILE

*THE WORDS : severe avoidance disorder. suicidal.  
refuses to acknowledge disfigurement.*

POLLY'S EYES become wet with sadness. She flips past the evaluations and comes upon - A SCHOOL PICTURE OF HERSELF. BLUE EYES. SO YOUNG. SMILING. UN-SCARRED. Tears drop onto the photograph. POLLY CLOSES THE FILE. *Weeping.*

M-G, in the opposite corner, smiles at Polly. comforting.

Susanna crosses, reading from *A MANUAL OF MENTAL DISORDERS.*

SUSANNA

"Borderline personality". An instability of self-image, relationships and mood. Uncertainty about goals. Impulsive in activities that are self-damaging, such as casual sex"...

LISA

*I like that.*

SUSANNA

"Social contrariness and a generally pessimistic attitude are often observed." *That's me, alright.*

LISA

That's everybody.

SUSANNA

What sex isn't casual?

JANET

They mean promiscuous.

SUSANNA

I'm not promiscuous.  
(off Lisa's look) I'm not!

LISA

What's your count?

SUSANNA

It depends - on what all is in the count.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

Everything from fooling around with clothes on to dry humping to hand jobs through blow jobs to straight fucking.

SUDDENLY - *bong, bong, bong, bong.*  
ALL THE GIRLS GASP - SPINNING AROUND.

IN THE CORNER - A GRANDFATHER CLOCK STRIKES FOUR. LOUD.

A COLLECTIVE SIGH. Lisa looks to Susanna.  
SUDDENLY - THE SOUND OF A KEY TURNING A LOCK.  
The door to the outer office opens and -

A HUGE BEAM OF LIGHT from a hand-held security search light slices into the inner office. AN OLD SECURITY GUARD.

THE GIRL'S SCRAMBLE ON ALL FOURS, crawling behind the desk, into the closet, behind the door - *any cover they can find.*

SUSANNA CROUCHES, BEHIND THE FILE CABINET.  
HER HANDS PRESSED AGAINST - AGING FLORAL WALLPAPER.  
THE OLD SECURITY GUARD shuffles into Wick's office.  
His bright light flits at his side, making shifting shadows as he crosses to Wick's desk, standing right above -

LISA, JANET AND POLLY. They hold their breath, his hands fumbling inches away as he reaches into - THE BOTTOM DRAWER.  
*He retrieves - A BOTTLE OF VODKA AND A GLASS.*

He pours a shot and sits in a squeaky swivel chair. He leafs through a LIFE MAGAZINE, the chair squeaking rhythmically.  
POLLY is pinned closest to him, terrified, her blue eyes looking straight out at - A PAGE OF MARYLYN MONROE PHOTOS, draped on the guard's lap. *His chair squeaks, like a mattress.*

SUSANNA, PALMS ON THE WALL, STARES AT - THE CRACKED WALLPAPER.  
*The squeaking continues.* Her eyes follow a crack as it swoops downward and then up again, making the shape of the state of -

SUSANNA

*...Florida.*

*The squeaking stops.*

PROFESSOR GILCREST (o.s.)

*What? - Why did you stop?*

56 SUSANNA IS FROZEN, NAKED, HANDS ON THE WALL, SITTING ATOP -  
PROFESSOR GILCREST, SWEATY, RED-FACED ON A LEATHER COUCH.

WE ARE : INT. COLLEGE OFFICE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)  
She runs her finger over the crack, looking down to him.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

The crack in the wall - it looks like

PROFESSOR GILCREST

Susanna. You're not into some weird,  
bondage bag, are you? -

No answer. Gilcrest stares up at -

- *your wrist.*

The inside of Susanna's wrist is black and blue.  
*A flare of light and the sound of a drawer slamming closed.*

57

WE ARE: BACK IN WICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

THE SECURITY GUARD shuffles out the door.  
THE GIRLS - SWEATY - ALL CLIMB OUT OF THEIR HIDING PLACES.

POLLY

*That was forever and a day.*

LISA looks to - SUSANNA, dazed.

SUSANNA

How long was he in here?

Lisa is disturbed by this question. Janet turns.

*tick, tock, tick, tock.* Susanna turns to -  
THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK IN THE CORNER - *It is four twenty five.*

58

EXT. SOUTH BELL - WALKING TO THE ROAD - DAY

CUT TO:

*ka-kunch, ka-kunch, ka-kunch.*  
*Rubber boots busting through crusted snow.*

SUSANNA, LISA, GEORGINA, POLLY, M-G AND CYNTHIA WALK IN A  
PACK, enjoying the crunch, crunch of their boots.

VALERIE, DAISY, AND THE STUDENT NURSES (MARGIE, GRETTA) walk  
on the salted sidewalk. *They watch the girls.*

SUSANNA

*Jesus.*

Susanna stares ahead in wonder at - JANET, WHO WALKS ALONE -  
on the snow bank. She's so thin, she never breaks the crust.

LISA

Valerie's freaking out.

(CONTINUED)

VALERIE SCOLDS M-G FOR JUMPING TOO MUCH.  
 DAISY EYES LISA AND SUSANNA.  
 Margie and Gretta also look about. vigilant. paranoid.

SUSANNA

Taking us for ice cream in a blizzard -  
 'makes you wonder who're the real wack-jobs.

Polly barrels into the conversation :

POLLY

I think it's nice. It's nice to do  
 something nice on Daisy's last day.

59 EXT. MIDDLE OF TOWN - DAY

CUT TO:

THE TOWN IS DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS.  
 THE STUDENT NURSES AND VALERIE have distributed themselves  
 all around THE GIRLS, herding them - into a tight pack.

It is a strange sight, this huddle of wide-eyed girls in  
 matching boots, shuffling down the street, surrounded by  
 starched white nurses. People walk by, trying not to stare.  
 Pressed together, Susanna glares at Margie. Margie giggles.  
 Like all the student nurses, Margie is the same age as the  
 girls. Without uniforms, they'd all look the same.

THEY CROSS THE STREET TOWARD - BRIGHAM'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR.

60 INT. ECKELS ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

CUT TO:

An old-fashioned parlor, dotted with SUBURBAN MATRONS.  
 THE GIRLS are at the counter muttering about flavors.  
 Nervous nurses cling like Velcro. A PIMPLY-FACED TEENAGER is  
 behind the counter with a big button that says, "RONNY."

Susanna looks around the shop. Suddenly, she spots -  
 MRS. GILCREST HAVING A SUNDAE WITH HER DAUGHTER, BONNIE.

SUSANNA

*Oh, God.*

Susanna hides behind Lisa. Margie addresses Ronny.

MARGIE

We'll have ten cones.

JANET

Nine.

DAISY  
Eight.

LISA  
- 'Guess they don't have gelato pollo.

GEORGINA  
I want Peppermint stick.

POLLY  
Me too.

DAISY  
It's just called peppermint.

MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND  
Peppermint dick.

DAISY  
Honestly.

MARTIAN'S GIRLFRIEND  
PEPPERMINT CLIT!

Everyone in the parlor turns and stares.

VALERIE  
We'll have four peppermints.

SUSANNA  
Five.

VALERIE  
Five. - Lisa - ?

Everyone looks to Lisa, who leans on the counter and smiles.

LISA  
- rrrrRRonny -

RONNY  
- yes -

LISA  
'you got hot fudge?

RONNY  
- yes -

LISA

*Alright, then. I want a vanilla sundae,  
with hot fudge, sprinkles - rainbow, not  
chocolate - whipped cream, jimmies,  
cherries... um...*

Everyone waits as Lisa rolls her tongue, thinking :

RONNY

*- nuts?*

*Everyone busts out laughing.*

61 INT. ECKELS ICE CREAM PARLOR - LATER

CUT TO:

JANET, GEORGINA, SUSANNA AND LISA are eating in a booth.  
Susanna glances at - THE GILCRESTS, A FEW TABLES AWAY.

IN THE NEXT BOOTH - DAISY answers eager questions, trying to  
avoid looking at M-G who is eating with her mouth wide open :

DAISY

*- Melvin wanted me in a half-way house.  
But my Dad thought I deserved a place of  
my own. It has an eat-in chicken and  
brand new wicker and -*

LISTENING TO THIS, LISA IS HUNCHED OVER HER SUNDAE, *seething*.  
SUSANNA is in mid-lick on her cone when MRS. GILCREST and  
BONNIE appear at the booth. From her expression it's clear  
that Mrs. Gilcrest knows of Susanna and her husband.

MRS. GILCREST

*Susanna? Do you remember me?  
(fire in her eyes) You must remember me.*

SUSANNA

*- Hi, Mrs. Gilcrest. Hey Bonnie.  
How's Radcliffe?*

BONNIE

*Wellesley. I'm enjoying it. It's strong in  
art. I'm going to the Sorbonne this summer.*

SUSANNA

*Oh. That's great!*

MRS. GILCREST

*(leaning close)  
You know - I know *all* about you.  
And I hope you're put away for-EVER*

(CONTINUED)



Susanna is stunned.

LISA

Is this the professor's wife?

MRS. GILCREST

Oh. So - I guess you've told everyone.

JANET

What professor?

Susanna is mortified. Valerie turns, watching, concerned.

LISA

Lady - back off -

MRS. GILCREST

Was I talking to you?

BONNIE

Muther. We have to go.

LISA

No - you were spitting on me!  
Mellow fucking out!

MRS. GILCREST

Don't tell me what to do!

LISA

So she gave your husband a rim job. B-F-D.  
(looking Gilcrest over)  
I'm sure he was begging for it. I heard it  
was like a god damned toothpick anyway.

MRS. GILCREST

HOW DARE YOU - !? HOW DARE YOU?!

MRS. GILCREST WAGS HER FINGER IN LISA'S FACE - BUT -  
- LISA GRABS HER WRIST - FIRMLY.

LISA

Some advice? - don't point your finger  
at crazy people.

MRS. GILCREST

LET GO OF ME!

VALERIE

(standing)

Hey! HEY!

BUT LISA DOES NOT LET GO. Janet cackles. Susanna turns to Mrs. Gilcrest and smiles a toothy "crazy" smile. BONNIE backs away, unnerved by everything, especially - POLLY'S STARE.

(CONTINUED)

BONNIE  
Mu-ther!

VALERIE  
LISA - STOP IT!

MRS. GILCREST  
= YOU'RE NOT CRAZY - YOU'RE DRUG ADDICTS!

GEORGINA  
You're the drug addict, bitch! You were  
smoking hash right over there! I SAW YOU!

MRS. GILCREST  
LET - GO - OF - ME!

LISA  
(a full-on rabid loon,  
like Foghorn Leghorn)  
What I'm saying is - what I'm saying is -  
we're FUCKING CRAZY!

SUSANNA  
BLAHHHHHHH!

JANET  
GRRRRR! (SNAPPING DOG-LIKE)

BONNIE  
(tearful) Muh-ther. We have to go!

BONNIE'S ICE CREAM TOO CLOSE TO DAISY'S FACE - WHO SMACKS IT.

DAISY  
*Watch it, asshole!*

LISA RELEASES MRS. GILCREST - AND THEY BEAT A RETREAT.

A61 EXT. APPROACHING SOUTH BELL - DAY CUT TO:

AS THEY ALL TRUDGE BACK UP THE HILL, VALERIE GLARES AT  
LISA. SUSANNA walks beside her, grinning, oblivious.

VALERIE  
Did you enjoy the fresh air, Lisa?

LISA  
Yes I did, Val.

VALERIE  
(moving ahead)  
Well drink it up, cause that was the last  
goddam time you're leaving the ward.

LISA  
Was that a dare or a double dare?

A61 CONTINUED:

1/14/99

-63A-

Lisa winks at Susanna. Susanna laughs.

CUT TO:

62 INT. DANCE THERAPY ROOM - DAY

*MUSIC PLAYS. PAPER CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS ON THE WINDOWS.*  
A GROUP INCLUDING SUSANNA, LISA, GEORGINA AND OTHERS stand in rows. Some look at the ceiling. Some stare in space - but all lift their arms as instructed by THE DANCE THERAPIST.

DANCE THERAPIST

Lifting branches up to the sky. That's  
it. Your leaves dancing in the breeze.  
(continues)

SUSANNA looks to LISA, who wears a sour expression, arms slung in the air. She makes claws - miming Julie Newmar.

LISA

*Me-ow.*

They laugh. Suddenly Susanna notices -

A62 THROUGH THE WINDOW - OUT IN THE SNOW - DAISY AND HER DAD,  
LOADING INTO THEIR CAR. VALERIE HUGS DAISY GOOD-BYE.

SUSANNA DROPS HER ARMS, WATCHING. One by one - POLLY,  
GEORGINA, CYNTHIA, JANET - EACH GIRL DROPS THEIR ARMS,  
WATCHING, SADLY, OUT THE WINDOW. LISA SNEERS -

*Good luck, crazy bitch.*

JANET SITS DOWN ON THE MAT AND BEGINS TO CRY.

JANET

It's not fair. Seventy four is the  
perfect weight. *It's not fair!*

DANCE THERAPIST

Now. What kind of tree can you be, Janet,  
down there on the floor?

