



Scripts.com

# Madhouse

By William Butler

He's over there!  
He's this way!  
This way! This way!  
Hurry up!  
Hello? It's Clark Stevens  
from Farley University.  
Hello? I'm looking  
for Dr. Franks.  
Excuse me, do you know where  
I can find Dr. Franks?  
It doesn't like it  
when you say that!  
- And it doesn't like you!  
- Leave him alone.  
Can't you tell he doesn't  
like you touching him like that?  
It doesn't like it  
when you say that.  
And it doesn't like you  
either, Puddles!  
It's too fucking bad!  
That's enough, Puddles.  
I'm Dr. Hendricks.  
Clark Stevens.  
Welcome to Cunningham Hall.  
Thank you very much.  
I hope you don't mind  
I let myself in.  
No, we've been expecting you.  
Well, my train  
ran a little late.  
And it's hard to find a cab  
to take you out here.  
- Yet here you are.  
- Yes, here I am.  
We should probably begin with  
a series of psychiatric tests...  
to make sure we start with  
a clean bill of mental health...  
Followed by  
a thorough physical.  
- Betty.  
- Mr. Franklin.  
What did we talk about when we said

no more pretending we're a doctor?

- But, but I was...

- I know, Mr. Franklin.

Why don't you go back in the rec  
room and make yourself at home?

Nurse Hendricks is going  
to serve Pudding Pops.

- Won't that be nice?

- Very nice.

- Good boy!

- It was nice to meet you.

- Hi. I'm Betty Donner.

- Clark Stevens.

I'm the Administration  
Coordinator.

I'm sorry I missed you up front.  
I just stepped away for a moment.  
Don't worry about it.

I'm glad to finally meet you.  
Same here. We are so excited about  
your coming in to lend us a hand.

I'm excited about  
getting to work.

Wonderful.

Wonderful.

Perfect. I'll have your badge  
ready for you in a few days.

I need you  
to fill out these forms...  
so you get school credit.

Blue card on the bottom's  
for emergency information.  
Your keys to the kingdom.

- Thank you.

- And your walkie-talkie.

That's how  
we communicate here.

You'll stay in a cottage on  
the south side of the building.

Well, there's only  
one thing left.

- What's that?

- To meet the big cheese.

Dr. Franks.

Very good.

Hello, Betty.

I take it this place has  
been around for a while.  
Since 1918.

You should have seen the shape it  
was before we spruced it all up.

It took our patient  
clean-up committee...

a year and a half  
to get it to this point.

They've done  
such a marvelous job.

Absolutely.

No, I'm sure.

It's just...

It seems a little rundown.  
Not particularly conducive  
to rehabilitation.

For some of the patients,  
that will never happen.

- Get me out of here.

- Carl!

I shouldn't be here!

No one should.

- Carl...

- It's okay.

They don't let you go home even  
when they know you're better.

Why do you say that?

Because the people  
running this place...  
are really the crazy ones.

Guilty as charged.

Now run along. Go on, scoot!

Have a seat.

The doctor will be  
with you momentarily.

- Good luck.

- Thank you very much, Betty.

'Einstein also believed...

some chronic  
schizophrenics were...  
misdiagnosed due to possible

psychokinetic conditions...  
such as their ability to see  
paranormal activities.'  
Not a pleasant way to receive  
mental health treatment.  
I received your records  
from the university.  
4.0 average. My, my.  
You have the potential to follow  
in your grandfather's footsteps.  
Thank you.  
I hope so.  
My internship here is all  
I need to get my degree.  
- Then what?  
- Well...  
to take residence in a mental  
health facility as a counselor.  
That goes without saying.  
What's going on with these?  
Put them in a cup, Polly.  
Sorry, Dr. Franks.  
My minor, sir,  
is in administrations.  
I'd love to work in a place  
like Cunningham Hall.  
Maybe design  
an updated curriculum.  
I researched the building  
and its operating procedures.  
I made notes.  
Little changes  
we might implement...  
during my stay.  
Mr. Stevens...  
I hope you understand what  
you've gotten yourself into here.  
- I'm sorry?  
- This isn't a summer camp.  
We have neither funding nor time for  
anything but patient maintenance.  
I absolutely understand that  
has to be the priority, but...  
You want to empty bedpans

