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# DISTURBED

"Pilot"

By

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TEASER

INT. WATERS FAMILY HOME. DAY - **PAST**

Sleek, straight lines and surfaces form a well-appointed home. Its modern decor is stylish, clean, and a little cold. A five-year-old girl screams at the top of her lungs, running down the hallway. A beautiful child, with rosy cheeks and long blonde waves - she would look like an angel if she wasn't shrieking like a banshee. This is young **CALDER WATERS**(5). She **SLAMS** a door in the face of her parents, **DR. MADELINE WATERS** (40 - slight, soft spoken, with the fair hue of skin you would expect from someone who has spent most of her adult life working in hospitals and laboratories) and her younger husband **DEAN WATERS** (31 - roguish good looks, kind and uncomplicated - someone who never finished his degree, but always got by on charm).

YOUNG CALDER

Leave me alone!

MADELINE

Calder, sweetie, Miss Liddy will be here any minute.

YOUNG CALDER

I don't care!

DEAN

She'll be disappointed if you're not ready, Bean. Let's get your suit on.

YOUNG CALDER

No!

Calder **SNATCHES** the swimsuit and rips past them, down the hall and into the bathroom. They follow in close pursuit. Calder opens the wooden toilet seat and **SLAMS** it down.

MADELINE

Calder, please don't do that.

Calder looks defiantly at her, and slams the seat, over and over again. **CLANK. CLANK. CLANK.**

MADELINE (CONT'D)

You need to calm yourself, and get ready for your lesson.

YOUNG CALDER

YOU calm yourself!

Calder keeps slamming - then lifts her swimsuit to throw it in the toilet, but Dean intercepts, in a panic.

DEAN

Honey, put on your suit. Please.

Calder switches on a dime, tearing up suddenly. She knows she can work her father.

YOUNG CALDER

Why are you doing this to me, Daddy? I hate swimming!

DEAN

(placating)

I'm sorry but -

Madeline jumps in to answer, patiently.

MADELINE

This is about safety, my love. We have a pool in our back yard, and you need to be a good swimmer.

YOUNG CALDER

(snapping)

I was talking to Daddy!!

DEAN

Honey, your mom is right -

Calder cuts him off by SCREAMING at the top of her lungs, she pushes past them, down the hall, toward the kitchen. They scramble after her. She opens a drawer, and pulls out some scissors. Madeline is remarkably even, and unflappable.

MADELINE

Calder, remember how we talked about making good choices?

YOUNG CALDER

Shut up!!!

Calder cuts the strap of her suit with her scissors. Dean pulls the scissors from her hands. Doorbell.

Calder races to the door. She opens it, to find her swim instructor, **MISS LIDDY** (30s, high voice, sunny demeanor). The tantrum ends suddenly, like a switch has flipped.

YOUNG CALDER (CONT'D)

Hi Miss Liddy!

Calder plasters on a smile, and greets her teacher with sugary warm hug.

MISS LIDDY  
Hi! You ready to splish splash?

YOUNG CALDER  
Yes, ma'am!

Madeline and Dean share an exasperated look.

EXT. WATERS FAMILY HOME. POOL. DAY - **PAST**

Calder sits next to the pool, humming to herself as she plays with a toy. Post lesson, she's wearing her swimsuit, which is pinned together with a safety pin. The family cat, HARRY, rubs against her leg. She pushes him away. The cat loses its balance, slipping into the pool.

Instead of helping the cat, she watches as it struggles and flails - trying to find a way out. Her expression is stoic. Just as the cat is about to slip beneath the surface -

DEAN  
Calder! Help him!

DEAN runs out and jumps into the pool to save the cat. He is shaken, and shocked as he pulls the cat out of the water.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
(to the cat)  
It's OK, Harry. You're OK, buddy.

Madeline comes over to Calder.

MADELINE  
Calder, what were you doing?

Calder shrugs.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Sweetheart, you know Harry could have drowned, right?

Calder nods.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you help him?

Calder is unemotional, matter of fact.

CALDER

I've never seen anything drown  
before. I wanted to see what it  
looked like.

Madeline looks over at a bewildered Dean. Her VOICE narrates the chilling scene.

*MADELINE (O.S.)*

*How do you raise a well-adjusted  
child? Tell them you love them?*

EXT. WATERS HOME. ARIEL. DAY.

We pull out from the home to reveal their Mercer Island neighborhood. Beautiful homes line the rocky shore of this sleepy, affluent enclave near Seattle. It's a gated community, surrounded not by high fencing, but by water.

*MADELINE (O.S.)*

*Buy a house in a safe neighborhood  
to try to keep them out of trouble?*

INT. WATERS HOME. DAY - **PAST**

Madeline gently combs the tangles out of Young Calder's hair.

*MADELINE (O.S.)*

*What if that doesn't work? What if  
you nurture them, and their nature  
fights you every step of the way?*

Madeline and Dean sit down to the table to eat with Calder. Calder plays with her food, making a mess. Madeline watches as Dean struggles to reason with her.

*MADELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)*

*You can't fight biology, or can  
you?*

Calder dumps out her milk spitefully, in spite of Dean's best efforts. Madeline watches. Zeroing in on her daughter.

*MADELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)*

*What would you do to protect them?*

Calder looks up, her steely gray eyes meeting Madeline's gaze. Madeline smiles. Calder does not smile back.

*MADELINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)*

*If they were sick, you'd look for a  
cure, wouldn't you?*

Madeline's smile fades, and they look at each other, guardedly. Off their look WE CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER. DAY - **PRESENT**

**DR. MADELINE WATERS** (now 49) speaks to an audience, promoting her new book, *"The Nurture Shift"*. Among those in the audience are a number of concerned parents, and their concerns are not garden variety. These are parents of children who exhibit early signs of Antisocial Personality Disorder: the parents of developing psychopaths. Madeline sits next to a MODERATOR (60s, bookish), who is guiding the talk. Madeline's demeanor is warm, and soothing.

MADELINE

But what if your child shows no empathy for others, no guilt for their actions, is prone to rage, manipulation, and even violence? It's one of the scariest questions a parent can ask - is it possible that my child is a psychopath? Has anyone here asked themselves that question?

A few hands raise.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

Here is where some of the scientific community and I disagree. I think the answer is yes. Children as young as three and four can demonstrate callous and unemotional traits linked to Antisocial Personality Disorder and psychopathy, but diagnosis is withheld until the age of eighteen. This is a mistake. Children often get treated, but not for the right thing. Adhd, first born syndrome, depression - sound familiar?

Knowing nods from several parents in the audience.

MADELINE (CONT'D)

For a decade, I have focused my career on developing treatment options for CU children. And the key is early intervention. At the Children's Mind Institute, we have created programs that target physical and behavioral changes in the young, developing mind.

A **WOMAN** (frazzled, 40s) in the audience raises her hand.

MODERATOR  
Question in the back?

WOMAN  
I want to ask about Christine. You talk about her extensively in your new book. I have a daughter who...

Her voice trails off, her mind going to a sad far away place.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Well, your early descriptions of her remind me of my own child. Is she... has she really become as well adjusted as the book says? It seems like a miracle. I mean, is that even possible?

MADELINE  
(smiling)  
Yes. Her progress has been nothing short of remarkable.

OFF MADELINE: brimming with self satisfaction.

TITLE CARD: DISTURBED



## ACT ONE

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

The DOUBLE DOORS of a high school hallway open to reveal present-day **CALDER WATERS** (16). She's a five-foot-five golden girl, with strawberry blonde hair, and an infectious smile. She's dressed in a fitted Greenpeace shirt and jeans. Being progressive is what makes you cool in this Generation Z enclave, and she plays in that sandbox well. She seems happy, and well adjusted - light years away from the little girl we saw in the teaser.

REESE

Hi-de-hi.

As she walks, she is flanked by her two best friends, **REESE** and **LILLITH**. Reese (15) is androgynous, with short hair, and describes herself as gender non-conforming. She comes off a bit tough and standoffish, but the bravado works for her. LILLITH (15) is the most malleable of the trio. She's Cambodian, and adopted - her two moms work in tech. A pleaser, she worries about people's opinions, and really wants a boyfriend, or at least the validation of having one.

CALDER

How was the chem test?

REESE

Like a turd sandwich wrapped in a periodic table with a side of protons.

LILLITH

Tasty.

