

On The Edge  
by  
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Patricia is a plastic surgeon, although her office would not suggest it. It is a large space, tastefully decorated in light earth colors. Her desk, with a stunning floral bouquet upon it, occupies the south end. STREET NOISE can be heard.

Patricia herself is sitting on one of the sofas, carefully looking at ROBERT HART'S face. He is a somewhat dissipated man in late middle age. Patricia is in her mid-thirties, a petite brunette with a plain face. She is wearing an expensive, but somewhat ruffled suit. Her socks beneath her slacks don't quite match.

Patricia is pulling at the skin on Robert's face like it's so much meat.

PATRICIA

I don't see any problems arising out of what you want, Mr. Hart. Are you allergic to any antibiotics or painkillers?

ROBERT

(slightly embarrassed to even be there)  
No. Will it hurt much?

PATRICIA

(carefully)  
Well, it might be uncomfortable. But it's nothing that can't be remedied.

Patricia writes some notes on a pad that rests on her knees and then continues touching Robert's face, trying to estimate where incisions would be needed, drawing lines on a face shaped outline on the table.

PATRICIA

You'll look ten years younger. You caught a little too much sun, didn't you?

ROBERT

Yeah, well, we thought it was healthy then, didn't we?

PATRICIA

You might have. You might want to see a dermatologist. It's a shame you didn't come to me earlier.

(MORE)

PATRICIA(cont'd)

We're focusing on preventative methods.

ROBERT

What, a stitch in time saves nine?

PATRICIA

Essentially. Less painful, too.

Robert wants to change the subject and notices a large bouquet sitting on Patricia's desk.

ROBERT

Those are nice. Did your husband get them for you?

PATRICIA

No, a patient.

ROBERT

What did you do for them?

PATRICIA

Nothing you need to know about.  
(relents, slightly)  
But, as you can see, I was successful.

2

INT. WILL'S PLACE - NIGHT.

2

Will's Place is a trendy working professional bar. It's well lit, and an early ROLLING STONES SONG is playing at a comfortable level.

Patricia is there, in the suit she wore to work that day, at a table with LEWIS, a slightly drunk thirty-ish executive who's getting drunker. Patricia is toying with her drink, the ice in it has long since melted.

Patricia finally stands up with a smile that is almost painfully false and asks Lewis a question, unheard above the noise of the crowd. Lewis nods carefully and stands to join her. He awkwardly tries to help her with her coat. She puts it on despite his assistance and heads for an exit on near screen left, Lewis following behind her.

As Patricia walks towards the exit, she bumps into a lone patron, MICHAEL WENTWORTH at a small table. Michael is a healthy man in his late forties, with dark hair and eyes, wearing a dark business suit. We can now hear Patricia.

PATRICIA

`Scuse me.

Michael says nothing but only smiles at her. Patricia shrugs and continues on her way. Michael turns to watch her leave.

FADE OUT MUSIC

3 INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

3

The room is dark punctuated by the flashing light of an answering machine. The door opens and Patricia's hand reaches around the door frame to turn on the light.

A neat living room, furnished in Scandinavian modern is revealed by the light of a single halogen lamp. The door opens further to allow the entry of Patricia and Lewis.

Patricia guides Lewis to the sofa where they both sit down.

LEWIS

Nice place. What did you say you do during the day?

PATRICIA

I didn't.

LEWIS

Well, it pays the rent, huh?

Patricia nods. Lewis kisses her suddenly, like a teenager. She reciprocates. Things quickly become very hot and bothered. Lewis is moving quickly, as if afraid of being caught. He is trying to unbutton her blouse when she abruptly pushes him away and stands up.

PATRICIA

No. I can't do this.

LEWIS

Wha'?

PATRICIA

You heard me.

LEWIS

Are you married or somethin'?

PATRICIA

No. But that doesn't mean I can't change my mind, does it?

LEWIS

Oh, c'mon! We've been talking all night...

PATRICIA  
So you're good conversation. Look,  
you better go home.

LEWIS  
(Muttering)  
Whole dam' evening...

PATRICIA  
(Tipsy anger)  
That doesn't matter! That's the way  
it is. I'll call you a cab.

Patricia picks up the phone on her coffee table and dials a number.

LEWIS  
Will told me you're always with  
someone.

PATRICIA  
(On Phone)  
Hold on a second.

PATRICIA  
(To Lewis)  
Not tonight. Will you take a taxi  
or should I call the cops?

