

Elizabeth Blue

Screenplay By

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CAST TABLE READ VERSION

1 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD HALLWAY - NIGHT 1

Florescent lighting illuminates the hallway of the ward. It's bright and stretches the entire length of the building.

The CAMERA moves down the hall. Up ahead, an ORDERLY struggles with a PATIENT who is refusing to stand up.

A NURSE moves in to assist.

The CAMERA turns toward an open door marked ADMINISTRATION OFFICE. We move into the office.

2 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD OFFICE - NIGHT 2

The HEAD NURSE is standing at a filing cabinet - her fingers flip through the files at lightning speed.

She is mumbling to herself about: "*understaffed, underpaid, feet hurting, lazy co-workers...*", among other things.

The office is organized chaos. Files, papers, prescription bottles and clip boards take over the surface of several work stations.

In the background phones are ringing. Patients are yelling for medications - but it's secondary to the incessant ringing of the phones.

The Head Nurse pulls a file and walks toward the multi-line phone system that has been ringing off the hook.

She picks up each line as if working a telethon. The tone of her voice is one of frustration, border-lining on rude - yet she maintains a professional demeanor.

HEAD NURSE

Statewood Hospital, please hold.

(Another call.)

Statewood Hospital, please hold.

Another PHONE is ringing but this one is coming from somewhere in the lobby.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)

(Another call.)

Statewood Hospital, please hold.

MARY, a FEMALE PATIENT comes up to the window. She stands there, staring at the Head Nurse.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
Statewood, thank you for holding.
(Beat.)
Yes. Give me a moment and I'll page
him, hold on.

The lobby phone rings.

The Head Nurse turns to an INTERCOM MICROPHONE. She presses
down on the base of it.

Her voice echoes over the dated speaker system.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
Dr. Sanders you have a call on line
two. Dr. Sanders, please pick up
line two.

She turns to the Patient who has been staring at her through
the circular glass partition window. Without missing a beat-

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
(Firm.)
It's not time for your medication
yet Mary. Go back to your room
...now.

She unhappily walks away.

The lobby phone rings.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
Will someone please pick up the
phone?

Apparently no one is nearby. She picks up one of the calls on
hold.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
Thank you for holding. Hi, yes I
have the patient file you've
requested. I'll bring it over to
you now.

She hangs up, takes a deep breath and makes her way out of
the office. We follow her out of the door, into the hallway,
which immediately opens into the lobby.

A few chairs, a magazine rack, a glass encased bulletin board
and several fake plants are all the lobby consists of.

The cold, tiled flooring and bright lighting make this an unappealing and sterile environment to say the least.

SEVERAL PATIENTS mill about.

The NURSE from a moment earlier is walking MARY, the female patient, who was staring through the glass partition, in the opposite direction.

A JANITOR mops around a Yellow "Wet Floor" sign" sitting in the middle of the lobby.

We stay on the Head Nurse. She is walking toward 4 PAY PHONES mounted side by side on the wall of the Ward Lobby. This is the source of the ringing.

Underneath the phones, a counter top runs the length of them. 4 wood chairs with a soft, padded seat are under the counter top in front of each phone.

The Head Nurse points her finger at another ORDERLY walking from the opposite hallway. His sleeves are rolled up, his one arm is sporting a few TATTOOS.

HEAD NURSE

(Stern.)

Roll down your sleeves and get these patients back into their rooms before the evening medication rounds please.

The Orderly quickly rolls down his sleeves and begins to round up the patients.

Again, the phone rings, then-

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)

(She picks up.)

Hello?

(Beat.)

Yes, please hold.

She places the receiver on top of the phone, turns and walks down the long stretch of hallway.

The CAMERA stays with her.

A PATIENT crosses in front of her just before she stops short of an OPEN DOOR.

The Head Nurse pops her head in the door. From over her shoulder we catch a glance of the TV. STATIC fills the screen.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
Elizabeth. You have a phone call.

The Head Nurse keeps moving down the hallway. We stay with her to a SECOND DOOR of the same room.

4 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD COMMON ROOM - NIGHT 4

The CAMERA turns into the common room, PANNING down to the floor, stopping just short of a COUCH. We don't see much of the room.

A moment later, the feet of ELIZABETH come down from the couch, touching the floor. They are covered in thick, non-slip hospital issued socks.

We stay on her feet as she stands, walks out of the room and into the ward hallway.

5 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD HALLWAY - NIGHT 5

Elizabeth's footsteps are light, almost silent as she walks down the hall.

The CAMERA stays on her feet, following them in the direction we just came from.

We follow Elizabeth's feet as she makes her way into the lobby, toward the phones.

6 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD LOBBY - NIGHT 6

Elizabeth takes a seat in front of the phone.

We stay TIGHT - revealing nothing more than Elizabeth's feet, hands, legs, arms, fingers, ears, nose and lips. We never see her entire face throughout the scene. From the various angles we can see she is dressed in sweat pants and a baggy sweatshirt.

Elizabeth picks up the phone but she does not answer it yet. We are TIGHT on her fingers as Elizabeth plays with the cord, intertwining it around her fingers - a nervous tick caused by anxiety. It's almost as if she doesn't want to speak to whomever is on the call.

We can't help but notice the black rubber hair band wrapped around her wrist.

She sits with her right knee up, her other foot planted on the floor. She finally brings the phone to her ear.

We PAN UP just enough - exposing Elizabeth's chin and mouth.

ELIZABETH

Hello.

CAROL (O.C.)

Hi Lizzy.

ELIZABETH

Mom, please don't call me Lizzy.

Carol's tone shifts to one of annoyance.

CAROL (O.C.)

Sorry. How are you feeling?

ELIZABETH

I have news.

CAROL (O.C.)

What kind of news Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I'm going home tomorrow.

Carol's tone changes from annoyed to tolerant - cautious even.

CAROL (O.C.)

That's wonderful honey. I ...I wish
I was able to be there but your
Stepsister has her piano recital
and Richard is coaching Thomas....

Elizabeth cuts her off mid sentence. She could care less about her Mother's new family and life.

ELIZABETH

It's okay Mom. Grant's picking me
up.

(Beat.)

And he's moving in.

Once again you can hear the tone change in her Mother's voice. It's a mixture of confusion and concern.

CAROL (O.C.)

He is? That's, um ...well...

(Clears her throat.)

Am I ever going to meet him?

ELIZABETH

Mom, do you really want me to get into the reasons why you haven't met Grant?

(She bites at one of her fingernails.)

I'm going home tomorrow. I have a new doctor. We start sessions next week. I plan on getting well Mom. I want to have a life and be as normal as possible.

CAROL (O.C.)

That's great sweetheart, but...

Elizabeth cuts her off again. Her tone becomes agitated.

ELIZABETH

No buts Mom. I don't want to be upset or have feelings of resentment toward you anymore but right now I need to focus on what's best for me.

CAROL (O.C.)

I just don't want you taking your mental health lightly. Moving in with someone is a big deal Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

I know that.

Elizabeth is trying hard not to let her Mother spoil the moment but the foot tapping, nail biting and skin scratching tell us otherwise. She is full of anxiety and annoyance now.

She takes a deep breath - raising her hand to her neck, gripping it as if she were gasping for air or trying to choke herself. It's hard to tell.

CAROL (O.C.)

(Beat.)

I'll try to make a trip up from San Diego soon.

Elizabeth bites her lip in thought.

CAROL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Are you there Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I'm here.
(Beat)
Mom?

CAROL (O.C.)

Yes?

ELIZABETH

Grant asked me to marry him and I
said yes.

There is a long silence.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Mom?

CAROL (O.C.)

I'm here.

ELIZABETH

You're not happy?

CAROL (O.C.)

It's just.

(Beat.)

I had a very different idea of what
I thought your life would be. But,
you're a 30 year old woman and you
can make your own choices.

ELIZABETH

He makes me happy.

CAROL (O.C.)

Then that's all ...that matters.

It becomes uncomfortably silent, then-

CAROL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

(In a hurry.)

I have to go. Your Step sister just
knocked over ...a bowl. I'll see
you soon. Gotta run.

Before Elizabeth can say anything else-

CLICK! The phone hangs up.

The phone still to her ear-

ELIZABETH

Sure Mom...

Elizabeth lets the phone move down the side of her face, gently leaning her chin on it. She then releases the phone, letting it dangle from the cord.

She removes the black hair band from her wrist and sloppily ties her hair up.

She stands, takes a deep breath, then defiantly SLAMS the phone down onto the receiver and we-

CUT TO: BLACK

"ELIZABETH BLUE"

FADE IN:

7 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

The studio apartment is small and clean with a mixture of mismatched furniture and knickknacks.

We PAN around the room revealing the lay out.

A FUTON SOFA BED with matching END and COFFEE TABLES sit opposite a small FLAT SCREEN TV inside a WOOD TV CABINET.

There are three small WINDOWS with WHITE WOOD BLINDS in the main living area.

A ROUND TABLE with two chairs sits just outside the small kitchen nook.

A small WOOD DESK covered with a stack of books, a manuscript, pens, pencils, ruler and a high lighter sit off in another corner.

Left over CHINESE FOOD containers and two paper plates with plastic ware are on the coffee table.

The sound of KEYS are heard, then - the door swings open.

ELIZABETH steps into the apartment - exposing her face for the first time.

She is a rare combination of beauty and innocence but her face wears a deep sadness and underlying pain.

She is wearing black tights and a baggy sweatshirt that despite itself, outlines her slender body.

She holds a BACKPACK in her left hand. Her big, gentle eyes move across the room, taking it all in. By the expression on her face, it's as if it all seems unfamiliar. Just then-

GRANT enters. He stands tall and handsome. He possesses a natural warmth and charm. He is emotionally strong, compassionate and filled with unconditional love for Elizabeth.

Grant walks up behind her, kissing her neck.

GRANT

Give me your bag babe, I'll unpack for you.

Elizabeth circles back around and quickly shuts the door.

ELIZABETH

No I'm okay. I'm going to take a shower and throw this stuff in the dirty clothes.

She indicates the contents of her backpack.

GRANT

Okay. I'll be right here. I'll give you some alone time to get settled. Can I get you anything?

ELIZABETH

Tea?

GRANT

Coming right up.

He leans in, kisses her forehead. He walks out of frame toward the small kitchen.

Elizabeth stands there for what feels like an eternity - taking in her place.

She looks to the right of her - staring blankly. She walks out of frame.

8 INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - DAY

8

The dark room turns bright by the flick of a switch.

We are TIGHT on Elizabeth's hand as she closes the bathroom door knob.

Elizabeth steps in front of her bathroom mirror. She stands there looking back at herself in the reflection.

CLOSE ON the SHOWER HEAD as a burst of water sputters out from weeks of being still. Elizabeth's hand reaches in to test the temperature.

Elizabeth looks over her shoulder as if she heard something. She does a double take before sliding out of her clothes.

She steps into the shower, quickly pulling the shower door closed. She's feeling paranoid.

The warm water hits her body. The expression on her face is a mixture of relief and angst. She takes a long, deep breath then sticks her head under the running water. She is beautiful and broken all at once.

The muffled sound of a tea kettle can be heard whistling from the kitchen.

GRANT (O.C.)
Babe, tea is ready.

ELIZABETH
Okay, I'll be right out.

Elizabeth continues to stand in the shower - in her own world. She feels safe enclosed in the shower.

Suddenly a feeling of nervousness overcomes her again. Her body shudders from a chill. She doesn't feel alone in the bathroom.

She looks behind her. She mumbles to herself - trying to remain calm but paranoia is getting the best of her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(Quick and muffled.)
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay,
it's okay.

She turns the water off, then on again, then off again. When she is sure it's off she quickly steps out of the shower.

She grabs a worn-in bathrobe hanging on the back of the bathroom door - quickly holding it up in front of herself as if hiding her naked body from someone.

Elizabeth places the robe to her nose - smelling it. Something about this is oddly calming to her. She stands for a moment - embracing the robe.

Elizabeth puts the robe on - tying it tightly around her waist. Her small frame is devoured by the oversized terry-cloth. She grabs a towel hanging on a near-by rack and begins to dry her hair.

The tea kettle continues to scream from the kitchen while she stares at her reflection - gently patting her face dry.

9

INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

9

Elizabeth and Grant are sitting on opposite sides of the couch. She is still in her bathrobe - a cup of tea gripped in her hands. She is staring into it.

The containers of old Chinese food remain in the same spot on the coffee table. Grant points to it.

GRANT

I didn't throw it out. I figured we could heat it up and share.

ELIZABETH

You read my mind. I've been craving month old Chinese food.

