

PRETTY FACES

Written by

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INT. ORGANIK LABS, WHITE PLAINS, NY - NIGHT

DEREK VARGA, 42, sits alone in his dim lab while the rest of the company CELEBRATES just outside.

BODILESS FACES hang on metal stands around the room. Derek pushes his black hair out of his eyes and leans into his microscope.

The Organik offices are slick. Through the lab windows stretches a wide lobby with leather couches and frosted glass. Two dozen employees in suits and lab coats crack champagne. They CHEER as their CEO, ZOE WINICK, 45, appears on the wall-mounted TV. A stern woman in a Gucci suit, she takes the podium near a banner with a WOMAN'S EYE.

WINICK

(on TV)

Organik is proud to announce our newest product, completing our portfolio of pre-grown organs. The human eye, grown in a lab, ready for transplant...

Derek writes in his notebook. He ignores the commotion.

WINICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Waiting for transplants is a thing of the past; every major organ, every blood type, is readily available. To date, Organik has shipped over sixty-five thousand organs to...

Below the lab windows, creepy FEMALE FACES and patches of skin line the room. The faces are stretched over PLASTIC SKULLS on the table. Eyelids are dry, curled backwards. The lips are swollen. The facial muscles squeeze slowly, twitch, ALMOST ALIVE.

GRAHAM ROWLANDS, 39, skinny, blond, in his lab coat carries two glasses of champagne down the hallway. He opens Derek's door, grinning.

GRAHAM

Hey buddy, how's that coming?

Derek ignores him and shrinks into the seat.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Let's call it a night, okay? We can pick this up tomorrow. Come have a drink.

DEREK

No thanks, lots to do.

Graham puts the champagne down near Derek.
A BEAD OF CONDENSATION builds on the glass.

GRAHAM

You gonna work the Oysterfest this
year? Donna's taking signups.

A poster taped to the wall reads: 13th ANNUAL OYSTERFEST -
PRESENTED BY ORGANIK AND THE WESTCHESTER VETERANS ASSOC.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You're welcome to do the hot dog
tent with me.

A duplicate of Derek, IMAGINARY DEREK, literally appears in
the doorway. Imaginary Derek is Derek's inner monologue
personified. Only Derek sees and hears him, no one else can.
He talks over Graham.

IMAGINARY DEREK

(to Derek)

If you weren't such a pussy, maybe
Graham would leave you alone.

Derek sits upright. Graham takes it as progress.

GRAHAM

I really think you should. The
engineers need to see you as one of
the guys. Meg and the boys are
coming this year, they'd love to
see you.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Liar.

Derek glares at the crowd in the lobby.

GRAHAM

You should be proud-- we all know
this is your project. Zoe just has
to put on a big show for the
business guys.

IMAGINARY DEREK

(to Graham)

Maybe if people would work instead
of getting drunk, we wouldn't have
to carry you all.

The drip CREEPS down the glass. Imaginary Derek slips past Graham and stares straight at it.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
 (to Derek)
 Really?

GRAHAM
 ...C'mon. Let's go. Jenn looks nice tonight, don't you think?

A tipsy brunette LAUGHS at someone else's joke outside.

DEREK
 Mm.

Derek turns back to his work.
 Imaginary Derek points at the drip.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 There it goes! Are you seeing this?

GRAHAM
 Okay then, do it for me. Ten minutes, that's all I ask. Relax a little, it'd be--

Derek SNATCHES the glass off the table just before the drip hits. He reaches back and DROPS it in the garbage.

Graham is astonished.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 Loud and clear. Sorry to have bothered you.

Graham closes the door behind him and rejoins the party. Derek scratches in his notebook and turns back into the microscope. Imaginary Derek browses the SICKLY FACES.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 And you wonder why you have no friends.

INT. ORGANIK LOBBY - MORNING

High ceilings, brushed steel. Workers file in.

A burly SECURITY GUARD checks Graham's pink box of donuts. Graham offers him one and swipes through the turnstile.

Indistinct SHOUTS ECHO down the hall. It's Derek. Graham picks up the pace.

SECURITY GUARD
Better hurry.

INT. ORGANIK LABS - MORNING

Lab assistants keep their heads down as they pass. Derek's staff is frozen, scared and embarrassed by his TANTRUM.

DEREK
...this!? This work is shit. And do you know why? Do you know why it's shitty work?

As Graham jogs to the lab, Winick is already standing in the doorway behind Derek. A flustered lab aid glances at her.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Because you thought it would be better to *dick* around than to check the tissue levels.

Derek turns to see Winick's stern gaze. He STOPS his rant.

INT. ZOE WINICK'S OFFICE - DAY

Winick holds the door for Derek. Her corner office is relaxed and warm. The furniture is mismatched, a tweed blanket on the couch, a bowl of fruit on the table. A decade of Organik ads are framed on the walls. Derek, arms folded, peruses them.

WINICK
Why don't you take a seat, Derek.

DEREK
I prefer to stand.

Winick EXHALES then sits on her desk, Derek's back to her.

WINICK
What are we gonna do here? I'm tired of these conversations.

DEREK
The assistants lack focus. I don't think we can keep them.

WINICK
I'm talking about your temper. I want to keep you in charge but your outbursts can't keep happening.

Derek turns to face her. Imaginary Derek is seated on the desk next to Winick.

DEREK

Yes. It is difficult to assign tasks and not to have them done properly. Graham can do it.

WINICK

I'm not putting Dr. Rowlands back with you, he's busy scaling Vision. You got bored with that.

DEREK

We get along, Graham and I. The others are useless to me.

WINICK

That's not-- Dr. Rowlands is not on the table.

Imaginary Derek stares at the ceiling.

IMAGINARY DEREK

How many cats do you think she has?

DEREK

(to Winick)

Why not?

Winick gets up, walks around to her chair and wakes up her computer. Imaginary Derek peers around to her screen.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Mm-hmm. Oh no....

Derek leans to get a peek at the screen.

DEREK

Perhaps I could leave better instructions, the lab-aids--

WINICK

--They're doctors. Derek, they came here to be a part of this company. I acknowledge we owe our success to your work in development but now I just don't know what to do with you.

DEREK

I'm working on cosmetic.

IMAGINARY DEREK

(to Derek)

Don't let her take it away from us.

WINICK

Is that what that is?

DEREK

I was waiting until the right time to present my results. The next logical step given our success with tissue development is for cosmetic application.

WINICK

You're growing women's faces in there--

DEREK

--Exactly!

WINICK

It took three years and nearly a hundred-million in political donations to grow a kidney, Derek. Anti-cloning isn't a joke.

Derek approaches her desk. Imaginary Derek fades, then reappears on the coffee table behind him.

Imaginary Derek helps himself to an apple.

DEREK

This will be profitable. Imagine all the women who could just *change* their faces!

IMAGINARY DEREK

I can think of our first customer.

WINICK

I'm not risking our entire business over some ill-conceived assumption. Plus it's just *creepy*, Derek.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Creepy? It's your useless staff that's the problem!

WINICK

I want you back in Endocrine.

IMAGINARY DEREK

(to Derek)

I knew you'd fuck up.

DEREK

What? Creepy? I am not going back anywhere. This is my work. How dare you criticize after that staff out there--

WINICK

--This is Organik's work and it is shut down. End of discussion.

IMAGINARY DEREK

(whispered)

You're pathetic.

Derek SMACKS Winick's pencil cup off her desk. He turns and tries to flip the coffee table but it's too heavy. Imaginary Derek gets off of it.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)

No, no. That was good. Try again.

Winick, unintimidated, STANDS to face Derek.

WINICK

Get out. You're done.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Oooooh!... Mom's mad.

DEREK

I'm not taking time off.

WINICK

Yes you are. You take a few weeks or don't come back at all.

Derek shrugs.

DEREK

So be it.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, HALLWAY - DAY

Derek STORMS down the hallway, two SECURITY GUARDS and Winick trail behind him.

Derek ducks into his lab. Imaginary Derek is already there. Derek gathers papers and notebooks. Backed by the guards, Winick BLOCKS the doorway.

WINICK

That all stays.

IMAGINARY DEREK

This is ours.

WINICK

It belongs to Organik.

Imaginary Derek motions to the microscope Derek was on earlier. The PETRI DISH still rests on the counter.

DEREK

May I keep my coat?

WINICK

Yes. Fine.

Derek deftly swings his coat off the back of the chair and SCOOPS up the petri dish. He folds it into the coat.

Derek pushes past the guards, avoiding contact with Winick.

EXT. ORGANIK LABS - DAY

The Security Guards follow Derek all the way back to his Prius. Coworkers STARE.

Derek peels out.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Derek's face is sour, almost to tears.

The petri dish rests on the seat next to him.

Imaginary Derek GRINS from the back seat.

EXT. MCMANSION, GREENWICH, CT - DAY

The Prius CRUNCHES up the gravel driveway past rows of tall hedges. The trees' leaves are RICH ORANGE.

Dark brick, stone columns, square hedges.
His house is expensive and lifeless.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

The house is BARE and open. A single couch faces a TV at the far end of the living room.

Imaginary Derek clicks on the TV and closes the curtains.

Off-screen, heavy furniture MOANS, pushed across the floor.
Imaginary Derek turns the volume up.

Derek shoves the shiny oak table into the foyer.

INT. MCMANSION, GARAGE - DAY

Fluorescent lights flicker on as Derek enters the four-car garage. Past the Prius is a baby blue '65 Mustang and a yellow Lamborghini Gallardo, both COVERED IN DUST.

Derek CLIMBS UP on the Lambo. He stands awkwardly on the hood. The metal buckles under his shoe, denting the car.

Derek reaches up to the top shelf and pulls down box after box. He stacks them on the roof.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - EVENING

The boxes are filled with old LAB EQUIPMENT.

Derek arranges beakers, heat pads and a centrifuge around a microscope on the oak table.

Imaginary Derek opens a plastic folding table and POPS the legs out.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Here?

Derek moves it up against the oak table.

DEREK

Did you find the curtains?

Imaginary Derek opens the closet. Derek pulls out dusty blankets and faded sheets.

Derek stands on a chair and HANGS them over the windows.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Right, more right. There's still some light coming through.

DEREK

Good?

IMAGINARY DEREK

I guess.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Imaginary Derek watches Turner Classic Movies and eats pink frosted animal cookies.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Want some, fatty?

Derek doesn't respond. He's buried in his work.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Derek cuts a small piece off the fleshy blob in the petri dish. With FORCEPS, he drops it in a solution on the heating pad and STIRS.

The solution turns milky as the flesh dissolves.

Imaginary Derek is asleep on the couch, the empty house FLICKERS with light from the black and white movie.

Derek places a chunk of BONE in a stainless steel stand.

With latex gloves, he wets a fine CHEESECLOTH in the milky solution and paints it on to the bone, building out the top ridge of an EYE SOCKET.

Derek's cell phone RINGS on the table. He ignores it and paints on more milky solution.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - MORNING

The coffee maker PERCOLATES.

Derek's eyes are bloodshot. His face is scruffy. He pours himself some coffee.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - MORNING

Imaginary Derek sits at the microscope. Derek enters from the kitchen and stands over him.

Imaginary Derek SWIRLS the solution. He looks rested and still clean-shaven.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Stem cells look healthy.

DEREK
Not bad, right?

Imaginary Derek gets up and takes the cup.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Don't make her skull misshapen. See
on the nose?

He points to Derek's nose, then WAGS his finger.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Imaginary Derek stretches his bare feet into the sunshine. On TV, Cary Grant flirts with Katherine Hepburn.

IMAGINARY DEREK
I'm bored.

DEREK
Come here a sec?

IMAGINARY DEREK
Nope.

Imaginary Derek turns over.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Throw me the phone?

Derek finds the phone under some papers and THROWS the cell phone across the room. It sails right past Imaginary Derek's head and BOUNCES on the floor.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Nice.

He dials.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

The tall windows are all shrouded under sheets and curtains, casting the foyer in a dim glow.

The tables are arranged in an arc, equipment and a glowing computer crowded into a homemade lab. Derek works.

The front of the skull is complete, the back of the head still missing, covered in plastic. Derek wraps paper-thin muscles around the few vertebrae. He paints everything with milky solution.

Imaginary Derek watches Turner Classic Movies in the living room. The TV's light flickers on Derek's lab.

Two other skulls have been started. They have eye sockets down to the upper teeth. No jaw bones yet.

Derek sticks POST-ITS to the stands of the three skulls, labelling them A, B and C. Imaginary Derek appears.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Audrey, Betty and Catherine.

DEREK
Katherine Hepburn was with a K.

Imaginary Derek disappears. Derek GRINS and turns off the TV.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Imaginary Derek sits up from the couch, hops over the back of it and takes over painting the solution.

Derek gets up to answer the door. DOORBELL again.

EXT. MCMANSION, FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Derek cracks the front door for the CHINESE DELIVERY GUY, 19, with a Boston baseball cap.

DEREK

Hello.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)

Fuck the Red Sox.

Derek smiles.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY

Here ya go. That's \$16.50, boss.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)

What time do they close?

DEREK

What time do you close?

