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# Case 39

By Ray Wright

I can see you.  
...pull into this gas station,  
the guy was like,  
"Yo, man, you got problems."  
Like, "What the hell do you think  
I pulled in here for?"  
So your car broke down  
on the way to your blood check.  
Yeah, smoke, everything.  
I'm willing to give you the benefit  
of the doubt, Javier, but a judge won't.  
I missed a couple of meetings?  
What's the problem?  
I mean,  
I don't even know what I'm doing here.  
You're here because your son has  
gotten into fights every day at school,  
and the last one sent one of his  
classmates to the hospital.  
Juanita came here for help voluntarily  
before the court stepped in  
and made it mandatory,  
that's what you're doing here.  
He's on a dangerous road.  
Your history, all the violence,  
all the anger,  
that's his future  
unless you break the cycle.  
- I heard you, Mrs Lynch.  
- You're trying to steal my boy!  
No one is trying to steal your child.  
- Then what are you trying...  
- They found bruises  
- and cigarette burns...  
- I told you,  
he was playing with some sparklers.  
Mrs Lynch, I read the medical report.  
I wanna talk to my own doctor.  
I want a lawyer.  
If you feel  
that you need legal representation  
- that's perfectly within your rights...  
- I don't need your help, in no case.  
- You've already interfered enough.

- You... Hello?
- How many active cases you got?
- Thirty-eight.
- Okay.
- Wayne, come on!
- Look, I'm buried here.
- I'm sorry, Em, we all are.
- You have three new voice messages.
- Hi.

Hey, it's Suze, missed you at yoga  
the other day, give me a call.

Hey, Em, it's Jackie. Just checking in,  
hope you're good.

Exhausted,  
her career path questionable,  
her faith in mankind shaken,  
she resisted her tendency  
toward introspection  
and decides to go have a drink  
with her charming friend Doug.

- I am so in your head.
- Be honest.

The whole psychology thing,  
it's just about scoring chicks, isn't it?

Regrettably, yes. Two.

Well, what are we gonna  
drink to tonight?

The never-ending fun  
of a career in public service?

Yeah.

You know,

I sit there talking to these families,  
the authority on everything.

And I have these moments  
where I think I might be totally full of it.

Everybody's full of it.

In the end you're a number to call  
for people who don't have anyone else.

There's no way that's bad.

Anyway, I've done some soul searching  
and I just want to say

that if a full-on relationship  
feels like too much right now,

I'd be willing to consider

a purely physical one.

- What?

- Nothing.

- What, you might actually enjoy yourself.

- Yeah, yeah, I probably would.

- It's just...

- I know, I know, the job,

you get home, no time for anybody else.

Whatever.

Listen, I'm giving you a month. Okay?

One month.

- And then?

- I don't know.

Probably give you another month,

but that is it.

Except for two more, then, it's over.

If it were anyone...

What are they doing to you?

- What?

- Emily Jenkins. Child Services?

We spoke on the phone?

- You said the 17th.

- It's the 17th.

- Is not.

- I'm sorry, but it is.

Monday the 17th.

The day of our appointment.

Hi.

Come down, I'd like to meet you.

My name's Emily. What's yours?

- Lily.

- That's a pretty name.

Is there somewhere we can talk?

So, when are you

expecting your husband back?

Because we've found that it's better

when the whole family participates.

Well, he's not here, so...

Do you have some way

of contacting him?

Not if I don't know where he is.

Is that...

Would you mind asking him

to join us, please?

- He doesn't have anything to say.

- Will you ask him, please?

Edward.

That lady is here from the state.

She wants to talk to you.

I don't have anything to say, tell her that!

I told her already, she wants to anyway.

It'll be okay.

Hi, I'm Emily.

Okay.

I'm here because we received a call

that Lilith

is showing serious signs of neglect.

Now at this point we can only assume

it's the result of family problems.

Eddie says

we don't have family problems.

Well, many families won't realise

that they're having problems

until it's too late.

And that's where we come in.

We help families communicate

and learn healthier ways

of resolving conflict.

Eddie says we don't need your help.

Mr Sullivan, is there a reason

why you won't speak to me directly?

