

STORIES OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

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1. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS WEBCAM FOUND FOOTAGE:

A tidy bed in the background. Bare walls.

A YOUNG MAN, 18 years of age, sits in front of the camera. Messy, disheveled. Sunken, soulless green eyes. Struggles to look directly at the camera.

He talks slowly, suppressing any tears or sadness that show:

YOUNG MAN

I'm sorry. But living has become too hard. Me being alive is just... a stress on everyone's life. I have no one. No friends. No family. No one cares about me. I'm just a stain on this Earth. I'm going on this journey of life alone and it's hard, it's really fuckin' hard. And eventually it becomes too much. And I promise you I'm better off dead. We're all better off if I'm dead.

He can't hold the tears anymore, lets everything out:

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

You know, I've been wanting to do this for a long fucking time! I'm not worth the fucking air I breath. I don't deserve to live! I have no one to talk to, no one I trust, no one to help me! Everyone's just better off if I'm dead! And so that's what I'm doing- I'm making everyone better off by being fucking dead. Finally! The wait is over. Fuck!

He wipes his tears. The emotions overpower him. He gets up before it becomes too difficult and turns off the camera.

He's CARTER BROOKE.

2. EXT. CARTER'S HOME - NIGHT

Smoke seeps out from under a garage door. It's hypnotic, draws you in.

Red and blue lights start to shine against the building.

3. INT. CARTER'S HOME - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Smoke fills the inside of the garage. An old Rodeo sits inside, on.

A TUBE runs from the exhaust into its open window. The gap is jerry-rigged shut with duct tape, but it's still leaking.

Carter sits in the front. Eyes closed. Earphones in. Unconscious.

Red and blue lights shine on the car- the garage door is now open.

Two firefighters come in through the smoke. They yell, but it's inaudible.

They run towards the car. Try to open the door but it's locked. One goes into his pocket, grabs a tool to bust the door open.

4. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Carter's eyes slowly open. He sees a NURSE standing in front of him, taking down his vitals from the machines.

Otherwise, it's a fairly empty room. Open door, nurses station right outside, but Carter's the only one in here.

He drops his eyes- his plan failed. He lets out a sigh.

She hears. But continues her notes.

NURSE

How are you feeling?

CARTER

What's gonna happen to me?

NURSE

Well, we're gonna watch you overnight and monitor your vitals. Then we're gonna send you to our inpatient centre for further evaluation.

CARTER

Did you tell my parents?

NURSE

No. Eighteen means you're legally an adult. We can't tell anyone unless you ask us to.

A beat.

CARTER

Please don't tell anyone.

She makes a final note, gives her undivided attention to Carter.

NURSE  
We won't. How are you feeling now?

CARTER  
Like a failure.

She sits on his bedside, comforts him.

NURSE  
You're not a failure. A lot of people would've missed you if you died.

Carter's looks at the room. The very empty room.

CARTER  
Sure.

NURSE  
People care about you Carter. They would've been devastated if you had succeeded.

CARTER  
I just wanna go home. My parents come back on Monday.

NURSE  
We need to monitor you here for a few days.

CARTER  
I have school too. On Monday.

NURSE  
I'm sorry Carter. It's just procedure. We need to make sure you're in a safe place. We need to make sure that whatever's going on in your head won't come around again.

Sorrow in Carter's eyes.

TITLE OVER BLACK: "STORIES OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND"

5. EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A suburban school. Big parking lot, football field, some kids hanging around outside.

TITLE OVER: "7 Months Later"

## 6. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Carter sits in the back of the classroom. A scruffy TEACHER, 40's, stands at the front. There's language posters around, books- it's Carter's English class.

The teacher, MR. WILLIAMS, is discussing Jekyll and Hyde. Carter twirls his pen, taps his feet, pretends to listen.

MR. WILLIAMS

...As you can see, the potion was a catalyst that ultimately brought out the dark in Dr. Jekyll. And thus, Mr. Hyde was born. Which is a perfect segue into the next thing- your final projects.

The class MOANS. Carter's pen drops. He leaves it, listens inconspicuously.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I know, I know, but you all knew this was coming. For those of you who like to slack-

He gives a playful gaze towards a male student sitting near Carter.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

This is worth thirty percent of your grade. Which basically means you're gonna have a tough time graduating if you blow it off! It's gonna be due the week after Spring Break so we can focus on your final exams afterwards.

More moaning. Mr. Williams smiles at his overly dramatic class.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Very funny guys. Now the assignment is part research, part story. In groups of three or four, I want you to research a modern author and their writing techniques, and then utilise those techniques in your own short story. Maybe one technique you use is the dark double? Maybe it's not. But don't leave this until the last minute, alright? I highly recommend you meet outside of class to get this done. Now does anyone have any questions?

No one raises their hand.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
 Good. Spend the next... Five, ten  
 minutes getting into groups of  
 three or four. When you're in your  
 groups, come up and get your  
 rubrics.

Mr. Williams walks to his desk.

The classroom erupts into a bustle. Carter stays where he is  
 and "casually" focuses on the clock.

TICK.

One second elapsed.

TICK.

Two seconds elapsed.

TICK.

Three seconds elapsed.

MALE CLASSMATE (O.S.)  
 Yo Carter!

Carter looks towards the voice. Cluttered at an adjacent desk  
 is a trio of young men.

Calling out to him is the student Mr. Williams was looking at  
 earlier- MICHAEL, a stubbly 18-year-old who carries a scar  
 across his eyebrow; next to Michael is BRANDON, a 17-year-old  
 redneck wearing a red plaid polo; and rounding out the three  
 is Kevin, a 17-year-old lanky, peppy fuck. They sit around  
 the cramped desk as if they were in conversation.

MICHAEL  
 Come be in our group.

Carter forces a smile and walks over to a closer desk. Sits,  
 but the desk are small and awkward and Carter is forced to  
 sit on the outskirts.

But the guys are oblivious to this.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Carter, got any ideas?

CARTER  
 No, sorry.

MICHAEL  
 Come on man. You're the brains of  
 the group!

Carter shrugs.

Michael turns in towards the others, inadvertently blocking Carter.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Do you guys have anything?

Kevin shakes his head.

BRANDON  
Nah.

MICHAEL  
Yeah shit. Me neither... Ok, well, I need this. Do you guys wanna meet up after school and start?

KEVIN  
Do we have to?

BRANDON  
Fuck you man. Yeah, sure.

KEVIN  
Fine, alright.

They all look to Carter.

CARTER  
I can't- I have work tonight.

MICHAEL  
Just for like an hour or two.

BRANDON  
Come on man.

KEVIN  
Don't pussy out on us.

Brandon playfully shoves Kevin.

