

AM I THE SAME GIRL

WRITTEN BY

TEDDY BOYS

INSPIRED BY

ACKLIN (1968)

SOS - DREWERY (1992)

OVER BLACK:

WOMAN/DR. MYERS (O.S.)
Listen to my voice...

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Semi-darkness.

The patient is ROGER, (early 30s), who sits on a couch. He is thick shouldered, his face round and cherubic. Eyes closed.

DR. MYERS
Relax.

Opposite him is Dr. Myers, (early 50s), her hair pulled back in a tidy bun. She's dressed in a skirt and white top.

Her face is hidden behind something she is holding.

DR. MYERS (CONT'D)
Now open your eyes. Focus on
the object in my hands.

Roger nods.

ROGER
The seashell.

DR. MYERS
Hold it. It's your guide.

Dr. Myers hands the shell to Roger. He's mesmerized.

DR. MYERS (CONT'D)
Where are you?

ROGER
Black Sands Beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Early morning. Heavy mist rolling off the Pacific. The gentle ocean waves licking the shoreline.

A YOUNG BOY, (9), stands alone. Engulfed in mist. In one hand is the seashell. A breeze tousles his hair.

His pant legs are folded to just below his knees. His pale white feet sink into the black sand.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)
Why are you on this beach?

ROGER (O.S.)
We're playing – but she's
gone. Where is she?

His eyes dart left, then right. Lost in his surroundings.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)
Lift the shell to your ear.
What is she telling you?

The boy eases the shell to his ear and listens.

ROGER (O.S.)
Her voice... it's far away.

He turns and walks. Salt water lapping at his ankles.

In the distance, from the north, a small figure comes into view. Rushing through the fog.

The boy pauses and stares at the approaching figure.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)
Is she your friend Katie?

ROGER (O.S.)
She says she's the same girl
I used to know. But...

DR. MYERS (O.S.)
Focus. It is the same girl.

The girl is within few meters of Roger. She slows.

ROGER (O.S.)
Why can't I remember her
face?

DR. MYERS (O.S.)
Listen to the sea shell.

The boy listens to the shell.

KATIE, (9), is wearing a red sweatshirt. Her hood pulled over her head. Her face hidden.

ROGER (O.S.)
She wants me to look into her
soul. She says we used to
meet around the corner. Every
day, after school.

And then, the girl sprints away. Heads south along the beach.
His eyes track the girl as she disappears into the fog.

ROGER (CONT'D)

She says she cried because I forgot her. That I stopped caring. But I didn't stop - I didn't... She drifted away.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

Where is she going? Will you follow? Or do you let her go?

Something dark and ominous coming from the north. Charging through the mist. It grunts. It's breathing is heavy.

ROGER (O.S.)

There's something following.
A monster. In the fog.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

What does this monster look like?

The MONSTER runs out of the fog. The boy watches in terror.

ROGER (O.S.)

It looks like... me.

The boy throws his arms high for protection.

But the creature gallops past him. In pursuit of the girl.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

Roger, are you the monster?

ROGER (O.S.)

No, it's not me. It's chasing her...

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

Can you stop it?

He sucks in a breath. The boy then dashes after the creature.

ROGER (O.S.)

She is the same girl I've always known. Now I'm sure.

Down the beach, the girl has fallen. The beast looms above her. The morning mist thinning as the scene draws closer.

He slows. There in black sand, her body is limp. Her

FACE

is bashed to oblivion by a rock.

A bloody rock in the monster's hand.

ROGER (CONT'D)

She's dead.

The boy crumbles to his knees. Sobs as the monster lifts the girl and carries her lifeless body to the ocean.

Her body bobs and drifts out to sea.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

If you love Katie, why is she dead?

ROGER (O.S.)

Because of the monster...

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

Who is the monster?

ROGER (O.S.)

I... don't know.

DR. MYERS (O.S.)

The monster is right there, Roger. You know him.

Roger, now grown up, kneels on the beach. His hands cover his face. A pent-up SCREAM shatters the silence.

His hands fall to his side. His eyes swing from the girl in the ocean, to the monster.

DR. MYERS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who is the monster?

He stands. Now taller than the monster. Anger builds inside. Roger looks down, as the monster peers up.

ROGER (O.S.)

It's you, Dad. You're the monster.

FADE OUT.

The End.