

RATCHED

"PILOT"

WRITTEN BY

EVAN ROMANSKY

1 INT. 1945 CADILLAC -- DAY 1

MOANING. PANTING BREATHS. A MAN'S face buried into a BLONDE WOMAN's neck, suckling as she purses her pouty red lips. Her fingernails dig into the sweaty, swollen muscles of the burly man. *

2 EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY 2

We now see their 1945 CADILLAC. Their hands pressed against the fogged windows. PULL BACK to a 1940 PACKARD, sitting no more than fifty feet from the Cadillac.

3 INT. PACKARD -- DAY 3

We see the back of a woman. Watching. REVEAL MILDRED RATCHED, observing the couple with both unwavering interest and disgust. KNOCK, KNOCK. *

SUPER: Northern California, 1947.

An ATTENDANT (20's) stands outside of the passenger window. She cranks it down. *

ATTENDANT

Here's that map you asked for,
Ma'am.

Mildred unfurls a map of *Northern California*. She notices the Attendant gawking at the car with the sexual couple. Mildred clocks the CROSS hanging around his neck. Still gawking:

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

May I ask why you're headed to Yontocket? Not much more up there other than a few negro farms and a nuthouse.

MILDRED

That question seems a little personal, now, doesn't it?

ATTENDANT

Well, I'm sorry Ma'am. Didn't mean to make you uncomfortable.

MILDRED

I didn't say I was *uncomfortable*. I said the question was personal.

(then)

I see you consider yourself a Christian, yet here you are lusting at the immoral fornication happening on your own property.

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

The Attendant looks completely confused.

ATTENDANT

Immoral what?

MILDRED

Clearly, your tumescence has distracted you, sir. I recall asking for today's local papers...

ATTENDANT

Oh, sorry. Here you go.

He hands over Big Sur Sentinel, the Monterey Gazette, the Eureka Post. She scans the headlines: *Psycho Slashes Four Priests!; Clergy Killer Nutso?; Priest Murderer Headed to Yontocket*. Each runs the perp photo of EDMUND with a dead-eyed stare. She holds on an image from the crime scene -- policemen stand around an enormous pool of blood staining a rectory bedroom.

*
*
*
*
*
*

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(re: the headlines)

It's big news around here. Everybody's up in arms -- fella cuts up a bunch of priests and they ship him up to Yontocket? Hey, that's where you're headed -- you aren't sort of journalist or something, are you?

*

MILDRED

You should bathe more often. Your nails are filthy.

She coolly shifts the Packard into gear and PULLS OUT.

4

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

4

Mildred's Packard travels down the picturesque mountain road sidling the Pacific Ocean. She speeds past a sign: *Yontocket City Limits: Pop. 985*.

*
*

5

INT. SEALIGHT INN, RECEPTION DESK -- DAY

5

Mildred walks in, no one is in sight. She RINGS the bell for service. Waits impatiently before she RINGS the bell again. The manager, LOUISE (60's) -- acerbic and ornery, a faded jazz baby with a Clara Bow bob -- shuffles out of the back office, not thrilled with the prospect of having to work.

*
*
*
*

LOUISE

What do I owe the pleasure?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

MILDRED

I have a reservation. I took the
trouble to phone in advance.

*
*

Eyeing her, Louise slings open her ledger as she scans it.

LOUISE

What's the name on the reservation?

MILDRED

Ratched. Mildred Ratched.

*

6 EXT. SEALIGHT INN -- DAY

6

Louise leads Mildred past various rooms, each one filled with
BUSTLING RESIDENTS who appear to be Reporters, changing out
camera bulbs. Louise notices Mildred staring.

LOUISE

Vultures, all of them. The San
Francisco Chronicle is offering
five thousand dollars to whoever
gets the first shot of the Clergy
Killer. You're not a vulture are
you?

MILDRED

No Ma'am. I'm a nurse.

Louise studies Mildred as she struggles to fit the key into
the doorknob.

LOUISE

Ice machine's at the end of the
breezeway, but I'll tell you right
now, we provide that machine as a
courtesy, so I wouldn't *abuse that*
privilege if I were you. I pay *VERY*
CLOSE ATTENTION to how much ice is
in that machine at any given time --

MILDRED

(cutting her off)

Can I offer you help with that key?
Rheumatism can make even the
simplest task so very painful.

Louise glares and unlocks the door.

LOUISE

Not much to look at but we got a
phone in the office. Local calls
are a nickel, long distance will
cost you two dollars a minute.

Mildred stares at the cramped room filled with furniture
that's about ten years past its prime.

MILDRED

Thank you.

She looks past Louise to see a SMOKING GENTLEMAN in a wife
beater and slacks standing outside, a few rooms down. He
stares back at her. Louise clocks it, and can't help herself.

LOUISE

And just so you *KNOW*. If you happen
to have any gentleman callers? I'm
going to know about it. And I do
NOT run a house of ill-repute, do
you understand me?

MILDRED

I wouldn't dare besmirch the
reputation of such an august
establishment.

Louise glares at her. Mildred watches her go, then walks into
the room and shuts the door.

INT. MILDRED'S ROOM -- DAY

Mildred unzips her suitcase. She carefully empties the
contents with precision, placing her drab colored utility
clothes neatly in her drawers. She is wearing a worn ratty
robe. The plainness of it gives us a visual of the true
Mildred. She unpacks strange totems: ten bottles of perfume,
all different scents to summon moods and personalities; a sad
childhood corncob doll.

*
*
*
*
*

Mildred sits at her vanity, smears her face with cheap cold
cream, wipes off all vestiges of makeup to assure a fresh
canvas. She has pinned newspaper articles around the vanity,
all pertaining to the Clergy Killer.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

She's clearly done her research. Sections of articles are circled and highlighted like: "Will be evaluated at Lucia State Mental Hospital" and "Under the supervision of Dr. Richard Hanover."

*

Face clean, Mildred begins to carefully apply makeup, to make herself more glamorous...another person. That complete, she moves to her suitcase, pulls out a bold very beautiful MARIGOLD jacket and dress. As she stares at it, we MATCH CUT TO:

*
*
*
*
*

A8

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

A8

*

The exact OUTFIT on a MANNEQUIN complete with hat. Mildred, plain as a wren and carrying a carpetbag purse, stares at it, concocting a plan.

*
*
*

B8

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- FITTING ROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

B8

*

Mildred has taken in several outfits to try on. With great haste, grifter Mildred tears off the tags of the marigold getup and shoves it in her bag, shoplifting it.

*
*
*

C8

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

C8

*

Mildred exits, hoping not to be caught and very good at being invisible. She passes a cosmetics counter, and at the very last second SNATCHES a bottle of perfume.

*
*
*

D8

INT. MILDRED'S ROOM -- DAY

D8

*

A magazine glamour picture of BARBARA STANWYCK has been opened on the vanity. Stanwyck is wearing a jaunty hat, the vision of respectability and glamour. Mildred studies the picture, trying to get her stolen hat to sit on her head at the same pitch as Stanwyck. Beat. It's working. She raises the recently stolen bottle of perfume, gives herself a spritz.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

*

8 EXT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- DAY 8

Mildred's Packard crawls up the hillside and toward the prominent stone facility perched on top of the cliff. As she nears the entrance, she notices CAR after CAR parked along the side of the road, REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS camped out. Waiting. PRO-DEATH PENALTY PROTESTORS CHANT across the way from ANTI-DEATH PENALTY PROTESTORS.

9 INT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- DAY 9

Mildred walks into the grandiose foyer.

HUCK (O.S.)
Excuse me, Ma'am.

Mildred steps aside as a good looking orderly HUCK (20's) pushes a HAITIAN WOMAN in a wheelchair as she speaks in indecipherable tongues. Huck smiles and tips his cap to her.

HUCK (CONT'D)
Have a nice day.

Where we now see the other side of his face. Badly scarred and kept together by terrifying ill-fitting skin grafts.

10 INT. NURSE'S STATION -- LOBBY -- DAY 10

A voluptuous nurse, DOLLY (30's), lips plastered in red lipstick with a revealing bust to match -- sits. Mildred walks up but goes unnoticed as Dolly gossips with another NURSE. Mildred clears her throat, getting Dolly's attention.

DOLLY
Can I help you?

MILDRED
I'm here to speak with Dr. Hanover.

DOLLY
I'm sorry, darlin', he's not talking to the press. *

MILDRED
I'm not press. I'm the new night shift nurse. Dr. Hanover hasn't *technically* hired me yet, but I'm supposed to have a formal interview with him at eleven.

She slides across a LETTER as Dolly reads over it.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
As this letter clearly states.

(CONTINUED)

DOLLY

One second, please. Let me find a nurse.

*
*

MILDRED

I'm sorry -- aren't you a nurse?

*
*

DOLLY

Me? No. A nurse trainee. I'm not registered yet, but I hope to be in a few years. I feel so *blessed* to have found a vocation, ya know? I admire nurses more than *anything* -- they really are God's *angels*...

*
*
*
*
*
*

MILDRED

Yes, yes we are.

*
*

Mildred watches as Dolly goes.

*

RAPID DISTRESSED ITALIAN. We see FOUR BOARD MEMBERS, including NURSE BETSY BUCKET (50's) sitting across from a weeping DARIO SALVATORE (30's), tears streaming down his face and FATHER MURPHY (60's), both in drab-colored one pieces designated for patients.

