

# On the Verge

screenplay by Philip C. Sedgwick

story by Rutger Oosterhoff & Philip C. Sedgwick

Rutger Oosterhoff  
The Roof Productions  
roosterhoff@outlook.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BUTTERFLY MEADOWS MENTAL FACILITY - DAY

A sign by an sidewalk leading to a dilapidated building reads: "Butterfly Meadows Mental Healing Facility for Hollywood & Bollywood Wash Outs" On a busy, noisy street, the facility seeks cheer from nearby palm trees and tropical flowers.

INT. BUTTERFLY MEADOWS MENTAL FACILITY CORRIDOR - DAY

KALIKA KAPADIA (30), wide-eyed and evocative, tentatively shuffles down a long corridor. She's dressed in a combination of night clothes and street clothes.

Behind her, a FEMALE ORDERLY (28), petite but extremely fit carries a small suitcase with clothes sticking out.

They pass a MALE ORDERLY (25), who could be a security guard. He works a lock on a storage unit, a video camera tucked between his legs.

As Kalika and the female orderly near, he becomes secretive in opening the storage unit.

Kalika slows, taking time to notice the camera and the stealth with which the orderly opens the unit. She slows, stealing a glance as...

The male orderly carefully puts the camera in the locker among recording equipment and other technical supplies. He shields the contents of the storage unit with his body.

The female orderly shoves Kalika forward, pointing to a door at the end of the corridor.

Kalika stumbles forward, keeping her gaze on the male orderly as he sticks a key on a lanyard in his pocket. The very end of the lanyard sticks out.

Her attention shifts as she passes an open door. She stops, looks into:

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

DR. LAGHARI (40). Precise, time-conscious, impeccable, she sits in a chair facing the doorway. Backs to Kalika, sit FIVE PATIENTS, three female, two male.

DR. LAGHARI

Tell us again, Dev, why you are  
wrongly placed in this facility?

DEV, back to our view, stands. His hands out at his side in appeal.

DEV

I do not belong here... none of us do.

Nods from all the patients.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Kalika nods agreement, tears welling up.

The female orderly shoves Kalika onward. Steers her into...

INT. DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. PANDIT (40s), a kind face, no doubt a big heart sits behind a desk, focused on a decade-old computer. A white doctor's coat over a dooby shirt. Cheap pens in the breast pocket. Despite his disheveled appearance, compassion emanates from him.

The office feels tired. Everything is used, well-worn. In a bookcase a few statues of Indian deity.

The orderly pushes Kalika to a chair, sets down the suitcase and pulls a file folder from virtually nowhere. She tosses the file to the doctor who opens and reads.

The orderly forces Kalika into the chair. Glares of contempt back and forth.

Dr. Pandit has a series of animated reactions to what he reads. Eyebrows raised, he looks at Kalika.

KALIKA

That's not what happened.

Dr. Pandit pulls a pen, scribbles on a cluttered notepad, shrugs, sighs, looks at Kalika with apology in his sad gaze.

DR. PANDIT

I am sorry. We must follow protocols. Your mother reported that you... you might be a danger to yourself or others. We must observe you... determine you are...

KALIKA

...safe to return to the wild? Come on, doctor.

DR. PANDIT

If all goes well, you will not be here long.

Dr. Pandit motions to the orderly. She grabs the suitcase and departs. Dr. Pandit presses a button on an ancient intercom. A tired BUZZ.

KALIKA

If all goes well...

CLACKING of high heels on linoleum tile.

Kalika turns to face...

DR. KAPOOR (40s), stern and sadistic. She wears a short skirt, spike heels, a silk blouse under her doctor's coat.

Dr. Kapoor tugs on Kalika's arm. A glare and a head toss:  
"Let's go!"

Kalika appeals to Dr. Pandit. He shrugs, diverts his gaze to scribble on his pad.

INT. WOMEN'S WARD - DAY

A line of military style twin beds, flimsy mattresses, yellowed sheets.

