

ALL EARS

by

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Based on

"Do You Like This Room?"

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FADE IN:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

BEGIN CREDITS:

An abnormally large ear is shrouded in darkness. This image
FADES OUT after a few seconds.

PHIL (late 20s, looks perpetually nervous and slightly
uncomfortable) tosses and turns in bed over and over again.

As this goes on, a sequence of images of COURTNEY (late 20s,
well-dressed, and good looking in a bland, innocuous sort of
way, wears glasses) is SUPERIMPOSED:

A) Courtney sits on her couch drinking from a wine bottle.
She looks deeply depressed.

B) Courtney puts on lipstick. Her sad face is reflected
through the mirror.

C) Courtney drops a key into her purse, leaving another
identical key in her hand.

D) Two wine glasses clink.

E) Courtney kisses Phil on the cheek - he cringes.

F) Courtney's eyes dart back and forth.

G) Courtney tosses and turns in bed.

H) Courtney's ear is shown.

END CREDITS

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PHIL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Clean, well-kept, sterile. Has all the proper furnishings.
Phil is sitting on the couch next to his date Courtney.

There is tension between them as they sit in awkward
silence. He looks down at the floor, then back at her. She
looks around, apparently liking what she sees.

PHIL
Do you like this room?

COURTNEY

Yeah, it's really nice.

Courtney is starting to look a little confused; Phil avoids eye contact. He points at the TV.

PHIL

What do you think of the TV? Is it big enough?

COURTNEY

It's a good size.

PHIL

I think it might be a little too big.

Courtney laughs and gives Phil an odd smile.

COURTNEY

That's how they make them now.

PHIL

I know...it's just...I dunno, I think it might be big compared to everything else in the room, you know, it's kind of out of proportion.

Courtney's patience is beginning to wear thin. Phil has gotten a little bit more nervous.

COURTNEY

Really?

PHIL

Yeah.

COURTNEY

I think this room is kinda like your entertainment center.

PHIL

What makes it so entertaining?

Courtney makes hand gestures and points while she talks.

COURTNEY

You got a TV, a stereo...

PHIL

Do you like the way they're placed together?

COURTNEY
Yeah, definitely. It's great.

There is another awkward silence between them.

PHIL
Did you like our date?

Courtney squirms and fidgets in her seat avoiding eye contact with Phil. She mumbles out a response, making him even more nervous.

COURTNEY
Yeah...it was really nice.

PHIL
I don't think I believe you.

Courtney looks a bit puzzled and offended. She looks into Phil's eyes again.

COURTNEY
Why do you say that?

Phil looks even more nervous than before, having realized that he might have gotten himself into a mess. He alternates between staring at the TV and at Courtney.

PHIL
I uh...I mean, I don't think there's anything wrong with you for saying that, it's just...you know, that's how this thing works...

COURTNEY
What thing?

Courtney is growing impatient and uncomfortable; Phil is blushing. He makes hand gestures while speaking.

PHIL
You know...

COURTNEY
I don't...

PHIL
Dating. Women flatter and lie to men so we'll like them. We call it their personality.

Courtney looks deeply offended. She slides away from Phil, creating as much space between them as possible.

COURTNEY
You can't say things like that!

PHIL
Is it against the law?

COURTNEY
No, it's such a sexist
generalization!

PHIL
I'm not generalizing. I'm making
an educated guess based on life
experience.

Courtney looks a little bit more sympathetic toward Phil.
She inches closer to him.

COURTNEY
Maybe you've just had some bad
experiences...

Phil glares at Courtney.

PHIL
Well maybe you can prove me wrong.
Okay, be honest. Did you like our
date?

Courtney stammers and hesitates, making Phil angry and
sarcastic.

COURTNEY
Uh...

PHIL
Aww...did I ask you a hard
question? Did I ask you what is
the meaning of life?

Courtney is looking increasingly nervous.

COURTNEY
No.

PHIL
Did I ask you how to kill a pack of
wolves?

COURTNEY
No.

PHIL

Then answer me! Did you like our date? Yes or no.

Courtney stares anxiously at the door and stammers.

COURTNEY

Phil, we really...

PHIL

Be honest.

She looks him in the eye trying to appear as sincere as possible.

COURTNEY

Yes, I liked our date.

PHIL

You're lying.

Courtney is totally exasperated. She throws her hands up in the air.

COURTNEY

Oh my God, what is wrong with you?

PHIL

You're a therapist, aren't you supposed to know?

COURTNEY

I don't know everything!

PHIL

Oh really?

