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"WOODWARD FORENSIC INSTITUTE"

The gate shuts behind her with a certain finality as we...

INT. WOODWARD INSTITUTE - MIRANDA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Stark walls. Simple decor. Bookshelves packed with the according psychiatric tomes and diplomas. Miranda faces a troubled young mess of a woman, CHLOE: charismatic, deranged and forever trying to provoke. Mid-session:

MIRANDA

This is your stepfather who came to visit you?

CHLOE

My stepfather? No. He's dead.  
(beat)  
I killed him.

Miranda tries not to act surprised at this breakthrough. Responds with the even keel of a trained psychiatrist.

MIRANDA

That's the first time you admit it.

CHLOE

So? There's a first time for everything.

MIRANDA

(jotting this down)  
It means you're finally past the denial stage. This is good, Chloe.

CHLOE

I never killed anyone who didn't deserve it.

MIRANDA

You only killed your stepfather as far as I know.

CHLOE

I should've taken care of my mother. She knew all along. You remind me of her.

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MIRANDA

I remind you of your mother?

CHLOE

Always so put together. Like you iron your underwear. Like your pussy is the apricot of the Promised Land and the bread of the --

MIRANDA

(getting her back on track)

Let's get back to your visitor last night.

CHLOE

The Devil.

MIRANDA

Alright, the Devil. Why would the Devil visit you? It's already hell in here, what would he have to gain?

CHLOE

He came to fuck an angel.  
(giggles at that)  
I'm his dirty angel.

Before Miranda can analyze that one, the room LIGHTS FLICKER AND DIE. Darkness. Miranda's breathing speeds up.

CHLOE

He grabbed me by the hair while I sucked him and usually I love that, I just do -- maybe you can tell me why I love it so much -- but not this time, he was just too rough --

As suddenly as it went out, now the POWER RETURNS. A visibly uncomfortable Miranda checks the clock.

MIRANDA

That's it until Monday. Try and get some sleep tonight, okay?

CHLOE

Sure, Doctor.  
(leans in)  
Crazy people hear messages from God. Not the Devil. You know that, right?

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MIRANDA

I didn't say you were crazy.

CHLOE

You don't have to say it.

She almost doesn't seem crazy when she says this. Almost. TWO ORDERLIES appear at the door. Miranda nods for them to escort Chloe. Chloe shakes their hands away from her, strides off dramatically. The princess of the asylum.

INT. WOODWARD CORRIDOR - LATER

Miranda locks her office, armed with paperwork. The end of another workweek. DR. PETE GRAHAM, a good ten years older and Miranda's best friend on the job, approaches.

PETE

Dr. Grey.

MIRANDA

Dr. Graham.

They walk along with the easy confidence of colleagues who not only respect each other, but enjoy each other. A lot.

PETE

Power went out again in our wing.

MIRANDA

(knows what's coming)

Same here.

PETE

It's not shrink-appropriate to be afraid of the dark, you know?

MIRANDA

You're not shrink appropriate and you're about to get promoted. Everybody's afraid of something.

PETE

What am I afraid of?

MIRANDA

Yourself. At least you should be. What are you up to this weekend?

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