With each bed, a small bedside table. Minimal personal objects on the tables.

The ward is empty except for one WOMAN CURLED FETAL atop her sheets. She is as still as death.

Dr. Kapoor leads Kalika into the ward. She stops at a bed, signaling: "This is home," by tapping the footboard.

The bed is more or less made up, a tattered blanket folded at the foot of the bed. Her suitcase next to the bed.

Kalika looks at Dr. Kapoor then a glance at the fetal woman.

DR. KAPOOR

You can talk to her if you want. She  
won't answer. She doesn't speak.

Kalika's lips move. No words.

DR. KAPOOR

Group therapy at 14:30. Be on time.

Kalika shakes her head mouthing: "Group Therapy?"

INT. WOMEN'S WARD - DAY

Kalika, now in patient garb, smooths out her bed. She sits on the edge much like one would sit on a toilet, her feet raised up on her toes.

She glances at her suitcase, clothes hanging out. She lowers her head onto clenched fists.

A slight stirring O.S.

Kalika looks up.

The fetal woman's eyes open. Wild-eyed she stares at Kalika. Fear or certifiably crazy, hard to know.

Their eyes meet. A psychic plea from the fetal woman.

Kalika spots a Tibetan bowl under a bed. She grabs it, sits on the edge of the fetal woman's bed. As she HUMS, she gently works the fetal woman on her back. She places the bowl on the woman's belly strokes the rim of the bowl with the mallet.

The orderlies enter, watch from the BG.

The bowl is fabulously resonant.

The fetal woman's eyes flutter. Slowly her body relaxes, she blows out a breath. A hint of a smile.

FETAL WOMAN

Namasté.

The orderlies share an amazed look.

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The group therapy room is barren. A series of folding chairs in a circle, focused on one chair that is the only one that can look out a window.

In that chair sits DR. LAGHARI (40). Precise, time-conscious, impeccable, despite broken-down facility surroundings. She looks about the circle at each of the PATIENTS, then checks her watch as...

Kalika enters, sits in the only open chair... directly opposite Dr. Laghari. Nervous eye contact.

Dr. Laghari nods, a tight smile. She glances at a clipboard in her lap, flips pages.

DR. LAGHARI

Welcome... Kalika. Everyone, this is Kalika Kapadia.

GROUP

Welcome, Kalika.

Kalika shakes her head, forces a contorted smile, scans the participants...

DR. LAGHARI

As is our custom, I will introduce each group member. When I am done, each person will tell you more about their... life.

KALIKA

That's got to get boring.

DR. LAGHARI

On my left is Ben White...

BEN WHITE (50s), an Englishman and a gentleman. Polite, milquetoast. As Kalika checks him out he gives an index finger salute: "Cheerio!"

DR. LAGHARI

Next to him Susie Wong...

SUSIE WONG (20s) Chinese, aspiring songwriter. She offers a stoical glance at Kalika then counts out tempo on her fingers, TAPS her foot as she silently mouths words to a song.

DR. LAGHARI

On my right, Dev Dubey.

DEV DUBEY (30s) Indian actor wannabe. Handsome, but insecure. Not the brightest person. Slightly hard of hearing - makes him appear slower than he is. Devout Hindu. He cocks his head side to side, struggling to hear.

DR. LAGHARI

Finally, Asha Bling.

ASHA BLING (30s) Middle Eastern (Afghani). Muslim, dancer, choreographer. Exotic, scary, mysterious. Asha does a hand swirl in front of her face, then works her head side to side.

DR. LAGHARI

Kalika... would you tell us about yourself?

Dr. Laghari hands Kalika an ornate ceremonial talking stick

DR. LAGHARI

In our group, we speak only when in possession of this stick.

INT. BLACK SCREEN - KALIKA - BACKSTORY

Kalika sits at a small table, typewriter (or laptop) front and center. She has her hands on the keyboard, eyes riveted on a blank page.

