

After a brief pause, The Man takes the towel and dries his hands. He removes crisp dollar bills from his wallet and places them carefully on a pile of crumpled bills resting in a metal tray.

Takes one last look in the mirror. Rubs his partially gray stubble. He walks to the door. The Attendant's eyes trail.

*START*

INT. WALLED CELL - NIGHT

The Woman, still dumbfounded, slowly stands. She approaches the hole sheepishly.

Tension builds. *Will the eyes reappear?*

She closes... closes... closes. Stands where she was before. Pauses. Starts to press her eyes against the opening--

TEEN GIRL VOICE (O.S.)

-- Shh.

This ALARMS her. She spins. Eyes search the blackness.

WOMAN

Who's there?

The Woman fumbles for her cell. Shines it. Nothing. Shines it She turns the phone back toward her, revealing...

A FILTHY TEEN GIRL STANDS BEHIND HER. THE WOMAN YELPS.

The girl's sunken, emotionless eyes meet The Woman's. She's 16. Her hair is dated, tangled and she is dressed as a cheerleader.

She pulls the pleats of her torn cheerleader skirt to make herself presentable. The Woman steps back.

The Cheerleader studies The Woman.

CHEERLEADER

You're prettier than the others.

Her long, filthy nails draw white lines down her scrawny, malnourished arms. This is not lost on Rachel.

WOMAN

Are you hurt?

CHEERLEADER

No.

WOMAN  
What's your name?

The Cheerleader pauses. Then... SLAPS HER HEAD VIOLENTLY.

WOMAN  
HEY! STOP THAT!

The Cheerleader stops. Intelligence burns back into her eyes.

CASSIE/CHEERLEADER  
Sometimes I have trouble  
remembering... It's-it's Cassie.  
What's yours?

The Woman pauses. Moves to speak. Her eyes search. *What is my  
fucking name?*

WOMAN  
I'm...

Cassie snatches her clutch.

WOMAN  
HEY!

Cassie opens it. Rifles through the clutch's contents. The  
Woman moves quickly to her. Cassie removes a license.

The Woman snatches it and her clutch. Cassie bites her lip,  
clearly insulted.

CASSIE  
I was just trying to help.

The Woman studies her license.

TIGHT: DR. RACHEL ANDERSON.

RACHEL/WOMAN  
How could I forget my name?

CASSIE  
Sometimes it's easy in here.

RACHEL  
Where are we?

Cassie brings a finger to her lips.

CASSIE  
Shh. He'll hear us.

RACHEL

Who?

Cassie moves closer to Rachel, making her visibly nervous. Silence. Cassie touches Rachel's hair. She flinches.

CASSIE

Your hair's soft. Do you use Avocado?

Cassie circles Rachel. Changes subjects.

CASSIE

-- Sometimes, I'll use mayonnaise in mine. Then I'll add this lemon juice-apple cider thingy my girlfriend Amanda showed me... to get the frizz out. Ohmigod, on a hot summer day when we'd practice--

Rachel grabs Cassie by the shoulders, jolting her. Eyes stare through Cassie.

RACHEL

-- WHO WILL HEAR US?

Cassie backs away. Fidgets. Bites her nail. Slumps against the wall. Without looking at Rachel...

CASSIE

You know who.

RACHEL

If I did, I wouldn't ask.

Cassie's energy reboots. Skips to Rachel.

CASSIE

Were you ever a cheerleader? You look like one. I was captain. Two years in a row.

Rachel grips Cassie's shoulders. Squeezes.

CASSIE

Ow! You're hurting me!

RACHEL

Answer me.

CASSIE

The Owner. Alright. The Owner!

This triggers a reaction from the room.

STOP