# BLOOD KARMA

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**FADE IN:**

**TEN THOUSAND HUMAN VOICES CRY OUT AS ONE**

**SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)**
**And Hanrahan misses the free throw!**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE – LATE AFTERNOON**

**Slanting sunlight reveals a veritable museum -- fossils, crystals, a battered shield and corroded helmet, a mounted Zulu spear and a long rusted sword framed in a glass case…**

**SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)**
**Normally rock solid, this young man, already dealing with his mother's illness, now has got to make the next foul shot to tie the game and take this state championship into overtime…**

**THE CROWD CHANTS HANRAHAN! HANRAHAN! HANRAHAN…**

**A windowsill holds colored bottles -- A GLASS RAINBOW. Among them, a plastic water bottle. A hand plucks it down, opens a desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of Vicodan. DR. MICHAEL HANRAHAN, 50, takes a pain pill with a last swig of his generic water. His jacket, bad tie, cheap glasses, everything about him says slipshod, expedient, lost.**

**SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)**
**Less than a second remains on the clock: Everything is riding on this one shot…**

**DVD PLAYING ON PC: A grainy teen basketball player from the '80s bounces the ball at the foul line.**

**Hanrahan slowly pivots in his Naugahyde rolling chair.**

**SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)**
**Hanrahan's ready. He sets… shoots…**

**He launches the empty plastic water bottle -- the grainy basketball arcs -- the bottle glances off a recycling bin.**

**THE CROWD GOES WILD**

**SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)**
**There you have it. This ballgame is --!**

**He clicks off and stews in the fading light alone.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**It's seedy; barely reputable. LACY, 33, chews gum and skims a magazine at her metal desk. Mall makeup and teen clothes stress her plumpness. Hanrahan hobbles in on crutches.**

**LACY**
**It ain't healthy watching that old DVD.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'm outta here.**

**LACY**
**I almost wish I never found it --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Oh and if Janis calls --**

**PHONE RINGS. She answers.**

**LACY**
**Dr. Hanranhan's… uh-huh.**

**She listens, writes, as he gets his coat and gets sorted.**

**LACY**
**Uh-huh. No kidding? That much blood?**
**(snaps fingers frantically)**
**Right: It's a quickie and it pays well.**
**Wait -- can you repeat that?**

**Her eyes get big. She looks up at him, cups the phone.**

**LACY**
**It's a Shirley MacLaine.**

**Hanrahan stops.**

**LATER, IN RECEPTION**

**Lacy packs her big Hello Kitty carry-all then looks up --**

**LACY**
**Jesus!**

**MEGAN**
**Maybe?**

**In the doorway: MEGAN MARONI, 17, lean, dark, pierced; the ultimate disenfranchised youth with a funky handbag. She is escorted by OFFICER WILLITZ, a stocky uniformed cop.**

**LACY**
**You're the one from the ADA?**

**MEGAN**
**The Assistant District Ass-wipe: right. He sent me for grief counseling -- or so he said. Don't I know you, Cupcake?**

**LACY**
**I sure hope not.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan blows the dust from an ancient object. Motes erupt into the shafts of sunlight like a million angels.**

**A KNOCK**

**Lacy opens the door, with her coat and her bag.**

**LACY**
**Doctor, she's here.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Please, come in. I'm Michael Hanrahan.**

**He stands. Megan enters and goes to shake his hand.**

**MEGAN**
**Hey, I'm Megan. Megan Maroni. Oh my God. You have an erection.**

**He doesn't -- but still, he looks.**

**MEGAN**
**But that's natural, right? Even at your age --**

**LACY**
**I'll be going then.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Lacy? I believe Ms Maroni --**

**MEGAN**
**Please -- you're engorged, call me Megan.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**-- is under eighteen. So you'll have to stay. It's just a preliminary. Should only be about ten minutes.**

**MEGAN**
**I'll count for you. Ten…**

**She makes a zero with one hand and the number one with the middle finger of her other. Lacy slams the door.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Please -- have a seat.**

**She appraises the gloomy room full of artifacts.**

**MEGAN**
**Wow… it's like a museum in here…**

**MEGAN'S POV: THE ARTIFACTS BEGIN TO OOZE BLOOD**

**She blinks hard. All is back to normal.**

**MEGAN**
**Boring as crap.**

**Unfazed, she tosses her funky bag and plops in a stained chair. He sits at his old metal desk.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Thanks for coming on short notice.**

**MEGAN**
**Thank my talented babysitter. He can drive a cop car and look down my shirt at the same time.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Willitz whistles a tune as he flips through a magazine. Lacy opens her drawer, sneaks out an ear bud and plugs it into her office phone to secretly EAVESDROP ON THE SESSION.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Would you like coffee, tea?**

**MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Heroin -- unless of course you have some nice fresh rock?**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**FAVOR the office phone as Hanrahan studies Megan.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**For a young person, you're very --**

**MEGAN**
**Quick, caustic --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Verbal.**

**MEGAN**
**Environmental hazard: My father's a -- was a writer, ancient religions website. He was hot for Zoroaster and Mithraism and knew seventeen synonyms for "unpublished".**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'm sorry about what happened to him.**

**MEGAN**
**Then you obviously didn't know him. He had it coming. But then don't we all?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Still it must have been a shock.**

**MEGAN**
**Not as much as last time. Nine minutes.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's a horrific thing -- murder -- and getting through it takes guidance --**

**She pivots her butt in the chair to face the Zulu spear.**

**MEGAN**
**A blade the size of your nifty spear there was stuck in his abdomen and twisted like a fork in hot spaghetti.**
**(leans back, looks at him)**
**Then his insides were pulled out and carefully arranged to form the Sanskrit symbol for "karma". And you are gonna guide me through that right now?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**This is just a quick session: to get to know each other. Then tomorrow --**

**MEGAN**
**There is no tomorrow. Hauser said see you today and I get my learner's permit back. Tick tock.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Look -- a lot of people are put off by doctors, me included. But believe me…**
**(leans in confidently)**
**I'm not your standard psychotherapist --**

**MEGAN**
**"A good interview begins with some effort to make a client comfortable. Greet them politely, offer a comfortable chair. Anxious or resistant clients can be put at ease by simply offering a cup of coffee or tea": Standard? You are straight out of the cookie cutter.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
You've been down this road before then?

**MEGAN**
You have no idea. Eight minutes.

**DR. HANRAHAN**
And you feel angry -- being here?

**MEGAN**
Every time. Here's my consent --
(produces a piece of paper)
Signed by a judge; let's get it over with.

He sets up a little PC camera. Her face appears on screen.

**DR. HANRAHAN**
Mind if I record? It'll be easier this way.

**MEGAN**
Funny: That's what he said.

**DR. HANRAHAN**
Who?

**MEGAN**
The first guy who raped me.

He looks up, mouth agape.

**MEGAN**
Made you look.

He clicks the mouse. A red dot blinks above Megan's image.

**DR. HANRAHAN**
5:05PM, 30 November. Intake interview with Megan Maroni, age seventeen. Do you know why you're here, Ms Maroni?

**MEGAN**
I do.

**DR. HANRAHAN**
And can you explain?

**MEGAN**
**I could.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Please?**

**MEGAN**
**The fat ass police shrink and his partner Jack Daniels think I am a sociopath bordering on psychotic because I'm a tad angry, a wee bit snarky, and won't cry on cue in front of fat ass police shrinks.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Over your father?**

**MEGAN**
**You think?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Would you like to cry?**

**Her hard face begins to crack. She covers it with her hands.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's OK, Megan…**

**She sobs. No. She's actually laughing. He bristles.**

**MEGAN**
**Seven minutes.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Where were you born?**

**MEGAN**
**Close to my mother.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Are you still close?**

**MEGAN**
**Not so much. She's dead. Your mommy?**

**She surveys the office.**

**MEGAN**
**Cancer, I'll bet. When you were young, a teen? So you overachieved -- wall full of certificates. But I sense guilt…**

**Her face softens with real concern.**

**MEGAN**
**A life-altering mistake -- so you hit the bottle, ruined your marriage -- baby picture, no ring -- and now…**

**She recovers her edge and fiddles with a knick-knack.**

**MEGAN**
**Now you are a barely recovered alcoholic who compulsively creeps on eBay and fills his dingy old office with pricey old crap for what reason I have no clue.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**They're mementos.**

**MEGAN**
**Of?**

**A CELL PHONE VIBRATES amidst the desk relics.**

**MEGAN**
**Five minutes. It's your call…**

**He watches the vibrating phone crawl. He picks it up. On it: a child's drawing of a soccer ball and a TEXT.**

**WHERE R U?**
**STILL PICKING ME UP?**
**LOVE M**

**MEGAN**
**Hot date?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**(texts back)**
**My daughter: taking her to a game tonight.**

**MEGAN**
**Cheerleader named Britney?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Center-mid named Mary.**

**MEGAN**
**(spaces out a bit)**
**Mary…?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**We have a deal: I always text her back. And I break a lot of promises so that one I keep -- no matter what.**
**(puts down the phone)**
**Do you have any history of abuse?**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy files her pink nails as she LISTENS ON HER EAR BUD.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Ever been hit, punched, threatened? Felt controlled, humiliated?**

**MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Hasn't everybody?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Ever had a loved one force you into sex?**

**MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Not in this lifetime.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan studies a No. 2 pencil in his hand.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**How's school?**

**MEGAN**
**Nurturing -- four minutes.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That's not how I remember it.**

**MEGAN**
**(refers to trophies, medals)**
**You were a jock, what do you know?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That if you're different, break rules --**
**fail -- people can be malicious --**

**She snatches the pencil and points it, inches from his eye.**

**MEGAN**
**Not to an impulsive freak.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I don't think you're a freak.**

**MEGAN**
**"Do not praise clients or give false assurances" -- unless you want it bad…**

**She touches his lips ever so lightly with the pencil.**

**MEGAN**
**Is that what you want?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I just want to help you --**

**MEGAN**
**Cope with my father's spaghetti?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Yes.**

**MEGAN**
**No: Insufficient motivation.**

**She leans in slowly, provocatively.**

**MEGAN**
**You want more.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Doesn't everybody?**

**MEGAN**

But you burn for it -- deep down. I could see it the second I walked in here. You are totally… completely… drawn to me.