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY

Last delivery's at 9:30, you gonna order dinner too?

DEREK

Uh, no. Do I have my change?

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY

Man....

He hands Derek his \$3.50. Derek COUNTS IT and closes the door.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

Long, skinny MUSCLES grow on a steel tree at the end of the table. The 'A' head has thin skin with a nose and lips.

The 'B' and 'C' skulls aren't far behind. Dozens of thin WIRES PULSE the muscles rhythmically. Imaginary Derek slaps milky solution onto ALL THREE FACES.

Derek carefully nurtures pink tendrils with tiny white grapes on the ends.

IMAGINARY DEREK
What'd you do?

DEREK
Nothing.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Funny how you got all the credit
for growing eyes. I bet Graham's
doing fine.

Imaginary Derek pours GRAY PLASTIC into a mold.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Don't you think so? I think so.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Daylight streams through gaps in the covered windows.
Imaginary Derek watches *Butch Cassidy*.

Derek sleeps on the end of the couch in a bathrobe. He
twitches, dreaming.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Keep on your side.

Imaginary Derek SHOVES Derek's feet off the couch.

Imaginary Derek gets up and sits down by the three heads.

The skin is still thin in places but they look remarkably
beautiful.

Derek, awake, walks up and sits down. He pops the molds open
and carefully inserts the gray PLASTIC EYES.

Derek folds the EYELIDS down over them and gives a healthy
coat of the solution.

Imaginary Derek is already spread out asleep on the couch.

Derek lays his head on the desk, closes his eyes and curls an
arm around the base of the first head.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - MORNING

Derek wakes up and wipes the crusty drool off his lip.

Imaginary Derek pokes the faces, they look terrible.
Overnight the skin around the eyes has BRUISED, DRIED and
CRACKED.

The faces' lip muscles fire, pursing them together in PAIN.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Can you fix this?

DEREK
I think so.

IMAGINARY DEREK
I don't. You ready to go back yet?

Derek pumps LOTION into his hands and gingerly rubs it around the eyes. The faces WINCE at his touch.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's that Derek I know. You could achieve something but you're too proud to ask for help.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Imaginary Derek stirs MACARONI AND CHEESE on the stovetop. Derek sits on the counter by the sink.

DEREK
Ring, ring.

Imaginary Derek keeps stirring.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Ring, ring.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Hello.

Derek holds his hand up to his ear like a phone.

DEREK
Hi Graham, it's Derek.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Who? Sorry, I'm too busy.

Imaginary Derek carries the pot to the sink and pours out the water. Derek leans back from the STEAM.

DEREK
Oh okay, I can call you back some other time.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Jesus Christ. Fortune favors the bold. Graham has something you want, right?

Imaginary Derek dumps powdered cheese into the bowl.

DEREK

So I should make him want to give
it to me.

IMAGINARY DEREK

And if he doesn't, you take it.

Imaginary Derek LICKS the inside of the packet.

DEREK

What if I get his voicemail?

Imaginary Derek scrolls through the phone and dials. It's
ringing.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Then you think on your feet.

Imaginary Derek is gone. Derek puts the phone to his ear, the
empty cheese packet in his other hand. Derek is all alone.

INT. GRAHAM'S MERCEDES SUV - DAY

Derek is in the passenger seat, a COMPOSITE BOW in his lap.
Graham drives wearing a tacky knit hat. They twist up a
Connecticut road covered in fallen leaves.

GRAHAM

The fovea cone density is really
remarkable. Remember how Zoe was
all worried when you mentioned that
cell development could change as
production scaled?

DEREK

Oh, yeah.

GRAHAM

But it's not at all, I mean we've
kept an eye on it-- huh-huh!-- But
no, it's really good. Really good.

They sit in silence.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Should be coming up here on the
right.

I/E. GRAHAM'S CABIN - DAY

On the porch, Graham fumbles with his keys. He finds a bright
red RED SOX novelty key and turns it in the knob.

Derek suppresses a snarky comment.

The quaint cabin has low ceilings and furniture carved from logs. FAMILY PHOTOS of kids in the snow hang on the walls.

Derek wears the bow across his chest. Graham picks up kids' toys and dumps them in the closet.

GRAHAM

Sorry about the mess.

He grabs his bow and a quiver off the top shelf.

DEREK

(to Graham)

Did you find new lab aids?

GRAHAM

We're still shuffling people around. Everyone's just got to find their place, that's all. Are you looking at all? I mean, going to another lab?

DEREK

I don't think so.

EXT. GRAHAM'S CABIN - DAY

Graham and Derek take their places behind a line off the back porch. 100ft away a bright yellow TARGET hangs with a blanket behind it.

DEREK

Meg and the kids are good?

GRAHAM

Oh yeah, they're doing great. Football's winding down you know, so the boys are at practice today. Go figure my kids would play football.

DEREK

Maybe they get it from your wife.

Derek FIRES. It hits the blanket. Imaginary Derek appears.

GRAHAM

Yeah must be. How about you? Are you getting out much?

DEREK

Just around the house mostly. Watching movies.

GRAHAM
Relaxing?? You-- I mean that's
great.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Don't tell him.

Graham fires.

GRAHAM
I'm really glad you came out, man.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Don't do it.

DEREK
How are the eyes coming?

GRAHAM
Like I was saying, you know, really
good.

Imaginary Derek groans. Derek NOCKS an arrow and FIRES,
hitting the corner of the target.

DEREK
Shit.

GRAHAM
You got a piece of it.

Imaginary Derek goes up for a sarcastic high-five.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I know you're not just sitting
around watching movies. What have
you been thinking about?

DEREK
You know, just going over things.
Some nerve development.

GRAHAM
Winick doesn't have to know. You're
making her sweat for sure but she's
not going to admit it.

DEREK
I just don't have the same
resources so it's harder to run
tests. That's all.

GRAHAM

You have to keep that temper of yours in check. You and Winick just ratchet each other up. Frankly I don't know how you made it this far.

Derek fires, a WIDE MISS. Imaginary Derek appears next to the target, he points at it and LAUGHS.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Sorry, I don't mean it like that.

Imaginary Derek appears back on the porch.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Yes he did.

GRAHAM

I really respect what you've done at Organik. Whatever you've got going on now, I'm interested. Anything I can do to help you out?

Graham takes aim. Derek grins. BULLSEYE.

DEREK

Nice shot.

INT. ORGANIK LABS - DAY

Graham picks over a lab table littered with DISSECTED EYES. He takes off a latex glove and drinks the last sip of coffee from his thermos.

Winick leans over him, arms folded.

WINICK

You're sure there's a problem with the retina attachment?

GRAHAM

Not the actual retina, we found unusually high rod counts in the fovea.

A lab aid brings Graham six more eyes on a tray.

WINICK

Any word from Derek yet?

GRAHAM

Yeah, actually. He's okay, cooling off I think.

WINICK

Still? Any word when he'll be back?

Graham shrugs. He gets up and heads to the lab sink.

WINICK (CONT'D)

So this fauna thing, you can fix it, right?

Winick follows him, clicking her heels.

GRAHAM

Fovea, and--

WINICK

Yeah, I know.

GRAHAM

--and it's not that big of a deal. I'm making sure.

Graham rinses out his COFFEE THERMOS in the lab sink.

WINICK

Okay well you just let Production know what you need.

Graham nods and shakes out the last few drops. He heads back to his stool.

WINICK (CONT'D)

Okay. And if you hear from Derek, you know- let him know we'd like to hear from him.

GRAHAM

Will do.

Graham heads back to his table. Winick leaves.

Graham pushes two of the eyes OFF his tray and INTO his coffee thermos. He screws the top on and goes back to work.

I/E. MCMANSION, FRONT STEPS - DAY

Graham rings the bell, fidgeting with his THERMOS. Cockeyed bedsheets block all the windows.

THREE LOCKS unlatch. Derek opens the door, BLOCKING the gap.

GRAHAM

Hey brother!

DEREK

Any luck?

Graham holds up the thermos.

GRAHAM

I think this will suit your mystery project nicely.

Derek REACHES for the thermos but Graham YANKS it away.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Surely this earns me a look.

DEREK

I-- it's not ready yet.

GRAHAM

Maybe I can help out.

Inside, Imaginary Derek makes a 'Shh' motion at Derek. The three faces are EXPOSED and all fully developed. Soft, healthy skin except for the black veins twisting from beneath yellowed BANDAGES over the eyes.

Derek steps outside and closes the door behind him.

DEREK

When I start to see results, then I'll show you.

GRAHAM

I wasn't sure you were busy at all until you fed me that line. You'd never just work on data transmission. What are you hiding from me?

Derek puts a hand on the thermos. Graham doesn't let go.

DEREK

When I *have* something, you'll be the first to know.

GRAHAM

Winick says hi.

Derek manages a smile. Graham lets go.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm on your side, bud. You're welcome.

DEREK

Thanks.

Graham turns back to his car.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Derek closes the door, Imaginary Derek is right with him.

IMAGINARY DEREK

I hope you were fast enough.
Without eyes, the faces will fail.

Derek UNSCREWS the thermos, dumping it into his hand.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)

Only two?

Two, UNMATCHING EYES.

DEREK

and one brown.

IMAGINARY DEREK

We could try growing again.

DEREK

Rejection is a cancer.

Derek sits down at his desk and considers each of the three faces. He's afraid to choose one.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I don't see any alternatives...
Do you?

Imaginary Derek grips the 'C' face by the chin.

Derek picks up a wide blade and slashes the skin off of 'B'.
Then 'C'.

He cuts deep, carving off the largest sections possible,
stacking cheeks and foreheads on a tray.

Derek holds the back of the 'A' head, turning it sideways.

Imaginary Derek hands him a forehead. Carefully, Derek lays
it onto the back of 'A's exposed neck.

They trim the edges to fit and paint the milky solution
around the seams. The salvaged skin from B and C are added to
A, shaping her into a full head and neck.

Two hacked, fleshy skulls sit beside them.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Audrey's a lucky girl.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

The house is dark. A lamp spills across the desk.

Derek works on the details around the new eyes.
Imaginary Derek watches him work, arms folded.

The 'A' head has a supple neck with thick, healthy skin.
The back of her skull is still missing. The hole is covered
by translucent plastic. A pink-grey lump grows underneath.

The seams from the skin grafts are already healing, blended
beautifully.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Looks good.

DEREK
It does, doesn't it?

Derek sits back and admires her. She has a hint of a smile,
eyes closed, as though she's sleeping.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Bond Marathon's on.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Imaginary Derek turns on the *The Spy Who Loved Me*.

Derek picks up the two fleshy skulls and carries them into
the kitchen.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN

Derek drops them in the kitchen trash.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek sits down on the couch and closes his eyes.

Imaginary Derek disapproves.

IMAGINARY DEREK
That's it?

DEREK
What?

Imaginary Derek goes into the kitchen. He emerges with the
trash bag holding the two heads.

Derek watches Imaginary Derek open a door and head down to the basement.

INT. MCMANSION, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement has 6-foot ceilings and a dirty concrete floor. Imaginary Derek pulls the chain to turn on the light.

Past the water heater is a huge ANCIENT FURNACE with a cast-iron door.

Imaginary Derek opens the door and SHOVES the heads in. The flame BURPS and SMOKES. He closes the door and turns off the light.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek sleeps on the couch, happy.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - MORNING

Imaginary Derek holds a cup of coffee and bites into a SCONE.

The AUDREY bust has her EYES OPEN. She's beautiful.

Imaginary Derek checks the connections on wires and tubes coming out of her.

Derek comes down the stairs in his bathrobe. He dries his hair with a towel, still unshaven.

DEREK

She looks good, right?

IMAGINARY DEREK

Really good.

The eyes move slowly to Derek as he sits down.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)

The eyes move.

DEREK

Yeah. I saw that.

He takes a bite of scone.

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's remarkably obvious, actually. The key to the first kidneys was systems expansion. I-- we-- had to grow the kidneys along with a bladder, a blood supply, the whole renal system.

Imaginary Derek checks out the back of her head. A short lock of brown hair sticks out from her plastic shower cap that sags over her incomplete brain.

DEREK (CONT'D)

The kidneys needed a job, they
needed something to do to survive.
A face needs eyes, it needs a real
skull and teeth and everything!

Imaginary Derek waves his hand in front of her eyes. No reaction. The face is perfect.

IMAGINARY DEREK

So it's a success then.

Derek takes another bite.

DEREK

I'd say so, look at her!

Imaginary Derek pinches her cheek. She winces.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Let's announce our success and
harvest.

DEREK

Well. I suppose we could.

IMAGINARY DEREK

That's the goal. To produce a face?
You're not scared, are you?

DEREK

Well, Winick suggested it would be
controversial.

IMAGINARY DEREK

So now you're listening to Winick?

DEREK

No.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Call Graham. I'm sure he'll be on
board.

DEREK

Maybe. I'd like to complete the
parietal. Just to be safe.

IMAGINARY DEREK

It's squidgy back there.

Derek looks at the back of Audrey's head, then strokes her chin.

DEREK
 Let's see where this path leads.
 I kinda like her.

Audrey smiles. There's an intelligence behind her eyes.