GRANT

Awesome. I knew it.

He's happy to see her and it shows.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Drink your tea.

Elizabeth moves toward him, leaning her back against him.

Grant places his arm around her.

Elizabeth takes a sip of her tea.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Good?

Elizabeth manages a smile.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Feel good to be home?

ELIZABETH

I never want to go back to that place.

They sit in silence for a moment, then-

GRANT

When do you want to go over your new medications? We should do that before your next doctor's appointment.

ELIZABETH

Tomorrow. I just need to be with you right now and not think.

GRANT

Sure babe.

Grant caresses her arm and shoulder.

The remainder of their conversation seems like it should have more joy to it but with Elizabeth her thoughts are always heavy.

ELIZABETH

What did your friends say when you told them you were moving in with me?

GRANT

They said, can we help you pack?

Elizabeth gives Grant "a look" from over her shoulder.

GRANT (CONT'D)

All joking aside, everyone is really happy for us.

ELIZABETH

That's nice to hear. Did you choose a best man?

GRANT

Nah. I'll figure it out when the time comes. My buddies are placing bets to see who I pick.

Elizabeth is deep in thought, then-

ELIZABETH

I told my Mother.

GRANT

How'd that go?

Elizabeth sits up and places her tea on the coffee table. She ties her hair back in a loose knot.

ELIZABETH

(Sarcastic.)

It was a conversation filled with grief and disappointment. So all and all I'd say it went pretty good.

GRANT

Do you think she'll meet me before we get married?

Elizabeth looks straight ahead at nothing in particular.

ELIZABETH

I don't know.

(Beat.)

And I honestly don't care.

GRANT

You care. It's your Mother, I know you care. You can pretend to be tough all you want Elizabeth but I know you better than you know yourself.

ELIZABETH

(Sarcastic, yet playful.)

You think you know me, huh?

GRANT

I know so.

She stares into his eyes.

He pulls her tight. Their foreheads meet.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I know you better than you know yourself.

Elizabeth swallows hard. She loves this man so much.

ELIZABETH

Oh yeah?

GRANT

Yeah. And you know what else?

She softly shakes her head.

GRANT (CONT'D)

There's no one else's plate I'd rather steal food from - so let's eat because I'm starving.

She laughs - gives him a playful hit.

ELIZABETH

I hate that! Why do you do it?

GRANT

What? Steal food off your plate?

ELIZABETH

Yes!

GRANT
(Thoughtful Beat.)
Because I want what you have.

A warm smiles fills her face. They embrace. They remain locked in one another's arms on the sofa.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 NOTEBOOK - INSERT 10

CLOSE on the Notebook. We are TIGHT on Elizabeth's HAND. She is holding a FELT MARKER PEN. The pen glides across the page. We pull back to reveal the words:

"Somebody's getting married..."

CUT TO:

11 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING 11

Streaks of SUNLIGHT seep through the blinds into Elizabeth's apartment but not enough to remove the somber feeling.

Elizabeth sits at the round table just outside the kitchen. Her legs crossed Indian style. A glass of water and an empty bowl with a spoon sticking out of it rest on the table.

The notebook and pen lay on the table in front of her. She stares straight ahead - lost in her thoughts.

Elizabeth's eyes twitch, her head shakes ever so slightly. She places her face in her hands.

SUDDENLY, a mixture of indistinguishable VOICES begin to fill her head. They are soft, overlapping and very present. Among the chatter we can barely make out the voice of TIM. This is a hallucination we will hear from again.

TIM (V.O.)
He's never going to marry you.

A VISIBLE CHILL causes Elizabeth's body to shutter. She rubs her neck and arms quickly to relieve the sensation. A deep strain fills her face. She grips the bridge of her nose with her thumb and index finger, massaging in tiny circles.

The VOICES are dissolving but still present.

Elizabeth covers her ears and places her head down - her forehead touching the pad on the table.

She lets out a faint sigh and whispers to herself.

ELIZABETH
Please leave me alone.

Elizabeth keeps her eyes planted on the pad. We follow her eyes to the pen.

Her hand comes into frame - picking up the pen. She raises her head and begins to write frantically in different directions, rotating the notebook in the process.

CLOSE on the Notebook-

-Mrs. O'Neil

She rotates the notebook.

-Mrs. Grant O'Neil

She rotates the notebook.

-Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neil

She rotates the notebook.

-Mrs. Elizabeth Grant O'Neil

She rotates the notebook.

-Mrs. Grant Elizabeth O'Neil

She rotates the notebook but before she writes again we hear-

GRANT (O.C.)
You know some people might consider
that a compulsive behavior.

Without looking up, Elizabeth manages an anxiety ridden smile.

Grant takes a seat at the table opposite her.

ELIZABETH
Well dear sir, as you may already
know, among my many issues, I am
also obsessive compulsive and
currently on medication for it.

Grant looks at the notebook.

GRANT
Umm, yeah. Looks like the meds are
really doing their job.
(MORE)

GRANT (CONT'D)

What medication is that again? 350 milligrams of it's not working?

ELIZABETH

No jerk. It's called Luvox ...and I actually think it's the only medication that's working.

She looks down, picks up her pen and taps it three times on the notebook. TAP! TAP! TAP!

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

This is more my anxiety than obsessiveness.

GRANT

Did you take anything?

ELIZABETH

No, I don't like the Ativan. It makes me itchy. It must be some weird side effect.

Grants responds sarcastically under his breath.

GRANT

Or you have a rash.

Elizabeth dips her fingers into the glass of water and flicks a splash at him.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Hey!

ELIZABETH

What, are you going to melt?

Grants smiles - takes a moment.

GRANT

We need to go over your medications.

Elizabeth goes back to doodling on the notebook.

ELIZABETH

Okay.

GRANT

It's important.

ELIZABETH

Yes Grant.

GRANT

Don't "yes me" Elizabeth. You said last night we would go over them today. I wanna have a handle on it before we meet with Dr. Bowman.

ELIZABETH

(Agitated.)

Please don't start with me.

GRANT

I'm not starting. I just don't take your mental health lightly.

ELIZABETH

Oh what and I do? You sound like my Mother.

Before he can respond, Elizabeth slams the pen down and storms out of the room.

OFF CAMERA, from the other room, we hear her mumbling to herself about "*everyone telling her what to do*", *tired of being treated like a child*", among other things. Then - a cabinet opens then SLAMS closed. Grant sits quietly staring down at the table.

She returns a few moments later holding a basket filled with PILL BOTTLES. She dumps them all over the table and sits down.

ELIZABETH (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Fine! Lets do it now! Here
...happy?

Grant appears hurt by her outburst. Slowly his expression changes to a grin. He looks at all of the pills.

GRANT

Any of these treat rotten bitch syndrome?

Elizabeth gives him a "look".

A moment of regret crosses her face for the way she reacted. She begins picking up the pill bottles, lining them up in a row, side-by-side on the table. Among the various pill bottles there is also a DAILY PLASTIC PILL CASE.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(Cautiously.)

Sooo ...besides the anxiety, how do you feel?

Elizabeth keeps her head down - her long hair draping over her face as she flips open the plastic lid on each day of the pill case.

ELIZABETH

Okay, I guess.

GRANT

Are you hearing?

ELIZABETH

I was, a little. Not too bad.

GRANT

Are they here now?

ELIZABETH

No.

Grant moves her hair behind one of her ears then places his hand under her chin, tilting her head up to make eye contact with him.

GRANT

Hey ...I love you.

ELIZABETH

I love you too.

Without saying another word, one by one she opens the pill bottles and begins to place a pill from each bottle into the daily pill case. As she continues to do this Grant can see she is getting overwhelmed. He extends his hand and places it on the table.

Elizabeth reaches for it. We hold tight on them. Nothing is said. Nothing needs to be.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 NOTEBOOK - INSERT

12

CLOSE on the Notebook:

"Somebody get some flowers..."

CUT TO:

13 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S LOBBY - DAY

13

We are CLOSE on a beautiful bouquet of flowers. As we pull back we reveal-

Elizabeth and Grant sitting on a sofa side by side in the Psychiatrist's office.

Seated across from them is a WOMAN - her head buried in a magazine.

An enclosed office with a counter top separates the lobby from the waiting area.

TWO FEMALE STAFF MEMBERS can be seen behind the opposite side of the counter.

To the left, there is a large light wood, unmarked double door.

The waiting area is comfortable and inviting. A striped, brightly colored rug and wood coffee table sit in the middle of the room.

Spread across the top of the table are magazines fanned out with all the latest headlines.

Elizabeth reaches for one of the magazines, sits back and begins to flip through the pages. It more of a distraction. She isn't really looking at the pages. She takes a deep breath, her nerves and anxiety are getting to her.

Grant notices how tense she is. He references a tabloid magazine on the table with the headline: **"Another Celebrity Sex Tape Scandal"**.

GRANT

Maybe we should make a sex tape.

Elizabeth forces a grin. It's the best she can muster at the moment. Just then, the double doors open.

DR. BOWMAN stands in the doorway. He is wearing an expensive shirt, silk tie and slacks pressed to perfection. He is holding a medical file. He greets Elizabeth with a welcoming smile.

DR. BOWMAN

Elizabeth?

Elizabeth nods.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I'm Doctor Bowman. Please, come in.

She and Grant stand. Grant walks into his office, followed by Elizabeth.

Dr. Bowman closes the door behind them.

14

INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

14

The office is large and bright. The room is painted a cool, baby blue that makes you feel immediately at ease.

A large, slightly elevated window covered by thick, vertical blinds allows just enough sunlight in, giving the room a warm feel.

A stylishly upholstered couch, flanked by two antique end tables with a wood and metal coffee table are to the left of the door.

To the far end of the office - warm wood furnishings comprised of Dr. Bowman's desk, leather desk chair and bookcase are neatly organized. His medical degrees are beautifully framed above his desk.

Dr. Bowman makes his way toward a comfy chair on the opposite side of the coffee table, across from the couch.

DR. BOWMAN

I've heard a lot about you from Dr. Sanders Elizabeth. It's nice to finally meet you.

ELIZABETH

It's nice to meet you too Dr. Bowman. This is my fiance, Grant.

Dr. Bowman takes a seat across from Elizabeth and Grant. He smiles tightly, a slight squint in his eye. His demeanor is calm and direct, yet soft and warm. His voice smooth and soothing.

DR. BOWMAN

(Gestures to couch.)
Please, have a seat.

Elizabeth and Grant sit on the couch. Throughout the conversation Elizabeth often appears distant, guarded and occasionally defensive - even sarcastic at times.

Dr. Bowman takes a moment to review her medical file.

Elizabeth sits quietly holding Grant's hand. She looks up at the window, momentarily gazing off.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I see here you're currently on Haldol for the schizophrenia.

Elizabeth reverts her attention back to Dr. Bowman.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

DR. BOWMAN

How is that working for you?

ELIZABETH

I hate it. Between the headaches, difficulty peeing and the muscle stiffness I feel like it's making me feel crazier than I am. And with all of the other pills, the dry mouth is enough to make me want to scream.

Dr. Bowman removes a pen from his pocket and makes a note in her file.

GRANT

All very sexy side effects I might add.

She nudges him.

ELIZABETH

Shut up.

Dr. Bowman looks in Grant's direction.

DR. BOWMAN

How long have you been on the Haldol now?

ELIZABETH

Dr. Sanders put me on it as soon as I was admitted into Statewood, so about 5 weeks now.

DR. BOWMAN

And before that I see you were on Seroquel. But it doesn't mention why the change.

Elizabeth looks down.

ELIZABETH

I was escorted out of a grocery store for getting into an argument with a Fireman - who wasn't actually there.

DR. BOWMAN

So you were hallucinating?

She nods her head. The questions are beginning to make her nervous. She becomes visibly anxious and fidgety - nail biting, hand rubbing, foot tapping and scratching. It's subtle but very apparent.

ELIZABETH

The Police were called and I was taken to the hospital.

DR. BOWMAN

And is that the first time you received in-patient treatment?

ELIZABETH

Yes. Well, no. I've been in and out of hospitals over the years but those were voluntary and mostly for evaluation.

DR. BOWMAN

Would you say you have seen a change in certain behaviors in recent years?

ELIZABETH

I'd say it started getting worse a little over a year ago.

Dr. Bowman makes another note in her file.

She turns to Grant.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Not long before we first started dating. Lucky you.

Grant's expression is one of complete support.

Dr. Bowman looks in Grant's direction again.

DR. BOWMAN

And while under the care of Dr. Sanders he took you off of the Seroquel and placed you on the Haldol for your schizophrenia.