Is there a reason why your husband

won't speak to me directly?

Eddie doesn't like speaking out of anger.

There's no laws

against being weird, Em.

I didn't say weird, I said scary.

That man sat there

staring at me the whole time,

and the mother is his emotional slave.

Wait, you didn't just fly to New York

and meet with my parents, did you?

Wayne?

All right. All right.

Are there any cuts, any bruises,

any signs she's being abused?

No, not physically.

But this girl's in trouble, I can feel it.

You wanna know what I can feel?  
The lawsuit we're gonna get hit with  
if we violate her parents' rights  
without any evidence  
they've done something wrong.  
All right, Wayne.  
You put these files on my desk  
and you ask me to tell you  
what's going on.  
I've told you, I've done my job,  
what you do with it is yours.  
We're not perfect parents,  
we know that,  
but we figure if they know  
how much you love them  
a lot of the other stuff  
takes care of itself.  
She knows how we feel about her.  
So, tell me, Mr Sullivan,  
since you've suddenly acquired  
the ability to speak,  
doesn't it concern you a little  
that Lily's grades have dropped  
from A's to D's in three months?  
Of course it does, she's our daughter.  
So you have no idea why your daughter  
falls asleep in class every day?  
Why she can't sleep at home? No idea?  
Bad dreams maybe?  
Don't tell me you're buying  
this whole "daddy's little girl" routine?  
Look, they're not my favourite people  
either, okay?  
But we can't guarantee every kid  
a happy childhood. I wish we could.  
Let me talk to her.  
She wants to talk. Alone.  
- Em, we do not have a case.  
- Just five minutes, okay?  
Talk to them  
about how much they love kids.  
Hey, girls, slow down!  
I used to wish I had a sister  
when I was growing up.

To play with and to talk to  
about all those things that you  
just can't tell anybody else, you know?  
Did you ever wish that?  
That you had a sister?  
Well, that was a silly thing to do,  
wasn't it?  
What's happening with you?  
You know I can help. Let me help you.  
What is it, sweetheart?  
They hate me.  
I'm sure they don't hate you.  
They do. I hear them.  
They go into the cellar and talk.  
What do they talk about?  
Sending me to hell.  
You heard them say that?  
You can tell him. He's on your side.  
It's okay.  
Lily, did you hear your parents say  
they were gonna hurt you?  
I was just thinking about you,  
got a nice letter from Sandy Hutchinson.  
Well, well, well.  
It's sitting right in front of me,  
which means our good friend Wayne  
has decided it fails to meet the criteria  
for child endangerment  
and has told you in no uncertain terms  
to leave it alone.  
- Surprise, surprise.  
- I'm sorry, Emily. I can't.  
Please, Mike, I'm really desperate here.  
Emily.  
Now, you know how dear to my heart  
the work you do is,  
but the department doesn't pay me  
to stake out potential child abusers.  
Last time almost cost me my job.  
This little girl heard her parents say  
they're going to send her to hell.  
Sickening as that is,  
you're a part of the system that  
deals with those situations, I'm not.

But sometimes the system doesn't work.  
Well, maybe you should just let it.  
Wow. Feel like  
I'm talking to Wayne here.  
All right. You don't want to get involved,  
that's fine,  
but don't bullshit me, Mike,  
I'm running out of people I respect.  
Okay. No bullshit. Bring me evidence  
of a crime, I'm all over it. Till then...  
Let's go, hurry up!  
Lily! Lily!  
Hi. I came to tell you  
I hadn't forgotten about you.  
I'm doing everything I can.  
If I disappear will you come look for me?  
- You're not going to disappear.  
- If I do?  
I have to go. They get mad at me  
when I miss the bus.  
Lily, wait. Wait.  
Here. It's my home number.  
If you get scared,  
I want you to call me, okay?  
I'm gonna get you out of there,  
I promise.  
Okay.  
Hey, this is Doug, here it comes.  
Hey, it's me,  
thought you might be awake.  
Just calling 'cause...  
Well, I don't really know why I'm calling.  
Call me if you get this, okay?  
...proposal in Morton Township  
has some residents...  
Here we go golfers and shoppers...  
Let's look at the crepe batter.  
In order to make the crepe batter...  
- Too late, I met someone else.  
- Emily.  
Lily? Are you okay?  
- I'm scared.  
- Why, honey? Why are you scared?  
They're waiting to get me,



I can hear them.