COURTNEY

Why do you think I'm lying?

PHIL

How could you not be?

Courtney gets up and starts pacing around the room; Phil follows her looking even more anxious than before.

PHIL

Did you like the restaurant we went to?

COURTNEY

Yes, it was the best restaurant I've ever eaten at.

PHIL

Why do you keep lying to me?

COURTNEY

What do you want me to say?

Courtney groans and sighs. Phil takes a series of deep breaths - they both calm down.

PHIL

I'm sorry...I know I shouldn't be acting this way.

Courtney starts feeling a little more empathetic toward him.

COURTNEY

It's okay...I forgive you.

PHIL

I mean, we can't all be perfect.

COURTNEY

Of course.

There is a brief awkward silence between them. Phil stares into Courtney's eyes and she looks back at him like he's a small child. He points at the couch.

PHIL

Sit down.

Courtney sighs and sits down. Phil sits next to her causing her to cringe ever so slightly.

PHIL

Do you think a lot about God?

COURTNEY

I'm not very religious.

PHIL

Sometimes I wonder if God thinks we're like money and when he kills us, it's like spending money.

COURTNEY

I guess I never thought about it like that.

There is another momentary silence between them.

PHIL

There's this game I've been wanting to play...

COURTNEY

I'm not very good at games...

PHIL

It's called the God game. We switch roles - I pretend to be God and you thank me for all the wonderful things I've done for you.

COURTNEY

Do you think therapists are like God?

PHIL

Do you?

Courtney pauses and stammers for an uncomfortably long time.

COURTNEY

I...I...I don't know...

PHIL

It'll be fun.

COURTNEY

I think we might have different definitions of the word fun.

PHIL

Well how many definitions are there?

Courtney pauses and stammers again.

COURTNEY

I...I don't know...

PHIL

Maybe you can use your therapy skills to adapt to a difficult situation.

COURTNEY

I don't know if it's even really a game.

PHIL

I guess we have different definitions of the word game. Begin.

Courtney takes a long deep breath and faces Phil.

COURTNEY
Thank you...

PHIL
God.

COURTNEY
Thank you, God for...

PHIL
Taking me out to dinner tonight.

COURTNEY
I was about to...

PHIL
Stop, let's do it like this.

Phil takes a long pause. Courtney has lost most of her patience.

PHIL
Did you like the sunset I created?

COURTNEY
Yes.

PHIL
Was it beautiful?

COURTNEY
Very.

PHIL
How about the flowers?

COURTNEY
I love them.

PHIL
How about everything else?

Courtney starts getting up.

COURTNEY
Okay, this is getting...

PHIL
You can be God now.

She sits back down and stares incredulously at him.

COURTNEY

Me?

PHIL

Let me beg for your forgiveness.

COURTNEY

I forgive you.

PHIL

You need to let me beg!

There is a brief awkward silence between them as Phil stares at Courtney looking even more vulnerable than before.

PHIL

God, I'm sorry. I know I haven't been very good to you. I know you'd rather spend your time with someone better, someone who's richer, smarter, funnier, and better looking.

Courtney presses her fingers together almost without thinking. She gives Phil as sincere a look as possible.

COURTNEY

You know that's not true.

PHIL

I'm sorry...

Phil takes a long deep breath. Courtney pats him on the back, looking slightly guilty.

COURTNEY

It's okay...

Phil stares into Courtney's eyes. She stares back at him with warmth and sympathy.

PHIL

I know you're a therapist...

COURTNEY

Yes...

PHIL

Can you tell me what's wrong with me?

COURTNEY

I don't think there's necessarily anything wrong with you...

PHIL

What do you think my main problem is? My overarching problem?

Courtney thinks for several seconds, scratching her chin in the process.

COURTNEY

I think you're a little insecure.

PHIL

That's the understatement of the century.

Courtney tries her best to hide her growing frustration. She glances at the door.

COURTNEY

How does it make you feel to believe that?

Phil gives Courtney a piercing glare.

PHIL

You know, actually, it feels good. Really good. It makes me feel wonderful, fantastic...there's no better feeling in the world than hating yourself every minute of every day for no fucking reason whatsoever...how the fuck do you think it makes me feel?

COURTNEY

Why are you being so sarcastic?

Phil starts descending into fury.

PHIL

Why not? Why should I be honest with you when you've never been honest with me, not even once!

Phil starts breathing heavily; Courtney stares uneasily at the door. Phil calms down and starts smirking ever so slightly, glaring at Courtney harder than ever before.

PHIL

Do you know what your problem is?