Imaginary Derek sits back. The argument is over.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek toils away, hunched over in his chair.

A dozen steel stands are cramped on the table. Wet, fleshy ORGANS develop. Tubes run from one to the next to Audrey.

Imaginary Derek pulls back a curtain to watch the rain. The yard is covered in wet orange leaves.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Derek keeps working, seated the same. His beard is dark, his hair is chopped short and uneven. He's lost weight.

Audrey has a FULL HEAD with short hair. Her long neck is finished and smooth, the ends of her clavicles exposed. The skin thins out to muscles wrapped around the top half of a rib cage. Organs are tucked inside. A visible HEART BEATS. Tubes run everywhere. Plastic seals off the exposed areas.

Imaginary Derek watches TV. He looks the same as always, clean shaven with a bowl-cut.

DEREK
 Do you remember where I put the
 hematocrit centrifuge? The blue
 one?

Imaginary Derek ignores him.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 Nevermind, I remember.

Derek disappears into the garage.

Imaginary Derek appears in front of Audrey. He drags a finger across her lips, parting them.

Derek returns.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 Mind running an extension cable
 from the living room for me?

Imaginary Derek looks at her suspended, developing organs.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 Audrey and I are hungry.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - EVENING

Imaginary Derek opens a beer and takes a sip. Chinese food
 containers are scattered across the counter.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

Derek HUMS A SONG as he paints milky solution onto Audrey's
 developing torso.

Imaginary Derek hands him the beer and goes to the living
 room.

He puts Louis Armstrong's "La Vie En Rose" on the stereo. It
 plays throughout the house.

DEREK
 Haha--really?.

IMAGINARY DEREK

This was it right?

Imaginary Derek turns it up loud.

DEREK
 (over the music)
 I couldn't quite place it but yep,
 this is it. This is it.

Imaginary Derek dances a few steps to the horn intro. He is
 smooth and skilled.

Derek bobs his head. He tidies the work area. Extra hoses,
 connectors, into boxes. A heap of papers swept into the
 drawer. Scraps of flesh-- all go in the trash.

Derek wipes down the area around Audrey. He fixes her hair.
 The horn music is calming.

Imaginary Derek waltzes around the desk, motioning for Derek
 to sing along.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 (singing along)
*Hold me close and hold me fast.
 The magic spell you cast...*

Derek conducts with a scalpel. He mouths the words, "This is la vie en rose."

Imaginary Derek rolls his eyes, dancing enthusiastically.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
 If I know it, you know it!
 (singing)
When you KISS ME, heaven sighs...

DEREK
 (half-hearted)
 ...and though I close my eyes...

IMAGINARY DEREK
 (singing)
I see la v'e en ro-ose!

Derek hums. Imaginary Derek eggs him on.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
 Like you mean it.
 (singing)
 ...to your heart...

DEREK
 (singing)
I'm in a world apart.

Imaginary Derek whirls by him in the desk chair up to Audrey. Her eyes absorb their every move.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 (singing)
A world where roses blooom!

Derek dances awkwardly as he sweeps Chinese food containers into the trash.

Imaginary Derek kicks a box under the table. He mocks Derek's dancing.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
 Don't trip.

DEREK
 Don't tell me what to do.

He leans into Audrey, staring into her eyes.
She stares back.

DEREK (CONT'D)
(singing)
*...Give your heart and soul to
me...*

Imaginary Derek stands over his shoulder.

IMAGINARY DEREK
(singing)
and life will always be...

DEREK
(louder)
La vie en ro-o-o-ose!

As Derek sings the final line, Audrey's MOUTH OPENS in a wide O-shape, mimicking his. Silently, she's singing along!

Derek is floored, frozen.
Audrey smiles. She stares right back into his eyes.

The horn finale is triumphant.

Imaginary Derek is gone. Audrey holds her gaze.

Derek is speechless. As the song ends, Audrey relaxes and the house is silent.

INT. MCMANSION, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek is in bed. Eyes closed, he faces the ceiling. The lights are off but he can't fall asleep.

Imaginary Derek paces wildly around the room.

IMAGINARY DEREK
This is incredible. What we've
discovered here... She just showed
us more than--

Imaginary Derek sits on the bed.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Those were no random muscle fires.
Her nervous system does much more
than just regulate. She knew you
were singing. Her eyes, those
could've been a low-level lizard-
brain reflex. Granted. But mmm. No,
no. Remember? Remember how the
medulla--haha!

He jumps up and runs into the hallway.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Swollen cerebellum my ass! Derek,
my friend, you were so fucking
wrong... what a thing to get wrong.

He comes back inside.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
You're in trouble. Winick is a
bitch about transplants crossing
cloning laws and shit but this is--
this isn't cloning. A clone is a
copy, Derek. This is new life.

Pacing furiously, Imaginary Derek is giddy.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
I've created life.

Imaginary Derek runs back outside, storming down the stairs.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Look at her, get your fat ass out
of bed and come look.

Derek forces his eyes closed but can't help a smile.
Imaginary Derek shouts up the stairs.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And she's fuckin' hot, man.
She's gorgeous.

Imaginary Derek appears back in the bedroom and whispers in
Derek's ear.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Good.

Derek relaxes and drifts to sleep.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Doorbell.

Derek lays down waxy cheesecloth, finishing the back of
Audrey's skull.

Imaginary Derek relaxes in the living room watching *Bullit*.
Audrey watches too. She's transfixed.

Doorbell again.

IMAGINARY DEREK
You gonna get that?

DEREK
Come hold this for me.

Eyes glued to the TV, Imaginary Derek hops over the back of the couch, walks two steps, then appears at Derek's side.

He glances down, holds the cheesecloth onto her skull, then watches the movie again.

Like a young child, Audrey's stare is fixed on the TV.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
Mister! It's delivery!

The delivery guy knocks on the window. The curtain blocks his view but his shadow is seen as he tries to peer inside.

DEREK
Jesus. Hang on!

EXT. MCMANSION, FRONT STEPS - DAY

The delivery guy counts out the exact change.

Derek takes it.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY
You know you live pretty far away
for just chow mein.

DEREK
I like chow mein.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)
He wants a tip!

Derek ducks back inside. The delivery guy cranes his neck to steal a peek into the dark house.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER

Derek closes the door. Imaginary Derek flips through notes at the desk.

IMAGINARY DEREK
It dried enough. I put on another
amino coat.

DEREK
The corners looked good?

Imaginary Derek shrugs.

Derek walks up to Audrey. She smiles softly as he approaches.

He puts the food down and leans over her to look at the back of her head.

Audrey bats her eyes. She looks up at him, then to the movie.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Fine. You do it.

Derek puts on another coat of the milky solution while Audrey watches CARS CHASING in *Bullit*.

INT. TARGET, CHECKOUT LANE - DAY

Derek waits in line, wearing sweat pants with a wrinkled collared shirt and boots. He's out of his element.

Derek struggles to hold his groceries-- ramen noodles, a pack of Hanes tshirts and three bottles of fancy lotion. He swings his head to toss his unwashed hair out of his eyes.

The woman in front of him catches herself staring. He doesn't notice.

INT. MCMANSION - NIGHT

Audrey's head is complete now. Her hair is short like 1960s Audrey Hepburn. She's alert and adorable.

A dozen more boxes and tubes crowd the table. Long leg bones grow on steel trees next to Audrey. Pencil thin muscles with wires pulse.

Derek pushes his hair back as he removes vials from a centrifuge.

Imaginary Derek scowls at a sudoku book, a blanket around his shoulders.

IMAGINARY DEREK

I'm bored. What's the plan?

Derek sighs. His breath is visible.

DEREK

The hair is coming in nicely, don't you think?

IMAGINARY DEREK

She looks like a boy.

Derek slides his chair over to Audrey.
Audrey stiffly turns her head forward, ready to be worked on.

He combs her hair to the side, styling it.

Derek notices goosebumps on Audrey's neck.
He gets up and turns the heat on for her. It's sweet.

INT. MCMANSION, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek sleeps soundly, his blanket pressed to his chin.

A noise outside. Tap-tap-tap.

Derek turns over. TAP-TAP-TAP!

Imaginary Derek stands up into view. He looks out the door.
There's a commotion. A light FLASHES through the house.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Imaginary Derek walks out of the bedroom to the railing
overlooking the foyer. Bright red and blue POLICE LIGHTS
light up the curtains.

Imaginary Derek is frozen, terrified-- BANG-BANG-BANG!

A SWAT team in black ballistic gear SMASH through the front
door, pouring into the house, their machine guns sweep the
living room.

Limbless Audrey wakes up on her metal stand and screams!

Imaginary Derek turns to Derek, bounding out of bed.

He dashes out to look out over the railing!--

--but nothing's there.

The house is dark. Audrey is sound asleep.

She bobs her head, dreaming.
Her metal stand knocks against the oak table.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

IMAGINARY DEREK

My bad.

He heads back to bed.

Derek catches his breath.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Imaginary Derek sits on the counter eating a bowl of cereal.

Derek's cellphone rings in the living room.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Who is it?

DEREK (O.S.)

I'm busy.

Imaginary Derek hops off the counter.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The phone is on the couch. Imaginary Derek picks it up and looks at the screen.

DEREK (O.S.)

Let it go to voicemail, I don't want to talk to him yet.

Imaginary Derek flips open the phone. With a mouthful of Cheerios--

IMAGINARY DEREK

Hey Graham, how ya doin'?

DEREK

Goddammit.

Imaginary Derek wanders into the foyer where Derek is placing tubes into Audrey's half-formed torso.

Audrey listens intently.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Mm-hmm. I think so.

Derek jumps up, snatches the phone from Imaginary Derek and picks up the conversation.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I'm glad, you sound really good. Your project must be coming along nicely.

DEREK

Yeah, I guess it is.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I'm free this afternoon--

INT. ORGANIK LABS - DAY

Graham is on the phone, seated on his lab stool.
Winick stands in the doorway, her arms folded.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
--Why don't I...

DEREK (O.S.)
Nah. Um--I don't. I don't want to.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Imaginary Derek chuckles.

IMAGINARY DEREK
A st-st-stutter much?

GRAHAM (O.S.)
A beer then. Or I'm coming over.

Derek relents.

INT. ORGANIK LABS - CONTINUOUS

WINICK
Ask when he's coming back.

Graham waves off Winick's input.

GRAHAM
Good. O'Briens? Happy hour starts
at 5, I'll see you then.

Graham hangs up.

WINICK
You find out what he's up to.

GRAHAM
I'll see how he's doing, no point
in asking him back early.

WINICK
None of that cosmetic shit, this
could all go sideways like that.

She snaps her fingers.

GRAHAM
I'll give him your best.

INT. O'BRIEN'S PUB - NIGHT

It's dark when Graham gets there. He walks past Imaginary Derek waiting by the door, holding Derek's coat.

Derek is at the bar, picking at mozzarella sticks.

GRAHAM
You been waiting long?

The barman puts a beer in front of Graham.

DEREK
No, not long.

GRAHAM
Thanks bud-- How've you been?

DEREK
The nerve stuff's coming along.

Derek smiles at his lie.

GRAHAM
Yeah? That's good. You look happy, man. I'm glad to see it.

DEREK
The work is very interesting. I haven't gotten much sleep but you know.

Derek forces a laugh. He glances at Imaginary Derek who motions for him to move it along.

GRAHAM
All the best work happens at night, am I right?

He sips his beer. An awkward beat.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Winick says hi.

DEREK
This is just between you and me.

GRAHAM
No I know. She'd like to have you back. When you're ready.

DEREK
I'm not ready to demonstrate anything.

GRAHAM

I got that impression. Can you tell me what you've moved onto? Still nerve development?

DEREK

Yes. I'm improving long-term transmission rates by increasing myelin cohesion.

GRAHAM

Sweet. So there's less signal degradation to the visual cortex? How did you get there?

Derek enjoys the ego-stroke. He lowers a long line of cheese into his mouth.

DEREK

(mouth full)

System's expansion. It's been the key to everything else.

GRAHAM

So you've got what-- a whole brain?

Derek's said too much.

DEREK

No. No. Just um, just monitoring levels. I mean, I assume it would be that-- that it would work better.

GRAHAM

Gotcha. Anything I can do to help?

DEREK

How is Organik? Winick have you pushing cells still?

GRAHAM

No no. It's good....

Derek tunes out. Graham goes into detail but is inaudible.

Derek stretches out a line of cheese, then wraps it around the fried batter.

Imaginary Derek puts on his coat. They're ready to leave.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Audrey has a complete torso with thin, developing arms but no legs. Blood visibly pumps under translucent skin.

She sits, thin and still on the table. Her spine is still attached to the steel tree.

Audrey looks around the room, wide-eyed and alert.

Imaginary Derek has latex gloves on. He mixes up a batch of milky solution in a beaker.

Derek carefully attaches ligaments and tendons to her limp arms.

DEREK

Turn on some music, would you?

Imaginary Derek clicks the remote and plays classic rock.

IMAGINARY DEREK

No?

DEREK

It's okay, this is fine.

Audrey watches Derek work, silent but alert. Her chest heaves as she breathes through the tubes in her back.