to make your grades better...  
great.  
But you're not in class...  
reading about life  
in a mental institute.  
You've arrived.  
I didn't mean any disrespect.  
I just thought...  
Let me be blunt.  
You're not here to think.  
If you want to be on my staff, I  
want you to focus on the objective.  
- That is?  
- Maintenance of the mentally ill.  
Make no mistake.  
There are serious reasons why...  
a person would be  
locked up in here.  
Where is this wonder boy  
I have heard so much about?  
Dr. Morton, Dr. Douglas.  
- Clark Stevens.  
- Nice to meet you.  
It is you.  
I'd recognize you anywhere.  
I met your grandfather...  
at the Chicago Conference of  
Mental Health Sciences in '75.  
He and I  
went on such a bender...  
I was discussing our operating  
procedures with Mr. Stevens.  
We've come  
to an understanding.  
Introduce him to Sara, then she  
can give him the grand tour.  
I like to give my favorites  
a little extra.  
You never know when  
you might need a little favor.  
Noted.  
So you survived  
the Franks interview.  
- Yes. Just barely.

- Some say it's the worst...  
shock treatment  
the hospital offers.  
I can't argue with that.  
He's kind of a shark, the  
bottom line's if you work hard...  
he'll hire you full-time.  
That's what he did with me.  
I would just ideally love  
to help change this place.  
Improve it a bit.  
That's what we all say...  
until the third time  
you're stabbed with a pencil.  
Point taken.  
When did you  
start working here?  
Last year.  
I served the same  
internship you did.  
So you graduated last year?  
You're a year older than me.  
Which means you have  
to do everything I say.  
Come on. I'll be your  
tour guide today.  
This is B ward.  
Group therapy's in there.  
Showers, med station.  
We keep it locked  
for obvious reasons.  
Also we keep some low  
security risk patients here.  
Ladies' rooms.  
Your duties will range  
from monitoring patients...  
sitting on  
group therapy sessions...  
to assisting staff.  
Speaking of which, brace  
yourself. Nurse Hendricks.  
Sara.  
- You must be Clark.  
- Yes, indeed. Nice to meet you.

- He's the new intern.

- Of course he is.

I'm Anabelle Hendricks,  
head nurse.

- Pleasure.

- I wondered where you went to.

Seems to be a regular  
occurrence lately.

I'm sorry, I haven't  
been feeling well.

You'll assist Nurse Hendricks  
as well as other staff.

- I look forward to it.

- So do I.

It will be nice to have  
a little muscle here.

May I speak with  
you in the office, please?

Sure.

He's been up there...

for months.

Who has?

- We need to change the prescription.

- I signed off on everything.

You need to be there  
at precisely...

Sara?

Do you understand?

- Ready for more?

- Sure.

- Enjoy your stay here, Clark.

- Thank you very much.

What a bitch. Come on.

That's Crystal.

She's our resident  
nymphomaniac.

- Come on.

- Where are we going?

To the unpleasant part  
of this job.

Where we keep  
high-risk patients.

You won't often be asked  
to come down here.



Trust me, it's a good thing.  
What is it?  
Housing for potential  
murderers, lunatics...  
Your everyday  
garden-variety maniacs.  
- That sounds interesting.  
- Look...  
this is where they tuck away  
people everyone wants to forget.  
The ones  
you never hear about.  
Unless they have the chance to  
act on their natural instinct.  
Which is?  
To rip you limb from limb.  
Welcome to the madhouse.  
After you.  
Wallace.  
Hey, sugar. They been  
asking for you all day.  
This is Clark. He'll be  
with us for a while.  
My condolences.  
Here you go.  
He's going to need  
your belt.  
Here's the drill. Stay behind  
the yellow line at all times.  
If you need help...  
push the alarm  
at the end of the hall.  
I need your pen...  
and any other sharp  
objects on you.  
They can't get out,  
can they?  
That's what they  
keep telling me.  
Nice to meet you.  
- Ready for this?  
- Sure.  
I've volunteered in a  
couple of hospitals before.