CALDER

Mr. Trout is a troll, but at least he grades on the curve.

REESE

Truth. If half the class bombed like me, I'm royal.

They stop at Calder's locker. She pulls out a couple of clipboards, and hands them to her friends.

LILLITH

(to Reese)

Don't look, it's Jamie Norman.

Reese deflects her gaze from **JAMIE NORMAN**, an intense looking sophomore in hiking boots, and a vintage tee.

LILLITH (CONT'D)  
Does she know you're bi now?

REESE  
I'm non-binary, not bi.

LILLITH  
But you said you were done with lesbians...

CALDER  
Don't put her in a box, Lil.

REESE  
(miming the box)  
Yeah, why do you have to put me in a box, Lil.

CALDER  
Whatever, you've already been in Jamie Norman's box.

LILLITH  
That'd scare anyone out of the kitty corner. Also, file that under eww.

Reese nods toward **MR. MEGUID**, (handsome, early 30s, glasses), who is talking to a senior, LEXI ARRONS.

LILLITH (CONT'D)  
I heard he and Jenna Andrews smashed last year...

CALDER  
OK TMZ, that's some serious B.S. Jenna's mormon, and even if she wasn't - she would not hit that.

REESE  
Truth.

The bell rings.

CALDER  
Let's do this.

Calder flashes an infectious smile.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*I'm only a month into sophomore  
 year...*

EXT. QUAD. MONTAGE. DAY

The girls move around the quad conducting a sophomore class survey. Calder's voice reads from her journal. Guiding us, and giving us a window into her point of view.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*But it's safe to say I've got high  
 school pretty much figured out.  
 It's not rocket science. Everyone  
 wants the same thing...*

They saddle up to **IRV GARRET** and his crew. He's a brooding type in a Wilco Tee and an intentionally messy coif.

CALDER  
 Hey, so I'm running for sophomore  
 class president.

WE INTERCUT as the trio talks to various groups around the quad - Foodies, environmentalists, tech kids.

CALDER (CONT'D)  
 And we're taking a survey.

Curbies, wannabe gangsters, festival girls.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*To be liked.*

LILLITH  
 What's the most important change  
 you'd like to see in the school?

ENVIRONMENTALIST GIRL  
 Solar panels on the main campus.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*To be interesting.*

CALDER  
 As a fellow member of Eco Club, I'm  
 totally with you.

TECH KID  
 We should get class credit for  
 working on our start-up.

CALDER

Mercer should be doing way more to support entrepreneurship.

Calder moves between groups, skillfully. She can read people.

IRV GARRETT

What's up with the pussification of the vending machines?

CALDER

It's fascist BS.

*CALDER (V.O.)*

*To be validated.*

REESE

Sorry, the whatification?

Lillith ushers her away.

CALDER

What do you think the key to having a lit sophomore year is?

WANNABE GANGSTER

Dope parties.

FESTIVAL GIRL

Freestyle Fridays could go away forever.

*CALDER (V.O.)*

*To be special.*

CYBER PUNK

Getting that maniac out of the white house.

CALDER

That's why voting matters.

*CALDER (V.O.)*

*But everyone can't be special. That's not how it works. Not everyone is going to change the world. Sorry if it sucks, but it's the truth.*

Lillith looks over at the other side of the quad, staring at someone. Reese waves in front of her face.

REESE

Hello? Stop being such a stan.

LILLITH  
He's just such a specimen.

REESE  
Until he comments on how porcelain  
your skin is or how tiny your  
wrists are.

ANGLE ON - **FORD RADCLIFFE** (17). Deep set brown eyes, olive  
skinned, with a relaxed demeanor, that makes him seem older.  
He's that guy that everyone in school genuinely likes.

LILLITH  
He doesn't look like a fetish  
freak. Don't ruin this for me.

CALDER  
Let's go talk to him.

LILLITH  
No way. He's a senior.

Calder is already in motion. Her confidence is formidable.

CALDER  
Hey.

FORD  
Um, hi there.

Ford's two **GUY FRIENDS** snicker and stand back.

CALDER  
I'm Calder, this is Reese, and this  
is Lillith.

FORD  
Ford.

CALDER  
Nice to meet you. Hey, so, I'm  
running for sophomore class  
president and we're doing a survey,  
and we wanted to get the senior  
perspective on something.

FORD  
OK, sure.

CALDER  
What's the key to having a totally  
lit sophomore year?

FORD

Good question. Hmm. On the DL, I'd say finding a choice dealer. And knowing someone with wheels so you can get off this boring island every once in a while.

CALDER

(smiling slyly)  
Right. I'll work on that.

Their eyes meet. She's flirting, but it's subtle.

CALDER (V.O.)

*...But people don't know what to do with the truth.*

The group is spotted by Ford's girlfriend, **AMANDA PHILLIPS**. A petite brunette clad in shabby chic designer clothes that look both deliberate and effortless. The senior class "it" girl, she radiates cool, but harbors deep insecurities.

CALDER (V.O.)

*It's like a blunt object.*

Amanda raises her phone to take a SNAP of the group talking.

CALDER (V.O.)

*If you pick it up and raise it for people to see, it becomes a weapon.*

Amanda captions the SNAP STORY – *"When a desperate AF sopho tries to creep on your boyfriend... Game on."* She sends it.

In minutes, the snap makes its way around school, and the "game" is on – it's captioned and recaptioned by other seniors. Reese looks at her phone, seeing it.

REESE

(to Ford)  
Thanks, we've got to go.

She ushers the others to turn and walk away.

LILLITH

What's your problem?

Reese hands Calder her phone. She plays the Snap story, for the three of them to see. Calder smiles.

CALDER

Who cares? She's just a troll.

She looks over at Amanda, her eyes narrowing. She does care.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*...A weapon that can be turned on  
 you.*

EXT. OPEN WATER. SPEED BOAT - DAY

Calder behind the wheel of a boat, SPEEDING through the water. She goes careening into another boat's wake, causing their boat to jump. Reese and Calder laugh, but Lillith is not amused - she's seasick.

LILLITH  
 Dude, come on!

REESE  
 You know she's a maniac.

LILLITH  
 I'm gonna be fucking sick.

REESE  
 (suddenly serious)  
 You better not barf in my dad's  
 boat. Calder, slow down!

Calder speeds up, staring out into the blue expanse, cutting the waves with the bow of the boat.

REESE (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Calder!

Calder either can't hear her, or is ignoring her. Lillith as vomits over the side of the boat.

EXT. WATERFRONT HOME. ESTABLISHING - DAY

The boat is docked in front of a massive, waterfront home. It's not a house - it's a compound.

INT. WATERFRONT HOME. REESE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reese's bedroom is spartan, clean, and inscrutable, much like Reese. The exception is a shelf of photos and belongings of her dead mother. Lillith showers. Calder lies on the bed looking at her phone, swiping. Reese lies down next to her.

REESE  
 Catfishing again?

Reese looks at the profile - a pretty girl in her 20s.

REESE (CONT'D)

She's hot. Who is she?

CALDER

I'm calling her Amy. I took the pictures off some fake modeling site. She's getting a lot of play. I put it on a five mile radius. Lotta creeps on this island.

REESE

I'm sure.

Reese is close to Calder - we can see her crush. Calder senses her gaze, and jumps up.

CALDER

I wanna put a real pic of me up.

She hands Reese her phone, and takes off her top.

PRELAP: We hear Madeline - an excerpt from her field notes.

*MADELINE (V.O.)*

*Hollywood has painted us a picture of the psychopath as a demented, blood-thirsty killer. Deranged, violent, and utterly insane. But that's just not true. Psychopathy, like any disorder, exists on a spectrum.*

Calder faces Reese, topless.

CALDER

Just frame my face out.

*MADELINE (V.O.)*

*And while a psychopath has emotional and behavioral deficits, they can often mask them.*

Calder tosses her hair and poses and Reese takes photos. She flashes some duck lips, being silly.

*MADELINE (V.O.)*

*Appearing charming and charismatic, as they manipulate others to get what they want.*

CALDER

Let me see.



Calder reaches for her phone. She scans the photos and laughs - topless and utterly uninhibited.

INT. WATERS HOME. DUSK

ANGLE ON: a post-it note on the bathroom mirror, "You are loved". Another note on the kitchen cabinet, "You are beautiful, inside and out." Affirmations litter surfaces throughout the modern home.