She parts her lips. He nods.

MEGAN
Like I said…

She sits back and flicks away the pencil.

MEGAN
"Cookie cutter --"

DR. HANRAHAN
But not like that --

MEGAN
Oh yeah? Like what then?

Hanrahan seems to acquire an aura as the low angle sun shines through the colored bottles behind him.

DR. HANRAHAN
Music -- that you recognize the first time you hear it. Or an old picture of someone you couldn't possibly know -- but you do. A memory -- that's right there on the edge -- just out of reach…

MEGAN
Uh-huh. Three, two, one…

She grabs her bag and makes for the door.

MEGAN
Be sure to tell Hauser I did my part --

DR. HANRAHAN
"Not as much as last time." That's what you said when I mentioned your father's murder. What did you mean?

MEGAN
You're the shrink, you tell me.

DR. HANRAHAN

**Look, this is no coincidence. You came here for a reason.**

**She reaches for the door and his eyes take on a darkness.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I am a firm believer in what goes around, comes around. And know it or not, so are you. And you are waiting, longing for something -- or someone -- to come around.**

**Her knuckles go white on the door knob.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Come on, Megan, you're so damn tough? What the hell are you afraid --?**

**MEGAN**
**I'm born again. OK?**

**She stiffens. A shudder trickles up her spine.**

**MEGAN**
**I mean reborn, reincarnated…**

**She looks back.**

**MEGAN**
**I was here before.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy listens in on her ear bud, slack-jawed.**

**MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Crazy -- right?**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Let me make sure I'm hearing you:**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan fixes her with his eyes.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**You're talking re-embodiment?**

**MEGAN**
**Yes.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**How do you know?**

**MEGAN**
**I just do.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You remember things?**

**MEGAN**
**No, just feelings, and flashes and… a sense that I've done things in the past that affect me now and you don't believe me and I could give a rat's ass --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I believe you need therapy.**

**MEGAN**
**Screw you --!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Regression therapy: To find your way back.**

**MEGAN**
**To where?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Your past lives.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy struggles to listen in as Officer Willitz drones.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**…but then you got to lean out real slow 'cause that tricky Nazi sniper is hiding in the conning tower.**

**She half-smiles and checks her watch.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Long ten minutes, huh? No worries. I get OT. Union looks out for us. Hey we got a potluck bowling banquet coming up. Maybe you'd like to come?**

**LACY**
**Can't that night.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**I didn't say which night.**

**LACY**
**I mean there's not going to be a banquet.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Says who?**

**LACY**
**The Governor. See, his receptionist is my cousin and she told me because of fiscal budget stuff, he's going to eliminate it.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**The banquet?**

**LACY**
**No, silly: The union. He says you cops have it too easy.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**That bastard. Wait 'til I tell the guys…**

**Willitz whips out his phone and stabs out a text. Lacy grins and goes back to her eavesdropping.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**PC SCREEN: moldering busts and thread-bare tapestries of Greek philosophers, Tibetan monks, Indian holy men.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**Plato and Socrates believed. So do Buddhists and Hindus.**

**PC SCREEN: images of an ancient mystical wheel of fortune.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**Past lives leave a mark. Call it destiny or coincidence or karma, it all comes down to the universal causal law: actions in the past determine our future.**

**He opens the drawer to reveal an oddly carved wooden box.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Few are aware of other lives, on other plains of existence. Fewer still have any lingering conscious memory of past acts.**

**Hanrahan removes the box and sets it down with respect.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**But you're different.**

**He opens the lid and takes out a thin, corroded chain.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**So let's cut to the chase.**

**The crystal on the chain sparkles in the eerie light.**

**MEGAN**
**Aw, and it's not even my birthday.**

**He studies the dangling crystal.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'm going to use this to take you back.**

**MEGAN**
**Hypnosis doesn't work on me.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Studies show the most skeptical go the deepest.**

**MEGAN**
**Then you may never get me back.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Just watch. And remember… remember…**

**She can't help but stare -- eyes transfixed by the crystal.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Your birth, life, death, and rebirth… all the things you've done… and all those you've done them to…**

**Refracted evening light dances on her face.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**The endless cycle… the eternal search… to learn… to grow… to find deep within us that place where God dwells --**

**MEGAN**
**Silence! Who drones on so?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's Dr. Hanrahan --**

**MEGAN**
**Doctor? I thought the last of you were laid with my father -- in the crypt?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'm here to help --**

**MEGAN**
**You come before me as a suppliant. You will therefore assume the position of a suppliant before this throne. Kneel.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**But I've got this meniscus --**

**MEGAN**
**On -- your -- knees!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**(lowers the crystal)**
**Wait a minute --**

**MEGAN**
**I asked it of Julius Caesar. I demand it of you!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**(checks his PC)**

You're Cleopatra?

MEGAN
Have you not eyes? I am the Nile! And "my breasts are full of love and life."

BOTH IN UNISON
"My hips are round and well apart --"

DR. HANRAHAN
Except you are not Cleopatra.
(refers to his PC screen)
You're Elizabeth Taylor in CLEOPATRA.

MEGAN
Snap. You got me. I own the Blu-Ray box set --

He springs up behind the desk like he's ready to throttle her. He opens the box and places the crystal within.

MEGAN
Told you it wouldn't work --

DR. HANRAHAN
We're done. I'll get that cop back in here. Take your chances with him.

MEGAN
So that's it? You shoot off some words about fate and rebirth that you could've got off the Internet five minutes before I walked in here and I'm supposed to trust you?

With difficulty, Hanrahan crosses to his shelves.

MEGAN
How do I know what you really want? You wouldn't be the first guy who tried to play me, you know. I wasn't born yesterday --

He slams down a heavy manuscript on the desk in front of her. Despite her icy front, she flinches.

DR. HANRAHAN
I told you: I know what I'm talking about.

**She goes to touch it -- her hand instinctively recoils. She reads the cover to herself: KARMIC HEALING & THE REINCARNATED**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That book manuscript contains more than three dozen cases.**

**MEGAN**
**Too bad nobody reads anymore.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That's why I'm also making a documentary.**

**He clicks. PC SCREEN: HD footage of one patient after another pops up in windows.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**I have extensive interviews with every one of these patients.**

**MEGAN**
**Nut jobs make good TV.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That's the weird thing.**

**PC SCREEN: footage of each patient comes to the foreground.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**We're talking about a vet and a minister, a nurse and an engineer, men and women, kids and seniors -- people from all walks of life with one thing in common.**

**PC SCREEN: snapshots, tintypes, woodcuts, daguerreotypes, old images of dark eyed faces long dead fill the screen.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**They have all been here before. And they are paying for it now.**

**He sits on the edge of the desk, earnestness on full tilt.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**I've taken all of these people through regression therapy: to learn and atone. I know the only way for you to get there -- and back -- safely is with a guide. But that means you need to learn to trust somebody.**

**His phone VIBRATES. He picks it up.**

**MEGAN**
**She really misses her daddy.**

**But THE TEXT IS FROM HAUSER.**

**WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT ON THE GIRL?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**She sure does…**

**He puts down the phone, looks at Megan and waits.**

**MEGAN**
**Fine -- I'll try you.**

**He texts back.**

**JUDGMENT PENDING…**

**Hanrahan takes out another box.**

**MEGAN**
**What this time: authentic dice from the original Dungeons and Dragons?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I wish it was "snark" repellent…**

**He opens the box: Reveals several large syringes and two large pharmaceutical bottles holding jade liquid.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**This is an approved hypnotherapeutic drug -- harmless and effective.**

**MEGAN**
**And you're allowed to give it to me?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**There's nothing on the consent form that says I can't. Besides it's easier to say sorry than ask permission.**

**MEGAN**
**Been there, still do that. What's in it?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Psilocybin -- a mushroom extract --**

**MEGAN**
**Been so there.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And other plant compounds like essence of salvia which mimic the effects of Diazepam and Paroxetine -- so it's all natural.**

**MEGAN**
**So are rat poison and uranium.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Don't worry. There's no uranium. Ha-ha. But to be safe, let's start with a half dose.**

**MEGAN**
**Hey, if you think I let just any guy stick a needle in my arm --**

**She puts out her arm.**

**MEGAN**
**You're right.**

**He swabs her arm.**

**MEGAN**
**What's it do?**

**He takes a syringe and draws jade liquid from the bottle.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**Facilitates regression by temporarily suppressing the physical senses and the conscious mind -- even a defensive one like yours.**

**He taps the needle, prepares to inject. She stops him.**

**MEGAN**
**Not so fast. I need to know you better before I let you put it in. Your precious moment of guilt: fork it over.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It was a high school basketball game.**

**MEGAN**
**Seriously? You became an alcoholic and wrecked your marriage -- over a game?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It was the state championship -- and I made a mistake. And I'm still paying.**

**MEGAN**
**Wow: so the worst day of your life was better than my best?**

**She offers her arm. He gives her the shot. Both are pros.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You're going to experience a semi-dream state: One where you are in the here and now, but also in another time and place -- as if playing a character in a video game, and seeing the world through their eyes --**

**MEGAN**
**A first person shooter -- got it.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Now please keep in mind this may be a little disconcerting. There will be thoughts and feelings coming to the surface that you might not expect, memories that are somewhat disturbing.**

**MEGAN**
**How long will it last?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Ten minutes.**

**MEGAN**
**Will I remember any of it after?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Not a word. But I am recording.**