- I'm sorry.

- Why are you sorry?

- I'm falling asleep.

- Okay, listen.

Go over and open the window.

Can you do that?

- I'm sorry.

- Lily? Lily?

- Yeah, Barron.

- Mike, it's Emily.

That girl that I told you about,  
I think she's in a lot of trouble.

- Emily, you're going...

- No, I know what you said.

Mike, you're not listening! Help me!

- What are we doing here, Emily?

- Saving her life!

- They're asleep like we should be.

- They're not asleep.

- Did you hear that?

- I didn't hear anything.

Leave her alone!

No!

Let me out!

- Did you hear that?

- Police, open up!

Stop!

Break, break it down. Break it down!

Help me. Help me.

- Police!

- Lily!

Lily!

God! Oh, my God!

No! Help me!

Please, help me.

I got you, I got you, I got...

Okay. I got you.

What the hell's the matter  
with you people?

I got you.

It's okay, honey. I got you.

It's okay. I got you.

The egregiousness of the crime makes

the competency question  
all the more relevant.  
I hereby order the defendants to  
undergo psychiatric evaluation  
to determine their fitness for trial.  
Steal a pizza, San Quentin.  
Try to kill your kid,  
Freudian dream analysis.  
You're gonna hate me for saying this  
but my money's on crazy.  
What kind of people  
put their kid in an oven?  
Bad people. Remember that  
when people were just bad?  
Before everything had a diagnosis  
and a justification?  
It's human nature.  
What's the most important thing  
that we talked about  
that you have to remember?  
It's not my fault what happened.  
That's right. You know what? It's not.  
Good. I'll see you soon.

- Hey.

- Hi.

That is some seriously proactive  
social work happening there.

- You all right?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

- How's she doing?

- Typical reaction.

But she blames herself. We'll get there.

I'm gonna put her in a group setting,  
see if I can get her to open up.

Group therapy for kids,

when am I going to get used to that?

- See you later. Okay.

- See you.

Hi.

Good news. They say you can  
get out of here tomorrow.

Doug said I might have to go  
to a state home.

Yeah, but it's only temporary,

till we find you a nice family.

Why can't I live with you?

Sweetheart, that would  
never be allowed.

Why?

Well, it's complicated, I mean,  
there's this whole process,  
and I'm not even a foster parent. So...  
It'll be fine.

- Hi, Barb.

- Hi, Em. Right this way, little lady.  
I'll check in, in a couple of days, okay?  
I don't want to stay here,  
I want to live with you.  
Please. I'll be good.

Lily, it's impossible, I told you.

Will you try?

Honey, listen, even if they said yes,  
it would never work.

I work all day and  
I'm hardly ever home and...

I'm sorry, I'm just not mom material.  
How do you know if you've never tried?

So, it's just until we can find  
the right family for her,  
just until we can place her  
in a really good home.

You know you'd have to give up  
the case, conflict of interests and all.

Yeah.

Can I ask you a question?

Why are you doing this?

What Lily needs right now is  
a safe, supportive environment  
with someone she trusts.

The system can't provide that for her,  
I think that I can.

Better than anyone, given my training.

We spend so much of our time  
negotiating red tape,

I think if we look at this situation,  
this one situation,

this one child,

it's clear what's best for her.

How long till Foster Services can  
place her in a permanent home?

Three weeks, three months,  
it's hard to predict.

No more visits.

- What?

- They said yes.

It's your new beginning.

Okay. It's what I like to think of as  
a glass-half-full situation.

Bathroom. Kitchen. Fish.

And this is your room.

Be okay?

- You live alone?

- Just me.

Just us.

- What's this?

- It's chamomile.

Helps me sleep.

You know none of this  
should ever have happened.

If I could make it go away, I would.

You did.

Here. Climb in.

Night night.

- Okay. All right.