MADELINE (V.O.)  
*And where there is no remorse,  
 punishment does not work.*

ANGLE ON: Madeline in her home office, typing into her field notes document.

MADELINE (V.O.)  
*Instead, our work focuses on  
 positive reinforcement. Guidance.  
 Nurturing.*

The sound of the front door. Madeline pauses.

ANGLE ON: Calder as she comes in the front door. She flings her bag on the couch, and pauses to check her face in the entryway mirror. Post-its: "You are enough." "Love is unconditional". Dean appears in the entryway.

DEAN  
 Hi sweetie.

CALDER  
 Sorry I'm a little late. We went out on the water.

She is warm and bubbly toward her dad. She FOLLOWS him to the kitchen where Madeline is now making tea.

MADELINE  
 (warmly)  
 Hello Calder, how was your day?

Calder is a little cold toward her.

CALDER  
 Fine.

MADELINE  
 Well, how do you feel about chamomile?

CALDER

I give it a solid seven. Eight  
with honey.

The three sit with an undertone of formality. This is their weekly "emotional inventory" - a mandatory state of the union designed to keep Calder's treatment on course.

MADELINE

Lets talk about the week. How have  
you been feeling? Any insights?

CALDER

Not really. School is school.  
We're not the fish anymore, so  
that's an improvement.

Madeline radiates with upbeat energy.

MADELINE

That must feel good. So, what was  
the intention you set, and do you  
feel like you achieved it?

CALDER

My intention was to expand my  
circle, I'm meeting lots of people  
by running for class prez.

DEAN

That's great. It's a good way to  
learn leadership skills.

MADELINE

Are you still feeling bored?

CALDER

I'm pretty sure boredom a staple of  
being a teenager - like acne.

MADELINE

I know my love, but it's important  
that we discuss any deviations, or  
triggers.

CALDER

Everything is fine, mom.

MADELINE

The assistant principal called  
today, about a bullying incident.

CALDER  
That was nothing. Just some stupid  
online ego trip.

MADELINE  
(concerned)  
It didn't bother you?

CALDER  
People talk trash online all the  
time. It's a non event, seriously.

MADELINE  
OK. Well, I have news.  
(a beat)  
The funding came through for the  
new study, and we'll be getting  
started this week. I'll need you to  
clear Monday afternoons.

Calder's face drops - the upbeat veneer fading.

CALDER  
You're gonna put me on that  
medication?

MADELINE  
You'll be part of the clinical  
trail. We'll do some scans, and  
then there's group once a week.

CALDER  
No! I don't want to take pills and  
be trapped in group sessions with a  
bunch of freaks!

MADELINE  
Calder, we did talk about this.

CALDER  
No, you talked about it. I'm  
getting A's. I get along with  
everybody. I've done everything you  
asked.

MADELINE  
And we're so very proud of your  
progress. But continued treatment  
could open so many more doors.

Calder gets up from the table, banging it with her fist.

CALDER

To where?! I'm fine. Why can't you just leave me alone and let me be who I am? Why do you want to change me?

She turns, changing tactics and focusing on her dad.

CALDER (CONT'D)

Don't you love me?

DEAN

Of course we love you.

CALDER

Then don't let her do this!

MADELINE

We love you, which is why we want to get you all the help we can.

Calder backs away.

CALDER

But there's nothing wrong with me!

INT. CALDER'S BEDROOM. EVE

Calder sits on her bed, fuming. A tap at the door - Dean.

DEAN

Your mom and I are going out on our date night. You OK?

Calder shrugs, looking somber.

DEAN (CONT'D)

We won't be late. I love you.

CALDER

Love you too.

Dean leaves, closing the door behind him. She jumps out of bed and goes to the window, watching her parents leave. She no longer looks forlorn - she is on a mission.

She pulls out her phone and pulls up the dating app. She clicks on a conversation. *TEXT: What are you doing right now?* She attaches her topless photo and sends.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - EVENING

Madeline and Dean sit on a couch facing their couples therapist, LARRY O'NEAL, PHD - 60s, a New York academic with silvery gray hair, glasses, and a buttoned down approach.

DEAN

I have mixed feelings about putting Calder in another study, and I don't feel like I can talk about it with her. That's why I wanted to talk about it here.

MADELINE

But we did talk about it, and we agreed.

DEAN

I agreed, because I knew if I didn't, it would become this big thing.

MADELINE

So you're upset with me because you said yes when you didn't mean it, and I took you at your word?

DEAN

Don't twist what I said.

LARRY

I think how we arrived here is less important than the fact that we are here now. You two have been through a lot not just as parents, but as a couple. Dean, you've been supportive of your daughter's participation in Madeline's work before, why are you now unsure?

DEAN

I am supportive, and I think Madeline has been instrumental in Calder's progress. But now that Calder is getting older, it seems like she should have a say in her treatment. Especially since she is a big part of Madeline's books.

LARRY

Calder knows she's featured in your work, right?

DEAN

No.

MADELINE

But we don't hide it. She's never taken an interest in my writing. An interest in *anything* I do for that matter.

DEAN

That's not true, Maddie.

(to Larry)

The thing is, Calder is doing great. I don't know if we should mess with that. She feels like we're moving the bar on her, and we kind of are. I'd be upset too.

Madeline takes Dean's hand.

MADELINE

Dean, I know you love our daughter. And you want more than anything to give her the benefit of the doubt. I want that too. But you've got to remember where that instinct has gotten us before.

ON DEAN - a painful memory. CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Dean, Madeline, and eight year old Calder meet with her teacher, **MRS. POWERS** (50s, brittle features, no nonsense).

MRS. POWERS

Calder, do you want to tell your parents what happened today?

CALDER

Jake hit me.

MRS. POWERS

That isn't what happened.

CALDER

Yes it is!

Calder starts to cry.

MRS. POWERS  
You took his drawing, and tore it  
up, didn't you?

CALDER  
(to Dean)  
Daddy, that isn't what happened!

MRS. POWERS  
Calder, you need to-

DEAN  
(interrupting the teacher)  
Let her express herself.

Calder, emboldened by her father's defense, lays it on thick.  
She is manipulating him.

CALDER  
He was picking on me! He pulled at  
my panties.

DEAN  
Oh my God.

Madeline isn't buying it. She looks to Mrs. Powers, soberly.

MADELINE  
Is that what you saw?

MRS. POWERS  
Jake was quietly working when I  
complimented his picture. We showed  
it to the class. Calder was on the  
other side of the room. She caused  
a disruption, and then destroyed  
his picture.

MADELINE  
What disruption?

Mrs. Powers points to the mop by the wall.

MRS. POWERS  
She urinated next to her desk.

CALDER  
She's lying!

MRS. POWERS  
There's splatter on your shoes,  
Calder.

Dean and Madeline look down at Calder's patent Mary Jane's. The dried spray of droplets. Calder's eyes go cold and she stops crying, as if flipping a switch. She calmly looks up at Mrs. Powers.

CALDER

I'm gonna rip all your hair out and stuff it down your throat so you'll choke.

The eerie threat settles in on Mrs. Powers. BACK TO:

INT. THERAPY OFFICE - EVENING

Madeline continues to speak earnestly to Dean.

MADELINE

She leans on you. She tests you. She thinks she can push you. And she's kind of right. It's always me that has to step in and be the bad guy, and set boundaries.

LARRY

Dean, how does that make you feel?

DEAN

Crappy. Like I'm being punished for loving my kid.

LARRY

Do you agree that Calder treats you differently?

DEAN

Yes, but. I don't think it's always a manipulation. I don't.

Madeline and Dean share a look - they are at an impasse.

INT. SUBARU. EVE

Madeline is behind the wheel as they drive home in silence.

MADELINE

Do you want to talk?

DEAN

Not really.

MADELINE

OK.



After a moment, Madeline pulls off the road into an alley.

DEAN  
What are you doing?

Madeline puts the car into park. Instead of answering him, she takes down her hair, and starts to unbutton her blouse.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Now? Come on.

But she doesn't stop. She starts to kiss his neck.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
We really should get home. Calder was upset.

MADELINE  
What about you and me?  
(playfully)  
I think Calder will be OK for another, say, twenty minutes.

She runs her hand underneath his shirt - she knows exactly what to do to turn him on.