JANET

*I'm a fucking shrub, alright!?*

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA'S EYES - AS DAISY'S CAR DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

B62 INT. SOUTH BELL - LISA'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

BARBIES hang from the ceiling by their necks. The room is a mess of graffiti, clothes, and mutilated stuffed animals. SUSANNA sits on the bed, reading a magazine as -

LISA moves about the room, digging through crap, smoking.  
*click swish.* LILLIAN opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

LILLIAN

Checks.

*swish, click* - she is gone.

Lisa pulls out - SUSANNA'S RED JOURNAL from a magazine pile. She reads aloud from it as Susanna looks up, stricken :

LISA

"Lisa is funny - and terrifying. The staff fears her. She has beautiful red nails. Valerie cut them, said they were 'sharps'. That means dangerous." I love my section.

SUSANNA

*Where did you get that?*  
(stern) Give it to me!

LISA

*Hold on. This part's good.*

(flipping pages, reading)

"Polly's never unhappy in her tight burnt slipcover skin. Kind - comforting - cheerful - she's faultless, *like an angel*. Whatever shadow drove her, whispered "DIE" in her once perfect ear - unlike the rest of us - Polly burnt it away. *Fried it.*"

(looking up)

*That shit's good.* Pictures are cool, too.

Lisa holds up - A PENCIL DRAWING OF POLLY AND JANET.

SUSANNA

Can I have it back, please?

Lisa hands her the journal. Susanna moves to leave but Lisa blocks her, rolling up her sleeve, cig hanging on her lip.

LISA

Check this out. That's Ruby. *Meow.*

Lisa proudly displays a cigarette-scarred forearm to Susanna. The scars form A POINTILLIST PICTURE OF A CAT - *IN PROGRESS.*

SUSANNA

'Doesn't it hurt?

LISA TOUCHES THE BURNING END OF HER CIGARETTE TO HER ARM. *It hisses as - IT BURNS IN A FURTHER PIECE OF THE CAT'S TAIL.*

LISA

It passes time.

CUT TO:

63 WE ARE : INT. MELVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

MELVIN at his desk, explaining :

MELVIN

Scientifically speaking, a *mood*  
comes from a compound - a compound  
of neurotransmitters.

SUSANNA, draped on the couch, plays with a CLOWN PUPPET.

SUSANNA

- *chemicals* -

Melvin nods. *Susanna smiles at Melvin, almost flirtatiously:*

Too much of one, not enough of another,  
you might set yourself on fire - or eat  
too much chicken.

MELVIN

It's not that simple.

SUSANNA

What about a memory?  
(making the puppet talk)  
*What's that, Mr. Whoopee?*

MELVIN

You know what a memory is, Susanna.

SUSANNA

That's not what I mean, Melvin. I mean -  
what *exactly* is a memory - in your mind -  
what is it? *A bunch of cells?*

MELVIN

*We think it's a pattern of cellular  
changes. In certain areas of your brain.  
We're still learning.*

SUSANNA

You're still learning.

MELVIN

Yes.

SUSANNA

But you're treating us anyway.  
Giving us drugs and shit - like you  
know what you're *doing*.

(CONTINUED)

MELVIN

We know what works, Susanna.  
Some things we know for sure.

SUSANNA

How?

MELVIN

From experience.

SUSANNA

*How do you know Daisy got better?*

MELVIN

I don't want to talk about other  
patients. I want to talk about you.

SUSANNA

I want to talk about Daisy.  
*How do you know she got better?*

MELVIN

No one gets *better*, Susanna - you just  
make progress. Daisy's progress came from  
talking - *as will yours* - not about  
science or other people - but talking  
about *yourself* and *your feelings*.

SUSANNA

And from this *talking*, you figure out the  
thing in my past that made me this way.  
Right? - you find my secret. And however  
long it takes you, I'm stuck here. That's  
the game, isn't it?

Susanna glares, waiting for an answer.  
*Melvin looks at her, very calm.*

MELVIN

Do you have your diaphragm in?

SUSANNA

What?!

*Two alternating organ notes rise.*

IT IS NOT MELVIN AT THE DESK ANYMORE, BUT -

A63 A FLIRTACIOUS BRITISH TEACHER. WE ARE : INT. FACULTY OFFICE

BRITISH TEACHER .

I understand - Susanna - that you come to  
your student teacher meetings - prepared.

A63 CONTINUED:

*Strings rise - minor-keyed. SUSANNA CLOSES HER EYES.  
drums churn out a beat - we hear - "I am the Walrus"*

64 *MUSIC CONT. - TREES BUDDING - FLOWERS BLOOM - RAIN*

*PULLING BACK FROM THE TV ROOM WINDOWS -  
MARGIE PASSES THROUGH FRAME, CARRYING A MEDICATION TRAY.*

*WE FOLLOW HER ON HER ROUNDS AS SHE HANDS OUT PILL CUPS.*

## BEATLES

*I am he - as you are he -  
as you are me - and we are all together.*

*LISA, POLLY, JANET, DUTIFULLY SWALLOWING THEIR PILLS.  
ON THE TV - AN UPDATE ON THE WAR. Dan Rather in a rice paddy.*

*See how they run - like pigs from a gun -  
See how they fly - I'm crying.*

65 *CLOSE ON - SUSANNA'S JOURNAL - SCRAWLED WORDS ON THE PAGE*

*THE WORLD DIDN'T STOP SPINNING JUST BECAUSE WE WEREN'T IN IT.  
as Susanna's pencil madly sketches - THE CAT ON LISA'S ARM.*

*Sitting on a cornflake -  
Waiting for the van to come.*

*MARGIE ENTERS SUSANNA'S ROOM WITH THE MEDS TRAY.*

*SUSANNA sits up in bed, and dutifully swallows.  
Lies back, feeling the pill's effect.*

*I am the egg man. (woo)  
I am the walrus. - coo coo ka choo.*

67 *MONTAGE - THE WORLD SPINS AT CLAYMOORE - MUSIC CONTINUES*

*- WATCHING TV - TEARFUL, AS ROBERT KENNEDY IS MURDERED -*

*- SUSANNA AND MELVIN - BOTH SLEEPING THROUGH THERAPY -*

*- SUSANNA FLIRTING WITH JOHN - LISA WATCHING, GLEEFUL -*

*- BUMPER CARS IN THE LOBBY WITH SWIVEL CHAIRS -*

*- PINNING A PICTURE OF RICHARD NIXON TO MCWILLEY'S ASS -*

*- SUSANNA PLAYING NORMAL FOR MOM AND DAD - INTRODUCING LISA -*

*- POLLY POSES AS SUSANNA DRAWS HER PICTURE -*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

All the preceding images intercut and build with -  
SUSANNA'S PENCIL, FEVERISHLY SCRAWLING, WORDS, PICTURES.

I am the egg man. (woo)  
- I am the walrus. - coo coo ka choo -

As the music winds down -

68 VALERIE ENTERS THE LOBBY WITH A YOUNG MAN, SMILING.

VALERIE  
Susanna. You have a visitor.

SUSANNA TURNS - JOURNAL ON HER LAP -  
She stares - horrified - then, smiles - *flattered*.  
IT IS TOBIAS JACOBS. All the other girls turn, wide-eyed -  
A *CUTE GUY!* Lisa raises an eyebrow. John watches - *jealous*.

SUSANNA  
Hey. How did - *What are you doing here?*

TOBIAS  
Hey. I'm - I report next week -  
- *I wanted to see you.*

CUT TO:

69 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - DAY

TOBIAS AND SUSANNA are making out on the floor - *furiously*.  
*click, swish*. MARGIE opens the door.

MARGIE  
Checks - - *sorry*.

Margie closes the door.  
Toby pulls away from Susanna, red-faced.  
He stands - but SUSANNA STARTS UNDOING HIS BELT BUCKLE.

SUSANNA  
No, no. We have ten minutes.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY - 10 MINUTES LATER

JANET, M-G, AND CYNTHIA are giggling. POLLY has her ear to  
Susanna's door. LISA sits in her swivel chair, smoking.

LISA  
Torch. *What are you doing?*

Polly rocks on her heels. *Impish*.

(CONTINUED)

POLLY

- nothing -

LISA

- Then why don't you go to your room  
and do nothing.

Polly suddenly bursts out crying and runs down the hall past -  
MARGIE, who approaches with her clipboard, doing - "checks".  
Lisa slides on her chair between Margie - *AND SUSANNA'S DOOR.*

LISA

Hey, Margie.

MARGIE

Hey, Lisa.

LISA

How's Joe?

MARGIE

He's fine. (moving around Lisa)

Lisa adjusts her chair, again blocking Margie.

MARGIE

Lisa - *I have to do my checks.*

LISA

And to wait five more minutes would  
be what - *a dereliction of duty?*

AT THE STATION, VALERIE notices -  
Lisa standing up, blocking Margie.

What if I had a punctured artery?

MARGIE

Lisa. Stop it.

LISA

- *What would you do? Ignore my wound - ?  
go on about your appointed rounds?*

Margie tries to move past Lisa - but Lisa takes the pen from  
Margie's clipboard and holds it to her neck.

If you move one more inch -  
I will jam this into my fucking aorta.

Valerie grabs the pen - from behind.

(CONTINUED)

VALERIE

Your aorta's in your chest.

Valerie crosses to Susanna's door - opens it.  
TANGLED AND HALF DRESSED - SUSANNA AND TOBY FALL OVER.

You have grounds privileges, Susanna.  
Why don't you two take a walk?

CUT TO:

71 INT. SOUTH BELL - REAR IRON STAIRS - LATE AFTERNOON

SUSANNA AND TOBY CLOMP DOWN THE REAR STAIRS.  
Pulling on her coat, Susanna runs her fingers over the iron bars of the railing. WE PAN WITH HER HAND - letting go as HER HAND RUNS OVER - A SHARP PIECE OF METAL.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. SOUTH BELL - LATE AFTERNOON

SUSANNA bundles up. TOBY pulls up his collar. He takes Susanna's hand and veers their steps toward the parking lot.

SUSANNA

The cafeteria's that way.

TOBIAS

- keep walking -  
Those are my wheels up ahead.

HIS RED BEETLE comes closer.  
Susanna looks back to - THE WARD. She lets go of Toby's hand.

SUSANNA

*What are you doing?*

They're at the car. Tobias opens the door for her. Smiles.

TOBIAS

We're going to Canada.

She looks at the car. at him - smiling sadly -  
and at the road leading down the hill toward town.

Susanna. *You're not crazy.*  
You don't need to be here.

SUSANNA

I tried to kill myself.

TOBIAS

You took some aspirin.

SUSANNA

A bottle.

TOBIAS

- And that buys you a year in this joint?  
Bullshit. They're breaking you. It's  
nineteen sixty eight. Everything's  
changing! *What do they know about normal?*

Susanna looks back at South Bell.  
LISA AND POLLY STAND IN THE WINDOW. WATCHING.

SUSANNA

I have friends here, Toby.

TOBIAS

Who - them? *Those girls?*

Susanna stares at the wet ground beneath her feet.  
BLOOD DRIPS INTO A PUDDLE - diffusing into a slick swirl.

*HER HAND IS CUT ON THE PALM - BLEEDING.*  
*It is a small wound - but Susanna stares at it.*

Susanna - they're eating grapes off the  
wallpaper. They're insane!

SUSANNA

- if they are - *I am* -

TOBIAS

Come with me. *Please, Susanna.*  
- - *I think I love you.*

Susanna looks at him - stunned. She laughs - then - suddenly  
begins to weep. Toby reaches for HER HAND - *BUT SHE PULLS*  
*AWAY FIERCELY. She shields her face, crying.*

*My dad gave me five grand. . .*  
*We can build a cabin in the woods.*  
*We can be happy up there.*

Susanna laughs - long past this kind of fantasy.

You want to leave - don't you?

SUSANNA

I do  
(looking up)  
- *but not with you.*

72 CONTINUED: (2)

1/14/99

-73-

This hits Toby hard. He looks away. Susanna smiles gently as hot tears run down her cheeks. Their eyes meet.

73 INT./EXT.-- SOUTH BELL - AT THE WINDOWS - SAME

CUT TO:

LISA through the glass. Riveted, watching -

SUSANNA AND TOBY in the parking lot.

POLLY WATCHES TOO - WET-EYED, AT HER WINDOW - AS -

TOBY'S CAR DISAPPEARS. SUSANNA TRUDGES BACK TO THE WARD.

POLLY'S EYES MOVE TO - HER OWN REFLECTION ON THE GLASS.  
She stares at herself - *touching her curdled skin.*

POLLY

- my face, my face -

74 INT. SUSANNA & GEORGINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

GEORGINA sleeps, soundly.

JOHN quietly fixes a ceiling light from a ladder.

SUSANNA lies on her side, noiselessly SPITTING OUT PILLS,  
dropping them in the heater vent.

When John glances at her - *she pretends she's asleep.*  
He goes back to work, fastening a metal cage over the bulb.  
*Susanna opens her eyes again.*

John's pants are falling down. He pulls at them. *She smiles.*

He quietly climbs off the ladder and looks at Susanna.  
She is "asleep". He steps toward her bed, standing over her.  
*A breeze blows in the window. crickets sing.*

HE GENTLY TUCKS HER IN, then takes the ladder - snaps off the  
light - and moves quietly away.