- Here we go.

- Just got to grab some of her things.

- Okay.

- So, here's the key.

- You're not coming?

I got 15 other places I got to be.

So make sure you lock it on the way out.

Okay? Bye.

The kids at school are  
saying all this stuff like saying  
my mother is a puta  
and I mean, I know  
we can't go back home  
but I miss it.

Sometimes when our parents  
aren't getting along,  
it's better if they spend some time apart.  
That's what a restraining order does.

She's starting to come out of her shell.

It's good,

but you got to expect some hiccups.

And you can't undo

School? Too soon?

No, I don't have a problem

with her going back,

just as long as she's comfortable with it.

I went by the house.

I think her mom and dad were

barricading themselves

in their room at night.

How sick is that?

Well, fear and hatred are

part of the same pathology.

- See you. Bye, Diego.

- You too, Lily.

- But I forgot.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- You don't think they're crazy.

Well, I'm coming around.

- I love you.

- Love you, too.

- Wayne's looking for you.

- Okay.

- Wayne wants to see you.

- Yeah, I got it.

What's up with Diego?

Oh, hey.

Look, why don't we go talk in my office.

No, tell me what's going on.

Well, we don't... We don't know why yet

but he killed both his parents last night.

- Excuse me... Go ahead.

- Officer, let her through.

What happened?

Gets a tyre iron from the garage,

comes back inside,

locks all the doors and windows,

and kills them in their sleep.

"Slaughters" would be a better word.

Oh, my God!

A 10-year-old did this? There's no way.

I was there when they brought him in.  
Took three guys to subdue him.  
And the kid was climbing the walls.  
Man's best friend, huh?  
What happened?  
Tell me what happened.  
I killed my mom and dad.  
Every family you sit down with,  
every day of every week,  
it's a family in crisis.  
Those are your odds. Well,  
that's your job, trying to beat them.  
You're one person, Em.  
You can't save the world.  
I know somebody you did save.  
Yeah.  
- You okay?  
- Yeah.  
It's just work. Don't worry.  
- I think you have a hard job.  
- So do I.  
People have kids and then they decide  
they don't want to be parents.  
And then the kids grow up  
thinking it's their fault.  
Is that what your parents did?  
You said you were alone.  
Yeah.  
I never met my dad.  
And my mom... My mom had problems.  
- She must have scared you.  
- Why do you say that?  
You don't like to talk about it.  
You're a clever little girl.  
Sweetheart. Breakfast.  
What you got?  
Let me see.  
You went through my things?  
I'm sorry. I wanted to know about you.  
Is that your mother?  
What happened to her?  
She died when I was about your age.  
- How?  
- An accident.

It was raining  
and she was driving too fast.  
We had an accident.  
Are you mad at me?  
No, I'm not mad at you.  
But I need you  
not to do that again, okay?  
Go through my private things  
without asking.  
Okay? All right.  
Omelette's getting cold. Better hurry.  
You watch, six months,  
their lawyer will hire an expert  
to say they're rehabbed and they'll sue  
for custody when they get out.  
She's not going back there.  
I'll take her out of the state  
before I let them near her again.  
Didn't hear you say that.  
You guys okay?  
We're great. She's sweet,  
very intuitive about everything.  
You wanted to talk about something?  
We pulled the Ramirezes'  
phone records.  
There was a call that night  
before the murder.  
- From who?  
- The call came from your house, Emily.  
What?  
I'm not accusing you of anything,  
I just want to know what was said.  
But that's impossible.  
I mean, I might have called them  
the week before or something, but I...  
I'm talking to you as a friend,  
you know that, right?  
Mike, did you not hear me?  
As a friend, I'm telling you  
that I didn't call that family.  
He's in my group.  
Why, did something happen?  
We're trying to figure out why.  
Diego got a call from here,