DEAN  
Twenty minutes? I'd say I need at least an hour.

MADELINE  
Oh really?

DEAN  
Yeah.

He pulls her onto him. She unbuckles his pants, working quickly. He presses into her, her hand grasping the window.

EXT. WATERS FAMILY HOME - EVE

Calder steps out into the street, watching as a black SUV drives away. When it is gone, she pulls something we can't see out of her robe, and drops it down the storm drain.

INT. WATERS FAMILY HOME - EVENING

Calder makes up her tousled bed. She washes glasses, then carefully adds water to a vodka bottle before replacing it in the cabinet. Like most teenagers, she knows how to get away with things.

The FLASH of headlights pulling in the driveway. As her parents walk up, she plops herself in front of the TV, innocently.

DEAN

Hey. What are you watchin'?

CALDER

Forensic Files.

DEAN

Ugh, I don't know how you watch that stuff.

CALDER

It's amazing the things people get away with. Well... almost.

(looking up at Madeline)

You're mascara is smudged.

MADELINE

(lying)

They put us next to one of those heat lamps. Always dries out my contacts.

She runs her finger under her eyes, fixing it.

DEAN

What you been up to?

CALDER

(lying)

Not much. Worked on my campaign speech.

Madeline zeros in on the NEST CAM on the shelf.

MADELINE

Why is this turned around?

CALDER

Huh? Oh. I don't know, maybe Judy moved it when she was cleaning.

Madeline nods, not buying it, but not letting on.

DEAN

I'm gonna hit the hay.

MADELINE

Me too. You should get some rest.

CALDER

I will. Just have to see who done it.

(to Madeline, playfully)

I think it was the mom.

Madeline smiles, and shakes her head.

MADELINE

Goodnight.

INT. MADELINE AND DEAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Madeline looks at the camera footage on an ipad. In the footage, Calder leaves the room, then after a long gap, sits on the couch to watch TV. At first, she sees nothing, but she pours over it noticing - a reflection in the hall mirror. A FIGURE coming in the front door - a man. She tries to zoom in, trying to get a clearer look.

INT. WATERS HOME. EVE

QUICK CUTS: Madeline looks in the trash can in Calder's bathroom, the trash in the living room, and the trash in the kitchen. Nothing. She doesn't find what she's looking for.

EXT./INT. THE CHILDREN'S MIND RESEARCH INSTITUTE - MORNING

A modern research center nestled next to a clinical building on the Puget sound. In a comfortable office, Calder speaks to her therapist, **DR. COREY YOST** (38). An ambitious young doctor studying under Madeline, he's slender and bookish, with high cheek bones, and a clear eyed, sobering presence.

DR. COREY YOST

You're upset.

CALDER

She's forcing me to do something against my will. I mean, I'm an A student. People like me. I'm well adjusted. Yeah, when I was younger I had some anger or whatever, but that's not a problem anymore.

DR. COREY YOST

Because you feel more tolerant and empathetic of others, or because you have learned impulse control?

CALDER

Both I guess. I feel good. I'm doing good. I mean, there isn't a problem to be solved. And that's partly due to you. You've been really helpful the last couple of years. And I even felt like my mother and I were doing OK, until this came up.

DR. COREY YOST

So you're angry at your mother?

Inside the parental observation room, Madeline and Dean watch as the session continues.

CALDER

I'm disappointed in her. It's like she doesn't see me.

DR. COREY YOST

I know you're frustrated. But open your mind for a moment. Is it *possible* good things will come from your participation in this study?

ON CALDER, a look, like - *seriously?*

INT. XRAY LAB. DAY - LATER

Calder sits in a gown as a TECHNICIAN explains the CT scan.

TECHNICIAN

I'm gonna have you lie back while I inject the dye. When you get in the machine, it's important that you stay as still as possible. Are you claustrophobic?

CALDER

No.

TECHNICIAN

Good. You're parents are going to be coming through right behind you.

Calder lies back on the cot and zones out. Her defiance has turned to resignation - she is used to this.

CALDER (V.O.)

*Anything is possible, right? That's what they tell you. It's a way to hold on to hope.*

Calder watches as the blue dye is injected into her arm. The technician talks, but Calder is no longer listening.

*CALDER (V.O.)  
Hope for what? To be normal? Who  
the hell wants that? Normal doesn't  
change the world. Normal doesn't  
build fortunes, or empires. Normal  
means you've already lost.*

Her head is braced and she is rolled into the machine.

*CALDER (V.O.)  
And they won't be satisfied until  
there's nothing left of me.*

She moves into the narrow, coffin-like space.

*CALDER (V.O.)  
Until I'm just a carbon copy of a  
teenage girl.*

A buzzer sounds as the scan begins.

*CALDER (V.O.)  
But I'm not going to let that  
happen.*

She looks up into the blinking lights, the humming of the machine taking over, like a porthole looking into the inevitability of oblivion.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE. FREEMONT. BACKYARD - DAY

Madeline, Dean, and Calder arrive at Madeline's sister's house, in the hipster Freemont neighborhood. Her nephew's seventh birthday is underway, and it's like a Pinterest board exploded into an Old West/Farmer's market theme. It has a gardening area, where kids can pot sustainable plants, a "wanted" photo booth, a local produce table, and more.

ANGLE ON: **MARY CHAMBERLIN** (35) a sunny, polished, new age momtrepreneur and Madeline's youngest sister. She gave up a career in marketing to raise her two kids, but is using her marketing saavy to cultivate a social media presence around her family that she wants to turn into a business.

MARY

Levi, Levi... look here. Smile,  
mommy needs a picture to post!

**LEVI** (7, biracial, in stylish overalls) complies with a frozen grin. Mary looks up and waves to Madeline.

MARY (CONT'D)

Maddie, you guys made it!

Mary walks up to Madeline, filtering her photograph. When Mary looks up, she hands her a gift.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thank you!  
(hugging Calder)  
Hey sweetheart. Hi Dean!

Calder is quiet, distant.

CALDER

Hey.

MADELINE

This is really something, Mary.

MARY

I got Whole Earth and Babycakes to sponsor the farm table. It's so cute, isn't it? Can you put this on the gift table for me?

Dean takes the gift and heads that way. Calder gets out her iphone and starts texting. Mary quietly pulls Madeline aside.

MARY (CONT'D)

I talked to Mom. The doctors think Dad had a stroke. She tried to explain, but I think it all went over her head.

ON MADELINE - she stiffens at the mention of their parents. There is bad blood there.

MARY (CONT'D)

She's never been good in those situations. I thought, well, maybe you could get involved, or -

MADELINE

Oh, gosh, Mary, I don't think that's a great idea.

MARY

But you're a doctor.

MADELINE

She's got Mike, and Catherine and Will. I don't think she wants me involved.

MARY

Maybe you could just call her? I mean, it's times like this that bring people together.

ON MADELINE - digesting what Mary is saying. Calder puts down his phone, overhearing.

CALDER

Grandpa Waters is sick?

MARY

Yes, sweetie, but don't worry, he's got very good doctors.

(beat)

I have to do a couple more posts and I'll be right back. Business before pleasure! Ha ha, I sound like such a square.

She gives Madeline a long, warm hug.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm so glad you came, Maddie.

MADELINE

Wouldn't miss it.

ANGLE ON: Dean makes his way over to Mary's husband, **LIAM CHAMBERLIN** (37, African American, stylish, a self-proclaimed nerd). He speaks to another dad, **MEL CONNERS**.

DEAN  
Quite a shindig!

LIAM  
No doubt, no doubt. Mary knows what she's doing. Mel, have you met my brother in law, Dean?

MEL  
Don't think so.

The group is overtaken by another dad, **BARRY WOLFF**.

BARRY  
This guy doesn't get out much!

DEAN  
Barry! Man, is Jeannie seven already? I forgot our kids are the same age.

MEL  
How do you guys know each other?

DEAN  
We went to college together.

BARRY  
And we were rock gods! Before this one dropped out.

DEAN  
We were legends.

BARRY  
In flannel. Dude, we have to hang out. Or does the ball and chain still have you on a short leash?

DEAN  
It's not like that. Being a dad just takes a lot of time.

ON BARRY - not buying it.

BARRY  
Dude, your daughter isn't five she's what, like fifteen?



DEAN

Sixteen.

BARRY

Right. She's got her own things going on, and so should you. Boys night.