SUSANNA (o.s.)

Why did you to do that - ?

John stops in his tracks - turns.

= *fix a light bulb at night?*

JOHN

I'm not here in the morning. And that's  
when you draw pictures and stuff.

SUSANNA

-oh-

(CONTINUED)

John opens the door, heading out.

...John?

He stops again, his back to her.

- *Why do you like me?* -

John turns. *SUSANNA'S EYES ARE FILLED WITH TEARS.*

JOHN

I just like you - *that's all.*  
I wish you were getting better. I'd take  
you to the movies or something. *someday.*

There is a silence. *Susanna smiles too.*

SUSANNA

*that'd be nice.*

She wipes her tears away.  
*Suddenly there is a shriek from down the hall.*

POLLY (o.s.)

*My face! My face! My faaaaace!*

JOHN HEADS OFF TOWARD THE SOUND. MCWILLEY RUSHES PAST.  
*The screams continue - and Susanna listens wide-eyed to the  
off-screen radio play : a loud clatter as Polly's restrained.  
Doors are slammed - and her misery suddenly muffled.*

*And the smoke of their torment ascendeth  
up forever and ever - and the smoke of their...*

Susanna looks to Georgina - fast asleep.  
She rolls into her pillow. Covering her head.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY - LATER

*Down the hall - Polly wails inconsolably. muffled.*  
SUSANNA steps out of her room, sleepy-eyed.

LISA sits in a swivel chair - "awake" - at least her eyes are  
open - spinning the chair in soporific circles.

SUSANNA

What happened?

LISA

What needs to happen?  
No one's ever gonna kiss her, man.

Lisa looks toward the television.

*ON THE SCREEN - A MAP OF FLORIDA.  
IMAGES OF WALT DISNEY, MAPS AND CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT.*

*'building a new Disneyland - in Florida.  
If I could have any job in the world -  
I'd be a professional Cinderella.  
You could be Snow White.*

Susanna snorts a laugh. Lisa looks toward the seclusion room.  
*Polly's muffled sobbing continues.*

*Polly could be Minnie Mouse. Everyone  
would be hugging her. No one would even  
know - cause she'd be inside that head.*

SUSANNA smiles sadly - looks toward -  
MCWILLEY SLUMPED OVER - ASLEEP - IN THE NURSE'S STATION.

LISA MEETS SUSANNA'S EYES.

SUSANNA

Gimme your keys.

Susanna takes the keys and crosses down the hall.  
Lisa watches Susanna - then crosses to THE NURSES' STATION.

MCWILLEY IS SNORING - BREATHING THROUGH AN OPEN MOUTH.

76 INT. ART ROOM - SAME

CUT TO:

SUSANNA LOADS HER ARMS WITH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CUT TO:

77 INT. NURSES' STATION - SAME

LISA CRUMBLES SEVERAL PILLS INTO HER PALM.  
SHE LEANS IN THE DUTCH DOOR OF THE NURSE'S STATION AND -  
- DROPS THE POWDER INTO MCWILLEY'S MOUTH.

CUT TO:

78 INT. SOUTH BELL - OUTSIDE SECLUSION ROOM - NIGHT

*Polly's still CRYING. INSTRUMENTS DUMP TO THE FLOOR.*  
LISA smirks as - SUSANNA, awkwardly straps on - A GUITAR.  
SHE PEERS IN THE LITTLE SECLUSION WINDOW.

SUSANNA

I don't see her.

(whispering)

Hey - Polly. It's Susanna.

*Polly continues crying.*

LISA

*Just play something. If talking did shit,  
we'd all be out of here by now.*

Susanna sits down on the floor and strums finding chords.  
She sings in an imperfect but pretty voice.

SUSANNA

*...When you're alone and life is making  
you lonely you can always go - Downtown.*

Susanna glares - Lisa joins in.

*- When you've got worries all the noise  
and the hurry seems to help I know -*

LISA AND SUSANNA

*- Downtown.*

*Polly becomes quiet.*

*Just listen to music of the traffic in the  
city - Linger on the sidewalk where the  
neon signs are pretty. How can you lose?*

79

GEORGINA CROSSES TO HER DOOR, PEERING DOWN THE HALLWAY.  
DOWN THE HALL - LISA AND SUSANNA PASSIONATELY SERENADE POLLY:

*The lights are much brighter there -  
you can forget all your troubles -  
forget all your cares - so go -*

GEORGINA, LISA AND SUSANNA

*- Down-town -*

80

JANET AND CYNTHIA LIE AWAKE IN BED. LISTENING.

LISA AND SUSANNA (o.s.)

*things will be great when you're - Down-  
town - you'll find a place for sure -  
Down-town - Everything's waiting for you.*

JANET AND CYNTHIA

*- downtowwwwwwn - downtowwwwwwn*

81

JOHN'S FEET WALK BRISKLY TOWARD - SUSANNA AND LISA

LISA AND SUSANNA

*- Don't hang around and let your problems  
surround you - there are movie shows -  
Downtown. Maybe you know some little places  
to go to where they never close - downtown.*



John stands above the girls, arms folded.

JOHN

McWilley's gonna wake up.

SUSANNA

Just listen to the rythm of  
the gentle Bosa Nova -

LISA

No, she's not.

LISA AND SUSANNA

You'll be dancing with them too before  
the night is over. Happy again.

John looks cute when he's pissed.

Susanna beckons him with her finger. He leans down and -  
SUSANNA TAKES HIS FACE IN HER HANDS AND KISSES HIM.

Lisa takes the guitar and continues singing as -

LISA

The lights are much brighter there.  
You can forget all your troubles.  
Forget all your cares. And go -

M-G BOUNDS DOWN THE HALL, JOINING LISA AS -

JOHN AND SUSANNA MAKE OUT ON THE FLOOR.

LISA AND M-G

Down-town. Things will be great when  
you're - Down-town -

CUT TO:

82 INT. SOUTH BELL - SECLUSION ROOM - LATER

Pink sunrise seeps in the transom window. POLLY is huddled in a corner - in a straight jacket - quietly singing.

POLLY

- you'll find a place for sure - Down-  
town - Everything's waiting for you.

CUT TO:

83 INT. SOUTH BELL - DAWN

Pale pink dawn light. SUSANNA IS CURLED UP IN JOHN'S ARMS. She wakes, spying Valerie stomping off her feet in the lobby.

LISA is out cold on the floor. M-G, spooning with her.

Susanna pries herself away from John - he wakes - and their eyes meet. She smiles tenderly - and scurries away.

VALERIE STANDS OVER - MCWILLEY ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR OF THE NURSES'S STATION. She looks down the hall just as -  
*Susanna disappears into her room.*

CUT TO:

84 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - SAME

SUSANNA in her bed - feigns sleep.

VALERIE - arms folded - in the doorway. pissed off.

VALERIE

I have to write this up, Susanna.  
I am tired of this bullshit.

CUT TO:

85 INT. DOCTOR WICK'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

SUSANNA sits in a vinyl chair, exhausted. Beside her, MARGIE.

ARLEEN reads THE MARYLYN MONROE LIFE MAGAZINE (that the Security Guard was reading at Wick's desk.)

DR. WICK (o.s.)

Is she here?

CUT TO:

86 INT. DR. WICK'S OFFICE - DAY

SUSANNA pushes open the door. It is dark inside. The only light seeping through the blinds. Clouds of cigarette smoke.

Susanna sees - THE CRACKED WALLPAPER IN THE CORNER.  
*The shape of Florida.*

A WOMAN (60) WITH BRIGHT GREEN EYES SITS IN THE SHADOWS. Behind a desk. Smoking. Reading Susanna's file. There is a precision to her manner. Susanna sits in a leather chair.

The deskplate reads - *S. G. WICK, MD.*  
She speaks without looking up. Her accent - *South African.*

DR. WICK  
Good morning, Susanna.

SUSANNA  
Good morning.

DR. WICK  
How are you?

SUSANNA  
Fine - I guess.

Dr. Wick looks up from the file.

DR. WICK  
You look tired.

SUSANNA  
I am.

DR. WICK  
Why is that?

SUSANNA  
Polly went crazy last night and we sang to her - Lisa and me.

DR. WICK  
Did it soothe her? Your singing.

SUSANNA  
She stopped crying.

DR. WICK  
Have you become friends with Lisa?

SUSANNA  
Why - is that bad?

(CONTINUED)

DR. WICK

Does it feel bad?

SUSANNA

- No.

DR. WICK

Did you have many girlfriends -  
before you came here?

SUSANNA

Not really.

DR. WICK

Would you say before you came here your  
friends consisted mainly of boyfriends? Men?

Susanna lights a cig - looks at the folder in Wick's hand.

SUSANNA

Does it say in there I'm promiscuous?

DR. WICK

Why did you choose that word?

SUSANNA

Should I say *horny*?

DR. WICK

You should say what you mean.  
Do you consider yourself promiscuous?

SUSANNA

No - but you do.

DR. WICK

What makes you think that?

SUSANNA

How many guys would I have to sleep with  
to be promiscuous? Text book promiscuous.

DR. WICK

What do you think?

SUSANNA

*Ten? Eight? Five?*

Wick does not react.

How many girls would a boy my age have  
to sleep with to be promiscuous? Ten?  
Twenty? A hundred and nine?

DR. WICK

Someone who is compulsively promiscuous might engage in a sex act with a guest in their room and then engage in another sex act on the same day with an orderly.

Susanna is stunned. Then laughs.

SUSANNA

John? All I did was kiss him.  
Am I in trouble for kissing an orderly or giving my boyfriend a blow job?

DR. WICK

Is there something about sex that grounds you. Lifts your feelings of despair?

SUSANNA

Yes.

DR. WICK

What is that?

SUSANNA

Have you ever had sex?

Wick says nothing. *The clock ticks loudly.*

This is called "resistance" isn't it,  
- what I'm giving you?

DR. WICK

Resistance is revealing. Freud thought "analysis" was essentially the analysis of a patient's resistance to analysis.

SUSANNA

Oh, did he?

DR. WICK

Melvin says you have many interesting theories about your illness. You believe there's a mystical undertow in life (reading) "a quicksand of shadows."

SUSANNA

Another one of my theories is that you guys don't know what you're doing.

DR. WICK

Still - you acknowledge a problem.  
Coping with this quicksand.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

I have a problem coping with this hospital. I want to leave.

DR. WICK

I can't do that.

SUSANNA

I signed myself in.  
I want to sign myself out.

DR. WICK

You signed yourself into our care.  
We decide when to release you.  
You're not ready, Susanna.

SUSANNA

Because I won't finger paint or pretend I'm a tree?

DR. WICK

Your progress has plateaued.

Susanna receives this, unblinking.

*That disappoints you?*

SUSANNA

Not really. I'm ambivalent. That's my new favorite word, in fact. Ambivalent.

DR. WICK

Do you know what it means?  
Ambivalence. Text book ambivalence.

SUSANNA

I don't care.

DR. WICK

If it's your favorite word,  
I would think that you -

SUSANNA

*It means - I don't care.*  
*That's what it means.*

DR. WICK

On the contrary, Susanna. Ambivalence suggests strong feelings. In opposition. The prefix - like in ambi-dextrous -  
(raising her hands)  
- means "both". The rest from Latin means vigor. The word suggests you're torn between two opposing courses of action.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

Will I stay - or will I go.

DR. WICK

Am I sane or - or am I crazy.

SUSANNA

Those aren't courses of action.

DR. WICK

They can be, dear - *for some*.

SUSANNA

Well, I guess it's the wrong word then.

DR. WICK

No - I think it's perfect.

*The clock seems to tick even louder.*

It's a very big question you're faced with, Susanna. The choice of your life. How much will you indulge your flaws? Are your flaws, your music, your identity? If you embrace them - as one should embrace their identity - then you may commit yourself to life in hospital. Big questions. Big choices. Only natural you'd profess carelessness about them.

Susanna stands. Stubs out her cigarette.

SUSANNA

...Is that it?

DR. WICK

For now.

Susanna slams the door.

CUT TO:

87 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - STAIRS - DAY

MARGIE walks with SUSANNA. Susanna is very pissed.

COMING UP THE HALL - GRETTA ESCORTS LISA.

*As they pass - Susanna looks into Lisa's eyes.*

Lisa looks, sluggish, drugged.

GRETTA TAKES LISA ROUND THE CORNER - INTO WICK'S OFFICE.

CUT TO:

88 INT. SOUTH BELL - TV ROOM - DAY

SUSANNA sits, staring - dead-eyed - at the TV.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGINA

She's been a zombie for three days.

POLLY - looking much better - stands with GEORGINA.  
They stare at Susanna. Polly approaches her.

POLLY

Hey. Susanna.

Susanna does not react. *Valerie crosses past, watching.*

Daisy sent us a post card of her  
apartment. She got a pussy cat.

Susanna turns. glassy-eyed. distant.

SUSANNA

Where's Lisa?

POLLY

They - - they put her in another ward.  
She'll be back though. She always is.