**MEGAN**
**OK… I'm not feeling it.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Strange, it's usually instantaneous.**

**MEGAN**
**Yeah well you better check the expiration because -- O God.**

**She grips the chair. Her temples throb, the veins suddenly coursing. Her eyes bore into Hanrahan.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Contraindications include pain.**

**MEGAN'S POV: Hanrahan's face turns grotesque.**

**Tiny blood vessels in the whites of her eyes rupture. She grabs her head -- knocks a piece of pottery off the desk --**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Willitz hears it SHATTER. He jumps up, goes for the office. Lacy makes no effort to stop him.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Willitz bursts in, sees the vase, and Megan from the back, just sitting there.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**

**Everything kosher, doc? I was afraid maybe she…**

**Hanrahan stares daggers at the cop and Lacy.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**How many times have I told you --**

**LACY**
**I tried to stop him --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Never interrupt a session -- ever! Now Officer, if you really want to help: don't set foot in here again.**

**Lacy pulls Willitz from the room and shuts the door. Megan sits motionless, a ragdoll, the whites of her eyes RED. They dart about the room like they've never beheld such a place.**

**WHEN IN THIS STATE, MEGAN IS NO LONGER JUST A TEENAGER, BUT ALSO HER WORLD-WEARY "CORE SELF". GONE IS THE TEEN SLUMP. HER POSTURE IS MATURE, HER BEARING TIMELESS.**

**Hanrahan picks up the pieces of his precious ancient pot.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Megan?**

**MEGAN**
**Yes?**

**Her voice is smooth and calm like a dead lake.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Where are you?**

**MEGAN**
**In your office -- and another place…**

**A TINY INDISTINCT WAIL BEGINS**

**The light, the mood of the room somehow changes.**

**MEGAN**

**A room the size of this: Stone walls, dirt floor; wood smokes in the fire.**

**Megan stares at the corroded helmet on the credenza.**

**MEGAN**
**A baby cries: In the arms of a young woman.**

**ON THE HELMET: distorted and disturbing images of the soldier and his captain assaulting the young woman appear.**

**MEGAN**
**She pleads with a man, a soldier with a sword, my captain -- but he just laughs. His teeth, his eyes, gleam in the firelight; it's all you can see of his face because of the helmet. And he… he is raping her. I want to leave.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Soon. What's happening now?**

**She tears her eyes from the helmet and looks to the rusted sword in the case on the wall.**

**MEGAN**
**A man enters.**

**The dark glass reflects the ancient scene, out-of-focus.**

**MEGAN (O.S.)**
**A man enters. He's older, weak, like… my father. He has a club. But the captain cuts him down even as he rapes the daughter.**

**Megan stares, half terrified, half excited.**

**MEGAN**
**Now he looks to me. It's my turn with her. And I'm ready.**

**THE WAIL IS THE BABY'S CRY**

**MEGAN**

**She looks into my eyes… holds out her child… do what I want with her, she says… just please take my baby. And so I do. I take it… and… O God. I'm killing the baby. I AM KILLING THE BABY!**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Willitz hears, grabs for his weapon. Lacy shakes her head.**

**MEGAN (O.S.)**
**I'm killing the baby…**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan turns her wet eyes to Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**
**Now I turn to the young woman. Put my blade under her chin…**

**AN EERIE CAJOLING VOICE**

**Hanrahan now stares into the helmet. He sees something too.**

**MEGAN (O.S.)**
**And I prepare to… enter her.**

**ON THE HELMET: vague images of the slaughter reflected.**

**MEGAN (O.S.)**
**But before I can, her face, all slick with tears, juts forward -- onto my blade -- she cuts her own throat. But that doesn't stop me. I am an animal --**

**BLOOD CURDLING SOUNDS**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**OK, good -- let's take a break now -- stop… Megan…**

**MEGAN (O.S.)**
**I just want to stick it in and twist it… again and again --**

**Hanrahan grabs her by the arms.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

I said that's enough!

INT. RECEPTION AREA

This practically blows out Lacy's eardrum. She yanks out the ear bud just as Hanrahan rushes out on his crutches.

LACY
How's it going? Hey, you're not supposed to leave her alone --

He slams the door to the restroom.

OFFICER WILLITZ
What's the deal with that guy?

LACY
Sort of bends the rules -- a lot -- which is why Hauser uses him on certain cases.

OFFICER WILLITZ
Funny. Don't seem the rebel type.

LACY
But Dr. Wishy-Washy's got a whole other side. It freaks me out sometimes. Plus he's so broke he's doing some book on dead people coming back to make amends. The whole thing's too creepy. But you didn't hear it from me.

INT. RESTROOM

Hanrahan splashes cold water on his face. A fluorescent bulb buzzes as he stares in the mirror. Something trickles down from his hair. It's blood. Now from his nose… both nostrils… his eye sockets. Blood is seeping from every pore. His phone vibrates.

He checks. A TEXT FROM HAUSER:

WELL?

Hanrahan looks back in the mirror. He's normal again. He texts back:

**SHOWS SOCIOPATHIC AFFECT
WITH PSYCHOTIC EPISODES**

**TEXT FROM HAUSER:**

**IN PLAIN ENGLISH: COULD SHE MURDER?**

**Hanrahan texts back:**

**DEFINITELY**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Hanrahan hobbles out of the restroom toward his office.**

**LACY**
**How much longer?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Ten minutes.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Cha-ching.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan enters.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**OK Ms Maroni, next I'd like you to…**

**Her chair is empty. He turns. She holds the Zulu spear.**

**MEGAN**
**There's still blood on this *iklwa*. Now how do I even know it's called that?**

**She twirls it like a majorette's baton. Sweaty, out of breath, but alert and clear-eyed, SHE'S BACK TO HER TEEN SELF. Hanrahan limps to his chair.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Feeling OK? Dizzy, woozy? Any memory?**

**MEGAN**
**Not a thing. So was I a queen? Probably not: Everybody thinks they were royalty, right? So who was I?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**A soldier.**

**MEGAN**
**A dude? Kink. Did I have a spear?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**A sword.**

**MEGAN**
**I kill anybody?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**The key take-away from your regression is that I believe you met your converse: what is sometimes called the Other.**

**She stops spinning the spear. He cleans a syringe.**

**MEGAN**
**Go on.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Can't, it could influence your next time.**

**MEGAN**
**What next time?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Regression therapy involves multiple trips back to establish patterns and motivation through time.**

**MEGAN**
**What kind of patterns?**

**He opens a book with creepy ancient woodcuts representing life and death and rebirth and pushes it to her.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**Some believe we repeat our lives: Each one is a karmic opportunity to get things right. Undo the harm we've caused. And every time we come back we gravitate to the same people. Those we love. And those we hate. Like the Other.**

**She turns a page to a terrifying warrior and his victim.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Uncovering his true identity is the key.**

**MEGAN**
**To?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Unlocking your subconscious and learning the secret.**

**MEGAN**
**To?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**To everything: understanding, happiness. Perfect karma.**

**She puts out her arm for the needle.**

**MEGAN**
**Make it a double.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**There's a CLUNK from the office. Willitz's hand goes to his holster by instinct. Lacy shakes her head no as she listens in on her ear bud.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**The Zulu spear is stuck into the floor by Megan's feet.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Who are you now?**

**MEGAN**

**A woman; old, maybe thirty.**

**Hanrahan winces. Megan raises her hand.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What are you doing?**

**MEGAN**
**Waving to the fools below Assur.**

**Hanrahan does a quick search. ON THE PC: Images associated with ASSUR in ancient Assyria appear: weapons and warriors and pots and urns and cedars and olive groves overlooking a valley. These appear next to Megan's face on the screen. HER EYES BLOOD RED AGAIN.**

**MEGAN**
**I'm on the hillside overlooking my husband's land: It's brown and dried up, like him, but up here, among the cypress, it is cool and clean…**

**A BREEZE BLOWS**

**MEGAN**
**Except for his naked body.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Is he your father?**

**MEGAN**
**He is -- and has always been -- the Other.**

**ON THE PC: tombs and grave yards and desiccated bodies next to Megan's face.**

**MEGAN**
**His eyes like marble. His cold dead fat congealed on the prickly brown leaves.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You killed him?**

**MEGAN**
**Of course, you idiot: Thank the Gods it all worked perfectly.**

**Megan sees a small brown vial on the desk and picks it up.**

**MEGAN**
**I had spread a poison in my… most private of places.**

**Megan stares at the vial in her hand.**

**MEGAN**
**He took it into his mouth. And now I am finally rid of him.**

**ON THE PC: bas reliefs and frescoes of robed villagers, and an image of a disrobed woman basking in the sun.**

**MEGAN**
**The villagers come. I must put on my robes. They won't be suspicious. He was frail. Unlike my brother -- so lithe and young: at last we will be together unencumbered.**

**ON THE PC: painting of a young man lying with a woman. Megan picks up an old corroded piece of jewelry.**

**MEGAN**
**And here comes my late husband's mother. She must get what's coming to her. After all, it was her idea.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy fools with her own similar piece of costume jewelry as she listens on her ear bud. Willitz stares at his phone.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Holy cripes. Whoever killed her dad must be one sick dude. No wonder the CSI threw up. So what're you listening to?**
**(points at her ear buds)**
**Your music?**

**LACY**
**I like oldies.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**

**Me too! Classic country: Not those new people. Forget that. I like the real deal: Garth and Travis.**

**LACY**
**I read about them. They're gay, right?**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**What?**

**LACY**
**It's in one of those magazines. But that doesn't mean their music's bad.**

**His phone BUZZES. He checks it. She pulls an ear bud.**

**LACY**
**Hauser?**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Yeah. Just checking on the girl.**

**LACY**
**He on to something?**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**They found some partials at the scene. Detectives are following up. Can you imagine -- if it was your dad?**

**LACY**
**She was messed up way before that.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Probably, but still, who would even do that? It's horrible: Garth and Travis?**