Imaginary Derek closely admires her naked breasts.

He takes off his latex glove and squeezes one lustfully, awkwardly.

Derek pretends not to notice.

DOORBELL. AUDREY turns toward the door.

AUDREY

Hello!

Derek is shocked, panicked!

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Hello! Hello!

Derek clasps his hand over her mouth.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

(muffled, quieter)

Hello.

Imaginary Derek leaps up to block a crack in the curtains.

DEREK
Shhhh! Shh...

Audrey quiets down. She's very proud of herself.

Imaginary Derek shrugs at Derek.

IMAGINARY DEREK
(whispering)
You gonna get that?

Derek refuses and shoos Imaginary Derek to the door.

Imaginary Derek slips quickly out the front door where the Chinese delivery guy is waiting.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
You got a ladyfriend in there,
mister?

Audrey's attention is focused on the front door.

Derek looks at her, proud. She is simple-minded but happy.
And definitely human.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)
Ah. My niece, she's visiting.

Derek smiles. Clever.

CHINESE DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
Okay, see you, mister!

Imaginary Derek waits for the car door to shut, then comes back inside.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Too close. Too fucking close.

AUDREY
(to Imaginary Derek)
Hello.

Imaginary Derek smirks back, flirting.

Derek jumps up, jealous. He grabs the Chinese food.

Audrey's gaze is back on him now.

DEREK
It's fine.

Imaginary Derek checks her out again.

IMAGINARY DEREK

So is she. Look at this-- and I doubted whether you'd ever seen a woman before.

DEREK

I have. Though clearly the body has taken over development in some ways.

Derek sets down the food and sits next to Audrey on the desk.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Ha! She's fucking hot, you had no part in that.

DEREK

She *is* awfully naked.

Derek grabs his keys and turns toward the garage.

Audrey leans toward him, her arms still too weak to lift.

AUDREY

Mm-mm!

She protests.

DEREK

It's okay, honey. I'll be right back. I'm going to go get you something, would you like that?

She doesn't understand.

DEREK (CONT'D)

It's okay.

Imaginary Derek turns on Turner Classic Movies for her and sits on the couch.

She watches and Derek slips out the back.

INT. TARGET - DAY

Derek creeps through the women's department. He watches a FEMALE SHOPPER, 50, flip through yoga pants.

He mimics her behavior, going through t-shirts, then she catches him staring.

FEMALE SHOPPER

Hi... Do I know you?

He turns away awkwardly. She leaves.

Derek pulls out a MEASURING TAPE and runs it across an orange sports bra.

Imaginary Derek stands in the far aisle, waiting.

Frustrated, Derek crams the bra back onto the rack. Derek turns to the t-shirts and picks a white one at random.

He storms past another shopper, bumping into the tightly packed racks of clothes.

A grey zip-hoodie catches his eye. He grabs that too.

Imaginary Derek grins from the open aisle. He's holding navy sweatpants in his folded arms.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Did you find everything you were
looking for today?

Derek huffs and takes the sweatpants.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Derek clutches the Target bag to his chest as he follows Imaginary Derek into the house. The TV blares in the next room.

IMAGINARY DEREK
You're such an awkward little man.
It's just clothes, I--

Imaginary Derek stops in the doorway to the foyer.

Derek pushes past him and sees the whole work table a mess-- stands and equipment are knocked over. Papers and liquids spilled across the floor.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Derek rushes into the room. Audrey's legless torso is splayed across the table, her stand tipped over.

Audrey turns back toward him, grinning.

AUDREY
Hello!

She's holding the remote, the volume's up high.

DEREK
Audrey, what did you do?

Derek drops the bag and runs to her.

Audrey props herself up on her arms, leaning on one hip. Thin skin and taped plastic hold her organs in at the bottom. Tubes all over.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You can't do this! You must stay--
stay where I put you.

Imaginary Derek points at tubes, wires and tape, counting connections.

IMAGINARY DEREK

I think--

DEREK

The damage you might have caused
could have set you back by weeks.

Audrey is scared, why is Derek yelling?

IMAGINARY DEREK

Everything is intact.

Derek grabs the TV remote.

DEREK

This isn't for little girls. This
is for me, I'm in charge!

He turns the volume back down.

AUDREY

I--uhh.

Derek glances at numbers on the computer. Imaginary Derek nods, she's fine. Derek resets his temper.

Derek rights Audrey's stand. She slides herself towards it.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Better to be lucky than smart.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - EVENING

Derek has everything tidied.

Audrey is back on her stand, the bottom of her torso resting on a folding lawn chair on the table.

DEREK

That's yours. You sit there.

Audrey smiles.

Derek grabs his Target bag. Audrey is alert and curious.

Derek pulls out the white t-shirt and holds it out for Audrey.

She looks at it, then at him.

Imaginary Derek chuckles.

Derek takes Audrey's hands and poses them out in front of her. He gives her the t-shirt again and it drapes on her hands.

DEREK (CONT'D)

No, this is for you. I got this for you to wear.

IMAGINARY DEREK

No, you're doing really really great.

Derek takes the shirt and puts in into her hands.

DEREK

Here.

Audrey hands it right back to him and grins at the new game.

Derek sighs. He takes her arms and puts the shirt on her like a baby, resetting his temper yet again.

DEREK (CONT'D)

See? That's for you.

AUDREY

Hello!

She's thankful.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Derek is curled up in the armchair. Audrey leans forward in her chair to see the TV. She's watching *Sixteen Candles*.

Imaginary Derek lounges on the couch, flipping through a tall stack of mail.

He tears open an envelope from Organik. Derek opens his eyes.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Ooh, it's from the legal department. Fancy.

Imaginary Derek reads to himself.

DEREK

Well?

IMAGINARY DEREK

Dear Mr. Varga. We are writing to notify you that your unlawful usage of the following Organik technologies infringes--

DEREK

What technologies?! Those were my ideas to begin with.

From the other room, Audrey puts a finger to her lips.

AUDREY

Shhh!

She turns the page in a Dr. Seuss book.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Uh, bla bla bla. Threats, slander. Ah, here--

Imaginary Derek holds up the paper. In the center of the page in bold caps--

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)

Cease and desist all patent infringement. Return all materials to Organik immediately.

At the bottom of the page is a long list of patent numbers.

DEREK

Well they can go fuck themselves.

Derek turns over and closes his eyes.

IMAGINARY DEREK

I dunno. Looks pretty legit to me. Hey Audrey! Audrey, is the phone over there near you?

Audrey doesn't hear him. She's engrossed in her book.

Imaginary Derek walks back to Audrey, right through her view of the TV but she doesn't see him.

He looks at the cell phone on the desk-- 14 missed calls.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Derek dials the phone and holds it with his shoulder. He covers a pot of water on the stove.

Imaginary Derek sits on the counter next to a box of old notebooks. He studies the list of patents in the letter, comparing them to the notes.

DEREK
Hello, is Winick there?

Derek opens the cabinet behind Imaginary Derek. He grabs a blue box of mac and cheese.

DEREK (CONT'D)
It's Derek Varga... Tell her I'm ready to speak with her.

He hangs up the phone.

IMAGINARY DEREK
I'm not sure we can work around these. This one's for an amino solute, we didn't do that one.

Derek is skeptical. He dumps the macaroni in the water.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Mostly these line up but I think you're still fucked.

The phone rings. Derek snatches it up and lets it ring in his hand before answering.

DEREK
Hello?

IMAGINARY DEREK
Play nice.

INT. ORGANIK LABS - CONTINUOUS

Winick is on the phone with Derek in the hallway. Through the glass door is a conference room with a dozen impatient BOARDMEMBERS in suits, all over fifty.

WINICK
Derek, I'm sorry about that letter, it's just the legal department trying to cover themselves.

The meeting is waiting on her. She ducks into an empty office.

WINICK (CONT'D)

Right. I can appreciate that,
Derek.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Imaginary Derek stands in the kitchen doorway. He silently encourages Derek to be forceful on the phone.

Audrey works sweetly in a coloring book.

DEREK

With the way I've been treated,
Organik owes me. You would be
nowhere without me.

Big thumbs up from Imaginary Derek.

WINICK (O.S.)

You wanted to work on your own
projects, Derek. I'm sorry you feel
mistreated. Have I or anyone else
gotten in the way of you pursuing
your own work?

Audrey hums. She draws bright flowers around the picture. At the bottom of the page, she has practiced her name in a six-year-old's writing. Audrey, Audrey, Audrey.

DEREK

Well, no. Not exactly. The letter
said I had to stop using my own
ideas. Those are *my ideas*, Zoe.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, EMPTY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Winick holds back a smile. She has him.

WINICK

Those were your ideas and I want to
make sure you can still use them
with impunity.

A BOARDMEMBER, 50, in a suit leans into Winick's hiding spot. He taps his wrist, indignant. She holds up a finger.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Derek admires Audrey.

Imaginary Derek swoops in and attacks her with a lustful kiss. She doesn't react.

WINICK (O.S.)
Derek?

DEREK
Hmm.

WINICK (O.S.)
I'll clear this up with the
lawyers, we'll just get you on
payroll and everything will be
sorted, okay?

Imaginary Derek is back on the far side of the room.

IMAGINARY DEREK
I don't trust her.

DEREK
How did you know I was working?

IMAGINARY DEREK
Graham. I told you.

WINICK (O.S.)
C'mon, Derek. You aren't going to
just take up knitting.

Imaginary Derek is disappointed in him.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, EMPTY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Winick has one foot out the door.

WINICK
What have you been up to, Derek?
Anything fun?

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Derek scowls.

WINICK (O.S.)
Derek?

Derek hangs up.

AUDREY
My ideas.

DEREK
That's right.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Derek holds up a flash card for Audrey. Her hair is clipped back with a barrette. She still has no legs.

AUDREY
S-H-I-P, ship!

DEREK
Excellent.

He shows her another. Imaginary Derek spins in an office chair by a new SIDE PROJECT to the left.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Fuck them. Let them try to find violations if they must.

AUDREY
B-I-R-D!

IMAGINARY DEREK
It's a goddamn goose.

BEEP! Derek pulls a glass dish out of a high-tech oven. He holds up another card.

DEREK
We--They can't find Audrey.

Audrey looks at Derek and smiles when he mentions her name.

DEREK (CONT'D)
We need a diversion.

AUDREY
It's a popsicle, popsicle!

IMAGINARY DEREK
They have no idea about Audrey, she's fine.

DEREK
They'll find her if Winick starts snooping.

He holds up another card.

AUDREY
Mmmm--No! Popsicle.

Derek shakes the card at her. She refuses.

Imaginary Derek gets up and turns the TV on. It's *The Little Mermaid*, Ariel's on the beach.

Derek heads into the kitchen.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Quit being a pussy.

Derek leans in from the kitchen, he points toward Audrey.

DEREK
Shh!

IMAGINARY DEREK
(to Audrey)
He's a *pussy*! A fucking little
pussy.

Derek storms out of the kitchen, popsicle in hand.

DEREK
You suck! You push and you push me.
The pussy move--
(whispered)
Fuck. The pussy move would be to
just give her up-- but look at her.

Audrey scoots her chair to better face the TV. She bobs her head with the movie. Derek gives her the popsicle.

AUDREY
Thank you very much.

DEREK
You're welcome, good girl.

IMAGINARY DEREK
What's the plan then? What are you
going to do with her?

Derek blows him off. He puts another glass dish in the oven.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
No, really. You wanna be in charge?
She's a cosmetic experiment and
she's clearly successful at that.

DEREK
Thanks.

IMAGINARY DEREK
That wasn't a compliment. Time to
reap the reward. Chicken's done.

Audrey points to cartoon Ariel on TV learning to walk.

AUDREY

Legs!

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - MORNING

Leg bones grow on a metal tree. Vines of muscle twist upwards.

Audrey wakes up in her chair on the table. Faded red stains streak down her white t-shirt. Her sweat pants are cut short and pinned around her legless bottom. The tubes that came out of her back are gone.

Imaginary Derek changes vials in a centrifuge. He's half asleep.

Derek peers into a microscope wielding an oversized pipette.

AUDREY

Hello! Good morning!

DEREK

Go back to sleep, Audrey. It's not time to be awake yet.

AUDREY

Whatcha doin'?

Derek looks up, already indignant. He pushes her Dr. Seuss book towards her.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Read it.

She pushes it back.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Shut the fuck up!

DEREK

What do you want? You hungry?

AUDREY

Mmmmm... Popsicle!

DEREK

No, I told you, you make too much of a mess. No more.

AUDREY

When?

DEREK

Never.

AUDREY

I want a popsicle!

IMAGINARY DEREK

Feed it.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Derek comes out of the kitchen with steaming Chinese food.

AUDREY

No!

DEREK

Yes! This is what we are having.
You eat it!

He shoves it in front of her, she turns her nose.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Let it go hungry.

DEREK

Fine.

Derek sits back down at his side project.

Audrey turns on the TV. She punches in a channel and cranks the volume. Loud ads for toys shout back at them.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Nope.

Derek hits mute and punches in another channel.

AUDREY

Nooooo! I wanna watch MY SHOW!