Susanna rocks her head back on the couch. Polly backs away.  
LOOKING BACKWARD TOWARD THE TV ROOM WINDOWS, SUSANNA SEES

A88 RUSHING GREEN LEAVES OUT A CAR WINDOW.

REVERSE ON - BABY SUSANNA, strapped to a board in the back  
of a station wagon, staring upward at the rushing world.

89 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA'S ROOM - LATER

CUT TO:

LIGHT FILTERS THROUGH SUSANNA'S WINDOW.

SUSANNA in a smock, in a fetal position, stares out her  
window. Her hair stringy. She examines her limp hand.

VALERIE

I think you need to get up.

SUSANNA

I'm just going to rest for a while.

VALERIE PICKS SUSANNA UP, LIKE A RAG DOLL -

What the hell are you doing?  
Put me down! Put me DOWN!

CUT TO:



A89 INT. HALLWAY / STAIRS - SAME

VALERIE purposefully carries SUSANNA down the hall as Susanna SCREAMS AND YELLS. NURSES dodge out of the way as Valerie hauls Susanna down the stairs.

90 THE HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - SAME

CUT TO:

VALERIE DUMPS SUSANNA IN A BIG BATH TUB. *SPLASH!*

SUSANNA  
*AAAHHH SHIT!*

VALERIE  
I'm sorry, *is it too cold?*

SUSANNA  
*GET ME OUT OF THIS FUCKING TUB!*

Susanna stands up in the tub, drenched, crying out.

*GET ME OUT OF THIS TUB, YOU BITCH!*

VALERIE  
*GET YOURSELF OUT OF THE TUB!*

SUSANNA  
*WHERE THE FUCK IS LISA!? WHERE'S LISA!?*

VALERIE  
I have no idea.  
*'Think you can survive without her?*

SUSANNA  
*YOU BANISH HER FOR SINGING TO POLLY?!  
WE WERE TRYING TO HELP HER!  
THIS PLACE IS A FASCIST TORTURE CHAMBER!*

VALERIE  
NO BABY, THIS IS A 4 STAR HOTEL!

SUSANNA  
(starts singing Porgy and Bess)

VALERIE  
I can take a lot of SHIT from crazy people - but YOU ARE NOT CRAZY!

SUSANNA  
*THEN WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH ME?!  
WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN MY HEAD?*

Valerie does not reply.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA (cont'd)

Tell me, Doctor Val!  
Give me your diag-nonsense!

VALERIE

In my opinion. You are a fool -  
- indulging her little self.

SUSANNA

Oh. Is that your MEDICAL OPINION?!  
Based upon your advanced studies at a  
night school for welfare mothers!?

VALERIE

YOU IGNORANT GIRL! WAKE THE FUCK UP!!  
YOU ARE GIVING IT AWAY!

SUSANNA

Melvin doesn't have a clue!  
Wick is a psycho! And YOU -

VALERIE (cont'd)

YOU ARE THROWING IT AWAY,  
GIRL!

SUSANNA (cont'd)

- YOU PRETEND YOU'RE A DOCTOR - YOU  
READ CHARTS AND DOLE OUT MEDS - BUT YOUZ  
AIN'T NO DOCTOR, MISS VALERIE. YOUZ  
AIN'T NOTHIN BUT A BLACK NURSE MAID!

A beat. Eyes locked. Then, Valerie walks out. *The door slams.*

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

Susanna stands there, dripping, cold.  
She climbs out of the tub, clinging to the rails. She walks  
across the tile, shivering, and grabs - A ROBE.

91 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

*Crickets sing. Moonlight.* SUSANNA sleeps in her bed.  
A creak. SHE OPENS HER EYES.

LISA STANDS OVER HER, SHROUDED IN DARKNESS. SHE SMILES -  
but there is a desperation in her eyes.

LISA

Are you my friend?

Susanna nods. GEORGINA WATCHES IN THE DARKNESS.

Let's go to Florida.

CUT TO:

92 LISA LEADS SUSANNA DOWN THE DARK HALL - NIGHT

SUSANNA

We need money, don't we?

LISA

You've been tonguing your pills, right?

Lisa unlocks the art room door.

SUSANNA

But -

LISA SPINS AROUND - THE FIRST TIME WE'VE SEEN HER IN LIGHT. DESPERATE, WILD-EYED, SHE PINS SUSANNA AGAINST THE WALL.

LISA

I gotta get out of here!  
They gave me shocks again, Maddy!

SUSANNA

- Susanna. I'm Susanna.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. CLAYMOORE GROUNDS - NIGHT

A CAR approaches, causing LISA AND SUSANNA to hit the ground. It passes and they scramble to the bottom of the hill, over a fence, to the TWO LANE ROAD. Lisa immediately affects a new posture - carefree. She begins walking backwards, thumb out.

SUSANNA

What are we doing?

Lisa hands Susanna a wadded envelope. Susanna opens it.

"Please give Daisy Randazzo assistance installing a telephone at 23 Revere, #4. It's important for us to have access to one another via telephone."

A CAR APPROACHES. vvvRRRMMMMmmmmmm. and passes.

I thought we were going to Florida.

LISA

It's a place to crash -  
till we get plane tickets.

Lisa grins as - A VW VAN APPROACHES - Gram Parsons blaring - headlights in her eyes. THE VAN SLOWS. A sliding door opens - A FRIENDLY OLDER GROUP. Grinning. TWO GUYS AND A GIRL.

CUT TO:

94 INT. VW VAN - TRAVELING - NIGHT

*Gram Parsons plays on the eight track.*

LISA is in heaven, giddy. She does her nails. Red. She passes the polish to SUSANNA, who bobs her head to the music.

THE TWO GUYS SIT UP FRONT passing a joint between them. Lisa takes a toke, offering it to Susanna - who takes some. The DRIVER nudges the STONED GUY, smoking a joint beside him.

DRIVER

Enough time for you?

The Stoned Guy nods, drops two dollars in the Driver's hand.

DRIVER

He bet me you were escapees from Claymoore. I said, "No fuckin' way."

Lisa takes the money out of the Driver's hand.

LISA

Womp. You lose.

It's very quiet in the car. Suddenly, LISA, SUSANNA AND THE OTHERS break into a weed-enhanced laughing jag.

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA looks at Lisa, adoringly. LISA MEETS SUSANNA'S EYES. They smile at one another, giddy with adventure. Suddenly, SUSANNA KISSES LISA, on the lips. Lisa grins, startled - and pleased. They laugh.

95 EXT. BOSTON COFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

CUT TO:

SUSANNA and LISA sip coffees. Lisa is beaming with freedom.

LISA

Gimme your pills.

Susanna hands over a stash of meds. Lisa sorts them.

We'll keep a few. (beat) There's a guy who buys Valium - he hangs out a couple blocks from here - by the museum.

Susanna looks up. Lisa lights a cigarette.

SUSANNA

What museum?

CUT TO:

96 EXT. LARDNER MUSEUM / BY THE RIVER - DAY

Climbing up a hill, coming from A SMALL HIPPIY-STYLE SHANTYTOWN NESTLED BENEATH A BRIDGE, Lisa sucks on a butt, frustrated. She looks about for her connections.

LISA

Shit. It's too early.  
I don't know where they are.

Susanna leans on a tree, staring at THE LARDNER MUSEUM, across the street. She watches MUSEUM-GOERS shuffling in.

98 INT. LARDNER MUSEUM - GALLERIES - DAY

CUT TO:

LISA sits on a bench, bored to tears.  
A MUSEUM GUARD watches her carefully.

SUSANNA wanders through the galleries.

MANY PEOPLE ARE ENGROSSED IN THE ART - BUT SOME SEEM TO BE LOOKING AT SUSANNA. OLD LADIES, CHILDREN. GUARDS. AND -  
A YOUNG WOMAN IN A PAINTING.

THE PAINTING - A YOUNG GIRL HAVING A MUSIC LESSON.  
But she's facing out of the picture - looking at Susanna.  
Her mouth open as if she were about to say something.

Susanna moves on - and stares admiringly at -

A GIANT FRAMED CANVAS. In the painting, many peasants are staring upward to a hot air balloon, high in the sky.

Susanna smiles to herself. She backs up from the it as -

AN ART TEACHER leads TEN WELL-DRESSED PRIVATE SCHOOL SENIORS.  
to a portrait of Hercules holding a big stick.

ART TEACHER (o.s.)

I believe you all remember Hercules.  
(MORE OF A LESSON HERE)

*Some girls giggle at the painting. Among them, MAUREEN.*

*Maureen.*

MAUREEN

- sorry -

Two boys notice - SUSANNA - who turns away, nonchalant.

(CONTINUED)

ART TEACHER

This way - Remember last week when we talked about Vermeer? They've got a good one. "*Girl Interrupted At Her Music*"

They congregate around - THE PAINTING OF THE STARING GIRL.

What do you think, Jack?

BOY 1 (JACK)

I wouldn't kick her out of bed.

A bunch of boys laugh. CONNIE, obnoxious, raises her hand.

ART TEACHER

What do you think, Connie?  
First impressions.

CONNIE

I saw it already - in a book.

ART TEACHER

But what do you think of it *in person*?

CONNIE

It's small.

ART TEACHER

Tiffany?

TIFFANY

It's that muted Flemish kind of light.

ART TEACHER

Forget the encyclopedia. What do you think she's saying? The girl.

Susanna infiltrates the group, curious.

TIFFANY

Get me some new hair?

ART TEACHER

What do you think, Maureen?

Maureen stands directly beside Susanna.  
She looks back at the painting. Thoughtful.

MAUREEN

I think her teacher's pissed -  
(some kids laugh)  
He's trying to get her attention - but  
she's looking out. As if - *I don't know* -

(CONTINUED)

ART TEACHER

What?

Maureen turns, meeting eyes with Susanna.

MAUREEN

...as if she's trying to get out  
of the painting.

CLOSE ON - SUSANNA - disturbed, looking up at -

THE PAINTING. THE STARING GIRL. THE PIANO.  
*The sound of a piano rises.*

99 SUSANNA TURNS - SHE IS IN A DARK HOUSE.

An off-screen piano plays - A *CHOPIN POLONNAISE*.  
WE ARE : INT. KAYSEN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

THE DOG sleeps beneath an arm chair. *The music continues.*  
*One awkward passage is repeated over and over.*

SUSANNA moves past the dog, toward the Library.  
*A frustrated slam of the piano keys. Then the music resumes.*  
SUSANNA rounds a corner - ENTERS - THE LIBRARY

HER MOTHER - ANNETTE KAYSEN - sits in the dark, playing  
piano. A bourbon by the keyboard. She stops - looks up -

ANNETTE

...I played that once. In a concert -  
at the Conservatory. Ages ago.

SUSANNA

Why did you stop playing?

ANNETTE

Well... I had a child, didn't I?

Annette goes back to playing.

SUSANNA

Where's Dad?

ANNETTE

Thesis review.  
(smiles, sadly)  
We're on our own tonight. You need to go  
to market. Get us some steaks.

100 A HAND JERKS SUSANNA'S SHOULDER (WE ARE BACK AT THE MUSEUM)

LISA

Come on. I'm over this joint.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

1/14/99

-91-

Susanna is spun around. Standing in the gallery.  
Her eyes filled with emotion. Lisa is concerned.

SUSANNA

How long have we - ?

LISA

Don't come un-glued on me.

CUT TO:

101 EXT. PARK OUTSIDE MUSEUM - BY THE RIVER - DAY

WITH A PACK OF HIPPIES AT THE SHANTYTOWN BENEATH THE BRIDGE,  
LISA talks with a SEEDY LOOKING GUY. He just keeps shrugging.

SUSANNA watches from up the hill.

TWO OTHERS FROM THE PACK, HANDSOME BOY and his TOUGH FRIEND  
eye Susanna from a distance. Susanna turns away.

CUT TO:

102 INT. DRUG PARTY AT A DILAPIDATED BOSTON HOUSE - NIGHT

*TRIPPY MUSIC PLAYS - LOUD.* It is crowded with people in tie-  
die and ripped T-shirts. A big bong and a haze of smoke.  
Rainbow colored lights. This is a stark contrast with the  
preppie party in Susanna's past.

LISA is working on THE TOUGH GUY - flirting - kissing.  
She moves with him into - THE BACK ROOM.

SUSANNA is on the couch. HANDSOME BOY (TONY) paws her.  
He is very high. He climbs into her lap. She giggles.

TONY

What.

SUSANNA

Tony. You don't want me.

TONY

Yes, I do, baaby.

SUSANNA

I'm a crazy girl.

TONY

You're crazy - so we can't have one  
night of bliss?

SUSANNA

(smiles) No - I'm really crazy.

(CONTINUED)



TONY

'You been in a hospital?

She nods.

'You see purple people?

She shakes her head.

My friend, he saw purple people. So, the state, they put him away. He didn't like that. So, one day, he told'em he didn't see purple people no more.

SUSANNA

He got better.

TONY

Nah. He still sees 'em.

LISA STEPS OUT OF THE BACK ROOM -

LISA

Come on.

SUSANNA SITS UP AS - LISA HOLDS THE DOOR, smiling at Tony -

We gotta split. Now.

SUSANNA FOLLOWS LISA OUT THE DOOR AND DOWN THE HALL.

