

The Grace of Silence

written by

Amanda Grisanti

Address
Phone
E-mail

FADE IN.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM FLASHFORWARD - DAY

The florescent lights blind GRACE, a quiet 22 year-old blue eyed brunette who always wears her hair up in a ponytail, when her eyes fly open. Doctors in light blue scrubs flood the room like a swarm of bees trying to enter their hive. Yellow curtains create individual patient rooms along the wall. Screams of pain echo over shouting doctors and nurses.

Grace flinches and puts a hand over her eyes.

She wipes the sleep from her eyes as she pushes herself to a seated position on the paper thin bed.

Grace scans the room.

One doctor rushes past the thin opening in the curtains. The doctor wears light blue scrubs and holds a sealed plastic bag with what looks like gauze inside.

Grace looks down at her wire covered arms.

Screams seem to fight each other, one more powerful than the other. Two male nurses in dark blue scrubs walk in front of the opening in Grace's curtains. They struggle to keep hold of a pregnant woman as she thrashes and screams at the top of her lungs.

HANNAH, a 25 year-old pregnant woman with authority issues, screams and manages to stop the men from moving as she pulls one arm out of grasp.

She swings around and kicks out at JOSH, a 26 year-old nurse with sandy blonde hair that is perpetually messy and green eyes, who has a hold on her right arm.

JOSH

Hannah stop! We're trying to help you, just calm down.

Hannah screams again and pulls on her arm in an attempt to loosen it from the man's grasp.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(Over his shoulder)

Grab a sedative!

The man no longer holding Hannah rushes away.

Hannah breaks free and rushes into Grace's room.

Hannah stops at the foot of Grace's bed and looks at her.

Grace returns Hannah's gaze.

Grace nods in the direction of the nurse entering the room.

Hannah smiles back at her.

The nurse comes up behind Hannah and grabs hold of her arm. She thrashes, but is unable to stop a needle from sticking her arm. She instantly stops screaming.

Her eyes roll back and her body goes limp in the Josh's arm.

He looks down at the scratches littering his arm and shakes his head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Nurse!

A woman passes by the opening and looks in with wide eyes. She rushes inside to help.

Josh, who still has a hold of Hannah's arm, nods towards a wheelchair right outside the opening.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Get this one to psych, I need to get cleaned up.

Grace watches Josh with wide eyes.

The nurse nods and walks away to grab the wheelchair.

She wheels it into the room and Josh lifts Hannah into the chair.

NURSE

Her chart?

JOSH

On the chair!

The nurse wheels Hannah away.

Josh turns to Grace.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

INT. CAR - DAY

GRACE, the same girl from the emergency room, sits in the passenger seat of a red Honda CRV wearing a college sweatshirt with her headphones in.

SHEILA, a 57 year-old devout catholic with grey streaks painting her hair, sits in the driver's seat focused on the road.

Grace's eyes wander towards Sheila. She looks her up and down and smiles before she turns her head to her passenger window.

Sheila looks over and begins to talk.

Grace takes note of a baby powder billboard advertisement.

The music in Grace's headphones goes dead and her ears begin to ring.

She turns her head to catch every glimpse of the billboard before it disappears behind the car.

Grace notices Sheila's mouth move out of the corner of her eye, but the sound of her voice is drowned out by the ringing in Grace's ears.

Sheila pulls one headphone out of Grace's ear.

Grace is able to hear the music from the leftover headphone again.

She takes a breath and pulls the other headphone out of her ear.

SHEILA

Grace honey, are you even listening to me?

GRACE

I'm sorry, I--

SHEILA

Since when are you so distracted?

Grace's eye flick to her passenger window.

She looks back at Sheila.

GRACE

Sorry, just tired I guess.

Sheila takes a breath and pastes a smile on her face as she turns back towards the road.

SHEILA

It's fine sweetie, I was just saying that Greta asked us to have dinner with her sometime soon now that you're home. I told her you'd probably be tired, but that you could pull through for her.

Grace looks behind her at the piles of moving boxes overflowing the back seat and trunk.

GRACE

Uh, sure mom.

Sheila smiles wide and turns towards Grace.

SHEILA

Great!

Sheila squeezes Grace's shoulder.

Grace looks down at Sheila's hand on her shoulder, uncomfortable.

EXT. PARK FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace swings on a tire.

She looks over at her mother.

Sheila talks to a man with her back turned to Grace.

Grace looks to her side at a young girl who plays hide and seek with her parents on the jungle gym.

Grace looks back at her mother with the man and frowns.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sheila pulls her hand back to the wheel and looks back towards the road with a smile on her face.

Grace takes a breath, puts her headphone back in and looks out the window again with her forehead pressed against the glass.

INT. CAR - DAY

CLICK.

The car door shuts.

Grace pops up from her nap against the passenger side window.

Sheila trots around the front of the car and opens Grace's door, excited.

SHEILA

We're home!

Grace rubs the sleep from her eyes.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I'm so excited for you to see your
new room!

Grace looks past Sheila at a victorian style white home.

GRACE

Thanks mom, I'm sure it looks
great.

Sheila smiles and walks towards the trunk to grab Grace's luggage.

GRACE (CONT'D)

No, mom I got it!

Grace races after Sheila and leaves the passenger door open behind her.

SHEILA

I can help with them honey, you
can't bring all of this in by
yourself.

Sheila pauses to take in the boxes in the trunk.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I don't know why you insist on
hoarding, half of this stuff
could've been thrown out a long
time ago.

Grace takes a breath.

GRACE

Mom, it's fine, I can grab it all.

Grace moves to grab her suitcases from the packed car.

SHEILA

Don't be ridiculous!

Sheila shoots forward and grabs a bag before Grace can grab it.

Grace huffs, defeated.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

It's fine, we can throw away some things later.

Grace watches as Sheila walks towards the front door with the bag. Grace looks at the trunk full of bags and selects the one closest to her.

She walks over to the passenger side and looks back at her mother as she heads into the house.

Grace turns back to the car and shuts the door.

CLICK.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace stands in her room with her hands on her hips starring at the wall. A single lamp illuminates the bare white walls whose only decoration consists of a canvas adorned with a single bible verse.

It reads: Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies - Proverb 31:10

Grace looks down at a homemade cork board, made from wine corks, plastered with pictures of Grace and her friends from college.

Her eyes flick back up to the canvas.

She picks up the board and holds it over where the canvas hangs.

Grace sighs.

She takes the canvas off of the wall and places it against the dresser below it. She then picks up the cork board and begins to hang it in the space the canvas used to occupy.

SHEILA

(Yells from upstairs)

Grace, dinner's ready!

Grace jumps and her eyes shoot to a picture on the board of her and a man.

She looks up at the stairs to see no one there.

GRACE
(Yells up to the next
floor)
Coming!

Grace stuffs the poster under her bed and turns around.

As she is about to rush up the stairs, Grace pauses.

She turns and walks back to the wall, picks up the canvas with the Bible verse and places it back on the wall.

Grace lets out a breath.

SHEILA
(Yells from upstairs)
Grace!

Grace swings around and runs up the stairs, she takes them two at a time.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace sits on the floor in her room and unpacks her numerous boxes that are piled up in the room.

Angel cherub tchotchkes and other knick necks adorn her previously bare dresser.

Grace picks up a picture of her and a man, the same one from the cork board, who hugs her in front of the Trevi Fountain. She smiles.

Grace looks back at her bed.

She frowns and places the picture face down aside the box.

Grace pulls a paint brush and paint out of the box next.

She examines the brushes.

She leans back on her hands and looks up at her ceiling.

She looks at the brushes.

Grace smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Grace stands over the coffee machine. She takes the pitcher out of the bottom of the coffee maker and pours coffee into her cup. She then walks over to a small table against the side window in the room and sits down.

Grace sees a mother push her infant in a stroller as she walks down the street.

Sheila walks into the room.

Grace jumps.

SHEILA

Morning Honey! I'm surprised you're up already.

Sheila smiles and takes a pan out of the drawer under the stove.

Grace sips her coffee and places it back on the table before she responds.

GRACE

Yep, I set an alarm.

Sheila walks over to the fridge and grabs ingredients. She then turns on the burner. She glances behind her and looks at Grace.

SHEILA

Are you excited for your first day?

Grace nods.

GRACE

Yes.

SHEILA

I'm sure it'll be great, sweetie.

Sheila smiles, she cracks an egg.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Did I tell you that Greta's son Oliver works at Lorida Medical too? I know it's been a while since you've seen each other, but you should find him when you get there.

Grace looks out the window at the woman with her child again, she watches as they walk out of view.

Sheila notices Grace's eyes focused on the window. Sheila scowls and flips the eggs.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Grace, don't be disrespectful, I'm talking to you.

Grace swings her head back towards Sheila.

GRACE

Sorry, I-

SHEILA

Oliver is a great boy. You know he was employee of the month in February.

Grace nods.

GRACE

Yeah I'm sure he was.

SHEILA

Greta said he might come to dinner with her if he has the time!

Grace gives Sheila forced smile.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

No, but he can afford to live by himself sweetie. He is self-sufficient.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

He's single you know?

GRACE

Mom!

Sheila holds up her hands.

SHEILA

What? I'm sure if you put a little makeup on, dressed a little nicer, maybe started a diet, you could get his attention.

Grace frowns and looks down at herself.

Sheila puts the eggs on a plate and places it in front of Grace with a cup of tea. She kisses the top of Grace's head as she takes away the coffee cup.

Grace sits up straighter in her seat.

Sheila pours the coffee down the drain.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Coffee is not breakfast Gracie, you
need real food.

Grace frowns and rubs her palms.

She looks at her mother, sips her tea, picks up her fork, and
takes a bite of the eggs.

INT. WALKWAY - DAY

Grace grabs her black Kate Spade purse and keys from a wooden
cubby on the wall.

SHEILA
Honey, your lunch!

Grace pauses just as she grabs hold of the door. She swings
around.

Sheila walks into the hallway smile and hands Grace a paper
bag.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
It's peanut butter and grape jelly.

Grace gives Sheila a strained smile.

GRACE
Thanks mom. You know I can buy
lunch at work, you don't have to
make it.

SHEILA
That's okay, I was in the kitchen.

Sheila frowns as she looks Grace up and down.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
Grace, what are you wearing?

Grace looks down at herself.

GRACE
Um, dress pants and a top.

SHEILA
Sweetie, you can't wear that to
your first day!

Grace stares at her mother.

GRACE

Why not?

Sheila shakes her head and sighs.

SHEILA

You would think they'd teach you
how to dress at that school for
thirty grand a year.

Grace lets out a breath.

GRACE

Mom, I'm going to be late for work,
can we talk about this later?

Sheila purses her lips and swings around to walk away.

SHEILA

(Over her shoulder)

First impressions are important
Gracie, you don't want to show up
wearing pants!

Grace stares at Sheila as she heads towards the basement door.

Grace sighs.

INT. MAIN LOBBY LORIDA MEDICAL - DAY

The lobby is alight with movement. At the center of the movement stands a stationary desk that faces the elevator.

Grace steps off of the elevator and is almost sidelined by a passerby. No apology is muttered as the man continues forward as if Grace were invisible.