He flips through her file, reviewing her history.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

And I also see here that you're currently taking Luvox for your OCD and Ativan for anxiety.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

DR. BOWMAN

And other than the side effects you mentioned, do you feel that this current combination of medications is working for you?

ELIZABETH

No. I hate the Ativan. It makes me itchy.

Dr. Bowman looks back down at her file. He is making notes while reading others. His eyes remain in the file.

Elizabeth begins PETTING "something" on the couch beside her. It's subtle, understated but very real to her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And the Haldol isn't working either. I'm still hearing voices almost every day. I feel like the Luvox is the only thing working but it's not 100%.

DR. BOWMAN

And did you tell all of this to Dr. Sanders?

Elizabeth is becoming visibly upset.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

DR. BOWMAN

And what did he say?

Dr. Bowman looks up at her. He notices the petting for the first time.

ELIZABETH

Give it time. I did. It's not working.

Elizabeth catches herself petting. She becomes self-conscious, pulling her hand away and clasping them tightly against her chest to keep them occupied.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(Beat.)

Sometimes I see raccoons.

She looks toward the imaginary raccoon.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I can't help myself but pet them.
I'm really sorry.

She looks down, momentarily embarrassed. Grant comforts her.

Dr. Bowman smiles warmly. He makes another note in her file, then leans forward - his tone reassuring.

DR. BOWMAN
It's perfectly okay Elizabeth. You don't have to apologize to me for anything. Mental illness doesn't need to be treated like a dirty secret. This is a safe environment. No one is going to judge you here.

She looks up at him. For the first time Elizabeth feels at ease in Dr. Bowman's presence.

ELIZABETH
I need a doctor who will listen to me. Not just medicate me.

Her comment strikes a cord.

DR. BOWMAN
Tell me a little about yourself Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
Umm, well. I'm 30 and ...I'm getting married soon.

She smiles and leans into Grant.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
I'd like to get back to work but I want to make sure I'm, you know, capable enough.

DR. BOWMAN
What do you do?

ELIZABETH
I'm a book editor ...was.

DR. BOWMAN
Stressful work?

ELIZABETH

It can be. You have to have all of your wits about you. You're being trusted with editing someone's work. So cutting too deep or making the wrong edits would be bad.

DR. BOWMAN

Yes, I suppose that could be a challenge.

They share a smile.

GRANT

So what do you think Doc?

ELIZABETH

Yes, what do you think?

DR. BOWMAN

(Reflective, yet confident.)

I think I can help you Elizabeth. Based on your mental health history I believe with the proper combination of medication and psychotherapy you can have a significant improvement to your quality of life. Give me a moment.

Dr. Bowman walks out of the office.

Elizabeth looks at Grant. He gives her a reassuring smile.

Dr. Bowman returns a moment later holding a SAMPLE of Pills and a prescription pad.

DR. BOWMAN

I'm going to start you on something called Invega. Have you been on this before?

She shakes her head no.

He hands her the sample, takes a seat and writes in his prescription pad.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I want to start you at a low dose. 3 milligrams daily. That way we have room to go up.

(MORE)

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

And for the anxiety, even though itchiness is a highly unusual side effect associated with Ativan, I want you to start taking Klonopin - once in the morning and once at night to help balance out the anxiousness.

He hands her the prescription.

Elizabeth manages a nervous smile.

ELIZABETH

Okay.

She stares at the prescription in her hand.

DR. BOWMAN

I'd like you to continue with the Luvox but let's increase the dose to 300 milligrams per day. Once in the morning and once at night, same as the Klonopin. I believe this is a very good start. Do you have any questions for me?

Grant looks at Elizabeth.

GRANT

Babe? You have any questions for the Doctor?

She snaps out of her daze - looks up at Grant.

ELIZABETH

No.

Dr. Bowman looks at Grant, then back to Elizabeth.

DR. BOWMAN

Okay then. I'll see you next week for a follow up, okay?

Elizabeth bites her lip and rubs her legs with both hands as if she were trying to start a fire.

She stands. So does Grant.

ELIZABETH

Okay.

Dr. Bowman Stands.

DR. BOWMAN

And don't hesitate to call me if you have any adverse side effects or if any other extreme behaviors occur.

GRANT

Like what?

15 INT. - ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

15

We are TIGHT on Elizabeth's face. Total silence but then, the room begins to fill with the sounds of a soft RUMBLE. It sounds like a TRAIN on tracks in the distance quickly approaching.

Elizabeth opens her eyes wide. She listens intently. A TRAIN HORN blows. The train is getting closer. She looks around, then-

ELIZABETH

(Soft but frantic.)

Do you hear that? Do hear that? Do hear that? Do you hear that?

The sound of the train is growing louder - it's very close now. Elizabeth's face is filled with pure panic. She lays frozen on the sofa.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

The train is coming. The train is coming. The train is coming.

SUDDENLY, the entire room is filled with the SOUNDS of a LOCOMOTIVE.

Elizabeth leaps up. Her voice raises, trying to shout above the train.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

THE TRAIN IS COMING!

Grant is jolted awake. He leaps up but not before Elizabeth bolts into the kitchen.

The CAMERA follows tight behind her, through the kitchen out the other side and back into the living room in one-fluid movement. All the while she is frantically repeating, over and over and louder and louder-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

The train is coming. The train is coming. The train is coming.

GRANT

Elizabeth there's no train. Calm
down. There's no train.

Elizabeth looks around in a frantic state. She is desperately
trying to figure out which direction the train is coming
from.

ELIZABETH

The TRAIN Grant. IT'S SO LOUD.

She places her hands over her ears.

Grant is trying his best to calm her down.

GRANT

Elizabeth! Listen to me. There's no
train. Look at me! Look at me!

Elizabeth pushes him away and frantically screams-

ELIZABETH

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY! THE
TRAIN IS COMING!

Without thinking, Grant SLAPS Elizabeth across the face.

EVERYTHING GOES DEAD QUIET - except for their breathing.

Elizabeth is in a daze from the slap.

GRANT

Baby ...I'm so sorry. I didn't mean
it. I didn't mean it. I'm so sorry.
I didn't know what else to do...

Grant is panting. He looks white as ghost - he is trembling.
He embraces Elizabeth - fighting back tears.

Her eyes are empty. Grant slowly rocks her. They stand in
complete silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

16

NOTEBOOK - INSERT

16

CLOSE on the Notebook:

"Somebody get a ring..."

CUT TO:

17 INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - DAY

17

The CAMERA is facing the tiled bathroom floor. The song, **"Today I Met The Boy I'm Going To Marry" by Darlene Love** is playing.

The CAMERA glides across the floor, panning up the side of the bathtub, revealing-

Elizabeth sitting in the tub. It's filled almost to the top. The expression on her face is blank. Empty. Her hair wet and pulled back from her face.

The CAMERA moves above her just as she slides into the tub submerging her entire head under the water.

Elizabeth's eyes are wide open yet she appears lifeless. We continue to hear the song but it's muffled.

Her hair dances around her face. She remains under the water for what feels like an eternity.

She raises her head above the water, folds her knees to her chest wrapping her arms tightly around her legs - gripping them close. Her face is resting on her knees, hidden by her hair.

The tips of Elizabeth's hair gracefully touch the water - dancing like a ballerina in a field of flowers.

She lifts her head, extending her neck back like a giraffe. Looking upwards, toward the ceiling.

Her head back, her mouth open, her eyes blood shot.

GRANT (O.C.)

Babe?

The SONG STOPS!

Elizabeth turns her head, resting it on top of her knees.

Grant walks into frame sitting down on the floor beside the tub. He lays his head down on the edge of the tub - his cheek squashed, his eyes sad.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You been in here a long time.

Grant pushes her hair out of her face, tucking it behind her ear. The CAMERA follows as his finger tips glide with care.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything?

Elizabeth shakes her head ever so slightly.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Did you take your pills?

Elizabeth nods.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll give you some space.

She stares blankly. He reaches to stroke her head but his hand stops just above it - trembling, before he retracts it.

Grant stands and walks out.

18 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

18

Elizabeth is laying on the couch in sweats and a T-shirt, staring at the ceiling - in a daze.

Grant enters. He is sweating, hyper and excited. He kneels down beside her.

GRANT
Get up. Get dressed. It's December.

Her facial expression emanates her state of mind - worn out, run down, no sign of hope.

ELIZABETH
So?

GRANT
I was jogging and I passed that empty lot on the corner and it's filled with Christmas trees. Let's go buy one.

Elizabeth could care less.

ELIZABETH
It doesn't feel like Christmas.

Grant is like a 10 year-old boy right now.

GRANT
It's Los Angeles, it never feels like Christmas. Come on. PLEASE!
Let's go, get up.

She agrees but only so he'll shut up.

ELIZABETH

Okay, okay.

Elizabeth walks past Grant, walking toward the bathroom.

GRANT

Hurry up.

He smacks her on the ass as she walks past.

Despite herself, she smiles as she walks out of frame.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)

Okay, okay, you're so annoying
sometimes.

Grant smiles, but it's forced.

19

EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - EVENING

19

Grant and Elizabeth stroll through the lot, flanked by Christmas trees on either side of them. The only light is coming from the strand of Christmas tree lights that zigzag above the entire lot. We stay TIGHT on Grant and Elizabeth while they walk.

OTHER CUSTOMERS roam about but they are like a blur in the background.

GRANT

What kind of tree do you want?

Elizabeth shrugs her shoulders.

Before Grant can respond a LITTLE BOY (5), with the face of a cherub, runs in front of Grant and Elizabeth. He trips and falls.

Elizabeth and Grant quickly react, kneeling down to pick him up. As he stands, the Boy brushes dirt and mulch off of himself.

Elizabeth speaks softly and lovingly.

ELIZABETH

Are you okay?

She wipes a little dirt off his face. He nods.

GRANT

You gotta be more careful little
man.

ELIZABETH

Where are your parents?

The Boy points in an unseen direction.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Okay, you better go stand by them.

Elizabeth and Grant stand up as the Boy runs off.

GRANT

Cute kid.

ELIZABETH

Yeah.

Elizabeth is quiet. Her mind off somewhere else.

GRANT

Hey, where'd you go? What are you thinking about?

ELIZABETH

I don't know.

(Beat.)

Do you want kids?

GRANT

Haven't really given it a lot of thought. Sure, I guess so.

She takes a long moment before looking at him.

ELIZABETH

Do you want to have kids with me?

GRANT

Who else would I be having them with?

ELIZABETH

It's just ...we never talked about it and with me being the way I am I wasn't sure if you would want to.

GRANT

Well I guess since we're talking about it now - maybe you don't want to have kids with me?

He starts to stroll away from her. She follows.

ELIZABETH

And why is that?

GRANT

I was quite the unpredictable kid.
I got into a lot of trouble and
fights. I even stole from the local
store on the corner of my street.

ELIZABETH

You never told me that you were a
klepto. What would you steal?

GRANT

Candy bars.
(Beat.)
Everyday before school.

Elizabeth smiles.

GRANT (CONT'D)

So see. I think my genes might be
worse than yours.

ELIZABETH

Don't joke.

He stops in his tracks - turning to her.

GRANT

We have to joke. If we don't we'll
both go insane. Literally.

She looks away. He places his hands on her face.

GRANT (CONT'D)

And our kids are going to be
awesome. They're going to be happy
and healthy and beautiful - just
like you.

(Beat.)

And probably bratty like you too.

ELIZABETH

(Sarcastic.)

Oh, yeah and what will they get
from you?

GRANT

My great smile and charm and let's
not forget my sexy.

ELIZABETH

Ha, okay and your conceitedness
too?

GRANT

Yep!

Despite herself, Elizabeth smiles.

They walk in silence for a few steps.

ELIZABETH

What if they end up like me? Sick.

Grant stops and grabs Elizabeth - turns her to face him.

GRANT

Listen to me. There is no one else I want to have a family with. I'm prepared to share my life with you - the good and the bad. And there's nothing we can't get past as long as we stick together. Do you believe me?

She nods.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Okay, come on. Lets pick out a tree.

He takes her hand and they walk out of frame.

20

INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

The tree lights and a few candles are the only light in the room. Elizabeth sits on the couch in tights and a sweatshirt - her feet up on the coffee table. A glass of water and a bottle of anxiety medication sit on the table beside her feet.

We are TIGHT on the pill bottle as Elizabeth sits up. She opens the bottle, takes 2 pills and knocks them back with water. Grant is standing in front of the tree. It's fully decorated.

The song, **"Dying For Ya" by August Roads** is playing under the scene.

GRANT

What do you think?

Elizabeth moves to the floor next to a box filled with Christmas decorations.