I can't believe they keep  
patients down here.  
Run into that on your  
volunteer work?  
Let me out.  
I have something for you.  
Where are you going?  
Where are you going?  
You are not going to  
leave me down here!  
Get back here  
and hook a sister up!  
Severe obsessive-compulsive  
disorder.  
She has to do everything  
in sets of nine.  
Including the doses  
of strychnine...  
she gave  
her preschool class.  
- Paranoid?  
- Homicidal.  
Sara! Sara!  
- Sara, help!  
- No, it's okay. It's okay.  
Drake!  
Royce is at it again.  
Can you bring  
his meds down?  
Royce, calm down! It will be fine.  
Drake's on his way with your meds.  
God! Sara!  
Let go! Let go!  
Drake!  
It's all right.  
He didn't hurt me!  
Drake!  
He didn't hurt us.  
Let's hope he gets  
it right next time.  
Here, big guy.  
Thanks, kid.  
I owe you one.  
Let's get out of here.

Betty, this is Wallace.  
I'm heading home.  
Drake is here.  
Dottie's got a roast waiting  
that has my name all over it.  
That's a big 10-4, Wallace.  
You have a nice evening. Over.  
10-4, Betty. You, too.  
Over and out.  
Hello?  
Hey, I saw you.  
Why don't you come out  
and introduce yourself?  
Drake,  
are you still here?  
I could use help. I have  
a situation in the rec room.  
Once again, Alice...  
are you going to do what your  
caretaker is requesting of you?  
You're hurting my arm!  
I'm trying to make sure  
you don't hurt yourself.  
Take your pills  
if you want to get better.  
Doesn't that make sense,  
sweetheart?  
I'm going to ask that  
you take your medication...  
or I'm afraid I'll have to  
resort to disciplinary measures.  
He'll watch  
when you are sleeping.  
Do we have an understanding?  
Do you think I enjoy  
hurting you like this?  
That medicine  
don't work on me!  
Alice!  
- Stop!  
- Bite your tongue, Carl!  
You're hurting her!  
Get away from me,  
you faggot!

- It's okay.  
- Drake!  
You get back!  
It's late for you,  
isn't it?  
It wants me  
to go to sleep now.  
Let's go.  
Kid!  
Unbelievable.  
I saw you come down here.  
Why don't you come out?  
Hey, kid, come on.  
This isn't a good place to be.  
You could get...  
hurt.  
Safety alarm  
at the end of the hall.  
- Jesus!  
- There's no one in there.  
Dr. Morton, how long  
have you worked here?  
I've worked here  
for 27 years.  
- That's a long time.  
- You have no idea.  
That were you doing  
down there after hours?  
I followed the little boy.  
That kid running around.  
He broke into my room.  
I chased him to see  
who he was.  
It's strange that he runs  
around here at night.  
I guess the whole place  
is a little strange  
- Occupational hazard.  
- I guess so.  
That noise I keep hearing,  
what is that?  
It sounds like it comes  
from the basement.  
I figured it was

the water pipes?

Maybe.

Well, what is it?

It's an old building.

It can be a variety of things.

- But...

- Buildings are like people.

They remember everything that happened to them through time.

Sometimes...

they don't like

what they remember.

- What do you mean?

- A while back...

we had a patient

down in Cell 44.

He was the saddest sickest

subject I've ever come across.

One night he...

dug himself out...

but he got turned around

and couldn't find his way.

What happened?

He jumped out

a third-story window.

Did he die?

Some say he died when

he hit the ground.

Some say they caught him and

locked him back up. But I...

I believe

he's still here...

trying to dig his

way out and go home.

You believe that?

Either that or he came back

to run this place.

Mr. Stevens...

I have a wet cleanup in

the TV room.

If you're not too busy,

perhaps you could mop it up?

Sure.

Sneaking around...

leaving maximum  
security open.  
You've had quite  
a first night, Mr. Stevens.  
- I wasn't sneaking around.  
- Speak to me.  
Nurse Hendricks called for help  
over the radio and I came.  
And?  
And I got to the rec room and  
realized she didn't need help...  
being that she was using  
a taser on a patient.  
Some patients have  
to be constantly reminded...  
who has the upper hand.  
Refusing to take medication  
doesn't warrant an electrical burn.  
- Stevens...  
- This place is a mess.  
It's dirty, it's unsafe,  
it's understaffed.  
Are you aware there are children  
running around here at night?  
No one gets in or out  
without my authorization.  
What about the patient that  
escaped from the basement?  
Dr. Morton told me about...  
a patient who escaped.  
Dr. Morton doesn't know  
what he's talking about.  
Look, let's start over again,  
all right?  
While it's no secret this  
place could use fixing up...  
most of the patients  
housed here are content.  
You know why? They have  
no place else to go.  
I'll make you a deal.  
Stick to the rules,  
mind your own business.  
I'll consider some of the

suggestions you put together.