She walks up to the desk. ALICE, a 40 year-old petite red headed woman with an earpiece permanently glued to her ear, wears a pink sweater and white blouse as she sits at her desk and stares at the computer.

Grace stands there idly for a few seconds. She clears her throat.

GRACE

Hi, my name is Grace Anderson, I am
supposed to start today as--

Alice puts up a finger, but doesn't look up.

Grace closes her mouth and steps back.

Alice points to the right, eyes still on her computer, to three grey office chairs lined up against the wall with side tables on each end of the line.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Uh, thank you.

Grace walks over to the chairs and sits in the one closest to the elevator. She picks up a magazine and pretends to read it as she waits.

Grace begins to shake her leg.

Alice looks up from her desk at Grace.

Grace looks at Alice and stops her leg.

Alice looks back at her screen and continues to talk on the phone.

Grace shakes her leg with less intensity.

OLIVER, a 24 year-old brown haired man who wears so much hair gel it shines in the office lighting, walks up to the receptionist desk.

OLIVER

Hey Alice.

Oliver smiles and Alice smiles back as she points to where Grace sits.

Oliver turns a glances at Grace, he smirks.

Grace looks Oliver in the eyes.

He walks toward Grace.

She stands.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

My mom told me you were starting today.

GRACE

Uh, Yeah I'm Mr. Merriweather's new receptionist.

Oliver looks Grace up and down.

He pauses, then turns back to Alice.

OLIVER
Thanks for entertaining her Alice!

ALICE
No problem.

Oliver turns and walks away at a brisk pace.

OLIVER
(Over his shoulder)
Follow me.

INT. LORIDA MEDICAL HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

Grace jumps up after Oliver.

He passes by the mail cart and grabs a letter.

Grace rushes to catch up.

OLIVER
I assume someone sent over your
responsibilities?

GRACE
I got a description, but it was a
little vague. I was hoping someone
would show me the ropes when I got
here.

They walk up to a desk that sits right outside a corner office. The desk itself is bare aside from a computer, mouse pad, and lamp. The Office behind it is shrouded by white shutters, the glass door is the only view of the basketball themed office.

Oliver smirks.

OLIVER
Wow, late and unprepared, nice work
Gracie.

Grace blushes, embarrassed.

GRACE
I-

Oliver holds up a hand.

OLIVER

This is your desk. Mr. Merriweather is in his office, feel free to introduce yourself. I have work to do.

Oliver turns and walks away.

Grace stares in his direction then looks down at her hands which clasp a notepad and sighs.

INT. GRACE'S DESK - DAY

Grace sits at her newly decorated desk and types on her computer. People pass by the front of her desk, no one looks at each other as if they are all preoccupied with important business.

MR. MERRIWEATHER, a tall commanding man with gray hair lining his face who only wears three piece suits and shiny shoes, walks towards his office.

He stops in front of Grace's desk and straightens his already pin straight tie.

Grace looks up at him.

MR. MERRIWEATHER

Did you enter those orders I asked about?

GRACE

Uh, yes, I put them on the MED3 server. They're alphabetized under supplies.

Mr. Merriweather pauses and gives Grace a nod.

MR. MERRIWEATHER

Good.

Mr. Merriweather turns and walks into his office.

RING. RING.

Grace turns to the phone on her left.

MR. MERRIWEATHER (CONT'D)

(From inside his office)

I need you to screen my calls for the rest of the day. Tell whoever's calling I'm out!

GRACE
 (From her chair)
 Got it!

Grace picks up the phone.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Mr. Merriweather's office this is
 Grace speaking how may I help you?

MR. JONES
 (on the phone)
 Hi Grace, this is Mr. Jones, I need
 to speak with Mr. Merriweather.

Grace's eyes flick to Mr. Merriweather's office door.

GRACE
 (into the phone)
 I'm sorry Mr. Jones, he is out of
 the office for the rest of the day,
 can I take a message?

MR. JONES
 (on the phone)
 This really should be communicated
 to Merriweather directly.

Grace bites her lip. She notes that Merriweather is still in
 his office.

GRACE
 (into the phone)
 Uh--

Grace looks at Mr. Merriweather's door.

Mr. Jones takes a breath on the other side of the phone.

MR. JONES
 (on the phone)
 Just-- tell him that I found
 several errors in the Wetherton
 invoices and I need them revised
 and on my desk by end of day
 tomorrow.

GRACE
 (into the phone)
 Okay, I--

MR. JONES
 (on the phone)
 Just makes sure he gets the
 message.

Grace looks around, unsure.

GRACE
 (into the phone)
 Wait, I think I can track him down,
 if you can just hold on for one
 second-

MR. JONES
 (on the phone)
 Just relay the message.

CLICK.

The line goes dead, Mr. Jones hung up.

Mr. Merriweather exits his office manila folder in hand.

Grace stands.

GRACE
 Mr. Merriweather.

He nods and passes her, in a rush.

Grace holds up the paper she wrote the message from Mr. Jones
 on.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Sir. I have a message for you.

Mr. Merriweather holds his hand up as he walks down the
 hallway.

MR. MERRIWEATHER
 (over his shoulder)
 Not now Grace, I'm running late.

Mr. Merriweather disappears around the corner.

Grace lets out a breath.

She looks at the note in her hand.

INT. Lorida Medical Bathroom - day

Grace enters a large public bathroom with white and blue
 tiling and five stalls lining the back. The porcelain sinks
 are in a line to the right of the entrance.

Grace walks in the room and stops in the middle.

She pauses.

She turns around and walks in the other direction.

As she walks back and forth, she attempts to calm her breathing and mutters to herself.

GRACE
Okay, it's fine.

Grace nods her head as she walks up to the sink farthest from the door.

She leans her hands against the edges of the sink.

She stares at herself, she takes a big breath in.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM FLASHBACK - DAY

Grace stares at herself in the mirror, tears stream down her face, with her hands on each side of the sink.

Clutched under her right hand is a pregnancy test.

Grace rocks back and forth, as she continues to stare into the mirror.

She takes a breath.

Her eyes dart to her right hand.

She breaths out.

She looks down at the sink.

She takes a breath.

She looks in the mirror.

She closes her eyes.

She opens them and looks back at her hand.

She begins to turn the test over.

INT. LORIDA MEDICAL BATHROOM - DAY

Grace shakes her head as she stares at herself in the mirror. She lets out a breath.

She takes a breath in.

She blinks and looks away from the mirror.

She turns away from the sink and looks down at her hands where she broke the skin with her nails in her palm.

She washes her hands and brings one hand back to wet her neck.

Someone opens the bathroom door.

Grace turns and hurries into a stall.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace lays in bed and stares up at a mural of melting stars painted on her ceiling.

She sighs and looks over at her name tag on her nightstand.

INT. GRACE'S DESK FLASHBACK - DAY

Mr. Merriweather stands over Grace and yells, but no words are audible.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace scrunches her eyes closed and looks up at the ceiling.

The stars seem to melt more as she stares at them.

She turns over and looks at the clock that reads 2:07am.

Her eyes flick up to the Bible verse painted on the canvas in her room. Paintings adorn the wall, but the Bible verse remains untouched in the center.

INT. GRACE'S DESK - DAY

Grace sits at her desk, she types on her computer when Mr. Merriweather strides over to her.

Grace looks up at him, when he does not speak Grace opens her mouth to talk.

GRACE

Sir?

Mr. Merriweather pauses.

MR. MERRIWEATHER

Grace. I found the note from Mr. Jones you left for me.

Mr. Merriweather holds up the post-it with Grace's handwriting on it.

Grace looks at the note.

Mr. Merriweather sighs.

MR. MERRIWEATHER (CONT'D)

I know you're new and I recognize that the concept of of communication may not have been covered as thoroughly at your public school as it should've been.

Grace frowns.

MR. MERRIWEATHER (CONT'D)

But I expect you to learn how to asses messages by their importance. I needed this one yesterday, not this morning.

Mr. Merriweather motions to the note.

Grace nods.

GRACE

Yes, of course, I--

MR. MERRIWEATHER

(interrupting Grace)

Good. Since my workload just doubled, I need you to stay late this week and organize the file cabinets in the basement.

Grace's eyes widen.

MR. MERRIWEATHER (CONT'D)

Good with you?

Grace opens her mouth to speak.

MR. MERRIWEATHER (CONT'D)

(interrupting Grace)

Great.

Mr. Merriweather swings around and into his office.

Grace stares after him, mouth still open.

She turns away from the door and looks up to meet Oliver's eyes. He stands down the hallway next to another man and watches her.

Grace clamps her mouth closed and looks away.

Oliver turns back to the man and continues his conversation.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Grace sits at the kitchen table, bags line the bottom of her eyes.

Sheila stands at the counter and fixes herself a cup of tea.

SHEILA

Are you leaving for work soon?

Grace nods with a tight smile.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You don't want to be late, if you leave now, you can be early!

Grace rubs the back of her neck.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Just think of how great it would be to impress your boss by showing up early!

Grace nods.

GRACE

You're right mom.

SHEILA

Of course I am Gracie.

Sheila gives Grace a pointed look.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You'll always be better off listening to me.

Grace looks out the window at children who play in the street. She tightens her fists.

GRACE

You're right mom, I should listen to you.

Grace looks down at the floor.

INT. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

Grace sits in a dimly lit room lined to the ceiling with grey filing cabinets. She closes the manila folder in her hand and places it back in its rightful spot in the cabinet.

She makes a note on a post-it, and closes the filing cabinet.

Grace stands and turns back to look at the filing cabinet, one of 20 in the room.

She sighs and flicks off the lights.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eyes red and puffy, Grace sits on a large chair with a wine glass in her hand. She stares forward at the television.

The only light in the room comes from the television.

Grace takes a sip of her wine and her eyes swing towards the kitchen doorway.

INT. KITCHEN FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace sits on the kitchen floor and plays with pots. Sheila stands above her on the phone.

Grace bangs the pots together.

Sheila reaches down and takes the pots from Grace.

She then places the pots on the counter, out of reach, she doesn't look at her daughter once during this encounter.

Grace frowns and looks down at the strainer left on the ground.

She looks up at Sheila.

Sheila walks out of the room.

Grace looks up at the pots that sit on the tall counter.

INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace takes another sip of wine.

She breathes out.

She puts her glass on the side table next to her.

Sheila walks into the room.

SHEILA

Gracie sweetie, what are you doing?

Grace looks up at her mother.

Sheila sucks in a breath

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You know you're supposed to use a coaster in this room! The wood is delicate.

Sheila moves to grab a coaster from the coffee table in front of Grace.

GRACE

I'm sorry.

Sheila places a coaster next to Grace.

SHEILA

That's okay Gracie, this is why I'm here, to teach you.

Grace nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Lord knows what happens to children without strong parents to guide them. Do you remember Mary, Cecelia and Drake's daughter? Lisa Trevor was telling me today that she dropped out of college to join a band. Isn't that the most ridiculous thing you've ever heard? Watch, next thing we'll hear that she dyed her hair black and has piercings all over her face.

GRACE

Joining a band doesn't mean someone is goth mom.

Sheila waves her hand at Grace.