ELIZABETH

It's beautiful.

She mindlessly digs through the box. She removes some old, silver tinsel.

GRANT

This is our first tree together.

A sad smile crosses his face.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I wish I had a ring to go with it.

ELIZABETH

You know I don't care about that.

She looks at the silver tinsel. She rips a piece off, then twists it around her finger - holding it up.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

This is all I need.

Grant takes a seat on the floor, scooting up behind her - wrapping his arms around her body. They are pressed tightly together, gazing up at the tree.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Grant?

GRANT

Yeah babe?

ELIZABETH

Thank you for today. For the tree,
the decorations, the lights
...everything.

GRANT

Of course, it's my job.

Elizabeth has her head down, looking at the make shift ring - something is clearly on her mind.

ELIZABETH

(Softly.)

Sometimes I wish I could runaway
from myself.

His eyes remain looking at the tree.

GRANT

You can't runaway from yourself.
Because then you'd be running away
from me.

She seems to be talking to herself when she asks-

ELIZABETH

Why do you love me so much?

Grant continues to look straight ahead.

GRANT

(Reflective.)

Do you remember the day after our first date when you called to ask me what color your eyes were? And without hesitation I said blue. Your eyes are blue.

(Beat.)

I could hear you smile through the phone. When I asked you what that was all about you said that you'd know when someone was really in love with you if they could remember the color of your eyes after only one date.

Elizabeth tilts her head, leaning it onto Grant's chest.

GRANT (CONT'D)

That was the night you became my Elizabeth Blue.

(Beat.)

I love you Elizabeth.

Grant and Elizabeth remain on the floor, locked in their embrace.

The CAMERA holding on them as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Grant is fast asleep on the couch.

Elizabeth is sitting on the floor beside him - the yellow note pad and pen are on the coffee table next to her anxiety pills and a glass of water.

She gazes at the tree then turns her attention to the make shift, tinsel ring on her finger. She holds her hand up, admiring the ring.

Elizabeth appears peaceful, calm and relaxed, then-

TIM (O.C.)

(Soft whisper.)

He's never going to marry you.

We've heard this voice before. Elizabeth eyes shift to a tense panic. A chill comes over her.

She hears it again. It's clearer this time. The tone is vindictive.

TIM (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Elizabeth, did you hear what I
said? He's never going to marry
you.

Elizabeth looks toward the kitchen. She can see the silhouette of a man standing in the doorway.

Elizabeth jumps up.

SMASH CUT TO:

22

INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

22

Elizabeth frantically opens a cabinet, pulling out her pill case. Her face is tense. Her hands trembling. She hears the voice again.

TIM (O.C.)
Get it into your thick head. He's
not going to marry you.

Elizabeth jumps - dropping the pill case. She quickly picks it up. She closes her eyes, tries to breath but is on the verge of hyperventilating.

ELIZABETH
You're not real. You're not real.
You're not real. I'm getting
better. You're not real.

Tim's voice becomes more menacing, threatening even. He lashes out but his tone is almost always calm.

The CAMERA jumps around Elizabeth's face. Tim's voice seems to be everywhere. There is no escaping it.

TIM (O.C.)
He doesn't want you. He pities you.
He hates you. He thinks you're
disgusting. He wishes you would
die.

Elizabeth clenches her teeth, her voice strained, gut wrenching but internal - she is intentionally trying not to make too much noise.

ELIZABETH

Shut up! You're not real!

She turns toward the bathroom sink, opens her eyes to reveal-

TIM standing in the bathroom behind her. Her eyes go wide with fear. She remains perfectly still as we reveal him for the very first time.

Tim is handsome, well tailored, pale white skin with his hair neatly parted. He appears mannequin like. His sweater vest and perfectly knotted tie give him a dapper appearance.

Tim is Elizabeth's most vicious hallucination. He torments her. He tells her horrible things and often speaks to her like a child. She fears him but Elizabeth has been unable to escape him. She looks right at him through the mirror.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You're ...not ...real.

She opens her pill case - never taking her eyes off of Tim. She shakes a pill into her hand.

TIM

Look at yourself. Do you really think he wants to marry you? You're a mess. You're ruining his life.

Elizabeth is trembling. She pops the pill into her mouth, dry swallows it and closes her eyes so hard it looks painful. She talks to herself.

ELIZABETH

You're not real. You're not real.
You're not real.

We stay TIGHT on her face. She starts to calm down. She slowly opens her eyes. Tim is gone. She looks around to be sure.

CUT TO:

23

INT. ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

23

Elizabeth, still rattled - approaches the sink. She holds a glass under the faucet, turning it on. She fills the glass and drinks every drop. She places the glass down and turns to find Tim right in front of her.

She is startled - falling back against the wall but keeps herself from screaming.

TIM

He has to watch you like a child.
He looks at you with pure repel.
You're a charity case.

ELIZABETH

Please stop. It's not true. He
loves me.

Tim has no mercy. He leans into her. His tone ranging from outright hateful, to screaming, to sarcasm, to moments of what sounds like a friend consoling a loved one. It's unpredictable but it's all focused on making Elizabeth feel horrible.

TIM

How could he possibly love you?
You're pathetic. You can't even
take care of yourself. What's
keeping him here? Is it your
disability check? Or maybe it's
this charming one-room apartment
you're crammed into?

Elizabeth slides down the fridge. Tim takes a seat beside her
- never relenting.

TIM (CONT'D)

Oh wait, I know. Maybe it's the
sex. But it can't be. When was the
last time he was between your legs
Elizabeth? When was the last time
you made him feel like a man
instead of a damned baby-sitter?

Elizabeth begins to sob, doing her best to hold it in. She
crawls away from Tim, toward the living room.

CUT TO:

24

INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

24

Elizabeth crawls toward the couch, reaching for Grant to wake
him up but Tim is there to cut her off.

TIM

Now isn't that sweet. What are you
going to do? Wake up your knight in
shining armor and then what? Will
he defend your honor and throw me
out?

Tim yells with vengeance looking directly in her eyes.

TIM (CONT'D)
LOOK AT ME!!!

Elizabeth grabs a pillow from the couch - scrambles to get away from him. She curls into the fetal position on the floor, pulling the pillow over her head, while covering her other ear with her hand.

TIM (CONT'D)
Did you really buy that crap about him having kids with you? That's a bloody joke. Why he feels the need to fill your head with such fairy tales is beyond me?

ELIZABETH
That's not true. He loves me and I love him.

Elizabeth leaps from the floor, pillow in hand.

JUMP CUT TO:

25 INT. ELIZABETH'S CLOSET - NIGHT

25

Elizabeth closes herself inside the small closet. She throws herself into the corner - the pillow pulled as tight against her chest as she can get it.

Tim is in the closet, leaning right into her face. He begins screaming so intensely that spit flies from his mouth, onto her face.

TIM
Love? What do you know about love?
Nothing. Why you won't just put yourself and him out of all this misery is beyond me.

He composes himself and leans back - sitting in the opposite corner of the closet. His demeanor shifts to calm and consoling.

TIM (CONT'D)
I've been telling you this for years, haven't I? You didn't listen to me when I told you to kill yourself when you were a teenager. You didn't listen to me when I told you to kill yourself in your twenties.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Time and time again I've been here,
as a friend to tell you to end this
life that's really no life at all
but instead of taking my advice now
you're mixed up with this poor slob
who doesn't know what's in store
for him. If you truly loved him
you'd do him a favor, walk into the
kitchen and slice open your throat.
But you won't and do you know why?
Because you're selfish and
entitled.

She defiantly stares back at him. Her mind racing,
overwhelmed with emotion.

ELIZABETH

Stop it. You're not real.

TIM

I hate to be the one to tell you
this Elizabeth but I'm all you
have. You can't trust anyone
besides me. I'm the only one who
has ever told you the truth.
They're all against you. The
Doctors, your Mother and even your
sweet, precious Grant most of all.
I wouldn't be surprised if he was
secretly planing to leave you.

Tim's voice begins to fade into the background as we go
inside Elizabeth's mind.

She closes down - her eyes begin to glaze over. A piercing
RING begins to build.

TIM (CONT'D)

Do it. Go to the kitchen, pull out
the biggest knife you can find and
just do it. End this hurt, end
Grant's hurt. Don't make him suffer
anymore because of your
selfishness! Do it!

At this point Tim's voice has faded into the RINGING.

We hear nothing else as we linger tightly on Elizabeth's
face. She is lost, emotionless, her eyes dead.

Tim begins to chant. We don't have to hear him to see the
full on hate and anger in his face.

TIM (CONT'D)

Do it! Do it! Do it! Do it!

Elizabeth looks lost, trapped. She begins to claw at the wall as if trying to escape. Several hangers and clothes fall on top of her.

Still no sounds - just RINGING but we can clearly make out what she is saying.

ELIZABETH

Leave me alone! Leave me alone!

Elizabeth's face is staring straight ahead - the pillow held tightly to her chest.

We hold CLOSE on her. She is overwhelmed with panic - covering her ears, trying to make it all stop.

Then - as if someone flipped a switch, we are back in NORMAL SOUND. The ringing stops and we hear one heartfelt, desperate scream echo throughout the apartment.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

STOPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!

Grant calls out from the other room.

GRANT (O.C.)

Elizabeth? Elizabeth where are you?

We hold on Elizabeth's face.

GRANT (O.C.) (CONT'D)

ELIZABETH???

ELIZABETH

(Barely audible.)

I'm in here. I'm in here.

The closet door opens. Grant immediately gets as close as he can beside her inside the closet - embracing her.

GRANT

What happened baby? Tell me what happened?

Elizabeth is in hysterics but it's all internalized.

ELIZABETH

I'm ruining your life. I'm ruining your life. I'm ruining your life.

She looks straight ahead - gripping the pillow.

GRANT

No babe, you're not. I promise,
you're not.

ELIZABETH

But Tim said...

GRANT

Tim? You heard Tim? You know you
can't listen to him. You know that.

ELIZABETH

Help me! Please help me. I can't
take it anymore.

Grant is at a lose for words. He simply holds her.

The CAMERA slowly pans away from them, into the bathroom.

We hold on them in a wide shot as we-

DISSOLVE TO:

26 NOTEBOOK - INSERT

26

CLOSE on the Notebook:

"Somebody get a chapel and a choir to sing..."

CUT TO:

27 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

27

We are TIGHT on Elizabeth's face - so much so we do not know where she is. She is staring up. Her complexion pale. Her hair tied back in a loose sloppy ponytail. She looks despondent - disconnected.

The song, **"Green" by August Roads** begins to play. The CAMERA pulls back slowly until we reveal her sitting on the couch in Dr. Bowman's office. She remains perfectly still - like a mannequin.

The CAMERA moves toward her landing tight on her face where we began, then pulls out again. It continues to do this for the entire length of the song. Back and forth. Back and forth. A million thoughts race through her mind - tears begin to fill her eyes. On the final WIDE frame the song ENDS.

Dr. Bowman enters. He is holding her file.

Elizabeth wipes her eyes. He notices.

DR. BOWMAN
I'm sorry for the delay Elizabeth.

He takes a seat across from her.

ELIZABETH
Thank you for seeing me on such
short notice.

DR. BOWMAN
Tell me what's going on with you.

ELIZABETH
I'm falling apart.
(She let's out an
uncomfortable laugh.)
Emotionally, physically, mentally.
I don't know which way to turn
anymore.

Dr. Bowman opens her file and takes out a pen.

DR. BOWMAN
What's happened that has you so
unsettled?

She is distraught - anxious.

ELIZABETH
I saw Tim.

It's all she can muster up. The mere mention of his name
terrifies her.

Dr. Bowman looks in her file, flips a few pages. Makes a
note.

DR. BOWMAN
From what I see here it's been some
time since you've seen or heard
from that particular hallucination,
is that correct?

She nods.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)
How's your depression and anxiety
level?

ELIZABETH
Becoming more present.

DR. BOWMAN

Is there anything you're currently dealing with in your life that may have triggered this recent incident?

ELIZABETH

Not really. My fiance moved in and I've been trying to plan our wedding. But, I'm working on getting better first. So it's all perfect.

She looks up at him - her face one of pure desperation and angst.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I want it to all be perfect.

DR. BOWMAN

We're talking about Grant, correct?

She nods. Dr. Bowman makes a note in her file.

ELIZABETH

It hasn't been easy Dr. Bowman. We're dealing with all of my issues. We're living in a one room apartment. Grant's between jobs. We can't even afford a real ring.

She holds up her hand, revealing the tinsel make shift ring.

He looks at the ring, then to her.

DR. BOWMAN

How much do you remember about last night?