Dean looks over at Madeline, thinking.

DEAN

OK, let's do it.

ANGLE BACK ON: Calder and Madeline. They stand together taking in the scene.

CALDER

Over the top, much?

MADELINE

Everyone looks like they're having fun.

CALDER

You hate this stuff. All the posting, mom branding, or whatever. Why don't you just cop to it.

MADELINE

Doesn't matter what I think, hon. It matters if Mary enjoys it. She certainly works hard to make everything beautiful.

ON CALDER - annoyed. Madeline is trying to make this a teaching moment, and Calder just wants honesty.

CALDER

Remember my seventh birthday party? The world's ugliest Barbie piñata?

MADELINE

(with a laugh)  
She wasn't that bad.

CALDER

She had a unibrow.

MADELINE

You wouldn't let anyone else take a turn. You kept laying into her with the bat, and you got so mad when she had the wrong kind of candy. Everyone had to go home.

CALDER

I remember it differently. You were against the whole Barbie thing. Rah rah feminism whatever. Dad had to do everything. And you didn't want to be there, I could tell. So I took it out on the piñata.

On Madeline, considering, then -

MADELINE

It was an ugly piñata.

CALDER

I guess she deserved what she got.

Prelap: a school bell.

INT. SCHOOL QUAD - MORNING

Calder is dropped off at school by Dean. Lillith and Reese wave to her from a bench.

LILLITH

(to Reese)

She'd murder me if she heard me, but her dad is such a babe.

REESE

I know. Mrs. W is sort of a cougar.  
(to Calder, approaching)  
What's up?

CALDER

Did you do the Trig homework?

REESE

Affirmative. Want it?

Reese pulls the assignment out of her bag.

CALDER

I love you.

Calder quickly copies the answers. Lillith looks at a SNAP - the story about Calder is still making its way around.

REESE

Lil, put that away.

LILLITH

Sorry. It's so stupid.

CALDER  
I don't care. Seriously.

She looks up and spots Amanda across the quad.

CALDER (CONT'D)  
Actually, I'll just deal with it.

Calder starts walking, Lillith calls after her.

LILLITH  
Wait, what are you doing?  
(to Reese)  
What is she doing?

Reese shrugs.

REESE  
Being Calder.

Calder walks in the direction of Amanda, who is talking to her friend, **TRIAN**. She overhears their conversation.

AMANDA  
I'm totally stag today. Ford has  
SAT prep on the South Island.

TRIAN  
Again?

AMANDA  
Twice a week, now. I'm so fucking  
thirsty. It's brutal.

Calder walks up to them.

CALDER  
Hey, can I talk to you?

Amanda looks over at Trian, and nods her away.

AMANDA  
Uh, sure.

CALDER  
I just wanted to say I was sorry.

Amanda looks at her, surprised.

CALDER (CONT'D)  
I wasn't trying to creep on your  
man or whatever, it's just, like,  
the whole school looks up to you  
guys. I mean, you and Ford.  
(MORE)

CALDER (CONT'D)

And since I'm running for a school election, I just thought of anyone on campus, you'd be the ones to talk to. I guess I just wanted some of your cred. I know it's kind of lame...

AMANDA

(flattered)

OK, wow. I... was not expecting that.

CALDER

Well, I just wanted to apologize.

AMANDA

I'm totally the one who should be apologizing to you. God, you're like... so nice. It was supposed to be a joke. I feel like a bitch.

CALDER

Don't. It's no big deal. Really. Honestly, it was funny.

The bell RINGS.

CALDER (CONT'D)

Anyway, have a good one.

AMANDA

Thanks. You too.

Calder walks off, leaving a bewildered Amanda behind her.

*CALDER (V.O.)*

*Here's the thing about being a girl. We're used to being victims.*

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY - CONTINUOUS

GUYS walk down the hall, turning to check out some girls.

*CALDER (V.O.)*

*We're conditioned to it. Read any history book, or any blog, or just watch the news.*

She passes clusters of girls and guys talking, whispering, thundering. She veers off, walking toward administration.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*The age old argument is that women  
 are fundamentally different to men.*

INT. SCHOOL. OFFICE. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Calder sits in an empty office, waiting. She looks small in her chair next to the massive desk.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*They are more emotional. More  
 vulnerable.*

The door opens, and the school guidance counselor, Mr. Meguid, walks in. He's a ball of nervous energy with messy hair and tailored slacks. He has the look of someone who is trapped by his life. A man who teaches, because he never pursued his own goals.

MR. MEGUID  
 Ms. Waters.

He nervously looks out the window toward the hall.

MR. MEGUID (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing here?

CALDER  
 I wanted to see you.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*Biologically programmed to be kind,  
 and nurturing...*

He closes the blinds on the window and -

MOMENTS LATER.

Calder is standing next to his desk, bent over. Mr. Meguid stands over her, breathing heavily.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*...more sensitive to shame and  
 fear.*

He reaches, his hand skating along the surface of her skirt.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*Weaker. Natural victims.*

His hand moves, slowly, lifting up her skirt.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*And if that's true, then survival  
 would depend on a movement away  
 from those qualities.*

Her eyes widen, searching. A framed photo of his wife and kids. Her gaze lands on a trophy. A solid glass globe, "Counselor of the Year".

CALDER (V.O.)  
*Wouldn't it?*

She grabs it, spins around, defensively swinging it up and -

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY

Mr. Meguid gets money out of an ATM. Calder waits next to an SUV, with a black eye. We don't know what happened, but it looks like he hurt her. He walks over to her and hands her the cash. He looks nervous, sweating.

MR. MEGUID  
 Three hundred.

Calder nods vacantly and takes the money.

EXT. STRIP MALL. DAY

Calder sits at an outdoor coffee place in a strip mall, staring into a latte. She spots an old Landcruiser, recognizing the car. She gets up and starts walking. The driver gets out - its Ford. She walks down the street, like she's going somewhere. He spots her, and -

FORD  
 Oh hey. Calder, right?

CALDER  
 Yeah.

FORD  
 God, what happened to your eye?

CALDER  
 Nothing it's just...  
 (tearing up)  
 This guy, older guy I've been  
 seeing, he...

FORD  
 He did this to you?

She can't seem to hold it in. She is shaking.

CALDER  
Sorry, this is so embarrassing.

He guides her to a bench.

FORD  
Here, sit. Who is this guy?

CALDER  
He goes to U Dub. It's nothing really. We broke up, so it doesn't matter now.

FORD  
Is there anything I can do?

CALDER  
No, no. I'm sure you've got somewhere you need to be.

He points to the Kaplan awning at the Mall behind them.

FORD  
SAT prep, but I can skip it. Do you need me to take you somewhere?

She looks up at him, brightening.

CALDER  
Actually.

INT. FORD'S LANDCRUISER. DAY - LATER

Calder and Ford wait in his car outside of a Medical Marijuana store. His dealer, OZ (21, smarmy, but effeminate) emerges and gets in the car. He hands Ford a bag of goods.

OZ  
Here you go.

FORD  
Thanks Oz. She's got the skroll.

CALDER  
Hey, I'm Calder.

Calder passes OZ the cash. Off OZ's look -

FORD  
She's cool.

OZ takes Calder in.

OZ  
Nice shiner, sis. Any friend in  
weed is a friend indeed.

CALDER  
(passing her phone)  
Actually, can I get your number?

Oz looks at Ford to see if this is OK - it is.

OZ  
Sure. Here, I just sent myself a  
text so you got my number. I just  
got some Bennies and some Molly, so  
if you need anything else -

FORD  
(cutting him off)  
Thanks Bruh. We're good.

Oz gets out of the car.

OZ  
Pleasure.

EXT. LUTHER BURBANK PARK - DAY

Calder and Ford walk by the docks at the waterfront park,  
smoking from Ford's vape pen. Calder coughs.

FORD  
You want to hit it again?

CALDER  
I think I'm good.

FORD  
It's sort of strong, if you're not  
used to it.

CALDER  
Gummies go down easier.

FORD  
Last time I had some, my little  
brother got his hands on one.

CALDER  
No way, how old is he?



FORD

Eight. I felt so bad. Thank God my mom wasn't around. He ended up eating an entire tin of Christmas popcorn and throwing up all over the bathroom, poor guy. So I stick with the OG stank.

Calder laughs, then goes quiet. They keep walking.