MICHAEL  
We need that big ass brain of yours.

Carter thinks about it for a moment.

CARTER  
For an hour. Only an hour.

MICHAEL  
Cool. Yo Brandon, your dad's on a hunting trip, right?

Brandon smiles. Nods. He knows what's up.

BRANDON  
Hell yeah he is.

Kevin smiles. As does Michael.

MICHAEL

Let's meet at your house.

Michael gets on his phone and starts typing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok, let's get a group chat going.  
I'm sending a message out. Let me  
know if you guys get it.

They all look at their phones.

DING!

BRANDON

Got it.

DING!

KEVIN

Got it.

RING!

Lunchtime.

#### 7. EXT. BRANDON'S HOME - DAY

A middle class home in an outdoorsy neighbourhood. Camo chair on the front porch and a spot in the grass reserved for a small trailer. Trees and bushes in fine supply around the home.

A compact Subaru and an old Ford Truck take up the driveway. A third car comes, parks on the street out front - a Rodeo with its paint job slightly stained by smoke.

Carter waits in his car for a few extra moments, checks the time.

#### 8. INT. BRANDON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carter treks into the living room. The inside harbours a couch, a table, a comfy chair. But also has a DEER HEAD above the fireplace. Camo patterns in great supply. And furniture with wooden frames.

The others are sitting around the table. Two on the couch, one on a chair, laptops chilling on the tabletop.

Michael puffs on a joint. They've been here a while- they're all pretty baked.



KEVIN

He made it.

BRANDON

Where were you?

CARTER

I got stuck at the red light and  
then lost you guys.

They giggle.

Carter sets his things down. Looks around for a seat, but there's no spot on the couch. And the only available chair is occupied by everyone's backpacks.

MICHAEL

You want a puff man?

CARTER

No -- no thanks. Hey Brandon,  
where's your bathroom?

BRANDON

At the end of the hall.

He points down a bright hallway.

CARTER

Thanks. I'm gonna take a piss.

Carter walks down the hallway...

9. INT. BRANDON'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...And peers into the open rooms. This one looks alright, this room looks eh, this room...

Carter stops. Something catches his eye. He stares, cracks a smile.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Anyone else want something to eat?

Carter looks over his shoulder. One quick glance back into the room before continuing his walk towards the bathroom.

In that room, the master bedroom, hanging on the back wall is a large WALL SAFE. It sits wide open. The hooks are empty. But on the bottom sits some boxes of AMMUNITION and HEAVY DUTY EARMUFFS- gun stuff.

10. INT. BRANDON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carter dries his hands on his pants, sits down on the floor as the trio munch on some chips.

CARTER  
Hey Brandon.

BRANDON  
Yeah man?

CARTER  
Are those guns in your parent's  
room?

BRANDON  
Huh?

CARTER  
Oh, the -- the safe. It's open.  
That's a gun safe right?

Brandon smiles.

BRANDON  
Yeah man. We're hunters.

Michael and Kevin look at one another with glee.

CARTER  
Do you ever go to the shooting  
range?

BRANDON  
All the time.

CARTER  
Oh yeah?  
(beat)  
You think we could come along one  
time?

Carter motions around to the rest of the group.

MICHAEL  
Dude we've already been.

Carter's face drops. He hides the anger by getting his laptop  
out.

BRANDON  
(to Michael)  
You can't shoot for shit.

KEVIN  
He's totally serious too. For shit.

MICHAEL  
We should totally go shooting  
again.

BRANDON  
I'm too baked for that man.

They laugh.

11. EXT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

The streetlights illuminate an almost empty parking lot in front of Home Depot.

The inside lights are on.

12. INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

Carter's stands in the middle of an aisle. Orange apron on, box in hand, cart behind him- he's stocking the shelves.

Earphones in, he slowly searches the shelves. Finds the space he's looking for and slowly cuts open the box. Starts slowly restocking the empty spot on the shelf.

Slowly finishes, sighs, puts the empty box in the cart and slowly grabs another product.

Carter's the only person in this section of the large store. No one else around for aisles.

He looks at his phone- 11:58pm. Tosses the unopened box back in the cart and wheels it out of the aisle.

Carter leaves the cart at the end for someone else to finish.

13. INT. HOME DEPOT - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Carter walks into the break room. Some tables, vending machines, Home Depot propaganda on the walls.

He takes off his apron and puts it into a small locker. Goes to clock out when his MANAGER, and older gentleman, walks in.

MANAGER

Done for the night?

CARTER

Yep.

MANAGER

Here.

He hands Carter an envelope.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

It's pay day.

CARTER

Oh yeah. Thank you.

Carter gives him a smile. The manager returns it.

MANAGER

Thanks for the hard work. I'll meet you at the front to open the doors.

CARTER

Sure thing.

The manager leaves. Once gone, Carter quickly opens up the envelope, takes out the check- \$250.00.

He puts the check in his wallet. Takes out his phone, starts typing something.

14. EXT. CARTER'S HOME - NIGHT

Another suburban home. Carter's Rodeo sits next to a small compact.

Carter's lights turn off.

He silently gets out of his car, careful not to wake any neighbourhood dogs. Or people.

He walks to the front door. Takes out his keychain, but can't see which key is the right one.

Shakes his head, lets out a sigh- screw it. Digs inside a nearby POTTED PLANT and pulls out a spare.

15. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A messy bedroom, but a familiar bedroom. A dusty guitar in the corner, a desk against a wall, the floor littered with dirty and clean clothes. Metal posters on the wall.

Carter heads straight to his bed. He lifts up his mattress- carefully and quietly- and reaches underneath.

Feels a KNIFE. Keeps going and grabs the ENVELOPE next to it.

Takes the envelope out, opens it up. Inside is a WAD OF CASH. Carter takes a small wad out of his wallet and adds it to the rest.

16. INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter sits on a couch in a small therapist's room. A friendly man, nice sweater and slacks, sits nearby on his computer.

He's DR. HARPER.

CARTER

It's shitty but... You know, what else am I supposed to do?

DR. HARPER

How so? You seemed excited when you first got the job.

CARTER

Yeah but it's so... lonely. There's like three other people there in this huge ass store. And they're all way older than me.

DR. HARPER

Why do you stay?

CARTER

I need the money.

DR. HARPER

For what?

Dr. Harper watches Carter hesitate to come up with an answer.

But he quickly finds one:

CARTER

To help around the house.

DR. HARPER

So... You use your paycheck to help around the house?

CARTER

Uh... Like, I mostly I just pay for myself, ya know? Buy my own food and gas and stuff.

Dr. Harper looks Carter up and down.

DR. HARPER

You know you can tell me anything Carter.