A baby diapers commercial comes on the television.

Grace's attention shifts to the television.

SHEILA

All I know is that I would die from embarrassment if you decided to do something so reckless and irresponsible.

Grace's eyes are glued to the television screen, she does not acknowledge her mother's comments.

Sheila waves her hand in front of Grace's face.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Gracie? How much wine have you had tonight? Do I need to be worrying about your drinking habits now?

Grace looks at the screen.

She looks at the door.

Grace looks at her mother.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Honestly you're going to --

GRACE

(whispering)

I'm pregnant.

Sheila pauses.

SHEILA

You know I hate when you mumble, Grace, speak up.

Grace let's out a breath.

She looks at the doorway to the kitchen.

Grace looks up at Sheila's towering form.

GRACE

I'm pregnant mom.

Grace tightens her grip on her wine glass.

Silence fills the room.

Grace is the first to look away.

She takes another sip of wine.

SHEILA

That's not funny Grace.

Sheila turns to walk out of the room.

GRACE
It wasn't supposed to be.

Sheila swings around.

SHEILA
What?

GRACE
Funny.

Grace can't look Sheila in the face.

Sheila takes a step toward Grace.

SHEILA
What have I done wrong? Did I
commit a sin so great in a past
life that God sees fit to punish me
with you?

Sheila takes a big breath.

GRACE
I'm sorry.

SHEILA
Oh you're sorry? Well that fixes
everything why didn't you say that
earlier.

Grace looks up at Sheila.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I don't deserve this punishment, I
raised you right. I took you to
church, you were educated. Do you
really hate me so much that you
would do this to me?

GRACE
No, mom, I love you. I--

SHEILA
If you loved me you wouldn't put me
through this. You're trying to send
me to an early grave and I won't
take this.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

I'm not doing anything to you, I
just-

SHEILA

Not doing anything to me? Oh so you
told me about this baby and forgot
to mention your husband? You have a
secret husband that you planned
this pregnancy with?

Grace huffs.

GRACE

Mom, marriage doesn't guarantee
anything! Dad--

Sheila sucks in a breath.

Grace stops, frozen.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Mom, I-

Sheila holds up her hand.

She looks at Grace.

She looks at the wine glass in Grace's hand.

Sheila breaths in.

SHEILA

Pack your things, I want you out of
my house.

Grace recoils as if Sheila had slapped her.

GRACE

Mom --

Sheila shakes her head.

SHEILA

Don't, I can't have you cause me
any more pain. Sometimes I have to
put my own wellbeing first.

Sheila turns and walks out of the room.

Grace stares into her wine glass as tears drip down her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace sits on the chair and stares into the television.

BANG. The sound of glass shattering fills the room.

Grace turns her head to the bright doorway that leads to the kitchen.

Graces looks back at the television, har hands shake.

INT. GRACE'S BASEMENT - DAY

Grace places the last of her things inside of a cardboard box. The room is again filled with boxes piled high.

Grace sighs.

She picks up her name tag from her side table and the back falls to the ground.

Grace bends down and reaches under her bed where the back fell.

She pulls her hand out with a picture and the name tag back.

She turns the picture over to see her with a man embracing in front of the Trevi Fountain.

Grace sighs.

She pushes the picture back under her bed and stands to walk up the stairs.

INT. GRACE'S HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grace walks out of her door and straight into the hallway that leads to the front door.

Grace turns to the right to grab her keys.

To the right of her keys is a neon pink post-it.

It reads: *Dr Walker used to be my OB, he should be able to connect you with families for adoption. A moving truck should be here later to collect your things.*

Grace frowns at the note.

She swipes it and crumples it up.

She then grabs her keys and walks slowly out the door.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grace steps into her car. She shuts the door and starts the car.

Grace stares at her house and sighs.

She looks at her passenger seat that holds a folder with the words '*Lorida Medical*' printed on the front.

She looks at her hands on the steering wheel.

She looks at her house.

Grace reverses out the driveway.

She looks to the right as she passes by a bus stop on her street. Grace sees four children and their parents.

One young girl cries as she pulls away from her mother.

The other children stare at the girl.

The girl tugs and kicks as her mother grabs her under the arms.

The mother drags her back towards their house.

Grace continues to look as the other kids lose interest and look away.

BEEP.

Grace looks forward to find the side of a car in front of her.

Grace sucks in a breath.

SLAM.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

The florescent lights blind Grace her eyes fly open. Doctors in light blue scrubs flood the room like a swarm of bees trying to enter their hive. Yellow curtains create individual patient rooms along the wall. Screams of pain echo over the shouts of doctors and nurses.

Grace flinches and puts a hand over her eyes.

She wipes the sleep from her eyes as she pushes herself to a seated position on the paper thin bed.

Grace scans the room.

One doctor rushes past the thin opening in the curtains. The doctor wears light blue scrubs and holds a sealed plastic bag with what looks like gauze inside.

Grace looks down at her wire covered arms.

Screams seem to fight each other, one more powerful than the next. Two male nurses in dark blue scrubs walk in front of the opening in Grace's curtains. They struggle to keep hold of a pregnant woman as she thrashes and screams at the top of her lungs.

HANNAH, a 25 year-old pregnant woman with authority issues, screams and manages to stop the men from moving as she pulls one arm out of grasp.

She swings around and kicks out at JOSH, a 26 year-old nurse with perpetually messy sandy blonde hair and green eyes, who has a hold on her right arm.

JOSH

Hannah stop! We're trying to help you, just calm down.

Hannah screams again and pulls on her arm in an attempt to loosen it from the man's grasp.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(Over his shoulder)
Grab a sedative!

The man no longer holding Hannah rushes away.

Hannah breaks free and rushes into Grace's room.

Hannah stops at the foot of Grace's bed and looks at her.

Grace returns Hannah's gaze.

Grace nods in the direction of the nurse entering the room.

Hannah smiles back at her.

The nurse comes up behind Hannah and grabs hold of her arm. She thrashes, but is unable to stop a needle that sticks her arm. Her screams halt.

Her eyes roll back and her body goes limp in the Josh's arm.

He looks down at the scratches littering his arm.

He shakes his head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Nurse!

A woman passes by the opening and looks in with wide eyes. She rushes inside to help.

Josh, who still has a hold of Hannah's arm, nods towards a wheelchair right outside the opening.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Get this one to psych, I need to get cleaned up.

Grace watches Josh with wide eyes.

The nurse nods and walks away to grab the wheelchair.

She wheels it into the room and Josh lifts Hannah into the chair.

NURSE

Her chart?

JOSH

On the chair.

The nurse wheels Hannah away.

Josh turns to Grace.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Grace nods.

He looks her up and down.

She stares back at him.

His eyes narrow.

He leans down and presses the button next to her.

She looks down at the button.

A male nurse in blue scrubs comes walking into the room.

MALE NURSE

Yes?

Josh looks back at the nurse.

JOSH
She's just sitting here, has anyone
been to see her?

The nurse looks at Grace.

MALE NURSE
Yes, but she hasn't been awake.

Josh nods and walks towards the exit.

JOSH
Well, she's awake now.

He turns to Grace.

He sighs before he turns and exits the room.

The nurse looks at Grace and grabs a binder hanging at the
end of her bed. He looks at her and then opens the binder.

The nurse nods at Grace.

MALE NURSE
I'll go get the doctor for you, but
between us, you're going to be
fine.

The man smiles and pats her arm.

GRACE
Is that woman okay?

The nurse frowns.

MALE NURSE
She will be. Just try to forget
about her for now.

The man turns to leave.

Grace frowns.

GRACE
Can I talk to a doctor, now?

The man gives Grace a smile.

MALE NURSE
Sure, I'll be right back with him.

Grace watches the man leave.

She looks at the yellow curtains and takes a breath.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAM ROOM - DAY

Grace sits on a white leather examination table in the center of an exam room. She wears the clothes she entered the hospital in.

She looks around the room and her eyes land on a stainless steel rolling table with blue paper seated just below medical utensils.

The door opens and Josh enters, clipboard in hand. He smiles at Grace.

JOSH

Hi Grace, we have an order to get some labs on you. I'm going to take a blood sample, if that is okay?

Grace nods.

He walks over to the stainless steel table in the corner and pulls it towards Grace.

Josh stands to the left of Grace with the table next to him.

Grace sits up and rubs her palms.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Do you have an arm you prefer when you get blood taken?

Grace shakes her head and looks down at her hands.

Josh moves his gaze to Grace's hands.

JOSH (CONT'D)

May I?

Grace nods.

Josh gently takes hold of Grace's hand.

He opens Grace's palm.

Four open wounds line Grace's palm.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'm going to clean these up, okay?

Grace nods.

Josh proceeds to clean Grace's open wounds as Grace stares.

When finished, Josh grabs a bandage and puts it over Grace's hand.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Can I see the other one?

Grace holds out her other hand, also lined with four open wounds.

Josh smiles softly and takes Grace's hand before he repeats the process and bandages Grace's wounded hand.

Josh holds out his hand.

Grace looks at him and puts her arm out.

Josh puts the needle in Grace's left arm and sticks a tube on the end of the needle.

Drip. Drip.

Grace watches as the tube fills with her blood.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Dr. HILL, a 50 year-old skinny man with grey hair lining the side of his face and tips of his hair, sits in a chair parallel to the wall length windows on the side of his office. He holds a notebook and pen in his lap.

Grace sits in the chair closest to the window, eyes unfocused as she stares at the floor.

DR. HILL

Grace?

Grace sits up, she rubs her eyes.

GRACE

I'm sorry, what was the question?

DR. HILL

Do you know when you started feeling this way?

Grace averts her eyes and rubs at her hands.

GRACE

A while. I don't know, a few weeks maybe.

Grace looks to the pen in his hands.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL

Can you tell me about your sleep habits?

GRACE

I've always been a night person. I go to bed late.

Dr. Hill taps the pen.

DR. HILL

Anything in particular keeping you up lately?

Grace's eyes remain locked on the pen as it moves.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A young Grace sits at the top of the steps holding onto the railing. She looks at a door down the hallway.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Grace blinks.

She flicks her eyes around the room before returning it to the pen.

GRACE

Just my thoughts.

Grace swallows.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Indistinguishable yelling interrupts the silence young Grace finds on the stairwell.

The door swings open.

Grace takes in a breath and rushes down the stairs.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Hill watches Grace.

DR. HILL
Any thoughts in particular?

Grace shrugs her shoulders.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Grace, the more you share, the more
I can help you. No one here is
going to judge you. This is a safe
place.

Grace looks out the giant window.

GRACE
They're nothing, just some memories
that've been coming up lately.

DR. HILL
Memories of what?

GRACE
Just me and my parents together.

Dr. Hill writes something down.

DR. HILL
And, what are you doing together?

Grace stares at his notebook.

GRACE
Normal family stuff. You know, us
going to church, the park.

EXT. PARK FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace swings from a tire, she laughs.

When she leans her head back she sees her mother and father.
Her dad stands there as her mom yells.

Her mom grabs something from him and stomps away.

He stands there and runs his hand through his hair.

He looks back at Grace.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Grace rubs her eyes and takes a breath.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL
When did you start fixating on
these memories?