FORD (CONT'D)

You sure you're alright?

CALDER

It's been a shit week or two, to tell you the truth.

FORD

That thing Amanda posted was low. Sorry about that.

CALDER

It's not your fault. She hates me, not that I blame her. I'm feeling pretty hateable.

FORD

No, come on. You're a nice person, and believe it or not, Amanda is too. She's got a lot going on at home.

CALDER

Like, bad stuff?

FORD

Her dad's got this really young wife that he cheats on, like, constantly. I think it really messes with her, seeing that.

CALDER

Wow. That would make anyone a little insecure I guess.

FORD

And her stepmom is a mess. Total pill popper. That's how Amanda always has Xanax. Becky doesn't know what day it is, much less if she's missing a bar or two.

(beat)

I hate that she does that stuff. Turns her into a zombie.

CALDER  
Wait. Her stepmom's name is Becky?  
Now *that's* brutal.

Ford laughs.

FORD  
I don't know why I'm telling you  
all this. You're really easy to  
talk to.

CALDER  
You too.

They share a smile. She looks at her phone.

CALDER (CONT'D)  
Shoot, I have to go.

FORD  
You're not going to go see that  
guy, are you?

CALDER  
No.

FORD  
Do you need a ride?

CALDER  
No, I'm good.  
(moving closer)  
You were a real lifesaver today.  
Thank you.

She moves and gives him a quick kiss on the mouth. He is  
stunned.

CALDER (CONT'D)  
Bye!

FORD  
Uh, OK. Bye!

He watches her rush off toward the parking lot, intrigued.

INT. UBER. DAY - LATER

Calder gets in an uber.

UBER DRIVER  
Calder?

CALDER

Yeah. Here, can I sit in front? I need that mirror.

As they drive, she puts layers of cover-up and powder on her bruise, concealing it artfully. She looks at the text from Oz on her phone. She starts to type a message back.

EXT./INT. THE CHILDREN'S MIND RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

Calder makes her way into the building and down the hall. She comes to a classroom door, marked "Study 12" and enters.

INT. CLASSROOM. CHILDREN'S MIND RESEARCH INSTITUTE - DAY

Madeline and Dr. Yost sit in a group session with a group of fifteen adolescents and teens.

MADELINE

Each week, we will have a focused topic, then an open forum, so we can make the best use of our time.

Calder is late, interrupting.

CALDER

Hi.

MADELINE

Hello... you are?

Calder is thrown for a moment, then remembers to play along - she does not want to reveal she is Madeline's daughter.

CALDER

Calder. Sorry I'm late.

**EVAN** (12), a skinny, acne riddled kid sneers, angling for a disruption.

EVAN

(mimicking)

Sorry I'm late. So, like, sorry.

**JOHN** (13, all chains and Air Jordans) chimes in.

JOHN

Yo, you want to check out my notes?  
I'll let you copy them.

He flips up his notebook where he has drawn a picture of Madeline sucking a dick with the caption: "This Sucks".

MADELINE

OK, why don't you guys take five minutes, Dr. Yost and I will step out.

EVAN

Too-de-loo! Feel free not to come back.

The room erupts into mild chaos.

JOHN

Dawg. Move over, you're breathing all over my business. Creamy, open seat!

Calder looks away and notices another Participant, **DARREN** (16), staring at her. Sarcastic brown eyes and jet black hair, he could be the a poster child for teenage nihilism. He gestures to the open seat next to him, like a magician revealing a secret. Calder sits down.

DARREN

A female path. How exotic.

CALDER

I'm not a path.

DARREN

Oh no, of course not. Me neither.

CALDER

There's another girl here.

ANGLE ON: **RUBY** (14), overweight, dressed in tight black spandex. Ruby is engrossed in her book and doesn't look up.

DARREN

She hasn't said much yet. Her name's Ruby, or Sandy, or some other sad stripper name.

(beat)

So that was weird.

CALDER

What was weird?

DARREN

The look you gave the doc when she asked your name. You looked a little, I don't know, surprised.

CALDER

Try stoned.

DARREN  
That's not it. You know each other.  
But why the act?

CALDER  
What act?

DARREN  
You're acting like you don't know  
each other when you do.

CALDER  
I interviewed for the study...

DARREN  
Why the cover up?

CALDER  
What's your problem?

DARREN  
Oh my God. You're her. You're the  
one she talks about in her books.

Calder is frozen.

CALDER  
I haven't read any of her books.

DARREN  
No? You should. You're totally her.

CALDER  
Who?

DARREN  
You're Christine.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - MORNING

The auditorium is buzzing with restless sophomores gathered for assembly. EDDIE ROSE (15), a sycophantic national honors society member, finishes reading his speech from notecards.

EDDIE

Service, pride, and excellence:  
that is my promise to you, should  
you elect me as your sophomore  
class president. Lets "get woke",  
everyone! Eddie Rose for president,  
#eddie4pres. Thank you!

The assistant principal **MR. MERCADO** (gaunt, overly fit outdoorsy type) takes the stage.

MR. MERCADO

Thank you Eddie, next up, Calder  
Waters.

Bored claps as Calder takes the mic. She assesses the crowd.

CALDER

Hey everybody. How's it going?  
Yeah, I think these assemblies are  
a little sus' too, so let's keep it  
brief. Here's the thing, I could  
talk to you about leadership, class  
unity, blah blah blah... or I could  
talk to you about what we all  
really care about: field trips,  
better vending machines, and  
throwing savage parties.

Some Laughs. Calder smiles, comfortable on the stage. Reese and Lillith watch from the fifth row.

CALDER (CONT'D)

It's true. But students at Mercer  
High also really care about things.  
Our world, our future, the  
environment. Why wouldn't we? We're  
inheriting this mess one day,  
right? Thanks Gen X.

Nods of agreement.

CALDER (CONT'D)

So we're not fish any more, and as sophomores, let's be honest, we're just trying to see where we fit in, right? After getting roasted on snap last week, I know I am. Yeah, I'm going there. Why not? Am I supposed to be mortified because some senior wants to make me a punch line? I don't plan on wasting any part of my sophomore year being a mark, and neither should any of you.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WATERS HOME - MORNING

Dean makes breakfast as Madeline rushes to grab some coffee.

DEAN

You want some of this toast?

MADELINE

No, I'm already late. Meeting with the school counselor.

DEAN

Why didn't you tell me? I'd like to be at that. I would have pushed back my open house.

MADELINE

Sorry, slipped my mind. No big deal, just checking in on that bullying thing from last week. See you tonight.

DEAN

Actually, I'm invited to do a guys night tonight... with Barry. I ran into him at your sisters.

MADELINE

I see.

Madeline stiffens.

DEAN

But I'll be home for the family meeting. That OK?

MADELINE  
 (quietly)  
 Sure, whatever you want.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Amanda walks to her locker, and finds two SECURITY GUARDS searching it. She moves to stop them.

AMANDA  
 What are you doing? That's my locker!

SECURITY GUARD  
 Please stand back and let us do our job.

She moves aside, nervously.

CALDER (PRELAP)  
 And if you've been bullied, here's the thing: it's probably not even about you.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Calder continues from the stage.

CALDER  
 People who bully don't do it because they feel good about themselves. They do it because they're insecure, because they have low self esteem... maybe their dad is a cheater, or their stepmom is a pill head.

Lillith turns to Reese, whispering.

LILLITH  
 Snatch! I thought she made nice.

Reese smirks, watching Calder.

REESE  
 Guess not.

CALDER  
 I mean, why else would a senior be worried about some sophomore? The reality is, I feel sorry for bullies.



Calder threads the needle artfully, making herself look like the bigger person, while also making a dig at Amanda.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Amanda fires off texts as the guards go through her things.

AMANDA

My dad's attorney is going to have something to say about this.

One of the guards holds up a pill bottle.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What is that? That's not mine.

CALDER (PRELAP)

But our class can be different. Let's look out for each other. And let's just be better.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is eating it up.

CALDER

Right? F the haters. Let's take control of our high school experience. Have the best fundraisers, throw the sickest parties, and do everything we can to make this year savage AF for everyone! I'm Calder Waters, your next class president.

Applause. Her confidence is merited - she killed.

EXT./INT. SCHOOL. OFFICE. MORNING

Madeline knocks on the door, then lets herself in.

MADELINE

Hello?

