HYSTERIA

"PILOT"

Written by

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FADE UP ON:

EXT. POLUNSKY UNIT - LIVINGSTON, TEXAS - NIGHT

Death row. Rising like a monolith from the Texas mud. As RAIN pounds beneath the SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS that surround us, we go:

INT. PRISON - ADMINISTRATION AREA/VISITOR'S AREA - NIGHT

DR. LOGAN HARLOW, 35, vulnerable, emotionally taut, is moving down a corridor with WARDEN DEL GANCE, 55. Logan is strikingly beautiful, but dressed more like a college student than the professional she is: Red hoodie, t-shirt (Escher print), jeans, hair half up, half wild, clutching a legal pad and a perfectly sharpened Palamino Blackwing 602 pencil.

LOGAN
How did he start the fire?

WARDEN
Not sure, but when the guards found him he was slamming his head against the wall, trying to go unconscious before the flames could reach him.
(snorts)
Pretty cowardly if you ask me.

Logan reacts, squeezing that pencil a bit tighter.

WARDEN (CONT'D)
After all these years, to try and deny the family their justice *now*...

Gance pulls out his phone and begins texting. Logan looks at him pointedly.

LOGAN
Have you ever tried to kill yourself, warden?

As the warden reacts, Logan moves toward long a line of visitation booths, each encased behind thick glass.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
It's fairly common in your profession.
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)
When an excessive need for control meets the dawning realization that no one can really control anything...

Logan pulls out a metal folding chair and sits.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Folks tend to crack.

Gance darkens.

WARDEN
Will you be needing anything else, *doctor*?

LOGAN
(softly; without looking back)
No.

The warden shakes his head and moves off. Logan stares into the glass and notices a smudge. She begins rubbing at it. The smudge doesn't respond. She rubs harder, a telling sign of <u>her</u> perpetual need to try and control the uncontrollable. As she continues grinding her fist into the glass, a FIGURE appears. Logan re-focuses to discover

CARTER JAMES HARLOW

In his late forties, Carter's wheelchaired and I.V.'d, with singed hair, bandaged head, and arms engulfed in medical dressing. Two guards ease him into place. Despite his wounds and many years in prison, there is still a softness in his face. The ghost of a young man peering through an older man's eyes.

Logan tenses, picks up a phone. Carter does the same. For a long time, nobody says a word. Then --

LOGAN (CONT'D)
See you got a haircut.

CARTER
That's not funny.

LOGAN
Why'd you do this to yourself, Carter?

CARTER
Found a match.

LOGAN
Oh, so I can't be funny...

Carter looks off. We see that one of his eyes is blood red.

CARTER
Understand you been in Austin.

Logan reacts.

LOGAN
Who told you that?

CARTER
Radio. Them girls you're treatin' are causin' quite a stir.
(beat)
How'd it start?

LOGAN
What?

CARTER
This business with the girls.

LOGAN
Is THAT why you did this? Because of what's happening in Austin?

CARTER
Had to do somethin' to get your attention. I've been calling you for weeks.

Logan holds.

CARTER (CONT'D)
It don't feel familiar to you? The panic? The race to find the devil?

LOGAN
It's not the same. And if you pull a stunt like this again, I swear it'll be the last time you see me.

CARTER
I'm gonna be dead in two months. That's hardly a threat.
(leaning in)
Tell me how it started.

LOGAN
Why?!

CARTER
'Cause I believe history's repeatin' itself.

Logan stares at him intently, trying to see this man through a different lens. It's not easy.

LOGAN
What's happening in Austin... is different than anything I've ever seen before. Not because of the symptoms... but because of how the thing is *spreading*.

Carter reacts.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(difficult for her)
But why it may feel familiar... is that it all began with one family.

And off Carter, rapt, we

CUT TO:

EXT. YATES' HOUSE - WEST AUSTIN, TEXAS - NIGHT

A cookie-cutter Georgian, shimmering in the moonlight.

CHYRON: TWO DAYS EARLIER

INT. CASSIE YATES' BEDROOM - NIGHT

An angelic and complicated young girl, CASSIE YATES, 15, sleeps in a pink trundle bed surrounded by school books, stuffed animals, and an open laptop. On the outside, she's the picture of contentment. Inside, less so. After a beat, A HARD LIGHT hits her face. She stirs to discover

AUDRA YATES

hovering over her. Audra, 17, is darker than her sister, all cheekbones and lips, less conventionally pretty but far more seductive.

Clicking off the FLASHLIGHT on her iPhone, Audra tosses Cassie a sweatshirt, then opens her own to reveal a baby doll T, lacy bra, and tight, black bike shorts. As Cassie reacts, Audra smiles like the cat who swallowed a hundred canaries and we go:

INT. YATES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Audra leads Cassie (who is now dressed much like her sister) down the stairs, past photos of the girls on various dance teams through the years. Prominent among these is a Sears portrait of Cassie and Audra with their parents, KEN and VAL.

EXT. PAYLESS SHOE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A fifteen year-old African-American girl with glasses and straightened hair, TIONNE DEERING, is texting while peeking around the corner of the building. After a beat, she sees A PICKUP barreling toward her. Tionne smiles excitedly.

TIONNE
(loud whisper)
They're here!

Suddenly, FOUR MORE GIRLS between the ages of fifteen and seventeen -- two of whom are TWINS -- emerge from the shadows. They're all dressed provocatively and each has a cell phone glued to their hand. As the pickup SCREECHES to a halt --

EXT. WEST TEXAS HIGHWAY - ON THE PICKUP - MOVING - NIGHT

Audra's driving, Tionne's up front with Cassie, the other girls in back. As "*Timber*" BLASTS from the radio, everyone (except Audra) sings along while taking selfies, posting them to Facebook and Instagram, tweeting their comments, and doing a bastardized version of a syncopated dance routine from their seats. After a beat, Audra snaps off the RADIO.

TIONNE
What'd you do that for?

AUDRA
'Cause it sucks.

CASSIE
We're practicing.

AUDRA
Practicing for failure. You wanna beat Dripping Springs? You wanna get to the finals? Never gonna happen with songs like that.

Another girl, PEARL, big freckled breasts supporting a silver cross, leans forward.

PEARL
The song don't matter. Cassie's booty gonna take us to the finals!

The girls laugh. Cassie flushes, embarrassed.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Y'all see that post of Taylor Swift I sent ya?

TIONNE
Don't you be sayin' nothin' bad about my Taylor.

PEARL
DID YOU SEE IT? She's on a beach in Galveston and she's slow dancing...

TWIN GIRL
Oh, my God, it made me cry. She looks *just* like Cassie.

PEARL
RIGHT? Taylor's stealin' your moves, Cass.

Pearl slaps Cassie's head as the girls laugh.

AUDRA
Pearl -- to win in New York you gotta dance like New York, not like flat ass Texas.

PEARL
(whispers; to the twin girl next to her)
Jel-us.

Uh-oh. Audra heard that. She glares at Pearl in the rearview as the other girls immediately straighten up.

AUDRA
I'm jealous that other teams are killin' it while certain members of *our* team look like fucking special needs.

As Pearl reacts, a couple girls stifle giggles.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
Tonight, <u>we</u> are gonna learn to kill it. Tonight, <u>we</u> are gonna learn to *bleed.*

And off Cassie and the group, wary but eager, we go:

EXT. ABANDONDED SNOW GLOBE FACTORY - NIGHT

The pickup ROARS to a stop in front of a dilapidated warehouse. The broken sign reads: FERGUSON SNOW GLOBES. The “E” in globes is missing.

INT. ABANDONED SNOW GLOBE FACTORY - NIGHT

Audra leads the girls inside where they come upon two men in their late teens, DEANTE SANSTREET (18, shirtless, a sleeve of tattoos, baggy pants, African-American) and SAMSON HUEGA (19, bigger, tougher, Latino). As Samson swigs from a bottle of mescal, Deante turns up the volume on his iPod speakers (Nikki Minaj’s “*Beez In The Trap*”), then looks at --

DEANTE
Audra.

AUDRA
D.

Deante glances at the girls who are all excited but trying to look cool. He offers them a killer grin.

DEANTE
Wassup, ladies.

And as the ladies melt, we go:

INT. SNOW GLOBE FACTORY - LATER - NIGHT

A small fire is burning. Kanye’s “*Mercy*” BLASTS as Deante and Samson dance before the girls, revving them up. Audra takes a hit off the mescal then hands it to Cassie.

CASSIE
No thanks.

AUDRA
Oh, come on.