LEWIS  
Tease.

PATRICIA  
I'm tired and this is stupid. Go  
back home to your boring wife. I've  
got to be up in the morning.  
(On phone)  
Yes, 733 First. Now. Thanks.

Patricia hangs up the phone. She takes some money from her pocket and gives it to Lewis.

PATRICIA  
Here, for the taxi. You can wait  
outside.

Lewis is pissed off but sees no other option. He gracelessly takes her money and stands up.

LEWIS  
I guess I can't call you, huh?

PATRICIA

You won't even remember my name in the morning.

She hustles him towards the door.

PATRICIA

Good night, Lewis.

She get's him out of her house and slams the door shut, making sure it's locked. Patricia sighs wearily and sits at the counter where her answering machine is blinking. She presses the playback button and leafs through a pile of mail as she listens. The first voice is her receptionist at the clinic, MAGGIE.

MAGGIE

Hi, Dr. Montgomery, it's Maggie. I'm just calling to tell you that you've got an appointment with Mrs. Huxhold tomorrow afternoon. She's still kind of angry.

The machine BEEPS and continues.

VOICE TWO is a robot telemarketer that spiels an automatic pitch about insurance despite the absence of any human listener. Patricia angrily presses the delete button. The machine BEEPS and continues.

VOICE THREE - MALE

Hello, Dr. Montgomery, this is Andrew Smith from the Association for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and I'm just calling to thank you for your generous -

Patricia presses the delete button before this message ends. Another BEEP. Now it is her partner, Tony.

TONY

Hi, Patricia, it's Tony. Can we reschedule Friday's procedure? It turns out my wife made plans for us to go away and I just plain forgot. I'd really appreciate it. Thanks.

The machine gives three BEEPS, announcing that all messages have been played.

Patricia sighs, throws most of the mail she had in her hands into a nearby garbage can and heads for her bedroom, alone.

4

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

4

Patricia herself is sitting on the edge of the coffee table, carefully peering at the face of one MRS. ALICIA HUXHOLD, a faded beauty in a Chanel suit. Patricia is frowning as she examines Mrs. Huxhold.

PATRICIA

I think you might be exaggerating the problem. I can't quite see -

MRS. HUXHOLD

(interrupting impatiently)  
Shut up. You didn't do it right.

PATRICIA

(reluctant)  
Are you sure it isn't the light?

MRS. HUXHOLD

I'm sure. I've been looking at it every day for the past two weeks.

PATRICIA

(sighing)  
It wouldn't be the first time a nose set off center. I'm -

MRS. HUXHOLD

It's the first time for me. What are you going to do about it?

PATRICIA

I'll have to rebreak and reset it.

MRS. HUXHOLD

Correctly this time?

PATRICIA

Of course. When I wrapped you up, your nose seemed perfect. Are you sure you didn't bump it soon after surgery?

MRS. HUXHOLD

No, I didn't. You made this mistake, not me.

PATRICIA

Well, you seem quite sure...

Patricia goes to her desk and picks up a large appointment calender that is sitting upon it. She flips through many pages before speaking.

PATRICIA

I can see you three weeks from tomorrow.

MRS. HUXHOLD

Three weeks? I can't wait three weeks!

PATRICIA

That's the earliest time I have.

Mrs. Huxhold gets up as if to leave.

MRS. HUXHOLD

Maybe you can find me a better time when my lawyer calls you.

PATRICIA

I don't think that'll be necessary -

In the middle of that last word, they are interrupted by MAGGIE, Patricia's secretary, who walks into the room without knocking. She is holding a manila folder. Her twenty-something prettiness is marred by her anxiety

MAGGIE

Dr. Montgomery, General called. They're swamped and they got a pediatric trauma and well - look.

Maggie opens the manila folder and holds it out to Patricia. A Polaroid photo falls out of it, that Patricia picks up and peruses. She is shocked by what she sees and talks to Maggie.

PATRICIA

Is he stable?

MAGGIE

Yes, he's fine except for...that. He got dragged for almost a hundred feet.

Patricia looks at her watch and briefly glances at Mrs. Huxhold who is watching this.

PATRICIA

Call General and tell them we can do it. Tony and Peter should be finishing up with Don, go warn them. Call Andrea and get her in here.

MAGGIE

But it's -

PATRICIA

Offer her time and a half. Theater Two should be clean, get Peter to prep it and tell General we'll be ready in... forty five minutes.