Grace scratches her head. She pauses to pull on a strand of her hair that slipped from behind her ear.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM FLASHBACK - DAY

Grace stands in front of a mirror and looks at herself.
She looks down at a positive pregnancy test in her hand.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

GRACE
I told you, a few weeks ago.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL
Can you tell me about your parents?
Do you live with them now?

Grace nods.

GRACE
I live with my mom, my dad died
when I was 10.

Dr. Hill writes something down.

DR. HILL
I'm sorry to hear that, how did he
pass?

Grace squints at his notebook as if trying to read its secrets from a distance.

GRACE
An accident.

Grace tucks her stray hair behind her ears.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A young Grace tiptoes up the stairs.
She looks to the side.

She sees no one and approaches the door.

She smiles and turns the knob.

GRACE (WHISPERS)

Dad?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Grace sits forward.

She rubs her eyes and lets out a breath.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOCTOR HILL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Grace exits Dr. Hill's office into a hallway bare of any artwork or color.

Dr. Hill follows.

Grace turns and pauses. A calm Hannah sits outside Dr. Hill's office with Josh next to her.

Dr. Hill stops.

He looks to Hannah.

DR. HILL

Hannah, you know you're supposed to be outside right now.

He looks at Josh before his gaze returns to Hannah.

Hannah smiles and shrugs.

HANNAH

The nurses let me stay in today, I wasn't feeling great. You know, baby and all.

Dr. Hill nods, eyes still on Josh.

DR. HILL

And you chose to sit outside my office, huh?

Hannah shrugs.

HANNAH

I like the air-conditioning in this hallway.

JOSH
She wanted to speak with you.

Josh eyes Hannah who doesn't meet his eyes.

JOSH (CONT'D)
She was insistent.

Hannah glares up at Josh.

Dr. Hill shakes his head.

DR. HILL
We've talked about this Hannah. You
can't act out when you don't get
something you want. You know that.

Hannah looks to the floor and shrugs.

Dr. Hill sighs and looks at his watch.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Okay, well, I have to meet a
patient right now so you're going
to have to wait until our session
tomorrow.

Hannah nods in deference.

Dr. Hill looks at Grace and smiles.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Grace, I have to head out, but Josh
and Hannah will take great care of
you.

Dr. Hill gives Hannah a look as if to reiterate the point
before he turns and leaves.

Hannah watched him leave.

Once he is out of ear shot she turns to Josh.

HANNAH
Thanks a lot, J.

Josh shakes his head.

He turns to see Grace, who still stares at Hannah.

Hannah looks back at Grace.

She moves her eyes from Grace to Josh.

They return to Grace.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
You just gonna stare at me?

Grace continues to stare at Hannah.

Hannah looks over at Josh.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Is she on something or just slow?

Josh sighs and shakes his head at Hannah.

JOSH
Hannah, meet Grace. She's new and
being the model patient Dr. Hill
hinted you are, I trust you can
show her the ropes?

Hannah looks at Josh.

She hesitates.

She turns back to Grace and shrugs.

HANNAH
Sure thing J, but I want ten extra
minutes on the TV tomorrow.

Josh smiles.

JOSH
Five.

Hannah smiles and raises her eyebrows.

HANNAH
Deal.

Josh turns to Grace.

JOSH
Hannah is going to show you around,
okay?

Grace looks at Josh and nods.

He nods at Hannah and walks away.

Grace turns back to Hannah.

Hannah stands.

She looks Grace up and down.

She smirks.

HANNAH

So. What's wrong with you?

Grace looks at Hannah's pregnant stomach. Then she looks back at Hannah's face.

GRACE

What kind of question is that?

Hannah smiles and clasps her hands together.

HANNAH

It's okay, we're all fucked up here. You're in good company.

Grace looks to the floor, away from Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Wow, you're a quiet one, huh?

Grace looks at Hannah.

She pauses.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Quiet's good, less interruptions.

Hannah puts her arm around Grace's shoulders as they walk down the hall.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

So, how'd it go with the Doc?

Grace looks at Hannah.

GRACE

Fine, I think. You were waiting out here to speak with him?

Hannah smiles and shakes her head.

HANNAH

Nah, just nosey. I like to sit out here and see the newbies. Nothing like fresh meat in the morning.

Grace pauses.

She looks at Hannah's pregnant belly then at her empty left finger.

Hannah pulls away from Grace and looks at her with raised eyebrows while they walk down the hallway.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Don't tell me babies offend you.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE
No, no of course not.

Hannah smirks.

HANNAH
Whatever you say Gracie.

Grace frowns.

GRACE
It's Grace.

Hannah looks at Grace with renewed interest.

HANNAH
Right. Well, I'm a repeat customer here so you're a lucky duck to have me as a tour-guide.

Grace pauses mid-stride, she looks at Hannah.

Hannah stops also and holds her hands up.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Dont worry, I just like the service here. Five star ratings all round.

Hannah smirks before she continues her walk.

Grace nods and follows.

GRACE
Do I get a room?

Hannah looks at the plain walls and chuckles.

HANNAH
Duh. What do you think they have us sleep on the floor?

Hannah looks over at Grace who averts her gaze.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Don't expect privacy though, we all have a roommate. You get free time twice a day and visitors once a day. If you have people who visit of course, if not, more free time for you!

Grace glances at Hannah's baby belly.

GRACE

How far along are you.

Hannah smiles.

HANNAH

'Bout 8 months, just started picking out furniture for the nursery when I came back here. It's a boy by the way. Gregory, or maybe Johnathan, depends on who the father ends up being.

Grace frowns at Hannah.

Hannah winks and keeps walking.

GRACE

What are we doing right now?

Hannah stops at a door.

HANNAH

Right now is free time, dinners in 30. This one's your room. I'll see you later, gotta go I owe Ernie a game of go fish. When you're finished moving in, common area is down the hall to the right.

Hannah smiles at Grace and turns down the hallway.

Grace takes a breath and looks at the door.

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

Grace sits at a table with a tray in front of her fidgeting with her hair to push it out of her eyes.

Hannah sits next to Grace and eats her meal. ABBY, a pale blonde 19 year-old with a lone bright blue streak in her hair, sits on Hannah's other side with her head in a book.

Hannah stares at Abby who pulls on the blue streak in her hair, ignorant of the others around her.

HANNAH

Been thinking a lot about the color blue.

Hannah pauses. When Abby doesn't look up from her book, Hannah returns her gaze to Grace and continues.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Kinda a sad color don't ya think? I don't want my baby to grow up sad. Maybe yellow for the nursery?

Abby looks up from her hair, not as ignorant to the conversation around her as it seems. She rolls her eyes.

Hannah smirks.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Abby, we found another quiet one, you'll have a friend to stare at you in silence with!

Abby looks at Grace.

Grace gives her a nod in hello.

Abby blinks.

Grace frowns.

Abby looks back at her book, ignorant to the outside world again.

Grace frowns before she looks back to Hannah.

GRACE

Yellow is kind of oppressive.

Hannah looks over.

HANNAH

Eh. I don't know if I'd say that.

Hannah looks up at the yellow ceiling.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Alright maybe, it's too bright anyway, don't want little Nathan to have eye problems.

Grace pushes her hair back from her face when a few strands fall forward.

Hannah looks up and calls over to a man walking towards them.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Hey Ernie, I want my rematch
tomorrow.

ERNIE, a 34 year-old lanky guy with hair that falls past his ears, walks up to the table with a smile on his face.

ERNIE
Fine by me, you'll still lose.

Ernie keeps his smiles and motions towards Grace.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Who's the newbie?

Hannah looks at Grace and smirks.

HANNAH
Just another baby duckling whose
lost her way. I've taken her under
my wing, ya know, maternal instinct
and all.

Ernie snorts.

ERNIE
I'm sure.

Ernie looks at Grace.

He extends his hand.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
Ernie, resident go fish champion.
And you are?

Grace shakes his hand before she quickly pulls hers away and snags a stray strand of hair to tuck it behind her ear.

GRACE
Grace.

Ernie takes a seat next to Grace.

He begins to eat.

Grace looks at Hannah.

Hannah stares at her plate, eyes unfocused.

ERNIE

So, how'd you get on Hannah's good side so fast?

Grace looks at Ernie.

She shrugs.

Grace looks around the room and her eyes land on Josh.

He looks over at Grace and smiles.

Grace averts her eyes.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Earth to newbie.

Grace brings her attention back to Ernie.

GRACE

Huh?

Grace glances at Hannah who is still looking at her plate with unfocused eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hannah?

Hannah jumps as if Grace pushed her rather than spoke.

HANNAH

What the hell do you want?

Hannah scowls at Grace.

Grace sucks in a breath.

Ernie chuckles.

ERNIE

Gone to the dark side Han?

Hannah jumps up, flips him off and speeds away.

Grace looks at Hannah as she retreats out the door.

GRACE

Um. What was that about?

Ernie looks at Grace and shakes his head.

ERNIE

Nothin, just Hannah being Hannah.

Grace looks at him.

Ernie shrugs and picks at his food.

He holds out a half of a cookie to Grace.

Grace smiles and takes the cookie.

GRACE

Thanks.

Ernie grins.

ERNIE

No problem, I'm trying to cut back
on the sweets.

Ernie turns his head. His hair moves to reveal bandages
covering his ears.

In a snap, Ernie slaps a hand over his hair, to hold it down.

His breath picks up.

Grace looks at him for a beat.

She returns her gaze to her plate, with renewed interest.

Ernie looks at Grace with a scowl, hands still on his hair.

He stands.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I forgot something in my room.

Grace nods, eyes still glued to her plate.

Ernie looks at Grace, then at the door.

He takes a breath before he swings around and leaves the
room.

Grace squints at him as he leaves, as if her vision is the
cause of her confusion.

GRACE

Okay.

Grace looks back at her plate and takes a breath before she
snags another stray hair.

She looks up to see Abby stare at her over the large book.

Grace looks back at her plate and takes a breath.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace enters her room.

She sighs as she walks to her bed.

Despite her lack of belongings Grace's side of the room is messier than her roommate's pristine sleeping quarters.

Grace sits on her bed.

She pauses her eyes when they take in her pillow. More specifically, her eyes pause on the hair tie on top of the pillow. Grace picks up the hair tie.

She looks down at it in her hand.

She smiles.

She puts her hair up and goes into the bathroom.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace lies in bed, eyes open, looking up at the ceiling.

She takes a breath before turning over in her bed to see Abby laying in bed, also wide awake.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Young Grace stands in front of the wooden door.

She reaches for the knob.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace rolls over and squeezes her eyes shut she brings her palms to her face.

INT. CHURCH FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace sits next to her mother on a pew.

Grace's mother whispers to the woman next to her.

Grace taps her mother's shoulder.

Sheila looks over her shoulder at Grace.

SHEILA

Grace, you know not to interrupt
mommy when she's talking, sit down
and wait patiently for the service
to start.

Sheila whips around and continues to whisper to the woman
next to her.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace pushes her nails into the fabric of her newly bandaged
palms.

She squeezes her eyes shut.

She opens her eyes to see the ceiling.

She rolls on her side and looks at Abby, still wide awake.