Audra forces her to take a swig. Yuck. Cassie almost upchucks. Tionne cracks up.

CASSIE
(to Tionne; pushing her)
Well, *you* try it.

Audra turns on her phone’s CAMERA and sets it BLINKING on a table. Then, Deante pulls her into the dance. Audra’s immediately all over Deante, following -- and sometimes topping -- his moves. This is way different than the syncopated stuff the girls were doing in the truck. It’s hotter, sexier, *freak.*

As some of the other girls start to cheer Audra on, Deante spins her around and rubs his pelvis against her ass. Meanwhile, Samson moves up to Cassie, running his hands in the air over her breasts, hips, butt. Cassie's half excited, half embarrassed, but egged on by the other girls -- some of whom are mock twerking now -- she starts to let go.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
(to Samson)
Look, I'm not like my sister, okay? She's into older guys.

SAMSON
(teasing)
I'm only fifteen.

As Cassie giggles, Deante pulls Audra tight.

DEANTE
You gotta man?

AUDRA
Not here.

As Deante smiles, Audra suddenly flips him onto the ground. The other girls SQUEAL with delight as she straddles him.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
You miss this, don'tcha.

DEANTE
What?

But Audra isn't addressing Deante -- she's looking right into her CAMERA.

AUDRA
I know you miss this.

DEANTE
Who the fuck are you talkin' to?

Audra suddenly tears off her shirt. She's just in her bra now, and Cassie doesn't like this one bit.

CASSIE
Audra, what are you doing?

AUDRA
Dancing.

CASSIE
Stop it.

Audra shoots her sister a look, resenting her interference, then YELLS to Samson:

AUDRA
What do they call you, thickness?

SAMSON
Samson.

AUDRA
'Course they do. Tell my sister to chill.

CASSIE
Audra...

Boom! Audra suddenly rolls onto her back, taking Deante with her, but from the angle of her CAMERA, it might appear as if Deante initiated this move. Regardless, he's now riding her.

Seeing this, Samson doesn't need any more encouragement. He pulls Cassie to the floor, flips her on her stomach, and begins grinding into her doggy-style.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Hey...!

Pearl and some of the other girls WHOOP, but Cassie looks seriously unnerved. This is a sweet kid who's suddenly in way over her head.

Unaware of Cassie's discomfort, Pearl turns on her phone-cam to record the action, while Cassie, scared, calls to her sister.

CASSIE (CONT'D)
Audra...

AUDRA
(mocking; to Cassie)
What's the matter? He hurting you?

Audra suddenly SQUEEZES Deante's balls.

DEANTE
OW!

Now, *that* hurt. Audra laughs, but Deante looks stunned -- and pissed. He digs into Audra, throwing her legs in the air, slamming his crotch into hers.

AUDRA
(whispers; goading)
That all you got?

DEANTE
Will you shut the fuck up?!

CASSIE
(to Samson)
PLEASE --

Suddenly, Samson's hand goes over Cassie's mouth. As she reacts in horror, he pulls her head back and rips open her shirt. Holy shit. Most of the girls are spinning themselves into a frenzy, but Tionne immediately knows they've crossed a line and stops dancing.

TIONNE
(to Samson)
What are you doing?!

As PEARL'S CAMERA continues to record everything

CASSIE

tries to pull away from Samson, but she can't. All at once Samson's hand slips under her shorts and grabs hold of her crotch. *(NOTE: Audra sees this, but no one else does.)* As Samson slips his fingers deep inside Cassie, we PUSH IN on her eyes as they start to roll back in her head...

...and her hands begin to *shake*.

Terrified now, Tionne lunges for her friend, but Cassie's arm suddenly shoots in the air, hitting Tionne in the face and knocking her to the ground. As Tionne SCREAMS, her cell phone sails across the floor as

CASSIE'S BODY

begins to flail uncontrollably, thrashing and undulating violently against the concrete. As Samson backs off

PEARL

gasps, still holding her camera.

PEARL
(with real concern)
Cass?

Cassie's in a Tourette's-like fit now, spinning like mad, arms and head SLAMMING mercilessly into the ground. All of the other girls finally stop dancing as

AUDRA

pushes away from Deante, leaping to her feet.

AUDRA
(with genuine concern)
Cassie, what's wrong?! What is it?!

But there's no way Cassie can answer. As Deante gets up, Tionne, still searching for her phone, SCREAMS at Audra --

TIONNE
Call 911!

Audra grabs her phone and starts punching in numbers.

AUDRA
(terrified now)
Cassie, stop it! STOP IT!

But she can't. While all of the girls look on in horror, Deante and Samson grab their stuff and high tail it out the door.

Off Cassie, seemingly possessed, and Audra, wondering what kind of hell she's unleashed, we

SMASH TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CASSIE'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Cassie's in bed, head bandaged and I.V.'d, sedated but still twitching like crazy. At her bedside is her mother, VAL, forties, driven, and DOCTOR CARL SAPSI, bearded, forties.

DOCTOR SAPSI
All her vitals are normal.

VAL
Then why is this happening?!

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

KEN YATES, forties, a small, milquetoasty man, interrogates Audra in strained, hushed tones.

KEN
What went on out there, Audra?

AUDRA
I told you, we were dancing.

KEN
With strangers?!

AUDRA
Guys we met online.

KEN
Did they give you drugs?

AUDRA
No! I mean... they may have given Cassie something, but --

KEN
Given her what?!

AUDRA
I don't know! Talk to the Mexican guy! He's the one who was pushing his junk into Cassie's --

KEN
What?

Audra holds, kind of wishing she hadn't said that.

KEN (CONT'D)
(whispers; horrified)
Did he rape her?

AUDRA
No...
(then; shifting)
But did you ever think that maybe I was trying to protect *myself*?!

As Ken reacts, Val emerges from Cassie's room and immediately lays into Audra.

VAL
They've got her on all kinds of medication but she won't stop shaking.
(to Audra)
What possessed you to do this?!

AUDRA
My God, mother...

VAL
It's your job to protect your sister, not drag her out to some...

AUDRA
My "job?!"

KEN
It was the men, Val. The men gave her something.
(to Audra; determined)
(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)
I want their names and phone numbers.

AUDRA
I don’t have their phone numbers! I told you, we met online!

VAL
We’re due at the finals in two weeks. If she’s hurt permanently...

AUDRA
IT WASN’T JUST CASSIE!

Audra turns and bolts down the hall.

KEN
Audra, wait --

But she’s gone. Val looks at Ken, then moves back into the room. We HOLD on Ken, suddenly wary as he sees a nurse texting something into a cell phone. She locks eyes with him, then moves on. As Ken’s paranoia grows, we HEAR:

ED (O.S.)
I’m not sayin’ you have to have sex every night, Ray, but I think it’s important to *try*.

EXT. STREETS OF AUSTIN - ON A POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

We’re TIGHT on the face of a handsome young cop with a hurricane of inner turmoil, RAY RATAJECK, 36. A good man who’s recently made a very bad choice, he rides shotgun with his partner, ED BARKER, 46, heavyset, balding.

ED
Just ‘cause a woman’s pregnant don’t mean she’s not interested. Hell, my wife loved it when she got big.

RAY
Well, mine doesn’t.

ED
Gina havin’ any mornin’ sickness?

RAY
No.

ED
So, maybe this one’s a girl. Which would be awesome. Course, girls are tough. Especially on each other. Not like boys. Boys are simple. More like dogs really. But girls? Girls’ll tear each other’s hearts out and boil ‘em for breakfast.

As Ray considers this, Ed sees A YOUNG MAN in an alley going through some trash bins. Ed flashes the patrol car's LIGHTS but the man doesn't react. Ed pulls the car to a stop as Ray's cell phone VIBRATES. Clocks the screen: BLOCKED.

ED (CONT’D)
You comin’?

RAY
Be right there.

And as Ed gets out of the car, Ray CLICKS on his phone.

RAY (CONT’D)
Hello?

INT. DINER - INTERCUT - NIGHT

Audra’s at a back table, chewing on an unlit cigarette.

AUDRA
(into phone)
I need to see you.

RAY
(tense whisper)
Audra...

AUDRA
Something bad’s happened.

RAY
I told you I can’t do this anymore.

AUDRA
My sister --

RAY
I’m working, Audra.

AUDRA
My sister’s messed up. Two guys messed her up.

RAY
What guys?

AUDRA
Guys we met at the snow globe factory.

Ray reacts, stung.

RAY
I have to go.

AUDRA
I need to see you, Ray.

RAY
NO.

AUDRA
You said you loved me.

