

Mary's eyes open, her arms still in a defensive position. For a moment, even with her eyes open she still seems frightened. Ross tries to comfort/calm her down.

Mary tries to contain her emotions, still processing the nightmare and where she is. She rolls over, calms her breathing. Ross rattled.

ROSS

What was it?

Mary's eyes dart. She has no way of explaining her nightmare. In a moment, she almost attempts to but doesn't. Tears mixed with relief.

106 OMITTED

106

106A INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

106A

Mary sits across from an evaluating FEMALE PSYCHIATRIST (50s). They're not in a formal setting, rather casually seated around a small table. Mary nervous, but as is her nature, she holds it in.

The psychiatrist watches her for a few moments, never judgmental, never harsh. Instead she's very comforting, but careful to evaluate.

Start

PSYCHIATRIST

Mary, I'd like to ask you something. There is no right or wrong. Just your honesty. Okay?

Mary nods.

PSYCHIATRIST

What I'd like to ask is, what is it you need, Mary?

A moment.

MARY

A child.

PSYCHIATRIST

Yes, I know that you and your husband want a child. The agency wants to place a child in a good home. A child wants parents. But what is it you need, Mary? What do you need that a child fulfills?

Mary's unsure, increasingly uncomfortable. Tries to find the words, but she has trouble breaking things down that simply.

MARY

I, um... I--

PSYCHIATRIST

Let me put it this way. What purpose would a child serve you?

The question is more stinging for Mary than it would be for most. As she sits and contemplates, unknown to her, her physical posture and mannerisms, although ever so slight, become increasingly defensive.

The psychiatrist watches carefully.

The moments pass. As Mary speaks, her voice gains strength as she explains, but her emotions take over.

MARY

There's a hollow inside of me. I can't ever fill it. Not even with a child. It burrows inside of me. Vacant, cold. But there's something else inside. Something beautiful. Something loving. It's there for a reason. It's there so that I can give it to someone else. I need to give it. If I don't it has no meaning, it has no purpose. If I don't share it, then only the hollow exists. I want a child because I need to give love.

The psychiatrist hangs on every word.

PSYCHIATRIST

If a child can't fill it, what happens to the hollow, Mary?

A moment. Mary's emotion turns to a hidden anger, never showing itself to be threatening, but it's there, in her eyes as she looks directly at the psychiatrist.

MARY

Knowing I could give love, I'd face it, dig it out and throw it away once and for all.

Hold on the two as they sit.

End

107 INT. MARY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

107

Mary seems just a bit more focused, but on edge after her appointment. As she approaches her house--