Are we in agreement,

Mr. Stevens?

Fine.

Well, hello there, busy bee.

Good morning.

What are you trying

to pull here?

I have no idea what  
you're talking about.

Albert, things

will change here...

or I'm placing

a call to the board.

I know what you are up to.

Hey, new guy!

Hey there.

What are you doing?

What are you doing?

I'm on my way back

to my room.

Do you want to sit in on an  
obsessive-compulsive group...

**at 3:**

It's my own little session.

It sounds great, really...

But, I don't want to get into  
any more hot water.

- Why, what's wrong?

- Nothing.

I was in Frank's office  
and I saw something weird.

He has a lot  
of weird books.

One, in particular  
on his desk...

he put it away  
when he realized I saw it.

Are you sure you're not a private  
detective disguised as an intern?

- I'm a dork?

- You're a dork.

The guy reads weird books.

Maybe he's learning about  
his bedside manner.

Sara, to the nurses' station,  
please.

Copy.

- Got to go.

- Good luck.

Good night,

Nurse Hendricks.

- Everyone in bed?

- All tucked in.

I'm almost done.

If you don't need anything

I'll go lay down.

I'll check it out.

Is there something

we can help you with?

It's bedtime!

I don't have time for foolishness!

Come out and show yourself.

I don't have time to waste

and I don't want to hurt you.

Who are you?

You are only

hurting yourself.

Well...

I suppose if you aren't

going to come out...

you'll have to make yourself

cozy until Drake arrives.

He'll find a way to convince

you to go back to your room.

Stop!

Why are you doing this?

Stop!

I know you're all devastated

by what happened.

I want to know which patient did

this and I want to know by tonight.

Betty will assign

each of you a section.

I want you to

interview the residents.

They trust you. I want you



to use that trust.  
Keep the authorities out, or the  
patients will give you nothing.  
Then we will thoroughly review  
the security and safety protocol.

- Let's get going.

- Roger that.

I can't believe  
this happened.

I worked with her  
for 25 years.

She was such a nice lady.

Dr. Morton?

Get Dr. Shores,  
take the West Wing.

Everything's okay.

Dr. Douglas said she was  
with you before it happened.

- Did you see anyone?

- We heard someone in the hall...  
and she went

to check it out.

Then I heard loud music  
and I...

They think  
a patient did it?

Clark! You and Drake  
are in the basement.

Don't be afraid, Clarkie.

I'll protect you.

All right.

I have to go.

Yeah, sure.

- We didn't see...

- Anything.

- We were sleeping.

- Our door is locked.

Tight as a drum.

Are you dating Sara?

If you remember anything,  
let me know.

I'll kill you, you freak!

I'll make sure you rot there  
the rest of your life!

What's wrong?  
I'll teach this freak  
to show respect.  
Take a break.  
I'm almost done here.  
I'll be out in a minute.  
Why don't you come inside and  
I'll make us a Remy Martins?  
It's the ones  
who protest too much...  
that end up wearing  
their wives' panties!  
Why won't you  
talk to me?  
It might help you  
sort things out.  
How does it feel to be  
convinced something is there...  
when logic tells you  
it's not?  
I thought  
I was hearing things.  
Now you know what  
madness feels like.  
That's a feeling  
you'll never forget.  
Why are you sitting  
in the dark?  
Illumination only reminds me  
of what I've become.  
What's your name?  
That's a subjective question.  
There was a problem here  
last night.  
So we're taking time  
with each resident...  
asking them if they heard  
or saw anything unusual.  
Funny you'd ask a madman...  
if he's seen  
anything unusual.  
All right, thank you.  
Pretty strange place,  
this Cunningham Hall.