Ray holds for a torturous beat, then -- CLICK.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME!

Off Audra, eyes going dead as her phone line, we go back to:

EXT. STREETS OF AUSTIN - AT THE COP CAR - NIGHT

Ray, rattled, slips his phone back in his pocket and opens his car door as Ed approaches the homeless guy.

ED
Sir? You shouldn't be out here. If you need a shelter, we can get you to one.
(no response)
Sir?

Ed reaches for the guy's shoulder, when suddenly, the man spins and lunges. Wild-eyed and frothing at the mouth, the man throws Ed to the ground and bites into his face. As Ed SCREAMS, fighting for his gun --

RAY
(seeing this; stunned)
HEY! HEY, BACK OFF! BACK OFF!

Ray runs toward the men, scrambling, pulling a Taser from his belt and firing it. As THE ATTACKER is hit, he turns on Ray and starts coming at him. Ray fires again, injecting over 50,000 volts into the guy's body. This time, the attacker goes down.

In this moment, Ed rolls over, his face a bloody mess. Ray, panicked, races to his partner's side as we discover THE CAMERA IN THE POLICE CAR, recording all.

INT. TIONNE'S BEDROOM - TIGHT ON A LAPTOP SCREEN - NIGHT

Tionne, still traumatized by her experience at the snow globe factory, enters her room and moves to the laptop on her desk. Finding her INSTAGRAM page, she pulls up a link to A NEW VIDEO OF CASSIE that Pearl has just sent her.

As Tionne CLICKS the play button (under Pearl's heading *PRAY FOR CASSIE)*, we SEE that this is just the tail end of what Pearl recorded: Cassie flailing all over the factory floor, hands and arms shaking wildly. We can HEAR TIONNE'S VOICE, yelling for Audra to call 911. As Tionne absorbs the horror of it all again, tears stream down her face. Seconds later, her mother, RAMONA, 35, enters in a nightgown.

RAMONA
Tionne?

Tionne immediately clicks off and spins around.

TIONNE
Mom...

RAMONA
What's wrong? Where have you been?

TIONNE
Mom, I... I'm sorry, I...

Tionne begins to sob. Ramona moves to her.

RAMONA
Honey, what is it?

Tionne grabs her mother, squeezing her tight. It's only then that we notice Tionne's left hand <u>just beginning to *shake*</u>.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Where Cassie finally lies sleeping in her bed. Ken and Val are in the room, conferring with Doctor Sapsi.

DOCTOR SAPSI
We won't know what's in her system until the tests come back, but so far, everything seems to be normal.

VAL
Will those spasms start up again as soon as the medication wears off? Will she be able to talk?

DOCTOR SAPSI
I don't know.

VAL
Well, what DO you know?!

Val looks like she's about to burst. Ken tries to put his arm around her but she pulls away.

DOCTOR SAPSI
Did anything happen to your daughter tonight? Any kind of trauma?

Val glances at Ken, then --

KEN
We're... looking into that.

DOCTOR SAPSI
You want to do a rape kit?

VAL
(aghast)
A what?

KEN
No. Audra assured me that wasn't necessary.

DOCTOR SAPSI
Well, this may be neurological. I have a friend, a specialist, who works out of the Med School in Houston. Her name's Logan Harlow. She's a bit odd, but she's an extraordinary doctor. I'd like to call her if that's alright with you.

KEN
Sure. If you think she can help.

Sapsi nods and exits. Ken turns to Val.

KEN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go home, talk to Audra, see if I can find out more about these guys. You'll let me know if anything changes?

VAL
Of course.

KEN
And Val? Let's just keep this between us. No Facebook.

VAL
Facebook? You think I'd --

KEN
We're still so new here. I just don't want anyone thinking there's something wrong with our family.

And off Val, we HEAR A YOUNG WOMAN CRY OUT:

YOUNG WOMAN (O.S.)
What could be wrong?!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER WALK - HOUSTON - NIGHT

A party boat is docked and forty or so wedding guests are spilled out onto the landing. An AMBULANCE is here, and bathed in its flashing RED LIGHT, a tearful, distraught BRIDE, 25, vents to her MOTHER.

BRIDE
He wasn't even drinking. The Captain was just giving us a tour and he... he collapsed.

MOTHER
Does he take anything?

BRIDE
I... I'm not sure. He once said something about having a chemical imbalance, but...

As the mother reacts, we HEAR the SOUND of an approaching vehicle. The rattled bride looks up to SEE

DR. LOGAN HARLOW

the woman we met in our opening, just getting out of an SUV. She's accompanied by a twenty-five year-old Vietnamese grad student, VIVIEN TRAN. Logan's in a windbreaker, her lab coat visible beneath. Vivien's in a UT sweatshirt. The bride anxiously runs up to them.

BRIDE (CONT'D)
Dr. Harlow...?

LOGAN
Where's your husband?

INT. BRIDGE - BOAT - NIGHT

Two EMTs, the CAPTAIN, and the bride's FATHER flank

A YOUNG GROOM

who's twisted in a freakish ball in the corner of the wheelhouse. The man's head is dramatically jutting out from his body while one leg is grotesquely wrapped beneath his back. He's as contorted as a circus performer and it's very disturbing to see. As the EMTs try to straighten him out --

LOGAN (O.S.)
Don't.

Logan appears, followed by Vivien, the bride, and the bride's mother.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
His body's too rigid. You'll never get him on a stretcher.

As the EMTs react, the bride, seeing her new husband in this condition, bursts into a second wave of tears.

As the bride's father puts his arm around his daughter, Logan moves to the groom, feels his chest, then settles behind him, taking his head in her hands. In contrast to everyone else in this room, she is cool, no nonsense, in command.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(to the EMTs)
Did you check his pockets?

EMT
For what?

LOGAN
(to the bride)
Sarah? Find me his coat.

BRIDE
(confused)
His coat?

LOGAN
Please.

Uncertain, the bride turns and hurries from the room.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Vivien? His pockets?

Vivien, a sensitive soul, is not at all comfortable being here. As she gingerly reaches into Josh's pockets --

FATHER
What are you looking for?

LOGAN
Small device that looks like a cell phone.

As the father reacts, Vivien pulls out an iPhone and a wallet.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Nothing else?

Vivien shakes her head. Logan turns back to Josh, her hands settling on two specific points on his head. In this moment, the anxious bride returns carrying Josh's tuxedo jacket.

BRIDE
Here...

Logan takes the coat, reaches inside it -- quick search -- and pulls out A SMALL CONTROLLER.

BRIDE (CONT'D)
What's that?

LOGAN
His safety net.

As the family reacts, Logan takes the device from Vivien. It has a screen, two buttons, and the letters DBS across the front. Logan holds it against Josh's chest and pushes one of the buttons. In an instant, Josh relaxes, his head rising back to normal, his leg straightening out.

The EMTs are astonished. So is the bride. As the tears come once more --

BRIDE
Oh my God... My God...

-- she rushes to her husband, embracing him, as Josh looks up at her, gathering himself, tears filling his eyes as well.

JOSH
Honey, I... I'm sorry...
I should have told you...

BRIDE
Told me what??

JOSH
I was afraid you might not want to be with me if you knew...

FATHER
(to Logan)
What the hell is going on?! What is that thing?

As Logan helps Josh to his feet --

LOGAN
Josh has torsion dystonia, a genetic brain disorder that causes severe muscle contractions. We've been treating it since he was a teenager.

MOTHER
(thrown)
Treating it how? What kind of doctor are you?

LOGAN
A neurologist. And a psychiatrist.

The father reacts, immediately distrustful.

FATHER
A psychiatrist?

LOGAN
We put in a brain stimulator a few years back to help contain the symptoms, but something obviously shut it down.
(looking around)
The question is what.

Logan glances about the wheelhouse thoughtfully, then moves toward a control panel.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Captain? Is this a magnetic compass?

CAPTAIN
Yes, Ma'am.

Logan holds, looks back at Josh. Josh reacts, realizing, then turns back to his bride.

JOSH
A magnet can turn it off. That's why I always carry the controller. For emergencies.
(sighs; re: Logan)
She told me it could happen.

BRIDE
But you never told *me?*

Beginning to sob, the bride exits, her parents right behind her. Josh turns to Logan, his entire world suddenly crashing down around him. She looks at him with compassion.

LOGAN
Maybe next week, the two of you will come see me together?

As Josh nods, we notice that Vivien has tears in *her* eyes as well.

EXT. RIVER WALK - HOUSTON - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Logan and Vivien are moving toward the car.

VIVIEN
I don't know how you do it.