Maggie nods but makes no motion to leave. She glances at Mrs. Huxhold and speaks to Patricia.

MAGGIE

(quietly)

The family doesn't have coverage.

PATRICIA

So what? We'll find a way around it. If Tony squawks, I'll cover it. I'll have to cover Andrea, anyway.

Maggie nods and turns to leave.

MRS. HUXHOLD

What is this? You can't find room for me, but you've got time for charity-

PATRICIA

(poise gone)

Here, take a look at this.

Patricia crosses back to Mrs. Huxhold and angrily thrusts the Polaroid into her hand. Mr. Huxhold looks at the photo, gasps and blanches.

INSERT - Photograph of young child with newly mangled features.

PATRICIA

I can fix your nose tonight or next month. But if I don't get to that kid right away...

Patricia takes the photo back from Mrs. Huxhold.

MRS. HUXHOLD  
I didn't realize...

PATRICIA  
Of course you didn't. I have to go.

Patricia brusquely pushes past Mrs. Huxhold, Maggie following in her wake.

5 INT. OPERATING THEATER - DAY. 5

A small, well equipped surgical theater. One nurse, PETER is prepping the theater. Patricia enters, wearing surgical scrubs and conversing with her similarly garbed colleague TONY, a middle aged man with the optimism of a teenager. Another nurse is behind them.

PATRICIA  
- can't leave a kid like that, can we?

TONY  
Of course not...I was wondering -

Their discussion is interrupted by the entrance of the patient, a seven year old boy, NICHOLAS. He is still conscious and in pain. His crying sets all present on edge. He is accompanied by the anesthesiologist, ANDREA.

PATRICIA  
Put him to sleep, Anne.

ANDREA  
Just a second.

Nicholas' crying ceases as he is carefully drugged by Andrea. Patricia and Tony both assess the damage.

PATRICIA  
What were you asking just now?

TONY  
Oh. I was wondering if you settled things with Huxhold.

PATRICIA  
(Carefully)  
Everything's fine. I'm doing her over tomorrow.

TONY  
Last thing?

PATRICIA  
 Yes, if you could help out, she'll  
 appreciate it.

TONY  
 Sure, Patricia. Anything for a  
 friend.

Patricia takes a deep breath and regards her patient.

PATRICIA  
 Thanks. God, what a mess.

6 INT. WILL'S PLACE - NIGHT.

6

Patricia is back at Will's Place. The bar is not as crowded as it could be. Patricia sits at the bar, talking to the owner/bartender WILL. INANE CHATTER soaks the air, almost drowning out the MUSIC - this time it's "Dear Prudence" by The Beatles.

Michael Wentworth is also at the bar, sitting two seats away from Patricia. Patricia does not notice him, but he is listening to her conversation.

Michael is in his mid-forties, good looking, but not breath-takingly so. His accent is neutral and his speech is always clear. He never raises his voice. He wears an expensive European suit and does not carry a briefcase. He is a man of quiet intensity and poise, with the charisma usually associated with demagogues and psychotics.

PATRICIA  
 ...and then we got a kid looking  
 like hamburger.

WILL  
 Uh-huh.

PATRICIA  
 So my day's been awful. Yours?

WILL  
 Well, you know, the usual.

Michael has turned to pay attention to Patricia during this sterling conversation.

MICHAEL  
 I think you need some ice cream.

Patricia is a little startled and then laughs.

PATRICIA  
Yeah, that would be nice. That's  
what

I usually have when I'm feeling down.

MICHAEL  
I don't have any ice cream, but...

He reaches into the pocket of his slightly old-fashioned  
suit.

MICHAEL  
...I happen to have this. Here.

Michael hands her a Swiss chocolate bar.

PATRICIA  
Hey, wow. Thanks.

She unwraps the bar and eats it with somewhat guilty  
pleasure.

MICHAEL  
You don't have it very often?

PATRICIA  
I can't.

MICHAEL  
Diet?

PATRICIA  
Sort of.

MICHAEL  
(To Will)  
Another, please.

Michael gives the drink he receives to Patricia.

PATRICIA  
Thanks. Bourbon?

MICHAEL  
You don't like it?

PATRICIA  
(Shrugs)  
It's what I usually drink.

MICHAEL  
That doesn't mean you like it.

PATRICIA  
I can't drink something I don't  
like too fast.

MICHAEL  
I'm Michael. Your day can't have  
been that bad.

PATRICIA  
Patricia. It might have been. I got  
real close to being sued.