- How so?  
- Bad things going down here.  
But you know that.  
What kind of bad things?  
Take that sick individual  
lurking around, for instance.  
Someone who's comforted  
by the warmth of fresh blood.  
Who do you think it is?  
You're a smart boy,  
you'll figure it out.  
Is it you?  
The top of the food chain would be  
a good place to start looking.  
Are you speaking  
of Dr. Franks?  
They're cell numbers  
on a prescription to me.  
Go to Betty or Wallace to find  
out who the hell they are.  
They wouldn't know their  
own names if you asked them.  
Can you tell me what the patient  
in cell 44 was diagnosed with?  
I just keep them doped up.  
Do you know  
what medication he's on?  
You sure have  
a lot of questions.  
Risperdex. That's what  
they're all on down there.  
- An antidepressant.  
- Have you seen the place?  
Thank you, Grace.  
You're breaking  
rule number one...  
about working  
in a place like this.  
What's that?  
Taking what  
the patients say seriously.  
I'm not.  
Believe me, I'm not.  
I did hear Hendricks

and Franks arguing...  
the night she got killed.  
You have to understand these  
patients are totally delusional.  
They'll tell you things they  
actually believe to be true.  
But hardcore schizophrenics in  
particular can't be trusted.  
Take what they say  
with a grain of salt.  
I understand that.  
It just seemed weird.  
He was being cryptic.  
They're paranoid.  
They have it out for Franks because  
he's keeping them locked in here.  
You're reading too much  
into this conversation.  
You can never trust  
a schizo.  
Why are all the patients  
in the basement...  
on the same medication?  
Because I'm sure they're keeping  
them seriously tranquilized.  
I used to love to play  
outside this time of day.  
Me and my friends.  
We played kick-the-can...  
sometimes dodge ball.  
I was good at that.  
Too afraid of getting hit  
by the ball, I guess.  
Then one day  
things started to go bad.  
How so?  
I started seeing stuff.  
Stuff before it happened.  
One day my parents dropped me off  
here to have some tests run.  
And they never came back.  
That's a rough thing  
to carry with you.  
You can try to steer your life

in the direction you want, but...  
everything happens  
as it's meant to be.  
Maybe so.  
I think you're not meant  
to be here anymore.  
You're right.  
But the day I leave here...  
will be the day  
that I'm dead.  
That's one of the bad things about  
knowing stuff before it happens.  
My little problem...  
stems from the fact...  
I was never allowed to get  
in touch with my inner child.  
I'm a vulnerable child...  
trapped inside  
an adult's body.  
And wearing  
an adult diaper.  
- Up yours, Jimmy!  
- Okay, calm down.  
Look, we're all  
grieving right now.  
Some of us feel vulnerable...  
or depressed.  
Or scared.  
That's right, Alice.  
What makes you feel scared?  
It won't stop scaring me.  
What won't?  
I try to close my eyes,  
make it go away.  
It's always right there,  
watching me.  
What is this 'it' that  
you're referring to?  
The ghost.  
What ghost?  
The one that runs through  
the house at night.  
It's always watching me  
through the windows.

What does it want from you?  
To make sure that I never  
forget what madness feels like.  
It's Betty.  
Did I awake you?  
Not at all.  
I was just getting up.  
Great. I wanted you to know  
your badge is ready.  
Dr. Franks wants to know if  
you had anything to report...  
from yesterday's interviews.  
I've still got one more patient  
I'd love to talk to down there...  
but it seems like they  
were all in their cells.  
Drake checked the locks and it  
didn't appear they could get out.  
Just keep me posted.  
I've got to type up...  
the findings and give  
them to the investigator.  
Okay. Fantastic.  
So nice of you to come down.  
We seldom get visitors down  
here in our little pit of despair.  
Why did you stop talking to me  
last time I was down here?  
I'd run out of things to say.  
Why don't you come into  
the light where I can see you?  
Come on,  
we're friends by now.  
Let's just say I suffered a  
slight disfigurement as a child.  
Since then, I choose  
to live in the shadows.  
All right, then.  
Can you get out of this cell?  
Only if someone lets me.  
No more talking in circles.  
Answer the question.  
Are you wondering if that little  
boy you keep seeing...

is somehow getting  
the keys and letting me out?  
What little boy?  
Now who's talking in circles?  
Clark, I've got Sara on  
line one out here.  
I'll be right up.  
We'll continue  
this conversation later?  
You can call me Ben.  
We have  
to stop meeting like this.  
What will the patients say?  
I think it's  
a little late for that.  
So, did you finish up  
your interviews?  
Basically.  
What are you taking?  
Oh, I have a cold.  
I interviewed all the patients  
that I was assigned to.  
- Their stories were out there.  
- Mine too.  
Mrs. Idelson told me that the guy  
from 'Wheel of Fortune' did it.  
That's possible.  
I had one guy,  
he's interesting...  
but I don't think  
he knows anything.  
Sic Franks on him.  
Let the cops do the rest.  
Hang on, I forgot a fork.  
What are you doing?  
I'm sorry. They were  
sticking out of your purse.  
Some cold, huh?  
Why you taking Risperdex?  
Here goes.  
When I was a little girl  
I had problems focusing...  
and I was later diagnosed with  
really minor schizophrenia.