She looks at the clock that reads 11:00.

Grace huffs and turns over in her bed.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP.

Grace lays in bed, eyes wide open when her alarm goes off.

She hits the alarm button, the noise stops. She wipes her
eyes and looks over at the empty bed next to her.

Grace huffs and trudges towards the bathroom.

She stops at the wall closest to the door where an itinerary
hangs.

She stares at the paper.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Grace exits her room, hair in a ponytail, and runs right into
Hannah.

GRACE

Oh!

Hannah looks over at Grace and notes the bags under her eyes.

HANNAH
Couldn't sleep, huh?

Grace looks at Hannah and pauses before she shakes her head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Best not to make that a habit here,
nurses don't like it when you skimp
out on sleep.

She smirks and leans in as if to tell Grace a secret/

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Makes them itch.

Grace rolls her eyes with a faint smile on her face.

GRACE
Yeah, I'll keep that in mind.

Hannah locks her arm through Grace's.

HANNAH
So. I need some help picking out
baby names. I was thinking
Alexander or Harrison. That way the
kid has options for nicknames.
Don't want him to be stuck with one
name his whole life.

Hannah takes a breath.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Yeah, I would've liked to have a
cool nickname growing up.

She looks at the wall where a black and white painting hangs.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Something that makes a statement.

Grace looks at Hannah whose unfocused eyes stare at the wall
they pass.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace sits on a chair reading a book.

Josh walks into the room and up to Grace.

Grace looks up at Josh.

GRACE

Hi.

Josh smiles.

JOSH

Hi, I just wanted to check in and see how you were doing.

Grace smiles.

GRACE

I'm adjusting.

Josh nods.

JOSH

Good to hear.

Josh pauses.

Grace looks at him.

He stands there.

Grace looks at the clock that hangs in the room.

GRACE

Well, I should probably head outside. It's almost my time.

Josh looks at the clock before he returns his gaze to Grace.

JOSH

Mind if walk you?

Grace shakes her head.

Josh smiles.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Great.

Josh waits for Grace to get up and leave the book she was reading on the chair.

Grace walks next to Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I haven't come to see you earlier, I've been busy.

Grace looks at the floor.

GRACE
That's okay.

Josh smiles at Grace.

She looks at him.

JOSH
I don't know if anyone told you,
but we give patients visitation
time with their friends and family
every day.

Grace nods.

GRACE
Hannah mentioned it.

Josh swipes his key card and opens a door for Grace.

She walks in front of him through the doorway.

JOSH
I wanted to let you know that it's
up to you whether or not you allow
visitors.

Grace pauses.

She looks over at Josh.

He stops as well. He returns her gaze.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Your mother has expressed an
interest in a visit, but I wanted
to check with you first.

Grace looks at the wall.

She walks forward again.

GRACE
(over her shoulder)
You talked to her?

Josh catches up to her.

He nods.

JOSH
Uh, yeah and I thought I would
check in and see if that was okay
with you.

Grace keeps her gaze glued to the wall.

GRACE
Why wouldn't that be fine?

Josh shrugs his shoulders.

JOSH
I don't know, sometimes it isn't. I
just wanted to double check that
this wasn't one of those times.

Josh opens the outside door for Grace.

EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Grace steps outside and takes in the basketball court and
benches.

Grace turns to Josh.

GRACE
Well thanks for checking, but if my
mother wants to visit, she's going
to.
(whispers)
Trust me.

Josh nods.

JOSH
I understand.

He glances at the door.

JOSH (CONT'D)
So -

Hannah walks up to Josh and Grace.

HANNAH
(interrupting Josh)
Hey, J.

Josh nods his head at Hannah.

JOSH
Hello Hannah, glad to see your
allergies allowed you outside
today.

Hannah smirks.

HANNAH
Aren't we all?

Hannah turns to Grace.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Come on Grace, why you hangin' with
the help? You're supposed to be
keeping in shape.

Hannah grabs Graces elbow and tugs her towards the bench.

Grace looks back at Josh who turns and retreats back into the building.

Grace looks at Hannah who looks toward the outdoor basketball court.

GRACE
I thought you liked Josh.

Hannah lets go of Grace's arm and glances at her.

HANNAH
Eh, he's alright, just not on the
right side today.

Grace pauses.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Can never tell a friend from an
enemy in here or anywhere else for
that matter.

Grace frowns at Hannah.

Hannah tugs on Grace's arm again.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Come on silly, I need someone to
run my new color ideas for the
nursery by.

Grace follows Hannah to the benches.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Grace and Hannah stand from the bench and walk towards the building.

Ernie skips to catch up to them.

He reaches Hannah and Grace and they walk inside together.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Grace walks up to the opening to the common area.

She stops at the turn into the common area when she hears screams.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace peaks her head into the doorway and gasps.

HANNAH
LIARS! You're all liars!

Hannah stands in the TV area, red faces, she holds a chair over her head.

Two nurses circle Hannah.

One of the nurses reaches for the chair.

Hannah screeches and pulls it back.

Ernie along with five other patients sit at a round table across the room and watch the exchange.

MALE NURSE
Hannah, we didn't lie, there wasn't a note in your schedule for extra time. Please, put the chair down.

The nurse holds his hands in front of him, like one would to calm a rabid animal.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH
No, no, no! You need to stop lying. I can't. You c- You're lying to me!

Hannah stomps her foot towards the nurse.

The other nurse grabs at the chair in Hannah's grip again.

INT. CAR FLASHBACK - DAY

The young girl from Grace's car accident cries as she pulls away from her mother.

The other children stare at the girl.

She tugs and kicks as her mother grabs her under the arms and drags her back towards their house.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Hannah releases the chair.

She screams, tears stream down her face and falls to her knees.

She puts her hands over her face.

HANNAH
(muffled by her hands)
Stupid liars, I had more time.

Hannah sniffles.

Dr. Hill rushes past Grace and into the room.

He walks up to the two nurses who attempt to calm Hannah.

Dr. Hill kneels down next to Hannah. He puts a hand on her shoulder.

DR. HILL
Hannah, I'm sorry, this was my fault. I forgot to leave a note yesterday when Josh told me he gave you more time. They weren't lying, they didn't know.

Hannah looks up at him with tears in her eyes.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Do you remember what we talked about? I need you to show me you can deal with disappointing news.

She freezes before she nods.

Dr. Hill smiles and hands her the remote. He then leads her up and to the chair that the nurse put back in front of the TV.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
She has ten extra minutes with the TV today.

Hannah sniffles and smiles at Dr. Hill.

Hannah wipes her eyes and takes a seat.

Dr. Hill walks over to the other nurses.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Next time, check with me first.

The nurses look down, ashamed.

Dr. Hill looks back at Hannah, now happy as she watches her show. He lets out a breath and smiles before he turns and exits the room.

Grace frowns and turns to walk away from the entrance.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace sits at a round table. Her foot bounces as she looks around the room, her eyes land on another table.

Ernie sits one table over, he plays cards with a blonde woman. He swipes one of the cards from her hand and laughs. The blonde woman swats his hand and laughs along with him.

Grace frowns and looks away. Her eyes land on Abby, who stands across the room, book in hand as she watches the visitors.

Grace looks down at her palms. The wounds have knit together leaving scabs in their place. She takes a breath and continues to bounce her leg while she inspects her hands above the table.

SHEILA
Grace?

Grace stops her leg mid bounce.

She looks up at her mom.

Sheila stands in front of her dressed in a skirt and a blouse, not a hair out of place.

Grace's eyes pause at the smile plastered on Sheila's face.

GRACE
Hi mom.

Sheila continues to smile and sits down next to Grace.

Sheila reaches out and squeezes Grace's arm.

SHEILA
You look so skinny sweetie, aren't they feeding you in here?

Grace looks at her arm where Sheila touched her.

GRACE

Yep, three meals a day actually.

Grace looks at the window behind her mother.

Sheila clasps her hands in her lap and sits with her ankles crossed.

SHEILA

Well good, you need some meat on those bones to keep the baby healthy.

Grace looks at her mother, surprised, and scratches her head.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Honey, I got in touch with your boss and they've agreed to hold your job for you until you're feeling better.

Grace looks Sheila in the eyes.

GRACE

What did you tell them?

Sheila shrugs.

SHEILA

The truth.

Grace pauses, hesitant.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

That you were in a car accident and needed some time to recover before you got back to work.

Grace looks away and nods.

She brings her eyes back to her mother.

GRACE

I wasn't actually hurt in the accident mom.

Sheila's smile remains intact.

SHEILA

I know sweetie, but you're still in the hospital.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

They don't need to know why you're here, only that you need treatment.

Sheila moves to pat Grace's hands.

Grace tracks Sheila's hand with her eyes.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Speaking of, I read online that a supportive family can help with your recovery.

Grace looks up at Sheila.

GRACE

You wan't to help?

Sheila nods, eager.

SHEILA

Of course sweetie. I came here for you.

Grace looks down at their hands. Her mother's sits on top of hers.

GRACE

I--

Grace pauses.

She looks at the window.

SHEILA

What is it Gracie?

Grace takes a breath.

She looks at her mother.

GRACE

I wanted to ask you about dad.

Sheila frowns. She sits up in her chair.

SHEILA

You know not to ask me about him Gracie.

Grace looks at Sheila.

GRACE

I know, usually we don't talk about him, but with everything that's happened--

SHEILA

(interrupting Grace)

Everything that's happened? Grace you're being a little dramatic don't you think?

Grace pulls her hands from the table and into her lap.

She looks away.

GRACE

Mom. Look where we are right now. I'm not being dramatic, Dad--

Sheila looks away from Grace.

SHEILA

(interrupting Grace)

Honestly Gracie, do you really need this much attention?

Grace tries to breath in, but her breath comes up short.

She releases a breath.

She bites her lip.

She tries to breath in again, but she stops mid breath and lets the air out.

GRACE

Mom--

Grace squeezes her nails into her palm, unable to breath.

SHEILA

I came here to be supportive, but obviously you're just using this whole situation as some sort of unnecessary cry for help.

Grace continues to stare at her hands, air is less available than it seemed before.

GRACE

(whispers)

Unnecessary?

Sheila shakes her head.

Grace's ears ring. She can barely hear what Sheila says.

Sheila points to Ernie playing cards with the other woman.

SHEILA

You really think you belong here
with people like that? You're 22
now Grace, it's time to grow up and
deal with your problems like the
adult you're supposed to be.

Grace shakes her head, still unable to breath.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You're going to be a mom now, get
it together. I'm a mom, you don't
see me in here avoiding my
problems.

Grace pushes her nails into her palms, blood appears.

GRACE

Oh, now you want me to be a mom?
What happened to 'get out of my
house'?

Sheila shakes her head.

SHEILA

Really Grace, you're going to get
mad at me for your mistake?

Grace stops.

She looks at Ernie with his sister and then at Abby who
watches them across the room.

She looks back at her mother, her breath still caught in her
throat.

GRACE

Because it's all about you, right
mom? Just like always.

Grace shoots up and rushes toward the exit.

SHEILA

Grace?

She tunes Sheila out as she reaches the doorway.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Grace, come on.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Grace bursts around the opening in the doorway, right into Hannah.