Carter looks at Dr. Harper, but not quite eye to eye. A little off, like he can't handle the contact.

CARTER

I know. I am. I'm paying for myself.

DR. HARPER

Uh huh...

Dr. Harper starts scribbling something on a piece of paper.

DR. HARPER (CONT'D)

I have a good friend- she's a psychiatrist on the east side of town. Her name is Alice Davenport. I want you to go see her.

He hands Carter the note.

CARTER

Why?

DR. HARPER

Because it sounds like you're being forced into adulthood. And that's where her specialty lies.

CARTER

But we were doing pretty good together, yeah?

DR. HARPER

We were, and we are! Therapists and psychiatrists are different! You can still come see me, and I hope you do, but I think you'll find more help from someone who specialises in this.

CARTER

Is it still covered by insurance?

Dr. Harper smiles.

DR. HARPER

Yes.

CARTER

Alright. Fine. I think you're great though I don't know why you're putting yourself down...

DR. HARPER

Thank you Carter. I try my best, but sometimes having a general approach isn't the best approach. Like if you had a bad break on your arm, you might want someone who specialises in arms to fix you.

Carter looks at the note.

CARTER

So instead of coming to you, I'll go to her?

DR. HARPER

You can do whatever you want, but I would say, for the time being, yes. Go to her instead of me.

Carter shrugs.

CARTER

If you want I guess.

Carter stands up. Dr. Harper follows his lead.

DR. HARPER  
Thank you Carter.

CARTER  
Yeah, sure. Thanks.

They shake hands. Then Carter walks out the door. Closes it.  
CLICK! The latch catches- Carter's gone.

Dr. Harper gets on his phone, dials a number, waits...

DR. HARPER  
Hello, Kat?... Hi, it's Dr. Harper. I  
have a patient I'm referring to  
Alice... Yeah. I'm worried about him  
and I want Alice's opinion... Yeah...  
Ok... Great, thank you Kat! Let me  
know what happens. I'll send over  
his records when appropriate... Yep,  
thanks again. Bye Kat.

Dr. Harper hangs up. Taps his fingers. Let's out a sigh.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)  
So how was school?

17. INT. CARTER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

An open kitchen with a table and chairs around. A nice, full  
dinner set out. A family eating.

Sitting at the head of the table is Carter. And sitting  
across from one another are a MAN, a balding business  
professional, wide smile; and a WOMAN, an energetic blond  
suburbanite.

They're PAUL and DEBORAH, Carter's parents.

But Carter doesn't focus on them- he prefers his food.

CARTER  
It was fine.

DEBORAH  
Did you learn anything new?

Carter shrugs.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Have you been thinking about  
college at all?

CARTER  
Why?

DEBORAH

Well you are a senior, aren't you?

Carter looks at his mom- *duh*.

Back to his food.

PAUL

We're thinking, since it's spring break next month, why don't we take you to see some schools?

CARTER

I'd rather not.

PAUL

Why not?

DEBORAH

Don't you wanna go see the country with your parents?

Carter puts his fork down.

CARTER

Because I'm going to school in state. Besides, why do I have to go with you guys? I'm eighteen.

They laugh.

PAUL

Hey, we want a vacation too! You don't get to hog all the fun!

Paul winks at Deborah.

CARTER

I'm not a fucking child.

DEBORAH

No, but you are our little baby.

PAUL

Think about where you want to go and we'll start booking tickets.

Carter shakes his head, gets up and leaves the room.

DEBORAH

Carter?

18. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carter sits on his bed, twiddles his thumbs. He checks his phone- no new notifications.



Sets it down, stares at the wall.

His hands and arms shake.

He hops off his bed and reaches under his mattress. Feels the envelope. Passes it by, grabs the knife instead.

He pulls it out, rolls up his sleeves revealing a LOT of upper-arm scars.

Carter digs his knife in. Adds one more. Watches the blood drip from his body.

19. EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

A small, fenced parking lot, fairly empty, sits in front of a beat up building that looks straight out of the ghetto. METAL MUSIC blares as Carter pulls in to the lot.

He parks as far away from the building as possible. Sits inside and sings LOUDLY with the music as it comes to an end.

Carter turns his car off and steps out, stares up at the building. Let's out a sigh.

Carter locks his car and walks in.

20. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

He strolls into an empty lobby- clean, kept; it's like the outside is just a ruse with how tidy and professional the inside is.

KAT, mid 30's, sits at a receptionist's desk. She notices Carter.

KAT

Hi, can I help you?

He walks over.

CARTER

Yeah I'm Carter Brooke. I think I have an appointment today for three-thirty?

Kat looks at her computer.

KAT

Yep! Three-thirty!

She hands him some forms.

KAT (CONT'D)  
If you want to take a seat and fill  
these out, I'll go tell Alice  
you're here!

Carter takes the papers with a smile and finds himself a chair as Kat exits the room.

He looks at the standard forms about his mental health history. Rolls his eyes, begins filling them out.

Name: Carter Brooke

Age: 18

Occupation: Student/Stock Shelves

Diagnosis: Depression

He continues filling the paperwork out nonchalantly, like it's no big deal he's a suicide survivor.

Kat walks back in.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Alice is ready, so when you're done  
just bring me your forms and I'll  
walk you in.

CARTER  
Thanks!

And back to the paperwork:

Have you attempted suicide? Yes.

MATCH CUT TO:

21. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A FILE FOLDER with Carter's information

A WOMAN- long sleeved polo, WATCH, numerous SCARS across her hands and face- copies information from the file folder into Carter's profile on her computer. The folder is full of forms reiterating his attempted suicide, depression, everything.

She's ALICE DAVENPORT.

KNOCK KNOCK!

ALICE  
Come in!

Her door opens. She closes the folder and looks up.

KAT  
I have Carter here.

ALICE  
Thanks Kat!

Kat leaves. Alice lowers Carter's computer profile as he walks in.

In the room is a couch, a desk, a file cabinet, psychiatry books on a bookshelf- it's like Dr. Harper's office but roomier and nicer.

CARTER  
Hello.

He waves as Alice walks over to greet him.

She holds her hand out for a handshake.

ALICE  
Nice to meet you. I'm Alice.

Carter puts the papers in her hand, misreading her gesture.

CARTER  
She said to give these to you?

Alice laughs, nods, takes them.

ALICE  
Yes, thank you.

She motions towards the couch. Carter walks, takes a seat. She joins him in the adjacent chair, starts looking at his forms.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Carter Brooke...

CARTER  
Uh huh.

ALICE  
So you were seeing Dr. Harper at Central Health?

CARTER  
Yeah. But he told me to come here. So... you know. Here I am.