LOGAN
What?

VIVIEN
Get so deep into people's lives and not let it affect you.

LOGAN
Who said it doesn't affect me?

VIVIEN
That guy's marriage could be over on his wedding day. All because he didn't tell her the truth.

LOGAN
Something I've been begging him to do for a long time.

VIVIEN
But isn't that *sad*?

LOGAN
Of course. But it's not my job to reflect that.

VIVIEN
But how do you not? How do you not feel empathy --

LOGAN
Vivien. If I watched a man jump off a bridge, I might be compelled to jump too. But if I died trying to save him, how would that help anyone? Empathy isn't about the other person, it's about seeing *yourself* in the other person. People tend to think it's a good quality, but it's often narcissistic, voyeuristic, and rarely has anything to do with real care for your patients. If you want to cry for other people, watch TV. But if you want to DO for other people, stay on the bridge.

And as Vivien reacts, Logan gets into the car and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RATAJECK HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

It's three AM. A normally petite 29 year-old brunette, GINA RATAJECK, is sitting up in bed, massaging her second trimester belly. Her three year-old son, Ethan, is sleeping at her side. After a beat, the door opens and Ray appears.

GINA
Hey...

RAY
What are you doing up?

GINA
We didn't know where you were.

RAY
Ed got hurt. Some guy tried to take his face off.

GINA
Oh, no... Is he alright?

RAY
Not sure yet. He's with the doctors now.

As Gina reacts, Ray pulls off his gun belt and sets it on the dresser. Then, as he opens his shirt --

RAY (CONT'D)
Did you try to call?

GINA
I was going to, but when I picked up the phone...
(holding hers up)
I found this.

Gina presses a button on her phone and hands it to him. ON THE PHONE'S SCREEN, Ray SEES A QUICK VIDEO MEME OF AUDRA, RIDING DEANTE and looking straight into CAMERA. "*You like this? You miss this, don't you? I know you miss this.*"

All of the blood leaves Ray's face. He snaps off the video.

RAY
Who sent it?

GINA
No idea, but it's creepy, right? Our old babysitter having sex?

RAY
(a little too quickly)
She's not... having sex.

GINA
Sure looks like it to me.

Ray defiantly clicks a button on the phone.

GINA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

RAY
Erasing it.

GINA
Shouldn't we show it to her parents?

Ray freezes, looks back at Gina.

RAY
I'm sure she sent it by accident, Gina.

GINA
What difference does that make?

Gina studies him. Ray moves to her side.

RAY
(genuine)
I'm really sorry.

GINA
For what?

Ray hesitates, then kneels down and takes her hand. He's dying to tell her the truth, but...

RAY
For ever hiring that girl. You were right. She was way too possessive of Ethan. I just thought if you had some help...

GINA
I might have more time for you?

He shrugs. With a gentle smile, she reaches for his face.

GINA (CONT'D)
I love you, Ray.

RAY
I love you too.

He leans in to kiss her -- but she suddenly pulls back.

GINA
There's, uh... blood. On your hand.

Ray looks at his palm. Sure enough, it's covered in Ed's dried blood. Off this chilling visual metaphor, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS MEDICAL SCHOOL - HOUSTON - MORNING

Logan rides up on a bicycle and slips it into a rack.

INT. UT MEDICAL SCHOOL - NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Logan passes through the reception area, weaving through glass doors and a maze of cubicles housing secretaries and medical assistants. Vivien pokes her head out of one of them.

VIVIEN
Dr. Harlow? Dr. Sapsi's waiting.

LOGAN
Thanks, Vivien.

VIVIEN
And Mrs. Westheimer called...

Logan continues toward her office. The sign outside reads: *Logan Harlow MD, PhD -- Dir. Movements Disorders Fellowship -- Associate Professor of Neurology -- Associate Professor of Psychiatry...* And beneath this, handwritten in tiny letters on a Post-it: *"And all around awesome gal."*

INT. LOGAN'S OFFICE - NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT - DAY

Logan enters, stuffing her helmet and backpack beneath a guest chair. A blowfish hangs over the IKEA shelving overflowing with medical journals, while numerous prints (Folk art? Crazy person art?) are push-pinned to the walls. A bunch of Post-its, each filled with very small writing like the one we saw outside, line the edge of the desk. Visible on the desktop is a computer and a mug (*Life Is Too Short To Be Normal*) filled with Palamino Blackwing 602 pencils.

LOGAN
Don't talk to me yet.

Huh? Who is she speaking to? Pulling a Post-it from her pocket, Logan grabs a pencil and scribbles something down.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
There's this poor woman with Tourette's. I keep forgetting to send her her medication.

Logan slaps the Post-it on the edge of the desk, then grabs a yellow legal pad and sits before her computer.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Okay. Now you can talk.

REVEAL DR. SAPSI ON THE MONITOR. He clearly hasn't slept.

DOCTOR SAPSI
How busy are you today?

Logan glances at her calendar.

LOGAN
I'm seeing a Parkinson's man, two hysterics, and one mildly annoying sociopath.

DOCTOR SAPSI
Can you come to Austin?

Logan immediately tenses, a visible dread washing over her.

LOGAN
Why?

DOCTOR SAPSI
I know this isn't your favorite place but I... I didn't know who else to call.

LOGAN
What's wrong, Carl?

Sapsi holds for tense beat, then --

DOCTOR SAPSI
Just come.

Logan glances at A POLAROID OF HER NINE YEAR-OLD-SELF that's pinned to the bookshelf. She's in a park, her arm wrapped around another little girl of the same age. Off Logan's look of trepidation, we go:

EXT. HANSEN-BRIDGER HOUSE - AUSTIN, TEXAS - MORNING

A newer home in an upscale development.

INT. HANSEN-BRIDGER HOUSE - MORNING

WADE HANSEN and LEE BRIDGER, two men in their mid-forties, are preparing breakfast. Wade, a work-at-home marketer and former rodeo cowboy, and LEE, an Episcopalian priest, have been together almost twenty years but have only recently gotten married (the pictures are still fresh on their walls).

As Wade scrambles eggs, Lee bags a lunch.

WADE
(calling)
Pearl? Breakfast's ready.
(to Lee)
You see her when you let the dogs out?

LEE
I think she was still asleep.

Wade takes the eggs off the stove, exits the kitchen. He moves through a house covered in family photos, pictures of Pearl, Wade's sales plaques, rodeo ribbons, etc. Lee in his collar, wooden crosses, Texas stars. (*The cross/star thing is big in Texas.*)

Back in the kitchen, the phone RINGS. Lee picks it up.

LEE (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - INTERCUT - MORNING

A tense and emotional Ramona Deering is pacing the hallway. Her eyes are red from crying.

RAMONA
(anguished; into phone)
Lee? It's Ramona. Are you with your daughter?!

LEE
No. Why?

INT. HANSEN-BRIDGER HOUSE - PEARL'S BEDROOM/BATH - MORNING

Wade enters Pearl's room. Her bed's unmade and we can HEAR the SHOWER running in the bathroom.

WADE
Pearl?

Wade moves toward the half-open bathroom door.

WADE (CONT'D)
Hon? You're gonna be late for school.

Wade notices AN OPEN LAPTOP lying on the floor. As he leans down to pick it up, he HEARS:

LEE
(scared; calling)
PEARL?

Wade spins to discover a stricken-looking Lee entering.

WADE
Lee, what is it?

But he moves right past him and into the bathroom. It's only then that we REVEAL

PEARL

in the shower. Naked, she pokes her head out the door.

PEARL
(with concern)
Dad?

And as Lee reacts, clearly relieved, he turns to give his daughter her privacy, then looks back at the bewildered Wade as we go

EXT. WEST AUSTIN - IN AN SUV - MOVING - DAY

Ken's behind the wheel. Audra's riding shotgun, working numerous texts on her phone.

AUDRA
Has Cassie said anything yet?

KEN
No. She's still asleep.

AUDRA
We should be at the hospital.

KEN
We will be. After school.
(wary)
Who are you texting?

AUDRA
Pearl. Tionne's sick too.

KEN
What?

AUDRA
Yeah. Same stuff. Can't talk.
Shaking all over the place.

KEN
Goddamit...
(then; angry)
Why haven't these men answered my email?!

AUDRA
Uh... Because maybe they don't want to get in trouble?

KEN
I need to know what happened, Audra. I need to know if they gave your sister drugs.

In this moment, A PATROL CAR drives by. As Audra considers this, her wheels begin to turn --

AUDRA
Maybe we should go to the police.