KALIKA

There's really nothing to it. I wrote my scripts... pitched and pitched... to no avail... changed my tact... banging out a novel... about a depressed young woman... in a dark, dark place...

(index finger up)

...who would not be me.

(hand to heart)

My heart is weak. I have a mitral valve fault... my heart stutters and glitches... chemicals surge through all of me. I stress, I fret. I worry and pace. One day, my mother appears... with no invite from me... and when I am not home. She reads two pages... nothing more. Decides the novel is my lament. That I am about to leap... from the highest ledge. She turns me in... like I were a criminal. Now, here I am. I am fine. I really am... I only want to go home. I only want to write.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

To write... to write!

INTERCUT TO THE GROUP

On Kalika's reaction. Exhausted. Relief. Dr. Laghari nods, motions to the stick, prompts with a nod. Kalika passes the talking stick to Ben.

INT. BLACK SCREEN - BEN WHITE - BACKSTORY

Ben stands on a chair. A hangman's noose around his neck.

BEN

I wanted to direct. Make amazing films. I shot in Europe. No one would come to see my films. I decided Bollywood would be about right. To India I fly. No one would help... give me the time of day... offer a cup of decent tea. I never knew an Englishman... to be such...

KALIKA (O.S.)

A dark cloud...

BEN

An ominous dark cloud. Look at this face. Do I build empires? Is this the face... of an imperialist?

(MORE)

BEN

Must I be punished... for the sins  
of ancestors?

A hand grabs his leg, tugging him to stay put.

BEN

My landlord saved me. Of course, now  
I am here. For my own good.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

For my own good. For my own good.

INTERCUT TO THE GROUP

On Kalika's reaction. She empathizes, nods her head. Dr.  
Laghari intently observes Kalika. She gives no reaction.

The talking stick is passed to Susie.

INT. BLACK SCREEN - SUSIE WONG - BACKSTORY

Susie stands against solid black. A stand with music on it  
before her. She extends her hands.

SUSIE

I came to sing. Auditioned for the  
huge Hindi hit. I nailed it. I was  
so good. The producer was wowed. I  
could tell. He slunk into a corner...  
with the casting woman... her hands  
all over him... he came back to say...  
(hands flop to her  
sides)

...they picked another girl. One who  
could pronounce the words... so they  
said. I raged at the woman. I grabbed  
her neck. The producer threw me down.  
I kicked his groin... he fell to his  
knees... I grabbed his neck.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

Grabbed his neck!

SUSIE

The brought me in. They gave me  
drugs...

(gestures dizzy)

...drugs were not good. Madder I  
became... though before I would  
never... have hurt a fly. Now I am  
here.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

Now I am here. I am here.



SUSIE

Where I do not belong.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

Do not belong.

INTERCUT TO THE GROUP

On Kalika's reaction. She covers her mouth with her hand, hiding concern. Dr. Laghari takes it in. She raises a pen to make a note. Instead, she puts the pen away.

Susie passes the talking stick to Dev.

INT. BLACK SCREEN - DEV DUBEY - BACKSTORY

Dev sits in a chair, arms dangling. Stoned to the point of O.D. He comes alert. Points directly in camera. Stares in camera, wild-eyed. He mellows, turns on charm, sexy shit.

DEV

All I wanted was to woo. To woo  
leading ladies. To melt them like  
ice... under my tropical vibe...

(wiggles eyebrows)

I wanted only for love... from women.

(index finger up)

...from men... from children... from  
holy cows too. I want to be loved.

Loved by all. They said it wasn't my  
appeal...

(taps ears)

...only I cannot hear. I said, "What?"

They failed to see... the humor in  
that. They sent me home... where my  
medicine cabinet called. It said,  
"Clean me out. Your belly is empty.  
Take all my drugs." I woke in a  
hospital. All because of love...

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

All because of love.

INTERCUT TO THE GROUP

On Kalika's reaction. She leans forward, locks eyes with Dev. Dr. Laghari leans forward seeking out Kalika's eyes. Kalika notices does not give a look as...