ALICE  
He's a good friend of mine. He spoke very highly of you.

CARTER  
Oh, really? I'll be sure to thank him for that.

Alice cracks a smile. Though back to the serious stuff.

ALICE

It pains me to see you've attempted suicide before. Can we start there? Can you catch me up to speed on that?

Very nonchalantly:

CARTER

Yeah, sure. My parents were gone for a weekend so I did the ol' "exhaust in the garage" thing. You know, letting the car run overnight and breathing in the fumes and whatever. I even rigged up a tube from the exhaust just to make sure it got into the cab.

ALICE

What happened? Did your parents find out?

CARTER

No no they still have no idea. I think someone just saw the smoke under the door, ya know? It wasn't airtight so it leaked out and someone called the cops. I passed out but I woke up in the hospital.

ALICE

How long ago was that?

Carter shrugs.

CARTER

I don't know. Six, seven months?

ALICE

And have you had any suicidal thoughts since?

CARTER

Well... yeah, when I was in the hospital. But I've been in therapy. You know, with Dr. Harper. So it's been easier.

ALICE

That's good. When was the last time you thought about suicide?

CARTER

I mean I don't keep tabs on it. But... I'm still alive, right?

Alice looks at him... peers at him... and puts his papers down on the table.

ALICE

Right. So did Dr. Harper tell you about my methods at all?

CARTER

No. He just said you were a specialist.

ALICE

Ok, why don't you lie down?

Carter does as he's told. Alice walks over to her glove box.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're not allergic to latex are you?

CARTER

No.

ALICE

Good.

She puts on some gloves, grabs a PLUSH DOLL that looks just like her, and walks back over to Carter, sits back in her chair.

ALICE (CONT'D)

So my method is... A bit different.

CARTER

Yeah?

ALICE

Yeah... I have sort of a unique ability to travel directly into your subconscious mind.

He laughs.

CARTER

Travel inside my subconscious mind? Sounds exciting.

ALICE

Yep. Right inside. And once inside, I'll be able to see all your inner demons and help you find an anchor to cope with them.

CARTER

Oh yeah? Aren't you supposed to be the sane one?

She laughs.

ALICE

I know, I know, it sounds strange  
Carter. I promise you it's true  
though. I found out about this  
ability when I was... well roughly  
your age, actually.

CARTER

You were my age when you found out  
you had supernatural powers?

ALICE

Something like that.

He chuckles.

CARTER

Alright, I'm sold, how does this  
work doc?

ALICE

Well, you're already lying down, so  
you'll just grab this plush doll.  
I'll then put you in a sub-hypnotic  
state. And then I'll be able to  
traverse into your subconscious.

Carter laughs- this is all very amusing.

CARTER

Alright, sure, go for it.

He puts his hands on his chest, waits for the doll. Alice  
sighs.

ALICE

I'd like your full consent Carter.  
I don't think you realise how  
literal all this is.

Carter rolls his eyes.

CARTER

Fine.

He sits up. And looks into Alice's eyes.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I give you full consent to go into  
my subconscious.

He waits for her response... notices the gloves.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Wait, what's with the gloves?

A sly smile from Alice.

ALICE

Anything that happens to me while  
inside your mind happens to me  
outside your mind as well. This is  
just a precaution since we'll both  
be touching the doll.

CARTER

Do I need gloves?

ALICE

No, no. Nothing can happen to you  
Carter. Only to me.

CARTER

So what if you die?

A beat.

ALICE

Well, anything that happens in  
there happens out here.  
Fortunately, I won't let that  
happen.

She smiles. But Carter is still trying to process this:

CARTER

Ok, ok, so you put me in some  
hypnotic state and go into my mind.

He looks to Alice for confirmation. She nods.

CARTER (CONT'D)

How the fuck do you get out? What  
if you don't get out?! I don't  
think I could live with a person  
trapped in my mind. What's it even  
feel like?

Alice holds up her wrist- the watch glistens.

ALICE

I have roughly ten minutes in the  
outside world before you fall  
asleep. I can exit your mind  
whenever I please before the ten  
minutes are up. You'll be in your  
sub-hypnotic state so you won't  
feel nor remember a thing.

CARTER

What if I fall asleep?

ALICE

Then I just have to wait in your  
dreams for you to wake up.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Still harmless to you, just more work for me. But I won't let that happen.

Carter still can't wrap his head around it.

CARTER

Ok, ok, wait. So Dr. Harper sent me to someone who's going to literally go inside my mind, where she might possibly die, all because I'm working a part time job?

Alice stifles a laugh.

ALICE

Is that what he said?

CARTER

Yeah.

ALICE

Carter, I can help you with any problems you have. So yes, if this job is causing you problems, I can help. And if there's something else causing you problems, I can also help.

CARTER

Fuck me.

He calms down, nods his head like he's starting to accept it.

But then:

CARTER (CONT'D)

Wait. Wait, hold on. What are you gonna see?

ALICE

Nothing you don't want me to. Just your inner demons, that's all.

Carter studies her.

CARTER

Not like... Like anything else right?

ALICE

That's exactly right. If there's something you don't want me to see, I won't see it. And we're chained by the doctor-patient confidentiality agreement anyways.

Another moment.



ALICE (CONT'D)

Are you ready Carter? Would you  
like to go through with this?

Carter looks away from her as he internally debates this.

Alice lets him have this moment to consider. This

Long...

Quiet...

Moment...

CARTER

Fine.

ALICE

Thank you Carter. Please lie down.

Carter cautiously does as he's told.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Good. Grab the head please.

She puts the doll on his chest. Carter grabs the head.

Alice grabs the feet.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

He does. Alice watches him. Almost like he's being  
hypnotised:

ALICE (CONT'D)

Tell me your name.

CARTER

Carter Brooke.

ALICE

How old are you Carter?

CARTER

Eighteen.

ALICE

Do you have any siblings?

CARTER

No...

As he becomes noticeably drowsier, Alice closes her eyes.

She's instantly taken to the same state as him.

ALICE  
Any... Pets?

CARTER  
No...

ALICE  
Any... hobbies...

CARTER  
Yes...

ALICE  
What... are they...?

Alice's eyes flutter under her lids.

MATCH CUT TO:

22. EXT. ABANDONED MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Alice wakes up in the middle of two-way road. There's an eerie lack of people, of birds, of insects, of life.

Except the plants, of which there's too many- vines overtaking trees and weeds cracking through the asphalt and foliage hugging the road.

All of this sits underneath a heavy, heavy layer of fog.

It's vast. Empty. Overgrown. Devoid of life.

Alice puts the plush doll into her chest pocket. She takes a deep breath and looks around at the surroundings.

ALICE  
Wow.