Courtney looks more uncomfortable than before.

COURTNEY

What?

PHIL

I think you're just like me. I think you spend every night hating yourself and degrading yourself and throwing yourself at every man who looks at you because you know oh so very well how pathetic you are.

Courtney looks stunned. She stares at Phil, baffled, not saying a word. Phil gives her a sadistic smile.

PHIL

How does it make you feel to be like that?

COURTNEY

I...

PHIL

You're the therapist. Answer your own fucking question!

Courtney looks panicked. She starts getting up.

COURTNEY

I think I should get going.

A look of horror consumes Phil's face. He grabs Courtney's arm, pulls her back down, and scowls at her.

PHIL

Why?

COURTNEY

I have a lot of clients tomorrow.

PHIL

So you're abandoning me in my moment of need? What kind of a therapist are you?

After a second of hesitation, Courtney gets up and starts walking toward the door. Phil erupts like a volcano. He leaps up and grabs Courtney's throat from behind.

PHIL
Don't you fucking leave me!

She screams and tries elbowing him away, but he grabs her arms, drags her back to the couch, and forces her down.

Courtney is on the verge of tears. Just as she's about to get up again, Phil opens the nearby drawer, pulls out a gun, cocks it, and points it at her. She screams and then screams even louder when he gets out another gun and tosses it at her lap.

PHIL
Shut up!

COURTNEY
Put it away!

PHIL
That's not how the game works.

COURTNEY
I'm done with games!

Phil flashes an evil smile at her.

PHIL
Oh really? Well that's a shame because I'm not and sometimes, you have to learn to respect other peoples' feelings. Isn't that something they teach you in therapy school?

COURTNEY
There's no such thing as therapy school!

PHIL
You know what I fucking mean!

Courtney looks petrified. She stammers and whimpers, struggling to come up with something to say as Phil walks ever closer, nudging the gun toward her head.

COURTNEY
Just listen to me for one second!

PHIL
I'm all ears. No really, I am. I have ears grafted onto every inch of my body. All I ever do is listen while everyone else talks, talks, talks.

COURTNEY

Your mother talked too much, didn't she? Your ex?

PHIL

And isn't it tragic how similar you are to both of them?

Phil holds the gun just inches from her forehead. Courtney is so scared, she begins crying.

COURTNEY

Please don't kill me!

Phil laughs, shakes his head, and points to the gun on the Courtney's lap.

PHIL

I'm not gonna kill you. One of the guns is loaded and the other isn't. You could kill me just as easily.

COURTNEY

I don't want to.

PHIL

Why not? You don't think I'm a bad person? You don't think I deserve to die?

COURTNEY

I think murder is wrong.

Phil laughs, the gun bobbing up and down.

PHIL

Murder is wrong? What a concept! I never heard that one before!

COURTNEY

I don't wanna kill you.

Phil cocks the gun again and presses it against Courtney's forehead. She winces and squirms painfully.

PHIL

Sometimes what we want isn't in our best interest.

COURTNEY

Just listen...

Phil starts howling viciously at her.

PHIL

No, you listen! You listen to me!
I'm the one with the gun! You're
the scared little bitch who's too
afraid to do anything!

COURTNEY

I think you have a lot of bad
feelings about...

PHIL

Who? My mother? Gee Dr. Freud,
thanks for the amazing insight! I
feel so much better now! In fact,
I think I'm cured! I don't have
any issues with women anymore!
Now, we can go out and fuck like
rabbits and meditate and dance
around a campfire singing about how
wonderful our stupid fucking lives
are...fuck you, you fucking whore!

Both of them are shaking. Courtney is crying even harder
now; Phil is viciously sarcastic and deeply enraged.

COURTNEY

You're angry...

PHIL

Yes, thank you for noticing. Isn't
it nice to listen and not talk?
Now cock the gun and point it at
me.

Courtney's hands tremble as they reach for the gun. She's
sobbing intensely now. This sends Phil flying into an even
deeper fit of rage.

PHIL

Act like you have some balls for
once in your life! Cock the
fucking gun!

Courtney keeps reaching for the gun. Phil groans and walks
toward her, reaching for her gun. Courtney outstretches her
leg, causing Phil to trip and fall to the ground.

This gives Courtney enough time to grab the gun and run for
the door. Phil is absolutely furious - he chases after her.

PHIL

Hey! Get back here!

Courtney starts opening the door, but Phil grabs her and pulls her away. They wrestle for several seconds - he pins her to the ground, takes her gun, and throws his off to the side.