Dev very respectfully and delicately passes the talking stick to Asha.

INT. BLACK SCREEN - ASHA BLING - BACKSTORY

Asha slithers back and forth, arms in exotic gestures. She freezes in a posture on her toes. She blinks as if incredulous.

ASHA

I trained their dancers. I danced  
their dances. I wove my spell...  
(drops to flat feet)  
...exceeded my need.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

Exceeded my need!

ASHA

Yes, no longer needed. I overheard  
the truth. "She is Muslim. Not one  
of us." Any color is fine to me. No  
matter who I love. Any creed is fine  
by me. No matter with whom I pray.  
To make my point, I took a Quran.  
Nailed it to the director's door.  
(music stops)  
Why, you would think that I  
insulted...  
(playful wink)  
...God herself!

MUSIC PLAYS.

ALL PATIENTS (O.S.)

God herself!

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

On the group, Asha leaps to her feet, fervently dancing.

Asha slithers to Dr. Laghari, body pulsating. She extends a hand. Dr. Laghari rises, imitates Asha's undulations, motions for Dev to join in.

Dev complies, engaging Dr. Laghari face to face, writhing to the music.

Asha waves at Ben. Eagerly he enters the fray, encouraging Susie to be his partner. She declines, he cuts in on Dev.

Asha dances to Kalika, who sits arms folded, jostling her legs on her toes, that toilet seat posture again.

Asha bumps Kalika's chair. Again and again. Finally Kalika glares at Asha, who mesmerizes with her hands and eyes.

Kalika rises, cobra-like trance. Asha and Kalika dance in perfect tandem.

Asha turns to Susie, who swirls out exotic gestures with her hands as if casting a spell.

Susie shakes her head, mutters, moves between Dev and Ben.

Dr. Laghari, puts her hands on Susie's hips, transferring the rhythm to her.

The doctor and patients dance spectacularly.

The orderlies appear in the doorway. A check-in look with each other. The female orderly steps in the room, holds out her hand for the male orderly. They join the dance.

Dr. Kapoor appears in the door. She calls out. No one can hear her. She WHISTLES. It's lost in the music.

She folds her arms, frowns, leans against the door jam. She taps her foot, scolding... quickly that foot picks up the tempo of the music. Her hips sway.

Realizing her vulnerability, Dr. Kapoor shakes it off, resumes a stern posture and stomps off, her heels CLACK, blending in with the music.

EXT. WOMEN'S WARD - NIGHT

Kalika lies awake, hands over her heart, staring at the ceiling, repeatedly blinking.

At the far end of the room the female orderly nods off in a chair.

Gentle SLEEP SOUNDS.

Kalika's blinking slows, becomes more deliberate. She abruptly sits up.

In the bed next to her, Asha bolts upright. They have a look. The next dialogue in LOUD WHISPERS.

KALIKA

I have an idea!

ASHA

So do I... you first.

KALIKA

We all want to make it in Bollywood.  
We all deserve a break... but no one  
is going to hand one out.

ASHA

True.

KALIKA

So, we make our own break.

ASHA

How?

KALIKA

The camera... in the storage locker.  
We make a video. Ben can direct. Dev  
can act. Susie can sing. We use all  
our talent.

ASHA

That's crazy.

KALIKA

Maybe crazy, but also brilliant.

ASHA

Crazy good. I can dance.

KALIKA

You certainly can.

ASHA

What do we do with this video?

KALIKA

We push it to the Internet. Let the  
world know... that we are here...

ASHA

That none of us belong here?

KALIKA

That music... song and dance...  
sound... vibrations... they have the  
power to heal. This we know. We share  
what we know.

Asha nods thoughtfully.

ASHA

How do we get to the Internet? We  
have no computer.

KALIKA

We must become very bad patients...

ASHA

To do a very good thing?

KALIKA

Yes. To do a very good thing.  
(head toss)  
Wake up Susie.