The only thing audible in the quiet is a very slow rhythmic breathing sound encompassing everything.

She sees a RUSTY SIGN in front of her. The only thing she can make out is weathered text saying "life" and an arrow pointing up the road.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Life it is.

Alice looks at her watch, bobs her head with the second hand like she's counting.

The sound of a low inhale. She stops.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Ten. Good, good. Let's go find life.

She starts running up the road.

Running in this vast emptiness of Carter's mind.

23. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter breathes steadily as him and Alice sit in a sleeping state, both with their hands on the toy.

24. EXT. ABANDONED HOME - DAY

Alice slows her run to a walk as she approaches a building-an abandoned home looms over her.

It looks almost as if Carter's house was tossed into the middle of a forest.

The vegetation is overgrown. Vines crawl up the sides and into the broken windows like tentacles. Papers and garbage litter the outside. Paint chips broken off and on the ground.

And of course, all of it is being suffocated by the dense forest around.

A light breeze causes the building to CACKLE. Alice rushes behind a tree. She listens.

Makes sure it's silent.

And peers out.

Alice clocks a rotting wood pile, a large bush, and a beater Rodeo- perfect hiding places if she needs- in front of the home.

Content with the surroundings, she tip toes to the front door.

It dangles on its hinges, ready to fall. Alice calls through the gap:

ALICE

Carter?

A light STATIC SOUND responds. She braces herself against the wall, hides from whatever danger it might be.

But it's nothing.

She guardedly looks back in. Empty. Carefully pushes open the door and calls inside.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Carter?

Still no response. She walks in.

## 25. INT. ABANDONED HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The inside is just as messy as the outside. Photographs and glass on the floor. Bones and skulls littered on the couch. Baby toys and diapers, too clean for the rest of the house, thrown about.

And a TV. That's on. The source of the static.

Alice gets drawn to it. On it is a news story stuck in a loop. It's a report of some sort of an event at a school. The reporter talks to the camera:

REPORTER

The young man shot himself... The  
young man shot himself... The young  
man shot himself...

Alice gets sucked in, worry on her face. Her breathing gets faster as she watches.

Faster.

Faster.

She leans in.

Closer.

Closer.

CRACK! She snaps out of it, looks down. Under her foot is a picture, the glass now broken.

She bends down and picks it up. It shows a young teenager, scar across his eyebrow, smiling. Next to him... A blur. A smudge. A person erased from existence.

She places it gently on a dresser next to another photo- Carter's parents smiling with a similar blur between them.

Alice looks at the couch, decides to check out the bones.

Glass CRUNCHES underneath her shoes as she walks. She picks up a skull- a human skull- and examines it. It looks back at her, staring with its hollow eyes. A hole ripped open on the side of its head.

The hole holds Alice's attention.

The old building cackles again. She WHIPS around.

And WINCES. Looks at her finger- a small cut from a sharp corner of bone.

She sets the skull down and sucks on her finger tip. Just a little blood, nothing major.

Content with her wound, she continues her search, doing her best to be quiet. She reaches a staircase.

26. INT. ABANDONED HOME - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

She looks up the stairs- darkness. Silence.

ALICE

Carter?

As usual- nothing.

Alice tries to see what's at the top. She can't.

She takes a step up. The floor CREAKS under her feet. She takes another step. CREAK!

Movement in the shadows. Or maybe that's just her imagination.

Another creaky step.

Another creaky step.

Another...

Creaky...

Step...

She eventually makes it to the top. Sees an open door down the hallway.

27. INT. ABANDONED HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

This room is just like the rest of the house- decrepit. A damaged bed sits next to a damaged nightstand. A BROKEN GUITAR sits in the corner, its strings stained in red.

But POSTERS of Carter putting a gun in his mouth hang prominently on the walls. As do posters of Carter suffocating in his Rodeo. Graffiti covers the rest of the walls, the ceiling, the floor- all saying things like "pussy" and "no one cares".

Near the window is a large GUN SAFE. Closed. Locked.

A BLOODY KNIFE on the nightstand catches Alice's attention. She walks towards it, looks at the knife. Opens the top drawer, peers inside.

It's EMPTY save for half a CD. It's a picture of half of Carter's face and half of Carter's name.

A calm BREEZE comes in through the broken windows. CRICK CRACK as the door blows against its rusted hinges.

Alice continues looking around. She walks to the guitar and plucks a string.

Dead. Dampened. The body might be cracked, but it's the blood that kills the string vibrations.

She notices another door swaying in the breeze. A closet door. Alice walks over, opens it fully and sees CARTER'S INNER SELF SITTING DEAD AGAINST THE WALL!

Alice covers her mouth in shock.

ALICE

Oh my god. Carter?!

CUTS COVER HIS ARMS. BLOOD ON HIS HEAD.

Alice kneels down, grabs his hand, but nothing happens. His eyes are glazed over, his skin pale.

ALICE (CONT'D)

No. No, this can't be.

Alice gulps, shakily brings her hand close to his mouth- she can feel small bursts of air coming from the gap. Puts her hand against his neck- a small heartbeat still going.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Thank God.

She sits next to the body as relief washes over her face.

But it doesn't last long. Alice looks back to the corpse. Her concern returns.

She takes a few moments to calm herself- she's a professional... she's a professional...

Alice stands, walks back to the nightstand. Opens it again but it's still just as empty. Checks under the bed- nothing but dust. She looks through the dust on the floor, searching for something.

BZZZZ. She looks at her watch- time up.

She looks back at Carter.

Then back at her watch.

She starts shaking as if being forced to do something she'd rather not.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Takes her plush doll and puts it in the drawer.

She sits down, crosses her legs, puts her hands on her knees, and closes her eyes...

MATCH CUT TO:

28. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

...And wakes back up in her office. Carter is still calmly asleep.

Alice stares at him. She shakes her head. Takes in some deep breaths. Takes one hand, wipes her forehead, takes her other hand and removes the plush doll-

CARTER BURSTS AWAKE as if he'd just been underwater! He sits up, starts touching his body, making sure it's real.

Slows down as he realises, yes, he is real.

He looks quizzically at Alice.

CARTER  
Was that it?

Alice smiles, nods.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Am I back in reality?

ALICE  
You are.

CARTER  
Really?

ALICE  
See, it's not so bad.

Alice takes the plush doll and walks it over to her desk.

CARTER  
Yeah. Yeah. What did you see?

Alice takes her time as she removes her gloves and puts them in a nearly full bin. On her finger is a small cut.

After a few moments, she turns around in her professional, friendly demeanour to deliver the news.

ALICE  
Nothing unusual.

Carter's eyes get brighter as his confidence starts to return.