The world falls away as Grace falls to the floor.

She sucks in her breath.

She looks up at Hannah who watches Grace try to pull herself together.

HANNAH

A mom, huh?

Grace struggles to catch her breath.

GRACE

What?

Hannah nods toward where Sheila sits, within listening distance from Grace and Hannah.

Grace shrugs.

HANNAH

Nice to see all this time I've been sharing like an open book you've been hiding.

Grace pushes herself off the ground, she still struggles to breath.

GRACE

No-- It's not like that

HANNAH

Oh so you're not preggers?

Grace's eyes dart away, her breath picks up as she struggles to take a full breath of air.

Hannah sighs and steps forward.

She puts her hands on Grace's arms.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Just take some deeper breaths.
Here, breath with me.

Grace looks up at Hannah.

GRACE

What?

Grace pulls her arm from Hannah's.

Her breath comes out in gasps.

Hannah shakes her head and grabs hold of Grace's arm again.

HANNAH

God, the one time you cant keep
your mouth shut and listen.

Grace frowns.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Just trust me. Breath in,

Both girls take a deep breath in.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Breath out.

Grace focuses on Hannah and follows her lead.

Hannah nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Good.

Hannah steps back, she releases Grace's arms.

Grace continues to take slow breaths and pull herself
together.

Hannah waits and watches Grace compose herself.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You good?

Grace nods.

GRACE

Thanks.

Hannah shrugs.

Grace looks at the floor.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

Grace pauses.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I guess I'm just not as excited
about it as you are.

Grace looks back up to meet Hannah's eyes.

Hannah smirks.

HANNAH

Eh, It's fine. It's not like I'm gonna start spouting all my dark secrets to some stranger either.

Grace frowns.

GRACE

But you--

Hannah shrugs as she turns and leaves.

HANNAH

(over her shoulder)

Nobody ever said I have to make sense Grace.

Grace watches Hannah walk away.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A young Grace sits at the top of the stairs hanging onto the railing with her feet dangling through the banisters.

She pushes her head up against the banisters to see the floor below.

She swings her feet.

SLAM.

Grace's feet still and she whips her head around to look at the wooden door to her left.

Grace looks down at her feet again.

She takes a breath.

Grace pulls a foot out from between the banisters.

She yanks at her other leg, but it's stuck.

Grace turns back towards her leg.

She yanks again, the door creaks.

Grace looks back the door.

She sucks in a breath.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace sits at a round table, daydreaming while she eats breakfast. Hannah sits to her right and Ernie is at her left.

HANNAH

The more I think about it, the more
I think Gerald is the right call.
His nickname could be Ger and it
sounds smart don't you think?

Grace nods, she doesn't look at Hannah, she instead stares out the window behind Hannah.

Hannah looks down at the table.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Yep, real smart name.

Hannah's eyes drift to the window on her right and she stops talking.

Grace rubs her eyes and brings her focus back to the conversation at hand, she looks at Hannah.

Hannah doesn't move.

Grace looks at Ernie and motions towards Hannah.

Ernie waves his hand at Grace and takes another bite of his eggs.

Grace looks back at Hannah.

She looks at Ernie.

She takes a breath and shakes her head as she turns her gaze to her plate.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace sits next to Hannah and Abby in a circle of patients. Ernie sits across from them next to Dr. Hill who gives Ernie his full attention.

Ernie frowns while he speaks.

ERNIE

She didn't have to go behind my
back to a doctor like that. It's my
body, she didn't even stop to try
and understand what I was going
through.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL
Do you feel that you shouldn't be
here?

Ernie looks around the circle at the other patients.

ERNIE
I don't know.

He pauses.

ERNIE (CONT'D)
I guess. My thought's aren't absurd
to me. I just think she would
understand if she tried hard
enough. I mean, it's my body.

DR. HILL
Do you think she made a mistake
then?

Ernie shrugs.

ERNIE
I don't know yet.

DR. HILL
Then you're in the same boat as a
lot of people here. We're all here
for you Ernie.

Everyone nods as Ernie sits back and looks at the floor.

Grace stares at the floor, not listening to the conversations
going on around her.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Grace?

Grace starts, she looks up at Dr. Hill.

GRACE
Uh, sorry I was -- sorry.

Grace closes her mouth and waits for Dr. Hill to speak.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL
I was wondering if you might feel
comfortable sharing today.

Grace looks around at patients in the circle.

She looks back to the doctor.

GRACE

I don't know what I'm supposed to say.

Dr. Hill smiles.

DR. HILL

Why don't you start by telling the group a little about yourself.

Grace nods.

Her eyes flick to the ground.

She lifts them back up to look at the people around her.

GRACE

Hi everyone, my name is Grace.

GROUP

Hi Grace.

Grace gives a half-smile and nods her head.

GRACE

I don't really know what say about myself. I guess I'm not used to sharing.

Grace's eyes flick to the floor before they return to the group.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Uh, I just finished my final year at college and moved back home to start a job as a receptionist.

Grace stops and looks around.

Dr. Hill twists his pen in his hands.

DR. HILL

And how is that going so far?

Grace looks at Dr. Hill and blinks.

INT. LORIDA MEDICAL HALLWAYS FLASHBACK - DAY

Grace sits at her desk.

Mr. Merriweather stands over her with his hands on his hips.

He speaks to her, but she hears nothing.

Grace looks at him, his face is red and he rubs his forehead with the back of his hand.

She lowers her eyes to the ground like a scolded child.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace's eyes dart from Dr. Hill's gaze.

She shrugs her shoulders.

GRACE

Good so far, a bit of an adjustment, but I'm making progress.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL

We're all glad to hear that Grace.

Dr. Hill sweeps his hand in a semi-circle and motions to the rest of the group.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)

What about your personal life, how are you handling living at home?

Grace looks at the pen in Dr. Hill's hands.

INT. GRACE'S LIVING ROOM FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Grace sits with a glass of wine in her hand.

She looks up at her mother.

Sheila screams down at Grace, but no words are audible.

Sheila takes one last look at Grace and turns away to exit the room.

INT. COMMON AREA - DAY

Grace looks at her hands.

GRACE

It's going fine. My mom made the basement into a new room for me.

Dr. Hill looks at Grace's hands.

DR. HILL

Was there something wrong with your old room?

Grace looks Dr. Hill in the eyes.

She shrugs and shakes her head.

Dr. Hill nods and writes something on his notepad.

Grace bites her lip and looks at the floor.

Hannah snorts.

Grace looks over at Hannah and frowns.

HANNAH

You're not supposed to bullshit in group Grace.

Hannah leans back and smirks.

DR. HILL

Hannah, we don't interrupt when other people are sharing, you know that.

Hannah looks at Dr. Hill.

She nods and sits up straight.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)

Apologize to Grace for interrupting.

Hannah looks to the floor.

She looks at Dr. Hill.

Dr. Hill waits. He stares at Hannah and a battle of wills ensues between the two of them until Hannah finally sighs.

She looks at Grace.

HANNAH

Sorry.

She looks back at the doctor and tips her imaginary hat to him.

Grace watches Hannah with scrutiny.

INT. ARTROOM - DAY

Grace sits in front of an easel with a paint brush in her hand.

Hannah sits to Grace's right and sketches on a white sketch pad.

Grace looks at Hannah.

Hannah stops and looks over at Grace.

HANNAH
What's up buttercup?

Grace looks at Hannah as she holds the pencil over her paper.

Hannah's paper shows a sketch of a tree.

Grace looks up at Hannah's face.

Grace frowns.

GRACE
Nothing, what are you drawing?

Hannah tips her sketch pad towards Grace.

HANNAH
A tree.

Hannah looks at Grace.

Grace nods her head in approval.

Hannah looks at Grace's canvas.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
The real question on everyones
minds is what are you drawing?

Grace looks at her canvas and shrugs her shoulders.

GRACE
I don't know, I was just doing the
activity.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

Well, you failed because yours looks like a fucking depressing blob. Isn't this place sad enough? You had to go and paint with black and brown.

Grace looks at the canvas with an "abstract" painting.

Grace frowns.

She looks at Hannah.

She looks at the canvas.

She looks back at Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Just spit it out Grace.

Hannah looks at Grace, eyebrows raised.

Grace takes a breath.

GRACE

Are you happy?

Hannah smirks.

HANNAH

Well, I'm not you so yeah, I guess. Crazy doesn't mean sad silly.

Hannah shrugs her shoulder.

Grace sighs and looks back at her easel.

Hannah chuckles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what though, if I kept my mouth shut as much as you do, my answer would be different.

Grace looks at Hannah.

Hannah smiles and looks back at her sketch.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Don't worry Gracie, I'll never shut up, It'd deprive the world of some much needed honesty.

Grace laughs.

She stops and slaps her hand over her mouth. She looks at Hannah.

Hannah smiles at Grace.

Grace frowns and turns back to her painting.

She looks behind the canvas to see Josh standing there watching them. He smiles.

Grace nods her head at him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Grace walks towards Dr. Hill's door. She pauses when she gets close.

A muffled voice is just barely decipherable from where Grace stands.

DR. HILL

(on the other side of the door)

I'm sorry. You knew the deal when you left last time. I wasn't supposed to see you back here. He needs people who can care for him, don't you want that?

A woman screams at him behind the door, the words are not decipherable.

Grace moves closer to the door to listen.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)

(on the other side of the door)

We can talk more about this tomorrow during our session. For now, it might be best to take some time alone to think about what I said.

Footsteps sound closer and closer to the door.

Grace springs away from the door, guilty, she rushes down the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Grace exits her bathroom. She walks towards her bed.

Grace stops. On top of her freshly made bed sits a book.

Grace steps forward and picks up the thick old book with a sticky note on top. It reads: 'to help you sleep'

Grace frowns. She looks at her door.

GRACE

Huh.

Grace takes the note off of the book and turns it over.

She puts the note back onto the book and tosses it on her bed.

Grace turns and walks out her door.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Grace sits up in bed and hits the snooze button on her alarm clock.

She rubs her eyes.

TAP. TAP.

Grace sighs.

She gets out of bed and walks to the door.

Grace opens it a crack and look back at Abby, dead asleep in the bed next to hers.

Josh stands outside and holds a tray of paper cups.

JOSH

Morning Sleeping Beauty, got your pills.

He nods at the tray in his hands lined with paper cups.

GRACE

Since when do you take the morning shift?

Grace takes the two closest to her. She tips the first one back and swallows the pills inside before she place it back on the tray.

Josh smiles.

JOSH
Since today.

Grace frowns and takes the other cup.

GRACE
How can you be so happy this early
in the morning?

Grace takes a sip from the water cup she holds before she places it back on the tray.

JOSH
I guess I'm a morning person.

Grace smiles at him and pauses.

GRACE
No you're not.

Josh shrugs.

JOSH
Maybe I just like the company.

She shakes her head before she turns away.

GRACE
(Over her shoulder)
If you say so.

She shuts the door as she enters her room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Grace walks down the hall, she runs her hand along the wall as she moves forwards.

She stops at a door on her right.

She looks down at her hand and the note from the book found on her bed.

She takes a breath.

TAP. TAP.

Grace knocks twice.