last Thursday night.  
I'm just wondering  
if he might have said something.  
- That wasn't me.  
- You didn't call him?  
Lily, it's difficult sometimes  
to tell the truth,  
but I know you will  
because you're a good kid.  
I am telling the truth.  
My backup files are in the cabinet.  
Diego's is in there.  
Maybe you got curious and went  
through some, dialled a number?  
It wasn't me, I swear.  
The call came at 2:00 a.m.  
You ever up that late?  
- I didn't call him.  
- You ever up that late?  
Mike, she said no.  
Maybe somebody made a mistake.  
Yeah, maybe so.  
Why would Diego do this?  
He loved his mom and dad.  
You never want to think anyone you  
know is capable of that kind of thing.  
In your mind, it's always some  
nameless, faceless creature.  
Sometimes, the city seems full of them.  
But they're just people,  
like you and me.  
She's lying.  
Do you believe me?  
I believe you.  
I need to ask you something  
about the night it happened.  
Did you get a call? Really late?  
You didn't.  
Diego, I know that you did.  
The call came from my house.  
What's the matter?  
What's scaring you? Diego.  
It's okay, it's all right. Deep breaths,  
deep breaths, you'll be all right.



Can we get some help in here, please?

Who called you? Was it Lily?

Did she say something to you?

Something that scared you?

- I dijo.

- "I dijo"?

What do you mean, "He said"?

- Era un hombre.

- It was a man?

Do you

like working here?

Well, photocopying isn't much fun.

- What?

- Knock, knock. Sorry I'm late, guys.

You ready to go, kiddo?

- So, how's school?

- Fine.

Any of your classmates  
giving you a hard time?

No, they've been nice.

You sleeping okay?

That's not really what

you want to talk about, is it, Doug?

You got me.

Question 16, am I afraid of the dark?

You answered no.

Question 23, am I afraid of being alone?

You answered no.

You answered no

to everything in that section.

I think that some of those  
should have been yeses.

Everybody is scared of something.

Working through our fears,  
conquering them,

is how we get better.

So, I want you to tell me,  
what scares you?

I'll tell you what scares me  
if you tell me what scares you.

Fair enough.

When I was a kid, I was climbing a tree,  
and I accidentally put my hand  
through a giant hornets' nest.

And they didn't like it.

I was stung over a hundred times.

They had to rush me to the hospital.

Been afraid of hornets ever since.

I don't climb many trees either.

Everybody has fears.

Now, what scares you?

- Me.

- You scare yourself?

- Sometimes.

- Why? What about yourself scares you?

I have bad thoughts.

- About what?

- People.

- People in general or certain people?

- Certain people.

- Like who?

- You.

You have bad thoughts about me?

- Why?

- I just do.

Did I do something or say something  
that upset you?

It's just the way you are.

How am I?

- Facile.

- Facile?

Do you even know what that means?

Easily comprehended.

Often lacking sincerity or depth.

You're smug, too.

Want me to tell you what that means?

- If I seemed smug or facile I want to...

- Don't apologise.

Why not?

You're a grown-up. It's embarrassing.

Number 12,

I worry about what's going to happen.

- Yes or no?

- You want me to answer that?

- Yes or no?

- No.

That should be a yes.

Should we talk about school now?

My grades are getting a lot better.  
I talked to a lot of kids, I don't think  
I've ever felt like that before.  
Like what?  
Threatened.  
I know a specialist,  
I'm gonna call him in the morning.  
Are you mad at me?  
No. No, I'm just tired.  
- Want me to brush your hair?  
- No, thanks.  
- Are you sure?  
- Some other time.  
It will make you feel better.  
I'll get the brush.  
I said no, thank you.  
Doug said something, didn't he?  
Doug? No.  
Doug says you're doing great.  
- What did he tell you?  
- Nothing.  
Hello.  
Try again, sorry.  
For as much as it hath pleased  
Almighty God,  
of his great mercy,  
to take unto himself the soul  
of our dear brother, here departed,  
we, therefore,  
commit his body to the ground.  
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes  
and dust to dust,  
in sure and certain hope  
of the resurrection to eternal life,  
through our Lord, Jesus Christ, amen.  
You think it's my fault, don't you?  
It's no one's fault. It was an accident.  
There was no sign of forced entry,  
he was alone  
and the doors were locked.  
I know he didn't kill himself.  
He was scared.  
He came out of that room with her, Mike,  
and he was scared.

