

Mental State

by

Brody West

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OVER BLACK:

MAX (V.O.)
She'd scream in her sleep.

Olivia's SCREAM.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MAX (30's) awakens to OLIVIA (mid 20's) lying next to him, screaming bloody murder. He jostles her awake.

They both sit up.

Disoriented, she looks around trying to gain her bearings. She beautiful, even when she's terrified.

MAX
It's okay, baby.

He sweeps the long dark hair away from her eyes.

MAX
It was just a dream.

She lies back down, rolls on her side and looks out the window with a thousand-yard stare.

Max drapes his arm over her waist and spoons her.

She slightly cringes at his touch.

MAX (V.O.)
I lied to her. It wasn't a dream
and it wasn't okay. It was the
beginning of a living nightmare.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFÉ - DAY

Olivia, adorned in a long white summer dress, sits at a table across from Max staring at a bowl of tomato soup.

Max leans over, dips a spoon into the soup and feeds it to her like an infant.

MAX (V.O.)
Her mental state was getting worse
by the day. I prayed to God to fix
her, but apparently he liked her
just the way she was.

Soup dribbles down her chin and onto her dress.

MAX
(whispers)
Jesus.

Three muscular DUDES (20's) at a table across from them, SNICKER. One of them makes eye contact with Max.

DUDE 1
Looks like baby needs a bib.

The other two dudes, laugh.

Max smiles politely at them.

MAX
You dudes look like real badasses.
You like sex and adventure?

The dudes are thrown off for a moment, then puff out their chests and laugh.

DUDE 1
Hell yeah.

MAX
Good, then how 'bout you go screw
yourselves and take a hike.

Dude 1, scowls, stands and towers over Max.

DUDE 1
I'll break your damn head open.

Dude 1's attention turns toward Olivia as she laps soup from her bowl like a dog.

DUDE 1
What the?
(leans close to her face)
You like to lick it up, little
doggy?

With her cheeks puffed she spits a stream soup in his face, then giggles as if it's the most fun she's had in months.

Dude 1, backs up, wiping soup off his face and nearly trips over a chair.

DUDE 1
Shit!

A MAITRE D' (30's) approaches.

MAÎTRE D'
Is there a problem?

DUDE 1
Yeah, this retard just spit in my
face!

MAÎTRE D'
Sir, I'm gonna have to ask you to
leave.

DUDE 1
Why the hell should I leave?!

MAÎTRE D'
Actually I was speaking to --
(glares at Max)
you.

Max shakes his head in disgust, dabs Olivia's chin with a
napkin, then gently stands her to her feet.

MAX
Let's go, Olivia. This place --
(glares at the Maitre D')
reeks.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Max and Olivia sit in the front pew while a PASTOR delivers
his sermon to a full house.

MAX (V.O.)
Needless to say there'd be no more
dining out.

An OLD LADY glares at Max in disgust as urine dribbles
down Olivia's leg and onto the floor.

MAX (V.O.)
And as for church on Sundays...
let's just say, I'd be better off
trying to squeeze a camel through
the eye of a needle.

Max stands Olivia to her feet and leads her up the aisle
toward the nearest exit. She sports a halfcocked grin,
almost demonic-like. CHURCHGOERS gawk as they pass by.

MAX (V.O.)
It was clear to everyone my little
angel was not in her right mind.

CUT TO BLACK:

MAX (V.O.)
I knew she was in there somewhere.
I just couldn't get through.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING - OLIVIA'S POV - (BLACKNESS)

MAX (O.S.)
Olivia...sweetheart?

Olivia's eyes open to the sight of Max on the edge of the bed and leaning over her with a bowl of oatmeal in hand.

MAX
It's time to wake up.

She hears it as, "It's time to break up". Her eyes dart from side to side, trying to make sense of it all.

She freaks out, knocks the bowl of oatmeal from his hands, flails her arms and screams. He holds her down.

MAX
Olivia! No, please! It's
okay! It's just a dream!

She struggles to break free from his grip, then subsides to a peaceful calm. He plants a soft kiss of her forehead and wipes a tear from her cheek.

MAX
I love you.

He gets up and turns to address the oatmeal splattered on the floor, when he hears...

OLIVIA (O.S.)
(faint whisper)
I wuv roo.

He turns with his mouth agape. She musters a slight smile, then drifts back off into mental oblivion. He sits by her, then quietly sobs. Tears of joy *and* sorrow.

MAX (V.O.)
Those were the last words she would
ever say to me.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Blue sky, sunshine, BEACH-GOERS frolicking.

Max and Olivia sit on the sand staring out at the ocean.

MAX (V.O.)

The day she died was unlike any
other day.

A rainbow-colored beach ball comes to a stop at his feet.

MAX (V.O.)

The world couldn't have been
anymore perfect than it was at that
exact moment in time.

He picks it up and carries it to a LITTLE GIRL (5) standing
twenty feet away. Olivia stands and walks toward the ocean
in a trancelike state.

MAX

Here you go, sweetheart.

Max gives the little girl her ball.

LITTLE GIRL

Thank you.

MAX

What's your name?

LITTLE GIRL

Olivia.

Max smiles. Pleasantly surprised.

MAX

Hey, that's the name of --

Max turns just in time to see Olivia wading waist-deep into
the ocean, then sink out of sight.

MAX

Olivia!

He runs to the water, dives in and swims out to where she
was last seen. A crowd of onlookers gather on the beach.

Max comes up for air, takes a deep breath, then goes back
under.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

A SEARCH & RESCUE team, equipped with frogmen, a helicopter and jet skis, comb the and surf for Olivia's body while Max hopelessly watches from the shore.

A POLICE OFFICER approaches him with a solemn look on his face. His lips move, but Max doesn't hear a word he says.

MAX (V.O.)

Somehow I knew it was inevitable.
She was too damned good for this
world. I prayed to God to fix her,
but apparently he liked her just
the way she was.

Max smiles ever-so slightly.

BERNIE (O.S.)

Time for your med's, Maxie.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC WARD - DAY

A motley crew of MENTAL PATIENTS meander around.

BERNIE (40's) an orderly, looks at Max, practically catatonic, slumped in a wheelchair and dressed in pajamas as he stares out a window at the setting sun.

BERNIE

Open up and say ah.

Max opens his mouth. Bernie drops a red pill into his mouth and hands him a paper cup of water.

Max drinks water, then crumples the cup.

BERNIE

Good, little doggy.

MAX

Go screw yourself and take a hike.

Bernie draws back.

BERNIE

That's not nice.

Bernie walks off in a huff. Max sports a halfcocked grin.

MAX

(under his breath)
It's a cruel world.

Bernie approaches OLIVIA (mid 20's) the real Olivia, a nurse at the nurses' station.

OLIVIA
How is he today?

BERNIE
He's a ping-pong ball. Hard on the
outside, hollow on the inside.

Olivia shoots him a disapproving look.

OLIVIA
That's not nice.

BERNIE
It's a cruel world.

Bernie walks off.

Olivia makes eye contact with Max. She smiles and waves.

Max waves back to her in slow-motion.

FADE OUT.