Asha reaches to the bed on her other side. Pats it hard.

Susie bolts upright.

Asha SCREAMS.

The orderly awakens, flips on a light, rushes to the chaos.

FEMALE ORDERLY

What is the meaning of this?

Kalika grabs the Tibetan bowl, works it with the mallet.

Everyone chills. The female orderly returns to her chair.  
Calm restored.

The fetal woman sits up and points at Susie, Asha and Kalika with a most deliberate index finger points at the female orderly.

Entranced, the female orderly's head lowers. She's out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The male orderly lies on a cot in the corridor, curled up, sleeping.

The patients, under supervision of Kalika, Asha and Susie tip toe down the corridor, stopping between the storage cabinet and the orderly on the cot under a lightweight blanket.

Kalika makes hand gestures. She wants fetal woman with her, motions the rest to the storage unit.

Fetal woman reaches in her waistband. Comes out with two pills. She wiggles her eyebrows at Kalika.

Kalika takes the pills, approaches the male orderly who softly snores, mouth open.

She slips the pills in his mouth, gently squeezing his nose. He snorts, GASPS, works his mouth and swallows. He turns over, his light cover falling on the floor.

The lanyard sticks out of his pocket.

Kalika and fetal woman have a look. A few hand gestures back and forth about how to remove the lanyard. Fast or slow. Fast wins.

The fetal woman reaches grabs the lanyard and yanks it out. Everyone freezes.

The male orderly SMACKS his lips, dropping a level deeper in drug-induced sleep.

Fetal woman whips the lanyard down the corridor. Ben White snags it from the air, hands it to Dev, who carefully works the key in the lock.

The door of storage unit loudly CREAKS as it opens.

A collectively held breath. Quiet. O.S. the sounds of SIRENS, HELICOPTERS.

Dev removes the camera, hands it to Ben.

Susie winks at Kalika, grabs the keys from Dev, tiptoes down the corridor and unlocks Dr. Pandit's office. She enters.

Ben takes the camera, examining every inch of the camera as if it were the Holy Grail.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

The group, less Susie, convenes near a trash can and paper towel dispenser. Ben cradles the camera.

Dev leans his weight against the door. Kalika joins him in the effort.

DEV  
They will shock our brains.

KALIKA  
What?

DEV  
It's true. When patients get in trouble, they are punished. Severely  
We will be punished. Severely  
punished.

TAPPING behind Kalika and Dev.

SUSIE (O.S.)  
Psst. Let me in.

Dev urges Kalika from the door, lets Susie in. She holds a stack of folders, with a look like she discovered the lost scrolls of Thomas.

Kalika takes that in, appeals to the group.

KALIKA

Trouble? We are going to help people.

DEV

That is what you think. They will think ill of what we do. They will shock our brains with electricity. It's Dr. Kapoor's favorite pastime.

ASHA

Does it work?

SUSIE

Look at Dev.

DEV

(rolls eyes, head bobble)

They never did it to me. I wooed them out of the idea.

BEN

I need my brain... I need it intact.

Reaction looks of all except...

KALIKA

Okay, stop! What they might do does not matter. How much time do you spend worrying about things that never come to pass? Huh? That's a waste of brain power. That's a waste of emotion. That's a waste of life.

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - NIGHT

Ben works the camera.

Dev sets up makeshift lights... table lamps, shades removed.

Susie practices scales.

Asha places marks on the floor.

Kalika stands, hands on her face, in awe.

Fetal woman sits on a chair applauding the efforts of all, tapping her feet on the floor.

Asha CLAPS her hands.

ASHA

Places everyone! Let's do this.

ALL PATIENTS

Let's do this!

The patients line up.

ASHA

Two... three four...

INDIAN MUSIC. Rousing. Dancing begins. The group CHANTS an affirmation (ad libbed, non-religious).

The orderlies enter. Hands on hips. Ready to rumble posture, though the male orderly wobbles, drug woozy.