ELIZABETH

Bits and pieces. I know it was bad.

DR. BOWMAN

Were you alone?

ELIZABETH

Grant was there.

DR. BOWMAN

Are you hallucinating now?

ELIZABETH

No.

DR. BOWMAN
Are you having suicidal thoughts?

ELIZABETH
No.

DR. BOWMAN
Do you think you're a danger to yourself?

ELIZABETH
No.

DR. BOWMAN
How about to anyone else?

ELIZABETH
No, I mean, other than driving Grant out of his mind, I wouldn't say he's in any danger.

He looks up at her - placing down the file on the coffee.

DR. BOWMAN
Elizabeth, I need you to listen to me very carefully and try to understand what I'm about to say, okay?

She nods.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)
The best thing you can do is ignore the voices and hallucinations at all costs. Don't make friends with them, don't talk to them, don't even acknowledge them. Even if they're nice to you.

She turns away, drifting off into thought.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)
We don't want you to engage with any of the hallucinations. It could potentially worsen your state of mind.

She drifts off in the distance as she listens.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)
I understand how real these hallucinations might feel when they're happening, but they're not.
(MORE)

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

And you need to do your best to try and tune them out. Turn the television up extra loud. Listen to music with headphones on. Call someone. Anything at all to try and distract yourself until the episode passes.

Elizabeth stares out the window at nothing in particular.

ELIZABETH

Do you know how scary it is when you don't know when life is real? Sometimes I feel like I'm cursed. Like I'm living in a bad dream that I can't wake up from. My relationship is suffering. He says it's not. Grant says everything is okay and that we'll get through this together but I don't know if I believe him. I want to.

INTERCUT TO:

28

EXT. PARK - DAY

28

Grant is jogging through a local park. The sky is cloudy. He is deep in thought.

The scene beings to INTERCUT between Grant and Dr. Bowman's Office. We continue to hear Elizabeth and Dr. Bowman talk while we stay on Grant jogging.

ELIZABETH (O.C.)

Sometimes I think it would be better if he left me. So he could have a real life and family and not have to deal with me - day in and day out.

(Beat.)

I don't want him to stop loving me because of this. But I don't want to ruin his life either.

Grant's face is filling with emotion. It's like he can hear what they're saying.

DR. BOWMAN (O.C.)

Elizabeth ...love is a very strong emotion. It's not something that can be forced or created out of thin air. Some people believe we can even teach others to love us.

Grant begins to pick up his pace.

INTERCUT TO:

29 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 29

CLOSE on Elizabeth's face. She stares longingly out the window. Going further into her own thoughts.

DR. BOWMAN

Love is something that can only come naturally. It finds us when we're ready for it but only after we've learned to love ourselves.

INTERCUT TO:

30 EXT. PARK - DAY 30

Grant continues to run. His emotions grow stronger and more present on his face.

DR. BOWMAN (O.C.)

Love isn't a dream we should be afraid of waking up from either. Real love, unconditional love is possibly our greatest achievement as human beings. But it's also often the most illusive.

Grant continues to run. His pace steady and fast. His face filling with tears.

DR. BOWMAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Because of that, we can often find ourselves clinging to our idea of love. Our perception of it.

The faster Grant runs the harder his tears fall. As Grant picks up his pace he begins to sob uncontrollably.

INTERCUT TO:

31 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY 31

The CAMERA moves closer and closer to Elizabeth's face. She is overwhelmed by Dr. Bowman's words.

DR. BOWMAN

But when we find love ...true love,
it comes with unconditional
circumstances. And a love like that
can't be broken by anything,
including mental illness.

INTERCUT TO:

32 INT. PARK - DAY

32

Grant comes to a sudden stop. He is out of breath. He doubles over bracing his hands against his knees to keep from falling to the ground - deep sobs take over his body.

DR. BOWMAN (O.C.)

It can only make the love you share
stronger.

We hold on Grant - overwhelmed with emotion, then -

INTERCUT TO:

33 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

33

Elizabeth continues to stare out the window. Her face appears calm. She looks back at him with a smile yet behind the smile her sadness shines through.

ELIZABETH

Thank you Dr. Bowman. I understand.

She takes a moment, then-

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I do want to get better. And stay
better and not feel afraid anymore.

DR. BOWMAN

That's a very good start Elizabeth.
The fact that you desire to get
well means you're a fighter and
that you're not going to let this
illness overcome you. Life is about
choices and you have to choose for
yourself.

Elizabeth nods and smiles at Dr. Bowman.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Okay lets take a look at where we can go from here in terms of medication and dosage.

Dr. Bowman opens her file.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

Now, I need you to be honest with me. Are you skipping doses?

ELIZABETH

None at all.

DR. BOWMAN

Good.

Dr. Bowman looks through his files comparing medications and dosages for a few moments.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to prescribe a drug called Saphris. It's a dissolvable tab that comes in 5 and 10 milligram doses. It can be very effective and is generally well tolerated.

The CAMERA stays on Elizabeth as Dr. Bowman continues to talk. She gazes off again.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

This particular medication will not only help you get a full nights sleep, which could combat some of the depression and anxiety but if you are having an episode, similar to the one you experienced last night, you can place a tab under your tongue and it can work quickly to diminish the voices, hallucinations and intrusive thoughts. The main down side is it could make you very sleepy so it's best to take it at night just before bed.

ELIZABETH

It sounds too good to be true.

The CAMERA pushes closer and closer to Elizabeth. Her face, for the first time, appears to be filled with hope.

DR. BOWMAN

I feel good about this current regime of medications. I want to see you back here in a week. Keep your head up and call the office with any concerns or if you feel you need to see me sooner.

ELIZABETH

(She smiles.)

Thank you Dr. Bowman.

34 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S LOBBY - DAY

34

Elizabeth walks into the lobby. Grant is waiting on the sofa. He stands when he sees Elizabeth and walks toward her.

ELIZABETH

I thought you said you couldn't make it?

GRANT

I thought you said it was important? Sorry I'm late.

Elizabeth gleams with joy. They walk toward the door.

In the corner of Elizabeth's eye she notices a BRIDAL MAGAZINE sitting on the coffee table. She walks over and picks it up.

CLOSE On the COVER:

"HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT CHAPEL, WEDDING SONG & MUCH MORE!"

She quickly tucks it under her arm. Grant and Elizabeth leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 NOTEBOOK - INSERT

35

CLOSE on the Notebook:

"Somebody get an organ to play..."

CUT TO:

36

INT. ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN - DAY

36

Elizabeth is standing in the kitchen in front of the counter. On the counter in front of her is the Note Pad, house keys, Bridal Magazine and her pill case.

Next to her PILL CASE we can also see a packet of SAPHRIS. She picks up the square plastic case the pills are enclosed in. She mindlessly twirls it between her fingers. She takes out a glass and fills it in the sink.

She opens her pill case, empties the daily dose into her hand and quickly knocks them back with the glass of water. She turns, holding the glass. Her body leaning against the sink as she takes another swig of water.

Grant calls out.

GRANT (O.C.)

Babe?

Elizabeth is staring at the floor, lost in thought.

ELIZABETH

Yeah.

Grant walks into the kitchen. He stands in front of her, placing his hands on the counter on either side of her.

GRANT

You okay?

She nods as she takes another swig of water.

ELIZABETH

I just want to try and decompress a little - read my magazine.

GRANT

(Playful.)

You mean the one you stole?

ELIZABETH

(Sarcastic.)

Shut up. I didn't steal it.

(Beat.)

I borrowed it.

Grant smiles. He leans in - kissing her neck several times.

GRANT

Is someone getting excited about wedding stuff?

ELIZABETH
I don't know, maybe?

He pulls back, looking at her.

GRANT
Well I like it. It gives me hope.

ELIZABETH
How so?

GRANT
I don't know. The kind that makes
our future look full of
experiences, full of memories...

Grant looks deep into her eyes, using his finger to push her hair to the side - tucking it behind her ear.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Full of life.

Grant touches her lips with his index finger. He runs his finger across her bottom lip. Elizabeth closes her eyes and bites her lip.

GRANT (CONT'D)
I'll see you a little later.

She opens her eyes. A slight panicked tone to her voice-

ELIZABETH
Where are you going?

GRANT
I'm going to go for a run.

ELIZABETH
Didn't you go on a run earlier?

He walks backwards toward the door.

GRANT
What can I say? You read Bridal
Magazines to decompress and I go
for jogs.

ELIZABETH
(Under her breath.)
Okay.

We hear the apartment door close. Elizabeth continues to stand in the kitchen. She turns to the stove, picks up her tea pot and fills it.

She places the pot on the stove and turns it on. She walks through the kitchen and into the bathroom.

The CAMERA follows her like a shadow.

37 INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - DAY

37

Elizabeth enters her bathroom, turns on the light.

The HUM of the LIGHT BULB fills the room. She gets lost for a moment, staring at herself in the mirror. Something isn't right. She looks down at the floor.

From her POV - sitting on the floor beside the toilet is a RACCOON.

She immediately looks back at herself in the bathroom mirror. A slight smile crosses her face. She is trying to hold back her tears. She speaks to the Raccoon (and herself) in the mirror. Her tone soft, as if she is telling the raccoon a secret.

ELIZABETH

I know you're not real. I do. And I want you to know that this will probably be the last time I pet you.

(She looks down at the floor.)

You see, the doctor gave me some new pills and I am going to try them real soon and when I do, I won't see you anymore.

Elizabeth kneels down. The CAMERA pans around her. She is making the PETTING motion but it's clear nothing is there.

She takes a deep breath and stands - leaning her hands on the edge of the sink, her eyes closed tight.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

There's nothing there.

Elizabeth takes another deep breath, turns the faucet on, bends over and splashes water on her face several times. It's definitely an OCD moment. After about the 5th time she stands straight up, looking into the mirror.

The water drips from her face - she stares at herself for a long moment before looking down at the floor again. She doesn't see the raccoon anymore. She reaches for a towel - dries her face, softly patting it. Her hair is wet from all the splashing.

She holds her hair high above her head, seeing how she would look with it short. She poses several ways as she looks at herself in the mirror. She is having a childlike good time with herself - almost forgetting where she is.

The TEA POT screams like a siren, snapping her back to reality. Elizabeth leaves - turning off the bathroom light.

38 INT. - ELIZABETH'S KITCHEN - DAY 38

Elizabeth shuts off the burner and moves the tea pot to a cool burner. She walks over to the cabinet and grabs herself a mug. She places it on the counter next to the stove and pours her tea.

She opens the refrigerator door - her gaze becomes sharp and steady. A calmness appears on her face.

39 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 39

Elizabeth sits down at the table.

She reaches around her head with her right hand pulling her hair over her right shoulder, twirling it between her fingers as she flips through her magazine.

Her expression is full of life. Her eyes expressive and responsive to the many different dresses she could wear. Her fingers glide over the pictures as if she were actually touching the material of the gowns.

The CAMERA is tight on Elizabeth's face. Her eyes are full of daydreams. She is deep in thought.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Elizabeth is startled out of her daydream. She walks toward the door cautiously.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

ELIZABETH
Grant? Did you forget your key?

We hear a familiar voice from the other side of the door.

CAROL (O.C.)
It's your Mother, Elizabeth. Open
the door.

ELIZABETH
One, sec...

Elizabeth hesitates for a moment. Anxiety riddles through her body. A visible chill causes her to tremble slightly.

Elizabeth looks down at her hands - they are shaking. She clenches them into fists then shakes her hands and arms loose to release some of the tension. She takes a deep breath - composing herself.

She opens the door.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Mom, what are you doing here?

Standing in the doorway is Elizabeth's Mother-

CAROL, in her 50's and well put together but there is a hint of a "past" she can't quite shake off no matter how expensive her outfit is. Carol immediately strolls in.

Elizabeth closes the door behind her.

CAROL

I took a ride up for the day with your Stepfather. He had some business. I thought I would stop by and surprise you.

ELIZABETH

Yes, well, I'm surprised.

Carol is holding a pair of thin, black leather gloves. Her demeanor is cold, judgemental, like a woman who has been wronged time and time again.

Elizabeth's eyes are locked onto her Mother. Her mere presence makes Elizabeth uptight.

As Carol enters the apartment, her trench coat seems to glide with grace and ease behind her.

Carol looks around - her face clearly expressing disapproval of everything she sees, including Elizabeth's appearance.

Carol's salon-styled hair bounces with every move she makes. She opens her handbag placing her gloves inside before sitting down on Elizabeth's sofa - all in one smooth movement. She places her bag on the floor to the right of her. Carol leans back and crosses her legs.