Ken reacts, looks at her.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
I'm sure they could find these guys.
(off his silence)
Dad?

KEN
Audra, I... I don't want this getting any bigger than it has to. If folks at school start thinking that their principal can't even control his own daughters --

AUDRA
This isn't about *us* now, Dad. We have to think of Cassie. We should go to the police and I should tell them the truth...
(dead earnest)
As painful as that's gonna be.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF DONNA PELAYO, a tough brunette in her mid-fifties, is seated at her desk opposite Ray. Various commendations, and pictures of Pelayo on numerous politically-advantageous fishing trips, canvass the walls.

PELAYO
Rule number one: Never leave your partner.

RAY
I know.

PELAYO
Why didn't you make the approach together?

RAY
I got a phone call.

PELAYO
From who?

RAY
It was, uh... one of those automated things. About an appointment with our baby doctor.

PELAYO
At two in the morning?

Ray shifts in his seat.

RAY
I could've let it go, but when I saw the number, I just wanted to make sure everything was okay.

PELAYO
Ed's gonna be out for a while, Ray.

RAY
And I'm real sorry about that. I take full responsibility.

PELAYO
What about the sex?

RAY
(thrown)
Excuse me?

PELAYO
Of the baby.

RAY
Oh, uh... We should, uh... find out tomorrow.

Pelayo nods, rises. So, does Ray. It's only then that we see the photo of Pelayo and *her daughter*, Gina, on the desk. In the picture, Ethan is clinging to his mother.

PELAYO
Why don't you take a few days. Be with my daughter.
(MORE)

PELAYO (CONT'D)
And when you come back, you bring me one of them ultrasound pictures. The kind where you see the face?

As Ray reacts --

PELAYO (CONT'D)
I'll frame it next to the one of my grandson.

And off Ray, choking on his own bile, we go:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Val's at Cassie's bedside, gently rubbing her head. Cassie's still sedated but awake now and only twitching occasionally.

VAL
I'm here, honey. Mama's here.

Cassie blinks. Swallows. Val holds up an iPad to her face, scrolling through videos of Cassie, healthy, dancing, with trophies in her arms, etc.

VAL (CONT'D)
You see yourself, Cassie? This is who you are. A winner. A *survivor.*
(beat)
When Audra was born, I didn't know what I was gonna do. Her father had left me, I was all alone...
But then I met your dad...
(tearing up)
...and before I knew it, God sent us an angel. You gave me the strength to go on, Cassie.

Cassie turns toward her mother ever so slightly.

CASSIE
Ma... Mom...

VAL
Oh, my God. Yes, honey. YES!
(rising; calling)
Nurse?! Nurse, she's talking!

CASSIE
Aud... Audra...

VAL
What about Audra, honey?

Cassie, still twitching, strains to get out the words.

CASSIE
I... I... wanna see her.

VAL
Oh, I'm sure there's time...

CASSIE
I... want to see her... *now*.

Val holds for a beat, then turns toward the open door --

VAL
NURSE?! MY DAUGHTER'S TALKING!

INT. POLICE STATION - OUTER WAITING ROOM - DAY

A door opens and a desk sergeant leads Ray out to the waiting room where he suddenly comes face to face with

AUDRA

who's standing by the desk. As Ray locks eyes with her, the sergeant exits and she offers a wan smile.

AUDRA
Mr. Ratajeck? I'm sorry to bother you at work...

RAY
(under his breath)
Audra... What the hell...?

Audra clears to reveal

KEN

seated on the couch. As he rises --

AUDRA
Daddy? This is the man I was telling you about. Officer Ratajeck.

Ken extends his hand.

KEN
Ken Yates.

And as Ray stands there, dumbfounded, Audra looks at him with her most solemn face.

AUDRA
We're here to make a report.

And off Ray - fuck - we go

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Ray, notepad in hand, sits with Audra and Ken.

KEN
I appreciate you taking the time to meet with us, officer. Both Audra and my wife have told me what a great family you have. Your son's three, right?

RAY
Uh... Four. Four in May.

KEN
Oh, man. What a great age.

Ray holds, the knot in his stomach tightening. Ken is just trying to keep things light.

KEN (CONT'D)
So, maybe you've heard that Audra and her sister are dancers?

Audra's eyes are locked on Ray like a laser.

KEN (CONT'D)
They're on the team at school. And, well, they all went out to this place last night. The old...

AUDRA
Snow globe factory? You know where it is? Just off 290?

Ray reacts, churning. He obviously *does.*

KEN
They went out there to meet these two guys, these dancers, who Audra thought might be able to teach them some new moves.

AUDRA
I thought it'd be good to work with the pros.

KEN
But all she got was their email addresses. No phone numbers.

AUDRA
Right. No phone numbers. And at first things were fine, we were all just dancing and hanging out, but then this big guy named Samson, he starts getting rough with my sister. And I tried to get him to stop, but he was so big, and the guy I'm dancing with, this black dude named Deante? He starts getting rough with me too. Throwing me on the ground and ripping my shirt off and grabbing me in places he shouldn't. You getting all this, Mr. Ratajeck?

Ray reacts, forcing his pen to paper. Audra continues:

AUDRA (CONT'D)
So, Cassie's trying to get away from Samson, and Deante has me on the floor, and then suddenly, I feel his hand -- Oh God, this is so embarrassing -- I feel his hand go under my shorts. And before I know it, he's got his fingers *inside* me -- deep inside me -- and I'm yelling at him to stop, but he won't!

This of course is exactly what Audra saw happen to Cassie, but whatever. Audra's taking the story and running with it.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
By now, all the other girls are screaming, and I don't know what's happening to Cassie, but when I finally get away from D, all I can see is my sister on the concrete, her shirt off, and she's shaking like crazy. And I don't know if she's been messed with or what, but I know what's happened to *me*, right? I mean, I know this guy's just had his fingers up me for like *ten minutes* and I'm really hurting now. Really hurting. 'Cause I've never let *anyone* do that to me before...
(feigning realization)
But that's not *rape*, is it?

And off both men, stunned and virtually speechless, we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - ON LOGAN - DAY

Amidst the clamor at mid-day, we pick up

LOGAN

warily moving toward us. She's again dressed in an off-beat fashion: t-shirt, Vans -- all very un-doctor like -- and gripping that now familiar pad and pencil. Dodging the eyes of the occasional passerby, she catches a glimpse of Pearl Hanson-Bridger, flanked by her dads in a waiting area. Logan then rounds a corner, glancing into an open doorway to see

TIONNE

in bed, I.V.'d, and intermittently shaking. Her mother's at her side. But as Ramona looks up --

RAMONA
(recognizing her)
Logan?

Logan freezes.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Logan Harlow?

Logan is completely deer in the headlights now. Half of her would love to hug this woman while the other half would like to bolt out of the building.

DOCTOR SAPSI (O.S.)
Doctor?

Logan shifts to see Dr. Sapsi moving toward her. Relieved, she quickly approaches him.

LOGAN
Carl. Is the girl in that room...?

DOCTOR SAPSI
Tionne Deering. Yes. One of the two we talked about this morning.
(reading her)
Are you alright?

LOGAN
You didn't tell me her name.

DOCTOR SAPSI
Oh... Well, no, I...

LOGAN
You should have told me her name.

And off Sapsi, thrown, we go:

INT. CASSIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cassie's in bed, tense, still mildly twitching, her speech weak, but thanks to the drugs, a little more fluid. Audra's trying to feed her some Jell-o.

AUDRA
Take another bite.

CASSIE
I don't want any.

AUDRA
You have to eat.

CASSIE
What did you say... to the police?

AUDRA
Just what happened. That these guys got rough with us and kinda pushed you over the edge.

CASSIE
They got rough... 'cause you were talking crap to them.

AUDRA
Oh, please.

CASSIE
You didn't care... about making us better dancers. You just... wanted to mess with Ray. That's why you... filmed everything. To make Ray think --

AUDRA
Look, you don't know shit about me and Ray so just be quiet and let me handle this.

CASSIE
(pissed now)
I'm hurt, Audra! And I know Ray hurt you!

AUDRA
(lashing back)
HE DIDN'T HURT ME.

As Cassie reacts, her left arm suddenly begins to shake.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
Stop doing that, will you? You look like a retard.

CASSIE
I CAN'T HELP IT!

AUDRA
Ray just got scared. He did something stupid. But after this, he won't do it again.

As Cassie takes this in, trying to understand her sister's pathology, there's a KNOCK at the door. Both girls turn to discover

VAL AND LOGAN

in the doorway.