CARTER  
Really?

ALICE

Yep.

CARTER

Even with all the shit that's happened?

ALICE

Yes. Would you mind coming back for a second session next week?

Carter takes a moment, thinks again about his options.

CARTER

What about Dr. Harper?

ALICE

With your permission, I'll make sure to keep him up to date on everything we do.

CARTER

Um... Sure. I'm still his patient right?

ALICE

Yes.

CARTER

Ok.

ALICE

Thank you Carter.

Alice begins writing on a sticky note.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Do you have a journal at home?

CARTER

Just school ones. Why?

Alice goes to her "ANCHOR" DRAWER in the cabinet and takes out a journal. Walks back, hands him the sticky note- "appointment next week"- and the journal.

ALICE

I want you to start writing down whatever you're feeling, whatever you want to get off your chest. I want you to write it down in here.

Carter takes the journal. Examines it.

CARTER

Is this like a special book or something?



ALICE

Nope. It's just free.

CARTER

Oh! Well thank you.

ALICE

Thank you. Kat outside will schedule your appointment. I look forward to seeing you next week.

CARTER

You too.

They stand, shake hands. They walk to the door and Alice lets him out.

ALICE

And don't forget to write in your journal!

29. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Carter leaves, Alice lets down her charade. Her eyes are wide, worry on her face. She scurries back to her computer and pulls up Carter's profile. Starts typing:

CARTER'S INNER SELF IS A SHELL. HIS DEMONS HAVE ERADICATED HIS MIND. SUICIDE IS FRESH, RELAPSING A CONCERN. KEEP A CAREFUL, CAREFUL WATCH ON HIM.

And writes at the very top:

CARTER - MAJOR DEPRESSIVE DISORDER - SUICIDAL

30. INT/EXT. CARTER'S CAR - DAY

Carter drives down the highway blasting and singing along to his metal tunes. The notebook carelessly sits on the floor in the back.

He whizzes past a billboard for a GUN SHOW at the convention centre taking place in March.

31. INT. CARTER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Opposite the kitchen, separated up by the entrance, is the living room. Where Deborah sits, reading a book on the couch.

Carter tries to sneak past her. But the floor CREAKS. Deborah hears, looks over.

DEBORAH

Hi honey! How was school?

Carter stops. He keeps his eyes straight ahead.

CARTER

Fine.

DEBORAH

Have you thought about colleges to go to?

CARTER

I'm staying in state mom.

DEBORAH

Oh don't be silly. Let's not toss out traveling to another state! Come on, bring your laptop down and let's look.

A beat.

CARTER

I have homework.

DEBORAH

Homework shmomework. Go put your stuff away and come down.

CARTER

I can't. I'm meeting with some friends.

DEBORAH

Oh, ok. Have fun!

Carter rolls his eyes, walks away.

32. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Williams stands at the front. On the board is a chart about story arc and structure.

Carter sits in the back, as usual. He looks at the wall, zoned out as Mr. Williams teaches.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Carter! Any insight for us?

Carter snaps to, turns towards Mr. Williams.

CARTER

What?

MR. WILLIAMS

We're talking about classical structure. This is for your assignment Carter, I'd hope you would be paying attention.

CARTER  
Oh, yeah, sorry. I'm here.

Carter's friends snicker.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Don't be dozing off there big guy.

Carter gives a fake smile. Turns to the front, pretends to listen to Mr. Williams.

KEVIN  
(whispering)  
You should be writing this all down  
Carter.

The trio snicker at that too! Carter ignores them.

Michael subtly slides a note to Carter. It's a stick figure drawing of him sleeping.

CARTER  
(whispering sarcastically)  
Thanks guys.

Mr. Williams stops again. Looks at Carter.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Carter!

CARTER  
What?

MR. WILLIAMS  
See me after class.

Carter's friends snicker as he slumps in his seat.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Sorry dude. We'll wait for you  
outside.

33. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - LATER

As the students clear out, Carter stays behind.

The room is empty. He walks up to Mr. Williams who's cleaning the board.

CARTER  
Mr. Williams-

Mr. Williams stops his cleaning, gives Carter all his attention.

MR. WILLIAMS

Carter, what's going on?

CARTER

What do you mean?

MR. WILLIAMS

I mean you're attendance has been steadily dropping this semester and now you're sleeping in class. Is everything alright?

CARTER

Yeah, everything's fine.

MR. WILLIAMS

Are you sure?

A beat.

CARTER

Yeah. I... think it's just my job. I -- I picked up a part time shift stacking boxes at night. I think the night shift is just making me tired.

MR. WILLIAMS

Do you think that's wise being so close to graduation? You're not working because your family is hurting for money are you?

Carter looks around, unsure how to answer.

CARTER

N -- No. No.

MR. WILLIAMS

Have you even applied to any schools?

Carter's still struggles for words.

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

What's really going on Carter?

CARTER

It -- It's the job. I want the experience. And yes, going to state is an option.

Mr. Williams shakes his head.

MR. WILLIAMS

Look, do whatever you need to do Carter, just be smart about it.  
(MORE)

MR. WILLIAMS (CONT'D)  
If you fail anything you don't  
graduate. And then it won't matter  
if you get into college or not.

Carter nods.

CARTER  
I know.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Good. How's the project coming  
along?

CARTER  
Fine and dandy.

MR. WILLIAMS  
Glad to hear it. Go get some lunch.

CARTER  
Cool. Bye Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS  
I have my eye on you.

Carter pauses... then slowly walks away.

34. INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Carter's friends are chatting outside the room, waiting.  
They see him come out.

MICHAEL  
Hey! What was that about?

CARTER  
Nothing.

They laugh, begin walking.

The three lead the way as Carter's left to himself behind.

He watches the three engage in conversation, talking about  
god knows what.

They reach the end of a row of lockers. Carter stops, starts  
spinning the Masterlock of a bottom locker.

His friends don't notice, continue walking without him.  
Carter watches them go..

## 35. EXT. SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Carter walks, alone, down the front steps of his school. Students eat, chat, and walk all around the campus.

He keeps a focused gaze in front as he hurries to his car. Where Michael, Brandon, and Kevin are eagerly standing around.

BRANDON

Where were you man? Open your car!

Carter shakes his head.

CARTER

I don't wanna drive today.

(to Michael)

Can you drive?

MICHAEL

Come on, we're not going far!

CARTER

I'm out of gas, I can't.

A beat.

MICHAEL

Alright, fine, I'll drive.

They walk away from the car. Carter follows.

KEVIN

(to Carter)

Hey hey, where do you think you're going? You're not coming.

The group laughs and walks off as Carter stands frozen.