She stands there and waits.

No one answers the door, Grace frowns.

TAP. TAP.

Grace knocks again.

She takes a step closer to the door.

GRACE

Hannah?

Grace frowns and looks at the doorknob.

She reaches her hand towards the doorknob.

She stops just before she touches it.

Grace looks to her left.

She looks to her right.

Grace huffs. She looks back at the doorknob and scrunches her lips.

Grace reaches the rest of the way and grabs hold of the doorknob.

She turns the knob.

She pushes the wooden door open and steps forwards.

The slip of paper falls from her grasp.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A young Grace takes a breath and turns the doorknob. She pushes the wooden door open.

She gasps.

INT. HOME OFFICE FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Young Grace steps into the room, her breath heavy.

She takes a step forwards.

She stops.

She bites her lip.

She looks down.

Her shoe is coated in blood.

GRACE

Oh God.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

The first thing Grace notices when she steps into the dark room is the sliver of light that illuminates a pair of legs on the floor.

INT. HOME OFFICE FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Young Grace moves to take a step backwards, but she slips on the blood.

She falls forward, hands first.

Tears stream down her face.

Grace pushes herself off the ground so hard that she falls on her back in the hallway.

Grace falls onto her back.

She pushes herself up with her elbows.

She looks down at her hands through her tear filled eyes.

GRACE

Oh God. Oh God.

Grace's hand are covered in blood.

Grace closes her fists and pushes her nails into her palms.

She turns her head to the side.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(Screaming)

MOM! MOM!

Grace wipes at her eyes with the back of her hands, she smears blood on her face.

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

Hannah sits on the floor against her bed. Her left wrist is slit and she holds pressure with her right hand.

Grace swallows and looks around the room.

She rushes forwards towards Hannah.

Hannah looks at her wrist.

GRACE

Oh God, Oh My God. Okay, okay, I'll
go get help.

Grace pushes off of the ground next to Hannah and turns to
leave.

Hannah lifts her head and looks at Grace's back.

HANNAH

No!

Grace stops.

Tears run down Hannah's face.

Grace turns around.

GRACE

Hannah, you need help. I'm just
going to get you help.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

I don't need your help. I'll be
okay.

Hannah looks at the wall.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I lost it for a second, but I
stoped myself.

Grace looks at Hannah's bloody wrist.

GRACE

Hannah.

Grace looks back at Hannah's face.

HANNAH

I'm fine! I can take care of my own
damn self!

Grace pauses.

Hannah takes a big breath in and looks at Grace.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What? You don't think I can handle it? Am I not stable enough for you too?

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

Hannah, I don't know what you're talking about. Please just let me go get someone to help.

Hannah scowls and looks at the floor.

Grace takes a tentative step towards Hannah.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Don't you want to get the baby checked out? He is going to need you to look out for him, right? You're still getting him the crib and the yellow room?

Hannah freezes.

She looks up at Grace.

HANNAH

He doesn't need me for anything anymore.

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

That's not true, Hannah--

HANNAH

You stupid bitch, don't you get it? There is no yellow room, there's no baby names, no crib, no anything. I'm not keeping him!

Hannah's shakes her head as her face reddens from her anger.

Grace pauses.

GRACE

I don't --

HANNAH

(interrupting Grace)

I can't even take care of myself Grace. For God's sake, look at me right now!

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 You really think they're going to
 let me take care of a child?

Hannah looks up at Grace, defeated.

Grace moves towards Hannah and sits in front of her.

Grace places her hand on Hannah's shoulder.

GRACE
 I'm sorry Hannah. I didn't know.

Grace pauses.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Right now though Hannah, your baby
 needs you.

Hannah sniffs and pulls away from Grace's hold.

HANNAH
 The same could be said for you.

Grace straightens, shocked.

GRACE
 Hannah, I need to be here right
 now, you know that.

Hannah lets out a course laugh.

HANNAH
 Do I?

GRACE
 What?

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH
 Nothing, It's just pathetic.

Grace looks at Hannah, confused.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Your whole helpless baby duckling
 act. I'm stuck here Grace, but you,
 you're not even trying! You just
 lie down and let everyone walk all
 over you. I mean grow a back bone
 already!

Grace shakes her head.

GRACE

I don't let everyone walk all over me.

Hannah rolls her eyes.

HANNAH

You didn't answer my question Gracie.

Grace frowns.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Doesn't your baby need you?

Grace's eyes dart to Hannah's bleeding wrist.

GRACE

I can't talk about this right now, you need help.

Hannah lets out a course laugh.

Grace's frown deepens.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What?

Hannah shrugs and looks away.

HANNAH

Nothing, it's just sad that's all.

Grace looks at Hannah for a beat.

Grace then stands and turns away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You know, that you're having a baby you don't seem to want just like mommy.

Grace stops, eyes still glued to the door.

She turns to face Hannah.

GRACE

You don't know that.

Hannah holds Grace's stare.

HANNAH

I think I do.

Grace shakes her head, tears in her eyes.

GRACE

No. You don't know if I'm having
this baby or not.

Hannah's smirk slips from her face.

Grace turns to face the door.

She steps forward and stops at the door to look over her
shoulder at Hannah.

She wipes her tear-streaked face.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm going to get help.

Grace turns back to face the door and turns the knob.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Grace exits the room eyes on the ground, her breath shakes.

She steps forward.

SLAM.

Grace falls back, right before she hits the ground, an arm
reaches out and steadies her.

JOSH

Grace? Are you okay?

Grace looks up at him, tears in her eyes.

GRACE

Josh, um. Hannah needs help. Uh--
She's -

Josh holds Grace's shoulder, concern knits his brows.

JOSH

Where?

Grace bites her lip.

She motions back at the room she came from. Tears slip from
her eyes.

Josh rushes towards the room, he disappears behind the door.

Grace watches, she stares at her hands before she wipes her eyes.

Grace looks past the door, farther down the hallway. Her eyes land on Abby.

Abby stands there, her blue streak almost glows under the florescent light, Grace frowns.

Abby turns and walks away down the hallway.

Grace lets go of a breath she didn't realize she held.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace exits the bathroom in her pajamas, she rubs her eyes as she approaches the bed.

She moves to get into bed, but stops herself at the last second.

The book from earlier still sits on her bed.

She frowns.

Grace stands and drops the book in the garbage can next to her bed.

She sighs.

She grabs hold of the lamp string.

She looks over at Abby asleep in her bed.

She looks back to the lamp and pulls the string.

Darkness takes over the room.

INT. ARTROOM - DAY

Grace sits before an easel, she stares at a blank canvas.

Ernie sits next to her.

He stares at her with a scowl.

Grace fidgets.

She looks at the empty seat next to her that used to belong to Hannah.

Ernie moves towards the table with all of the paint.

He stares at Grace the entire time, his scowl covers his face.

Grace looks up.

GRACE

Ernie?

He stops and towers over Grace with his long slender form.

ERNIE

What?

He crosses his arms.

GRACE

Is something wrong?

Ernie rolls his eyes.

ERNIE

You mean other than Hannah leaving?

Grace frowns, she leans away from Ernie.

GRACE

I didn't-

ERNIE

Save it. She's gone now, you can't take it back.

Ernie turns to go.

GRACE

I wouldn't!

Ernie swings around.

ERNIE

What?

GRACE

Take it back.

Grace's eyes flick away before they return to meet Ernie's.

GRACE (CONT'D)

She needed help. I helped her.

ERNIE

She didn't need your help, it's not like she was going to die.

Grace stands.

GRACE

What, should I have just left her there bleeding?

ERNIE

She was having a rough day, she just needed a second, you didn't need to set her back.

Grace huffs.

GRACE

Everyone has rough days Ernie, I was just trying to-

Ernie holds a hand up.

ERNIE

Save it. Now she has to start over.

He turns and storms towards the paint table.

Grace's eyes tear up.

She sits.

She blinks her eyes fast in an attempt to clear the tears.

Grace turns, and sucks in a breath.

Abby sits next to her in Hannah's old seat. She stares at Grace.

GRACE

Oh. Um, sorry Abby, you scared me.

Abby nods.

Grace looks at Abby's canvas, mounted on Hannah's old easel. It is a hodgepodge of every color available in the art room.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I like your painting. It's very-

Grace pauses.

She smiles.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Happy.

Abby takes in Grace's empty canvas before she stares back at her own.

Grace turns back to her canvas too.

ABBY

It's a choice you know.

Grace pauses.

She looks Abby up and down.

GRACE

What is?

Abby's eyes flick to Grace's blank canvas.

ABBY

Getting help.

Grace sighs, her shoulders slump.

GRACE

Look, I understand you guys are upset, but I had to get Josh. You can't be mad at me for helping Hannah, she needed me.

A sad smile graces Abby's lips.

ABBY

I wasn't talking about Hannah.

She squeezes Grace's shoulder as she stands.

She turns and walks away.

Grace frowns and stares at her as she retreats.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Grace sits across from Dr. Hill as he taps his pen on his notebook.

Tick.

She looks at the clock.

Tick.

Grace switches her gaze back to his pen.

She sighs.

She raises her eyes, she meets his gaze for the first time.

He stops tapping his pen.

GRACE
(blurts out)
I don't sleep well.

Dr. Hill sits up in his chair.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Your question from before. You
asked me if I had trouble sleeping,
well I do. I spend every night
starring at the ceiling for hours.
I almost never get a full night of
sleep.

Dr. Hill tilts his head.

DR. HILL
What keeps you awake?

Grace swallows.

GRACE
Things I want to forget.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL
Like what?

Grace holds Dr. Hill's gaze.

INT. HALLWAY FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace stands in front of the door, tears in her eyes
slip onto her beat red face.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

GRACE
My parents.

Dr. Hill waits.

Grace looks around the room. Her eyes land on Dr. Hill's desk
where she sees the back of picture frames.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Do you have a family?

Dr. Hill sits back in his chair.

He looks at his desk too.

He looks up at Grace with a sad smile.

DR. HILL
No. Unfortunately I don't.

Grace looks to the floor.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
You do though, right?

Grace looks back at Dr. Hill.

GRACE
I don't know.

He nods for her to continue.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I mean, I have a mother. She gave
birth to me. She raised me. She--
she loves me.

Grace looks away, towards the window.

Dr. Hill stares at Grace.

DR. HILL
And you feel like she loves you?

Grace rubs her neck and shrugs.

She looks out the window.

Silence fills the room.

GRACE
Hannah.

Grace looks back to Dr. Hill.

He sits up straighter.

GRACE (CONT'D)
(rambling)
She always talked about her son. I
mean, he wasn't even born yet and
she couldn't shut up about the room
color and the names and the stupid
baby crib.

Grace takes a breath.

GRACE (CONT'D)

He was the highlight of her life.
Is that what it's supposed to be
like? When parents love their kids?
Are they supposed to be the center
of their universe?

Dr. Hill twists his pen.

DR. HILL

What do you think?

EXT. PLAYGROUND FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Grace laughs as her father pushes her on the swings.
She looks down at his smile as he catches the swing.

She lets out a bought of giggles.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

GRACE

I don't know.