VAL
Cassie? This is Dr. Harlow. She's come all the way from Houston to see you.
(to Logan; assuring her)
She's not pretending.

LOGAN
Hey, Cassie.

CASSIE
Hey.

VAL
And this is my other daughter, Audra.

The "other" daughter looks at Logan suspiciously.

AUDRA
You're a doctor?

LOGAN
I know. Sometimes it's weird to me too.

As Audra reacts, Logan moves toward Cassie.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Can you hold out your arm?

Cassie does. It's shaking. Logan moves it in a circle.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Feel this?

Cassie nods.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Your friend's down the hall. Nobody told me she was Ramona Deering's daughter.

Cassie reacts. Huh?

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I hate surprises. Not that any of us ever get to know what's gonna happen in life, but still... Can you stand up?

CASSIE
Uh... I think so.

Logan helps Cassie out of bed. Her legs are shaking badly.

VAL
Another friend of Cassie's has come to visit, but her parents are afraid she may be contagious. Can you ease their concern?

LOGAN
I doubt it.

As Val reacts, Logan looks back at Cassie.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I understand you're a dancer. Think you could dance for me now?

CASSIE
Seriously?

LOGAN
I used to know how to moonwalk.
(then; confidential)
You don't really have to dance. But if I told you you'd never dance again, would you be disappointed or relieved?

VAL
What kind of question is that?!

Logan turns and looks back at Val.

LOGAN
My kind?

VAL
Look, Doctor Sapsi already gave her an exam.

LOGAN
This isn't an exam, it's a conversation.

VAL
Dr. Harlow --

LOGAN
You know, maybe it'd be best if I spoke with the girls alone, then met with the parents in the conference room.

VAL
Are you asking me to leave?

LOGAN
Okay.

Cassie reacts. People rarely stand up to her mother and she likes it. But before Val can respond --

AUDRA
If she was really contagious, wouldn't we all be sick?

Logan turns, studies Audra now.

LOGAN
You ever heard the expression "I feel your pain?"

Audra reacts.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Not everyone does.

And off Audra, actually thrown for the first time since we met her, we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ND GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

As Trent Reznor-like MUSIC UNDERSCORES, A HAND TATTOOED WITH A STAR BREAKING INTO A FLOCK OF BIRDS taps diligently on a laptop keyboard, cutting and pasting images and audio from Pearl's "*PRAY FOR CASSIE*" Facebook video.

ON THE SCREEN, we see MULTIPLE IMAGES OF CASSIE flailing on the ground, her frenzy SPED UP to accentuate her head pounding into the concrete, while in the b.g., we HEAR AUDRA'S VOICE, repeatedly wailing:

AUDRA (V.O.)
Cassie, what's wrong?!
Cassie, what's wrong?!
Cassie, what's wrong?!

As the MUSIC CRESCENDOS, we

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Logan, standing before a large picture window.

THROUGH THE GLASS, we SEE A PARK below. In the center is a MASSIVE OAK TREE with a gaping hole in its trunk. As Logan stares at this tree with a haunted look in her eyes, we REVEAL Val, Wade, and Lee seated behind her at a conference table. After a beat, Sapsi enters with Ramona.

DOCTOR SAPSI
Dr. Harlow? We're all here now.

Logan holds, still staring at that tree. Deep breath. Control the uncontrollable. She turns.

LOGAN
Hello, Ramona.

Ramona holds, unsure of how to respond, then takes a seat as the group registers this odd exchange.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
So. Before we talk about how we're going to treat these girls...
(to Wade and Lee)
...and what it means for everyone else... The first thing you need to know is that nobody's faking here. Even if the dyskinesia is psychogenic and caused by some internal stressor --

RAMONA
Dyskinesia?

LOGAN
The spasms -- the effects are real and the girls can hurt themselves if they're not monitored closely. We can control the shaking with medication, but our primary goal now should be to uncover the root of this problem before it escalates.

VAL
(realizing)
You think this is all in their heads?

LOGAN
That doesn't make it any less serious. I have a patient who was a competitive swimmer. A year ago, after losing a race, she went into convulsions and almost drowned. Today she weighs less than seventy pounds, has multiple infections, and can't leave a wheelchair. I'm certain she's going to die, and there's really no physiological explanation.

VAL
But if that's the case, what makes you think you can help our daughters?

LOGAN
This situation is different. Whatever happened last night -- and I know it's being investigated -- whatever happened could have triggered something in Cassie that caused the subsequent reaction in Tionne. These girls have known each other a long time, they're very close... If one girl breaks, another girl, feeling for her, may break as well. It's called conversion disorder; emotional dominoes. But as one recovers, the others may too. That's why I feel there's always more hope for a group than an individual.

LEE
So... is it safe for Pearl to be around them?

LOGAN
There's no airborne contagion if that's what you're asking.

WADE
Is this like those girls in New York who got those weird ticks?

VAL
What ticks?

WADE
It was all over the news. These girls were writhing and shaking like crazy... No one could explain it.

RAMONA
I thought they found poison in that town's drinking water.

LEE
And wasn't the first girl abused?

VAL
(defensive)
Cassie's never been abused.

LEE
No one's saying that, Val.

VAL
Then what *are* you saying?!

WADE
Look, I know that when they renovated the gym they found a ton of lead paint in there. Could that be the reason...?

VAL
Wade -- My husband oversaw that project. Do you really think --

WADE
I'm not accusing anyone, I'm just sayin' that it's where the girls practice, so --

LOGAN
PLEASE DON'T DO THIS.

Everyone reacts to the sudden harshness of Logan's tone. In this moment, we'll SEE the slightest tremor in her left hand.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
The last thing we need is a witch hunt.

Logan shares a telling look with Ramona, then turns back to the window, surreptitiously moving one hand over the other.

DOWN IN THE PARK -- LOGAN'S POV:

AN ARRESTINGLY HANDSOME MAN in his late thirties -- shock of black hair, olive skin, soulful eyes -- stands before the oak tree. He's clutching a small bouquet of flowers.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
There are ghosts inside all of us. Ghosts that live in the recesses of our subconscious. When they come out it can be terrifying. And when they come for our children...
(clearly personal now)
...the pain can be unbearable.

As the group reacts to Logan's fragile emotional state, we SEE the man drop the flowers inside the tree. Then, as he turns, he looks right up at Logan. Recognizing him now, she pales. Off this strange and deeply disturbing moment, we go:

INT. RATAJECK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Off A WEDDING PICTURE OF RAY AND GINA, we find Gina at her kitchen counter standing before an open laptop. Her son Ethan is in his high chair, eating Cheerios.

Gina's looking at Val Yates' Facebook page, scrolling through images of the Yates family, specifically focusing on Audra. Finding a link for the dance team, Gina clicks over and takes in a large photo of all the girls in costume -- Cassie, Audra, Tionne, Pearl, etc. -- then notices that a recent video has been posted here entitled *PRAY FOR OUR TEAM.*

Gina CLICKS on the link and THE VIDEO BEGINS. Underscored by the now familiar TRENT REZNOR-LIKE MUSIC, the girls appear on a stage and begin dancing before an appreciative crowd, but moments into their number, the video CUTS to violent, rapid-fire images of Cassie from the snow globe factory. WTF?

Just as quickly, the video cuts back to the dancers on stage, but as soon as the camera finds Cassie, it again CUTS to her violently shaking on the factory floor. This is obviously the work of our Star/Bird tattoo person, as a LOGO matching the tattoo is now visible in the corner of the screen. As Gina takes in this ghoulish display of images re-cut, re-purposed, and re-released, we

BLAST TO:

INT. WEST AUSTIN HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Where we PULL BACK FROM THIS SAME VIDEO to reveal a group of kids gathered together. They're all watching the video Gina was watching, only it's now on YouTube and on all of their individual phones. The kids' stunned reactions say it all, but it's Cassie's head repeatedly pounding into the floor that draws a cruel impression from one girl. In an obvious play to cover her discontent, she begins mockingly banging her forehead against a locker as another girl laughs nervously. Then we REVEAL THE TWINS from the snow globe factory here as well. They're scared shitless. But do they say something? Do they admit they were there? Are they going to get sick? Are they going to be *famous?*

KEN (O.S.)
What'cha all looking at?

The group, tense, spins to discover Principal Ken Yates. All of the kids immediately shut off their phones.

FOOTBALL PLAYER
(covering)
Oh, hey Mr. Yates. We were just, uh... watching something on YouTube.

KEN
Dancing cats?