*

FATHER MURPHY

Mr. Salvatore is urging the board to consider him for weekend furlough. His brother is gravely ill with influenza and doctors are unsure how much longer he has.

NURSE BUCKET

I'm just curious as to why would Mr. Salvatore's brother want to see someone who he himself committed to this institution and is described in a police report as having...

(refers to file)

*

"Entered the Woolworth's with his trousers around his ankles, weeping uncontrollably and pinching his virile member with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand..."

FATHER MURPHY

Dr. Hanover has diagnosed Mr. Salvatore with Exhibitionistic Disorder, a condition which is *rarely* associated with any sort of violence whatsoever...

Dario taps Father Murphy on the shoulder. To the board, in pidgin English, clarifying:

DARIO

I no do dis "*pinching*", I am
"*esstroking*" --

He pinches his fingers together, an inch apart and makes a tiny stroking gesture.

DARIO (CONT'D)

I have a -- how you say --
(to Fr. Murphy)
Io ho pisello. E chiaro?

FATHER MURPHY

I see.
(to the board)
Mr. Salvatore wishes to stress that he has a -- a very *small* penis. I'm not *quite* sure why he felt that needed clarification --
(to Dario)
Intendi dire che è, quindi, meno offensivo?

NURSE BUCKET

Okay, we've all heard *quite* enough. *

FATHER MURPHY

Please. As a man of God, I've spent *many* hours with Mr. Salvatore --

NURSE BUCKET

If Mr. Salvatore wants the board to *seriously* consider a furlough, he must continue with Dr. Hanover's regimen of colonics, attend group therapy three times daily and he must --
(pointed)
-- *TAKE HIS SALTPETER TABLETS AS PRESCRIBED*, am I understood? We'll make a final decision at the end of the week. *

Dolly enters. *

DOLLY

Nurse Bucket? You're needed at Nurse's Station One. *

12

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

12

Mildred sits in the lobby, watching HUCK and an ORDERLY wheel patients into the Solarium. It's a peaceful, almost other-worldly tableau. Then, a VOICE pierces her reverie. *

NURSE BUCKET (O.S.)
Where did you get this?

She looks up to find Nurse Bucket standing over her, holding up the letter. *

MILDRED
You must be the head nurse.
(offering her hand)
Mildred Ratched.

NURSE BUCKET
(not taking it)
I didn't ask what your name was.
Where. Did you get. The letter?

MILDRED
Why, it was sent to me. If not by Dr. Hanover himself, perhaps by someone within his office?

NURSE BUCKET
That's where I'm confused. There is no one in his office except for Dr. Hanover and myself. I didn't send this, and I can assure you this isn't Dr. Hanover's signature.

She hands the letter back. Mildred takes it, mystified.

MILDRED
WELL. Signs and wonders.
(then, buttery)
I have come *quite* a long way and would *just* like to speak with him.

NURSE BUCKET
Dr. Hanover's out of the office until later this afternoon. If you'd like to leave a number where you can be reached...

MILDRED
If you don't mind, I'd prefer to wait here.

NURSE BUCKET
He'll be gone for some time.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MILDRED

You said he'd return in the afternoon.

NURSE BUCKET

It could be longer.

*

MILDRED

Well, then, it could be *shorter*.

(with a smile)

By your own flimsy logic.

She flits over to a chair and sits.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I truly don't mind waiting. I have nowhere else to be.

Nurse Bucket stares at Mildred, confused.

*

NURSE BUCKET

Very well.

And walks back into --

13 INT. NURSE'S STATION #1 -- DAY

13

Where she takes her place behind Dolly. Perturbed:

NURSE BUCKET

Where is Amelia? She's leading group in ten minutes.

Both of their eyes fall back upon Mildred, who sits down in a chair and simply waits.

DOLLY

She's an odd duck, isn't she?

NURSE BUCKET

Goddamn war. Made every woman in America think she was *entitled* to something.

(then)

I don't like her. She doesn't belong here.

*
*
*
*
*
*

14 EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING -- DAY

14

The California State Capitol Building.

15 INT. CAPITOL BUILDING -- DAY 15

DR. RICHARD HANOVER (40's) -- good intentioned, handsome -- sits nervously, waiting outside of an office. He pulls out a PILL BOTTLE and dumps one out. He swallows it as he takes a deep, calming breath. The door OPENS and he perks up, until he sees it's just a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Dr. Hanover. The Governor is going to have to reschedule. Maybe next month.

Dr. Hanover packs up his stuff. This has happened before.

16 INT. SACRAMENTO BAR -- DAY 16

Dr. Hanover sullenly sucks down a glass of whiskey. The BARTENDER shuffles over to him.

BARTENDER

Another?

DR. HANOVER

No, thank you. I've got a long journey back.

Something catches his eye. At the end of the bar, he sees the SMOKING GENTLEMAN, cigarette in hand, staring at him. He calls to the Bartender. *

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

On second thought --

He twiddles the glass to say, "one more." He looks back to the Man in the Trench Coat, who has disappeared.

MAITRE D' (O.S.)

Good afternoon Governor Wilburn, I've got a booth in the back for you.

Dr. Hanover swings around in his stool as he watches GOVERNOR GEORGE WILBURN (60's) -- brash, charismatic -- move across the room alongside GWENDOLYN BRIGGS (late 40's). Dr. Hanover snaps back around and tries to work up the courage to head over to him. Finally, he does. *

17 INT. SACRAMENTO BAR -- BACK BOOTH 17

Governor Wilburn and Gwendolyn have just placed their order with the WAITER and light cigarettes. He clocks her, shaking his head with a "tsk."

(CONTINUED)

GOVERNOR WILBURN
I never can get used to it.

GWENDOLYN
I'm sorry?

GOVERNOR WILBURN
A woman smoking a cigarette. Call me old fashioned, but I find it repugnant. A woman's mouth is good for a lot of things. Smelling like an ashtray ain't one of 'em.

Gwendolyn buries her disgust, laughing through gritted teeth. *

GOVERNOR WILBURN (CONT'D) *
What about your husband? *

A flash of panic crosses her face, as if she's been caught. *
She instantly covers. *

GWENDOLYN *
Beg your pardon? *

GOVERNOR WILBURN *
I *assume* you have a husband -- you *
wear a ring, though I never hear *
you talk about him. He tolerates *
it, does he? *

GWENDOLYN *
Yes, we've been married two years, *
and he doesn't mind my smoking one *
bit. If he doesn't come up in *
conversation, it's out of *habit*, *
most likely. My family's *
Philadelphia Main Line, Governor. *
Talking about one's personal life *
at work is thought of as somewhat -- *
oh, I don't know -- *gauche*. *

Dr. Hanover approaches the table.

DR. HANOVER
Excuse me, Governor Wilburn? Dr.
Richard Hanover. I believe we had a
meeting scheduled for today.

Dr. Hanover holds out his hand. Governor Wilburn ignores it.

GOVERNOR WILBURN
You're the one running that loony
bin up in Yontocket, always asking
for more money.

DR. HANOVER

I prefer the term "psychiatric rehabilitation facility."

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Unh-huh. Well, I'm sorry about earlier. Budget meeting ran long.

DR. HANOVER

We had a similar meeting scheduled last month. And the month before that.

GWENDOLYN

Maybe we should hear him out.

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Should we, ashtray? Tell you what. I'll give you until the moment our drinks are delivered to give me your pitch.

Dr. Hanover sits, impassioned.

DR. HANOVER

The field of Psychiatry stands on the precipice -- we gaze out to a new horizon of near *infinite* possibilities --

GOVERNOR WILBURN

I didn't invite you to sit.

DR. HANOVER

For *hundreds* of years, the science of the mind has *languished* in the Dark Ages. We have wandered, aimless, like ravening madmen stumbling through the labyrinth, grasping at shadows, quaking in horror at the terrifying majesty of the *monstrosity* pursuing us -- the human mind itself.

Governor shares a bemused look to Gwendolyn. Get a load of this guy.

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

I am dragging the field of Psychiatry kicking and screaming into the modern world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

Gone *must* be the days of walling
off the darkest corners of the
human mind by calling it "madness."
No longer can we treat the mentally
infirm like *criminals* -- subjecting
them to *draconian* treatments that
haven't changed in a hundred years
and are tantamount to *torture*. You
see, Governor, I don't run a "loony
bin." My Hospital is a bastion of
recovery and *rehabilitation* unlike
any other. In fact, it used to be a
rest spa -- built at the turn of
the century atop a set of hot
springs by the legendary California
architect Paul Williams. Its
interiors, as well as the uniforms
worn by its attendants, were
designed by Miss Dorothy Draper,
famous for her designs in the
Carlyle Hotel.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Wilburn looks to Gwendolyn: What is he talking about?

*

GWENDOLYN

*

How did it become a hospital?

*

DR. HANOVER

*

The owner was a good Christian
woman, and upon her death, she
requested it become a mental
institution, in memory of a child
of hers who had some psychological
issues. I was hired to run it, and
I'm proud to say the facility
continues to enjoy a *completely*
clean record...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

GWENDOLYN

What does that mean?