The group freezes.

The female orderly singles out Kalika, crosses to her, gets in her face. Kalika's hands turn into fists, her jaw juts out, tightens.

FEMALE ORDERLY

What the hell is going on here?

Susie grabs folders from the floor, quickly intercepts the interaction. She eases Kalika to relax.

The male orderly closes in on Susie, a volcano inside ready to erupt.

Fetal woman works the Tibetan bowl.

Susie opens a folder and hands it to the male orderly.

He reads, obviously amazed. He gives the female orderly a stand-down look.

MALE ORDERLY

(to Ben)

I am quite proficient with a camera,  
you know.

INT. DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Video plays on the computer, Dev and Ben fret over technical details. Dev grabs an ethernet cable. SNAP! He nods. Thumbs up. He frantically works the keyboard. Dev gives an enthusiastic wave. Thumbs up in reply.

DEV

We are online!

Suzi crosses her fingers, closes her eyes...

SUSIE

Viral! Viral! Viral!



INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The female intern stands guard outside the door.

FOOTSTEPS O.S. Heels on tiles.

INT. DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A TAP on the door.

FEMALE ORDERLY (O.S.)

Hurry! Quiet.

Dev works the computer, over his shoulder Kalika, Asha, Ben and Susie. Kalika points, amazed...

KALIKA

Look at the likes!

ASHA

...a million likes. Can that possibly be right?

The female intern WHISTLES.

Dev clears the screen. The group scatters, ducking under anything they can.

The light CLICKS off.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Kapoor approaches the female intern who WHISTLES (**the tune of the dance song?**), blocking the door to the office.

Dr. Kapoor angrily gestures: "Get the hell out of my way."

The orderly swallows, forces a smile, gently RAPS on the door, steps aside.

Dr. Kapoor opens the door. Scans the room.

INT. DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - DAY

Only the light of the computer screen.

Dr. Kapoor steps in, scowling glaring.

She steps forward. Her foot nearly steps one of Kalika's fingers sticking out from her hiding place behind a chair. She holds her breath.

Behind another chair, Dev sees this. Eyes wide.

FEMALE ORDERLY (O.S.)  
 Dr. Kapoor, come quickly!

The doctor reluctantly gives up the search, returning to...

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DR. PANDIT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Down the hallway, the male orderly rushes into the women's bathroom with a fire extinguisher. Smoke pours out from the door.

Dr. Kapoor runs down the corridor and past the storage unit, the lock hanging open.

INT. GROUP THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The patients sit in chairs as before. Bleary-eyed, exhausted.

Dr. Laghari scans the group. Next to her a burnt trash can.

DR. LAGHARI  
 Does anyone have anything to say  
 today?

CRICKETS.

DR. LAGHARI  
 Does anyone have anything they need  
 to get off their chest?

CRICKETS.

DR. LAGHARI  
 An admission? A confession.

Looks between the inmates. CRICKETS until Dev ejects a snort. He covers his mouth in a GIGGLE.

Susie LAUGHS. Asha joins in. Then Ben. Finally Kalika robustly LAUGHS.

Dr. Laghari looks to the doorway.

Dr. Kapoor, Dr. Pandit overlooking her shoulder, glare into the room.

Dr. Laghari CLAPS her hands.

The patients slowly regain their composure.

They go silent as Dr. Kapoor loudly CLACKS into the room. She HARRUMPHS.

DR. KAPOOR  
 Everyone here is in serious trouble.

KALIKA  
More serious than this?

Dr. Kapoor scowls at Kalika, then glances at Dr. Laghari, who gets she's in trouble too, but does not know why.

DR. KAPOOR  
(to Dr. Laghari)  
Perhaps you would like to join them...  
as a patient of this establishment.

Dr. Pandit steps forward, gently pushes Dr. Kapoor aside. He gestures to the door.

DR. PANDIT  
It would seem that we have unexpected  
visitors.

All eyes on the doorway.