They make it to a familiar Subaru a few spots down. Michael turns around, yells:

MICHAEL

Hey, we're messing with you! Come on!

Carter shakes his head.

CARTER

(to himself)

You know what?

(to them)

I'm good!

BRANDON

Get your ass over here!

MICHAEL

You sure?!

KEVIN

What's taking him so long?

CARTER

Yeah.

Carter gives a thumbs up.

MICHAEL

Well we'll see you in class than.

They hop in, start the engine. Carter watches them drive off.

Once gone, he heads back to his car.

36. INT. CARTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He sits in the driver's seat...

And stares a death stare out front...

Hears some students laughing. Quickly looks up at his rear-view mirror...

And sees the notebook sitting on the floor like it's calling his name...

37. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter lies on Alice's couch, stares at the ceiling, calm and relaxed.

ALICE

And how did you feel about that?

CARTER

I drive every day. The one day I say no they bar me from coming with them. They're fucking stupid.

ALICE

Have you thought about telling them all this?

Carter smirks.

CARTER

So they can call me a pussy? It's one thing saying it here. It's another saying it out there. They just fucking smoke all the time and use me.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)  
(mockingly)  
Carter do this, Carter do that,  
Carter we need you.

ALICE  
Have you tried finding other  
friends?

CARTER  
No one wants to be friends with me.  
I'm a loser.

ALICE  
That's not true Carter.

CARTER  
Well I beg to differ.

A beat.

ALICE  
How's the situation with your  
parents?

CARTER  
They still treat me like a fucking  
child. I'm eighteen and I feel like  
they wanna put me back in diapers,  
you know?

ALICE  
No. What do you mean?

CARTER  
I mean I have no independence. I  
have so little independence that I  
can't even wipe my own ass without  
them asking about it.

ALICE  
Have you been writing this down in  
your journal?

CARTER  
Yeah. You're right. The journal is  
therapeutic. I've started writing  
in it whenever I feel like cutting.

ALICE  
I'm happy to hear that. Does that  
mean you aren't cutting anymore?

CARTER  
The journal's kinda been filling  
that void.



ALICE  
Good. That's progress.

She hands him the plush doll with her gloved hands.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Are you ready for this again?

CARTER  
What are you doing this time?

ALICE  
I'm still just trying to find your  
demon and anchor.

CARTER  
Cool.

He puts it on his chest as they both grab the doll.

ALICE  
Close your eyes.

He does.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me your name?

CARTER  
Carter Brooke.

ALICE  
How old are you?

CARTER  
Eighteen...

ALICE  
And you're still in school?

CARTER  
Yeah...

Alice closes her eyes.

ALICE  
And you still live with your  
parents...?

CARTER  
Yeah...

ALICE  
And you're... about to... graduate...?

Again, Alice's eyes flutter behind her lids.

MATCH CUT TO:

## 38. INT. ABANDONED HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Alice WAKES up back in Carter's room, right in front of the nightstand.

She looks around to get her footing. She looks at his inner self, which is now face down on the floor. The closet door is off its hinges and broken in two. The bed is a pile of rubble and the guitar fully smashed.

It's like *something big* came through between this session and last.

She shakes her head, runs to Carter and turns him around. He's breathing, but still just barely. A sigh of relief.

Alice walks back to the nightstand, looks inside. Grabs the plush doll, but looks worriedly at the inside- save for the CD half, it's otherwise empty.

She pockets the doll, looks around the room.

ALICE

Come on Carter. Help me.

Alice spots something poking up from under the rubble of the bed. Tip toes over and sees a JOURNAL poking out.

She takes it and opens it.

Inside is Carter's writing. While some of it is clear, some of it is messy like it was written by a drunk doctor. She can make out a few words, but most importantly, "SCHOOL" appears on multiple pages in BOLD, CLEAR TEXT.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you Carter.

She puts the book down and walks out of the room.

## 39. EXT. ABANDONED MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

She runs down Carter's driveway to the road. The same sign as before. It points up the road.

Alice smiles a sly smile to herself.

ALICE

Time for school.

She starts running, following the sign.

MATCH CUT TO:

## 40. EXT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - DAY

An identical sign at the parking lot of an ominous school. It looks like an inspired portrait of Carter's. But without the life or cleanliness.

Alice slows her gait as she approaches the parking lot.

ALICE

Wow...

Almost hypnotically, she continues walking towards the building.

A soft breeze against the bricks, but the doors and windows remain silent, unbroken.

She gets to the door, tries it, but it's locked. She tries again, still locked. She looks at her watch. Looks for another way in.

She sees a window not too far away. And a loose brick near it. Alice walks over, taps the window with her hand- *with some more force, this'll work.*

Alice grabs the brick, stands a safe distance away, and THROWS it against the window. THOUSANDS of tiny glass shards litter the ground. And the rest stay upright, lining the edges of the window frame.

Putting safety aside, Alice pulls herself in through the window.

## 41. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The inside is dark, empty, but surprisingly clean for its state.

CRUNCH! Alice steps on some glass. She looks down, sees the shards from the window. Looks at her palms- bloody with some glass bits sticking out.

Alice closes her eyes, bars her teeth, and pulls out a shard from her palm. Holds back a scream as she pulls another out.

## 42. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Alice's gloves start getting a wet red tint as they fill with her blood.

But her and Carter remain in their sleepy, hypnotic, state.

## 43. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

She pulls the last shard out and looks up. Lockers against the walls, doors to classrooms, clean floors save for a few weeds poking through. It's like the school didn't get the message about what "abandoned" looks like.

Alice takes a step forward.

BANG!... NG!... She freezes, shakes violently as the sound of a gunshot echoes off the walls.

But nothing happens. She regains control of her body, takes a shaky step forward-

BANG!... NG!... Freezes again. Fast breaths. She looks down at her feet.

Her breathing returns to normal. It's just her footsteps. She watches her feet as she takes another step.

BANG!... NG!...

She closes her eyes:

ALICE

Focus Alice. Focus. It's just your footsteps.

She breathes in, breathes out, almost like a Zen exercise.

A GUITAR strums from a room *somewhere*. She opens her eyes.

Listens.

It's not just a guitar. A voice accompanies it. Soft, subtle, but there's a sad melody accompanying the chords.

And it sounds like it's coming from the room at the end of the hallway.

She takes a breath, nods her heads in beat, and takes a step. All she can hear is the song. She takes another step in beat. Smiles. Takes another.

It's as if the music is putting Alice under a hypnosis. She begins walking faster, quicker, to her own beat. But the music is all she can hear.

As she gets closer the song gets clearer- a man playing acoustic guitar, singing a beautiful song. And while she can't make out the lyrics, she can make out the heart and soul behind them.

