

CONTINUED:

Beat Jane's actually awkward.

JANE (CONT'D)
Uh, this is Agent Lisbon.

SOPHIE
(wry smile)
We met.

LISBON
Hi.
(to Jane)
I'll wait at the car.

Lisbon ambles away.

SOPHIE
Thank you.

JANE
Forget it. Haven't done anything.

SOPHIE
It's good to see you. It would be nice to talk a while, catch up.

JANE
We are talking. A lawyer would have had you out of there hours ago. Why did you call me?

SOPHIE
(takes a beat, smiles)
Just as I remember. Too sharp. Why do you think I called you?

JANE
Are you innocent of this crime?

SOPHIE
Yes.

JANE
Then I suppose it must be idle curiosity about an old patient.

SOPHIE
You weren't just any old patient. You were very special to me.

Eyes meet. Hold. There's some unspoken emotional history between them that Jane would rather stayed unspoken. Sophie signals she won't go there by making an ironic serious face.

F/F
start

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're the reason I left clinical practice and went into research. After you, my regular patients seemed boring by comparison.

JANE

My apologies.

SOPHIE

How are you? Every now and then, I think of you and I worry.

JANE

(awkward)
You shouldn't. I'm good. I'm well. I'm very well. Good. I have to go. The boss lady is waiting. It was good to see you.

SOPHIE

And you.

Jane makes a herky-jerky exit.

stop

FLASHBACK

INT. SECURE ROOM. HOSPITAL - DAY

Years earlier. Jane sits on a bed staring at the floor. Sophie (brunette) sits opposite. The walls are covered in multiple renderings of the RED JOHN FACE, drawn in blood. Jane's hands are red with blood that drips steadily to the floor.

SOPHIE

Patrick, look at me.

Jane looks up and we see bleak despair in his eyes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

My name is Sophie Miller. I'm going to help you get better.

Jane gives her a despairing smile.

JANE

Good luck.

SOPHIE

First, let's fix your hands. Show me.

6/6

(CONTINUED)