DR. HANOVER

No assaults. No murders. Not a
single suicide in two years of
operation.

*

GOVERNOR WILBURN

How did you manage that?

DR. HANOVER

New, cutting edge techniques. Ones that, when applied properly, can successfully treat disorders that just a few years ago relegated patients to permanent and might I add *very expensive* institutionalization. I've amassed a veritable *cornucopia* of alternative therapies from maverick thinkers all across the globe. From animal-assisted Therapy to Zygotic Ideation -- an *exciting* new therapy coming out of Hungary where a patient at first imagines, and then begins to experience the primordial calm of his first living moments as a *blastocyst*, safe and warm in the lining of his mother's uterus -- all techniques that will spark a *revolution* in mental health.

A beat. His audience seems genuinely moved. He goes in for the kill.

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

Now. As for the funding. I am currently constructing a *barn*, to be used in *various* therapeutic regimens...

The WAITER puts the drinks down onto the table.

GOVERNOR WILBURN

A-a-and time's up. Thank you Dr. Hanover. Maybe we'll see you next month.

Dr. Hanover stands and stares. Dr. Hanover icily collects his things and goes, as Gwendolyn's gaze follows him, fascinated.

Mildred stares at Dolly applying lipstick. HAROLD (30) -- a brawny, good-natured, African-American Guard smiles at Dolly.

*
*

HAROLD

Looking good today, Miss Dolly.

*
*

DOLLY

(flattered)

Thanks, Harold. Making your rounds?

*
*
*

HAROLD
Making my rounds...

Harold walks by Mildred. She smiles, hoping for the same compliment but he merely gives her a nod of acknowledgment. Mildred peers down at her own bust, albeit hidden.

MILDRED
Where can I find your restroom?

19 INT. BATHROOM -- DAY 19

Mildred scrubs her hands vigorously as she stares up at her reflection in the mirror. She applies a bit of lipstick and unbuttons her top button, revealing a bit of cleavage, just like Dolly.

MILDRED
(imitating)
Looking good today, Mildred.

She stares at her reflection, when all of a sudden, she hears YELPING that reverberates through the vents. She quickly buttons back up her blouse.

20 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY 20

She walks out of the bathroom, hears the YELPING, only it's more PROMINENT. Then comes THUD, THUD, THUD. She looks back toward the Nurse's Station. The coast is clear. She continues down the opposite end of the hall, the THUDS growing louder.

She comes to a door, hears the YELPING. She tries the handle. Unlocked. She opens it up when she spots a HALF-NAKED BRUNETTE thrusting on top of a BURLY ORDERLY.

The THUD coming from the legs of the chair scraping along the cement floor. Mildred stares wide-eyed when the brunette woman turns around and spots her. Mildred immediately shuts the door and quickly moves back down the hall.

21 INT. DR. HANOVER'S OFFICE -- DAY 21

Dr. Hanover walks into his office. On his desk, a MODEL OF A BARN. He notices a LETTER buried underneath his various files. He pulls it out and uses his LETTER OPENER to open it.

Inside, PHOTOS: of MANGLED CORPSES. He immediately drops them in horror. As he peers out the window, he notices the SMOKING GENTLEMAN staring up at him.

NURSE BUCKET
Are you all right, sir?

(CONTINUED)

Dr. Hanover turns around to find Nurse Bucket.

DR. HANOVER
Fine. Just tired from the drive.

NURSE BUCKET
Did he at least see you this time?

DR. HANOVER
Yes. Is there something *specific*
you needed, Nurse Bucket?

NURSE BUCKET
Actually, there is. Just something
to brighten up your day --

She sashays toward him, coy, fishing a handful of candies out
of her pocket.

NURSE BUCKET (CONT'D)
Saltwater taffy! I pegged you as a
licorice and *raspberry* kind of
fella. I went to San Francisco with
my women's reading group and we
strolled on down to Fisherman's
Wharf -- taking care to step over
all the human filth -- that city is
crawling with indigents -- and I
told my girls, "Ladies, I *MUST* pick
up some saltwater taffy for Dr.
Hanover!"

DR. HANOVER
I hate taffy.

A beat. Nurse Bucket returns the taffy to her pocket.

NURSE BUCKET
Oh.

DR. HANOVER
Is there anything else?

NURSE BUCKET
Sorry, sir. Yes. I'm afraid there's
a woman here -- *very* unpleasant,
quite aggressive, actually, not at
all like a lady. She says she has a
job interview with you...

DR. HANOVER
That's ridiculous. I didn't agree
to any such thing. Get rid of her.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

NURSE BUCKET

I've tried but, like I said, she's very *insistent*.

He throws his barn model against a wall, exits as Bucket stares on, shocked at the outburst.

*
*

22 INT. LOBBY -- DAY

22

Mildred sits back down in her chair when she notices another NURSE accompanying Dolly into Nurse's Station #1. It's the woman she just walked in on, AMELIA (25), as she adjusts her uniform. She feels Amelia's eyes settle on her, before --

*

DR. HANOVER (O.S.)

You. Are you the one who's here for the interview?

Mildred stands, not missing a beat. Indignant.

MILDRED

YES. An interview that was supposed to start several *hours* ago. Forgive me, Dr. Hanover, I know your work is very important, but I, too, value my time, and I do *NOT* appreciate being kept waiting.

Wrong-footed, Dr. Hanover goes to speak but she interrupts.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

EXCUSE ME, I'M NOT FINISHED. I came a long way at *great* personal expense, and I've half a mind to walk out of here right now. But I suppose if you were willing to perform the interview *right now*, I could try my best to look past the insult. Your office is this way?

DR. HANOVER

(buffaloed)

Uh. Yes. Right this way.

23 INT. HANOVER'S OFFICE -- DAY

23

Hanover leads Mildred into the office where Bucket is cleaning up the last shards of the barn model. Mildred shoots a delicious grin at her. Bucket is shocked she's here.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HANOVER

I apologize for the mix up -- if I'm being honest, I don't recall consenting to any sort of an interview --

MILDRED

That's *quite* alright, Doctor. A man of your stature shouldn't be expected to remember *every* bullet point on his schedule, and with a nursing staff as --

(re: Bucket)

-- *unexceptional* as the one you have, certain clerical errors are bound to happen.

DR. HANOVER

The fact remains that we don't *really* have an opening. Nurse Bucket, a moment please?

Bucket glares at Mildred, exits.

MILDRED

I'm sorry -- can I ask -- are you of Filipino descent, Dr. Hanover?

DR. HANOVER

W-why, yes, I am.

She eases into her chair a bit, as if titillated. She squeezes her shoulders, sees his eyes find her cleavage.

MILDRED

I hope it's not inappropriate, Doctor, to confess something -- I was a nurse in the Pacific Theatre during the war, and I came into, shall I say, *contact* with *several* Filipino men. And I must say, I developed quite a weakness. I found them to be -- *surprisingly* endowed.

Dr. Hanover leans back against his desk, delighted. Hooked:

DR. HANOVER

You don't say. Where exactly were you stationed?

MILDRED

All over. I island-hopped with Admiral Nimitz's boys -- from Tarawa to Saipan to Okinawa.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED (CONT'D)

(hands over resume)

You'll see that's where I became familiar with administering anesthetics. I'm well-versed in all the blood derivatives, oxygen therapy, and of course treating shock.

(as he reads)

Moreover, Doctor, it's where I became desensitized to situations that, at the time were harrowing, but to which I became gradually inured. With my own two hands I sawed off the legs of a man who stepped on a mine. No anesthetic. No one else to hold him down. I sat on his chest and tried to shut out his cries for his mother as I sawed through flesh and then bone and then flesh again. He held on for a few days, then succumbed. I gave a failed Kamikaze pilot the kiss of life, who then vomited blood into my mouth before waking up and attempting to strangle me. He wore a small sword he tried to thrust into my vagina. Luckily, I was able to overpower him. Do you have scat-throwers here? Patients who throw their feces.

DR. HANOVER

Ah. Yes, in fact, we do.

MILDRED

Well, it won't faze me. I encountered many cases of battle fatigue where soldiers had lost their wits entirely. Complete basket-cases who would try to rape a woman if they could get a hold of her, and if they couldn't, they'd content themselves with throwing excrement or ejaculate. But I was not deterred, doctor...in fact I was invigorated because I was in the throes of the most unsung profession we have in this country. We had a saying in the corps, save one life and you're a hero. Save a hundred lives...well, then you're a nurse.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DR. HANOVER

I must say, you're a very impressive woman, Ms. Ratched. And clearly passionate. But unfortunately --

*
*

MILDRED

May I venture one last query, Doctor? Do you believe the human mind can be cured?

DR. HANOVER

I do. But it's not about belief. It requires no act of faith -- I've seen it. With my own eyes.

MILDRED

I have not. But I hope you'll believe me when I say that's truly all I desire in the world.

A loaded moment between them, then:

DR. HANOVER

I'm sad to say that until I can secure more funding from the State, I simply don't have the resources to bring you on. I'm sorry. But when there is an opening, please trust that I'll consider you.

MILDRED

Well, if there's one thing I've learned, Doctor, it's that life can be *quite* unpredictable. Thank you for your time.

He watches her go. His eye drifts down to her behind as she walks away.