The kids look at each other. This guy's such a dork. As they move off, we hold on the twins, lingering with uncertainty as we go:

INT. HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Val, Wade, Lee, and Ramona are all in line with food trays. We may notice that some of the people in the b.g. are now also watching Cassie's video on their portable devices, and we see one nurse pointing upstairs.

VAL
I'm not saying the woman is wrong, I just think we should get another opinion. I mean, come on. She's obviously disturbed. She hardly looks at you when she talks. And "ghosts"? *Really*? Cassie doesn't have any "ghosts."

LEE
How do you know Doctor Harlow, Ramona?

RAMONA
We went to school together.

LEE
High school?

RAMONA
Elementary. Same class.

WADE
Wait... Harlow --
(realizing)
Daisy Ryan?

Ramona nods.

VAL
Who's Daisy Ryan?

WADE
My god. She was a girl... Little nine year-old girl... who was abducted and killed.

VAL
Here??

WADE
After she disappeared, every kid in Austin was questioned by the police. It was an awful time. Everybody accusing everybody, blaming the parents, each other...

RAMONA
And Logan got it the worst.

As Val reacts, Ramona turns toward the window.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
Daisy was Logan's best friend. Two months after she went missing, they found her body stuffed into a tree in that park. When the police finally made an arrest, no one could believe it...
(sighs)
It was Logan's brother.

And as the group reacts -- holy shit -- we go:

EXT. PARK - WEST AUSTIN - DAY

In clear view of the massive oak, in the middle of this park that forms a square amid a number of busy Austin businesses, we find

LOGAN

on a bench, frantically writing notes on her legal pad. We SEE that multiple pages have been filled in with tiny, manic scribbles. Names. Dates. Reams of medical jargon. When her relentless Blackwing 602 pencil reaches its nub, she pulls a fresh one from her pocket, then hesitates... and slowly raises her head.

Logan stares at that tree, her mind travelling back to a time she'd rather forget. Unable to hold herself back now, she rises and moves toward it, stopping only to look into its dark, cavernous heart.

As the haunting strains of a LONE CELLO fill the air, we stay with Logan, tears filling her eyes, and

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SNOW GLOBE FACTORY - DUSK

SHAFTS OF LIGHT cut through holes in the roof, casting bizarre shadows across the floor. Cradling an open bottle of Jack Daniel's

AUDRA

sits crosslegged on the ground in a tank top, boots, and cut-offs. She's leaning up against a silo, smoking a cigarette, while simultaneously burning holes in a napkin she's licked/adhered to the top of a plastic cup. There's a quarter in the middle of the paper and the holes surrounding it have put the coin in a very precarious position. As Audra intently burns at the napkin and the quarter gets closer and closer to falling to its doom

A HAND

suddenly grabs Audra's cigarette and plunges the quarter into the cup. Startled, Audra looks up to see

RAY

hovering over her. Tossing the cigarette to the ground, he pulls Audra to her feet.

RAY
What the hell do you think you're doing?

AUDRA
Let go of me!

RAY
You can try and hurt me all you want, but when it comes to my *wife...*

AUDRA
LET GO!

Audra pulls away. Ray watches her intently.

RAY
She wanted me to send that video to your parents. How would you have felt then?

AUDRA
You talk to Deante?

RAY
No. Your father called me off.

AUDRA
Why?!

RAY
On my way out to see your little dance buddy I picked up a message from your dad. He told me to leave it alone. Said that even if every word you told us was true, he still wouldn't press charges.
(pointed)
Guess your story really moved him.

As Audra holds, glaring, Ray picks up her phone and begins systematically erasing any image that might be incriminating. As Audra watches, a surprising vulnerability falls over her.

AUDRA
Was anything you ever said to *me* true?

RAY
In the moment, I'm sure I believed every word. But that moment's gone.

Audra darkens. Finished with his handiwork, Ray looks back at her.

RAY (CONT'D)
So. You will not call me again -- you will not come to my station again -- and if you ever send *anything* to my wife again...

BOOM! Ray SMASHES Audra's phone into the wall. Then he turns and starts toward the door. As Audra watches him --

AUDRA
You think that video's the only one I've got?

Ray stops in his tracks.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
I've got way better then that one, Ray. You and me, all over this place.

Audra suddenly SLAMS her palm against the silo.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
Against the wall.

BOOM!

AUDRA (CONT'D)
On the floor.

BOOM!

AUDRA (CONT'D)
Up. The. Chute.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Ray swallows hard as Audra takes a powerful step toward him.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
A thirty-six year-old man fucking a seventeen year-old girl? Hell, Deante's got nothin' on that.

The veins in Ray's neck are pulsing now. Audra picks up her trashed cigarette and re-lights it.

AUDRA (CONT'D)
But, hey -- I'm sure people will understand. Your wife just wasn't giving you what you needed so you started bangin' the babysitter.

Audra slowly pulls up her top and pushes her tits against Ray's chest. He holds, sweating bullets.

RAY
I have a family, Audra.

AUDRA
Yeah? Guess you should have thought about that before you pledged your undying love to me.

And off Ray, hanged, drawn, and quartered, Audra slowly wraps her fingers around his balls and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Logan, wearing the hoodie and Escher print t-shirt we met her in at the top of our show, is determinedly moving across the parking lot. Shooting the occasional nervous glance over her shoulder, she approaches the main building, sees a couple of news vans, and tenses. That haunted look from the park hasn't left her. If anything, it's intensified.

All at once, a concerned Dr. Sapsi appears.

DOCTOR SAPSI
Logan --

LOGAN
Carl. If it's alright with you, I'm going to go back to Houston today. You can send me the blood work on the girls and I'll...

DOCTOR SAPSI
You can't go back.

LOGAN
No. No, I have to. I'm sorry, but... Being here is effecting me in ways I... I'm not really prepared to deal with right now.

DOCTOR SAPSI
But we have another problem.

And off Logan --

EXT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - MORNING

Sapsi leads Logan around to the side of the main building toward the emergency room. We can hear SOMEONE SCREAMING OBSCENITIES in the distance.

DOCTOR SAPSI
They picked him up a few minutes ago. He had all the same symptoms as the girls, but when they got him in the ambulance, he attacked the driver.

LOGAN
Do you know who this kid is?

DOCTOR SAPSI
It's not a kid. It's a twenty-five year-old man.

As Logan reacts, they reach the front of the ER where we SEE NEWS PEOPLE, PARAMEDICS and TWO AMBULANCES. One of the ambulances is badly damaged -- the driver's side window blown out, blood all over the glass. From out of the second ambulance, paramedics are unloading A MAN IN A JUMPSUIT with medical tags, apparently the driver of the first vehicle. And just beyond them, SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER, is

A FILIPINO MAN IN A TORN T-SHIRT

He's shaking as Cassie was, but bloodied from head to toe. Three paramedics are trying to restrain him. As he grabs one, we SEE A TATTOO OF A STAR BREAKING INTO A FLOCK OF BIRDS on one of his hands. As people gather and the hungry news cameras record this entire episode

VAL

emerges from the crowd and grabs Logan's arm.

VAL
All in their heads, huh? Just our girls, huh? You should be ashamed of yourself.

And off Logan, extremely unsettled now, we go:

INT. WEST AUSTIN HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A heated assembly/town hall is in progress. Reporters are here as well as a couple hundred concerned parents including Ramona, Val, and Wade. Ken is at a podium in full containment mode, flanked by Police Chief Donna Pelayo and Dr. Sapsi. Standing near an open doorway in back, trying to avoid eye contact with anyone, is Logan.

MALE REPORTER
When did the outbreak begin?

KEN
Well, I don't know that I'd call it an "outbreak"...

MALE REPORTER
Are the two girls in the hospital exhibiting the same symptoms as the man who attacked the ambulance driver?

KEN
No. I mean, they've all had spasms, but our girls haven't been violent. This man is from out of the area.

MALE REPORTER
From where?

KEN
Uh...

Ken fumbles for his notes. Pelayo leans into the microphone.

CHIEF PELAYO
Dripping Springs.

FEMALE REPORTER
Has he had any contact with these girls?

CHIEF PELAYO
Not that we know of.

Wade reacts, considering this. So does Logan.

MALE REPORTER
Principal Yates, we understand your daughter is one of the victims.

KEN
Well...
(tensing)
Yes.

MALE REPORTER
When you found out she was ill, did you alert anyone?

KEN
Alert them to what? Until we knew what we were dealing with --

DOCTOR SAPSI
(leaning into the mic)
We haven't had any indication this is contagious.

WOMAN
(calling out)
Then why is more than one sick?

WADE
(rising)
Look, our daughter's on the dance team as well...