**Willitz starts paging through the pile of office magazines. Lacy puts her ear bud back in.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Who are you now?**

**MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**I am a hunter… and now a priest. I am a slave, a seamstress, a cripple…**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan stares beyond Hanrahan, at the objects.**

**MEGAN**
**I am so many things yet always the same…**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**What do you mean?**

**MEGAN**
**Time and again the Other is my victim…**

**The mood turns evil.**

**MEGAN**
**Yet I am never satisfied. The world has made me like this.**

**ON THE PC: Megan stares, her red eyes empty. Beside her, images of fierce bygone battles, soldiers slaughtering one another and the innocents. People hanged, stabbed, burned, an endless collage of bloodletting.**

**MEGAN**
**It offers nothing of lasting satisfaction. The deeper I search to fill the emptiness the more I find damning proof that life is just a brutal endless cycle. And so I stand cold and alone in this stream of blood I've made. Until I meet her.**

**Her face breaks into a dreamy beaming smile.**

**MEGAN**
**My salvation.**

**Megan inhales, stands tall, shoulders broad.**

**MEGAN**
**I am Marcus of Vellaviorum -- head of the River Guild.**

**Hanrahan searches MARCUS OF VELLAVIORUM. ON THE PC: Maps, artifacts, ruins, INTER-CUT with Megan as she speaks.**

**MEGAN**
**I was born a waterman, but I've risen through the ranks to profit under the Romans. The river trade keeps their towns growing, their legions fed and I smooth the way -- quid pro quo. Some call me an opportunist. They're right. I am not above pilfering, and I have broken fingers -- and more -- to get what I want. After all, I am a businessman. You disapprove?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I don't judge.**

**MEGAN**
**Then you lie. But it's the way of Fortune's wheel. One will always be on top. Better it be me than you. That's what I tell Renne: a fisherman passing through the area -- extorting my customary bribe -- when I see his daughter.**

**BIRDSONG**

**MEGAN**
**She is a beauty. And I must have her.**

**Megan stares, her eyes on fire, her fingers unbuttoning.**

**MEGAN**
**I make assurances, apply the necessary pressures, and we are married. On our wedding night, I plan to take her my way. But she is a virgin and requests a different tack. I laugh in her face and exert my rights as a husband. But at the most delicate of moments I see her "point"…**

**Megan touches a frame holding a rusted ancient knife. She smiles, like her teen self. She seems torn between her two selves -- or are they blending?**

**MEGAN**

**She could gut me like a pike and dump my body in the river. It's what I would do in her place. But she doesn't. And in that moment, I see something new in this Godforsaken world: Mercy.**

**ON THE PC: idyllic scenes of central Gaul.**

**MEGAN (O.S.)**
**In that first year, I see her patience, her forgiveness, her strength of spirit. I am like a rock under gentle waves. The animal that lived for generations only to serve its appetite is slowly transformed. I grow to care about another. Then --**

**Megan smashes a bottle from the sill.**

**MEGAN**
**I lose her in childbirth. And my world cracks apart. The animal longs to taste hot blood. Then I see her… a baby girl. My child.**

**Megan holds a framed photo of Hanrahan with a baby.**

**MEGAN**
**She grows and so does something inside of me: a feeling never felt before.**

**ON THE PC: a lazy, breezy riverbank in summer.**

**SOUNDS OF NATURE**

**MEGAN**
**She is a toddler. We explore the reeds and the riverbanks and I teach her everything good and decent my wife taught me. Now she is grown -- the spit and image of her mother…**

**Megan returns to the ancient sword in the case. The glass reflects the silhouette of a man.**

**MEGAN**

**And that's when he finds me.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy leans in as she listens on her ear bud.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Your father -- I mean the Other.**

**MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**This time he is a Roman General -- en route to a new legion when the old river pilot points out my daughter. And the General wants her.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan scans the sword, every corrupted inch.**

**MEGAN**
**He makes assurances, applies the necessary pressures, and they are to be married.**

**DOWN ON THE STREET: A GARBAGE TRUCK ROLLS UP, PICKS UP TRASH, DROPS CANS, GRINDS GEARS as she speaks…**

**MEGAN**
**He is said to be brutal in bed as well as in war.**

**ON THE PC: bas relief of a Roman orgy.**

**MEGAN**
**I tell myself it will be good for her and my business -- but it's a lie.**

**Megan reaches for the frame that holds the ancient knife.**

**MEGAN**
**So as the priest says the final words I rise up to save my love --**

**Her fingernails drag on the glass.**

**MEGAN**

**But I am older, slow.**

**ON THE PC: marble statues of warriors hacking down a man.**

**MEGAN**
**They cut me down.**

**Megan touches her throat and crumples to her knees.**

**MEGAN**
**And the last thing I see is my child…**

**ON THE PC: timeless images of rape and pillage.**

**MEGAN**
**In the grip of my former victim.**

**Megan huddles against the metal desk.**

**MEGAN**
**And I taste fate's bitter vitriol for the first time.**

**Megan balls up her slender fingers into a white hot fist.**

**MEGAN**
**But this will not be the end of it. I swear.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And this begins the cycle of retribution, down through the ages. And that is why you murdered him, the Other: your father --**

**INTERCOM BUZZER**

**Hanrahan nearly jumps out of his skin.**

**LACY (OVER THE SPEAKER)**
**Your daughter's here.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Hanrahan hobbles in with a big smile.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Honey bunny!**

**They hug. MARY, 18, looks up at her dad. She has DOWN SYNDROME. She is cute, dirty blond, wears a pro soccer jersey over her tartan field hockey uniform.**

**MARY**
**You forgot me.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What? How could I?**

**MARY**
**Interesting patient?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**How'd you get here anyway? Where's your mother?**

**MARY**
**In the hall. And she's pissed.**

**He opens the door. His ex, JANIS, 50, narrow, stands by the elevators. Even silhouetted it's clear she's angry.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**DEFCON 3?**

**MARY**
**At least.**

**He gives her a fist bump and touches her cheek. She beams.**

**MARY**
**Don't forget.**

**She hands him a soccer jersey that matches her, same team.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Cool! I can use it as a tourniquet.**

**He hobbles away. Lacy watches.**

**LACY**
**Aw he looks so sad.**

**MARY**
**But she'll still chew his ass.**

**He hobbles down the hall toward Janis, pathos on full blast.**

**LACY**
**They were so happy -- before the letters.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**What letters?**

**LACY**
**Anonymous ones they each got saying the other was, you know, straying. Guess you could say that instigated it all. Such a sin.**

**MARY**
**We're going to the football game.**

**LACY**
**Aw, Sweetie -- sorry, but there's no football tonight.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**It's Wednesday.**

**MARY**
**Not American football: Football football. Is that gun for real?**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**You bet it is.**

**MARY**
**Can I get one?**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**No, they don't give these out to -- (catches himself) to just anyone.**

**MARY**
**OK.**

**She scrunches her face, gives Willitz the once over. Hanrahan's returns and mutters under his breath.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And they say karma's a bitch…**

**MARY**
**Chewed it good, huh?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Let's just say I'll stand the first half. Kickoff's not 'til eight so get comfy, honey bunny. There's a new Nat Geo --**

**MARY**
**Dad -- we can't be late!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'll only be ten minutes.**

**Hanrahan goes into his office. Mary grabs a remote and flips on the old TV and plops down on the worn lobby couch.**

**MARY**
**Have to be dumb to believe that.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan enters. His phone VIBRATES. A TEXT FROM HAUSER:**

**HOLD THE PHONE DOC…**

**WE MAY HAVE CAUGHT OUR FATHER KILLER…**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**(to himself)**
**What? No. What about the knife…**

**He types a hurried text and drops his phone. He struggles. It pains him but he picks it up. He goes to type, looks up. Megan holds the old rusted knife high over her head.**

**MEGAN**
**He murdered me in my sleep.**

**HER RED EYES FLASH. She plunges the rusted blade into Hanrahan's Naugahyde chair -- over and over.**

**MEGAN**

**So I killed him in the church.**

**Wary of the blade, Hanrahan tries to calm her --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's OK, Megan --**

**MEGAN**
**Then he burned them, to ashes, my parents, burned them in their bed!**

**Hanrahan reaches out to her --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You can stop now --**

**She points the knife at him.**

**MEGAN**
**So I took his precious children in the woods to see the unicorn --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Just give me the knife…**

**MEGAN**
**And I slaughtered… them… all…**

**Drained, she drops the knife. He leads her to her chair.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That's fine. That's good --**

**MEGAN**
**(grabs his lapels)**
**No! Don't you see? Each murder leads to an infinite number of more murders -- God, I must end this!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That's right, Megan. Sure you do. And that's why you killed your father.**

**MEGAN**
**What?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**Because your father was the Other, you said.**

**MEGAN**
**No. You said that.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Huh?**

**MEGAN**
**He was always there, yes -- but my father was not the Other.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Let me get this straight: you didn't kill your father?**

**MEGAN**
**Correct.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**But you hated him --**

**MEGAN**
**Of course -- I am a teenager. But now I realize there was more to it.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What do you mean?**

**MEGAN**
**I didn't want to come back here again.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Come back from where?**

**MEGAN**
**Where you go -- after.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**After what?**

**MEGAN**
**After life.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I don't understand.**

**MEGAN**
**It's a place like… like Black Friday.**

**Street lights make the bottles on the windowsill glisten, refracting colored light on the ceiling above.**

**MEGAN**
**And it's midnight. And you're outside. Waiting in line. With everybody else.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**For what?**

**MEGAN**
**To get what you came for. The thing you want most. And so there you are with everybody, talking like forever.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**About what?**

**MEGAN**
**Nothing. Everything. But what you don't realize at the time is that's the point.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**To talk?**

