

RATCHED

Season One, Episode 2

Dr. Hanover & Edmund

INT. DR. HANOVER'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. HANOVER waits. A guard, HAROLD, escorts a shackled EDMUND into the office.

DR. HANOVER
Hello, Edmund. Thank you, Harold.
You can unshackle his hands and
wait outside the door.

HAROLD
My pleasure, sir.

Harold unshackles Edmund.

EDMUND
Mm. I don't want to miss dinner.
They keep taking me away. Then when
I come back they say I already ate,
but I didn't get nothing, you know?
And that's not fair 'cause
everybody else already ate.

DR. HANOVER
Take a seat, Edmund.

EDMUND
(pointing to the chair in
front of Dr. Hanover's
desk)
Here?

Dr. Hanover nods.

DR. HANOVER
How are you feeling today, Edmund?

EDMUND
Oh, just real warm, I guess, 'cause
I'm feeling a little nervous.

DR. HANOVER
Well, Edmund, there's nothing to be
nervous about. I'm just here to get
to know you.

EDMUND
Okay, yeah, but lots of the times
folks say that, and then they try
to read your mind. That's why I'm
so nervous. And that window's got a
migraine. And it's giving me one
too.

A fly BUZZES. Edmund tries to kill it.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

Those ladies down at the A & P,
they were always trying to read my
mind -- that's why I killed them.

DR. HANOVER

Who?

EDMUND

Uh, those girls you say I killed.
Maybe I did on account of them
trying to switch my thoughts around
behind my back.

DR. HANOVER

I'm sorry. What girls are you meant
to have killed, Edmund?

EDMUND

Those girls you say I killed. They
all lived together in a house.

The fly BUZZES again.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

They were ballet dancers, and I
followed 'em inside. Says to 'em,
"I ain't gonna kill you," but then
you says I did kill them, so...

DR. HANOVER

Edmund, those were four men you
murdered. They were priests.

EDMUND

(getting emotional)

See, this is what I'm talking
about. That's why I gotta talk to
the dentist.

DR. HANOVER

Why would you need to see a
dentist, Edmund?

EDMUND

Because I got radio mouth. I got
radio mouth real bad, a bad case.
And you're listening in too. I
heard your voice before.

(MORE)

EDMUND (CONT'D)

You're listening in and whispering these numbers, but you don't know I can hear you 'cause the antenna's so good.

DR. HANOVER

What is "radio mouth"?

EDMUND

Well, see, I told them all before. These guys come into the rooming house where's I was staying, four or five of 'em. And they said, "We wanna sell you something." And I said, "I got a bus to catch." And then one of 'em said, "Well, we already put it in there." And they showed me. And they put a little, tiny, metal radio antenna under my back teeth, right behind the gums, and then when I'm sleeping, these wires come out of my mouth here, here, and here, and here, and back here.

The fly keeps BUZZING.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

And then the landlady downstairs says, "No, we took that out while you were sleeping." But I says, "Well, how come I keep pulling wires out of my mouth then?" You know? And she... she has one too. They give 'em little receivers, and they tell 'em not to tell me. And then they listen to what I'm thinking. And then they switch it all around, and then they sell it. To somebody else in the organization. So it goes on and on and on.

SMACK. Edmund finally kills the fly.

DR. HANOVER

Let's sit somewhere more comfortable, Edmund.

EDMUND

Okay.

They move to a sitting area.

DR. HANOVER

I'm sorry, people listen to your thoughts as you have them, and change them?

EDMUND

Mm-hm, mm-hm. They're doing it right now, 'cause it tingles.

DR. HANOVER

And who do you think is changing your thoughts right now?

EDMUND

I think it's the Army.

DR. HANOVER

Edmund. The person I see before me exhibits multiple symptoms of schizophrenia or perhaps schizoaffective mood disorder with psychotic features. You're experiencing paranoid hallucinations, both auditory and tactile. Your delirium, the dementia, your grossly disorganized speech, the delusion of thought-broadcasting. Your fears of an inchoate, unseen conspiracy plotting against you. These are all prototypical features of schizophrenia.

EDMUND

Mm-hm, well, okay. Sure.

DR. HANOVER

They're somewhat too prototypical, actually. So perfectly presented, they actually strain credulity.

EDMUND

Could I have a cigarette?

He goes to the bar.

DR. HANOVER

Well, see, Edmund, I don't believe you're schizophrenic despite the show you're so adeptly putting on.

Both Edmund and Dr. Hanover clock a knife on the bar in plain sight, now in arm's reach of Edmund. Dr. Hanover carefully approaches the bar as he speaks.

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

And I also don't believe in the death penalty. It's barbaric, ineffective as a deterrent, and it debases the moral character of our society. It's a cause of social dysfunction, not a solution to it. I've seen crimes so heinous they beggar the imagination, but not one that I felt warranted state-sanctioned murder. I believe that the human mind can crack. I believe a person can snap when experiencing certain stimuli, specific traumas. A person can quite literally lose control and commit unspeakable acts of violence and depravity. They can rape and mutilate one priest, stab another, shatter the skull of a third, and nearly decapitate a fourth. And still they are not necessarily insane, nor are they beyond rehabilitation.

Dr. Hanover lights Edmund's cigarette.

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

You're not fooling me, Edmund. I can help you, but you have to help me.

EDMUND

You wanna help me?

DR. HANOVER

Yes. But you're going about this wrong. I can keep you out of the gas chamber, but you have to start being honest with me. I need to know about the moment of rage -- what caused you to snap.

EDMUND

I don't wanna be in this room anymore. I think someone's trying to come in through the window.

DR. HANOVER

Harold.

Harold enters and cuffs Edmund. As Edmund is escorted out:

DR. HANOVER (CONT'D)

Think about what I said, Edmund.