DISTURBED

"Pilot"

By

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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.

REESEx
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?

REESEx
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.

REESEx
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 morman, 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.

RESE
(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!

REEESE
You know she’s a maniac.

LILLITH
I’m gonna be fucking sick.

REEESE (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.

REEESE (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.

REEESE
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 un buckles 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 savvy to cultivate a social media presence around her family that she wants to turn into a business.

MARY
Levi, Levi... look here. Smile, momma 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 coug.  
(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 skrill.

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. Let’s “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.

LILITH
Snatch! I thought she made nice.

Reese smirks, watching Calder.

REESEx
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 indigence 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 THRONE 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 though 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.


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.

RESE
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.
REEESE
(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