**MEGAN**
**No. To listen, to learn, to grow. To get ready.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**For?**

**MEGAN**
**The next time.**

**Megan marvels at the bottles, radiant liked stained glass.**

**MEGAN**
**Then finally you're let in. And you see.**

**Megan kneels before the bottles.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**What? You mean like… God?**

**MEGAN**
**And all the bad stuff you've ever done just comes pouring out. And you're forgiven.**

**She curls up, a contented child.**

**MEGAN**
**And you realize that's what you came here for. That's all you ever really wanted.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Sounds wonderful.**

**MEGAN**
**It was heaven.**

**She beams. Then sits up, tired but resolute.**

**MEGAN**
**But then I had to come back.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Why?**

**MEGAN**
**To end the cycle, once and for all.**

**Hanrahan pulls the bottle of Vicodan from his desk and pops one. She hands him a bottle of water. He takes a swig.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**OK, just so I'm clear: In past lives, you were a ruthless killer. You victimized your opposite, the Other, over and over, until he turned the tables on you. This began a cycle of revenge through time. Except the Other was not your father.**

**MEGAN**
**Right.**

**DR.HANRAHAN**
**But if he's not -- who is?**

**She carefully nudges the reincarnation manuscript.**

**MEGAN**
**Someone here…**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy listens on her ear bud with laser intensity. Willitz reads a text, shuts off his phone and stands.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Well I'm history. Hauser says I can take off. Just call the girl a taxi when they're done. Oh and hey -- thanks for the intel.**

**LACY**
**Hm?**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**You know: on the union buster.**

**LACY**
**Oh right.**

**OFFICER WILLITZ**
**Once word gets around, he'll get his.**
**(to Mary)**
**And you: stay away from firearms.**

**MARY**
**OK.**

**He whistles his tune as he exits. Lacy lets out a sigh.**

**LACY**
**Thank God, huh?**

**Lacy studies Mary. She holds up an array of nail polish.**

**LACY**
**Hey I bet you'd like your nails done. Pretty colors…**

**MARY**

**I like mine plain.**

**LACY**
**I got clear coat you won't even see.**

**MARY**
**Then why do it?**

**LACY**
**Because -- your daddy would like it.**

**Mary considers -- then crosses. Lacy takes her hand.**

**LACY**
**You have nice hands for, you know, with field hockey and all.**

**MARY**
**Thanks.**

**LACY**
**And strong!**

**MARY**
**From stick handling.**

**She unscrews the cap and slowly stirs the brush within.**

**LACY**
**You know your daddy really loves you, right? In spite of working late so much and all, and him and your mom not being together anymore, it's not a reflection on you.**

**She takes Mary's pinky. Mary watches the slick brushwork.**

**LACY**
**It's just some people, when they're disappointed by life, they get sad. And so they fight and leave and don't do what they promise -- but it's not your fault. I told your daddy that: I said God makes us all different -- and we just have to accept it, right?**

**Mary crinkles her nose.**

**LACY**
**It's OK, sweetie, you get used to the smell --**

**Mary withdraws her hand and walks back to her seat. Lacy shrugs, goes back to her own nails and her eavesdropping.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**ON THE PC: Megan's image next to a list of media files. Due to her double dose: SHE REMAINS IN A REGRESSED STATE. As he speaks, he rearranges images of patients, ancient weapons, iron maidens, Biblical lands, bodies ascending to the heavens.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**Fortunately we won't have to wade through a ton of transcripts because I record my sessions. Of course showing them to you would be both unethical and illegal -- if you were able to remember any of this -- which, thank God, you won't be -- so no nasty repercussions.**

**Hanrahan works his mouse.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Still the odds seem rather steep: that the Other is one of my patients?**

**Her bloodshot eyes stare through him.**

**MEGAN**
**You said it yourself: this is no coincidence. We are bound by invisible ropes. And they've led us here…**

**His phone VIBRATES. HAUSER HAS SENT HIM A PICTURE OF A DARK MAN AND A TEXT:**

**CSI CONFIRMS: WE GOT OUR KILLER**

**YOU CAN LET THE GIRL GO.**

**He looks up at Megan. He CLICKS. A quirky, middle-aged woman, MARGARET C. appears on another part of the screen. Megan and Hanrahan watch. Lacy listens on her ear buds.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**Go ahead Margaret.**

**MARGARET C. (ON TAPE)**
**OK, I suffer from sharp stabbing pains. Doctors, specialists -- nobody could find a reason. Then I discovered why…**

**Megan moves closer to the screen.**

**MARGARET C. (ON TAPE)**
**My mummification as a Pharaoh of Egypt.**

**Megan rolls her eyes. Hanrahan clicks. ANWAR H. appears.**

**ANWAR H. (ON TAPE)**
**I enjoy a profound attachment to Tutankhamen --**

**CLICK. A blue collar father, BILL P. appears.**

**BILL P. (ON TAPE)**
**My daughter has a thing about pyramids.**

**Hanrahan is about to click. Megan stops his hand.**

**BILL P. (ON TAPE)**
**And lately she's been saying things like "plumb" and "stone" and "chisel."**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**Impressive for a toddler.**

**Megan leans in and scrutinizes the screen.**

**BILL P. (ON TAPE)**
**Yeah and I'm like, "Where did you learn those words, honey?" and she says "Clovin". And I'm like "Who the hell's Clovin?" And she says the monk who took me in as an orphan.**

**Megan: next. CLICK. Elderly CHARLES M. appears.**

**CHARLES M. (ON TAPE)**
**The Jap torpedo ripped the hull. The ship is sinking. Black water gushes in. On the dark ceiling I see a small point of light -- it gets larger -- brighter --**

**Megan: no. CLICK. Young ALICIA S. appears.**

**ALICIA S. (ON TAPE)**
**I am pulled from my body. I become that light. Everything I've ever wanted to know is known, everything I've ever done is done --**

**Megan: no. CLICK. An angelic toddler, MANNY appears.**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**Manny, what happened with the new baby?**

**MANNY (ON TAPE)**
**I climb up on the crib.**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**Why?**

**MANNY (ON TAPE)**
**I need to know.**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**What Manny? What did you say to the baby?**

**MANNY (ON TAPE)**
**"Tell me what God looks like. I'm starting to forget. And then maybe I won't be naughty like before".**

**Megan wants another. CLICK. A small boy, JUSTIN appears.**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**What do you think makes you so sad, Justin?**

**JUSTIN (ON TAPE)**
**Being "big".**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**

**What do you mean?**

**JUSTIN (ON TAPE)**
**Daddy he took me to the store with the hammers. I tell him "I used that when I was big. I used a hammer."**

**Megan leans in close to the PC speaker.**

**HANRAHAN (ON TAPE)**
**And what did he say?**

**JUSTIN (ON TAPE)**
**He laughed. But then I tell him how I used it before -- to hurt the bad ladies. He didn't laugh anymore.**

**Megan nods and looks away. The footage of the boy freezes. MEGAN'S RECORDING CONTINUES.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**He's the one, the Other?**

**MEGAN**
**No.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**But you saw him?**

**MEGAN**
**No…**

**She picks up the old knife and looks up at Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**
**But I heard him.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**When?**

**MEGAN**
**At the beginning… middle… and end. This. Is. Dope --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I don't follow.**

**MEGAN**
**It's obvious now. Why I came here.**

**She removes his glasses and whispers in his ear.**

**MEGAN**
**The Other is you.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy spills red nail polish. She grabs at her ear bud.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)**
**Really: I'm your vengeful nemesis?**
**C-can I have my glasses back --?**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan wears his glasses to study his office.**

**MEGAN**
**Your office was the first clue. The objects were so compelling -- so strangely familiar. Now I know why:**

**She walks to the ancient sword in the glass case.**

**MEGAN**
**Each played a role in our story. Each was one of a thousand cuts. And now one of them will end the endless cycle --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'd rather you didn't. That's rare…**

**She uses the old knife to pry open the case. The myopic Hanrahan feels for the intercom.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Look, you've been through therapy so you may've heard of transference --**

**She takes out the sword like a lover's token, feels the heft and whiffs the fragments of leather on the handle.**

**MEGAN**
**"The process by which one unconsciously redirects feelings about something onto a new object -- often the therapist --"**

**He finds the intercom button but before he can push it --**

**SHE SPINS AROUND AND STRIKES WITH THE SWORD**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy grabs her ear in pain.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan has smashed his office phone with the sword.**

**MEGAN**
**You really want them here to see what happens next?**

**Sweat beading, he slowly loosens his tie.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**OK. Say somehow you're right: I am your enemy through the ages, this "Other". So what? I don't remember any of it. And even if I did, are we morally responsible for things we did in a prior life? Besides, the life we're living right now should be an opportunity to set things straight -- not seek vengeance --**

**MEGAN**
**Exactly what I'd expect you to say.**

**She brings the sword about. He slips off his tie.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What if you are not reincarnated at all? What if it's just hormones or the flu -- or a psychotic episode brought on by your father's death?**

**MEGAN**

**So you don't believe me?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What difference does it make what I think? I'm just a hack doctor with a special needs kid writing a half-baked book to pay his alimony --**

**She threatens with the sword. He bristles, eyes ablaze.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Fine, kill me. I'll just come back again and again -- and murder you.**

**She slips the blade under his chin.**

**MEGAN**
**No you won't. Look around. See these objects: it's all baggage. Yours.**
**He scans the office full of artifacts.**

**MEGAN**
**You held them, used them, killed with them. They stink with your guilt.**

**She moves the blade tighter against his throat.**

**MEGAN**
**And scarred your soul.**

**FLASHFORWARD: a hazy, surrealistic enactment of Megan slashing Hanrahan's throat with the sword and his spiritual energy "circuit" closing in the heavens.**

**MEGAN (VO)**
**I've learned from life to life, time to time: to touch such an object is to close its energy. That simple act allows us to pass on. To a different plane. A new life.**

**The dreamlike scene FADES TO WHITE.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Nirvana?**

**MEGAN**

**Oblivion. So there's no coming back.**
**Not in this life, not in any. Just dead.**

**She jabs. He dodges.**

**MEGAN**
**Along with your daughter.**

**He draws the tie tight around his hand.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Mary? Why --?**

**MEGAN**
**Because she helped you -- every damn time!**

**She smashes the blade on the desk in anger. He sees his chance -- grabs the blade with the hand wrapped in the tie and knocks her out cold with the other.**

**He picks up his bent glasses, puts them on. He looks down at her on the floor then at the rusted blade in his hand. He lifts it slowly above his head --**

**MARY (O.C.)**
**Daddy?**

**Mary stands in the doorway holding up her Smartphone.**

**MARY**
**They scored.**

**Hanrahan hovers with the upraised sword. Megan lays OUT OF SIGHT behind his desk.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**(quietly)**
**Gooooal...**

**He gives the sword a half-hearted wave then tosses it onto the couch. He grabs his crutch and hobbles over.**

**MARY**
**What happened to your glasses?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Nothing, honey --**

He starts to close the door on her.