Nurse Bucket, Dolly and Amelia sit. Mildred strolls up.

MILDRED

Oh, there you ladies are -- I thought you might be off *working*, but no, you're sitting. Thank you *SO* much for your help.

Mildred spots Amelia's ID badge on the counter. She slides across a copy of her resume over it.

The front door swings open and a weasley man, DANIEL (30's), steps onto the porch, cradling a YOUNG CHILD in his arms. He's dressed in a hand-me-down suit and looks a bit flustered as he drags a VACUUM CLEANER behind him.

MILDRED

I'm looking for an Amelia Emerson?

DANIEL

She's not home. And I'm about to head out on a sales call. Is there something I can help you with?

MILDRED

Oh, I'm just an old friend from high school, passing through town. If you could leave her a message--

DANIEL

You went to Alexander Hamilton?

MILDRED

(hesitantly)

Yup, class of '36.

DANIEL

Amelia and I were high school sweethearts. I'm trying to place you but I can't. What was your name?

MILDRED

Arlene...Arlene Bower.

DANIEL

Doesn't ring a bell. Say, Arlene I couldn't happen to interest you in a new vacuum cleaner, could I?

MILDRED

A vacuum cleaner?

*
*

DANIEL

Model 28. Top of the line. A medium consisting of molded bakelite, metal, and fabric. Designed by the one and only Henry Dreyfuss.

*
*
*
*
*

MILDRED

You're a door-to-door salesman.

*
*

29

CONTINUED: (2)

29

DANIEL

Only part-time. With me staying at home with the kids and Amelia pulling the hours she does, I try and sell what I can...so I can buy her somethin' pretty.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Mildred can see the sucker in him.

*

30

INT. PACKARD -- DAY

30

Mildred drives. A NEW VACUUM cleaner sits in the backseat.

31

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

31

Louise sits behind the desk, listening to the RADIO as she combs through a magazine and smokes a cigarette.

*

RADIO PERSONALITY (V.O.)

The question is, is this an attempt at avoiding the death penalty or is Edmund Tolleson really crazy?

Mildred walks up to the counter.

MILDRED

Do you think you could do me a favor--

LOUISE

--This killer gives me the chills. And I'm not talking Bela Lugosi chills-- although I'd sell my soul for a date with him. I'd let him sink his teeth into my neck and suck me dry as if he really were Count Dracula.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MILDRED

If you could just--

*
*

LOUISE

--I read all these papers and none of them describe what this Edmund fella actually did to those priests. But I wonder. The brutality. The sadism. I heard he cut-off one of their ding-a-lings... I'm curious what happens to the penis after it's severed? How long before it looks like nothing more than a discarded raisin? Now, what favor can I do for you?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MILDRED

(FINALLY)

If anyone calls and asks for Arlene Bower, can you let me know? It's an inside joke between me and an old friend.

*
*
*
*

LOUISE

And is Arlene Bower paying for another night's room or are you two splitting the bill?

MILDRED

Did you know sarcasm is a coping mechanism? It's common among those who feel their life is unfulfilled.

Mildred places five dollars on the counter.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

And don't get up. I'm sure a breeze will arise eventually and blow that in the general direction of your heft.

She walks out as Louise rolls her eyes.

Mildred walks toward her room, eyeing the Smoking Gentleman leaned up against his BLACK 1946 PLYMOUTH DELUXE. He smokes a cigarette as he playfully smiles at her.

*
*
*

MILDRED

A smile like that could melt ice.

*
*

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

So I've been told.

*
*

As he takes another drag, locked onto her.

*

MILDRED

Well, I don't like it. In fact, a lady in my position could go so far as saying you're leering.

*
*
*
*

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

And a gentleman in my position would say he can't help it when staring at a beautiful woman like yourself.

*
*
*
*
*

Mildred CHUCKLES, flattered, as she opens her door and walks inside.

*
*

33 INT. SHOWER -- NIGHT 33

Mildred soaks herself underneath the shower head, for the first time we see indecision blanketing her face.

34 EXT. SEALIGHT INN -- NIGHT 34

Mildred paces outside room 105, the Smoking Gentleman's room, as if debating. She holds a NOTE in her hand. She slips it underneath his door before quickly walking back to her room.

35 INT. MILDRED'S ROOM -- NIGHT 35

Mildred sits on the edge of her bed, nervously before she hears FOOTSTEPS outside of her door. THEN, the slip of a NOTE underneath. She anxiously grabs it and unfurls it. *INSERT: Are you married?*

His response: *INSERT: No. Are you?*

Mildred quickly unlatches the door and opens it. The Smoking Gentlemen stands in her doorway, smiling.

MILDRED
No...I'm not married.

36 INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT 36

Mildred stares at her reflection in the mirror as she's now in a nightgown, nervousness on her face. She opens the bathroom door and into --

37 INT. MILDRED'S ROOM -- NIGHT 37

Where the Smoking Gentleman sits on the edge of the bed--
stripped down to his underwear and wife beater with tall
black socks held up with sock garters. *

MILDRED
I've never done this before.

The Smoking Gentleman stands up and moves closer to her. The
blinking red motel light casting a shadow between the green
sheers. He puts his hands on her bare arms as she closes up,
guarded. *

MILDRED (CONT'D)
Do you think we could just sit?

The Smoking Gentleman sits on the edge of the bed.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
Actually, can you sit on that
corner?

(CONTINUED)

She points to the corner of the bed. He abides, moving over. Mildred takes her place on the opposite edge, keeping distance between them.

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

So, what do you want to do now?

MILDRED

Let's pretend we're husband and wife who've just had a fight. It was intense and passionate. And now we're both collecting our thoughts.

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

What was the fight about?

MILDRED

Children. You want them but I don't. I think they're nothing more than a burden but you believe a family isn't a family without them.

The Smoking Gentleman inches closer toward Mildred.

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

So, when do we make up?

MILDRED

We don't. You leave.

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

Why would I leave?

MILDRED

Because you'll think you were right. And I'll think I was right. And we both realize that it's not going to work. Then we'll get divorced only to find soon after that I'm pregnant. You'll convince me to keep it and then you'll die. I'll raise it for a few years until I can't do it anymore. And then, I'll leave her on a doorstep.

The Smoking Gentleman climbs off of the bed and slips on his pants, having had enough of her game.

SMOKING GENTLEMAN

When you're ready, you know where to find me.

He opens the door where Louise stands. He shuffles past her as she stares in.

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE
Arlene Bower? You have a phone
call.

38 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT 38

Louise sits back behind the counter as Mildred picks up the
phone, speaking quietly, trying to be discreet.

MILDRED
This is Arlene Bower.

AMELIA (O.S.)
I don't know anyone by that name.

Mildred peers behind her and spots Louise's eyes on her. *

MILDRED
Amelia? You have a lovely family.
It'd be unfortunate for you to lose
them, which I'm guessing you would
in the event of a divorce as a
result of infidelity... *

AMELIA (O.S.)
What do you want?

Mildred can feel Louise eavesdropping.

MILDRED
Meet me at the tavern on Main
Street in twenty minutes.

39 INT. DR. HANOVER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 39

Hanover sits by the fire. He pulls out his pill bottle what
we now see is *Thorazine*. He pops one when there's a KNOCK. He
goes to the door, opens it. Gwendolyn stands in the doorway.

GWENDOLYN
Gwendolyn Briggs...we didn't get to
formally meet yesterday. May I come
in?

40 INT. DR. HANOVER'S HOUSE -- LATER 40

Gwendolyn sits on the couch as Dr. Hanover brings over a
couple glasses of scotch.

DR. HANOVER
I have to say -- I've never known a
woman to enjoy scotch.

(CONTINUED)

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS

I enjoy *alcohol*. I *tolerate* scotch. After you left yesterday I took it upon myself to research you a little bit more.

Dr. Hanover tenses up as he places his drink down.

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Top of your class at Harvard. Head of Psychiatry at Johns Hopkins, all very impressive. I'm going to speak plainly, Doctor Hanover. Governor Wilburn's re-election campaign is failing. We're down five points in districts we carried by fifteen four years ago.

She takes a healthy swig of scotch.

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Why? Because his opponent has successfully branded the Governor as a profligate spender who never saw a government program he didn't like. Either way, voters think he's out of touch, out of ideas, and that the state is out of money. Which, it pretty much is. That one they're right about.

DR. HANOVER

I don't understand -- are you asking for my help?

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS

Tomorrow the Governor will hold a press conference at Yontocket State Hospital where he will declare a War on Mental Illness. Your hospital will be the cornerstone of his re-election campaign.

DR. HANOVER

I'm -- I beg your pardon?

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS

Your facility, your bold new ideas, their *proven* results, this will *force* voters to see the Governor in a whole new light: Wilburn as a forward-thinking Progressive, not a musty old bureaucrat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS (CONT'D)

A leader who will *rehabilitate* a lost segment of the state workforce and get them back into the economy. I believe this could swing the momentum back to us and win the Governor re-election.

*

Hanover is stunned. Gwendolyn holds up her glass.

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS (CONT'D)

I take it back. This is quite good. So, Doctor, what do you say?

DR. HANOVER

What is there to say -- I'm *speechless!* I'm waiting for the catch.

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS

The only catch is that you'll be under heavy scrutiny by the press and by our opponent.