But I got put on Risperdex  
and it leveled me out.

I haven't really had any  
symptoms since I was a kid.

Is that how you got  
interested in mental health?

Still want to be my friend?

Sure.

Crazy chicks are wild.

- You jerk.

- I'm kidding.

You're all right now?

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine.

- Look, don't tell anyone.

- I won't.

- Those pills are red.

- So?

The Risperdex Grace showed me,  
the pills were blue.

I'm sure a bunch of psychos are  
on a much stronger dose than I am.

This is the only way out, Sara!

Carl finally got to go home.

Please go to your rooms!

Ghosts.

Would somebody get

Dr. Franks on the radio!

- What happened?

- I was bringing in the games.

We were going to play Chutes

'n' Ladders, then this.

Maybe he hated

Chutes 'n' Ladders.

Did you see him talking

to anyone before he came in?

He went out

to get his medication.

- What was he given?

- An antidepressant?

- Grace! Was Carl just here?

- Half hour ago.

- Did you see him talking to anybody?

- Other than himself? No.

- What did you give him?



- What I always do.  
Are we starting with Q&A again?  
Because I don't have time.  
Grace, I'm sorry,  
what did you give him?  
I gave him his usual dose  
of Happy Tabs.  
Thank you.  
- Ben!  
- I haven't gone anywhere.  
You said something about  
the medication they gave you.  
- Does it help?  
- I wouldn't know. I don't take it.  
But I do have  
a nice mosaic on the wall...  
I've done with  
my unused pills.  
But, Ben,  
why don't you take it?  
They wouldn't help me  
if I did.  
Why not?  
A hospital  
is a place of business.  
When people get better...  
there are less bodies in bed.  
Doesn't that make sense?  
They give patients weak  
medication to keep them sick?  
Look around you.  
The loonies here  
only seem to get worse.  
Take your friend Carl,  
for instance.  
He took his meds,  
like a good boy.  
And look what happened  
to him.  
How do you know about Carl?  
Did I say something  
happened to him?  
I can't believe  
you talked me into this.

I need to check out the med station. I'll be out in 3 minutes.

Here they are!

Hurry.

Let's get out of here.

Why are we doing this?

I'll send the pills to a friend who works at the university hospital.

I figured whoever's doing this is on the wrong medication.

Look, Carl was ready to go home.

According to Grace, he was on a huge dose of tranquilizers.

He shouldn't have been able to get out of bed...

much less hang himself.

What?

You're cute when you're sleuthing.

Good night.

Good night.

Sara?

There is no place like home.

If Franks finds out we're in his office, we're screwed.

It was a little boy. I've been seeing him since I got here.

At first I thought it was one of the gardener's kids.

- What? You're sure he isn't?

- No way.

Look...

I know this sounds strange.

But I think this place actually might be haunted.

I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it myself.

But I think Alice saw something, and Franks, too.

Why else would

he have these books?

What?

It's just between your theories

on the medication, and Franks.  
Now you're seeing ghosts?  
Maybe your surroundings  
are affecting you.  
I'm not crazy, Sara.  
He was right outside my window.  
He looked right at me.  
- Believe me.  
- Okay, okay, I do.  
Where do they keep  
the patient records?  
The nurses' station.  
- Come on.  
- Get your hands off me!  
I didn't kill that bitch!  
There's something you  
ought to understand.  
Nothing goes on here that  
I don't know or hear about.  
Then you know that  
I'll be back for you.  
And you, snitch!  
You're next.  
I'm going to skin you alive!  
Nobody's safe here!  
- Muzzle him.  
- Nobody's safe!  
That poor, troubled boy.  
I heard he was raised  
in a carnival.  
Now we know where  
the narcotics disappeared to.  
What happened?  
They're questioning him regarding  
Nurse Hendricks' death.  
Franks found her taser  
in his things.  
They also found out he had  
relations with a patient.  
Who are you?  
Clark, you're there?  
I'm sorry, yes, this is he.  
This is Tom, from the lab.  
Hi, Tom.