MICHAEL  
Things are settled, now?

PATRICIA  
They should be tomorrow.

MICHAEL  
Well, then, what's to worry about?

PATRICIA  
I think I messed up something else.

MICHAEL  
And that would be...?

PATRICIA  
I don't know. I'm doing something  
I'm good at, but my best...crap.

MICHAEL  
What else could you do?

PATRICIA  
Nothing, I'm not qualified.

MICHAEL  
What would you like to do?

PATRICIA  
Have another drink.

MICHAEL  
And beyond that?

PATRICIA  
I never plan more than two drinks  
ahead.

MICHAEL  
I see. And tomorrow? More chocolate  
and bourbon?

PATRICIA  
You bought them both.

MICHAEL  
You didn't have to take them. What  
are you  
going to do tomorrow?

Patricia stares at him, a long level gaze. She swallows a  
deliberate mouthful of her drink.

PATRICIA  
Break some dowager's nose.

MICHAEL  
Really?

PATRICIA  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Is this a hobby of yours, or just a  
special treat?

PATRICIA  
I get paid for it. Well, not the  
dowager.

PATRICIA  
That's fixing a previous mistake.

MICHAEL  
You don't think you made a mistake.

PATRICIA  
No, no I don't. But she's got a  
bigger lawyer than me, so...

MICHAEL  
Suppose that wasn't the case. What  
would you do?

PATRICIA  
(Laughs)  
Tell her to go to hell.

MICHAEL  
You should have.

PATRICIA  
Oh, yeah. And Patricia would then  
kiss her career goodbye.

MICHAEL

It would be worth it. You'd survive.

PATRICIA

Survive? I don't know how.

MICHAEL

You've gotten this far.

PATRICIA

Only because there's always been someone else to tell me what to do.

MICHAEL

Sorry?

PATRICIA

Oh. Wunderkind. Sped through school. Parents told me they wanted a doctor. Mentor recommended cosmetic surgery. Classmate told me about my current practice. Others tell me what they want done to their face. I don't think I've - crap. What am I telling you this for?

MICHAEL

Because you like my face?

PATRICIA

I've worked on better.

MICHAEL

(Laughs)

Ouch.

PATRICIA

I'm sorry. Sort of. Guess I'm kind of bitchy tonight.

MICHAEL

No, just honest.

PATRICIA

Only when I'm drinking.

MICHAEL

Honesty isn't that difficult, even sober. Not really. That's only your second drink tonight. You usually stop after two.

PATRICIA  
You've been watching?

MICHAEL  
Yes.

Patricia physically retreats at this, like a wary cat.

MICHAEL  
I'm not trying to lure you with  
chocolate.

Patricia relaxes, somewhat.

PATRICIA  
That would be a first. Chocolate, I  
mean.

MICHAEL  
If you don't want to get picked up,  
you shouldn't come to places like  
this.

PATRICIA  
My biker leathers are at the  
cleaners.

MICHAEL  
A biker and a surgeon? What an  
interesting  
combination. What else do you do?

FADE OUT MUSIC.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN

7 INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

7

Blackness reigns, punctuated by the flashing red eye of the  
message machine.

Once again, the door is cracked open and Patricia's hand  
reaches around to flip on the light. The door swings wide  
open and Patricia enters the house, alone. She ignores her  
blinking answering machine, drops her briefcase on the ground  
and walks, somewhat unsteadily, to her bedroom, not quite  
slamming the door as she goes.

8 INT. OPERATING THEATER - LATE AFTERNOON. 8

Patricia, Tony, and two assistants, wearing their usual surgical greens are regarding the blissfully quiet form of Mrs. Huxhold.

PATRICIA  
I still think she's imagining things.

TONY  
If she doesn't like it...

9 EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - SAME DAY. AFTER SUNSET. 9

Michael, wearing a dark trench coat over an immaculate Saville Row suit, is walking through commute clogged streets. His eyes are upon a windblown female ahead of him.

The woman is a plain, thirty-ish brunette, running end of the day errands. There is a superficial resemblance to Patricia, but her walk isn't as brisk and her suit is cheaper. She carries a briefcase and an armload of dry cleaning. She steps into a deli and Michael pauses, standing aside from impatient pedestrians, waiting for her to exit.

10 INT. OPERATING THEATER - CONCURRENTLY 10

Patricia and Tony are still at work on Mrs. Huxhold

PATRICIA  
(Wearily)  
This is her third bout.  
I think she looked better before.