*

Suddenly giddy, he snatches away her glass, fetching two fresh ones and a new bottle.

DR. HANOVER

Let's break out the good stuff. We need to celebrate!

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS

I'm glad to hear you're on board...

DR. HANOVER

And what about you, Ms. Briggs? Where do you fit in all this?

GWENDOLYN BRIGGS

When all is said and done, I'd like to run for office myself. State Assembly, maybe, State Controller -- though that office has never been held by a woman.

She stops. Suddenly, he's sitting next to her, a little too close, handing her a drink. There's a whiff of danger about him. He clinks his glass against hers.

DR. HANOVER

I'm *delighted* to be of help to you, Miss Briggs. Cheers.

41 INT. TAVERN -- NIGHT

41

A sparsely filled tavern, populated with mostly regulars. Mildred sits, drinking a cranberry juice. Amelia strolls into the bar, peering around, unsure. That is until Mildred makes eye contact, and Amelia immediately knows this is the woman. She sits down next to her. *

MILDRED

You should remove your coat, it's warm in here. Do you need a drink? Walter's an excellent bartender.

AMELIA

Whatever you're doing, stop it. You dragged me out of my house and away from my child and for what?

MILDRED

You could've stayed at home. But you made a decision to come here because you're scared. Fear of loss is our most primal emotion.

AMELIA

Look, I don't know what you think you saw --

MILDRED

Oh, I know what I saw. And I can be very descriptive.

AMELIA

What is it you want?

MILDRED

Your job. Since there aren't any positions available, I've been forced to create one myself. Luckily, you fell right into my lap. Well, technically you fell into that orderly's lap.

AMELIA

What makes you think my husband will believe you?

MILDRED

He's already filed for divorce once citing irreconcilable differences. I wonder how many "irreconcilable differences" you've had during your marriage?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

AMELIA

And what am I suppose to tell him?

MILDRED

That this town is poison. That you want to get as far away from it as possible.

Mildred finishes her cranberry juice. Mildred digs into her purse and pulls out a BRAND NEW DOLL. She hands it to Amelia.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

For your daughter.

Mildred walks away as Amelia clutches the doll. PAN TO REVEAL: Huck watching from the corner of the room.

42 EXT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- DAY

42

Dr. Hanover walks into the lobby. He's immediately greeted by Nurse Bucket, beaming, trying to keep up.

NURSE BUCKET

I can't believe it, sir. Our Hospital -- I mean *your* Hospital -- finally getting the recognition it deserves! This is everything we've ever wanted.

DR. HANOVER

Enough blithering, Bucket, we have work to do. Nowhere do I want anything greater than a ten to one patient-to-staff ratio, is that clear?

NURSE BUCKET

That'll be difficult, sir.

DR. HANOVER

WHY is that difficult, Nurse Bucket? Why do you make *everything* more difficult?

NURSE BUCKET

I'm -- well, sir, it's Amelia. She hasn't shown up yet. We've been calling her all morning. We sent Lucy to her house -- no one's there!

DR. HANOVER

What about Jackie?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

NURSE BUCKET
She's on vacation in Monterey.

DR. HANOVER
And who approved that? YOU, I
imagine?

They approach the Nurse's Station.

DOLLY
Dr. Hanover, this came for you.

Dolly hands him an extravagant FRUIT BASKET. He flips open
the note: *Best Wishes, Mildred Ratched.*

43 INT. MILDRED'S ROOM -- DAY

43

Mildred brushes her hair when there's a KNOCK on the door.
She opens it up. Louise stands in the doorway.

LOUISE
Phone call. A Dr. Richard Hanover.

44 INT. YONTOCKET STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL -- DAY

44

--A WHITE stocking is run up a pair of pale legs. *

--A LIGHT GREEN DRESS is slipped on, buttoned at the top. *

--A PALE CAP is placed on top of her head. *

--FEET slip into a pair of pristine WHITE loafers. *

Now in full getup, Mildred stands in front of the mirror,
staring at her reflection.

45 INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

45

Mildred eagerly walks alongside Dr. Hanover.

DR. HANOVER
I don't have to remind you that
this position is temporary. As in,
limited to today...

MILDRED
I understand. I won't let you down.

46 INT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

46

*

Nurse Bucket stands confidently in front of all the NURSES
and ORDERLIES, including Mildred, Dolly, and Huck.

46 CONTINUED:

46

NURSE BUCKET

Today is a big day for all of us;
doctors, nurses, and low-level
attendants.

*
*
*

As she shoots a look at Dolly.

*

NURSE BUCKET (CONT'D)

It is imperative that we live up to
the expectations that attracted
Governor Wilburn's attention. This
is our moment to prove why this
hospital is so special--
(noticing Mildred)
What are you doing here?

*
*
*
*
*
*

MILDRED

Me? I'm just here to help.

Huck stares at Mildred, a few rows up.

47 INT. MESS HALL -- DAY

47

Huck cleans up FECES that have been splayed onto the wall. He
momentarily stops and pukes into his bucket.

*

NURSE BUCKET (V.O.)

Every square inch of this facility
needs to be spotless. Any surface?
I should be able to eat runny eggs
off of it.

48 INT. DARIO'S ROOM -- DAY

48

Dario is forced onto his bed by TWO ORDERLIES. He's cuffed to
the metal bars on his bed frame, SCREAMING:

DARIO

*Devo vedere mio fratello! Per
favore! Sta morendo! Non potrò
vivere con me stesso!*

Nurse Bucket loads up a needle with MORPHINE.

NURSE BUCKET (V.O.)

Unruly patients need to be humanely
tamed and tranquil.

He SCREAMS at the top of his lungs as she injects him. A
moment, and he quiets and floats serenely back to the pillow.

49 INT. NURSE'S STATION -- DAY 49

NURSE BUCKET (V.O.)
And you all must perform your
duties in the utmost professional
manner possible.

Dolly gets eyeballed by the same Guard who flirtatiously
winks at her. *

50 INT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- DAY 50

Nurse Bucket continues to stand in front of the staff.

NURSE BUCKET
Do I make myself clear?

EVERYONE MILDRED
Yes, Nurse Bucket! Absolutely, Betsy. Thanks so
much.

NURSE BUCKET (CONT'D)
Good. Now let's get to it.

The crowd disperses as Huck finds Mildred through the crowd.

HUCK *

Corridor Three, right? *

MILDRED *

What's Corridor Three? *

HUCK *

Outside the infirmary with all the
tranquil patients. Bucket always
puts newbies there because it's far
away from the schizos and perverts,
you know...where the real fun is.
Unless you consider someone pissing
in their mouth and spittin' it at
you exciting. Huck Finnegan. *

Huck holds out a hand. He's missing his pinky and ring
finger.

MILDRED
Mildred Ratched.

They shake hands as Huck notices the Army Nurses Corps pin on
her uniform.

HUCK
Where were you stationed?

MILDRED

The Pacific theater. You?

*

HUCK

Berlin and Normandy.

MILDRED

Is that where your face got all...

Mildred motions to his face as Huck sinks his head.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

What was *that*? You, sir, have no right to be ashamed. You're a hero, soldier. I apologize if that seemed a bit *strident*.

HUCK

No -- no. We all came back with scars of some kind. Mine happen to be visible.

MILDRED

Well, nice to officially meet you.

*

*

She starts away. He pulls her back.

HUCK

I saw you at the tavern last night talking to Amelia.

MILDRED

You must have me confused, I don't even drink.

HUCK

I don't know what you said to her or what you did, but she was scum. This is a better place without her.

A look of relief comes over her face as Huck smiles at her.

HUCK (CONT'D)

Welcome to Yontocket.

Car flags of the STATE OF CALIFORNIA flop in the wind as a sleek limousine flanked by POLICEMEN in the front and back pulls in through the main gate. The Journalists and Reporters flock alongside the car, SHOUTING for Governor Wilburn.

The limo pulls up to the entrance. Suited SECURITY GUARDS climb out and open the back door. First out is Gwendolyn, followed by Governor Wilburn. He flashes a faux smile and waves to the crowd as he buttons his suit jacket.

52 INT. DR. HANOVER'S OFFICE -- DAY 52

Peering down at Governor Wilburn is Dr. Hanover. His hands massage the clammy sweat on his palms.

NURSE BUCKET (O.S.)
Dr. Hanover?

Dr. Hanover turns to her.

NURSE BUCKET (CONT'D)
The Governor has arrived.

DR. HANOVER
Yes, I have two eyes in my head,
Nurse Bucket, thank you.

53 INT. NURSE'S STATION, CORRIDOR THREE -- DAY 53 *

Mildred stands next to Dolly as they both prepare tiny cups with RED PILLS. Mildred inspects the capsules. *

DOLLY
So, where are you staying? *

MILDRED
The Sealight Inn. *

DOLLY
AHH, the no-tell, motel run by that
crazy old bat. *

MILDRED
The *no-tell* motel? *

DOLLY
The worst kept secret in town if
you're having an affair. I ended up
there one night with this
industrial supplier, only his wife
knew just where we were going. I
could see her through the sheers as
I mounted him, but for whatever
reason she let him finish before
busting us. Never understood that.
Then again, I've never been
married. What about you? Have you
ever been with a married man? *

53

CONTINUED:

53

Mildred turns to her squarely.