MR. MEGUID

Hello Mrs. Waters, come in, sit.

MADELINE

Dr. Waters.

MR. MEGUID  
Yes, of course. Sorry.

He moves nervously to his chair, facing Madeline.

MR. MEGUID (CONT'D)  
What can I help you with?

MADELINE  
I'd like to talk about Calder.

MR. MEGUID  
The cyber bullying? I wouldn't worry too much about that. It's pretty mild in the scheme of what kids do to each other these days. And Calder is mature.  
(correcting)  
I mean, she's no wallflower.

MADELINE  
I'm not here to talk about the bullying, Mr. Meguid. Care to explain this.

Madeline slides him the ipad - a grainy, zoomed in shot of him going out her front door. He goes white.

MR. MEGUID  
Calder came by my office earlier, and she left her jacket. I was -

MADELINE  
Stop, please, Mr. Meguid. I have known men like you before. Men that prey on young girls. Men that take advantage of their position of power. It's despicable.

MR. MEGUID  
Mrs., Dr. Waters, I assure you -

Madeline snatches back the ipad.

MADELINE  
There is other footage. It's disgusting.

He goes silent. Her bluff worked.

MR. MEGUID  
Please. I have a family, children. I swear to you -

MADELINE

A daughter? How would you feel  
sitting where I'm sitting?

(beat)

If you don't want me to get  
administration involved, you need  
to tell me what really happened.  
Now.

He is sweating. He has no options. After a moment -

MR. MEGUID

(slowly)

I'd been talking to this girl  
online, Jenny. For months. I  
thought...I thought we were falling  
in love. And then one night she  
invites me over. She said she was  
25, but...

INT. WATERS HOME. EVE - **FLASHBACK**

Calder opens the door for Mr. Meguid. He is shocked, but she  
ushers him in.

MR. MEGUID (O.S.)

I got to the house, and it was  
Calder. She insisted I stay...

Calder make them drinks, they talk on the couch. She puts her  
hand on his thigh, running it slowly upward. He doesn't stop  
her.

MR. MEGUID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But nothing happened.

EXT. WATERS HOME. EVE - **FLASHBACK**

Calder steps out into the street, watching as a black SUV  
drives away. When it is gone, she pulls something out of her  
robe pocket - this time, we see what it is: a condom. She  
drops it down the storm drain - nobody can find it there.

MR. MEGUID (O.S.)

I swear.

INT. SCHOOL. OFFICE - PRESENT

Mr. Meguid looks down at his hands as he speaks to Madeline.

MR. MEGUID

She came to see me in my office on Monday. I asked her to leave, but she wouldn't.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE. DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Calder and Mr. Meguid are in his office, like we saw in act three. Only this time, it's from Mr. Meguid's point of view, and a little different.

MR. MEGUID

You can't be here.

Calder gets up out of her chair.

CALDER

I don't care.

She moves to the side of the desk, and bends over, presenting herself to him.

CALDER (CONT'D)

I can't stop thinking about the other night.

Mr. Meguid stands over her, breathing heavily. He reaches out, his hand skating along the surface of her skirt, as if touching something incredibly fragile.

She impatiently reaches back and lifts up her skirt for him. He nervously lowers it back down.

MR. MEGUID

I'm sorry, this is wrong.

CALDER

Then you should punish me for being bad.

A beat. He does not move, and she impatiently looks around, searching. A framed photo of his family. Her gaze lands on a trophy. A solid glass globe, "Counselor of the Year".

She grabs it, spins around, defensively swinging it up and - SMASHES it into her own eye.

MR. MEGUID

Calder!

She SMASHES it into her face again and again.

MR. MEGUID (CONT'D)  
Stop! Stop it!

He wrestles it out of her hands, stunned.

MR. MEGUID (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? You're hurting  
yourself.

A bruise beneath her eye starts to emerge.

CALDER  
That's just your story. I say it's  
you that hurt me.

MR. MEGUID  
What are you talking about?

CALDER  
Here's what you're gonna do. You  
have the master key for the school  
lockers. You're gonna give it to  
me.

MR. MEGUID  
I can't do that!

CALDER  
And then you'll drive me to the  
ATM, take out the maximum, and give  
it to me. You'll do this, or I'll  
tell everyone that you raped me.  
The suggestion alone would ruin  
your career. Not to mention the  
physical evidence. How else could I  
have gotten the black eye?

MR. MEGUID  
(shocked, panicked)  
Calder, be reasonable.

CALDER  
The count of three, I scream. One,  
two -

He looks at her, frozen with fear and desperation and then -

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Mr. Meguid gets money out of an ATM and hands it to Calder.  
She takes it, along with a small key.

CALDER  
Thanks, it's been real.

INT. SCHOOL. OFFICE - PRESENT

MR. MEGUID  
(blubbering)  
Please. Nothing happened, I swear.  
This could ruin me.

MADELINE  
This is my daughter. It should ruin  
you. But that's not the world we  
live in, is it? This kind of  
scandal would become news, follow  
my daughter, come up in her college  
interviews. This is the last thing  
she needs.

Madeline stands.

MADELINE (CONT'D)  
But stay away from her, or I may  
change my mind.

MR. MEGUID  
What if she approaches me? What do  
you want me to do?

She looks down, her indignance quickly fading. She stifles  
what almost looks like a laugh.

MADELINE  
Oh, Mr. Meguid. She got what she  
needed, and now she's done with  
you.

EXT. SCHOOL. QUAD. DAY

Ford emerges from the hallway into the outdoor quad. As Ford  
is walking, he is almost cut off, by Calder.

FORD  
Oh hey!

CALDER  
I totally almost just mowed you  
down, so sorry.

FORD  
No worries. How you doing?

He means her eye. She blushes and looks down.

CALDER  
OK, I mean, thank God for makeup.

FORD  
Yeah, I can't even see it.

CALDER  
I wanted to say... I'm sorry by the way, for the...  
(referring to the kiss)  
...you know. I was really stoned.

He smiles at her warmly, charmed by her sweetness.

FORD  
It's cool. We've all been there.

Amanda and her father emerge from the principal's office. She spots Calder and Ford talking. WTF. She makes a B line.

FORD (CONT'D)  
Hey babe.

AMANDA  
What's this?

CALDER  
Hey Amanda.

AMANDA  
Don't talk to me. I heard about your little speech this morning, real subtle. Fake bitch.

FORD  
Hey, wait a minute.

AMANDA  
Ford, she totally played me.

AMANDA'S DAD  
Amanda, let's go!

She gestures to him, indicating she needs a minute. She pulls Ford away from Calder.

AMANDA  
Oh, and now I'm suspended. They found some xannies in my locker. Dad thinks they're Becky's, and now I'm fucked.

FORD  
Aren't they Becky's?

AMANDA  
No! I never bring my stash to school. You know that. Someone had to have planted them!

FORD  
I mean, come on, Amanda, someone *planted* them? You probably just brought them in your bag and forgot because you were high.

ON AMANDA, hurt - that cut deep.

AMANDA  
I told you, I didn't. You never believe me.

AMANDA'S DAD  
Amanda, NOW!

With that, Amanda storms off. Ford turns to Calder.

FORD  
Sorry, you didn't deserve that.

CALDER  
(smiling sweetly)  
I just hope she's OK.

FORD  
Trust me, she'll be fine.

INT. WATERS HOME. DAY.

Calder walks in the front door, in a good mood. She looks at one of the post-it notes - *you are special*. She looks around, and nobody is home. She walks into her mother's study, and zeros in on a stack of books - her mother's latest, "The Nurture Effect".

She picks up a copy and looks at the opening pages. She stops in the index when she sees a chapter titled "Christine". She runs her finger across the name, remembering that Darren said to her. She opens the book to that chapter and starts to read.

END OF ACT FOUR



ACT FIVE

INT. WATERS HOME. DAY.

Post-its are snatched from the mirror and discarded. The loud THUMP of something being overturned. The CRASH of breaking glass.

DEAN walks in the front door, noticing a MESS of papers, leading to Madeline's office. The THUMP of something topping over. He looks, panicked, afraid - *has someone broken in?* He quickly grabs a baseball bat out of the entry closet.

DEAN  
Hello? Hello? Calder?

He rushes toward the noise, pushes open the door, and -

Calder is sitting in the wreckage of Madeline's office. Books torn to pieces, the filing cabinet emptied, a bookshelf overturned, broken glass.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. What did you do?