TONY  
Customer's always right, Trish.

PATRICIA  
Shut up, Tony.

11 EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT ALLEY - EVENING. 11

Michael is in a silent struggle with the young woman he has been following. He has managed to drag her into an alley. Her dry cleaning, briefcase and pastrami sandwich are on the ground.

There is little sound, they are far enough away from the thinning evening traffic for nothing except the occasional CITY NOISE to reach them.

Fear keeps the woman silent and wide eyed. Michael is intent upon grappling with her, not conversation. His intentions beyond that are not clear.

12 INT. OPERATING THEATER - EVENING. 12

TONY

I guess this isn't the time to tell you she wants another eye tuck?

PATRICIA

What?

13 EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT ALLEY - EVENING. 13

Michael and the woman are still struggling. She manages to reach into her coat pocket and reach the tiny spray bottle of mace her boyfriend gave her. She sprays Michael full in the face and pauses, expecting a reaction.

There is none. Michael is not affected, but he takes advantage of the moment and SNAPS her neck with an angry movement. He shows no regret, and gently lowers the body to the ground.

14 INT. OPERATING THEATER - EVENING. 14

PATRICIA

She wants more?

TONY

Yeah, an eye tuck next month. Said she wants to keep ahead of the crow's feet. Asked about Botox, too.

Patricia savagely slashes Mrs. Huxhold's face with the scalpel in her hand. Another murderous swipe cuts her throat and the operating table is suddenly red, too red.

(Simultaneously)

TONY

Jesus Christ, Patricia!

PATRICIA

Stupid bitch. Stupid, stupid, bitch.

NURSE ONE

Jesus! Clamp, gauze, anything.

Patricia pushes herself away from the failing Mrs. Huxhold, still clutching the scalpel. The nurses are trying to staunch the life flowing out of Huxhold's throat. Tony faces Patricia, but dares not approach her.

TONY

I guess it was the wrong time to tell you that. Can I have the scalpel. Please?

Patricia shakes her head, moves away from the carnage towards the theater's only doorway.

NURSE ONE

Call Sacto General! We gotta take her in!

Patricia whirls and runs out of the room.

15 EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT ALLEY - EVENING. 15

Michael is just pushing his victim's body into a dumpster, and

brings the lid down with a loud CLANG. Simultaneously, a hitherto unnoticed back door is SLAMMED open by Patricia.

Michael steps back into shadows and watches Patricia as she pulls off the bloody surgical gown she is still wearing at throws it blindly into the same dumpster. The scalpel that she is still compulsively clinging to, is dropped on the ground.

Patricia stands dazed for a moment, unaware of Michael's presence. She leaves the alleyway for the street and Michael follows discreetly.

16 EXT. WILL'S PLACE - EVENING. 16

It's a dirty, blustery evening. The constant wind is pushing garbage into the paths of the few pedestrians out in this weather.

Will's place is announced in a squiggle of blue and green neon in a gentrified part of town, but the new paint and lamposts can't do much to hide the beggar on the corner.

Patricia initially pauses outside the bar, and then continues on her way. Unseen by her, Michael follows at a discreet distance.

17 INT. PATRICIA'S HOUSE - EVENING

17

Patricia, windblown and desolate, enters her house and looks at it as a stranger might. The answering machine is blinking furiously but she ignores it. She sits down and stares stonily at nothing for a long moment.

The WIND can be heard WHISTLING outside, causing odd BUMPS and CREAKS.

Patricia picks the answering machine up and hurls it across the room. It collides with a vase on the coffee table with a loud CRUNCH.

Patricia stalks around the room and stops at a desk. Her oversize appointment calender follows the machine with a THUMP against the wall. Then a prescription pad and a jar of pencils, CLATTER to the floor. A stack of floppy discs and medical journals SLITHER down. The phone RINGS harshly. Patricia yanks the phone cord out of the wall. The RINGING stops abruptly.

She looks about herself, slowly sinks down into a chair.

A KNOCK at the door interrupts Patricia's silent stillness. She opens the door to reveal Michael, looking windblown as she, but existing with the poise that Patricia has lost.

PATRICIA  
Michael?

MICHAEL  
Yes. May I come in?

PATRICIA  
How did you-

MICHAEL  
I'll tell you soon. We don't have  
much time.

PATRICIA  
I know. And this isn't-

A police SIREN fades in, through and out of this moment. Patricia looks over her shoulder, back at Michael. Michael has the same slightly conspiratorial air as he wore when he last spoke with her.