MARY
What's going on, Daddy? Where's --?

LACY
Sorry -- tried to stop her. Everything OK?
(tries to peak)
I heard a bang --

DR. HANRAHAN
We made a breakthrough.

Mary stares past him now. Behind him, A SILHOUETTE LOOMS.

DR. HANRAHAN
Now you go back to the game and before you know it I'll… be…

He notices Mary's gaze, turns --

IT'S MEGAN: Hair wild, blood oozing from her nostril.

MEGAN
Got any aspirin?

DR. HANRAHAN
Sure…

He hobbles to his desk, glasses crooked, one eye over his shoulder. Megan rubs her eyes. SHE IS BACK TO NORMAL

MARY
Hi! How you been?

DR. HANRAHAN
That's my daughter, Mary.

MEGAN
Oh. You didn't tell me she was a soccer fan.

MARY
Dad's taking me to a game.

MEGAN
Yeah he's pretty boring all right.

MARY
Don't worry.
(leans in close and whispers)
He's a good man. See you.

Mary shuts the door. Megan manages a meager double take. Hanrahan doesn't notice. He gives her aspirin and water.

MEGAN
So what'd I say this time?

DR. HANRAHAN
Not too much.

He takes out a handkerchief, dabs the blood from her nose.

MEGAN
Really? No quirky bits, no spine tingling anything?

DR. HANRAHAN
Let's just say you turned a corner --

MEGAN
And what? Ran into a wall?
(grabs the bloody rag)
Enough bullshit! I want to know --

COMMOTION IN THE RECEPTION AREA

He opens the door. JANIS, his ex-wife, is right there.

DR. HANRAHAN
Excuse me.

He pulls the door to his office closed. Alone, Megan sits at the PC, riffles through patient files on the screen, and spots a FOOTAGE FILE LABELED: MARONI.

She clicks PLAY.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

AN ARGUMENT RAGES down the hall by the elevators.

JANIS
…you screw up and I have

DR. HANRAHAN
…and balancing the two is

**to deal with the mess you make. Do you have any idea what you do to her when you drop the friggin' ball?**

**something you have clearly never grasped because you're so totally and pathologically self-absorbed…**

**Mary sits with her fingers in her ears. Lacy listens from her desk, feigns working and hides a smirk.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan stares at herself on the screen, incredulous.**

**MEGAN (ON SCREEN)**
**…my child in the grip of my former victim. At last he has his revenge. And I taste fate's bitter vitriol for the first time. But this will not be the end. I swear.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Hanrahan struggles to crouch down to Mary's eye level.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You know I'm sorry, right?**

**MARY**
**OK.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**No it's not, honey. But the thing is: this patient, she could hurt somebody –**

**MARY**
**It's OK --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And if she did, and I could've stopped her --**

**MARY**
**No Daddy I mean she's not the one you need to watch out for --**

**JANIS (OFF CAMERA)**
**Mary!**

**Janis glares from the open elevator. Mary gives a hug, takes back his jersey, walks away into the elevator.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Hey remember to text me if they --**

**The doors close.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Score.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**ON THE PC SCREEN: footage fast forwards. Plays.**

**MEGAN**
**At the beginning… middle… and end. This. Is. Dope --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I don't follow.**

**MEGAN**
**It's obvious now. Why I came here.**

**Megan stares at herself on the screen.**

**MEGAN (FROM RECORDING)**
**The Other is you.**

**Her eyes go wide.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Hanrahan hobbles through, reaches his door, stops.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**How did she even find out? Never mind. I don't want to know --**

**LACY**
**Maybe your daughter texted her?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**And risk World War III? I doubt it.**

**LACY**
**Mary was very hurt, you know, by you.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**She told you that?**

**LACY**
**Just now, when I was doing her nails.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Still preoccupied Hanrahan pulls his office door closed.**

**IN A FLASH a full syringe is injected into his neck.**

**He clutches at the needle. Loses his crutch. Hits the floor hard. Megan locks the door. He yanks out the needle. Blood spurts. She walks around looking down on him as the effects kick in.**

**MEGAN**
**Your turn.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy continues to listen at the door.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan lies on the threadbare rug, eyes RED. LIKE MEGAN, HE WILL BE HIMSELF AND HIS "CORE SELF" SIMULTANEOUSLY. Megan sits juggling a couple of his precious objects.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What's happening to me?**

**MEGAN**
**You're going back -- all the way -- to where the cycle began.**

**Hanrahan stares into space.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Home…**

**MEGAN**
**And?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**There are men here. Soldiers. One is you.**

**MEGAN**
**"And how does that make you feel?"**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Cold. The floor is soaked in blood. Mine. I… I am the woman. Your victim. But this can't be true. These can't be my memories --**

**MEGAN**
**Whose are they then?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Yours -- you planted them.**

**MEGAN**
**Come on --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**The drug can make one susceptible --**

**MEGAN**
**Past. Present. Third eye. Look! See my face. Smell my sweat. Hear him.**

**LAUGHTER ECHOES**

**Hanrahan shudders. His eyes dart around the room.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Your captain…**

**He stares at the helmet on the credenza, the distorted scene plays out on it.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Laughing at what he did to my father… what you did…**

**(tears up)**
**To my baby…**

**Hanrahan reaches out for the long dead baby.**

**MEGAN**
**Some hallucination, huh?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**God I hate you! But I don't blame you. You are just somebody's beast --**

**MEGAN**
**Whatever, the thing is -- you remember.**

**Megan jumps off the desk and steps over him.**

**MEGAN**
**Just for yucks, zip ahead.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What?**

**MEGAN**
**Close your eyes and in your mind -- run!**

**His eyes snap shut, lids flutter wildly, like in a gale.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'm a farmer. And I see… Mary? And you.**

**Hanrahan shivers. His eyes brim with bitter tears.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And you… you want the ox -- then take it! Instead you take my scythe and… no, not my hands… not in front of her! Why? Why…**

**He turns to the windows and stares at his hands. Moonbeams through the bottles color them a sickly dark red.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Each time, our paths cross you make me suffer -- because I am weak, a born victim.**

**The bloody light paints his face.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I deserve it. But not Mary.**

**He pulls at his face, struggling to reshape it, pulling the skin taught to where his eyes bulge.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I need to change. To become -- what exactly? Dear God, help me!**

**He distorts his face painfully beyond all recognition.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Then I realize there is only one way to stop you --!**

**HE SCREAMS IN AGONY**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy listens at the door and nervously licks her lips.**

**DR. HANRAHAN (O.S.)**
**And that is to become you.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Megan backs away.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Only more so…**

**Hanrahan turns. His face is fine. But his cruel, world-weary expression is a carbon copy of Megan's.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**If you are dark, I will be darker. If you're wicked, I'll be sheer malevolence. And if you're a soldier I'll be an officer, a general…**

**WAR DRUMS**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**A Roman General: who discovers on a river in Gaul his arch nemesis: His Other. Who now finally has a weakness --**

**MEGAN**
**My daughter.**

**Hanrahan smiles, cold.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I am merciless: just like you taught me.**

**Megan steps on glass from the bottle she broke earlier. She picks up a large shard.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And at the wedding, you die knowing that your daughter will suffer at my hands --**

**Megan pounces, knees on his chest, the shard at his throat.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Please. It would be a blessing.**

**He raises his head, the shard cuts, blood spills.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Because tormenting her tortured me too!**

**He grabs her wrist. She drops the shard. He pulls her down. She struggles.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I can't… live with it… the weight of it all… and it's your fault. You made me a beast.**

**Hanrahan glares.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**A thing of evil --**

**He grabs her throat. She pushes hard and bites his hand.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Ahh! You little…**

**He adjusts his grip. She manages to pop his bad knee.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Jesus --!**

**He grabs his leg in pain. She breaks free, makes for the door -- fumbles to unlock it.**

**INT. RECEPTION AREA**

**Lacy backs away -- watches the door handle turn and shake.**

**INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE**

**Hanrahan yanks her back. He raises his crutch to strike. She kicks him in the groin.**

**He tumbles into the old shield on the wall. She yanks down a ball and chain. Swings. He blocks it with the shield.**

**She moves around him, twirling the ball and chain. She feints. He charges. She swings. Nails his good knee. He careens into her. She crashes into the desk head first.**

**He squirms in agony on the glass-strewn floor. She shakes her head. Blood streams down her face. She scans the wall.**

**He crawls through glass toward an old bayonet. She grabs at a half ax-half spear. It won't budge. Nailed down. She looks up. Pulls down a BASKETBALL TROPHY. He stretches his hand for the bayonet. Megan steps on it.**