103 INT/EXT - CITY CAB - NIGHT

CUT TO:

SUSANNA watches the lights, rubbing her temples.  
LISA fumbles through THE TOUGH GUY'S WALLET.

She finds ten dollars - hands it to the driver  
and throws the wallet out the window.

LISA

Twenty three Revere Street.

CUT TO:

104 EXT. BOSTON STREET CORNER - REVERE STREET - NIGHT

A quiet block - brownstones converted to apartments.  
LISA LOOKS FOR THE HOUSE. SUSANNA looks about - spots -

A REAL ESTATE SIGN : *IF YOU LIVED HERE, YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW.*

CUT TO:

105 INT. 23 REVERE STREET - BROWNSTONE HALLWAY - #4 - NIGHT

*Through the door, a TV running - we hear the national anthem.*  
Susanna knocks. No answer. She knocks again.

DAISY (o.s.)  
Identify yourself.

SUSANNA  
It's Susanna and

Lisa stops her - shakes her head, "no."

It's Susanna. Daisy?

DAISY (o.s.)  
It's four o'clock in the morning.

SUSANNA  
I know - we - I need someplace to crash.

DAISY (o.s.)  
Say the password.

SUSANNA  
What password?

DAISY (o.s.)  
Think of one.

Lisa is laughing, trying to keep it hushed. Susanna thinks:

SUSANNA  
McWilley.

The door unlocks. *CLICK*. It opens a crack - chain still on.  
WE SEE - DAISY'S EYE LOOKING AT SUSANNA.

DAISY  
You got Valium?

Susanna nods. Daisy opens the door - THEN SEES -

LISA  
Hey, Daisy.

DAISY TRIES TO CLOSE THE DOOR - *but Lisa has wedged herself.*

Daisy. Peace, man. I wanted to come and  
say how sorry I was for being a bitch.  
I was a fucking drag. Please forgive me.

Daisy looks at Lisa. wary.

CUT TO:

106 INT. DAISY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Orange shag carpeting. Yellow drapes. Impeccably neat. But it is so dark that there is a blu-ish caramel color to everything - eerily lit by moonlight and a throbbing television displaying a static shot of the American flag, squawking out "Stars and Stripes Forever".

DAISY locks the door behind them.  
She wears a terry robe and slippers.

SUSANNA

Cool pad.

DAISY

Thanks.

LISA AND SUSANNA stand, uneasy, in the dark room.  
DAISY shuffles to the stairs. She turns on the lights.

DAISY

I'll get some blankets.

SUSANNA

Let me help.

DAISY

(spinning around - firm)

No. Stay here.

Lisa raises an eyebrow to Susanna - moves into the room. She fingers some of Daisy's trinkets on an end table: Porcelain figurines of animals, an antique clock.

Susanna watches Lisa - coveting the delicate knick knacks.

SUSANNA

Don't take anything.

IN THE DARKNESS - A CHICKEN CARCASS sits on the counter. A GRAY CAT licks at it, its eyes glowing in the shadows.

LISA

Meow.

SUSANNA

Here, kitty, kitty.

Lisa crosses - reaching for the cat. IT SPITS. LISA RECOILS.  
Daisy clomps down the stairs, arms filled with blankets.

DAISY

That's Ruby. My Dad bought her for me.

(CONTINUED)

LISA

-You named your cat after my arm.

Daisy drops the blankets on the couch and turns -

DAISY

This is a Castro Convertible.  
It pulls out. The bathroom's there.

Lisa looks in the bathroom.  
A MOP PROPPED IN A SMALL SHOWER STALL - AND A TOILET.

LISA

Don't you have a tub?

Susanna unfolds the bed - spreading the sheets.

DAISY

No - I don't.

LISA

What about upstairs?

DAISY

No.

Lisa crosses - to the refrigerator.

Did you two escape or what?

LISA

All you have in here is mustard.

Susanna pulls off her jeans and climbs under the covers.

SUSANNA

We're going to Florida tomorrow.

DAISY

And what are you gonna do in Florida?

LISA

(closing the fridge)  
I'm gonna be a professional  
Cinderella at Walt Disney's new theme  
park. *Susanna's gonna be Snow White.*

Daisy laughs. Lisa searches the cupboard.

You can come if you want - you could be  
that Cocker Spaniel that eats spaghetti.  
(beat)

I want to make pancakes.

DAISY

There's a market on the corner.

SUSANNA

I want to sleep.

LISA

No. In the *morning*.

DAISY

Pans are under the sink.  
Silver's in the drawer.

Lisa pulls open the drawer. A FULL SET OF SILVERWARE.  
Daisy watches her, washing a glass - filling it with water.

RUBY THE CAT hops up on the fold-out bed.  
Parks herself in front of Susanna. The cat stares at her.  
Susanna smiles and reaches out - very gently - toward Ruby.  
The cat meets her fingers with the side of its head - *purrs*.

DAISY

Do you guys have any money?  
'You got a safety net down there?

Susanna looks up from the cat.

*People you know. relatives.*

LISA

*Yeah*

Daisy decides to press no further. She peels a five from  
A WAD OF BILLS in her robe pocket and puts it on the counter.

DAISY

*- for your pancakes. Don't make a lot  
of noise in the morning. I sleep late.  
I'll come down when I'm ready.*

Lisa eyes Daisy. Daisy smiles, uneasy. Getting impatient.

*Gimme the Valium.*

LISA

We don't need your Daddy's money.

DAISY

Then leave it there.  
Just give me the fucking Valium.

DAISY HOLDS OUT HER HAND.

LISA SIGHS, HOLDING OUT THE PILLS - BUT SUDDENLY NOTICES -  
A RED SCAB PEEKING OUT FROM THE SLEEVE OF DAISY'S ROBE.

(CONTINUED)

DAISY REACHES FOR THE PILLS - BUT LISA GRABS DAISY'S WRIST.  
DAISY JERKS BACK. HER ROBE SLEEVE PULLS WAY UP AND WE SEE -  
ALL ALONG HER ARM - SLASHES - VICIOUS SLASHES - SCABBED.

LISA

*What's this?*

DAISY

Let go!

Susanna sits up in bed.

LISA

Trying out your new silver?

DAISY

*LET FUCKING GO!*

SUSANNA

*Lisa!*

LISA

'less appealing for Daddy, huh?

Daisy jerks her arm away. swallows the pills. growls.

DAISY

Look at your own arm, asshole.

LISA

I'm sick, Daisy - we know that. But here you are, in so-called "recovery", playing Betty Crocker, cut-up like a goddamn Virginia ham.

SUSANNA

Lisa - stop it!

LISA

Help me understand, Daise. I thought you didn't do Valium. Tell me how the safety net is working for you. Tell me you don't drag that blade across your skin and pray for the courage to press down. Tell me Daddy helps you cope with that. *Illuminate me.*

Daisy smiles, tense - speaks very quietly.

DAISY

My father loves me.

LISA

I'll bet. With every inch of his manhood.

(CONTINUED)

Daisy's eyes are black. She speaks with an eerie calm.

DAISY

I'm going to sleep now.  
 Please be gone in the morning.  
 (back to Lisa, proud, plain)  
 You're just jealous, Lisa - because  
 I was released. Cause I got better.  
 Cause I have a chance - at a life.

LISA

(smiles, amused)  
 They didn't release you because you're  
 better, Daisy. They - just - gave - up.

Daisy moves to the stairs. Her back to Lisa.

You call this a life? This? Taking Daddy's  
 money - buying doilies and knick knacks -  
 eating his chicken - fattening up like a  
 prize heifer. Y'changed the scenery, baby,  
 not the situation. The Warden makes  
 fucking housecalls.

(deliberate, almost serene)  
 Everyone - knows - he - fucks - you.

Halfway up the stairs, Daisy stops. head down.

What - they - don't - know -

SUSANNA

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

LISA

is that you like it.  
 (eyes blazing, with a smile)  
 Hey. That's okay. It's only natural.  
 A man is a dick is a man is a dick is a  
 chicken is a dad, a valium, a speculum,  
 a cucumber - What-ever. It's all the same.  
 You - like - being - Mrs. Randazzo.  
 (with disdain)  
 Probably all you've ever known.

Daisy rubs her head. Turns away.  
 Her body collapsing as she mounts the last steps.

DAISY

Have fun in Florida.

THE DOOR UPSTAIRS CLOSSES. Lisa looks to  
 SUSANNA, who crosses to the bathroom and SLAMS THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

107 INT. DAISY'S DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

RED-EYED, HYPER-VENTILATING, SUSANNA opens the medicine cabinet.  
Men's stuff: *Vitalis. Noxema shave cream. Brut deodorant.*

*We hear a distant piano. Rubbing her temples, Susanna finds -  
A BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN. But it's empty. The door knob jiggles.*

LISA (o.s.)

Susanna. Come on. Open the door.

Susanna does not reply. She curls up in the shower stall.  
Water drips from the shower head onto her shoes. *Drip. drop.*

YOUNG SUSANNA (o.s.)

*One, two, buckle my shoe -  
three, four, close the door -*

Susanna turns - sees -

108 HERSELF, ON THE FLOOR OF HER BEDROOM, PLAYING JACKS

CLOSER - WE SEE - SHE IS PLAYING JACKS WITH ASPIRIN TABLETS.

YOUNG SUSANNA

*five, six, pick up sticks -*

Susanna tosses the ball up, scoops tablets, catches the ball,  
pops the aspirins into her mouth, washes them with vodka.

*Downstairs, the piano playing stops cold.  
Another go. This time Susanna misses the ball.  
It rolls across the floor -*

STOPPED BY AN EMPTY 50-TABLET ASPIRIN BOTTLE.

SUSANNA'S FACE HITS THE FLOOR. Fading, she stares at -

A SPIDER'S WEB under the dresser.  
A BEETLE STRUGGLES - tangled.

ANNETTE (o.s.)

Susanna are you going to the market  
or not?! I asked you an hour ago!

SUSANNA PUTS HER HAND TO HER MOUTH - queasy.

109 INT. DAISY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAWN

CUT TO:

*The pink light of sunrise seeps through the window.*  
LISA SLEEPS in a tangle - on the couch.

(CONTINUED)



109 CONTINUED:

"California Dreamin" plays upstairs. loud.  
 SUSANNA emerges from the bathroom. Pale.  
 She moves quietly past Lisa.

SHE TAKES-- DAISY'S FIVE DOLLAR BILL from the counter.

110 EXT. 23 REVERE STREET - MORNING

CUT TO:

SUSANNA steps out of the building. A plane flies overhead.  
 RUBY THE CAT tries to follow but she shuts the door - hard.

Susanna steps into the sun. Numb.  
 She walks toward - A BODEGA MARKET ON THE CORNER.

RUBY runs out from a side alley, and leaps onto the front  
 steps, watching through the railing as - Susanna walks on.

111 INT. CORNER MARKET - MORNING

CUT TO:

A small bodega-type shop. SUSANNA stands in an aisle, holding  
 a basket filled with bacon, eggs and milk - staring at - AUNT  
 JEMIMAH pancake mix. Susanna takes the box and notices -

A HOLE IN THE SHELVES - Through the hole PROFESSOR GILCREST  
 in the next aisle. Pushing a cart in A BRIGHTER SUPERMARKET.

BACK TO - SUSANNA AT THE SHELF wearing the same clothes from  
 the aspirin/jacks scene. She too now stands, woozy, in THE  
 BIGGER BRIGHTER SUPERMARKET. She backs away from Gilcrest,  
 checking the grocery list in her hand.

TWO SIRLOINS - it reads.

SUSANNA crosses shakily to the MEAT SECTION.  
 She picks up a wrapped steak but pulls away, horrified, as  
 she feels BLOOD ON HER FINGERS. She stares down at -

BLOOD FILLS THE CELLOPHANE WRAPPED MEAT PACKAGE.  
 IT BURSTS FROM THE WRAPPER AND STARTS GUSHING FROM THE  
 SURROUNDING PACKAGES. BLOOD FILLS THE DISPLAY, RUNNING OVER  
 ONTO THE LINOLEUM. A PUDDLE SPREADS AROUND HER FEET.

Susanna cries, about to collapse, and looks up - toward -

PROFESSOR GILCREST

Susanna?!

PROFESSOR GILCREST at the end of the aisle.  
 He moves toward Susanna as -

SUSANNA'S LEGS FOLD. SHE SINKS TO THE FLOOR LIKE A RAG DOLL.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

1/14/99

-101-

ITALIAN LADY (o.s.)  
Can I help you, dear?

PRESENT SUSANNA TURNS - OVERWHELMED BY HER VISION -  
A broken bottle of maple syrup at her feet.

SHE IS BACK IN THE SMALL BODEGA AND A SQUAT SHOP OWNER  
(ITALIAN LADY) STANDS BEFORE HER.

CUT TO:

112 INT. DAISY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

SUSANNA enters - drops the bag on the counter.  
LISA makes coffee. Susanna refuses to look at her.  
*Upstairs, "California Dreamin" still plays.*

SUSANNA  
- has she come down?

LISA  
(shakes her head)  
'been playing that shit all morning.  
RUBY THE CAT sits on the stairs. *Meow.*  
Susanna turns. The cat runs up the steps.