There is no narcotics in  
the drugs that you gave me.  
- What?  
- Just placebos.  
All right. Thank you  
for looking into that.  
You were right about  
the medication.  
The Risperdex they dispense  
here is just a placebo.  
Taking matters into our  
own hands? Very aggressive.  
I'll call the board first  
thing Monday morning.  
One patient is going  
into psychoses...  
and acting out because  
he's not getting his meds.  
I wouldn't tell anyone about  
our discovery until then.  
You wouldn't want Franks  
to cover up their dirty work.  
They arrested Drake today...  
and I don't think he did it.  
I heard Hendricks arguing  
with Franks the day she died.  
I think he's connected  
and she knew about it.  
They say the obvious answer  
usually is the answer.  
It's in front of your eyes. You  
have to be willing to see it.  
How do you know about  
everything going on here?  
I'm smart.  
Be honest with me. Can you  
get out of this cell?  
Let me go out, too!  
Why do you get out  
and I don't?  
Only in my mind, Royce.  
Only in my mind.  
Tell me about the ghost  
of the little boy.

He's showing up  
everywhere now.  
He must be fond of you.  
You've got work to do.  
You'd better get back upstairs  
before you miss any more action.  
Admittance, diagnosis,  
release dates.  
Here's everything you need.  
This is amazing.  
Great job.  
Check this out.  
Here are patients that  
were rehabbed and released...  
since Franks took over.  
- How many?  
- None.  
None?  
This is unbelievable.  
This proves that he keeps patients  
sick so they can't go home.  
Ben London.  
Cell 44, schizophrenic,  
died in 1989?  
- So?  
- So he's not dead.  
I talked to him this morning.  
You're losing me.  
Dr. Morton told me about a patient  
who escaped from cell 44 years ago.  
Maybe Ben was  
the one who escaped.  
And Franks tried  
to cover it up by...  
saying he died.  
When they got around to catching  
and bringing him back...  
They never bothered to take  
him off the deceased list.  
Exactly.  
What are you thinking?  
I don't know.  
You have to be thinking  
about something.

You can tell me.  
We're in this together.  
Perfect.  
Kitchen's closed!  
Let me see...  
peaches...  
gravy, pudding...  
meatloaf!  
Just what the doctor ordered.  
Pickles?  
Pickles.  
Ketchup.  
Ketchup, ketchup, ketchup,  
ketchup, ketchup.  
Got you!  
- Who are you?  
- It's Clark.  
What did you do to me?  
Where am I?  
What's happening to me?  
It's okay.  
Sara, look at me.  
I work with you at  
the hospital. Do you remember?  
Look, I think you forgot  
to take your medication.  
Take a couple of these  
and it will be better.  
- I'm sorry.  
- It's okay.  
I just can't figure out...  
what's real  
and what's a dream.  
Come on.  
Come here.  
All right.  
...coming to the area  
late today...  
bringing along chances of  
thunderstorm and low temperatures.  
And now, for more informations  
on our top story...  
lets go back to Peter Garcia.  
Sheriff Johnson warns

that the escaped suspect...  
who was detained  
on suspicion of murder...  
should be considered  
armed and dangerous.  
He's known to go by  
the alias of Drake Anderson.  
Anderson is 5 foot 10,  
has dark brown hair...  
and sports the tattoo  
of a spider on his neck.  
Anyone with information  
leading to his capture...  
should report it to  
the Kirkside Sheriff's Department.

- What happened?
- Thank God you're okay.
- Someone killed Dr. Morton.
- What?

I'm scared. I don't know  
who to trust anymore.

- Drake got out.
- What?

I heard it on the radio.  
He escaped last night.  
If it was him, then  
he's probably long gone.  
They searched this whole place  
with a fine-tooth comb.  
That investigator wants to  
ask us a few questions.

Not now. I'm going  
to talk to Franks.

- What?
- I'm going to talk to Franks!

Open the goddamn door!  
Franks, I know you're  
in there! Open the door!  
Jesus!

- It isn't Drake.
  - What are you talking about?
- I asked the cops and they said  
he was arrested 20 minutes ago.
- He stole a car in Dallas.