**She raises the trophy to crush his skull.**

**A HAPPY BOY LAUGHS**

**She turns white.**

**MEGAN**
**O my God. It can't be… I can't… be…**

**She stares into the trophy.**

**DISTANT ARTILLERY**

**MEGAN**
**Eleven November -- late morning: sunlight burns the fog…**

**The last glimmer of sun touches the trophy as a distorted scene appears.**

**MEGAN**
**Sergeant sends me into No Man's Land to snatch a prisoner.**

**She picks up the bayonet.**

**MEGAN**
**Course he knows I don't take prisoners.**

**Megan circles "on patrol" as the vague scene plays out.**

**MEGAN**
**Once more I plod through the hell on earth we've made: the Godless spit of mud and blood and putrid flesh. But today is different: today something leads me on…**

**DISTANT ARTILLERY INCREASES WITH**

**KNOCKING AT THE DOOR**

**MEGAN**
**I see a pile of German corpses. One moves.**

**Hanrahan stares at the bayonet in Megan's hand.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I wake. I see you through the haze -- a Frenchman? No… a bloody limey…**

**DISTANT ARTILLERY DRAWS NEARER**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I'll get one. Clean. Shot.**

**Hanrahan raises his hand, aims his finger at Megan.**

**The door knob shakes and jiggles.**

**Megan waits to die. He pulls the "trigger".**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**But the pistol jams.**

**Megan grins, aims her "rifle" and pulls the trigger.**

**MEGAN**
**And so does my rifle.**

**She unsheathes the blade.**

**MEGAN**
**No bother.**

**EXPLOSIONS ROLL NEARER WITH**

**HEAVY KNOCKING**

**She approaches with the blade reflected in the trophy.**

**MEGAN**
**I am going to kill you, right now, as always, when I am struck by a thought: What are the chances of both guns jamming?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**That's when we hear it.**

**SIRENS, CHEERING BUILDS**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's the eleventh hour of the eleventh day. The War is over…**

**Megan looms over Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**
**But not for us.**

**She raises the bayonet.**

**DEAFENING ARTILLERY WITH**

**HEAVY BANGING ON THE DOOR**

**Hanrahan closes his eyes. Megan wavers.**

**MEGAN**
**But I can't do it.**

**She lowers the bayonet.**

**MEGAN**
**No. I won't.**

**She drops the bayonet.**

**MEGAN**
**For once: I -- will -- not. And this changes everything --**

**The door swings wide and bangs into the wall. Lacy stands there with the key.**

**LACY**
**I know, I know! Never interrupt a session -- no matter what. I so get that. But -- wow, what a mess -- but this, it's important: Hauser, he just called about her father's case -- they arrested a man for the murder --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I know.**

**MEGAN**
**What? You know --?**

**LACY**
**But there's more: it turns out the guy -- he's a killer for hire!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**A hit man -- hired by who?**

**LACY**
**(looks at Megan)**
**Her.**

**MEGAN**
**What? Bullshit.**

**LACY**
**Tell him yourself. Hauser's on his way -- with the police.**

**Megan snatches up the sword and points it at Lacy.**

**MEGAN**
**Don't move.**

**She runs past Lacy into the Reception Area. THE PHONE RINGS. She yanks it out of the wall and flings it. She locks the outer door and begins pushing the couch toward it. Though sweaty and drained, Hanrahan is himself again.**

**LACY**
**Holy -- what happened? Can you walk?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**No. It's my knee; I mean my other knee.**

**LACY**
**Told you she was trouble --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You what --?**

**MEGAN**
**I said go to the game --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You snapped your fingers at me --!**

**MEGAN**
**Quick, where's your cell?**

**He tosses her his cell. She pockets it as Megan returns.**

**LACY**
**He needs to see a doctor --**

**Megan brandishes the sword.**

**MEGAN**
**And you need to shut your trap.**

**Megan turns to Hanrahan, desperate.**

**MEGAN**
**Something happened in those trenches. And the endless cycle -- it ended --**

**LACY**
**Good. Hate to see this place if you --**

**MEGAN**
**Shut up!**
**(closes on Hanrahan)**
**Now you need to remember what's happened since. Between us. Time's running out!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I can't --**

**MEGAN**
**What about Panguma?**

**Megan points to artifacts from Africa from the Thirties.**

**MEGAN**
**In Sierra Leone: you came there in the rainy season, you were a doctor, from Paris; I joked about your moustache; you gave us malaria medicine. It saved my children.**

**She points to a ballet relic from the Sixties.**

**MEGAN**
**In Helsingborg: I was a diplomat, you were with the Bolshoi… I helped you defect. We fell in love…**

**LACY**
**Oh cheez.**

**MEGAN**
**And then there was… Highland Park.**

**LACY**
**Huh?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's where I grew up.**

**MEGAN**
**And this.**

**She points at the trophy like it's a sacred object.**

**MEGAN**
**It's from the game -- the state championship in High School.**

**LACY**
**Ooh. She can read a plaque --**

**MEGAN**
**It was the one where you missed the free throw. You never let it go, did you: The guilt?**

**FOCUS on Hanrahan.**

**ECHOES OF THAT GAME**

**MEGAN**
**And it would make sense -- if you'd lost. But you didn't.**

**FLASHBACK: grainy footage from the game.**

**MEGAN (VO)**
**You made the second free throw. The game went into overtime. You scored at the buzzer -- you won that game. You won.**

**Hanrahan hangs his head.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**So?**

**MEGAN**
**So you played in college, made it to the NBA. You should be proud. But you're not -- why?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I can't --**

**MEGAN**

**Tell me!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Shut up or I swear --**

**MEGAN**
**That's it. I'm sure of it now --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You know nothing!**

**MEGAN**
**I know mothers want what's best for their kids --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I wasn't there for her! I was at the game -- instead of where I belonged: by her side in the hospital --**

**MEGAN**
**But she made you go --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Yeah -- because she could read me. She knew deep down I couldn't stand it, seeing her that way. I didn't even have enough courage to… I couldn't --**

**Hanrahan turns away -- then looks back into her eyes with an almost creepy grin.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Wow. You almost had me there. You're good. But you're not that --**

**MEGAN**
**"Must be hard to leave your pity party?" That's what she'd say, isn't it? Then she'd stick out her chin and say "shape up, Michael Patrick -- you have got a daughter who needs you."**

**Hanrahan shakes his head.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**And how could she know that?**

**MEGAN**
**Same way she knew you graduated, got married --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**What are you saying?**

**MEGAN**
**Your mother's been there for you -- always.**

**LACY**
**"And she's proud of you, Michael, so proud." Don't you see what this chick's up to? Next she'll be saying your mom was cheering you on at the big game.**

**MEGAN**
**Why wouldn't she?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Because she went into the hospital and never came out.**

**MEGAN**
**What time was it? When you took that first foul shot?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**9:59 -- the exact time she died.**

**MEGAN**
**And you missed. But you try to brush it off, get set to take the next shot -- the biggest of your life --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**And I throw a "brick".**

**MEGAN**
**Yes. It clangs high off the front of the rim -- but somehow… the ball goes in.**

**A GHOSTLY CROWD ROARS**

**Megan kneels before Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**
**And that "somehow" was your mother.**

**Hanrahan reels at the prospect.**

**LACY**
**Wow. We get lots of, what do you call them: sociopaths? But this one --?**

**MEGAN**
**O my God! Look!**

**Megan points. Lacy turns. She peaks outside to see. Megan shoves her out of the office and locks the door.**

**MEGAN**
**Your mother had faith.**

**She picks up Lacy's key and turns to Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**
**So should you.**

**POUNDING ON THE DOOR**

**LACY (O.S.)**
**Don't listen to that liar --!**

**MEGAN**
**You know the truth, Michael. You just need to remember it --**

**Hanrahan stares at Megan.**

**LACY (O.S.)**
**Remember she is a heartless BSing bitch who might have murdered her own father and is now feeding you some New Age Karmic Kool-Aid that you ain't in no way going to swallow --**

**MEGAN**
**There's something else, isn't there?**

**LACY (O.S.)**

**Don't let this freak twist you around her little finger --!**

**MEGAN**
**Deep down -- the real reason I had to come back. Think -- to when it all started.**

**Megan approaches Hanrahan with the sword.**

**MEGAN**
**We're in the room. I am the soldier, you are the young woman. Why do I attack you?**

**LACY (O.S.)**
**Because that's what monsters do --**

**MEGAN**
**No. What did you say? Why did I do it?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Because you're a… a beast --**
**MEGAN**
**No you said "somebody's beast." Whose?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Your Captain --**

**CRASH**

**The door nearly flies off its hinges. Lacy stands in the jamb holding a fire extinguisher. But Megan keeps her at bay with the sword.**

**MEGAN**
**Time after time, we clash, and every time somebody else is there. The Captain who encourages the rape, the mother who plans her son's murder, the river pilot who points out my daughter, the Sergeant who sends me out for a prisoner -- along with a thousand other mischief makers…**

**Megan comes in close to Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**

**Don't you see? They are all one in the same person: The Instigator.**

**LACY**
**Seriously: She dreams up this whole elaborate fantasy and the best she can do is "the Instigator"?**

**MEGAN**
**It's what he does -- what he's always done: pitting one against the other.**

**As Megan talks to Hanrahan, Lacy sneaks out the cell phone…**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You mean like a prankster?**

**MEGAN**
**More like a leech -- feeding on blood karma -- conflict, turmoil, guilt. And we always oblige: like puppets. And it has to end. That's why I came back: to find him and to --**

**Megan grabs Lacy -- she drops the cell phone.**

**MEGAN**
**What are you doing?**

**LACY**
**Nothing -- just… it's his phone. There was a text from Mary…**

**She grabs Lacy by the hair.**

**LACY**
**OK, it was Hauser. He'll be here any sec!**

**MEGAN**
**Damn it!**

**Megan lets her go and kicks the cell phone across the room.**

**LACY**
**And there's more: She's not who she claims to be. Megan Maroni doesn't exist.**

**Hanrahan looks to Megan. She can't look at him.**

**MEGAN**
**They changed my name because of my juvenile record --**

**LACY**
**Because of its "disturbing nature" --**

**MEGAN**
**Teens do stupid things.**
**(to Hanrahan)**
**But now I know I'm supposed to be here: to stop the Instigator before you and Mary get hurt. Again.**