The entire time Elizabeth stands there, in silence, like a child waiting for permission to speak. If there was ever a trigger for Elizabeth's mental breakdowns we are witnessing it first hand.

On the outside, Carol appears put together, confident and determined. On the inside she is a hot bed of depression, anxiety and sorrow but keeping up appearances is always Carol's number one concern. She looks at Elizabeth with a cold, tight smile but under it all is an underlying layer of love - deep within her.

Elizabeth is becoming increasingly nervous, anxious and fidgety.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
So ...can I get you anything?

CAROL
No, I'm fine.
(Looking around.)
Are you ...alone?

ELIZABETH
(Defensive.)
What does that mean?

CAROL
Nothing. I was simply wondering if anyone was "here"?

Elizabeth's tone becomes soft but not forgiving.

ELIZABETH
No.

CAROL
What about Grant?

ELIZABETH
No, he went for a jog.

CAROL
(Awkward beat.)
Your hair got long again.

Elizabeth pulls at her hair like a child.

ELIZABETH
I know. I was actually thinking about cutting it.

Carol looks at Elizabeth with somewhat of a heartfelt smile. She leans forward.

CAROL
No. Don't do that. You look so beautiful.

Carol stands and walks toward Elizabeth. She reaches for her daughter's face with her hand.

Elizabeth closes her eyes and reopens them, looking at her Mother like a little girl. For a split second she lets her guard down, becoming vulnerable.

ELIZABETH

Hi Mommy.

CAROL

Hi Lizzy.

Elizabeth makes a face.

ELIZABETH

Mom, you know I hate it when you call me Lizzy.

Just when we think this will be a tender moment, Carol pulls back from Elizabeth - her tone shifting to judgemental.

CAROL

What happened to you? You look like a corpse! Put on some damn makeup. When are you going to get out of this slump, stop sucking up State disability and get back into world for Christ sake Elizabeth?

Carol references the small desk with the books and manuscript.

Elizabeth quickly realizes that this is the same, nasty woman she has always known. She tenses up.

ELIZABETH

Slump? I see you're still in denial Mom.

Carol ignores her - glancing at the Christmas tree in the corner of the room. She looks at it with disgust.

CAROL

A Christmas tree? We're Jewish Elizabeth!

Elizabeth tries very hard to stay calm. Their conversation is filled with a lifetime of resentment and unspoken feelings. That is about to change.

ELIZABETH

No, you're Jewish Mom. Daddy was Catholic and so is Grant and we happen to like Christmas.

Carol is furious but calm.

CAROL

Don't you dare bring up your good for nothing Father to me. Clearly you forgot who raised you after he walked out on us. I guess that's to be expected of someone who's too busy playing make believe her whole life to really know what's going on in the world around her.

The CAMERA starts to move around the room as they argue. The movements are unsettling. Elizabeth does not back down. She stares at Carol.

ELIZABETH

No Mom, I didn't forget. How could I? You always remind me of what a terrific single parent you were. Tell me again how you did the best you could with what you were given?

The back and forth arguing becomes vicious. Every word is meant to cut deep. It's the kind of argument that made you want to cover your ears and hide when you were a small child while listening to your parents fight.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

And you think that's what this is? Make believe?

(Beat.)

I would tear off my skin if I thought I wouldn't have to play make believe anymore.

CAROL

(Dismissive.)

Call it what you want. I say it's make believe. I do and I always thought you were full of it Elizabeth. You always wanted attention and this was your way of getting it.

(She paces back and forth like a caged rat.)

And you know something? I did do my best.

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

Do you think it was easy dealing with day to day worries after your Father left? No job, no car, no money...

Elizabeth raises her voice, cutting Carol off.

ELIZABETH

No man! I hate to break it to you Mom but your "best" is the only thing that's make believe here.

CAROL

What does that mean?

ELIZABETH

Nothing except for the fact that maybe you forgot to ask some questions.

CAROL

To who, Elizabeth? You? What are you even talking about?

ELIZABETH

Yes Mom, someone who asks their child about what's maybe going on inside their head. A parental figure would have been nice. You know someone who worried about their kid but what the hell would you know about that? You were so wrapped up in own your needs you couldn't be bothered by my suffering. But then again, how could you when all you did was coat your own issues with pills and a cheap bottle of chardonnay.

Elizabeth moves closer to her Mother. We've never seen her so confident.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Or is it something stronger these days? By the smell on your breath I'd say Jack and Coke?

Carol stares at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What? Am I right? Am I? It's okay, you can tell me.

Carol's expression is a combination of hurt and rage. She walks to her purse, removes a GOLD CIGARETTE CASE. She opens it, takes out a cigarette, closes the case and taps the cigarette on it.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Don't smoke in my apartment.

Carol throws the case back into her purse.

CAROL

Oh, okay. And who helps pay for this apartment?

Elizabeth hates this.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You think your disability check covers all of your expenses? Between this place and the extra health insurance you need to cover those fancy Doctor appointments, that what, it magically pays for itself? Hmm? And how dare you? You're going to point your finger at me?

(Seething.)

Are you?

Carol's emotions get the best of her - her voice fills with rage with every word she utters.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You're the reason your Father walked out on us to begin with.

This hits Elizabeth hard but she tries not to show it.

CAROL (CONT'D)

All your neuroses and fits. Not to mention your consistent crying like a rotten brat! Oh how I wanted to slap you so many times but I didn't. I should have. Lord knows. I know your Father wanted too. I bet he would of beaten you within an inch of your life if he had stayed one more day. It might of done you some good. Now look at yourself. Can you see now? That's why Elizabeth, that's why he left and never looked back. You!

Elizabeth is looking down at the floor.

ELIZABETH

(Thoughtful beat.)

You can't keep blaming me. Do you think because I was only six when he left that I don't remember? Oh I remember Mom.

She looks up at Carol.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I remember your mood swings and screaming fits. I remember you sitting at the kitchen table smashing his watch with a hammer.

Carol is surprised that Elizabeth recalls these memories.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I remember you tearing apart our living room furniture in a fit of rage. Did you forget about all that? You must of. It's easy to see what you want to see but that's why he walked out on us.

CAROL

(Defensive.)

Keep telling yourself that Elizabeth. You'll start to believe it. You always lied to make me look like the bad person. When it was always you just looking for attention.

ELIZABETH

That's right Mom. You continue to live in that fairy tale world where your hair doesn't move but maybe one day you'll wake up and realize that blaming me was always your answer. That way you'd never have to take responsibility for any of your actions.

Carol looks away. Elizabeth notices a look of dismay and maybe an under layer of sadness.

Carol tries her hardest not to let it show. She struggles but maintains herself and her dignity. Her voice cracks slightly as she responds to her daughter.

CAROL

Actions?

ELIZABETH

(Calm but filled with
emotion.)

Yes ...your actions. Not only with
your psychotic behavior toward
Daddy but your neglect toward me.
You think I enjoyed coming home
from school and you not being there
because you were on another date?
Constant men in and out of the
house as you took applications for
a new husband? Specifically ones
that had a checkbook to balance
your unqualified needs as a wife
and Mother.

(Beat.)

All you had to do was love me after
Daddy left. But instead you sat
high and mighty on your pedestal
looking down at me with disgust for
all my problems and mental issues.
You think they came out of nowhere
or I made them up? The truth Mom...

(She looks right at her.)

They stem from you. Not only from
the dysfunctional childhood you
gave me after Daddy walked out, on
you ...not me, but from your own
issues that you continue to ignore
and instead chose to self medicate.
But you know what? You're not going
to make me feel bad about myself
anymore. I know I'm a mess but at
least I'm trying to fix myself. I
have an amazing Doctor and I have
Grant who is by my side and loves
me unconditionally with every break
down I have. He holds me when I'm
in pain. He comforts me when I'm
suffering. He's all I need.

(Beat.)

There comes a time when you have to
say enough. We might be Mother and
daughter but I don't need you to
take care of me, or be my Mother
...or even my friend.

Carol looks like she has seen a ghost. She is pale and
speechless. Her entire tone changes.

CAROL

Elizabeth, listen to me. We can't
leave things this way. If we do...

ELIZABETH

Mom, things have always been this way between us. I love you but we both know it.

Elizabeth points back and forth with her finger.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

This? What we have ...it's nothing good. It never was.

Carol stands there, unable to move or speak.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You should go. Your new husband needs you. Your life needs you. I don't need you. Or your pity. Or your judgment. Or your money.

Carol looks at her. She knows she is right. Without another word, she walks toward the sofa, picks up her handbag and walks to the door.

She stands there for a moment, waiting for Elizabeth to say something. Without looking back Carol opens the door, exits and closes it softly behind her - she is gone.

Elizabeth walks over to the sofa and sits down. She places her elbows on her knees, her head down, her face covered with her hands.

Elizabeth leans back on the sofa, grabs a throw pillow and places it on her lap. She play's with the zipper on the pillow absentmindedly. She looks straight ahead at nothing in particular. She closes her eyes. We hold on her face.

Times SPEEDS up. The SUN goes down, the apartment grows dark. We come back to normal time and speed. Elizabeth opens her eyes.

Grant walks in. Elizabeth reaches over and turns on the lamp.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hey.

Grant sits on the couch beside her.

GRANT

Hey.

(He takes her in.)
What's wrong? You having an episode?

ELIZABETH
No, I'm fine actually.
(Beat.)
My Mom was here.

GRANT
Here? Like in the apartment here?

ELIZABETH
Yep!

GRANT
When?

ELIZABETH
She showed up about 20 minutes
after you left.

GRANT
And?

ELIZABETH
We said what we had to say. Where
were you for so long?

GRANT
I lost track of time, who cares.
Elizabeth, tell me what happened?

ELIZABETH
It's over Grant. It's been over for
a long time. I put the last nail in
the coffin and said everything I
needed to say. So did she.
(Beat.)
I feel like I got closure, real
closure. Going all the way back to
when I was a kid. Is that possible?

GRANT
(Thoughtful beat.)
Sometimes we hold onto things we
know aren't good for us because
we're afraid of what will happen if
we let go. But when we finally do
it's like a weight off our chest
and then we're truly free. It's a
good thing. Trust me.
(Beat.)
I'm sorry I wasn't here.

The song, **"Fever" by Starsailor** begins to play under the
scene.

ELIZABETH

It's better you weren't. I don't know if I would of been able to say everything I wanted to say with you here. She hurt me so many times over the years but never fully understood what she was doing. It was always about her. Now it has to be about me.

(She looks at him.)

About us.

He leans into her - kissing her.

GRANT

You're amazing.

ELIZABETH

(Playful yet honest.)

You smell.

He pulls away, smells his armpit.

GRANT

I'm gonna take a shower.

He gets up, starts walking backwards. He takes off his shirt - throwing at her. His chest and arms are covered with several TATTOOS.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(Flirtatious.)

You should join me.

Elizabeth smiles.

ELIZABETH

(Playful.)

Why Mr. O'Neil, what kind of girl do you think I am?

GRANT

A naughty one, I hope. See you in five?

Grant walks out our frame leaving Elizabeth on the couch with a huge grin on her face. It's the first time we've seen her smile like this.

A moment later she springs from the sofa toward the bathroom.

CUT TO:

40 INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 40

The CAMERA moves up the side of Grant and Elizabeth's naked bodies in the shower. The song continues to play.

They kiss - it's tender yet passionate. She turns, pressing tightly against his body. He embraces her as the water cascades down them. They embrace in a way that only the deepest of lovers do.

We are tight on them as we slowly fade and-

DISSOLVE TO:

41 NOTEBOOK - INSERT 41

CLOSE On the Notebook:

"Somebody Get A Preacher..."

CUT TO:

42 EXT. STREET - DAY 42

Elizabeth and Grant walk down the street. She walks with her arms crossed, holding herself with her head down. She is fighting against her anxiety and losing.

GRANT

Hey, what's going on with you? You look tense. You're about to try on wedding dresses. I thought you were excited?

ELIZABETH

I am excited. It's just my anxiety.

Elizabeth and Grant stop at the street corner waiting for the walk signal to come on.

Grant rubs her back with his hand softly caressing her shoulders.

The walk signal comes on and they cross the street.

GRANT

Did you remember to take your Klonopin?

Elizabeth shakes her bag. We hear the pills rattle.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Good girl. You know what?

ELIZABETH
What?

GRANT
Take out your pills.

She looks at him oddly but takes the pill bottle out.

GRANT (CONT'D)
Now shake' em again!

ELIZABETH
Shake what, my pills?

GRANT
(Doing a playful shimmy.)
Yeah. Shake' em, like maracas!