CUT TO:

113 INT. DAISY'S - UPSTAIRS - OUTSIDE DAISY'S ROOM - MORNING

*The Mamas and the Papas blast through the door.*

SUSANNA  
Daisy - - Daisy?

Dread washes over Susanna. She opens the door.  
The room is empty. Just a turntable on repeat, playing  
*a Mamas and Papas 45. The song starts again.*

Susanna turns - RUBY THE CAT sits at - THE BATHROOM DOOR.

Susanna pushes it open. *drip. drop.*

Blood drips into TWO DARK POOLS ON THE TILE.

Hanging from the overhead fixture -  
DAISY HAS CUT HER WRISTS AND HUNG HERSELF WITH A BELT.  
SUSANNA GASPS FOR AIR. She holds onto the door to keep from  
keeling over. Her face ashen, her breathing labored, her gag  
reflex contracting. *The Mamas and Papas keep playing...*

LISA  
What an idiot.

Lisa stands at the door. Hardly reacts at all. A bare flicker  
of emotion in her eyes, she stares at Daisy's lifeless body.

(CONTINUED)

Susanna stumbles to Daisy's room - to the phone... dials.

SUSANNA (into phone)  
Hello - I need an ambulance!

LISA  
Make it a hearse.

SUSANNA (into phone)  
I think she killed herself. *Daisy -  
Daisy Randazzo - Revere Street.  
The address? Um. Twenty - -*

LISA  
- three -

SUSANNA (into phone)  
Twenty three Revere - Yes! Please, hurry!

Susanna hangs up as - LISA steps around the blood.  
She kicks the cat away and reaches into Daisy's robe.  
Daisy's body swings gently. Lisa finds - THE WAD OF BILLS.

You pressed all her buttons -  
and now you're taking her money.

Lisa pads out of the bathroom. She looks Susanna in the eye.

LISA  
I didn't press shit.  
She was waiting for an excuse.

Lisa tucks the cash in Susanna's breast pocket -  
she moves to the stairs.

*Pack up. We have to get out of here.  
Luckily, we have cash.*

Susanna turns from Lisa in disgust - she sits down in the  
bathroom doorway. Tears run down her face.

Susanna. Don't be stupid.

Susanna looks at Lisa. Her eyes say it all. *She's staying.*

*Alright. Be stupid.*

Lisa heads downstairs. *The Mamas and the Papas continue.*

Susanna sits there, listening to Lisa's ransacking down  
stairs. Then - a door slams. Daisy's body swings gently in  
the background. Ruby nuzzles against Susanna's leg. Susanna  
takes the cat, holding it - suddenly, she shudders.

*A siren rises.  
A knock on the door downstairs.*

MEDIC

- Hello - hello?

SUSANNA

- up here -

*A phasing organ rises. A drum pounds a funereal rhythm.  
HIGH ANGLE - DOWN ON - SUSANNA IN THE BATHROOM DOOR*

TWO MEDICS BARREL UP THE STAIRS.

114 EXT. 23 REVERE STREET - DAY - RAIN

CUT TO:

*Rain pours down. The funereal drum continues.  
DAISY'S COVERED BODY IS WHEELED INTO AN AMBULANCE.*

MELVIN pulls up in a car. He emerges, ashen, as -  
THE AMBULANCE PULLS AWAY - INTO THE RAIN.

SUSANNA sits with RUBY, smoking beneath an awning.

CUT TO:

115 INT. MELVIN'S CAR - DRIVING BACK TO CLAYMOORE - DAY - RAIN

*ftsssk, ftsssk, ftsssk. The wipers churn.  
SUSANNA leans against the glass. Deep in thought.  
Rain drips past her face. Ruby against her chest.  
She is very beautiful at this moment.  
MELVIN drives - grim. We've never seen him like this.  
Clearly shaken, lost in his world.*

Susanna turns, cocks her head. She looks at Melvin.  
He does not meet her eyes. She continues to stare.  
He says nothing. *ftsssk, ftsssk - go the wipers.*  
Susanna turns back to the moving world.

*On a main street - they pass - shoppers scurrying to their cars. A mother pushes her crying child into a station wagon.  
Susanna speaks quietly.*

SUSANNA

Does every crazy person have a secret?

The question hangs there in the air. *ftsssk, ftsssk*  
After a beat, Melvin replies, curt -

MELVIN

- *What are you talking about ?*

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

(undeterred, gentle)

Like in the movies - like in "Marnie" - where she remembers her Mom was a whore and murdered this sailor. Or in "Psycho" where he doesn't want anyone to know his Mother is dead.

(beat)

- or like Daisy. *with her dad.*

*ftsssk, ftsssk - go the wipers.*

MELVIN

Sometimes, there is no secret.

SUSANNA

Then why do people go crazy?

*A therapist without an answer to the question of his life:*

MELVIN

I don't know.

SUSANNA

Maybe they're just broken - maybe their circuits are crossed and they just want to blame someone. For their bad luck.

MELVIN

Maybe.

SUSANNA

Maybe happiness is just another commodity. Like pork bellies or crude oil. Maybe there's only so much of it to go around.

MELVIN

Maybe.

SUSANNA

Maybe they think too much.

MELVIN

Maybe.

*A car passes. throwing water.*

SUSANNA

You know. I see things and I look at things and I see patterns and people - I stare at my hand and sometimes it has no bones - but I don't know what it means. I move through it and around it, I go backward and forward - but there's nothing. There's no secret in my past.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA (cont'd)

I didn't set myself on fire. I wasn't molested. There were some sad people. Some mistakes. But no big secrets. And if it all doesn't mean anything, Melvin - if there's no big secret - then I'm just losing time. All the time. I'm losing time. I'm broken. I'm a zombie. I'm the saddest crazy of all. I've got no one to blame. I'm a broken refrigerator. My thoughts are all misfires. Someone should kick me.

MELVIN

Someone just did.

Susanna thinks about this - wipes the tears from her eyes. Out the window - through the rain, CLAYMOORE APPROACHES. *ftsssk, ftsssk - go the wipers.*

116 INT. SOUTH BELL - LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

JANET, M-G, POLLY, GEORGINA and CYNTHIA in the TV ROOM. They fall silent as - SUSANNA enters, holding RUBY. She walks past them, wordless. All eyes on her. MELVIN nods to MARGIE.

MELVIN

Send someone for a litter box.

CUT TO:

117 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - SUNSET

SUSANNA lies on the bed. Ruby on her belly. GEORGINA enters.

GEORGINA

Hey.

*A clatter of scuffing shoes.* M-G, JANET, POLLY, and CYNTHIA awkwardly shuffle into the doorway. They all smile sweetly.

POLLY

- Can I pet the kitty?

Susanna hands RUBY to POLLY, who takes it very carefully. All the others surround POLLY and RUBY, *cooing - jealous.*

SUSANNA

*Careful.*

Susanna lies back. She closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

118 INT. SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

*click, swish.*

(CONTINUED)

MARGIE

Checks.

Susanna sits in bed writing. It is dark.  
Margie snaps on the overhead light.

You're gonna ruin your eyes.

Susanna looks at the caged bulb burning above her.

CUT TO:

119 INT. SOUTH BELL - HYDROTHERAPY ROOM - MORNING

SUSANNA sits in the bubbling tub.  
VALERIE walks in with a razor, sits down.

SUSANNA

Hey.

Valerie hands the razor to Susanna and looks away.

Where's John?

VALERIE

'moved - to men's.

Susanna nods sadly. shaves her legs.

CUT TO:

120 INT. MELVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

MELVIN packs up his office. He looks awful. dead.  
SUSANNA sits, staring out the window, sadly.

SUSANNA

You shouldn't have let her out.

MELVIN

A year of analysis doesn't make you a  
shrink, Susanna.

SUSANNA

And you shouldn't have let her keep  
chickens in her room. You wouldn't let me  
do that.

MELVIN

I didn't have a choice, Susanna. It's  
what her father wanted. He was her  
guardian. He wanted her out.

SUSANNA

You're rationalizing, Melvin.

(CONTINUED)

MELVIN

No - I'm quitting.

SUSANNA

- It's a mistake. That's all.

MELVIN

Well. You're going to be very happy, then.  
Because Doctor Wick is brilliant.  
She never makes mistakes.

Susanna turns from the window.  
She stares at A TRINKET ON HIS DESK. *It dawns on her.*

SUSANNA

*You asshole.*

Melvin looks up. His eyes dead.

*You were screwing her too.*

Melvin says nothing. Numb. He goes back to packing.

*'Getting fucked by her Dad and her shrink.  
No wonder she killed herself two ways.*

Susanna walks out.

122 INT. SOUTH BELL - OUTSIDE DAISY'S ROOM - DAY

CUT TO:

Valerie stands slumped with a mop, smoking.

SUSANNA

You're not supposed to smoke on duty.

VALERIE

Report me.

SUSANNA sees that Valerie has tears in her eyes.  
As soon as their eyes meet, more tears come to Valerie.

SUSANNA

- Someone else can do that.

VALERIE

There's a new girl coming. I've cleaned  
this room six times in the last two weeks  
- and I still can't get the smell out.

Susanna smiles.

I try not to get attached, but it's hard.

(CONTINUED)



Valerie strokes Susanna's hair. Touches her cheek.

VALERIE (cont'd)

I'm sorry about what I -

SUSANNA

I was the pig. You were right.  
I have to get down to business.

VALERIE

Baby. You just lived through something  
intense. - - What you got to do now is  
*take your time.*

Susanna looks up at Valerie. Intense.

SUSANNA

I'm out of time.

A122 EXT. CLAYMOORE GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

SUSANNA walks the grounds with POLLY, JANET AND GRETTA.  
Polly joyfully walks RUBY on a leash.

Susanna sees - JOHN, PULLS SUMMER PLANTINGS FROM A TRACTOR.  
Susanna crosses to him. He does not look up.

SUSANNA

John.

JOHN

I'm not supposed to talk to you.

SUSANNA

Come on.

JOHN

I don't feel like losing my job, alright?

SUSANNA

Hey - I'm sorry - I'm really sorry.

JOHN

(he turns)

For what? - *kissing me?*

SUSANNA

*Yeah.*

Disgusted, he turns back to his work.

- I mean - No -

I'm sorry you got in trouble for it.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

It's okay. It wasn't gonna amount to much, was it? Just another crazy-rich-girl-game.

SUSANNA

What are you talking about?

JOHN

I coulda' gone to Harvard for how much it costs your dad to keep you here. (beat)  
You people are different, that's all.

John climbs onto a tractor, starting it up. Susanna is stung.  
*In the bg., Polly cackles with joy, playing with the cat.*

123 INT. SOUTH BELL - SUSANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

Leaf-laced light plays on the ceiling. *No monster.*

SUSANNA in bed. Her face scrunched. Checks her hand.

RUBY lies on her belly, watching her. curious.  
Susanna looks back to her journal, scribbling.

SUSANNA (v.o.)

Thought is a hard thing to control.

CUT TO:

124 INT. DINING ROOM - MORNING

SUSANNA eats her breakfast.  
All the girls eat around her, but she speaks to no one.

Many things we do - like breathing or  
digestion - require no thought at all.

125 INT. ART THERAPY ROOM - DAY

CUT TO:

THE OTHER GIRLS giggle and pass time as -  
SUSANNA works on - A FINGER PAINTING OF A GIANT TONGUE.

It is the mother of all tongues, humongous, radiating light,  
curvaceous and strong. The paint is thick and luminous.

In fact, you can screw up your bodily  
functions by thinking about them.  
I'll give you an example -

CUT TO:

126 SUSANNA LIES FACE UP ON A LEATHER COUCH.

*Susanna's voice over becomes present dialogue.*  
She continues speaking as she stares at the ceiling :

SUSANNA

- you're about to stand up and put your dishes away after breakfast, right? - but suddenly - you think about your tongue.

WE ARE IN : DR. WICK'S DARK OFFICE - DAY - AUTUMN

DR. WICK sits in her leather chair, taking notes, listening. Red and orange leaves blow outside her window.

- and once you think about your tongue - suddenly it becomes this intrusion in your mouth. You think. Why's it so large? Why's it all scratchy on the sides?

Very subtly, Dr. Wick plays with her tongue in her mouth.

Maybe you can remove it. There'd be more room. But what's really amazing is - just from thinking about it - your tongue has become enormous. All of a sudden, it's this fat swollen thing inside your mouth.

DR. WICK

What do you do?

SUSANNA

You try to think it smaller.

Wick smiles. *good answer.*

DR. WICK

How do you do that?

SUSANNA

I don't know. Maybe something happens. You hear a bird sing or the radio or something. And while your brain is somewhere else, your tongue gets smaller. But then - thinking of it getting smaller makes it *big again.*

(beat)

All this takes five minutes and all I ever wanted to do was scrape my dishes.

DR. WICK

So - maybe it takes five minutes for you to scrape your dishes.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

It's not *efficient*.

DR. WICK

Perhaps. But perhaps the essence of you is not *efficient*.

Susanna turns from the ceiling - looking for the first time at Doctor Wick. She smiles in a way we've never seen.