He said she threatened him.  
Emily, you're in shock,  
let's not get carried away.  
Diego, he said it was a man  
on the phone.  
There was no one else in the house.  
Do you think I don't know  
how crazy this sounds?  
Kid in that state of mind  
is not the most reliable witness.  
But why was he in that state of mind?  
Why was Doug?  
Pull my phone records.  
See if she called him.  
I already did, Emily. There was no call.  
So, you're saying that  
you've seen this before,  
someone just dying like that?  
Truly? I'm shocked every day by  
the violence people do to themselves.  
Her mom and dad had deadbolts  
on their bedroom door, big ones.  
Something came through that door,  
and whatever it was,  
they didn't want it  
ever coming through there again.  
- Hey guys, come on, are you ready?  
- Yeah.  
- Let's get to it?  
- Yeah.  
Take me through the conversation,  
Margaret, about the oven.  
Eddie said, "We're gonna burn her,"  
and I said, "Okay."  
So it was Edward's idea?  
Just the oven part,  
we both wanted her dead.  
Why did you say that it was God's will  
that you should kill your daughter?  
- Why is that funny, Margaret?  
- 'Cause she's not my daughter.  
You think your daughter is the devil?  
Evil incarnate?  
I don't care what you call it.

But you have stated  
that she kills people?  
Not by her own hand, they just die.  
I had two brothers,  
Eddie had three sisters.  
Soon as she was born,  
they just started dying.  
Me and Eddie, I guess,  
she couldn't get rid of us  
until she found somebody else.  
The nurse on duty heard screaming,  
found Mrs Sullivan on the floor  
clawing at her own skin,  
absolutely convinced she was on fire.  
In no condition for visitors  
as you can see.  
If you'd like,  
I can let you see Mr Sullivan.  
Okay.  
I know I'm probably the last person  
you want to see right now,  
but you're the only one that I can talk to.  
Who died?  
- A friend.  
- You're scared.  
You ought to be.  
Is she...  
- What is she?  
- I can tell you what she's not.  
She's not a daughter of mine. She's not  
a 10-year-old having trouble in school.  
And she's not some innocent victim  
whose door you busted down  
and life you saved.  
She's not going anywhere soon, lady.  
Not till she's good and done with you.  
- Done with me how?  
- However she wants.  
You think it's an accident  
her ending up with you?  
She saw you coming a mile away.  
Why me? I don't have anything.  
You have that you're good. Kindness.  
Decency. That's what she feeds on.

Bleeds you dry, moves on to the next.  
We were a big family,  
she went through us  
like a wrecking ball.  
It's like she sees everything.  
And what she doesn't see, she senses.  
Like when you call a friend  
and they pick it up before it rings?  
They say when you're born  
you're given your eternal soul.  
The part of you that lives on, lives again.  
Whatever evil she is,  
didn't come from us.  
It was already there.  
From the moment she came into being,  
she brought something with her.  
Something older, destructive.  
Soul of a demon.  
What does she want?  
To know what your idea of hell is  
and make you live there.

- Hi.

- Hi.

You weren't there so I took the bus.  
Sorry, work, I lost track of time.  
It's okay, I know how busy you are.  
Doesn't matter anyway, the bus  
stops right at the end of the street.  
So I can always get home,  
whether you're there or not.

Lucky.

Where's the phone?

It wasn't working, so...

Wow. That one, too.

We had gym today.

I'm gonna have a shower.

- Are they being nice to her?

- Who?

My mother.

How would I know that?

I thought you said

you were going to see her.

I never said that.

I must have dreamt it.

- Nancy.

- Emily.

I'm so sorry about Doug.

I know you two were close.

Do you have a minute?

I was just wondering if you've had any luck finding a place for Lilith?

Still looking. You know, more kids than homes right now.

So, how long you think we're talking here? Like...

Honestly, she's not my first priority.

She's in a safe environment with someone who understands her needs.

Nancy,

if there's anything that you could do to expedite

- the process...

- Are you serious?

Emily, you petitioned for custody, you got it.

She's your responsibility. Make it work.

How? How do I make it work

if it's not working?

With the same coping skills you teach these moms and dads every week!