DEREK

Who's in charge, Audrey?

She scowls, pouting like a pre-teen.

AUDREY

Derek.

DEREK

That's right.

He turns the volume down off mute. Two people kiss in a 1970s B-movie.

AUDREY
Who's that?

DEREK
I think they're dead.

AUDREY
Why?

IMAGINARY DEREK
Promiscuous sex and barbiturates.

DEREK
People die.

AUDREY
Why?

They sit in silence. Audrey fidgets.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Whatcha doin'?

IMAGINARY DEREK
We are about to save your hot ass
from the Papists.

AUDREY
Can I help you?

Derek hands her a spare pipette and buries his face again.

Audrey reaches far to her left and extracts a sample of the Chinese food. Then she reaches far to her right and dribbles the syrupy liquid over the muscle and down the bone.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Fuck!

Derek lifts his head and bolts out of his chair.

DEREK
You sit in your chair right now!

He snatches the pipette from her hand and uses gauze to wipe up the drip. Audrey's eyes well with tears.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

Derek tips a bottle of saline onto another gauze pad and wipes more. No use-- he grabs the muscles with the drip and slices them off the bone.

DEREK (CONT'D)
It's ruined! Don't. Touch!

The discarded muscles still have wires in them. They squirm in pain.

Imaginary Derek comes out of the kitchen with a popsicle. He puts it on the table in front of Audrey. She picks it up and turns away, heartbroken.

Imaginary Derek stares at her while she eats it.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Imaginary Derek sits on the couch, staring at the ceiling. TV light flickers on him.

IMAGINARY DEREK
I can't take watching video games.
We have to turn this shit off.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER

Audrey lays on her stomach on the table. Her tongue sticks out as she plays a racing game on the Xbox. Her car bounces around the track, drifting into the railing.

Her right leg is attached but frail.

Derek works on attaching her left thigh. The shin is much further behind. A surgeon's cloth is draped over Audrey's backside. Her shorts are next to her.

DEREK
She loves it.

AUDREY
I love it!

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)
How's the view back there?

Imaginary Derek appears next to the table. He leans over for a peek at her ass. Derek swats him away.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM

Imaginary Derek is back standing in the living room.

He walks up to the TV and switches inputs.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER

Audrey leans back toward Derek.

AUDREY
Hey, I was playing!

She reaches for the remote next to Derek.

DEREK
Lay down.
(to Imaginary Derek)
What're you putting on?

Audrey throws the controller on the ground.

Derek turns to his side project. He pulls a tiny brush from a brown bottle. Derek paints a clear fluid on some of the torn, discarded muscle.

Derek looks up to the TV.

DEREK (CONT'D)
That's hardly appropriate, don't
you think?

Imaginary Derek is standing directly in front of the TV. Outside, the bare trees rustle in the cold wind.

AUDREY
Ugh-- airplanes? That's boring!

It's *The Graduate*. Dustin Hoffman is in his seat.

DEREK
I mean it, Audrey can't watch this.

IMAGINARY DEREK
How old is she, Derek? Nineteen?
Three months? Either way, it's
fine.

Simon and Garfunkel play during the opening titles. Audrey's foot starts bouncing, she's into it.

Derek relents. He presses the two muscle pieces together. They're glued tight.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, BOARDROOM - DAY

Derek stands in front of the boardmembers. He has a stupid grin and his little brown vial.

DEREK

Brush-on application with protein
adhesion. Obviously completely
organic and effective in even
extreme cases. Great for the
battlefield-- or at home.

Derek glues bits of muscle and flesh into a little tower on
the table. Zoe Winick is unamused.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Unfortunately it's hard to
demonstrate the pain relief
properties without, you know--
cutting you-- but I'm sure I can
get you all samples. I call it
FleshFix.

WINICK

Thank you, Derek. You've clearly
been busy.

Derek looks out into the hallway and gives a thumbs up.

Winick follows his gaze. No one is there.

WINICK (CONT'D)

Well, gentlemen, thank you for your
time--

The boardmembers shuffle their papers. They were expecting
something more spectacular.

DEREK

We can talk about the name. It has
the same pain-dulling and
accelerated healing properties as
all of Organik's products.

WINICK

Okay.

Derek keeps up the charade, holding the smile.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, HALLWAY - DAY

Derek is in his puffy winter coat, his smile is gone. He
storms down the hallway, past his old office. His
presentation supplies are tucked under his arm.

A scientist emerges down the hall. She does a double-take
when she sees Derek.

She hugs the wall, Derek charges past.

INT. DEREK'S PRIUS - DAY

The Prius kicks up a wake of brown leaves as Derek barrels down the winding New England road.

Imaginary Derek sits in the passenger seat with no jacket, his feet up on the dashboard.

IMAGINARY DEREK

They bought it, that's what matters.

DEREK

It was embarrassing! That shit belongs in the CVS checkout aisle-- you could tell they all thought less of me.

Derek pulls into his long driveway.

IMAGINARY DEREK

That's good, you moron! That was the whole point, to make them lose interest.

DEREK

To lose interest in the project! Not in me-- never in me.

The Prius comes to a stop halfway down the driveway. Imaginary Derek leans forward.

The front door is wide open.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Did you...?

DEREK

No!--

He stomps on the gas, throwing Imaginary Derek back.

DEREK (CONT'D)

YOU must have left it open.

I/E. MCMANSION, FRONT STEPS - DAY

Derek flies out of the car and up the steps, taking them two at a time. The TV is still on in the living room.

Lab equipment is scattered across the floor of the foyer, spilled hoses and little puddles. Imaginary Derek looks over Derek's shoulder.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Call 911. We've been robbed.

Derek turns and cuts him off with a glance.

Imaginary Derek appears at the far end of the room. Audrey's table is flipped. Notebooks and papers are scattered across the floor.

DEREK
Where is she?

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The fridge is open, a shattered dish on the floor.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)
They took her! How did they find
out? There's no way that--

Out the kitchen window, Audrey's head pokes up over the hedges 100 yards away.

DEREK
Audrey!

She doesn't hear him.

Derek runs back into the living room.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Derek bolts past the couch to the side door, his hands shake as he unlocks it.

Imaginary Derek pulls aside one of the curtains.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Oh look, there she is.

Derek throws open the door and darts outside.

EXT. MCMANSION, SIDE YARD

Audrey holds onto a dining chair. She uses it like a walker to hobble one-legged across the yard. Her chin held high, she's enjoying the sunlight on her face.

DEREK
Audrey!

Derek scares her. She stumbles, then looks at back him. She has a chewed popsicle stick in her mouth.

DEREK (CONT'D)
What the hell!?

She gently spits the stick out onto the ground.

AUDREY
Hello.

DEREK
Your leg can't handle this, you're--

Audrey lets go of the chair and hops towards him, her arms outstretched.

As Derek gets to her, she falls forward into his arms and hangs onto him.

AUDREY
Hello, Derek. I'm happy to see you.

DEREK
You cannot be outside! I didn't know where you were, you scared-- you're going to hurt yourself.

Audrey looks up at him. Tears are on his cheeks.

AUDREY
I'm sorry. I saw a flower.

DEREK
...Oh yeah?

Audrey turns and points to a single flower under the hedges.

Derek melts.

Imaginary Derek stands in the kitchen window. Arms folded. Silent. Angry. Scary.

AUDREY
Mm-hmm! And my leg, see? It's really strong, you don't have to worry. We did a good job!

Derek is caught off guard. She trusts him. The personal connection is new and exciting for Derek.

Imaginary Derek stands far in the distance.

DEREK
We did, didn't we? You like flowers, Audrey?

AUDREY

Yes, I love them! Where did the flower come from?

Her arm around his neck, Derek helps Audrey hobble over to the flower. She's clearly precocious.

DEREK

I uh, planted them and they grew.

Audrey's tight body is pressed against his. She pushes her short hair aside. Her lips are bright red.

AUDREY

I like them very much.

DEREK

What else did you do today? Did you find the popsicles?

Audrey smiles up at him. She nods.

CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH-- tires come up the gravel driveway. Shit.

Imaginary Derek appears right in Derek's ear. Time freezes.

IMAGINARY DEREK

You're completely fucked now, they're coming to take everything. You thought you got lucky? That you could have it all? You think she actually loves you? She loves fucking flowers more than she loves you."

Derek loses it.

He grabs Audrey's wrist and whips her around, dragging her back to the house.

AUDREY

Owww! You're hurting my hand!

She kicks and thrashes out of his grasp, crunching down on the leaves.

Derek goes back and picks her up.

The car comes around the bend into full view. A Mercedes SUV. It's Graham.

Derek is in the middle of the lawn holding a one legged beauty queen next to a dining room chair.

Graham's jaw hangs slacked.

EXT. MCMANSION, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Graham calmly parks his Mercedes. He smiles ear to ear at the sight of the attractive brunette in his friend's arms.

EXT. MCMANSION, SIDE YARD - DAY

Derek pours with nervous sweat.

Audrey's heavy breath is visible in the cold air.

Derek plops her down in the dining room chair.

DEREK

You stay put.

Graham walks up to them, oblivious to the open front door.

GRAHAM

Well what have we here?

Derek runs down to intercept him.

DEREK

You should have called. Why are you here?

GRAHAM

Who's this little gem?

DEREK

You should have called.

GRAHAM

If I'd done that, you'd have hidden your little patient from me.

Derek is at a loss.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Am I wrong?

Audrey has calmed down. She's anxious, unsure what this stranger is about.

Graham stops at a comfortable distance.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Well? Aren't you going to introduce us?

He waves at Audrey. She grins and waves back.

AUDREY

Hello!

Imaginary Derek stands in the doorway. Derek looks up to him for input. He just shrugs.

DEREK

Graham, this is Audrey. Audrey,
Graham.

Graham's already walking up to her chair. He takes her hand. She shakes his vigorously.

GRAHAM

Pleased to meet you.

AUDREY

Please to meet you! We were looking
at the flowers.

GRAHAM

Are you working with Derek?

AUDREY

Yes, he helps me with me things. We
play games sometimes.

GRAHAM

And how's that going?

AUDREY

It's sometimes good, he's--

DEREK

We weren't ready for visitors.

Graham smiles politely. He turns back towards Derek and whispers so that Audrey doesn't hear.

GRAHAM

So this is the nerve development
you were referring to? Funny thing
is, I actually thought you were
just working with eyes--

Audrey leans in, trying to hear. She's quiet but precocious.

DEREK

This isn't for Organik and I...

GRAHAM

Yeah, yeah, no. I won't tell
Winick.

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I knew you were slinging shit when you came in with that glue-- but she believes you.

DEREK

Okay. Good.

GRAHAM

So what about the girl exactly? Autistic?

AUDREY

Do you like flowers too?

GRAHAM

(to Audrey)

I love them. Maybe next time I can bring you some?

AUDREY

Yes please!

GRAHAM

(to Derek)

She's adorable. So?

DEREK

Thanks. It's prenatal development.

Graham is puzzled. He's still figuring this out.

GRAHAM

You're doing neuroglial therapy?

Derek doesn't answer.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

So do her parents just drop her off? I'd love to talk to them.

DEREK

No. Impossible.

Imaginary Derek appears and slaps Derek upside the head.

DEREK (CONT'D)

The parents, they're very private people. My working with her is a condition of their anonymity.

GRAHAM

Other way around?

DEREK
Right. No one can know.

Graham groans. He walks back up to Audrey.

GRAHAM
How are you feeling, sweetie? What happened to your leg?

AUDREY
I just have one.

GRAHAM
Haha, I see.

Derek pulls Graham away.

DEREK
Please! I insist, you must leave us alone. Things are very sensitive.

Graham hesitates, then concedes.

GRAHAM
Give me something.

DEREK
A little neuroglial activation but mostly focusing on the enterochromaffin for distribution. Keeping with the whole-systems approach.

GRAHAM
And you're getting increased synaptic responses?

DEREK
As long as she eats her Wheaties.

GRAHAM
I'm on your team, remember that.

DEREK
Okay.

GRAHAM
Don't shut me out of this.

Graham turns toward the house. Imaginary Derek waves his arms in the doorway.

DEREK
I can show you data tomorrow!

Graham stops.

GRAHAM
Tomorrow? What time?

IMAGINARY DEREK
Fuck, Derek!

DEREK
Four. Well, Four-thirty.

Graham turns back to his car.

GRAHAM
Four-thirty it is.

Derek wipes his brow with his sleeve. He softly takes Audrey by the arm and helps her up out of the chair.

AUDREY
Good to meet you!

Graham wheels around, charmed.

GRAHAM
You as well, Audrey. See you soon!

Derek supports her, an arm around her waist. He and Audrey both smile, she waves goodbye.

Graham's Mercedes disappears down the driveway.

Derek stops smiling. He tightens his grip around her waist and drags her back to the side door.

AUDREY
Aaah! Stop it, let me go!

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Derek enters, dragging Audrey with one arm. He uses the other to deflect her flailing blows.

Imaginary Derek leans against the wall.

AUDREY
Why are you so mean??

DEREK
Get in your chair!

Derek kicks her chair upright on the floor and throws Audrey down into it. She fights back tears.