She looks up at him, bursting into tears. He rushes to her.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Hey. What happened? What's wrong?

The sound of the front door.

CALDER  
How could you let her do this? How could you let her write about me?

Madeline walks in. As soon as Calder sees her she THROWS the book at her mom's head, missing. Madeline stays calm.

CALDER (CONT'D)  
I didn't do that, Christine did.

MADELINE  
Remember to breathe.

CALDER  
How could you do this to me? Write all these terrible things about me? Profit off me? Put my whole life up on display?

MADELINE  
Your identity was protected.

CALDER

Bullshit!

MADELINE

Honey, I have dedicated my life, my career to your wellness. My entire practice was built around that singular purpose.

CALDER

Right, because I'm just SO fucked up! I'm the worst person in the world, right?

Calder stands up.

CALDER (CONT'D)

If there's anything wrong with me, it's because you made me this way! All the prodding, and questioning, and analyzing. I never had a chance.

MADELINE

Calder, wait.

Madeline grabs her arm, and Calder SNAPS it away.

CALDER

Just keep pushing me! I dare you. See what happens.

Calder storms off. This is not spat - it's a declaration of war. Dean and Madeline exchange a look.

MADELINE

You're not going to still go out, are you?

DEAN

(annoyed)

No, Madeline, of course not.

Dean pushed off down the hall, following Calder.

EXT. CALDER'S BEDROOM. DAY

Dean goes to Calder's bedroom, opens the door and -

INT. CALDER'S BEDROOM. DAY - **FLASHBACK**

Calder is 8 years old. She flings herself on her bed, sobbing. Dean comes after her.

CALDER  
Leave me alone.

DEAN  
I won't. I won't leave you alone.

He takes her in his arms, and she lets him.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Because I love you.

CALDER  
(between sobs)  
Why?

DEAN  
Because you're my little girl.

CALDER  
But something's wrong with me.

DEAN  
No, nothing's wrong with you.  
You're a very special, very bright  
little girl, but everyone is  
different. So some people just need  
different kinds of help.

Calder notices he is tearing up.

CALDER  
(suddenly calm)  
Why are you crying, daddy? I'm  
supposed be the one crying right  
now.

DEAN  
Well, they're happy tears, because  
I love you so much, and you're  
giving me such a good hug. I almost  
forgot what a good hug felt like.

Calder wipes a tear off his face, and gives him a tighter squeeze.

CALDER  
This a good one?

DEAN  
Yeah. Real good.

He continues to hold her, tenderly. BACK TO:

EXT./INT. CALDER'S BEDROOM. DAY - **PRESENT**

Dean taps at the door and lets himself inside. Calder is pulling on a sweater.

DEAN  
I know you're angry right now.

Calder ignores him, stuffing things back into her backpack.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
But your mother and I love you more than anything. This family, the three of us - it's our whole world.

Calder zips up her backpack.

CALDER  
Well it's not mine.

She pushes past him. He follows her out to the hall.

DEAN  
Where are you going?

CALDER  
Seriously, Dad, you need to get a life.

Calder walks past Madeline, and out the front door.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*Everyone wants to be happy.  
Happiness is key to living a good  
life. At least, that's what they  
tell us...*

EXT. OPEN WATER. SPEED BOAT - DAY

Open water. CAMERA skates across the glassy surface. It is serene, the horizon muted by a gray sky.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*But happiness is sort of a trick.  
How do you get happy?  
(MORE)*

CALDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*Books, therapy, cosmetic surgery,  
 social media - there are billion  
 dollar industries all built around  
 that one question.*

ANGLE ON: Calder. It's her POV as she sits in the speed boat. The wind whips through her hair, lifting and falling like wild tentacles. Her eyes are far away.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*But that's all B.S. The real key to  
 happiness is just accepting that  
 everything kind of sucks.*

Calder looks over at Reese, behind the wheel. Lillith sits next to her, holding on to the railing of the boat. They slow down and approach a few other boats.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*Everything you think you want...  
 power, money, perfect abs,  
 popularity - it's not that great.*

The boats are Ford and a couple of his friends. They throw anchor and tie the boats together, forming a party barge.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*It's like the picture that came  
 with the frame.*

Calder stands up, and Ford helps her onto their part of the barge. She sits close to him, and he lights up a joint.

CALDER (V.O.)  
*It's something society has sold  
 you, but when you step inside,  
 everyone is made of paper, and so  
 are you.*

Music blares. Calder cozies up to Ford. Lillith takes off a joint, watching Calder and Ford.

LILLITH  
 What the fuck? She knows that I  
 like him.

Lillith takes another hit - she's going hard.

REESE  
 You weren't exactly making your  
 move.

LILLITH

Because she was supposed to set me up. Why does she always do this?

Reese watches as Calder squeezes Ford's arm. She's not exactly thrilled either.

REESE

I don't know. Maybe because she knows you won't stand up to her.

LILLITH

Maybe I will.

Lillith stands up trying to get on the other boat. She loses her balance, and FALLS into the water. Everything slows, as Calder jumps up, and goes to the side of the boat. She looks down at Lillith in the water, transfixed with muted curiosity - like the little girl we saw at the opening of the pilot, watching the cat as it struggled.

CALDER (V.O.)

*Once you realize that the things you think you want are not really all that great - then there's nothing to be afraid of. Not failure, not death, not anything.*

There is commotion on the barge, as the seniors scramble to figure out what to do, and Lillith drifts back with a wave.

Reese jumps in after her, and after a moment, Calder snaps to action, jumping in as well. ON CALDER as she slips beneath the surface and emerges from the water.

CALDER (V.O.)

*My whole life, I've been told there's something wrong with me. The one person who is supposed to support and love me, my mother, describes me as unfeeling. Remorseless. Empty. A monster.*

It's a baptism, of sorts. The three friends paddle together, and are pulled out by Ford and a couple of his friends.

CALDER

It's fucking cold.

LILLITH

Sorry, I just slipped.

REESE  
 (teeth rattling)  
 Holy fucking shit.

FORD  
 Here.

He hands them towels, and they wrap themselves up.

SENIOR GUY  
 You OK?

CALDER (V.O.)  
*If I am who my mother says I am,  
 then I say it's time.*

The three friends look at each other for a moment, then burst out laughing. Calder snatches the joint out of his hand.

CALDER  
 No thanks to you bunch of pussies!

Laughs and cheers and cell photo snaps. They continue to party and drink. Calder and Ford hold hands. One of the guys tries to hit on Lillith, by lamely wrapping his fingers around her wrist to demonstrate how tiny it is - ugh.

CALDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*It's time I live up to my full  
 potential.*

ON CALDER: as the party goes on there's a look in her eyes - steely, distant. She smiles, and goes through the motions, but she's not really there.

INT. LAB. THE CHILDREN'S MIND RESEARCH INSTITUTE - EVE

Madeline works late in the lab. Dr. Yost taps at the door.

DR. COREY YOST  
 Hey, I've got to head out, but I  
 wanted to show you something.

He pulls up one of the CT scans on the monitor.

DR. COREY YOST (CONT'D)  
 Check out this CT. Scan 25P, so  
 it's one of the parents. Looks  
 nearly identical to the scans we  
 got from the Walla Walla Supermax.

Madeline looks at the scan, which is now next to a control image. The whole front region is darker, less active.

MADELINE

Significantly decreased activity  
the lower frontal lobe, and reduced  
activity in the orbital cortex.

DR. COREY YOST

All the classic markings of  
psychopathy.

Madeline looks at the scan, fascinated but cautious.

MADELINE

Yes. But anatomy alone is not a  
diagnosis.

DR. COREY YOST

Of course. Do you want to unmask  
the identity?

MADELINE

No, that's alright, you can head  
out. But leave me the key.

He places a jump drive on her desk.

DR. COREY YOST

Two steps ahead of you boss. Have a  
good night.

MADELINE

Thanks.

He leaves, and she opens the drive. She runs the program, as  
it unscrambles the data. It creates a spreadsheet, linking  
the scans to their owners.

She looks down the chart, getting to scan 25P. She looks over  
to the name, and... a look of shock. She sits down in her  
chair, then looks back in disbelief. There is, in black and  
white: Dr. Madeline Waters. **The scan is hers.**

END EPISODE