Walk the talk, Emily! Walk the talk!

See you next time. Good work.

Why is she hurting...

Hey, wait a minute. Who do you think you are, barging in there like that?

It's okay, Diane,

Emily's been under a lot of stress lately, but she's really nice to me and

I hope I can stay with her a long time.

Don't ever do that again.

See you next week, Diane.

Don't worry,

it was all a misunderstanding.

- You're not going back there.

- Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily? Why, Emily?

Why, Emily?

Can I go back to group next week?

You're never going back there!

Are you sure?

No. No.

- I know.

- You were terrific back there.

Really enjoyed the service, Father.

Thanks.

- Mike.

- Emily.

They are not crazy, Mike. Her parents.

They're right about her.

You want to wind up where they are?

Keep talking like this.

Emily, you're grieving for Doug

and you're still confused

about what Diego did.

- Aren't you?

- Diego grew up in a bad home,  
he saw violence, he repeated it,  
that's the cycle.

- You know that better than anyone.

- Why did she lie about calling him?

Because she's a liar, but that  
doesn't mean she made him do it.

Let me tell you what Lily is.

She's a damaged child,  
she's a deceitful child,  
she's a manipulative child.

But a damaged, deceitful,  
manipulative child is not a demon.

You think I'm crazy.

You believe in there.

But out here it's all just bullshit?

Mike, you know I'm not crazy.

Don't run away from this

just because it scares you.

I'll tell you what is scaring me



is not recognising my friend.

- Get some help. Seriously.

- Mike...

I don't want to report you.

Good night.

Mrs Lynch, I told you that...

Do you think I'm an idiot?

Do you think I'm just making this up?

- That's not what you said. I'm not stupid.

- Yeah, no.

You never said anything  
about unsupervised visits.

No, that is not what I said.

You said if my husband got help,  
then my son could come home.

- I did not. No.

- Nothing between the lines there.

You never said that...

Who do you think you are  
telling me how to raise my son?

- Mrs Lynch...

- You know nothing about me.

You know nothing about my son.

You know nothing about my family.

Will you please let me respond?

How I raise my child is  
none of your business.

Would you let... Would you...

How my son and his father relate  
is none of your business.

Shut the fuck up,  
you miserable, miserable woman  
before I come and beat your ass  
like you beat your son!

I have your address!

Think about that before you call  
and swear at me!

Okay, so, you're certainly in no state  
of mind to be here right now.

Come on, it's late,  
you look like shit, go home.

I don't want to go home.

Hello?

It's for you.

Emily Jenkins.  
You shouldn't leave me  
home alone, Emily.  
Wayne?  
There you are. I made supper.  
Don't ignore me.  
My mother used to ignore me.  
Emily? Can I come in?  
I'm scared.  
Emily? Please? I know you're in there.  
Please, Emily?  
Let me in, let me in.  
Let me in, let me in, let me in, let me in,  
let me in, let me in, let me in.  
Leave me alone.  
Please, help me.  
Please! No, please open the door?  
Open the door, she's coming!  
- Drive.  
- There's nobody out there.  
- Drive!  
- There is nobody out there. Look.  
There's nobody out there.  
It's okay.  
Leaving the child unattended  
is a jailable offence.  
You have to do what I say.  
If I say I want to go to group,  
you have to do it.  
If I say I want a new dress,  
you have to do it.  
If I say I want ice cream every day,  
after school,  
you have to do it, okay?  
Don't be sad.  
This is your new beginning.  
Emily.  
I tried to call you.  
Good news, we found a home for Lily.  
Family in Cloverfield.  
Really good people.  
They're picking her up Friday,  
after school.  
What's the matter? They're perfect.