Audrey reaches for the Xbox controller on the floor.

IMAGINARY DEREK
You showed her a world she can
never be a part of.

Derek kicks her back and snatches up the controller.

DEREK
This is gone!

He throws the controller against the wall. Plastic cracks off
and batteries fly across the room.

AUDREY
No!

DEREK
Yes!

AUDREY
I hate you! I was just looking at
the flower.

DEREK
You're a bad girl-- bad! Look at
the mess you've caused now, you
little shit.

IMAGINARY DEREK
You know it's your fault.

AUDREY
I wanted to use my new leg, I saw
the flower in the sunshine.

IMAGINARY DEREK
She was never meant to leave the
lab.

Derek paces, fists clenched.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Don't forget the goal here, we
should have harvested her face a
long time ago.

DEREK
(to Imaginary Derek)
And done what with it!?

AUDREY
What? Just look at it, I wasn't
gonna pick it, I promise!

DEREK
 (to Audrey)
 Shut up!

IMAGINARY DEREK
 Haha, you fool. You know she can't
 see me.

Derek smacks Audrey across the face. She falls out of her chair, crying, furious.

DEREK
 You want legs? Bad girls don't get
 to have legs!

Derek takes her other leg off the stand where it's growing, almost fully developed.

He yanks the wires out and heads toward the basement.

AUDREY
 Where are you going?
 That's mine-- no please, no!

INT. MCMANSION, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Derek storms down the stairs.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Audrey tries to climb out of her chair but she falls.

AUDREY
 No, please Derek! I'll be good, I
 promise!

INT. MCMANSION, BASEMENT

Derek pulls open the door to the old furnace and tosses the leg inside. The fire BURPS and BLACK SMOKE pours out as the leg is consumed. He closes the furnace.

Audrey lays at the top of the stairs crying.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - DAY

Derek comes back up and steps over Audrey. She turns and--

WHAM!-- stabs Derek in his calf.

DEREK
 Gaaah!

Derek looks down and pulls an arrow out of his leg.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 You fucking bitch!

He kicks her in the back and leaves her on the floor.

INT. MCMANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

The tables are upright. The mess is gone.

Audrey cries softly in her chair on the table. Her flash cards, sodoku, the TV, all gone.

Audrey shivers in just her t-shirt and shorts. Goosebumps run down her right leg. Her left is just a stump.

INT. MCMANSION, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Derek is sound asleep in bed.

Imaginary Derek stares silently into the darkness, a bandage on his calf.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - MORNING

Audrey sits silently at the kitchen table.

Derek bustles about, whistling Simon and Garfunkel's *Sounds of Silence*.

DEREK (O.S.)
 Do you want coffee, Audrey?

Audrey's personality is buried. She doesn't smile. She doesn't cry.

Behind Audrey, Imaginary Derek grabs a to-go coffee cup from the cabinet. Derek closes the cabinet and pours himself a coffee.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 Of course not. You like scones.

Derek puts a dry scone in front of Audrey. She doesn't respond. Derek leans in close to her.

DEREK (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry you made me do that, I put a lot of work into making that leg. Now, I have to go clean up that mess you made with Graham. If you're good and you stay inside, maybe you can convince me to make you a new one.

No response.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Audrey. What do you think of that?
Huh?

Derek grabs the back of her head and lifts her face to his.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Hey! You know I love you, right!?

He pulls her in and gives her a big kiss. Her face stays flat and stiff.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Come on now. You don't want me to
take the other one.

Derek walks away, opens a drawer, then goes back to Audrey. He twists her arm and pulls her hands behind her, then--

ZIIIPP!-- zip-ties her wrists to the dining room chair.

Derek crouches down and takes her foot. She kicks. He forces her leg down and ZIPS her ankle to the chair too.

Imaginary Derek grabs Derek's coat and takes his keys off the hook by the door.

Derek looks at Audrey, waiting for her to say something but she remains stoic.

Derek and Imaginary Derek leave into the garage.

The garage door GROANS open, a beat, it CLOSES LOUDLY again. The Prius whirs and crunches down the gravel driveway.

Audrey waits until the sound is completely gone, then THRASHES against her restraints.

She twists and tugs against the zip ties, digging into her wrists but the ties won't give. She turns her hand over, pushing her thumb into her hand-- no luck.

Audrey rocks the chair from side to side and tips it over, her shoulder and head SMACK the tile floor.

She straightens her body, pushing her foot down. She slides the zip tie on her ankle down off the chair leg.

Imaginary Derek appears.

IMAGINARY DEREK

I hope you're tied tight.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, HALLWAY - DAY

Graham pulls his ID off his lab coat, beeping open a security door. Derek has his poofy coat on, he's manic.

DEREK

So you see, she's my cousin's
coworker's-- well, ex-coworker's
kid. But she lives with her dad.

Graham pins the ID badge back in place.

GRAHAM

So wait, she *is* autistic? Because
her social skills seemed fine, it
was her vocabulary that--

DEREK

Right. Like--

GRAHAM

Walk and talk.

DEREK

Like she's learning a new language,
which she basically is. Only it is
her first language, and that's why
I'm interested in--

They quiet down. Two young lab assistants pass Graham and Derek. Graham gives them a nod.

GRAHAM

You want to keep this quiet? You
need to start telling me the truth.

DEREK

This is the truth.

GRAHAM

I'm sure it is, I mean the whole
thing. No secrets.

Graham beeps them into a dark lab.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Hands still tied, Audrey's leg is free.
She scoots herself across the kitchen to a drawer.

Imaginary Derek is distracted.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 Audrey's fine, you can't squirm out
 of zipties. Besides, she's stupid.

He disappears.

Audrey reaches up with her foot. She TWISTS her body, FLEXES
 her toes, REACHING for the drawer knob.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, DEREK'S LAB - DAY

The fluorescent lights buzz on. Graham and Derek enter
 Derek's old lab.

Imaginary Derek sits on the counter in the corner.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 Uh-oh. This can't be good.

Graham walks around to the blinds, closing them.

GRAHAM
 When you left, Winick had your
 faces disposed of. D.O.H.
 inspections and all.

DEREK
 For the best, probably.

GRAHAM
 Sure.

Graham walks up to Imaginary Derek and reaches down.
 Imaginary Derek lifts his feet out straight.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 Whoah, buddy.

Graham clicks open a cabinet under the counter.

GRAHAM
 They never clean these out in my
 labs either. I found this.

Inside is a face on a metal stand. The skin has overgrown the
 plastic skull and hangs off the edges, sagging and grotesque.

IMAGINARY DEREK
 That's fucked up.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Scoot--scoot-- Audrey pulls out the drawer, gripping the knob
 with her toes.

It's full of KNIVES.

The drawer FALLS--
raining sharp knives down on top of her.

She turns away and gets nicked on her leg. She's okay.

Audrey reaches her fingers out.

She takes a small knife and turns it. Slice, slice, SLICE--
Audrey frees her hand.

She turns with the knife.
One cut--

She FREES the other hand.

INT. ORGANIK LABS, DEREK'S LAB - DAY

The warped face sits on the table. Derek turns it, he
examines the skin.

DEREK
She's like cancer.

Imaginary Derek keeps his distance.

GRAHAM
No, no! Two weeks ago, the skin was
dry and peeling. I thought it was
dead but I've been giving it a
nutrient bath and look what I've--

DEREK
You? This was mine. You clearly had
no idea what you were doing.

WINICK (O.S.)
It was Organik's.

Winick walks into the lab.

DEREK
What's she doing here? This was
between me and you!

IMAGINARY DEREK
Oh yeah, Winick's here.

DEREK
(to Imaginary Derek)
Shut up!!

Imaginary Derek disappears.

GRAHAM
I didn't say anything.

WINICK
We've been seeing a high rate of
tissue failure, Derek.

Derek ignores her. He pushes up to Graham.

GRAHAM
I needed to know what you did to
the tissue. It's flourishing.

DEREK
Think for yourself for once. You've
been stuck to my heel like a dog,
no-- like a piece of shit--

WINICK
You're not working with autistic
kids, Derek. That's just not like
you.

Derek wheels around.

DEREK
Shut the fuck up, Zoe!

Winick is shocked. This isn't like him.

WINICK
Nope. You get away with too much,
you do not speak to me that way.
I'll have HHS over to your house so
fast!--

Derek KICKS the steel counter, two, three times.

GRAHAM
Derek, no, it's not like that. We
work so well together. Whatever you
did, it would solve everything!

DEREK
She's mine!

Graham's eyebrows shoot up.

GRAHAM
...I said nothing.

WINICK
Who's yours, Derek?

Imaginary Derek appears in the hallway. Derek's eyes well with tears. He's overwhelmed.

WINICK (CONT'D)

You mean me?? Who is "she", Derek?

DEREK

Nothing. No one! You leave us alone!

Derek flies out of the lab. A crowd has gathered in the hallway, they scatter as he pushes past them.

EXT. MCMANSION - DAY

An ENGINE STARTS. A big one.

CRUNCH!-- The garage door crumples as a 1965 Mustang BARRELS out onto the lawn.

Audrey is a horrible driver. She slams the GEARSHIFT into reverse, straightens out. Back into DRIVE-- She peels out onto the driveway, SPRAYING GRAVEL as she goes.

She can barely control the car but she's GONE!

I/E. FORD MUSTANG - DAY

Audrey grips the wheel with WHITE KNUCKLES, her right hand glued to the shifter.

Her grey hood is pulled around her neck under a brown overcoat. Her leg is bare. One New Balance sneaker presses hard on the gas.

A box of fruity cereal is belted into the passenger side. Audrey grabs a fistful and tips it into her mouth.

She's like a 14-year-old on a joyride.

A PANEL TRUCK cruises around the bend in the oncoming lane. Audrey is frightened and drives far into the DIRT SHOULDER without slowing down. Emotional, excited, brave-- and free!

EXT. MCMANSION - DAY

Derek's Prius charges up to the house. He slams on the brakes.

The garage door is smashed. Pieces strewn across the driveway. Muddy TIRE STREAKS from the yard into the gravel.

INT. DEREK'S PRIUS - DAY

Derek throws the car into reverse and stands on the gas.

He looks back-- Imaginary Derek stands in the middle of the driveway. He shakes his head.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Not gonna happen.

DEREK
Move! I'm going to bring her back.

IMAGINARY DEREK
You gonna rescue her?

Imaginary Derek appears in the passenger seat. He buckles his seatbelt.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
Alright John Wayne-- where to?

DEREK
She'd...

Imaginary Derek looks up into the house. Derek turns off the car and runs inside.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

Derek runs into the kitchen.
Imaginary Derek is already there.

A dozen knives litter the floor. Derek steps over the tipped chair.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Tisk tisk. Are you getting misty?--

DEREK
Not now, Derek.

He blinks away the emotion and inhales.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Where is she?

Derek holds his breath and calms down.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
She'll get hungry. Popsicles?

Derek exhales and opens his eyes.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
The cabinet's open, she got the
cereal. Thirsty? No money.

DEREK
Music.

IMAGINARY DEREK
She likes music.

Derek grins.

Imaginary Derek picks up a LONG KNIFE.

EXT. MCMANSION, GARAGE - DAY

Derek steps through the HOLE in his garage and power-walks
toward the Prius.

IMAGINARY DEREK (O.S.)
Nuh-uh.

Derek looks back. Imaginary Derek sits on the hood of the
Lamborghini.

IMAGINARY DEREK (CONT'D)
You'll never catch her in that.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO - CONTINUOUS

The Lamborghini ROARS to life.

Imaginary Derek clicks the garage door opener from the
passenger seat. The door moves, then gets stuck on the bent
part.

The wheels CHIRP-- Derek pushes the Lambo through the
shredded door. Metal SQUEALS on metal, scraping lines in the
yellow paint.

EXT. MCMANSION, DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Lambo ROARS, churning through the gravel.
It STOPS at the end of the driveway.

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO - DAY

Imaginary Derek sits sideways, facing Derek.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Left or right?

DEREK
She's right-handed.

Imaginary Derek turns the knife in his hand. He has no reflection.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Right-legged too.

Derek cuts the wheel RIGHT. The car sprints forward.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - DUSK

Audrey drives slowly down Greenwich Avenue. Shops, lights and tons of busy people.

She leans forward, looking up at the CHRISTMAS LIGHTS in the trees.

A MOTHER AND CHILD wait to cross the street. Audrey makes eye contact. The mother starts to move but Audrey doesn't slow down, she just WAVES at them.

Audrey sees a flowerbed. She veers hard left and cranks down the window to sniff-- but it's cold out! She rolls it up.

The car behind Audrey honks. There's a line of cars. She doesn't mind.

Banners on the streetlights read OYSTERFEST. There's an Organik logo in the corner.

Up ahead, there are even more LIGHTS and PEOPLE.

EXT. OYSTERFEST, GREENWICH, CT - DUSK

Audrey creeps along in her Mustang. The end of the street is roped off for the boardwalk, filled with kiosks and people.

A PARKING ATTENDANT, 18 in a bright vest, waves his flag to the right.

PARKING ATTENDANT
Event parking, please. Ten bucks!