*

MILDRED

*

NO. And I don't appreciate being asked such an abhorrent question by some mettlesome floozy.

*
*
*

DOLLY

FLOOZY? Well, I NEVER --

MILDRED

Now, now. I'm giving you a life lesson here. You'd curb that instinct for rooting around in other's affairs, if you knew what was good for you...

*

(reading her nametag)

...DOLLY.

A moment. This shuts her up. Then, she sees Mildred put two red capsules into the tiny cup. Stammering:

DOLLY

Wait, no -- that one's for Father Murphy. He needs a fludrocortisone for his low blood pressure.

MILDRED

I'll find one in the back, thank you.

54

INT. BACK ROOM -- DAY

54

Mildred stares up at the shelf full of DRUGS. She rifles through the medications until she comes upon *fludrocortisone*.

She plucks it off the shelf when something else catches her eye: a bottle of *chlorotholidone* with the tag *Blood Pressure Reducer* on it. She looks back, sees Dolly's attention elsewhere.

*

She BREAKS THE SEAL on the *chlorotholidone* and dumps out a couple of the BLUE PILLS. Hides them in her breast pocket.

55

INT. COMMON ROOM, NURSE'S STATION -- LATER

55

Mildred stands next to Dolly as a line of TWELVE PATIENTS (SIX PATIENTS on each side) move like sloths.

*
*

DOLLY

Here you go, Leona...

Dolly hands the cup to THE HAITIAN WOMAN who's once again being pushed by Huck, muttering in Creole.

(CONTINUED)

LEONA

*Poukisa ou toujou ap rele sou mwen?
Mwen pa janm fè anyen pou ou!
Retounen nan dyab la, Satan!*

She pauses so Dolly can dump the pills in her mouth. She swallows, and opens her mouth to show they're gone, then continues to mutter. Huck smiles and nods at Mildred. Leona notices and SCREAMS at her:

LEONA (CONT'D)

Ou ap pral boule nan lanfè, jennès!

DOLLY

Well, well, well. Look who just got a hex put on her. Don't worry. She does it to anyone who even so much as *looks* at Huck...

MILDRED

We don't need to ever *talk*, you and I.

Mildred spots Father Murphy two patients back and locks eyes with the small cup of pills destined for him. Dolly focused on Dario, who is SOBBING LOW, inconsolable...

DARIO

*Mio fratello...mio fratello...
Voglio stare con te..!*

Mildred dumps out the red pills and replaces it with the two blue pills from her pocket. Father Murphy steps up.

DOLLY

And how are you feeling today, Father?

FATHER MURPHY

Feeling blessed, with a steadfast heart, thanks be to God.

Dolly slides across the pill cup to Father Murphy and he dumps them into his mouth without even looking. He opens, showing that he's swallowed them.

DOLLY

Peace be with you, Father.

And he moves on. Mildred watches him go.

56

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

56

Governor Wilburn walks alongside Dr. Hanover, Thomas, and a few REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS alongside the frame of the half-built barn.

DR. HANOVER

The new barn will become the heartbeat of Yontocket -- using all the latest advances in assisted therapies to calm even the most troubled mind before we even *begin* administering a single medication...

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Wonderful. Just *marvelous*.
(to the Reporters)
Did you get all that?

*
*
*
*

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture.

DR. HANOVER

Please, I do not wish to be photographed.

REPORTER

What about Edmund Tolleson? What precautions have you taken to ensure your patients and staff's safety when he arrives? Where you gonna chain him up?

*

GOVERNOR WILBURN

(gently chiding)
Now, *fellas*...

*
*
*

DR. HANOVER

Well, we don't chain *anyone* up. He's a human being. But as for the logistical problems of housing Mr. Tolleson, we found a solution that is both canny and budget conscious.

*
*
*
*
*

(cheery)

As you may know, this facility was formerly a rest spa, and it actually has a *wine cellar* deep underground. *Zelda Fitzgerald* actually held a tasting down there when she was exhibiting some of her watercolors in her later, more troubled years.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

We've transformed that space into a maximum security holding area where Edmund will be housed until he is evaluated...

*
*
*
*

REPORTER

WINE CELLAR? Are you kidding me?

*
*

OTHER REPORTER

So Edmund Tolleson is gonna be kicking back, sipping champagne in a wine cellar -- ???

*
*
*
*

GOVERNOR WILBURN

(changing the subject)

Why don't we go take a closer look at that barn...

*

OTHER REPORTER

(insistent)

-- that man sawed a priest's head off, Doctor!!!

*
*
*

REPORTER

Can you honestly say you've taken EVERY precaution to keep the families of this community safe???

*
*
*
*

DR. HANOVER

I'm not going to tolerate this line of questioning --

OTHER REPORTER

-- he removed a bishop's genitals, sir!

Wilburn stops and turns, firm:

*

GOVERNOR WILBURN

BOYS. Come on now. Edmund Tolleson is not the story you're here to cover and that's not the story you're gonna run. I didn't bring you here to get salacious and you know it. You are GUESTS at this facility, gentlemen, and you're MY guests, so I expect you to show Dr. Hanover here the courtesy and respect he --

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

NURSE BUCKET (O.S.)

DOCTOR HANOVER!!!

Nurse Bucket RUNS OVER, PANICKED.

56 CONTINUED: (2)

56

NURSE BUCKET (CONT'D)
It's Father Murphy!

57 INT. COMMON ROOM, CORRIDOR THREE -- DAY

57 *

Father Murphy lies on the ground, dazed and sweating as his skin turns a pale blue. Nurse Bucket rushes into the room, followed by Dr. Hanover, Governor Wilburn, Gwendolyn, and the Reporters. Mildred is already urgently caring for him.

MILDRED
Get me a blanket! We need to make
sure he stays warm...

Dolly rushes out of the room.

DR. HANOVER
What's going on?

DOLLY
He collapsed.

Nurse Bucket accompanies Mildred who elevates Father's legs onto a chair and turns his head to the side.

NURSE BUCKET
*What are you doing? Don't touch
him!*

Nurse Bucket grabs her shoulder, pulling her away. Suddenly
DEADLY:

*
*

MILDRED
Don't you EVER lay a hand on me.
(to the room)
Just WAIT for it...!

As if on cue, Father Murphy vomits in a puddle on the floor. Mildred looks up to Nurse Bucket, glaring. *"I told you so."* Dolly returns with a blanket as Mildred wraps him up tightly.

The INFIRMARY DOCTOR AND NURSES rush in, a gurney by their side. They strap an oxygen mask onto his face and pump.

MILDRED (CONT'D)
Just breathe, Father. Stay with us.

58 INT. INFIRMARY -- DAY

58

Father Murphy lies on a hospital bed, breathing normally, but still unconscious. The Infirmary Doctor speaks with Hanover.

(CONTINUED)

INFIRMARY DOCTOR

His blood pressure was dangerously low. If that young woman didn't do what she did, then the shock could've killed him.

DR. HANOVER

Did you say shock?

INFIRMARY DOCTOR

Cardiogenic shock to be exact. He must've not taken his medication.

Dr. Hanover stands, puzzled. Something's not right.

INT. COMMON ROOM, CORRIDOR THREE -- DAY

A hushed energy still hangs in the room. Mildred does rounds as Governor Wilburn tries to pose for photographers, sitting next to Dario and giving him a gamely handshake, but Dario slumps unresponsive. The flash bulbs startle him.

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Smile like I'm doing, okay? SMILE FOR THE CAMERA!

PHOTOGRAPHER

LOOK THIS WAY PLEASE, SIR!

PHOTOGRAPHER #2

He's not looking at the camera.

GOVERNOR WILBURN

All right, let's maybe take one with *this* gentleman over here...

Mildred sidles up to Dolly.

MILDRED

What's wrong with him?

DOLLY

Oh, his brother passed away this morning. Poor thing. Not that it would have mattered. He doesn't know, but he wasn't getting furloughed, anyway. His nephew called, said they didn't want him let out...

A flash of something crosses Mildred's face. Something like sympathy, or a moment of complete and total understanding. Dr. Hanover rushes through the doors, perturbed.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HANOVER

Miss Ratched. Would you come with me please?

The Governor hurries over, but Gwendolyn's already there.

GWENDOLYN

Dr. Hanover -- the Governor would like a word. The reporters are anxious to hear how the patient is doing and --

The Governor sidles up to Dr. Hanover. Sotto:

GOVERNOR WILBURN

How is he? Is the patient going to pull through?

DR. HANOVER

Yes --

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Fantastic. Let's get all the photographers and reporters up to that hospital room. You'll be on one side of the bed, I'll be on the other, and I'll hand the check for the \$75,000 over to you, and the patient will be right there in the middle.

DR. HANOVER

I don't understand --

GWENDOLYN

Doctor, a dozen reporters just saw your staff save a man's life. Let's not discourage them from making that a part of their story and give them a photo to go *along* with that story.

DR. HANOVER

I told you. I don't do photographs.

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Fine.

(re: Mildred)

We'll use her. That's even better.

She's the one who saved him.

NURSE? Would you come this way please?

Mildred turns to him and points to herself -- 'Who, me?'