MICHAEL  
I have something for you.

PATRICIA

What?

MICHAEL

If you let me in, I'll show you.

PATRICIA

I don't have time for games!

Patricia hand on the front doorknob is white with tension.

MICHAEL

This isn't a game, Patricia.

Patricia starts visibly at that.

PATRICIA

I know!

MICHAEL

Please.

A long second stretches by. Patricia moves fractionally, preparing to shut the door on Michael. He holds the door open.

MICHAEL

I need you. Please.

Michael is almost humble. He touches Patricia's arm gently. She shrugs helplessly and stands aside to let him in. He surveys the obvious wreckage without comment, and sits down on her sofa.

PATRICIA

So what do you have?

Michael places the bloody scalpel Patricia left in the alley on her coffee table. Patricia sits heavily on the edge of the coffee table.

PATRICIA

How did you...?

MICHAEL

I have good timing.

PATRICIA

(realization)

You followed me.

Michael nods. Patricia looks desperately at the phone that has been torn out of the wall.

PATRICIA

Why?

MICHAEL

You tell me.

PATRICIA

What?

MICHAEL

You know what's happening. I don't.  
You tell me why I found that.

PATRICIA

You're crazy.

MICHAEL

It's quite possible. Tell me what  
happened.

PATRICIA

Are you-

MICHAEL

I'm not a cop. Tell me.

PATRICIA

Meat with credit cards.

MICHAEL

What?

Patricia folds up within herself. Her elbows rest on knees, her chin rests on a clenched fist. She is staring at the ground, a hunched mockery of herself.

PATRICIA

That's all they are anymore. One  
less, now.

Michael smiles. He seems oddly pleased by this statement.

MICHAEL

I thought as much.

He looks around the room, noting the damage once more. He moves closer to her.

MICHAEL

Don't stop now, you're almost  
there.

PATRICIA

What?

MICHAEL

You've reached a pivotal point.  
Most people never get this close.

PATRICIA

Close to what?

MICHAEL

Truth. Freedom. I want to help you.  
I can guide you through this.

PATRICIA

I'm in enough trouble as it is.

MICHAEL

And how do you plan to get out of  
it?

PATRICIA

Get out of it? How can I?

MICHAEL

Precisely. You can only go forward.  
I've been there before you, I can  
show you the way.

Patricia tried to move away from him, but she is already on  
the edge of the table and she is reluctant to move too far.

MICHAEL

We've both killed. I've more  
experience, but you have potential.  
I can bring that to fruition.

PATRICIA

Oh shit...

Patricia jumps up and moves away from this soft spoken  
lunatic. Michael sighs and does not follow her.

MICHAEL

Patricia, if I was going to kill  
you, I would have done so  
already.

He holds out his empty hands.

MICHAEL

You can't go back. No-one can. If you stay here, you're going to suffer. You can only go forward.

Patricia is still backing away from Michael. A KNOCK at the door breaks the moemnt. Michael glances at the door and ignores it.

MICHAEL

And I'm the only one who can take you forward.

The KNOCKING continues. Loud and peremptory.

MICHAEL

Penance is an outdated concept.

The KNOCKING is even louder, more demanding. Patricia moves to answer the door, but keeps an eye on Michael. He leans back on the sofa, a man at ease.

MICHAEL

I'm not going anywhere.

Patricia opens the door to SCOTT MILLER, a tired 2nd grade detective who needs a vacation. He's wearing pants and a shirt that should have been thrown into the laundry basket eighteen hours ago. His tie is almost tacky and he does not suffer fools gladly.

MILLER

Dr. Montgomery

PATRICIA

(sighing)

Yes?

MILLER

Detective Miller, Sacramento PD.  
We'd like-

PATRICIA

To the station?

Miller nods.

PATRICIA

I have to get my bag. Come in.

Miller follows her into the house as she fetches her purse. Miller notices the mess and Michael with a curious frown. Michael says nothing, his gaze is upon Patricia.

PATRICIA  
(to Michael)  
No, and get out.

Michael stand, finally acknowledging Miller.

MICHAEL  
I don't want to cause a scene.

Miller opens his mouth to ask a question, but is cut off by Patricia.

PATRICIA  
Too late. Go.

Michael precedes the three of them as they leave the house. Patricia turns off lights as she passes through the room, leaving the house in wind muttering darkness.