Audrey keeps creeping forward. He waves the flag at her. Audrey waves back and smiles timidly.

The parking attendant taps on her window. She shakes her head. Too cold.

PARKING ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Miss-- park over there!

Audrey points straight ahead, smiles again and goes for it, driving straight over a cone.

The parking attendant jumps back.

The car eases down onto the boardwalk, cutting through the crowd. She honks, people move.

Plumes of steam rise up from booths along the boardwalk. Fried oysters, funnel cake, beer.

Audrey stops the car and sniffs the air.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! The parking attendant caught up to her.

PARKING ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You can't be
down here!

Him again! Audrey slams the car into park and gets out.

AUDREY

It's okay. Don't get so mad, I'm
fine on my own.

The parking attendant stares at her-- then notices her missing leg.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Are you from the V.A.?

AUDREY

I'm Audrey.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Parking is...

She offers her hand. He's dumbfounded.

PARKING ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Do you need help, Miss?

AUDREY

No, Audrey!... Okay, see ya!

Audrey hops toward the kiosk, her arms out for balance.

The parking attendant rushes to her side and grabs her arm. Audrey yanks it away instinctively.

PARKING ATTENDANT

Let me help you.

People are staring.

Audrey hops again. It's tough work.

A VETERAN, 70s, in glasses and a US Navy cap, leans out of his booth.

VETERAN

Kid!

The Vet reaches out and offers a crutch. The attendant darts over and takes it.

VETERAN (CONT'D)

Go get her!

The parking attendant tucks the crutch under Audrey's arm. It's cumbersome. She's awkward-- but quickly makes it work.

AUDREY

Cool!

Audrey takes her crutch and hobbles away.

The attendant doesn't know what to do-- so he just stands there.

EXT. CLAM ROLL KIOSK - NIGHT

Audrey's coat is buttoned to her chin. She huddles into a crowd waiting for steaming seafood.

A cover band plays nearby. Audrey bounces to the music.

Audrey cuddles up to a FUR COAT-- but the woman backs off. Rude.

The steam is warm. Audrey closes her eyes. A greasy COOK in a Mets cap and flannel lines up fried everything.

COOK

What can I getcha, sweetheart?

Audrey looks back over her shoulder.

COOK (CONT'D)

Hello?

AUDREY

Hello!

COOK

Hi. You want a clam roll or...?

Audrey thinks. The cook offers her a red basket of food. She takes it.

AUDREY
Thanks! Do you have drinks?

COOK
You got ID?

AUDREY
Mmmm... no.

COOK
Then for you, we got water and we
got Coke.

Audrey eats a fry. It's really hot.

AUDREY
Coke please!

The cook turns around to get the soda. Audrey takes a huge
bite of clam roll. It's hot too! She lets it fall from her
mouth back into the basket.

COOK
A'right. That's eleven-fifty.

Audrey takes her Coke and turns to leave.

COOK (CONT'D)
Hey, lady. You gotta pay.

The waiting crowd stops her. Audrey turns back to the cook.

AUDREY
Sorry?

COOK
Eleven dollars, fifty.

AUDREY
I don't have that.

COOK
What are you thick? You gotta pay!

Audrey tries to hand the food back. The cook is pissed.

COOK (CONT'D)
Nah, fuck that. You chew it, you
buy it. Eleven-fifty or we got a
real problem.

She's causing a scene. Across the way, people stare from the
hot dog tent.

INT. HOT DOG TENT - NIGHT

Two blond boys, ETHAN, 12, and JAKE, 8, wear paper hats and stand on crates to get a better view.

ETHAN
Move, what's she doin'?

COOK
(distant)
No, fuck that!

JAKE
That man is mad.

Graham enters. The blond boys are his. They wear oversized plastic gloves, a mess of mustard in front of them. Graham wears an apron over loose jeans.

GRAHAM
We don't use that language, do we?

The boys shake their heads.
Graham's head cocks sideways. It's Audrey.

Audrey is at the brink of tears. The crowd won't let her leave. She stumbles on her crutch.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Meg, just a sec.

Graham runs over to help. He pushes through the crowd.

Audrey is startled when she sees him. She backs away.

MEG, 30s, pretty, wearing a PLAID WOOL PONCHO, stands behind the boys.

MEG
What's your father doing?

ETHAN
Talkin' to that pretty lady.

Graham pays the cook. He says something inaudible to Audrey.

Audrey thinks about it, then follows.

They push through the crowd, back to the hot dog tent.

Meg's arms are crossed.
Ethan's mouth hangs open.
Jake stares at her missing leg, then notices his mom is mad.

JAKE

Oooh....

GRAHAM

(to Audrey)

Here. Just sit right here. It's okay.

MEG

Graham. Who is this?

GRAHAM

Um, this is ah, Audrey.

AUDREY

Hello. I know Graham, we're good friends.

MEG

Oh are you?

GRAHAM

No, it's not like that.

MEG

What's it like, Graham?

Audrey puts down her crutch and sits next to the boys. She helps them refill a mustard bottle.

GRAHAM

(whispering)

She's slow. Derek's working with her.

Meg raises an eyebrow.

MEG

She doesn't seem handicapped to me, not like that I mean.

Audrey hears her and chooses to ignore. She wipes her finger in the spilled mustard and tastes it.

She makes a sour face. The boys laugh.

Audrey looks up the hill.

A figure stumbles through the crowd. His unkempt black hair bounces-- it's Derek!

Audrey's face goes white. Derek scans the crowd.

He hasn't seen her yet.

Audrey fumbles for her crutch. She tucks it under her arm and squeezes past the grill.

GRAHAM
You okay? Where ya goin, Audrey?

She hobbles into the crowd, swaying wildly, scrambling. Away from Derek. Back toward the Mustang.

She PUSHES through a beer line.

AUDREY
'Scuse me. Move please! Move!

Derek sees the commotion but doesn't recognize her.

He recognizes Graham--standing on his hot dog table. And Meg-- bewildered. Tugging on Graham's apron.

GRAHAM
(loud)
Audrey? Where are you going?

Derek shoves past a FATHER, knocking his TODDLER to the ground.

FATHER
Whoah-- Slow down!

The toddler cries.
Derek steps over him, pushing into the open.

Derek runs to Graham's tent, shouting--

DEREK
Graham! Graham Rowlands!

GRAHAM
Oh, there you are. Audrey's here!

MEG
Hi Derek, nice to see you.

DEREK
Where??

GRAHAM
I don't know, she just ran off over there.

Graham points directly at her.

Audrey moves forward as fast as her single leg will go. She searches the overcoat for keys.

Derek takes off into the crowd. He backhands a young couple, SPRINTING through lines of people to get at Audrey.

Graham is confused-- why is Derek so aggressive?

Audrey finds her keys in the coat pocket. The Mustang is 100ft away. A tow truck backs up to it, TWO COPS stand watch.

Behind her, the crowd in front of the band trembles and shakes. People shout in protest as Derek PUSHES against them. Derek jumps up on the STAGE.

He limps on his BANDAGED LEG and darts through the band. Derek drops off the side of the stage into the CLEARING. He winces in pain.

Audrey looks back for the first time-- they see each other.

Derek takes off after her.

She uses the crutch with both hands, gripping the keys and lunging forward.

Derek closes in on her quickly.
She's so close!

The two cops take notice-- but it's too late, Audrey THROWS open the door of the Mustang and LEAPS in.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

In one swift motion, the Mustang BEATHES to life.

A brick wall in front of her,
the tow truck behind.

Derek is moments away.

The crutch won't fit in the door.
She drops it and THROWS the car into gear.

Without looking, Audrey backs the car into the tow truck,
SPINNING the wheels.
The cops jump back.

FORWARD!--Audrey cuts the wheel. The Mustang lurches back towards Derek, driving over the crutch.

EXT. OYSTERFEST - NIGHT

Audrey's door BOUNCES on its hinge. The front corner of the car SCRAPES along the brick wall.

She looks right at Derek, steering towards him.

Derek DODGES, arms outstretched to grab onto anything.

Audrey flips her door back open, smashing it into him.
Derek falls back as the Mustang speeds down the boardwalk.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

The crowd screams, Audrey aims between two kiosks.
She tags one, over-corrects and SMASHES through a table.

EXT. OYSTERFEST - NIGHT

Onlookers DIVE to safety.

The Mustang charges up the GRASSY HILL, the tail DRIFTS
sideways, SPRAYING MUD.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT

Audrey stomps on the BRAKES and lurches forward as the car
reaches the STREET.

She opens and RE-CLOSES the door, then puts on her seatbelt.
She checks both ways and drives off into the DARKNESS.

The lights and chaos of the festival are behind her;
ahead are trees, leaves and GOLDEN STREETLIGHTS.

Her breathing slows down.

The panic subsides.
The engine quiets down to a LOW HUM.

The white lights of the festival grow smaller in her rear-
view mirror.

Smaller.
Colder.
Brighter?

The festival light drops away, blown out by bluish headlights
approaching behind her.

The whine of the Lamborghini SCREAMS towards her.
It's Derek!

Audrey FLOORS it, pushing the Mustang down the country road.

They pass streetlights one after another, quicker and
quicker. The Lambo closing the gap.

In the flash of a streetlight, Derek leans forward, eyes
hungry. The passenger seat is empty.

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO - NIGHT

Derek grips the wheel tight. He taps the paddle shifter into fifth gear.

Another street light.

Darkness.

Another-- Imaginary Derek appears in the passenger seat holding the kitchen knife.

IMAGINARY DEREK

Careful...

As if out of spite, Derek pushes the car right up to Audrey's bumper.

Audrey's brake lights FLARE up and Derek backs off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The road straightens back out. Derek moves into the oncoming lane and whips up next to Audrey.

Audrey looks over at him, not scared-- FURIOUS!

She SWERVES the Mustang at him.

Derek stomps on the brakes, barely avoiding her attack.

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO

The Lambo struggles to grip the road. Derek over-corrects, knocking himself around.

DEREK

Fuck!

Imaginary Derek keeps quiet.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A STOP SIGN.

Audrey taps the brakes, then cuts the wheel left onto the main road.

The Mustang drifts sideways and bounces off a stone wall, back onto the street.

Derek slows down just enough. Intersection's clear.

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO - NIGHT

Derek zooms back up to Audrey.

DEREK
I have to stop her.

IMAGINARY DEREK
I know.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Derek pulls up alongside her again and taps her rear bumper. Audrey holds firm.

A car zooms toward them. Derek tucks in behind her, he lets it pass.

Again, Derek pulls up next to her.

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO

They both blow through ANOTHER STOP SIGN.

IMAGINARY DEREK
Don't mess up that pretty face.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Derek lines up for a pit maneuver.

Audrey swerves away into the shoulder. Derek misses her! The Mustang bucks wildly on the uneven dirt.

Up ahead, a night-time construction crew works on an overpass. A yellow arrow BLINKS on the left side of the road.

Audrey pulls out of the dirt and lines up next to Derek, pushing him into the left lane--
Right at the construction site's CONCRETE BARRIERS.

Derek stomps onto his brakes.
Audrey swerves--

The Mustang LOSES TRACTION, turns sideways and FLIPS!

Over and over, the Mustang ROLLS past the construction site.

INT. LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO - NIGHT

Derek swerves to avoid the wreck and PLOWS into a POLE.
He goes FLYING through the windshield--

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

--and slides FACE-FIRST across the asphalt.

The yellow light.
Blink.
Blink.

Blood creeps out from under Derek's face.

The air is cold and quiet.
BREATH STEAMS off Derek's lips.
His eyes squeeze closed. Then OPEN. He lifts his head.

Imaginary Derek, BLURRY, leans against a streetlight.
He turns and looks up the road.

Up ahead, the CRUMPLED MUSTANG rests on its side, motionless.

Derek pulls himself up, staggering to his feet.
Half his face is torn up. BLOOD LEAKS from the dirty wound.
Derek takes two steps forward, then STOPS.

Derek rushes back to the Lamborghini wrapped around the pole.

He reaches inside and fishes out the KNIFE.
Derek turns back toward Audrey.

DEREK

It's time.

With surprising speed, Derek lumbers aggressively toward her.

His vision is blurry, he sees construction workers leap over
the concrete dividers ahead.

ROAD WORKER (O.S.)

(indistinct)

Sit down man, you're hurt!

A ROAD WORKER in his 30s runs up behind Derek.

Derek looks down, a steady STREAM of velvety BLOOD pours off
his fingertips.

Derek stumbles, the road worker runs up just in time and
catches him, laying him down.

At the Mustang, the construction workers are pulling Audrey
out of the wreck.

Imaginary Derek, clear now, walks up next to Derek.

IMAGINARY DEREK

You failed.

Derek passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY

Three people in green scrubs push a GURNEY down the hallway.
ONE FEMALE FOOT pokes out of the sheet.

Audrey is groggy, she has an OXYGEN MASK on.

A NURSE, 30s, grabs her hand.

NURSE
You're okay, honey. What's your
name?

Audrey smiles, comforted.

AUDREY
(muffled)
Audr...ee.

NURSE
Audrey what? Is there anyone we can
call for you?