**LACY**
**That's rich! She spits in your face, cracks open your knee and now she says she's here to protect you?**

**MEGAN**
**Yes.**

**LACY**
**I'm sure when Hauser hears her story he'll have a good giggle right before he tosses her psychotic ass in jail.**

**MEGAN**
**Better hope not, Cupcake. You've got skin in this game too.**

**LACY**
**Come again --?**

**MEGAN**
**You think it's a coincidence you're here? For generations, this SOB has been hurting you too.**

**LACY**
**Yeah, right --**

**MEGAN**

**And he'll hit again. He has to. He's an addict.**

**LACY**
**So what's your battle plan, huh? You going to hunt him down, trap him? How you going to find this guy? Or know if you do? You don't even know what he looks like. How could you, right?**
**(to Hanrahan)**
**He could be anybody: your uncle, your old dentist, your best friend, your --**

**MEGAN**
**Receptionist.**

**Megan stares at Lacy as if for the first time.**

**LACY**
**I think she's having a stroke…**

**Megan sticks the blade under Lacy's chin.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Megan --!**
**MEGAN**
**Think: how's your life been -- since she's been in it?**

**Hanrahan opens his desk drawer.**

**MEGAN**
**Little frictions, misunderstandings, rumors?**

**Hanrahan pulls out dog-eared letters.**

**MEGAN**
**Letters. And how'd I wind up here?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Hauser asked me to diagnose you --**

**MEGAN**
**No. She called him. Hauser told me. Said it was your idea I come here.**

**LACY**
**It's just another lie --**

**MEGAN**
**And then there's my father.**

**LACY**
**So now I killed him?**

**MEGAN**
**No. Some lowlife did it for you.**

**LACY**
**This is stupid --**

**MEGAN**
**Look at her. I accuse her of murder and is she worried, scared? Or is that the face of an addict getting her fix?**

**Hanrahan studies Lacy.**

**LACY**
**Holy crap! Use your doctor brain. If there's an instigator here -- it's her!**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Did you write them?**

**LACY**
**What? Why would you even --?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Did you write those damned letters?**

**LACY**
**Now you're scaring me.**

**Megan moves toward Lacy.**

**LACY**
**OK, fine! Say I was this instigator person. Is that what you want to hear? What if I'm sorry?**

**MEGAN**

**She's not.**

**LACY**
**What if I promise never to do it again?**

**MEGAN**
**She can't.**

**Megan points the sword.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Megan --**

**MEGAN**
**This has to end once and for all --**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**There's no proof --**

**MEGAN**
**And if she gets her claws into Mary?**

**He goes to speak. Nothing.**

**LACY**
**Boss?**

**Megan turns on Lacy with the sword.**

**LACY**
**OK, if I am him -- and you kill me -- I'll come back again, right?**

**Lacy turns cold as ice.**

**LACY**
**I might be an adorable little child next time -- maybe even your own. And one day when you least expect it, I would make you pay. I'd make you burn.**

**Megan looks back at Hanrahan.**

**MEGAN**
**There. How much more proof do you --?**

**Megan winces, looks down.**

**LACY HAS JAMMED THE BAYONET INTO MEGAN'S SIDE**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Lacy --!**

**Megan drops the sword.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**O my God! Megan…?**

**Lacy gives the bayonet a mean twist and yanks it out. She falls into Hanrahan.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Sweet Jesus --**

**Hanrahan pulls off his jacket and balls it up.**

**LACY**
**She was going to kill me. It's self defense. You saw. Damn it, you saw!**

**He presses it against Megan's wound.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Megan? Keep calm, OK? Just breathe.**

**Lacy stares holding the bloody bayonet.**

**LACY**
**He's great at that, isn't he? The calm, cool, collected thing: especially with the girls --**

**He's up, in her face, chest against the blade.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Call 911 -- now!**

**LACY**
**He likes impressing them with big words and stuff. And then acting like he's not interested. I've heard them swoon and do the silly laugh.**

**He touches her bloody hand with a doctor's gentleness.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Listen to me. You're in shock.**

**Lacy yanks the bloody bayonet clear of his reach.**

**LACY**
**Then things get real quiet and I never interrupt because, you know, it's a session.**

**A DISTANT POLICE SIREN APPROACHES**

**LACY**
**That's why he didn't tell you they caught the guy who murdered your old man. He wanted you --**

**He steps closer.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**It's not true --**

**She sticks the blade under his chin.**

**LACY**
**Hauser will confirm every word.**

**THE POLICE SIREN APPROACHES… AND IT PASSES**

**MEGAN**
**Hauser's not coming. He never was.**

**Hanrahan reaches out for his phone.**

**LACY**
**What -- you want to see if I really called 911? I'm a liar? So I wrote the letters too, huh?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**I just want to text my daughter.**

**She taunts with the bayonet.**

**LACY**

**Now who's lying --?**

**Hanrahan grabs her down. A bloody, sweaty struggle for the bayonet ensues. Lacy bites and claws and comes out on top.**

**LACY**
**Her I get. But you?**

**Lacy tears up. Her lip quivers like a child.**

**LACY**
**I was there: through the drinking, your marriage, Mary. I stood by you.**
**(tears flow)**

**MEGAN**
**That's pathetic. Why can't you just admit what you are? Oh right: addicts always hide the truth -- even from themselves --**

**Lacy plunges the bayonet at Megan's face. Hanrahan blocks it -- just. They struggle. An inch more and Megan dies. But her hand manages to find the phone in Lacy's pocket.**

**DISPATCHER (OVER PHONE)**
**Nine-one-one dispatcher, what is your emergency?**

**Lacy frantically snatches the phone, and steps away.**

**LACY**
**Hello? Yes! Someone's in my house! One seventeen East Pine, the brick house. Please hur --!**

**She ends the call and snatches up the sword.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Lacy, why --**

**She hacks the phone to pieces.**

**LACY**
**Weren't you listening? It's what I do!**

**Hanrahan checks Megan's wound.**

**MEGAN**
**She stumbled on his website, saw my picture. And something clicked.**

**Lacy circles with the sword, drinking in the fear.**

**MEGAN**
**Thanks to Hauser she had her pick of creep suspects, hooked one, and had him kill my father to get to me, to us --**

**LACY**
**I would've enjoyed sticking it in myself and giving it that little twist. And FYI -- I am no addict. I just like it is all. Crisis works for me. Every time.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**You won't fool the police --**

**She swings the sword. MEGAN BLOCKS IT with the Zulu spear. Lacy and Megan struggle, sword against spear.**

**LACY**
**She attacks, you defend, both croak. I enter, call cops, the end.**

**Lacy swings. The spear flies across the room.**

**LACY**
**Simpletons fall for simple stories as long as there's enough blood --**

**Lacy plunges the sword at Hanrahan. Megan intercepts it -- WITH HER BODY**

**Its bloody point sticks out her back -- inches from Hanrahan. Lacy tries to push, to pull -- but Megan has it by the hilt with both hands. Lacy strains, her sweat drips on the blade.**

**KNOCKING ON THE OUTER DOOR**

**LACY**
**What --?**

**DR. HANRAHAN**

**It's the police --**

**LACY**
**No --**

**HEAVY KNOCKING**

**LACY**
**They're not coming, they're not coming!**

**Lacy backs off. Megan points at the sword transfixing her.**

**MEGAN**
**Remember what goes around…**

**Lacy scrambles to get away behind the desk.**

**Megan collapses. Hanrahan catches her.**

**BANGING ON THE OUTER DOOR**

**Lacy hoists the desk chair. SMASHES IT through the window. Colored glass flies, wind scatters papers. Lacy climbs up.**

**BANG**

**The outer door cracks. Lacy glances back and grins.**

**LACY**
**See you next time, Hanra…**

**She winces. The Zulu spear sticks out of her back -- thrown by Hanrahan. For a brief moment: Karmic sparks fly as the circuit is complete. She tumbles out the window.**

**EXT. HANRAHAN'S BUILDING**

**From ten stories, Lacy comes crashing down into a dumpster.**

**INT. HANRAHAN'S OFFICE**

**BANG**

**A silhouetted figure smashes through the door with a fire ax. Janis screams from the hall.**

**JANIS**
**My God -- what are you doing? Mary!**

**Mary steps into the light like an avenging angel.**

**MARY**
**Dad, I texted. You didn't text back.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**Sorry, honey bunny.**

**MARY**
**OK.**

**Mary walks up and looks at Megan lying in his arms.**

**MARY**
**I love you.**

**MEGAN**
**And I love you.**
**(to Hanrahan)**
**I'm glad you were here with me this time.**

**DR. HANRAHAN**
**(cries)**
**Me too… Mom.**

**MEGAN**
**I am so proud of you. Always remember that, Michael Patrick… always…**
**(her eyes widen)**
**Oh look how beautiful…**

**MEGAN'S POV: The fluorescents rim Mary like a halo.**

**ALL GOES WHITE**

**IN THE OFFICE, MOMENTS LATER**

**Janis opens the door. The light from the hall reveals a dark tableau: broken glass, shattered relics; Michael cradles Megan's bloody body; Mary stands beside him with the ax.**

**Janis opens her mouth to scream…**

**SIRENS**

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING**

**Police cars screech to a halt. Their flashing lights make ten thousand strewn shards of colored glass glitter.**

**A trash truck lifts the dumpster. The contents -- including Lacy's body -- tumble into the back of the truck. The dumpster drops back to the pavement with a CRASH.**

**A trickle of blood oozes down over a stenciled notice on the corner of the metal bin: TRASH - NO RECYCLING**

**FADE OUT.**