INSERT IMAGE: Phil's face is covered with ears.

Phil snarls viciously and wrestles with Courtney for several more seconds. Tears are streaming down her face. She finally grabs the gun on the floor and makes a beeline for the door. He lets out a giant scream and starts chasing her down the street, his face contorted with fury.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Courtney runs past house after house terrified. She clutches her gun like it's a baby. Far behind her, Phil is running, panting, and shouting ferociously.

PHIL

Don't leave me! Don't leave me!
Get back here!

Courtney turns the corner, sees a large shrub, and ducks under it, the thorny branches scratching her as she hides.

Phil turns the same corner and stops in his tracks - Courtney is nowhere to be seen. Courtney watches with rapt attention as he paces around, takes a series of deep breaths, and walks away.

Courtney lets out a massive sigh of relief. She hides under the shrubs a little bit longer, then gets up and limps back to her car at an agonizingly slow pace. When she turns the key in the ignition, a smile creeps onto her face.

INT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Smaller than Phil's, but otherwise similar-looking. There is a big mirror on the side of the wall opposite the closet door.

Courtney enters, locking the door behind her. She jiggles the doorknob to make sure it's locked. She paces aimlessly around the room, then stops in her tracks.

INSERT IMAGE: Courtney sits her purse down next to Phil's couch.

Courtney groans and sighs louder than ever before, muttering under her breath.

COURTNEY

Shit...

Courtney puts the gun in a nearby drawer, slams it shut, sits down, and turns on the TV. She watches a random channel for about five seconds, then flicks it off.

INSERT IMAGE: A pack of wolves attacks a smaller wolf.

Courtney gets off the couch and paces around the room again. She is starting to look a little nervous. She gets out her phone and looks at the pictures on it: there is a picture of her standing next to Phil - both of them are smiling awkwardly.

Courtney grimaces and promptly deletes the picture. She turns off her phone, puts it in the drawer with her gun, and slams it shut again. She walks across her apartment into the bathroom.

INT. COURTNEY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Clean, but cramped and small. Courtney closes the door behind her, locks it, jiggles the doorknob, and hyperventilates for several seconds. She now looks genuinely unnerved.

Courtney brushes her teeth, spitting the toothpaste back into the sink and washing her mouth out thoroughly. She yanks open the shower curtains, steps inside, and pulls them shut just as hard.

Without getting undressed, Courtney turns the knob and water comes out. She shrieks as her shirt gets soaking wet, then promptly turns off the shower.

Courtney rubs her towel against her shirt, trying her best to dry it off. She puts away the towel and just as she's about to take her shirt off, she hears a wolf HOWL.

Courtney stands still - her mouth is a gaping hole. After five to ten seconds of stillness and silence, there is another wolf howl...

INT. COURTNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Courtney exits the bathroom and paces anxiously around the apartment, her eyes rapidly darting back and forth.

After a long stretch of silence, there is another wolf howl louder than the ones before. Courtney stops in her tracks. It's now obvious that a human is making the noise.

Courtney stares in the direction of the howl - her closet door. She slowly walks toward the door, each step more fearful than the last.

There is another wolf howl (this time very loud and close) and Courtney stands still, her face filled with terror. She reaches for the closet door with her trembling fingers and opens it.

The closet is pitch-black, but nothing appears to be inside it. Courtney breathes a massive sigh of relief and turns around without closing the door.

Courtney's footsteps sound slightly off, so she turns around. The closet is still pitch-black and empty. She continues walking toward the mirror, only to suddenly see Phil's face reflected behind her.

Courtney gasps, turns around, and lets out a bloodcurdling scream. Phil is standing in front of her pointing his gun right at her. The look on his face is half demonic smile, half agonized sneer.

Phil walks closer to Courtney as her screams turn to desperate trembles and sobs. He cocks the gun and moves it closer to her head.

PHIL

Don't worry, I don't bite.

Courtney screams again just as loud as before. At the last second, Phil turns the gun around, puts it in his mouth, and blows his brains out. Blood sprays all over Courtney - she looks shocked and profoundly confused.

Phil falls to the ground, blood gushing out of his cold dead body. Courtney still trembles out of shock. She kneels down and touches his hand, getting blood on her own.

She rifles through her pocket and gets out her business card - it has her picture on it and the words "Courtney Phillips: Therapist". She looks at the card for several seconds, then leans down and starts sobbing intensely.

Courtney's sobs gradually become indistinct as the camera pans over the apartment. Hanging on a wall at the far end is a picture of an abnormally large ear shrouded in darkness.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END