SUSANNA

You think maybe I'm gifted? Maybe I have E-S-P or something and I'm actually the next stage of evolutionary development and no one gets it because they're stupid?

Wick smiles. *The grandfather clock chimes.*

You think I can be home by Thanksgiving?

DR. WICK

I'd be happy to give you a weekend pass -

SUSANNA

No. I want it real.  
If I get out - I want it real.  
(reminding her)  
Nothing's happen for weeks, you know.

DR. WICK

Except your tongue.

SUSANNA

Come on, *Sonia*. Isn't the whole point that it's never going away.

DR. WICK

The point is *control*.

SUSANNA

And here I am. In control. Off meds.  
No headaches. Sleeping sound. Come on.

a long beat. Susanna glares - dead serious.

DR. WICK

I'll consider it.

TRANSITION TO:

127 INT. SOUTH BELL - TV ROOM - AFTERNOON

VALERIE AND SOME OF THE GIRLS take down PAPER TURKEYS.  
Cynthia and Janet rummage through a box of Christmas ornaments.  
GEORGINA sits - riveted in front of the television.

(CONTINUED)

ON TV - THE WIZARD OF OZ - *The Wizard takes off in a hot air balloon, leaving Dorothy behind. Dorothy cries. Music surges.*

SUSANNA glances up from her journal to - THE TELEVISION.  
*On the screen - THE GREAT PINK BUBBLE of Glinda the Good floats down upon Emerald city.*

GLINDA THE GOOD

*- You don't need to be helped any longer. You've always had the power to go back to Kansas.*

SCARECROW

*Then why didn't you tell her before?*

GLINDA THE GOOD

*She wouldn't have believed me.  
She had to learn it for herself.*

Susanna is amused - she looks to -  
GEORGINA, tears drizzling. A peak moment.

SUSANNA LOOKS TO - VALERIE ON THE PHONE IN THE NURSE'S STATION, concerned. She whispers something to Margie.

OUTSIDE - A POLICE CAR pulls around the building.  
Susanna meets eyes with Valerie as she crosses toward -

128 INT. SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - SAME

CUT TO:

RUBY watches curiously as - SUSANNA stares out her window.

BE BELOW - A POLICE OFFICER OPENS THE BACK DOOR OF HIS CAR -  
EXTENDING HIS HAND TO HELP OUT - LISA.

Oblivious, POLLY ENTERS SUSANNA'S ROOM, carrying THE UKULELE from the peg board. She plucks some notes.

POLLY

Look what Valerie gave me this morning.

Below - Lisa mouths a "*Fuck you, pig!*" to the cop.  
Her jeans are muddy. Her elegant hands cuffed behind her back. Her lip is cut. Her cheek bruised. *Strung out.*

SUSANNA

(distant)

I thought you weren't allowed too play with that.

(CONTINUED)

POLLY

(plucking like a minstrel)

Valerie said the strings are too short  
to hang myself and too soft to cut myself  
- and life's too short to say no to me  
every 'god damned day.'

Susanna smiles tense - and turns - looking out the door at -

VALERIE AND OTHERS ON ALERT AS - LISA ENTERS WITH THE COPS.  
Lisa is zombie-like, dead-eyed.

POLICE OFFICER

'bought some bad P-C-P.

VALERIE

There's good P-C-P?

Valerie nods to - AN ORDERLY - who take Lisa by the arms.  
She defiantly puts her arms over her head in a POW style.  
As she's escorted past Susanna's door, toward Seclusion -

LISA SMILES AT SUSANNA. Her face battered.

CUT TO:

129 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALL OUTSIDE SECLUSION - MORNING

THROUGH THE MESHED GLASS - LISA SLEEPS on the bare mattress.

SUSANNA PEERS IN - LOOKING AT HER. She taps on the glass.  
But Lisa does not move. *Susanna taps again.* Lisa stirs.  
She sees Susanna through the door. Susanna smiles.

Lisa crosses to the door. She tries to open it - but it is  
locked. She looks up, weary. *Her voice muffled through glass.*

LISA

What do you want?

SUSANNA

'just wanted to say hey.  
It's been a while.

Lisa nods. softens. looks down.

*You okay?*

LISA

They're gonna put me through the  
grinder for a few weeks.

Lisa looks up, meeting Susanna's eyes. She loops a finger  
through the steel mesh. like a child. Tears well in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

Susanna smiles, pressing her finger against Lisa's, through the glass. The moment is interrupted when Valerie calls :

VALERIE  
Susanna. We're late.

Susanna turns. VALERIE stands in the lobby, waiting.

SUSANNA  
(turning back)  
I have to go. Doctor Wick.

LISA  
They still fucking with you?

SUSANNA  
I think they're - I mean, actually  
*I know* - they're letting me out.

The last three words hang heavy in the air.  
They are devastating to Lisa - but she smiles through it.

LISA  
- oh - great -

130 INT. DOCTORS' MEETING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

CUT TO:

DR. WICK and DR. CORNISH sit behind a long table along with a hospital social worker, MISS PLIMACK.

SUSANNA is seated in front of them. Beside VALERIE.

DR. WICK  
Susanna, you become an *outpatient* in a couple days - and it's essential there be a safety net in place.

Susanna nods.

This is Miss Plimack, your social worker.

SUSANNA  
Hi.

MISS PLIMACK  
Hello, Susanna. Can you fill me in on any arrangements you've made?

SUSANNA  
They haven't told you anything?

(CONTINUED)

DR. WICK

Susanna.

MISS PLIMACK

I want to hear it *from you*.

SUSANNA

My Dad got me a part time job - at a book store in Harvard Square. I got an apartment there and a phone - so I can - you know -

MISS PLIMACK

- stay in touch -

SUSANNA

And I'm gonna see Sonia twice a week.

MISS PLIMACK

So, is that your long-term plan - to work in retail?

SUSANNA

My plan? - - No.

MISS PLIMACK

Then what do you plan to do?

SUSANNA

I plan to write. A lot.

Susanna looks about, waiting for someone to laugh.

MISS PLIMACK

Are you traveling directly to Cambridge?

SUSANNA

Um. No - I'm spending the weekend with my parents.

MISS PLIMACK

How are you getting there?

SUSANNA

Hovercraft.

Cornish and Plimack look to Doctor Wick.

DR. WICK

Don't be cavalier, Susanna. I can reverse this decision. Things will happen out there. Jarring things. Things that test your resolve. If you consider this journey over - you're mistaken.

CUT TO:



131 INT. SOUTH BELL - TV ROOM - NIGHT

JANET AND SUSANNA look out through the frost on the windows.  
In the bg., *McWilley hands out meds, calling names.*

JANET

Maybe you'll have a white Christmas.

MCWILLEY

...Susanna Kaysen...

McWilley holds out a white cup containing TWO GREEN PILLS.

SUSANNA

What are these?

MCWILLEY

Sleeping pills, darling. You want to be  
rested tomorrow, don't you? *'Last night  
is always a long one.*

Tempted to argue, Susanna throws back the pills like a pro.  
She turns and walks away - spitting them into her palm,  
pocketing them, as she notices -  
DOWN THE HALL - M-G SQUATS AT LISA'S DOOR (Seclusion).  
She scribbles in crayon, passing a note under the door.  
In seconds, the paper comes back - and M-G reads it, *cackling  
wildly, frighteningly, like a chimp.*

CUT TO:

132 INT. SUSANNA AND GEORGINA'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

GEORGINA sleeps peacefully.  
RUBY sleeps, curled up on Susanna's Samsonite case.

SUSANNA lies in bed. wide awake.  
*Suddenly there is a blood curdling scream down the hall.  
A woman's voice, crying out hysterically.*

Susanna lies in bed, frozen, wide-eyed.  
She looks to - Georgina - fast asleep.  
*The off-screen screaming continues and we hear Mrs.  
McWilley's voice barking orders to HECTOR AND AN ORDERLY.*  
SUSANNA CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

133 IN THE DARKENED HALL -

M-G - HYSTERICAL - IN A STRAIGHT JACKET - IS DRAGGED OUT THE  
MAIN DOOR BY MCWILLEY AND AN ORDERLY. The metal door slams -  
and the lobby is suddenly empty. *Quiet. Moonlit.*

Susanna looks down the hall toward -

THE SECLUSION ROOM - a glow of green light in its window.

134 SUSANNA TURNS, HEADS QUICKLY BACK INTO - HER ROOM

She jumps back onto her bed, reaching in the vents of her heater, producing - THE TWO GREEN SLEEPING PILLS. She swallows them and lies back, staring upward.

The wind rattles against the glass.  
The pull cord to the shades swings from the draft, tapping on the glass. *tap, tap, tappa, tap, tap.*

Leaf-laced moonlight plays and swirls on the ceiling. The shadows form a vague face. a man's face?  
*We have seen this before in Susanna's bedroom.*

Susanna's eyes flutter with the onset of the drug.

SUSANNA

*no.*

She closes her eyes.  
From somewhere distant - a meow.

Susanna's eyes open. She looks to -  
HER SAMSONITE CASE - RUBY IS GONE.

Ruby?

Susanna turns - GEORGINA IS GONE.

CUT TO:

135 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Susanna moves down the hall toward -  
THE GREEN LIGHT OF THE SECLUSION ROOM DOOR.  
She stops, checks in the door of Polly's room.

SUSANNA

Polly?

*Polly is gone. Just the catatonic sleeping.*

*She walks on - closer, closer to - the seclusion room. The door is cracked open - Susanna pushes it further. It creaks. She peers in.*

*Empty. just the scratched walls.*

But from somewhere - *meeeeooow.*  
Susanna moves on down the hall. her heart racing.

CUT TO:

136 INT. SOUTH BELL - TV ROOM / HALL - SAME

Susanna pads quietly past the flickering tv.  
She spins around at the slightest sound. *meow.*

SUSANNA

Ruby.

137 INT. ART ROOM - NIGHT

CUT TO:

*The meows emanate from - THE FIRE STAIRS.*  
A WIND BLOWS. THE DOOR IS OPEN - leading downward.  
Susanna backs up, hyperventilating.

SUSANNA

Stop it! STOP IT!

LISA (o.s.)

(from downstairs)

A sweet boy kisses you at a party.  
You can a) kiss him back knowing he'll  
want you forever - or b) push him away,  
hurting a sweet boy.

Susanna enters the staircase.

CUT TO:

138 INT. STAIRS / TUNNELS - NIGHT

Susanna climbs down the stairs.

SUSANNA

no, no, no...

She moves instinctively down the wet dark corridor toward the  
reverberating sound of Lisa's voice.

LISA (o.s.)

A college guy kisses you at a party.  
You can a) kiss him back knowing it means  
nothing to him - or b) push him away,  
knowing it means nothing to him.

Creosote drips from the walls making Rorschach like designs.

You father's friend kisses you at a  
party. Now this is special

*There is a burst of girlish laughter: Polly, Georgina.*  
Then the sound - unmistakable - of Lisa, silencing them.

SHUT UP!

(reading)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LISA (cont'd)

...That's the best of all because you can both kiss him back knowing it means everything, and push him away because he won't blow his life!

Susanna spins in circles, looking about in the blackness. She knocks over some empty cans - *THEY CLATTER LOUDLY*.

SUSANNA

*LISA - WHERE ARE YOU?!*

Light moves down a tunnel. Susanna chases it.

A CIGARETTE GLOWS ORANGE - LIGHTING LISA'S FACE.

LISA

Right here, baby. Why - *are you scared?*  
*Are we pushing your buttons?*

Lisa flicks on a flashlight, illuminating - SUSANNA'S JOURNAL.

TWO OTHER FLASHLIGHTS CLICK ON.

POLLY AND GEORGINA stand behind Lisa. Polly holds RUBY.

POLLY

Hey, Susanna.

LISA

(smiles) We're reading your book. Since it's your last night, we thought we'd have a little *salon* - celebrate all the wisdom you're carrying into the world. Maybe learn a few things to help us grow as people.

SUSANNA

(calmly)

That is mine. Lisa. That is mine.

LISA

We learned how - when you were baby, they strapped you to a board. And how you think Georgina doesn't really want to leave - and Polly never will - and how I'm criminally insane.

LISA FLIPS TO THE BACK OF THE JOURNAL, reading by flashlight, she walks in circles around Susanna :

"Lisa's eyes - once so magnetic - now just look empty."

(CONTINUED)

LISA (cont'd)

...That's the best of all because you can both kiss him back knowing it means everything, and push him away because he won't blow his life!

Susanna spins in circles, looking about in the blackness. She knocks over some empty cans - *THEY CLATTER LOUDLY.*

SUSANNA

*LISA - WHERE ARE YOU?!*

Light moves down a tunnel. Susanna chases it.

A CIGARETTE GLOWS ORANGE - LIGHTING LISA'S FACE.

LISA

Right here, baby. Why - *are you scared?*  
*Are we pushing your buttons?*

Lisa flicks on a flashlight, illuminating - SUSANNA'S JOURNAL.

TWO OTHER FLASHLIGHTS CLICK ON.

POLLY AND GEORGINA stand behind Lisa. Polly holds RUBY.

POLLY

Hey, Susanna.