Grace lets a tear slip.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I feel like the answer should be
yes. I feel like if you loved your
kid you'd want to spend time with
them. You'd look forward to seeing
them and you'd be excited at the
thought of caring for them. You'd
want them in your life.

Dr. Hill nods.

DR. HILL

And you don't heel like your mother
wants you in her life?

Grace looks at her hands. She shrugs her shoulders.

GRACE

What would that say about a person,
not to want their own child?

More tears slop from Grace's eyes as she stares at the floor.

Dr. Hill closes his notebook.

DR. HILL
I don't think we've established
that she doesn't want you.

Grace sniffles.

She wipes her eyes and looks up at Dr. Hill, expectant.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
Have you talked to your mother
about these fears you have?

Grace looks up at Dr. Hill.

GRACE
She doesn't listen.

Dr. Hill clicks his pen closed.

He places it on top of his notebook and puts them on the
table next to his chair.

He clasps his hands together.

DR. HILL
Grace. I'm going to do something I
don't normally like to do with
patients and give you some advice.

Grace sits up straighter.

Dr. Hill takes a breath.

DR. HILL (CONT'D)
If you have something to say and
someone isn't listening. You need
to make them listen. Because what
you have to say is important. It
matters, and sometimes people just
need to be reminded that there's
someone else there.

Graces stares at him.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grace walks in her room with slow steps.

She glances over at Abby who sits on her bed with a book in
hand.

Grace stops in front of her own bed. A painting sits on top of the bed in the same place the book used to be, the same painting Abby had in art class.

Grace picks up the painting and looks at it.

She looks over at Abby.

She looks back at the painting.

She looks at her bed, confused.

GRACE

It was you?

Grace looks back at the painting before she raises her gaze back up to Abby.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I thought Hannah-

Abby shrugs, but doesn't respond.

Grace looks back at the painting.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Grace picks up her bag from her bed and throws it over her shoulder.

She looks over at the dresser next to her bed where an envelope sits.

She takes it from its place.

She stares at the empty, but perfectly made bed next to hers.

She places the envelope on the bed, the top of which reads 'Abby'.

Grace turns and walks to the door.

She stops and takes a last look at her room before she leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Grace walks forward, bag over her shoulder, head held high.

She stops when a hand taps her shoulder.

Grace swings around to face Ernie, hands in his pockets.

ERNIE

Grace.

Grace smiles.

GRACE

Hi.

ERNIE

I heard you were leaving today.

Grace nods and puts her hands in her front pockets.

GRACE

Yeah, I'm going home.

Ernie looks down as he nods.

ERNIE

Sure you're ready?

He lifts his gaze to meet her eyes.

GRACE

Truthfully? No, but it's time.

Ernie nods.

ERNIE

You're ready.

Grace tilts her head.

GRACE

Thank you.

Ernie shrugs and turns away.

He pauses midway down the hallway and turns back to Grace.

ERNIE

Grace?

Grace waits.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Grace smiles.

Ernie turns back around and walks around the corner, out of sight.

Grace tightens her hold on her bag and resumes her walk to leave.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Grace stands in front of her childhood home. She stares at the large door like she is sizing up an opponent.

She looks down at her watch.

It reads 4:48pm.

Grace clenches her fist.

She looks back at the car parked in the driveway.

She lets out a breath.

Grace walks up to the door and knocks.

She glances back at the car.

She turns her head back to the doorway now occupied by Sheila who stands with her arms crossed.

Sheila stands aside so Grace can step inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Grace walks through the living room.

She only stops to glance around the room before moving on.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Grace walks into the kitchen and turns her head to the table by the little window.

Sheila passes her and sits at the table, tea in hand, newspaper in front of her.

Grace takes in Sheila's floral dress and neat appearance.

Sheila motions to the chair next to her.

SHEILA

Gracie, have a seat. I'm glad
you're back.

Grace stands still.

She glances at the paper.

She looks back at Sheila.

GRACE
I'm not staying mom.

Sheila frowns.

SHEILA
But I made us tea.

Sheila motions to the pot of tea on the stove.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
I thought we could sit and read
together.

Grace looks at the pot of tea.

She looks at Sheila.

GRACE
I don't have time to read mom, I
have to pack my things.

Sheila puts her tea down.

SHEILA
Why would you do that? You just got
back. You're not going to another
facility are you? I mean really
Gracie, isn't it enough that you
did this to me once?

GRACE
(shouts)
It's Grace!

Sheila stops, taken aback.

Grace takes a breath.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I didn't do anything to you mom,
but if you feel that way, think of
this as me taking myself off of
your hands.

Sheila folds her newspaper.

SHEILA

Grace honey, you're my daughter.
You'll always be my burden, that's
how it's supposed to be.

Grace takes a step forward and shakes her head.

GRACE

No mom, It's not supposed to be
like this. I don't know exactly
what it's supposed to be, but trust
me, this isn't it.

SHEILA

Honey, listen to yourself, I don't
know what they told you in that
place, but-

Grace steps forward.

GRACE

I am listening to myself, are you?

Sheila frowns.

She opens her mouth to speak, but Grace raises her hand to
silence her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I love you mom, and I know you want
the best for me, but trust me this
isn't it. I need independence, this
house, my job, this life--

Grace looks up at the ceiling

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's suffocating me.

Sheila huffs.

SHEILA

Oh I'm suffocating you? I'm just
the one who kept you clothed and
fed under my roof. You know, there
are kids out there who have it so
much worse than you did.

Sheila looks at the table.

She looks back up at Grace and shakes her head.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 (sarcastic)
 I'm sorry I was such a shitty
 mother.

Sheila looks out the window rather than at Grace.

Grace looks at the stove with the tea pot.

She looks back at her mother and sighs. Grace sits across from her mom at the table.

GRACE
 I'm not leaving you mom, I'll still
 be here, I just won't live here
 anymore.

Sheila shakes her head and rolls her eyes.

SHEILA
 Oh, and who is going to take care
 of you? I thought you needed round
 the clock supervision, at least
 thats what it seemed like when you
 checked yourself into a Psych Ward!

Grace meets Sheila's stare.

GRACE
 I wasn't okay before. I wasn't
 sleeping, I wasn't eating right, I
 couldn't function! Did you really
 not notice everything that was
 happening with me?

Sheila pauses and looks grace up and down.

Grace sighs and reaches for her mom's hand. Sheila lets her take hold of it across the table.

Grace looks her mother in the eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 I'm the kid mom, you're supposed to
 take care of ME.

Sheila sighs and shakes her head.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Mom.

Sheila looks at Grace.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I came home for you. I took that job for you. I wanted to make you happy, I wanted it so bad that I forgot about myself.

Grace lets out a breath, releases Sheila's hand, and stands.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'm doing this for me mom. Please understand that.

Sheila looks Grace up and down.

Grace looks down at the table.

She stands up from the table and walks towards the exit.

SHEILA

Grace?

Grace stops as she is about to exit the room.

She looks back at Sheila.

Sheila looks at the floor and takes a shaky breath.

She brings her eyes back up to meet Grace's and a tear slips out.

SHILEA

(without sarcasm)

I'm sorry.

Grace smiles and looks down at the ground.

She looks up at her mom.

She turns.

She walks out of the room.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Grace walks out of the front door and stops. In front of her are Oliver and his mother.

MRS. BROWN is a 53 year-old woman with large pink glasses and unruly brown hair. She stands next to her son Oliver with a tray of casserole in her hands.

MRS. BROWN

Grace?

Grace looks from Mrs. Brown to Oliver.

GRACE

Hi. I'm sorry, I didn't realize my mom was having company over tonight.

Mrs. Brown nods.

MRS. BROWN

Of course, Sheila told me you've been away. Well, I'm glad you're here now, you can tell me all about what it's like to work with this one here.

Mrs. Brown motions to Oliver who looks anywhere but at Grace and his mother.

Grace looks at Oliver.

GRACE

Um. I quit actually. I don't work there anymore.

Mrs. Brown frowns at Oliver.

MRS. BROWN

Sorry to hear that Grace, I guess my information is a little out of date.

Mrs. Brown looks back at Grace.

MRS. BROWN (CONT'D)

Well, I'm sure your mother needs help in the kitchen, I will see you inside.

GRACE

I won't be joining you actually, I have other plans.

Mrs. Brown frowns again.

MRS. BROWN

Oh, well I'm sorry to miss you. It was nice seeing you.

Grace smiles and nods.

Mrs. Brown moves around Grace to enter the house.

Oliver looks up at Grace.

OLIVER
Merriweather told me you quit.

Grace nods.

She looks away.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Good for you.

Grace looks back at him and frowns, confused.

Oliver smirks.

MRS. BROWN
(From inside)
Oliver!

Oliver nods in the direction of the front door.

OLIVER
My cue.

He walks past Grace.

GRACE
Oliver?

He turns to face her.

OLIVER
Yeah?

Grace pauses.

GRACE
Thanks.

Oliver shrugs his shoulders and smirks.

OLIVER
Don't get too excited, it's not
like you got a job to replace the
one you just quit.

Grace smiles and rolls her eyes.

He turns and waves over his shoulder.

Grace shakes her head and walks towards her car.

GRACE (V.O.)
Dear Hannah, I'm writing to you
from my very own apartment.

Grace arrives at her car.

She pauses and takes a breath.

She opens the door.

INT. Grace's Apartment - night

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My life has changed a lot since I
last saw you.

Grace moves around her apartment.

She switches off the light in one room and turns.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Starting with moving out of my
mom's house. Living alone is a
first.

Grace sifts through her mail in a box by the front door.

She turns to the table next to the box full of mail and spots
a letter.

She picks it up.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've always had some kind of
roommate, even in the hospital, I
had Abby. It's quiet.

Grace reaches into a box and pulls out a painting.

She hangs it up on the wall and steps back.

She stares at the bright colored painting, the one Abby gave
her.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Honestly, you'd probably like it.
As I recall, you like the quiet. I
guess I used to also, I found it
comforting.

Grace shrugs on her coat and then wraps a scarf around her
neck.

She puts on her hat.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I don't find the same comfort in it
that I used to. I seek noise now.
(MORE)

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anything to fill the silence. I
guess I have you to thank for that.

Grace pulls a phone from her pocket and texts someone.

When finished, she stuffs her phone back into her pocket and opens her door.

She steps outside.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

GRACE (V.O.)
Honestly, I should probably thank
you for a lot of things. I guess
that's why I'm writing this. To
thank you.

Grace walks down the street.

She stops to pet a dog when it comes up to her.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For everything you did. I needed
it, and you were right, I wasn't
trying hard enough.

The owner waves and tugs the dog in the other direction to continue his walk.

Grace stands and watches them walk away before she turns to continue her walk.

GRACE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm trying now though, and I wanted
you to know that. I hope you are
doing better. Write me back if you
want to, it would be nice to hear
from you.

Grace walks into a coffee shop painted with brick and black throughout.

She walks up to the counter and talks with the cashier for a few moments.

She grabs her coffee and turns.

Grace sits at a table towards the front across from Josh who sips his coffee.

She smiles and hands Josh the envelope from the apartment.

The top reads 'Hannah'.

He puts the envelope in his bag.

Grace looks out the window, smile on her face.

FADE OUT.