She manages a smile. She opens the bottle, takes out a pill, dry swallows it and puts the bottle back in her bag.

ELIZABETH
You're so stupid. I hate you.

GRANT
Made you smile didn't I?

Elizabeth snarls at him.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(Playful, even teasing)
And you don't hate me. You love me.

She rolls her eyes as they continue to walk down the street.

43 EXT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

43

Grant and Elizabeth approach the bridal shop.

ELIZABETH
This is it.

A beautiful coy pond fountain is to the left of the door. From the outside, it looks like a brick cottage - very high end. Grant takes it in.

GRANT
Looks ...expensive.

Elizabeth gushes like a little girl.

ELIZABETH

I know. I found it in that bridal magazine.

Grant musters up a smile even though he knows they can't afford this.

GRANT

Do you want me to come in with you?

ELIZABETH

No, I'll be fine. Besides it's bad luck for you to see me in a dress.

Grant caresses her cheek.

GRANT

I doubt me seeing you in a dress is going to be a tragedy.

ELIZABETH

It's the superstitious side of me. Besides, we don't need anything else for me to obsess over, now do we?

Grant throws his hands up in surrender.

GRANT

Enough said. No seeing you in the dress before the big day.

She takes a deep breath.

ELIZABETH

Okay I'm going in.

GRANT

I'll meet you back here in an hour.

She nods nervously. He kisses her.

GRANT (CONT'D)

You're gonna to be fine. Get in there. Have fun.

Grant kisses her again and leaves. Elizabeth watches him walk away. She takes another deep breath and walks into the bridal shop.

44

INT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

44

Elizabeth enters the shop. The store is small yet warm and welcoming. It's even more beautiful inside. Elizabeth is a tad overwhelmed but excited at the same time. She takes it all in.

The shop is elegant with vintage touches, from a beautiful old chandelier, hand painted walls and mahogany cabinets, which bring warmth to the built in closet lined with wedding dresses held perfectly in place by feminine, white padded hangers.

Several glass counter tops encase antique wedding accessories. Elizabeth feels like she has stepped into a dream. Her face beaming. She lets her hand drift across a row of dresses as-

JANE (O.C.)

Hello.

Elizabeth turns, revealing-

JANE (35), slender, beautiful and classy wearing a little slip dress and flats - a cardigan draped over her shoulders.

She is charming, soft spoken and attentive. She approaches Elizabeth, extending her perfectly, manicured hand.

ELIZABETH

Hi.

They shake hands.

JANE

You must be my two o'clock.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I am. I'm Elizabeth.

JANE

Hi Elizabeth, I'm Jane. So nice to meet you. Welcome to our little shop.

ELIZABETH

Thank you. It's nice to meet you too. Your boutique is beautiful.
(Taking in Jane.)
And you're so pretty.

Elizabeth pulls at her clothing - suddenly feeling out of place.

JANE

Oh, well aren't you sweet. Thank you.

Elizabeth is instantly at ease. She replies with nothing more than a shy smile.

JANE (CONT'D)

Are you shopping alone today or will anyone be joining you?

ELIZABETH

No, just me. I sent my fiance away. He'll be back in an hour to pick me up though.

JANE

Wonderful. That's plenty of time. And it's always better when the man shows up at the alter and not in the fitting room. At least that's my opinion.

Elizabeth smiles.

JANE (CONT'D)

Can I offer you something to drink?

ELIZABETH

No, thank you. I'm fine.

Jane gently places her hand on Elizabeth's back, while extending her other hand - welcoming her into the shop.

JANE

Well, okay then. Lets get started and see if we can find you a dress.

Elizabeth looks around is pure joy and wonderment as they stroll out of frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

45

Grant is leaning against the fountain. He notices Elizabeth walking out of the shop.

Jane is standing in the doorway.

ELIZABETH

Thank you for your help Jane. All of the dresses were so beautiful.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I just need a little more time to think about it.

JANE

Of course. It was my pleasure. You looked gorgeous in so many of them. But it's a big decision and no bride-to-be should ever rush into buying a dress. So as soon as you're ready, you come back and see me.

Elizabeth appears slightly embarrassed.

ELIZABETH

I also need some time to save a little more money too.

Jane gives her a warm smile.

JANE

Stay right there.

Jane goes back into the store. Elizabeth turns toward Grant, gives him a shrug.

Jane comes back to the door. She is holding a piece of paper that appears to be torn from a notebook.

JANE (CONT'D)

Now I don't want to be presumptuous but if you haven't decided on who is going to marry you, this is the number to a wedding chaplain. They're really wonderful and they work with all kinds of budgets.

She hands the paper to Elizabeth. Elizabeth is deeply touched by this gesture.

ELIZABETH

Thank you Jane.

(Beat.)

Oh, where are my manners. I'd love to introduce you to my fiance.

Elizabeth turns to Grant. Grant looks at Elizabeth, taping at his wrist indicating he is in a hurry.

Jane looks to where Grant is then back to Elizabeth. Elizabeth seems disappointed. She turns back to Jane.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I have to go. Thank you again for being so wonderful.

Elizabeth references the piece of paper. Jane gives her a warm smile.

JANE

My pleasure. Good luck sweetheart.

Elizabeth and Grant walk down the street together.

46

EXT. STREET - DAY

46

Elizabeth and Grant walk quietly down the street. She is lost in thought.

GRANT

So....? How did it go?

She shrugs.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Didn't find anything you love?

Her response is short.

ELIZABETH

I did, a few.

He looks at her.

GRANT

What's with the attitude?

Elizabeth stops, turns to him.

ELIZABETH

Why were you rude to Jane?

He's caught off guard by the question.

GRANT

What? I wasn't rude. I just wanted to get going.

Elizabeth's eyes strain. She rubs her temples. A soft RINGING inside her head begins.

Grant's voice turns to an ECHO - like one you would hear inside an immense tunnel.

We stay on Elizabeth.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Just because I didn't jump for joy
to meet the woman who was helping
you look for a wedding dress
doesn't mean I was being rude.

She looks dizzy. The RINGING turns to a subtle but steady
PIERCING sound. Elizabeth reaches into her purse, takes out a
pill, pops it into her mouth and swallows.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Elizabeth ...what's wrong?

She looks up at him - rubbing her temples. Everything
suddenly stops. Her head clears.

ELIZABETH

I'm fine.

GRANT

Are you sure?

ELIZABETH

It was just a headache.

GRANT

Have you eaten? Maybe you're
hungry.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, maybe.

GRANT

Lets go eat. What are you in the
mood for?

ELIZABETH

Chinese?

He gives her a warm smile.

GRANT

Deal.

Elizabeth's PHONE BUZZES. She reaches into her pocket,
removes her phone, looks at it.

ELIZABETH

Damn.

GRANT

What?

ELIZABETH

I almost forgot I had an
appointment with Dr. Bowman at
3:30.

She immediately becomes manic - rambling to herself in a nervous manner.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(Manic, mumbling)

I don't want to be late. I don't
want to be late Grant. I don't want
to be late.

Grant places his hands on her shoulders to calm her down.

GRANT

It's no big deal. It's only 3:00
and his office is just a few blocks
from here. We can walk it. You'll
make it. Don't get nervous.

She nods.

GRANT (CONT'D)

And this is exactly why man created
cell phones so we can set reminders
to remind ourselves of the things
we need to be reminded of.

ELIZABETH

You sound like Dr. Seuss.

GRANT

(Removes his beanie.)
That's me, your personal cat in a
hat.

She manages a smile. He takes her hand and they walk down the street.

47 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S HALLWAY - DAY

47

Grant and Elizabeth are standing in the hallway just outside Dr. Bowman's office lobby door.

A sign on the door reads: **BOWMAN PSYCHIATRIC GROUP.**

GRANT

Do you want me to come in with you?

ELIZABETH

No, I got this. I'm okay.

Grant takes her in.

GRANT

I have to admit, the last few days
you definitely seem different.

She's not sure how to take that.

GRANT (CONT'D)

I mean it in a good way. You look
...better.

She thinks about this.

ELIZABETH

I'm working on it.

He leans in - kisses her forehead.

GRANT

I'll wait for you to get home to
order the Chinese food.

ELIZABETH

K.

He walks backwards out of frame. She takes a deep breath -
turning to the door, her eyes looking at the sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

48 NOTEBOOK - INSERT

48

CLOSE on the Notebook:

"Somebody get a cake..."

CUT TO:

49 INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Elizabeth is sitting across from Dr. Bowman. She fumbles with
the piece of paper that Jane gave her.

DR. BOWMAN

You're looking well, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Thank you. I feel good Dr. Bowman.
The best I can remember in a long
time actually.

DR. BOWMAN

That's wonderful to hear. Have you had anymore hallucinations since our last session?

ELIZABETH

Just one. I saw a raccoon in my bathroom. But it passed quickly.

DR. BOWMAN

That's good news. That tells me the Invega is working. How's your anxiety been?

ELIZABETH

Comes and goes. I had a pretty bad argument with my Mother the other day. We said a lot of horrible things to each other.

DR. BOWMAN

I'm sorry to hear that.

ELIZABETH

Don't be. I think it helped me get past some stuff, cleared my mind.

DR. BOWMAN

Well, good. Sometimes confronting something or someone who has been a source of stress in our lives can often help us deal with our other issues.

Dr. Bowman notices the piece of paper.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

What do you have there?

ELIZABETH

I went shopping for wedding dresses today. I didn't find one but the shop keeper was lovely and she gave me the number for a wedding chaplain.

DR. BOWMAN

That was nice of her.

He stands, walks to his desk. He returns with her file. He is making a note.

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)

So other than the raccoon and some anxiety, you haven't had any other episodes?

ELIZABETH

No. And things with Grant have been much better. That feeling I was having about him leaving me passed.

DR. BOWMAN

That's good. And have you been taking the Saphris?

ELIZABETH

No, not yet. I haven't felt like I needed too. Like you said, I guess the Invega must be working.

DR. BOWMAN

I'm sure that it is but I'd like you to take a Saphris tonight. 10 milligrams.

ELIZABETH

(Concerned.)

10? But I thought you said that was for extreme circumstances.

DR. BOWMAN

That's correct but it's also preventative. Considering the occurrence with Tim was fairly recent followed by the argument with your Mother, I'd rather be safe than sorry. These types of situations can often cause a relapse due to stress. Why not nip it in the bud now?

He smiles a re-assuring smile. She gazes up at the window.

ELIZABETH

Nip it in the bud? Yes, I like that idea.

Elizabeth takes a deep breath, stands, walks to the door, stopping - she turns to him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(Heartfelt.)

Thank you Doctor Bowman. Thank you for everything.

DR. BOWMAN

It's my pleasure Elizabeth. You're a bright, warm young woman and I want nothing more than to help you get back to living a full, productive life. I'd like you to call me tomorrow afternoon to tell me how you're feeling after taking the Saphris, okay?

She nods, her smile tight. Her expression one of uncertainty.

50

INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

50

Elizabeth enters. The only light in the apartment is coming from the Christmas tree and a large CUPCAKE sitting on the coffee table with a single candle sticking out of the top.

She closes the door, walks to the coffee table and squats down. She stares at the cupcake, her eyes transfixed by the candle.

We are TIGHT on her FACE. The glow from the candle light illuminates her face.

ELIZABETH

What's this for?

She glances up. We follow her eyes to Grant. He is sitting across from her.

GRANT

Happy One Year Anniversary.

She stares at the cupcake.

GRANT (CONT'D)

What's wrong babe?

She nods, looking up - her eyes teary.

ELIZABETH

I forgot. I didn't get you anything.

GRANT

I don't care about that. And besides, with everything that's been going on...

ELIZABETH

We can't keep making excuses for me because of my mental health.

Grant doesn't respond. He simply looks at her, his eyes filled with sadness while her eyes remain fixed on the candle.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(Sotto.)

I can't believe I forgot. I'm nothing without you.

The CAMERA holds on them - framed perfectly on the floor, the candle light from the cupcake flickering between their faces as they sit quietly.

51 INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

51

Elizabeth is standing in front of the mirror. She looks despondent for a moment.

She opens her pills case, downs the contents, turns on the sink faucet, brings her lips to the water and drinks. She stands, tilting her head back, swallowing the pills.

GRANT (O.C.)

You coming to bed babe?

ELIZABETH

Yeah in sec.

She reaches for something. We can see she is holding the Saphris Pill Case. She twirls it in her hand for a moment before sliding one out.

She tears the tin silver covered pill from the pack and opens it. The pill is white, flat and chalky in appearance.

And with that, she places the tab under her tongue. We hold on her face. She makes a contorted face while the pill dissolves. She shakes both her hands in a fast yet steady pace as if that will somehow make the pill go down easier.