60

INT. INFIRMARY -- MOMENTS LATER

60

A DOZEN FLASH BULBS POP as Governor Wilburn and Mildred pose, smiling, as he hands her a check over the unconscious body of Father Murphy in his hospital bed. REVEAL Nurse Bucket and Dr. Hanover watching from the doorway.

NURSE BUCKET

(bitter, as she goes)

Well, I guess she works here now.

*

GOVERNOR WILBURN

Great. That's great. And can we maybe get one of just the two of us?

The Governor pulls her over to him, his hand low on her waist. She turns to him, prim and direct, removing his hand from her person.

*

*

MILDRED

Please don't put your hand on me like that, thank you.

*

*

*

Taken aback, he smiles a little. He likes this one. More FLASH POPS. As Mildred flashes a million dollar smile CUT TO:

*

*

61

INT. COMMON ROOM, CORRIDOR THREE -- DAY

61

Dario sits, his cheeks stained with tears. REVEAL Mildred at the door, smoking, watching him. A beat, then Mildred sidles up next to him, kind.

MILDRED

Hello, Mr. Salvatore.

He stares, insensate. Mildred sits down with him.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your brother. I know how you feel right now, not being able to be with him, told that you're mad...when that's what's *driving* you mad, isn't it? I know how that feels.

He looks up at her, as if hearing words he understands for the first time in years.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I had a brother. He was the only family I ever had. The only family I *knew*, anyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I remember my mother and father,
but I can't picture them -- all I
remember is a *feeling*. You see, I
was taken away from them at a very
young age, and told someday I would
see them again, that they would
come for me, but that was a lie,
they never did. So all I had was my
brother. And then he was taken away
from me, too. And he *needed* me. He
really needed me. And that feeling,
that you weren't there for someone?
That you *abandoned* them?

(then)

People think it's *sadness* -- but
it's not *sadness* you feel, is it,
Mr. Salvatore? It begins as
sadness, but then it turns to *rage*,
doesn't it? Quiet, *private* rage --
the kind you're not allowed to show
in places like this. The kind that
makes you want to set the world on
fire. It burns away all the
goodness in you, all the hope,
until all that's left is a cold and
empty darkness.

She takes a breath, steeling herself, choking back tears,
dreading what she is about to say.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Right now, I have something
difficult to tell you. The doctors
and nurses here, they want to give
you hope. That one day you can
leave here and see your family
again. But you deserve someone to
show you mercy, Mr. Salvatore. And
so I have to tell you that I know
for a fact that they're never going
to let that happen. Do you
understand me? They are never going
to let you out of this place. They
are going to tell you they will so
that you will obey them. But you
are going to spend the rest of your
life in here because your family
doesn't ever want to see you again.

(crying now)

(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

61

CONTINUED: (2)

61

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I am so sorry to have to tell you that, Mr. Salvatore, but it's something I wish someone told me when I was young, so I could stop believing otherwise. How different I would be if someone had.

*

Tears fall down the man's face, broken. Mildred holds him by the shoulders, desperate that he hear her.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

But I have to tell you that there is real power in saying that you will not be a party to it -- in a human being saying that there is a kind of pain that I am unwilling to endure. There's a real heroism in that, I think. You have been subjected to enough pain. You deserve to be free from it...

(then)

Now, listen, I will only say this once: I've left the door to Dr. Hanover's office open. On his desk, there is a letter opener. If you like, I can take you there right now --

DARIO

(without hesitation)

Yes.

She nods. Takes a breath, wipes the tears from her cheeks and they stand. She glances around to see no one will notice, and she takes him by the arm and leads him out as we begin DE PALMA STYLE MONTAGE. Regular speed, half speed. Tension.

*

*

62

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

62

VOICE RECORDERS are set up. Photographers change their bulbs as Governor Wilburn steps up to the podium. The mic squeals.

63

INT. HANOVER'S OFFICE -- THAT MOMENT

63

Dr. Hanover peers down at the podium from his window high above. He quickly reaches into his pocket and pulls out his Thorazine...only it's EMPTY.

GOVERNOR WILBURN (O.S.)

Fellow Californians, good afternoon. Hi there, Jerry. Glad you could make it.

(MORE)

*

*

*

63 CONTINUED:

63

GOVERNOR WILBURN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In four years, you haven't written a kind word about me, but there's a first time for everything, isn't there?

*
*
*
*

Good natured chuckles from the crowd. Hanover hurries off.

*

64 INT. BACK ROOM -- DAY

64

Panicked, Dr. Hanover rummages through the shelves of PILL BOTTLES, recklessly knocking them to the floor in search of his Thorazine. He finds a bottle and pops a pill, savoring as it slides down his throat.

He notices the mess he made and begins to pick up the stray bottles when he sees: the *chlorothoridone*. The seal broken.

65 INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

65

Mildred leads Dario around the corner and stops. He walks down the hallway towards Dr. Hanover's office. He closes the door behind him. A moment, as she watches the door, stoic.

Dario nods as Mildred quickly closes the door. Dr. Hanover spots her from the end of the adjacent hall.

DR. HANOVER
Miss Ratched!

A66 INT. HANOVER'S BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A66

*

Dario stands in front of the mirror, emotional, staring at himself. He SLOWLY raises the letter opener.

*
*

B66 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

B66

*

Mildred is steely as Hanover approaches.

*

DR. HANOVER
Do you take me for an idiot? Dr. Bannon informed me that Father Murphy suffered cardiogenic shock.

MILDRED
That's right.

Dr. Hanover pulls out the bottle of *chlorothoridone*.

DR. HANOVER
Strange that the seal is freshly broken, considering none of our patients are on this medication.
(MORE)

B66

CONTINUED:

B66

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

Of course, it would be dangerous for somebody with Father Murphy's condition to take these, wouldn't you say?

MILDRED

(after a beat)

Yes -- I honestly don't know what you're asking me, Doctor...

A LOUD THUD comes from Dr. Hanover's office.

DR. HANOVER

Is there someone in my office?

MILDRED

I don't know -- Dr. Hanover, are you feeling alright?

He runs towards the office and opens the door.

66

INT. HANOVER'S OFFICE BATHROOM -- THAT MOMENT

66

*

He gasps and recoils. Dario's body lying lifeless on the ground, blood snaking along the tile floor. A LETTER OPENER lies next to his sliced throat.

*

DR. HANOVER

(panicking)

Oh God...

*

Dr. Hanover stares in disbelief.

*

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

I don't -- *how did he get in here?*

MILDRED

He clearly wasn't being supervised closely enough.

*

*

*

DR. HANOVER

Goddamn that Bucket! Oh, God...

*

*

He takes a step back, as the growing pool of blood radiates out. Faint, he pauses, then sits down at his conference table. Mildred observes his distress, then sits down next to him at the table. She bends in low, maternal and in charge. NOTE: the dialogue is rapid fire.

*

*

*

*

*

MILDRED

Dr. Hanover...

*

*

DR. HANOVER *
What am I going to do? The press is *
outside... *

MILDRED *
Dr. Hanover you are in a state of *
shock right now... *

DR. HANOVER *
Photographers are there, reporters, *
swarms of reporters... *

MILDRED *
You must compose yourself, you must *
focus... *

DR. HANOVER *
The Governor! The Governor is here! *
The most powerful man in the state! *

MILDRED *
What has occurred here is a *
tragedy, yes, but you must calm *
down... *

DR. HANOVER *
All my work, everything I'm *
fighting for, I'll be exposed! *
This...this negligence will ruin *
everything... *

MILDRED *
Dr. Hanover... *

DR. HANOVER *
(his height of emotion) *
...Will ruin me! *

MILDRED *
(sharply) *
DR. HANOVER YOU MUST STOP. *

He does, he looks at her, almost shaking. She leans in and *
puts her hand on his arm. She is the strength he needs. *

MILDRED (CONT'D) *
I will take care of this. *

DR. HANOVER *
(like a child) *
Why? *

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

(deeply focused on him)
I believe in you. I believe this hospital and you can save lives. We cannot jeopardize the greater revolutionary good to be had, the promise of salvation for hundreds if not thousands of people in need because of the suicidal actions of one lost soul.

DR. HANOVER

(looking up, dazed)
No. No, we cannot.

MILDRED

You focus now, you stand up tall and proud, and you walk out of this room and face the Governor and be quick about it. He's waiting. And I will take care of this.

DR. HANOVER

Yes.

He stands, still dazed. As he heads for the door.

MILDRED

And Dr. Hanover...

He turns. Very rational and even, as we PUSH IN ON HER --

MILDRED (CONT'D)

When you have a moment with the Governor after his speech, you tell him you've offered me a position here. He'll be pleased.

DR. HANOVER

Yes. Yes of course. He'll be pleased.

He exits. She takes a beat, then crosses back to the bathroom to look at the mess she has to clean up. Her POV: Dario, dead on the floor. It moves her. She bends down and holds his hand, as if to comfort his tortured spirit, as we PAN OUT.

"Pilot" Pink Revisions 3/21/19 49.
66 CONTINUED: (3) 66

*

67 EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY 67

Dr. Hanover sidles up behind the small crowd of reporters watching the Governor's speech.

GOVERNOR WILBURN

...now I may not be the most *pious* man alive, but there's a line of scripture I remember from Sunday school: "and the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Since you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

(impassioned)

AND SO. MUST. WE. CONSIDER. OUR FRIENDS AND LOVE ONES WHO BATTLE MENTAL ILLNESS...

