

Miranda: Did you talk to Chloe?

Pete: Yes.

Miranda: Was she raped?

Pete: Was she raped? No. Why?

Miranda: Did you check her?

Pete: Did I...? She was checked. Of course she was checked.

Miranda: He didn't have time.

Pete: He?

Miranda: What about her face? She had a cut.

Pete: She ran into a wall. She did that to herself.

Miranda: I saw a tattoo. Did she talk about a tattoo?

Pete: Why don't you sit down. A tattoo?

Miranda: Yeah, a tattoo. A woman in flames, hands up like this: Like a Biblical image.

Pete: The Anima Sola?

Miranda: Yeah, the Anima Sola. That's what I saw.

Pete: It's a common archetypal image. I mean, it's the woman in chains, awaiting her fate.

Miranda: I'm talking about something I saw on the chest of a man. That's what I saw.

Pete: You're in crisis. This image is tailor-made for your state of mind. A woman in purgatory.

Miranda: I need you to explain this to me, though. Rachel Parsons did not commit suicide.

Pete: She jumped off a bridge.

Miranda: When I saw her...

Pete: She was washed downstream five miles.

Miranda: She was cut up.

Pete: You saw her?

Miranda: Yes, I saw her. Someone did that to her!

Pete: Police, newspapers, coroner are wrong? Let's reopen the case.

Miranda: Maybe they should! I saw her. And she's connected to me.

Pete: Delusions, hallucinations...

Miranda: How, I don't know.

Pete: ...disorganized speech, incoherence...

Miranda: Don't rattle off your psychiatric shit! I know it like the back of my hand!

Pete: Good. Saves me the trouble.

BEAT

Pete: I'm gonna transfer you to a Psych Ward cell. One strike, you're going to solitary. Don't screw up.

Miranda: Rachel Parsons was there. Dead or alive, I don't know. That girl came to me. She came to me.