LISA

(smiles) We're reading your book. Since it's your last night, we thought we'd have a little *salon* - celebrate all the wisdom you're carrying into the world. Maybe learn a few things to help us grow as people.

SUSANNA

(calmly)

That is mine. Lisa. That is mine.

LISA

We learned how - when you were baby, they strapped you to a board. And how you think Georgina doesn't really want to leave - and Polly never will - and how I'm criminally insane.

LISA FLIPS TO THE BACK OF THE JOURNAL, reading by flashlight, she walks in circles around Susanna :

"Lisa's eyes - once so magnetic - now just look empty."

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA  
(turning to Georgina)  
Georgina - what are you doing down here?

LISA

"Georgina lies only to the people who keep her here. Maybe she wants to live in Oz forever." *Ooooo. How perceptive!*

Georgina turns toward toward Susanna, dead eyed.

GEORGINA

You better erase that thing about me. My father is the head of the CIA and he could have you dead in minutes.

LISA

(flipping more pages)  
"In this world, looks are everything. Sometimes I think Polly's sweetness is just a desperate attempt to make it easier for us to look at her."

SUSANNA LOOKS TO POLLY - WHO IS STRICKEN, HURT.

LISA COMES TO A STOP, BLOCKING THE WAY SUSANNA CAME.

*So nice of you to pass judgement on us.  
Now that you're cured.*

THE LIGHT SHINES PIERCINGLY AT SUSANNA. She backs down a tunnel as Lisa advances.

LISA

You know, the sex scenes get a bit *redundant*. The Professor groping you - the English teacher in his Karmen Gia - and Toby, your little draftee. *All grabbing. Clutching. Hands - hands - hands all over*

SUSANNA

What the fuck are you doing?

Lisa snaps the flashlight back on herself.

LISA

Playing the villain, baby.  
It's what you wanted, isn't it?  
I try to give you everything you want.

SUSANNA

No, you don't.

LISA

You wanted your file. *I got your file.*  
 You wanted out. *I got you out.*  
 You needed money. *I found you some.*  
 - Needed place to sleep. *I got you one.*  
 I always told you the truth. *You like that.*  
 I'm fucking consistent. I didn't scribble it  
 down in my secret book - I TOLD you the  
 TRUTH. And I told Daisy the truth, too - what  
 everyone knew but would not say - and *she*  
*killed herself*. I played the fucking villain.  
 Just like you wanted.

SUSANNA

Why would I want that, Lisa?

LISA

Because it makes you the good guy, sweet  
 pea! You come back here - sweetness and  
 light, sad and contrite - and everyone sits,  
 wringing their hands, congratulating you on  
 all your bravery - meanwhile - I'm blowing  
 three guys in a bus station for the money  
 that was IN HER FUCKING ROBE!

SUSANNA NOTICES - A HYPODERMIC STUFFED IN LISA'S POCKET.  
 SUSANNA BOLTS INTO A LOW SIDE TUNNEL.

POLLY

Stop! She's too scared, Lisa.

Fifty feet away, Polly stands crying in the tunnel.

LISA

SHUT UP, POLLY!

POLLY

Stop it, please...

\*  
\*

139 INT. LOW TUNNEL TO FURNACE ROOM - SAME

CUT TO:

Lisa advances into the empty low tunnel. She walks toward the  
 furnace room. Lighting another cigarette, singing to herself:

LISA

*Oh, Susie Q. Oh, Susie Q, baby,*  
*I love you, Susie Q.*

Georgina and Polly follow, holding the cat.  
 LISA PULLS OUT THE HYPODERMIC.

CUT TO:



A139 INT. FURNACE ROOM - NIGHT

The flames of the furnace lick orange.  
SUSANNA paces about, looking for another exit.  
- FOOTSTEPS - SUSANNA TURNS - SEES -

LISA APPROACHING - SHE TRIES TO SHUT THE DOOR, ONE HAND ON THE KNOB, ONE IN THE JAM, TRYING TO GET IT UNSTUCK. SUDDENLY, IT BREAKS LOOSE, SMASHING SUSANNA'S HAND! SUSANNA SCREAMS - PULLS BACK, staring at -

HER HAND - BLOODY, LIMP, FINGERS BROKEN.  
*It looks just like her visions.*

SUSANNA  
NO! NO, NO, NO! STOP IT!

LISA APPEARS IN THE CRACKED DOOR.

LISA  
You talk dark, Susie Borderline.  
But you are a fake - You can't even kill yourself right. Aspirin - it's like trying to overdose on *Chiclets*.

Lisa pushes open the door, advancing on Susanna.

You know what? There's too many buttons in the world. All begging to be pressed. All just BEGGING to be PRESSED!

Lisa hears Georgina and Polly down the hall.  
Tears fill Lisa's eyes as she looks up and about.

And it makes me wonder. *Why the fuck doesn't anyone ever press mine!? Why doesn't anyone press my buttons? Why am I so neglected?*

Susanna holds her wounded hand, walking backward.

Why doesn't anyone ever tell me I'm a fucking whore? Why doesn't anyone tell me how happy my family would be if I were dead?!

SUSANNA  
*Because you're dead already.*

(CONTINUED)

Lisa stops in her tracks.

SUSANNA (cont'd)

All this time - I've been wondering what  
- this thing is, this black thing, whipping  
me around - this thing in my head, in my  
hand, in my bed, on my wall - - -  
I've indulged it, I've kissed it, I've  
fucked it - but I've never seen its face -  
- - until now -

*Lisa stands there - stunned by Susanna's words -  
no one's ever talked to her this way.*

POLLY AND GEORGINA STAND IN THE DOOR.

No one cares if you die, because you're  
dead already. You're the walking dead.  
That's your real button, Lisa. That's why  
you keep coming back. You need this place  
- to feel alive. It's pathetic.

A HOWL OF WIND. THE TRANSOM WINDOW RATTLES.

I've wasted a YEAR of my LIFE.  
Maybe I'll see purple people and -  
Maybe everyone out there is a mediocrity -  
Maybe the whole world is STUPID AND  
IGNORANT - BUT I'D RATHER BE IN IT -  
I'D RATHER BE FUCKING IN IT -  
THAN DOWN HERE WITH YOU!

Weeping like a baby. LISA TURNS AWAY - TRIES TO JAM THE  
HYPODERMIC INTO HERSELF.

BUT SUSANNA TAKES IT AWAY, TOSSING THE IT INTO A PUDDLE.  
She rolls Lisa over. Lisa's eyes are red with anguish.

LISA

I am - - I'm dead - I'm dead -

A139 CONTINUED: (2)

Lisa cries and cries like a child.  
She rolls into Susanna's lap. Susanna strokes her hair.

CLIMBING TO A CRACK BEHIND BEHIND THE FURNACE - POLLY  
WATCHES, also weeping. She holds Ruby tightly.

GEORGINA drops light bulbs on the floor, singing to herself.

OUT THE MESHED TRANSOM - *DAWN LIGHT OVER THE CAMPUS.*

140 INT. SOUTH BELL - HALLWAY - NEW DAY

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - A HAND - GRIPPING A SMALL GLASS OBJECT.

TILT UP TO - JANET - skittering down the hallway, avoiding  
nurses. She rounds a corner and bursts through a door -

141 INT. SOUTH BELL - BATHROOM - DAY

SUSANNA, her arm in a sling, looking weary - puts on makeup.  
She's wearing one of the dresses her mother had packed.

SUSANNA

Did you get it?

JANET NODS SOLEMNLY - HANDS SUSANNA THE GLASS OBJECT.

JANET

I had to trade with a transvestite in  
the men's ward - for "Soul on Ice".

142 INT. HALLWAY IN MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - DAY

CUT TO:

DOCTOR WICK AND DOCTOR CORNISH emerge from a room through  
AN INFIRMARY DOOR. grim. Wick looks to -

SUSANNA waiting with VALERIE, smiles sadly.

DR. WICK

You're alright?

Susanna nods, certain.

Dr. Wick nods and moves off. She looks back, adding :

*She's not speaking.*

Susanna looks to - THE INFIRMARY DOOR.

VALERIE

You squeak - I'll be in there.

CUT TO:

143 INT. INFIRMARY ROOM - MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD - DAY

Susanna enters - approaching LISA, who lies in a bed by a narrow window. She's heavily medicated. Susanna sits on a stool beside the bed. They both just sit there. Lisa's eyes lift. Meet Susanna's.

LISA  
They cut my nails.

SUSANNA  
But your hands are still beautiful.

Lisa looks down at - HER LONG, TAPERING FINGERS.  
She tucks them in, hiding her short nails.

Here. *Give me your hand. Lisa.*

Lisa does as she's told. Susanna pulls out A BOTTLE OF RED NAIL POLISH - (*what she got from Janet*). She starts to paint what's left of Lisa's nails.

LISA LOOKS UP TO SUSANNA - TEARS IN HER EYES.  
She is very frightened. She speaks quietly.

LISA  
I'm not really dead.

SUSANNA  
*I know.*

Susanna continues painting her nails. *Lisa begins to weep.*

LISA  
I'm gonna miss you.

SUSANNA  
No. You're going to get out of here  
- and come and see me.

*Lisa nods obediently.* She touches Susanna's hand.

CUT TO:

144 INT. SOUTH BELL NURSE'S STATION - DAY

AT THE DOOR - VALERIE WAITS WITH SUSANNA'S BAG AS -

SUSANNA HUGS THE GIRLS GOODBYE - MG, JANET, CYNTHIA.  
GEORGINA stands back, looking down, avoiding Susanna's eyes.

SUSANNA  
Hey. Georgina. What I write in my  
journal. I don't know what I'm saying.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA (cont'd)

It's just thoughts. Maybe I'm the liar.

GEORGINA

Maybe not.

POLLY STANDS AT THE DOOR, TREMBLING - HOLDING RUBY OUT FOR SUSANNA. *It's painful. She has fallen in love with the cat.*

Susanna crosses and is about to take the cat from her -

SUSANNA

If I leave Ruby here - will you take care of her for me? 'Let me play with her when I come for therapy? Polly?

Polly nods rapidly - ferociously. *blubbers a laugh of joy. Holds the cat to her chest.*

CUT TO:

145 EXT. CLAYMOORE - MORNING

SUSANNA walks from the hospital with VALERIE. She carries nothing but her SAMSONITE BAG.

VALERIE

*I guess I better get more kitty litter.*

They cross through the light snow toward - A BOSTON CAB IDLING IN THE COLD AIR. Susanna sees - JOHN - PULLING SACKS FROM A TRACTOR. HE LOOKS UP.

SUSANNA

Um. Whatever's playing at the Brattle at eight on Tuesday - I'm gonna be there.

JOHN

- - *okay.*

He goes back to his work, watching her with a smile.

SUSANNA

(to Valerie)

Is he allowed to see an out-patient?

VALERIE

Honey. I can't control what goes on in that ward. - I let the world be.

Susanna smiles - tosses in her case. She looks at Valerie -

Valerie takes her into her arms, tightly :

*Think of me when you shave your legs.*

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

1/14/99

-127-

Susanna laughs. Valerie steps back.

Susanna gets in the cab. closes the door.  
It starts up, lurches forward.

Susanna lights a cigarette. Her eyes riveted on Valerie.  
*Valerie becomes a speck.*

Susanna looks toward - SOUTH BELL AS THE CAB PASSES:

146 MOVING IN ON - GEORGINA - LOOKING OUT THE ART ROOM WINDOW

SUSANNA (v.o.)

If I'd been a liar, like Georgina,  
you'd wonder how much I told you is true.

A146 MOVING IN ON - LISA - LOOKING OUT HER WINDOW

If I'd been a sociopath, like Lisa,  
you'd wonder if I ever recovered.  
Though she did make a life for herself.

147 MOVING IN ON - POLLY, JANET AND M-G IN THE HALL

Pressed against the window, watching Susanna's cab move off.

Polly. I still have dreams about Polly.

148 FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE HOSPITAL - MOVING IN ON -

DOCTOR WICK WATCHES - *as the cab drives away.*

My final diagnosis.  
A recovered borderline.

*Susanna's car turns onto the main road.*

149 BACK TO - SUSANNA IN THE CAB

What that means I still don't know.  
Words taint everything.

Susanna turns, noticing - THE DRIVER'S ID CARD on the dash.  
His name - M O N T Y H O O V E R. She looks at -

MONTY. HIS EYES MEET HERS IN THE REAR VIEW. He smiles.

MONTY

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

Hey.

MONTY

- 'Where we going?

SUSANNA

Seventeen Burlingame.

MONTY

Alright.

Monty nods, turns the wheel.

Susanna smiles to herself, amused.  
*She looks out the window. We watch her from outside.*

CLOUDS AND TREES MOVE IN REFLECTION UPON THE GLASS.  
*a gentle guitar rises.*

SUSANNA (v.o.)

Now. When something weird happens.

I ask myself, *Shit. Am I still crazy ?*

I ask myself, *Was I crazy then - ?*

Or was I like that girl - in the painting.

*Interrupted at the music of being nineteen.*

Susanna turns. She looks at us through the glass.  
She looks straight at us. Her eyes. Big. brown. alive.  
Just like in the painting. She sees us.

BLACKNESS.