A CAMERA GUY and a producer, ROHIT METHA enter. Eager. Ready to roll.

ROHIT  
I am Rohit Metha, a producer with  
*Stars of Mumbai*. We wish to do a  
documentary on your music video.

BEN  
(stands, excited)  
Really?  
(gesture to others)  
Our music video.

ROHIT  
Yes. You have gone viral, as you  
must know. Everyone is saying...  
(flips through a  
notebook)  
...your dance makes them feel better.  
Stronger in the heart. Clearer in  
the soul. As if their karma is lifted.

Rohit SNAPS his fingers. Filming commences.

Asha CLAPS her hands.

ASHA  
Marks everyone!

BEN  
Back to one!

MR. KAPADIA (58) and MRS. KAPADIA (60) enter; she leads, crosses to Dr. Kapoor.

Mr. Kapadia folds his arms, stands sternly behind his wife, nodding as she rages.

MRS. KAPADIA  
This nonsense must stop!

The dance ensemble halts in place.

MRS. KAPADIA  
This is a mental institution not an amusement park!

Mrs. Kapadia gets in Dr. Kapoor's face, who points to Dr. Pandit. Mrs. Kapadia storms to Dr. Pandit.

MRS. KAPADIA  
I have connections, you know. Powerful connections. I can see that the state cuts off your funds.

Dr. Pandit gestures: "Look around, woman."

DR. PANDIT  
Does it look like we are receiving state funds?

MRS. KAPADIA  
I will shut this place down. I will have your job.  
(points to Kalika)  
I want her locked up... forever.

KALIKA  
Mother! Look at me. I am well.

Mrs. Kapadia's look lingers on Kalika, sensing something. She's still raging.

DR. PANDIT  
I can not lock her up and keep her forever if we are shut down. Perhaps you do not realize what you want.

MRS. KAPADIA  
I'm not the crazy one here.

Dr. Pandit shrugs.

MRS. KAPADIA  
(points to Kalika)  
...she is...

Kalika rushes out.

Mrs. Kapadia gestures to Mr. Kapadia. "Go get her."

Dr. Kapoor reaches to Mr. Kapadia. She shakes her head. Emphatic "No."

ROHIT

This is great! I love drama!

Realizing she's been recorded, Mrs. Kapadia chills. She seeks out the camera.

MRS. KAPADIA

I named her for Kali, you know.

ROHIT

That's fantastic. She's bringing down evil forces as you speak.

Kalika returns, Tibetan bowl and mallet in hand. She nods to the fetal woman who leaps to her feet. With Kalika she guides Mrs. Kapadia to a chair. The fetal woman places her hands on Mrs. Kapadia's shoulders, holds her in the chair.

Kalika sets the bowl in her mother's lap. Strikes the bowl with the mallet, begins swirling.

Mrs. Kapadia spasmodically jerks, eyes flutter. She calms, goes still.

Eye contact between mother and daughter. Kalika nods and smiles. Mrs. Kapadia's eyes flood with tears.

Asha CLAPS.

ASHA

Let's go!

Mr. Kapadia crosses to Mrs. Kapadia. As the fetal woman peels off, he places his hands on Mrs. Kapadia's shoulders.

The fetal woman takes the bowl from Kalika, resuming the BOWL SOUNDING.

Kalika prances into position.

ASHA

Five, six, seven, eight...

Indian MUSIC. The patients dance.

The news crew films.

Dr. Pandit dances to Dr. Laghari. They swoon together.

Dr. Kapoor watches, arms folded, foot tapping, feeling left out.

Dr. Pandit motions to Dr. Kapoor. Eagerly she joins in.

On the group dancing, push in on Kalika, who is clearly ecstatic.

EXT. BUTTERFLY MEADOWS MENTAL REHABILITATION FACILITY - DAY

A butterfly approaches a tropical flower. A hummingbird to another.

CHANTING and MUSIC from inside Butterfly Meadows drowns out street noise.

And we...

FADE OUT.