- I'm leaving.  
Wait, wait.  
I don't know  
what's going on here.  
Come with me if you want,  
but I'm not staying.  
Okay. Okay.  
Wait, I'll go.  
Come with me to the office  
and I'll grab a few things.  
Come on.  
I want to be  
sure security...  
can keep the patients  
locked down.  
They won't be safe here.  
Nobody will be safe here.  
I'll tell Betty we're going.  
Fine.  
But make it quick. I want to get  
as far away as possible.  
I will.  
We'll be okay.  
Nothing will happen with all  
those cops hanging outside.  
Here.  
What if it's not a person  
doing all this?  
- What do you mean?  
- What if it's like Morton said?  
What if something  
happened in the building...  
and it's never forgotten?  
Clark...  
it was a person.  
And if it was a patient,  
they're all in lockdown.  
We're fine.  
Now go back. I'll just  
finish up around here.  
- It's right in front of your eyes.  
- Clark, are you there?  
Right in front of your eyes.  
I just can't figure out...



what's real  
and what's a dream.  
I was diagnosed  
with schizophrenia.  
Sara.  
Thanks for your help,  
Officer.  
Also, I have  
a list of patients.  
I'll leave it in a red folder  
in my outbox.  
Not a problem.  
You have my cell number.  
Okay, all right, thank you.  
Why did you drug me?  
I just gave you a calmativie.  
You were acting  
really strange.  
It was you.  
I should've figured it out  
the other night when you had...  
your relapse.  
You're wrong.  
Ben told me the answer was  
right in front of my eyes.  
- Who?  
- Cell 44. Ben London.  
He must have seen you the night  
you killed Nurse Hendricks.  
That's why he told me the answer  
was right in front of my eyes.  
There's no one in cell 44.  
- Don't lie to me.  
- It's used for storage.  
You were the one  
who told me...  
never to trust a schizo.  
I can prove he's there.  
There you are. I've been  
looking for you.  
Is something wrong?  
Ben!  
Ben! Ben, what's going on?  
Why didn't you

tell me it was Sara?  
I'm going to let you  
out of here.  
So you can get  
someplace safe.  
But I want  
to see your face.  
I suppose  
it's time to go home.  
That kid I keep seeing  
running around the halls?  
It's a little strange that  
he runs around here at night.  
Maybe your surroundings  
are starting to affect you.  
I'm not crazy, Sara.  
Now you know what  
madness feels like.  
That's a feeling  
you'll never forget.  
Hey, good looking.  
We've got work to do.  
Boys are not toys, Les!  
He was the sickest patient  
that I ever come across.  
There you are. I've been  
looking for you.  
You need to teach you  
some respect!  
What I'd love to do is change  
this place for the better.  
That's really why  
I came here.  
Betty, go to one.  
Have my car sent around.  
Where are my keys  
to the medication?  
Never mind.  
'This letter  
is in regards...  
to the tuition fees for  
Clark Stevens' internship.  
Since his  
unfortunate death...

we'd like to arrange  
a refund of payment.  
Please contact the  
administration office.'  
'Ben London, diagnosed...  
with chronic multiple  
personality disorder...  
escaped January 8, 1989.'  
- Hi, Dr. Franks.  
- You!  
Clark, have you  
lost your mind?  
It's Ben!  
- It's Ben London!  
- Ben London.  
Do you remember me, Al?  
That little boy?  
The one that you  
and Hendricks...  
and all the others  
never once tried to help.  
Ben London.  
Listen, I can help you.  
It's too late  
for that now!  
Help!  
Hello?  
I'm at Cunningham Hall.  
I'm in the basement.  
There are cops outside.  
Help me!  
Come on, Sara.  
You're as screwed up  
as I am.  
We belong together.  
Come on, darling.  
Get up out of the corner.  
You're making me crazy.  
- I didn't do anything.  
- I know. It's just that...  
I came back to this place...  
to get rid of memories  
I had here.  
Unfortunately,

you're now one of them.  
But I'm just like you.  
I'm so sorry...  
but I can't leave  
any loose ends.  
Ben, I can protect you.  
I found your file.  
I took it...  
and I'm keeping it  
safe for you.  
Where?  
We can both go away.  
They won't even know  
you were here.  
Clark.  
Clark's not here,  
anymore.  
Clark doesn't even exist.