Another gurney pulls up next to hers.

Audrey pulls her oxygen aside and turns her head.

Derek is lying right NEXT TO HER, bloody gauze covering the
far side of his face. He's unconscious.

Audrey PANICS, her eyes well with tears. Her breath quickens,
she tries to sit up-- but she's STRAPPED DOWN!

NURSE (CONT'D)
Help here! Audrey...

The nurse puts Audrey's oxygen mask back on. A male nurse
dashes over and injects a sedative into her IV.

NURSE (CONT'D)
...Audrey, calm down.

Audrey calms down. Her eyes flutter.

FADE TO WHITE.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

The room comes into focus.

A FIGURE sits at the edge of the bed.

GRAHAM
It's okay. It's okay. You're safe.

Audrey is exhausted, overwhelmed. Tired of being afraid. Her eyes fill with tears. She's propped up in bed with a bandage on her neck and her arm in a sling.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

AUDREY
Chipper.

GRAHAM
Haha. Do you know what happened?
We're going to get you home.

AUDREY
Where's Derek?

GRAHAM
The doctors are still working with
him. I just spoke with them, they--

Audrey turns to face him.

AUDREY
I'm not slow. Derek isn't working
with me, he's dangerous--

DR. ALVAREZ walks in, her dark hair cut short. She heads to the bed at the far end.

GRAHAM
Shhh. I know.

Graham gives the doctor a nod. Audrey lifts her arm out of the sling and pushes her hair back.

Graham is impressed-- but not surprised. He reaches down to the floor and hands Audrey a BROWN GROCERY BAG.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
There's some clothes and stuff in
there. And I got this for you.

He hands her a PROSTHETIC LEG.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Nothing fancy, just a cosmetic but
this should help you get around.

Audrey cries. Graham puts his hand on her arm, then she gives him a big hug.

DR. ALVAREZ
Hi Miss Reynolds. Looks like that
arm's doing pretty well.

Graham taps Audrey. She lets go and wipes her face.

GRAHAM
Hi doc. Yeah, looks like it wasn't
dislocated after all.

DR. ALVAREZ
Can you lift for me?

Audrey lifts her shoulder, feigning some pain.
She snuffles, tears still on her cheeks.

AUDREY
Do you think you could give me a
moment, Dr. Alvarez?

DR. ALVAREZ
Sure. You're lucky to have such a
nice brother.

Graham smiles back. The doctor draws the curtain and leaves.

GRAHAM
We're going to get this figured
out.

AUDREY
I won't go back to Derek.

GRAHAM
Let me talk to him.

Audrey rummages through her bag.

AUDREY
Tell Meg I said thank you.

Graham scoffs.

GRAHAM
We can get him help.

Audrey pulls at the bandage on her neck. The wound is fully
closed, just a red line.

AUDREY
He's never going to stop.

GRAHAM
Alright, where do you want to go?

INT. AMTRAK - MORNING

Audrey sits alone on the train, the sun on her face.

Audrey unwinds a green scarf from under a PLAID WOOL COAT. She wears dark jeans and BOTH hiking boots. The crumpled paper bag rests on her lap.

The train passes small farmhouses, dusted with SNOW. Further north, the trees grow dense.

INT. MCMANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Derek unbuttons his shirt, dropping it off his left shoulder. He stands in front of a mirror between the foyer and living room.

Imaginary Derek throws his feet up on the coffee table and takes a loud bite of an apple. Not a scratch on him.

DEREK

You gonna help me with this?

Graham walks up behind him.

GRAHAM

You sure about this? Maybe you want to rest up a bit.

Graham helps his friend pull out of the left sleeve. A huge bandage covers his chest and shoulder. Derek's belly is bright white.

DEREK

Fuck off.

Graham goes back to sitting on the back of the couch.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Those doctors are thirty years behind. Might as well be leeches.

With latex gloves on, Derek picks at the corner of his bandage, peeling it off along with any hair. He is in very real pain, his exposed skin is beet red and crusty. Thick gouge marks weep blood where he slid across the ground.

Derek turns, showing is face. One eyebrow has been scraped off entirely. Pieces of his cheek are missing, painted over and filled in with the milky white solution. It's sloppy, a drip hangs over his eye.

GRAHAM

How does that feel?

DEREK
Feels like shit, y'know?

GRAHAM
I mean your face. Does it feel better?

DEREK
A little... You have no idea where she went?

The peeled bandage shows the inside of his left arm, sliced up and put back together with staples.

DEREK (CONT'D)
'Cause her parents are going to be really worried. I was responsible for her, you know. Hand me that?

GRAHAM
This?

Graham grabs Derek's vial of FleshFix.
Derek takes it, then reaches past him for the pliers.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I told Meg about the accident, she wants to make you a lasagna.

DEREK
The girl ran me off the road, Graham. She stole my car and then ran me off the road. That's attempted murder.

Derek lifts his left elbow and pulls out a staple. The wound sags open. Derek quickly fills it with his glue and pinches the wound closed. The staple drops onto a dinner plate.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Ow.

GRAHAM
Then let the police handle her. That's what they do.

DEREK
No cops.

Graham paces around the room.

GRAHAM

I understand you don't like hospitals but c'mon, you're all banged up. You need to rest, let Audrey be Audrey. You need to--

Derek wheels around.

DEREK

What, Graham?? You think you can tell me what I need to do? I've never invited you here, and yet here you remain.

GRAHAM

I covered for you with Audrey.

Derek turns back. Two more staples. More glue.

DEREK

That's not your job.

GRAHAM

I'm putting my neck out for you so--

DEREK

So that I can get back to work? 'Whacha doin, Derek? Think I could tag along?'

GRAHAM

So that you don't get thrown in jail.

Imaginary Derek pulls up a chair. He stays quiet.

Derek drops more staples in the dish. A long drip of blood runs down his side. He puts down the pliers and wipes himself up with a paper towel.

DEREK

Why would I be going to jail, Graham?

GRAHAM

Because Audrey doesn't *have* parents. She never did.

Clink. Another staple.

DEREK

She's not *for* you.

GRAHAM
She's her own person now.

Clink.

DEREK
Stop talking.

GRAHAM
You need to let her be.

Clink. Imaginary Derek stands up.

DEREK
Audrey is not for you, Dr.
Rowlands, she's mine. My project,
my girl!

Derek is bleeding again.

GRAHAM
You're falling apart. You're
reckless. You are a danger to
yourself and others.

Imaginary Derek cracks his knuckles. He stands next to
Graham.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This isn't healthy. Maybe Audrey
was happy here once but you've
really scared her.

DEREK
When did you talk to her?

GRAHAM
Just when I checked her in, that's
all. You saw the records, she
signed herself out.

Imaginary Derek appears next to the knives in the kitchen.
Derek glances his way, then glares back at Graham.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I'm on your side.

Imaginary Derek appears closer-- the fireplace poker.
Maybe Derek could kill Graham with that.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I just want you to take a breath,
to get some help-- then you never
have to see me again if you don't
want.

Imaginary Derek appears near the bow and arrow.

Derek looks at the bow,
tilts his head and drops all his anger.

DEREK

You really mean it?

Derek pulls his shirt up over his shoulder. He softens and
smiles at Graham, then walks into the kitchen.

INT. MCMANSION, KITCHEN - DAY

With his good arm, Derek opens the fridge and pulls out two
beers.

Graham follows him in.

GRAHAM

Yeah, I do.

Derek hands him a beer. Imaginary Derek watches from the
doorway.

DEREK

Thanks. You mind?

Derek shrugs his bad arm and hands his beer to Graham.

GRAHAM

Oh yeah, sure. Well I was thinking,
maybe you could come stay with Meg
and I, if you wanted.

Graham pulls out his keys, finding the bottle opener.

Derek stares at his keys. Graham opens the bottle.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Or not-- might do you well to spend
some time with other people.

The Red Sox CABIN KEY is missing.

Graham offers the beer back to Derek.

Derek just smiles.

INT. DEREK'S PRIUS - DAY

Derek drives his Prius north, twisting up the same Connecticut road. The trees are all bare. The leaves hidden under snow.

Derek is alone. His bow and quiver rest in the passenger seat.

EXT. GRAHAM'S CABIN - AFTERNOON

The sun is getting low.
Derek's Prius CREEPS SILENTLY up the long driveway to the cabin, the tires CREAK on fresh snow.

Derek approaches the cabin with caution.

There's no smoke coming from the chimney.

He looks for footprints in the snow.
None in the driveway-- but there!-- on the porch--
two distinct SMALL FOOTPRINTS.

Fifty feet from the cabin, Derek gets out of his Prius.
He takes the bow and leaves the door open.

He peers into the windows. Nothing visible inside.

But the heat is on-- the windows sweat, a drip of melted snow runs down the glass. She must be inside.

Derek sneaks up the porch stairs,
his bow in hand, quiver on his shoulder.
He reaches for the knob--

--THWACK!

An ARROW trembles in the wood right next to Derek's head.
Derek drops down low, NOCKS AN ARROW and spins around.

He spots Audrey standing up from the thicket, camouflaged in a cream-plaid blanket, holding Graham's bow.
She missed.

Derek raises his bow but she's already running down the road behind the trees.

DEREK
You can't run from me, Audrey!

Derek sprints to his Prius and jumps in the open door.

He reverses the car around the bend after her.

INT. DEREK'S PRIUS - DAY

Through the rear window, Audrey FLEES.
She favors one leg but she's quick.

The Prius WHINES LOUDLY in reverse, SKIDDING in the snow as
Derek steers.

Audrey turns and jumps into the DENSE THICKET, pushing past a
snowy bush.

Derek eases the Prius to a stop and grabs his bow.

EXT. SNOWY THICKET - DAY

Audrey hurries by, keeping low and out of sight.

A beat.

The bushes sway in the distance.

Holding his bow high, Derek stomps through the shrubbery,
TRAMPLING down the brush.

DEREK

Audrey. You know you're at a severe
disadvantage, even with that new
leg.

Derek looks out into the WILDERNESS.
There's no indication which direction she went.

He keeps his bow taught and his head low.

Choosing a direction, Derek's footsteps are loud, SNAPPING
through twigs. The snow clumps to his pants.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Too bad you learned to shoot from
movies. How does the snow feel? Is
it burning you yet? They fail to
mention that part on TV.

Derek stops.

He crouches and slows his BREATH.
He waits for her to move.
The woods are silent.

Some movement-- he FIRES!

It's nothing. A miss.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You're an abomination. A science project. What are you going to do, Audrey, when someone asks for ID? You'll be picked up and picked apart...

Audrey makes a run for it. She's fifty yards away, through the trees.

Derek dashes forward and stops.

He takes a moment to AIM, exhales and SHOOTs.

AUDREY

Aaugh!

She's shot.

He hit her in the back of the thigh, right under her butt.

Audrey reaches back and yanks it out, screaming again. Blood quickly stains her jeans. She takes another step, then falls.

Derek throws his bow across his back and bounds through the thicket, lifting his feet high, trampling the snowy brush.

Audrey crawls toward a RAVINE. Her hands bright red from the snow, the brush stabs her palms.

She gets to her feet and limps through the trees.

Derek WALKS the last thirty feet.

DEREK

Would you just quit already?

He steps up behind her and kicks her wound.

Audrey falls.

Derek reaches down and flips her over.

One knee on her chest, Derek grips her chin hard.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Audrey, don't you know you were just a pretty face?

She grabs his elbow, leveraging his weight and THROWS him down the STEEP HILL behind her.

Derek tumbles down the hill toward a ROCKY STREAM.

He tries to stand halfway-- but slips in the snow and slams down next to a fallen, SHATTERED TREE. He doesn't get up.

Audrey stands. She rubs her hands together, blowing warm air into them. Carefully, she steps down the hill to Derek.

Derek struggles for breath. CRIMSON BLOOD lines his lips. He coughs, wet and thick. His eyes are wide and scared.

Audrey stands over him, just out of reach.

Derek reaches for his bow off his back--
but it's pinned by the WOOD SPIKE in his lung.

DEREK (CONT'D)
(wheezing)
Audrey. Audrey, help me.

Audrey's eyes are glassy. One green and one brown.

DEREK (CONT'D)
A puncture. My lung, I've got
plenty at the office, I can fix it.

Imaginary Derek appears behind Audrey.
He is stoic, unable to help.

The color fades from Derek's face.

AUDREY
I'm sorry, Derek.

DEREK
Please. Please, Audrey. You can't
just watch your father bleed out.
That's not you.

AUDREY
I don't have a father.

She steps away.

DEREK
Aud--

Tears run down Derek's face as it goes pale.
The hot blood melts into the snow, his eyes go dull.

Imaginary Derek bows his head and fades away.

Audrey climbs the hill. The Prius waits in the road.

INT. ORGANIK LABS

Graham is back at Organik. A dozen lab assistants busily run tests, swabbing, poking, prodding.

Organs and flesh hang on steel trees.
They look healthy enough.

Graham's phone buzzes in his lab coat pocket. He snaps off his glove and looks at it.

A text. From Derek:

Key's under the mat. Thx, ~A.

Graham takes a long breath, then goes right back to work with the others.