VAL
(under her breath)
Wade, please...

WADE
When the gym was being renovated, I know they found lead paint. I've read on the internet that exposure can cause similar symptoms. How do we know this fella hasn't been in our gym too? Dripping Springs is our main rival...

KEN
(losing patience)
Wade, our first concern is always the safety --

HOT HEAD DAD
What about drugs?!

Ken and Pelayo both react. So does Logan, who by now is very concerned about the escalation of the fear in here.

HOT HEAD DAD (CONT'D)
We know this designer crap's all over the streets. One of your cops just got attacked the other night! How can we be sure this stuff's not in our school now?! Hell, how can we be sure of *anything?!*

As Ken and Pelayo react, Logan sees

THE MAN FROM THE PARK

watching her through the open doorway.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Logan emerges from the auditorium and warily approaches the man. His name is MATT RYAN.

MATT
I thought it was you.

LOGAN
(torn)
Matt...

MATT
Long time, Logan.

Logan holds.

LOGAN
How... How are your folks?

MATT
Gone.

Shit. Matt nods toward the auditorium.

MATT (CONT'D)
You causing all this trouble?

Logan half smiles, shakes her head.

LOGAN
Afraid I'm just a bystander.

MATT
Always were.

Logan reacts.

MATT (CONT'D)
That *was* you at the hospital, wasn't it?

Logan nods.

MATT (CONT'D)
I think about you a lot. I remember when you and Daisy used to make those forts in our living room. You'd get all those pillows together, stack 'em up, and then pull Daisy's quilt off her bed and spread it over the coffee table. And just when you had it perfect, I'd come home from school or basketball or whatever, and jump all over it. Mess the whole thing up.

LOGAN
I didn't mind.

Matt looks at her. Okay, now it's clear there's an attraction here. An old attraction that maybe isn't so old.

MATT
You miss my sister?

This question hits Logan like a sledgehammer.

LOGAN
(softly)
Very much.

Matt looks off. Logan's heart feels like it could explode.

MATT
Look, I know Carter's date's coming up, but there's something you should know: I was never sure it was him. My parents were. Others... like that mob in there and that police woman... but never me.

Logan looks at him in astonishment.

MATT (CONT'D)
I just thought you should know that.
(beat)
I run a restaurant in town.
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)
Why don't you come by some night and I'll buy you a beer? That ought to cause some *real* trouble.

Logan can't even speak. Matt smiles, then turns and walks off. We stay with Logan, her left hand just beginning to shake.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST AUSTIN HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - LATER - DAY

Audra and three other girls (*the twins and another we might remember from the snow globe factory*) are practicing their routine to "*Timber*." As a LOCAL NEWS CREW films them, we pick up

VAL

filming them on her iPhone as well.

VAL
(to herself)
That's right, Audra. YOU take us to New York.

And as Audra glares at her mother, executing her moves with chilling detachment, we PRE-LAP:

AUDRA (V.O.)
Cassie, what's wrong?!
Cassie, what's wrong?!
Cassie, what's wrong?!

INT. HOSPITAL - CASSIE'S ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY

Cassie is propped up in bed, laptop open, shaking, watching the *PRAY FOR OUR TEAM* video that the Star/Bird Tattoo Man cut together. There are hundreds of ugly, negative remarks in the comments section. Mean girl jabs that cut Cassie deep.

IN THE BATHROOM, out of Cassie's eye line, LOGAN, frayed and still shaking a bit herself, scrubs her hands in the sink, attempting to wash away whatever it is she's repressing.

LOGAN
When I spoke to Tionne, she said she was your best friend. You feel that way?

CASSIE
(only half listening)
Yes, ma'am.

LOGAN
And you're... You're very close with Pearl too...

Logan takes a deep breath. Her shaking has finally subsided. As she begins to dry her hands...

LOGAN (CONT'D)
But you've never met this man. Never communicated with him at all.
(beat)
Cassie?

As Cassie's been watching the video, her shaking has intensified. It's almost as if seeing her own body flailing on screen has been feeding the beast inside her. Realizing that the spasms are getting out of control, Cassie turns toward the bathroom --

CASSIE
Doc... Doctor Har...

BOOM! Suddenly, Cassie's body arches violently and her laptop sails across the room. As it CRASHES to the floor, Cassie begins to dramatically convulse, her eyes rolling back in her head.

LOGAN

immediately bolts out of the bathroom, SCREAMING --

LOGAN
NURSE?!

As she attempts to pull Cassie to her, she sees THE LAPTOP ON THE GROUND WITH THE VIRAL IMAGE OF CASSIE WRITHING ON SCREEN and THE LOGO OF A STAR WITH A NUMBER OF BIRDS BREAKING AWAY. As Logan processes, still trying to contain the real girl in her arms, we HEAR A MAN SCREAM and

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

THE MAN WITH THE STAR/BIRD TATTOO is strapped to a gurney, SCREAMING bloody murder, fighting what's happened to him and flailing like mad. As two orderlies hustle him down the hall, the man's horrified mother and grandmother follow, both gripping crosses around their necks and speaking to each other in Filipino. Logan is at their side. She's holding up Cassie's laptop that's playing the viral video, trying to get the MOTHER to focus.

LOGAN
This. Your son made this. That's the same symbol he has on his hand. The star of Texas. With the birds...

FILIPINO MOTHER
(crying; broken English)
Yes... Yes...

LOGAN
How long did it take him to make this?

FILIPINO MOTHER
Hours. Many hours.

LOGAN
HOW MANY?

FILIPINO MOTHER
Night. All night.

As Logan absorbs this, the orderlies push the man into a room and as the women follow him, Logan sees

TIONNE AND RAMONA

in the next room, surrounded by cameras. Tionne's in bed, shaking like mad, while Ramona, unnerved, is trying to get the press people out. But before Logan can intervene

DR. SAPSI

appears, moving toward her, tense, on the phone.

DOCTOR SAPSI
(into phone)
Tell them to stop calling! I'm not doing any damn interviews.
(clicking off; to Logan)
What's wrong with these people?

LOGAN
I was wrong.

DOCTOR SAPSI
What?

LOGAN
(beginning to unravel)
Everything I told those parents was wrong.
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)
This man had no interaction with these girls... none whatsoever...

We see that Logan is holding her left arm tightly. Trying to contain herself. Trying not let whatever it is that's inside her swallow her whole.

DOCTOR SAPSI
(confused)
But if that's the case... how did he get sick?!

In this moment, Logan notices a CAMERA in the corner looking down at her. Then she takes in the sea of people passing by her, all talking into their cell phones, texting into their tablets, everyone connected to something *outside* themselves.

LOGAN
What if... because of the way we communicate now... you don't have to *know* someone to feel their pain?

To be clear, this notion <u>is not remotely reassuring to her</u>. As Sapsi considers this, we HEAR A ROLL OF THUNDER, and

SMASH TO:

INT. PRISON - VISITOR'S AREA - NIGHT

We're right back where we started. A tense and emotional Logan is pacing in front of that partition, circling the glass that divides she and her bandaged brother.

LOGAN
I... I'm not the first person to put this idea forward. The doctors who examined those girls in New York also believed the internet may have played a role... but I think we've reached a point in our society... especially among young people... where the ability to distinguish between the virtual viral and the physical viral is gone.

Logan meets Carter's gaze. He's staring at her intently.

CARTER
You have to go back.

LOGAN
I'm scared.

CARTER
Of what? What Matt Ryan told you?

Logan holds, tears filling her eyes.

CARTER (CONT'D)
You were just a kid, Logan. I don't blame you for nothin'. But you can help me now. Shoot, maybe you can help a lot of people. If folks can really get sick just by watchin' a stranger on a screen...

LOGAN
(terrifying whisper)
How do you stop it?

And as her question resonates, our film suddenly -- REWINDS.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
How do you stop it?

AND AGAIN.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
How do you stop it?

Now, we are into a VIDEO MEME OF LOGAN, MASHING WITH OF ALL THE PREVIOUS IMAGES FROM OUR STORY: THE DANCING, THE SHAKING, THE SCREAMING -- THE PRISON CAM, THE POLICE CAM, THE iPHONES -- OUR ENTIRE SHOW SUDDENLY BEING TAKEN AWAY FROM US -- SAMPLED, RE-PURPOSED, RE-IMAGINED -- SUCKED UP, SPIT OUT -- CONNECTION FINALLY BECOMING...

CONTAGION.

Off Logan, the horror of it all crystallizing, we

GO BLACK.

END EPISODE ONE