It's finally dissolved. She rinses her mouth out under the faucet and looks at the White Plastic sleeve the pills came in.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Black cherry flavored my ass.

She takes a long hard look at herself in the mirror and suddenly, she smiles a soft, content smile. She talks loud enough for Grant to hear her.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm coming, my husband to be!

GRANT (O.S.)
Ohhh ...sounds like someone is
getting lucky tonight. Are we
feeling frisky?

She beams ear to ear.

ELIZABETH
Maybe?

She looks at herself in the mirror one last time.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Start living life Elizabeth.

And with that, she leaves the bathroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 NOTEBOOK - INSERT 52

Close on the Notebook:

"Somebody get some shoes and rice and presents to take..."

CUT TO:

53 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 53

Over the title card we begin to hear, **"At Last" by Etta James.**

Elizabeth and Grant are spooning on the couch, their eyes closed.

The CAMERA hovers above them.

GRANT
(Soft.)
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
Yeah?

GRANT
How come we never open the futon?

After a thoughtful beat-

ELIZABETH
Before you I guess I just got use
to sleeping alone.
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(Beat.)

We'll open it tomorrow night. I
promise.

Grant's eyes open. He stares longingly at the back of her head.

GRANT

I love you Elizabeth.

He closes his eyes. She opens hers.

The CAMERA pushes in slowly. Closer and closer until we are pushed in TIGHT on Elizabeth. A slight smiles creases her face.

ELIZABETH

I love you too.

She closes her eyes, falling into a deep sleep. The song continues to play as we-

DISSOLVE TO
BLACK:

54 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

54

We come out of the dissolve from night to day.

Elizabeth's eyes slowly open. We are in the same TIGHT shot of her face we ended on in the previous moment.

The song is still playing. She squints at the Sunlight beating down on her face through the blinds.

WE PULL BACK to reveal she is alone on the couch. She doesn't think much of it at first. She moves around slightly, lifting her head. She is loopy from the medication.

Elizabeth calls out softly.

ELIZABETH

Grant?

Elizabeth waits a moment. She sits up. The song continues to play.

She reaches for her glass of water on table and takes a sip. She stands holding the water - walking toward the kitchen.

The CAMERA remains in the living room. Elizabeth walks out of sight, into the kitchen.

ELIZABETH (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Grant?

The CAMERA catches her as she crosses from the other side of the kitchen - disappearing into the bathroom.

ELIZABETH (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Grant?

She exits the bathroom - ending back up in the living room.

The song, "**AT LAST**" has played to its final cord.

Something terrible occurs to Elizabeth. She looks down at the floor for what seems like an eternity - lost in thought.

We begin a slow push in on her. We hear Grant's voice-

GRANT (V.O.)

Sometimes we hold onto things we
know aren't good for us because
we're afraid of what will happen if
we let go.

She looks up - her face filled with pure despair.

The CAMERA travels down her arm to the GLASS in her hand. Her body goes limp - her grip loosens on the glass.

TOTAL SILENCE as the everything turns to SLOW MOTION - the glass slips from her hand - plunging toward the floor in slow motion. As the glass falls we continue to hear Grant's voice-

GRANT (V.O.)

But when we finally let them go
it's ...it's like a weight off our
chest and then we're truly free.
It's a good thing. Trust me.

We come back to full speed and sound as-

The glass EXPLODES onto the floor. Elizabeth's face is filled with grief. She is emotionally crippled as we-

CUT TO:

55 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD LOBBY - FLASHBACK OF SC. 6 55

Elizabeth is on the pay phone where we first met her.

ELIZABETH

Grant asked me to marry him and I
said yes...

We begin to hear an earlier conversation between Elizabeth and Dr. Bowman over the following visuals-

CUT TO:

56 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK OF SC. 9 56

Elizabeth sits alone on the couch in her bathrobe drinking tea - no Grant in sight.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
Elizabeth, I need you to listen to me very carefully and try to understand what I'm about to say, okay?

CUT TO:

57 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK OF SC. 11 57

Elizabeth dumps her pills all over the table - no grant in sight.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
The best thing you can do is ignore the voices and hallucinations at all costs.

58 EXT. CHRISTMAS TREE LOT - FLASHBACK OF SC. 20 58

Elizabeth walks alone in the lot - no Grant in sight.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
Don't make friends with them, don't talk to them...

CUT TO:

59 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK OF SC. 21 59

Elizabeth is sitting on the floor in front of the Christmas tree alone - no Grant in sight.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
Don't even acknowledge them.

CUT TO:

60 INT. ELIZABETH'S CLOSET - FLASHBACK OF SC. 26 60

Elizabeth is sitting alone in the closet, gripping the pillow
- no Grant in site.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
Even if they're nice to you.

CUT TO:

61 INT. ELIZABETH'S BATHROOM - FLASHBACK OF SC. 41 61

Elizabeth stands alone in the shower, her arms wrapped around
herself - no Grant in sight.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
We don't want you to engage with
any of the hallucinations. It could
potentially worsen your state of
mind.

CUT TO:

62 INT. ELIZABETH'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK OF SC. 51 62

Elizabeth sits on the floor, staring at the cupcake alone -
no Grant in sight.

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)
I understand how real these
hallucinations might feel when
they're happening, but they're not.

CUT TO:

63 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD LOBBY - FLASHBACK OF SC. 5 63

We are back to where we first met Elizabeth once again as she
stands up from the pay phone, slamming it down.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elizabeth crosses the CAMERA and starts walking down the same
hallway we saw The Head Nurse walk down in the opening of the
film. She turns into a room.

CUT TO:

64 CLOSE ON A SINGLE BED - INSERT:

64

Sitting on a SINGLE BED on top of a WHITE BLANKET are the Bridal Magazine and Notebook Elizabeth has been using but unlike in the previous times we have seen them they now appear worn - tattered even, as if they have been used over and over again for a long period of time.

Her hands comes into frame, scooping them up.

CUT TO:

65 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

65

We PAN around the room revealing the lay out for the first time. We can't help but notice an eerie familiarity about it.

-The couch to the left.

-A coffee table in front of it.

-Windows covered by wooden blinds.

-A round two-seater table with two chairs.

-In the corner - a Fake Christmas tree with nothing but silver tinsel on it. The same kind of tinsel Elizabeth used to make her ring.

-A built in TV cabinet on the other wall. Just like in the opening scene - STATIC is the only thing playing on the TV.

We stay on the TV for a moment, then-

Elizabeth walks into room and sits on the couch. She is wearing sweat pants, a baggy sweatshirt and those thick hospital socks from the opening scene - her hair sloppily tied back.

The Note book and Bridal Magazine rest on the couch beside her. Elizabeth stares straight ahead. Her eyes glazed over. An odd, distant look planted on her face.

We stay in a WIDE SHOT as we begin to hear the following conversation between Dr. Bowman and Elizabeth's Mother, Carol.

CAROL (V.O.)

I thought you said she was making progress?

DR. BOWMAN (V.O.)

She is. But the type of Schizophrenia Elizabeth has is very uncommon and can manifest symptoms in many ways, including a change in her perceptions that can influence her sense of reality. In her particular case this not only includes hearing voices that are not real or seeing something that is not actually present, she also has tactile hallucinations that create a sensation of physical contact. In addition she has the type of anxiety symptoms which are consistent with a diagnosis of OCD. All of these symptoms at once can lead to severe distress and be very disabling. With all of these medical conditions to manage, it's going to be very challenging and extremely important to have an effective treatment plan and to stick with it.

66

INT. DR. BOWMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

66

Carol and Dr. Bowman are mid-conversation. The CAMERA cuts back and forth between them - remaining TIGHT on their faces, almost filling the entire screen.

You can tell by the look on Carol's face that either she didn't understand a word he just said or doesn't want to accept it.

CAROL

What does that even mean?

DR. BOWMAN

Mrs. O'Neil, you...

CAROL

(She interrupts him.)

O'Neil was her Father's name. I'm remarried now. Please, call me Carol.

DR. BOWMAN

Of course.

(Clearing his throat.)

Carol, your daughter's mental health is, well, severe in nature.

(MORE)

DR. BOWMAN (CONT'D)
Stress, let alone a traumatic event
can easily trigger a psychotic
episode.

CAROL
I'm sorry Dr. Bowman but I just
don't understand any of this.

DR. BOWMAN
The first appearance of the
hallucination Elizabeth came to
identify as Grant seems to have
coincided with the death of her
Father last year. So although the
medication did in fact eliminate
her hallucinations, including the
one of Grant, it uncovered a deeper
emotional and psychological
detachment.

Carol appears to drift off in thought for a moment.

CAROL
(Deep sigh.)
Did Elizabeth mention that she and
her Father had started speaking
again just before he died?

DR. BOWMAN
No, she hadn't mentioned that.

Carol let's out a sad, reflective laugh.

CAROL
They were very close before we
split up. Every Sunday they would
order Chinese food and watch movies
all damn day. They'd laugh and he'd
tell her stories. It was their
special time together.
(Beat, soft.)
He'd even tell her that some day a
wonderful guy, like some knight in
shining armor would come along and
marry her and she would say...

Carol chokes up. She composes herself.

CAROL (CONT'D)
...She would say, I hope I meet a
great guy just like you Daddy.
(Beat.)
He called her his little "Lizzy
Blue".

Dr. Bowman can see the pain in her face.

DR. BOWMAN
I'm sorry Carol.

CAROL
Now what?

DR. BOWMAN
Dr. Sanders and I have decided it would be best to keep her here at Statewood. Hopefully, after some time and the proper treatment Elizabeth will be able to break free from the notion that she's lost the love of her life.

Carol takes a long, thoughtful beat before looking directly at Dr. Bowman.

CAROL
Is this my fault?

We CUT TO a WIDE TWO SHOT of Carol and Dr. Bowman sitting across from one another. They hold their gaze. No words are spoken.

67

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WARD COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

67

Elizabeth remains on the couch in a complete daze. A moment later, a NURSE walks in. We can only see her from about the waist down.

JANE (O.C.)
Hi Elizabeth, how are you feeling today sweetie? Can I get you anything? Maybe a cup of water?

No response. The Nurse turns toward the TV and notices the static. For the first time we reveal her face and her name tag. It's Jane from the Bridal shop, only it's actually Nurse Jane.

A sad smile crosses Jane's face as she looks at the static then back to Elizabeth, who is completely checked out.

She walks toward the TV. Just as she does, the HEAD NURSE walks in.

HEAD NURSE
What are you doing?

JANE

Nothing, I was going to put something on the TV for Elizabeth.

Jane turns to Elizabeth.

JANE (CONT'D)

Would you like to watch anything in particular?

The Head Nurse turns to Jane. Soft but firm-

HEAD NURSE

You can put anything you want on that TV or just turn it off all together. It won't make a difference either way. All she ever does is sit there, write in that notebook and flip through that bridal magazine.

(Beat. She takes a step toward her.)

Listen, I know you're new here but you can't give too much to the patients. You won't survive the job. Now I need you to start prepping the evening medications. Rounds start in 30 minutes.

Jane understands. She nods. The Head Nurse leaves. Jane gives one more, heartfelt look to Elizabeth, turns the channel and leaves the room.

On the TV, the song, "**SOMEBODY'S GETTING MARRIED**" from The Muppets Take Manhattan begins to play. We hold on the TV for a few beats before turning to a WIDE SHOT of Elizabeth sitting on the couch.

The CAMERA begins a slow PUSH IN toward Elizabeth. We are getting closer and closer to Elizabeth's face as the song continues to play. Her eyes appear to be ever-so-slightly tearing up but we can't tell if it's happiness or sadness.

The CAMERA continues to move toward her. The song builds to a crescendo.

We are now TIGHT on Elizabeth's face. We hear Elizabeth's voice from an earlier conversation with Dr. Bowman-

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Do you know how scary it is when you don't know when life is real? Sometimes I feel like I'm cursed.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like I'm living in a bad dream that
I can't wake up from. My
relationship is suffering from
this. He says it's not. Grant says
everything is okay and that we'll
get through this together. I don't
know if I believe him. I want to.

Elizabeth closes her eyes so tight it looks painful.

68 CLOSE ON GRANT'S FACE:

68

He is looking directly into the camera - into Elizabeth's
eyes - as if he were standing right in front of her.

GRANT
I love you Elizabeth Blue.

69 CLOSE ON ELIZABETH'S FACE:

69

Elizabeth's eyes open. We are so TIGHT that her blue eyes
fill the entire screen. We hold for a moment.

CUT TO: BLACK

The End!