- If they take her...  
- The whole thing starts all over again.  
You can't let her go,  
you can't let her stay.  
Leaves you one option.  
- I can't.  
- You have to.  
- You don't understand.  
- Don't tell me I don't understand.  
You've had her, what, two months?  
I had her 10 years.  
We had her 10 years.  
- Think of it as a test of faith.  
- I don't wanna have any faith.  
How about anger?  
You got some of that?  
- How? How do I...  
- Kill her?  
In her asleep.  
That's the only time you got  
the upper hand, is when she's sleeping,  
but she almost never does.  
We checked on her room,  
every night for three months.  
First night she slept was the night  
that you busted in our front door.  
And I'll tell you what I'd do different,  
count yourself dead at the outset.  
Accept that going in,  
use it to your advantage.  
If you're not afraid, she can't hurt you.  
No money, no way to contact her.  
Must have went 80 on the way back,  
straight through,  
didn't stop for nothing.  
When we got home,  
she was waiting for us on the doorstep.  
Where is she now?  
Some family, somewhere?  
Eddie said, "We're gonna burn her,"  
and I said, "Okay."  
They did what I said for a while,  
but then they stopped  
and started with the secrets.

But they weren't really secrets, I guess,  
because I always knew  
what they were thinking.

- Don't leave me.

- It's okay, Maggie. I'll check on you later.

I'm glad you're getting  
the help you need, Daddy.

Get somebody down here now.

- Somebody call it in.

- Base, this is Sanchez.

We're gonna need medical personnel  
right away to the cafeteria...

- Edward Sullivan...

- I know.

Something I want you to hear.

This came in this morning,

**right about 2:**

You might wanna sit.

...decide what to do with you  
and your family, Michael.

Every time I think about it,  
a voice in my head says, "Kill them."

Who is this?

Just a little girl.

- Up past her bedtime.

- Lilith?

You were right. She did call Doug.

She used your cell phone.

Took me a couple of extra days  
to check your cell phone records,  
but that's what she's been using.

- She's tearing me apart.

- You're not crazy, Emily. This is real.

Edward said I have to kill her.

I'll help you.

Keep her at the house.

Physically you're fine. How's the stress?

I'm not sleeping.

I was hoping you could  
give me something.

Take one of these, you'll sleep.

Lily?

What?

Oh, my God.  
Who is this?  
Emily, it's Wayne,  
I just got a call, Mike's dead.  
- No, he's...  
- Listen, Em.  
They think he shot himself.  
- Emily? Em?  
- No...  
Emily? Emily, are you okay?  
Get out of my house!  
Get out of my house!  
Don't yell at me!  
Emily, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.  
Can I come in so we can talk  
and work it out?  
Emily?  
Stay away from me!  
Don't be mad. I said I was sorry.  
I'll brush your hair for you.  
Stay away from me!  
No! No. No.  
Emily. Emily.  
We need to learn healthier ways  
of resolving conflict, Emily.  
Most families  
don't even know they have a problem  
until it's too late.  
What are you doing,  
you silly pumpkinhead?  
You don't want me to come under there  
and get you, do you?  
- No.  
- I'm going to count to three.  
- One, two...  
- No.  
Two and a half, two and three quarters,  
three. Here I come.  
- No! What do you want?  
- What you wanted from your mother.  
I want you to love me.  
Okay. I will.  
Come tuck me in.  
Oh, my God.

Emily.

Chamomile.

Maybe you should have it,  
you look stressed.

I'll have one later.

I'm really sorry  
that I let things get like this.

- We'll do better from now on.

- We have to.

Someone could get hurt.

What should we do tomorrow?

- Surprise me.

- I'm not so good at surprises.

You're getting better.

Everybody get out okay?

Ma'am, anyone else inside? Yes or no?

That was mean.

You follow us downtown,  
we'll find someplace for you to stay.

Miss? You okay?

I'm fine.

Maybe we can find a hotel  
with a swimming pool.

- Where are we going?

- You said I should surprise you.

She hated herself.

And she hated you.

They said it was an accident,  
but you knew it wasn't.

Your mother.

That's why you never had  
any kids of your own.

That's what you're afraid of, isn't it?

The part of you that's her.

What are you?

- Slow down!

- What the hell are you?

You're upset, you shouldn't be driving.

Mom.

Mom, slow down, you're scaring me.

Mom! Slow down, please!

Look out!

- It's not real.

- Yes, it is!

It's not real!  
Are you scared?  
I'm not.  
I'm not afraid.  
Just die!  
No! No!  
No!