68 INT. HALLWAY -- M WARD -- THAT MOMENT 68

Huck pushes a laundry cart out into the hallway.

MILDRED (O.S.)

Huck!

He turns to see Mildred walking toward him.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Here. Let me do that for you. It'd be my pleasure.

HUCK

Why? What are you talking about? You're going to do the laundry for the whole floor? Gimme a break.

He goes back to work. She grabs hold of the cart, panic in her voice.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

HUCK. PLEASE. LET ME DO THE LAUNDRY FOR YOU.

A moment. There's an odd moment of conspiracy between them. She gives an almost imperceptible nod, her look begging for him to trust her. A beat, then, heavy with portent:

HUCK

I think I might go on my break.

He walks off, leaving the cart. Mildred grabs it and races it back the way she came.

INT. NURSE'S STATION -- DAY

Dolly sits behind the glass as Nurse Bucket walks up.

NURSE BUCKET

Have you seen Dr. Hanover?

DOLLY

Last I saw he was headed up to his office.

EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY

GOVERNOR WILBURN

...and folks are gonna come
crawlin' out the woodwork, saying,
"this is just another government
program that's gonna bankrupt the
entire state." And when they do
I'll tell 'em to clean out their
ears because I already toldya: *THE
PROGRAM BECOMES BUDGET NEUTRAL AS
THE MENTALLY ILL RETURN TO THEIR
COMMUNITIES AND REJOIN THE
CALIFORNIA ECONOMY!!*

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Nervous, Dr. Hanover looks up at his office window high above. Suddenly, Gwendolyn is beside him.

GWENDOLYN

Is everything alright?

DR. HANOVER

I'm fine. It's -- a *momentous* day.

Gwendolyn considers him, then looks up at the window above. Mildred stands in the window. Their eyes meet and in a second Mildred is gone.

71 INT. HALLWAY -- OUTSIDE HANOVER'S OFFICE -- DAY 71

The door to Hanover's office opens and Mildred pushes the laundry cart brimming with linens out the door.

NURSE BUCKET (O.S.)
What exactly are you doing in there?

MILDRED
Hello, Nurse Bucket. Dr. Hanover asked me to wash the towels in his private bathroom.

NURSE BUCKET
Why would he ask you to wash his towels together with the linens from the patient's rooms?

MILDRED
Maybe you haven't heard his lectures, but Dr. Hanover believes all human beings are the same.

She pushes past her. Nurse Bucket barges through the office door and stops.

72 INT. HANOVER'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 72

Inside, the office and bathroom are SPOTLESS.

73 INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 73

Nurse Bucket turns back to see Mildred down the hall, gently pushing the laundry cart. She opens her mouth to say something, doesn't. She watches Mildred turn the corner.

74 EXT. COURTYARD -- DAY 74

GOVERNOR WILBURN
...so in closing, I'd just like to say this: I'm a child of California. I'm proud to count myself among her native sons. I was raised on the *promise* of this great state. I believe in the *dream* of California -- a dream shared by every restless soul who pulled up stakes and journeyed west to a discover a land of reinvention. Of *redemption*.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

GOVERNOR WILBURN (CONT'D)
A place where our tomorrows are
better than our yesterdays AND
*WHERE WE DO NOT SHRINK FROM THE
RESPONSIBILITY THAT IS OUR FELLOW
MAN...!!!*

*
*
*
*
*

75 INT. INCINERATOR -- INTERCUT 75

Mildred watches, impassive, as Dario's body burns atop a pile of white linen in the RAGING FIRE.

GOVERNOR WILBURN (V.O.)
...so let us look again to the
wisdom of scripture, "*if today you
hear His voice -- harden not your
hearts...*"

*
*

A moment, then she closes her eyes, suddenly moved, overwhelmed, and closes the iron door.

76 EXT. COURTYARD -- INTERCUT 76

GOVERNOR WILBURN
Brothers and sisters, this is a
crusade that you and I embark upon
together. And if you do me the
honor of returning me to Sacramento
this November, I hereby make a
solemn promise -- it is a crusade
that *WE SHALL WIN*.

*
*
*

Flashbulbs. APPLAUSE as the MONTAGE ENDS. SMASH TO:

*

77 EXT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- DUSK 77

Photographers and Reporters climb into cars. Dr. Hanover walks Governor Wilburn and Gwendolyn to their limousine.

GOVERNOR WILBURN
Well, Doctor, this has been a
pleasure. Exceeded expectations.

DR. HANOVER
Thank you, sir. We'll be in touch.

Gwendolyn helps the Governor climb into the limo. He rolls down the window.

GOVERNOR WILBURN
Oh, that nurse of yours...Ratched,
I believe? Tell her I said goodbye,
will you? Boy, she's got a set of
gams, doesn't she?

(CONTINUED)

The limo pulls off. Hanover watches it go, then turns back towards the Hospital to find Nurse Bucket approaching.

NURSE BUCKET

Dr. Hanover -- ?

DR. HANOVER

Not now.

NURSE BUCKET

It's about Nurse Ratched. Did you ask her to launder your towels?

DR. HANOVER

What? Of course not...

NURSE BUCKET

Then she *lied*. She is up to something --

DR. HANOVER

Oh yes. No, that's right. I did ask her. Thank you. I'm very tired.

He walks off. She watches him go, racked with suspicion.

Dr. Hanover steps into the office. Mildred sits in the middle of the spotless room. He closes the door behind him. She walks to a credenza, pours him a bourbon, hands it to him.

MILDRED

Here. To calm your nerves.

Silence in the gloaming. Hanover sits, without a word, as if trying to feel how the power between them has shifted. *

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Perhaps we should agree to not speak about what happened today.

DR. HANOVER

Aren't people going to ask where --

MILDRED

Mr. Salvatore's relations picked him up to take him to his brother's funeral just a few hours ago. In the hullabaloo of the Governor's visit, it must have gone unnoticed, but it's all there in the intake log, I just made sure of it.

(MORE)

78

CONTINUED:

78

MILDRED (CONT'D)

For the record, you don't owe me anything, Doctor. Other than a job here, which I heartily accept. And I hope you know you can trust me to keep your secrets.

DR. HANOVER

What secrets?

MILDRED

Exactly.

She gets up and walks to the door.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

Good night, Dr. Hanover.

79

EXT. SEALIGHT INN -- NIGHT

79

*

Mildred climbs out of her Packard just as she sees passing POLICE CARS, blue and red lights swirling, SIRENS BLARING -- before hearing the sound of a THUNDEROUS ENGINE as a METAL PADDY WAGON marked *San Quentin State Prison* passes-

*
*
*
*

A80

INT. PADDY WAGON -- NIGHT

A80

*

TWO PRISON GUARDS sit alongside EDMUND TOLLESON (late 20s)- who's clad in a mask complete with a bite plate -- and a straitjacket with chains strapping him to the metal wall.

*
*
*

The vehicle WHEEZES and HUFFS to a stop before TWO MORE PRISON GUARDS sling open the back doors--

*
*

80

EXT. YONTOCKET STATE HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

80

As Edmund's two large boots THUMP onto the ground with the rusting chain of ankle cuffs JINGLING. The Prison Guards escort Edmund up the steps, with each Officer having their rifle trained on him. A PRISON REPRESENTATIVE steps forward.

*
*
*

PRISON REPRESENTATIVE

Edmund Tolleson. You are to be held at Yontocket State Mental Hospital for a period of 120 days or until Dr. Richard Hanover can make the accurate recommendation regarding your fitness to stand trial. During this time, you are still a prisoner of the State of California and will be treated as such. Do you understand?

He nods as the Prison Guards escort him into the facility.
DISSOLVE TO:

81 INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- THE NEXT MORNING 81 *

Hanover is walking with Bucket, who is pointing at a ledger.

NURSE BUCKET

But see -- these are my initials,
but I did NOT release him.

DR. HANOVER

There's no problem here. I
furloughed him for the weekend. A
man deserves to be at his brother's
funeral, no matter what.

NURSE BUCKET

But his nephew...

DR. HANOVER

No matter WHAT.

NURSE BUCKET

But Dr. Hanover...do you trust him
to come back?

He continues on. Dr. Hanover gets to his office door and goes to pull out his keys. But they're not in his pocket. He pats himself down, unsure of what he did with them.

82 INT. M-WARD -- A CONVERTED WINE CELLAR -- DAY 82 *

The lock turns on the steel door. It SWINGS open as Mildred descends down the steps, Dr. Hanover's keys in her hand.

She walks down the hall of cold, damp stone, the stench overwhelming. Finally, she spots the huge pair of hands gripping the rusty prison bars. Mildred kneels down, concerned. *

MILDRED

Edmund Tolleson?

She shines a light, which illuminates a worn, bruised face. His eyes widen.

EDMUND

Is that you?

MILDRED

It's me.

She pulls his forehead to hers, eyes welling.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

I found you...

(CONTINUED)

She covers his face in kisses, sobbing.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

*I found my baby brother, I finally
found him...*

EDMUND

I don't wanna die.

MILDRED

You're not gonna die, Edmund. I
promise.

END PILOT