Alice reaches the door. Looks it up and down, makes sure it's safe. Tries the handle- it's locked. Peers inside the small window. Sees Carter playing guitar in an otherwise empty classroom.

His voice is beautiful. She smiles, stands, listens as the lyrics becomes clearer:

CARTER  
(singing)  
I'm alone and I can't see the  
obvious in front of me/I'm alone  
and I don't care, they walk away  
without me.

CREEEEEAAAAAK! Alice, lost in the music, casually turns around.

A door's now open. A door that was once closed. Curiously, Alice walks towards it...

44. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's full of ghostly students listening to an inaudible, ghostly teacher. But a very obvious Carter, flesh and blood, sits in the back by his lonesome, drawing. Some students raise their hands to answer questions, some talk to each other, but all leave Carter alone.

As his song continues drifting in through the open door.

Alice steps inside. The apparitions ignore her. She curiously waves her hand in front of one, but nothing happens. Waves her hand in front of another. Still, nothing.

She smiles.

ALICE  
Good.

And walks towards Carter at the back.

Like the rest, he ignores her. She looks at what he's drawing- it's a stick figure blowing their brains out.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Carter.

She shakes her head in disappointment. Kneels next to his ghost.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
I need you to help me Carter. Help  
me help you.

The song comes to a stop.

Alice doesn't notice- she's too busy watching Carter draw his own suicide.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Why Carter? Where's it hiding?

The eerie silence finally grabs her attention. Alice looks up. The "lesson" has stopped and all the apparitions are looking at her.

They start evolving, from ghostly students to... Demons. Large teeth, large talons, black eyes. They all stand, hover over Alice.

And Carter.

She backs herself against the wall as they approach. Looks around but there's no escape.

The demons LUNGE TOWARDS CARTER! DEVOUR HIM IN A DEMONIC DOG PILE. BLOOD AND SKIN FLY EVERYWHERE.

Alice SCREAMS. They don't notice. She takes the opportunity to quickly make her way towards the door. But as she gets there, they finish with Carter.

And notice *her*.

Silence. Alice stops, turns, makes eye contact with the class.

Long.

Eye.

Contact.

They LUNGE towards Alice! She ducks out and SLAMS the door closed.

45. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DEMONS POUND ON THE DOOR BUT SHE HOLDS IT SHUT.

ALICE

Carter! Carter, Start playing again!

The demons BREAK the small window in the door and grab her hair. Start pulling on it.

ALICE (CONT'D)

CARTER! PLEASE!

46. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The two remain unmoving, unwavering. But Alice's scalp begins to turn red like someone's pulling her hair.

47. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Alice shakes her head, tries to free it from the demon.

ALICE  
CARTER! THE SONG!

Another demon PUNCHES through the door.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

She SMACKS the hand holding her hair- it lets go.

Alice falls to the ground. She quickly stands up, runs away from the door which SHATTERS INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.

Music drifts in from Carter's room.

As the door dust settles, there's no one behind it. The demons are gone.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Thank you Carter.

Alice collects her breath, stands up, dusts herself off.

BANG!...

A footstep ECHOES off the walls. She looks down the hall and sees a SILHOUETTE. The silhouette of a man.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Hello?!

It takes a step towards her.

BANG!... Alice winces at the sound.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Hello?!

BANG!... Another wince.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

Alice BOOKS it away, running straight towards the room Carter's playing in as the sound of gunfire echoes behind.

She gets to the door, turns around.

The silhouette is still approaching.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

As the silhouette continues its walk, Alice SPRINTS down an adjacent hallway.

48. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

And finds a locker at the end of the row to hide behind. She stands tight behind the locker, hides from the sound of gunfire.

The silhouette reaches the door. Tries to open it but it's locked. Stands motionless.

Then walks through the door like a ghost.

CRANG! BASH! The sounds of a guitar being smashed echo towards Alice.

And the music has stopped.

Alice holds her breath. Waits.

CREAK! A door opening.

Alice's eyes go wide. She quickly gets out her plush doll, carefully puts it in the open locker.

Then she sits down, closes her eyes...

MATCH CUT TO:

49. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

And wakes back up in the office. She keeps her hands on the plush doll as she winds down from another difficult trip.

Her gloves are full of blood, but she ignores it for now as she stares at the sleeping, peaceful Carter.

She nods her head once. Twice. And takes the plush doll.

Carter bursts awake, but stays lying down. He catches his breath.

ALICE  
Welcome back.

She smiles. Holds up the doll.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Gotta put this away.

She walks to her desk and puts it down. Removes her bloody gloves and puts them in a ziplock before putting them in the bin.



Alice looks at the open wounds on her palms. She grabs some tissues, wraps them around her hands, and puts on another pair of gloves as Carter, now sitting, watches from the couch.

She turns around with her professionalism on display, walks back to him and sits on her chair.

ALICE (CONT'D)

So how are you feeling now?

CARTER

I don't know. I'm feeling kinda the same.

ALICE

Believe it or not, that's a good start.

CARTER

Really?

ALICE

Of course! You know, you never told me you could play guitar.

He looks at her with a confused gaze. But as he realises, it turns sad.

CARTER

I don't.  
(beat)  
Anymore.

ALICE

Why not?

CARTER

I don't know. Lost interest in it I guess.

ALICE

Hmmm...  
(beat)  
I'd love to hear you play.

CARTER

I could try to find some old CDs or something.

She smiles.

ALICE

That'd be lovely. I'd really appreciate it.

(beat)  
May I ask you something Carter?

CARTER

What?

ALICE

Are you planning on shooting yourself?

CARTER

Sorry?

ALICE

Are you planning on shooting yourself?

CARTER

That's... Why would you think that?

ALICE

Because that's my job.

CARTER

Well... I mean after my last attempt I thought about it. Less chance of failure, ya know? But now? I -- I mean, I don't even own a gun.

ALICE

Are you telling me the truth?

CARTER

Yes! Even if I wanted to I couldn't.

ALICE

Does that mean you want to?

Carter struggles.

CARTER

After I failed, I thought a lot about it. But like I said, I don't even own a gun. And I'm going to therapy now so...

ALICE

If you were planning on killing yourself, would you tell me or Dr. Harper first? Would you let us try and help before you went through with it?

CARTER

Absolutely.

Alice nods.

ALICE

Ok. The most powerful thing we can  
give one another is trust. And I  
trust you Carter.

He looks away, thinks about what she's saying.

50. EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Carter aims down the sights of a pistol. Steady... Aim... Fire!

He misses the target.

Carter removes his earmuffs and looks out onto the range.  
Dirt covered in bullet shells. Targets, some riddled with  
holes, some not. Some buckets and watermelon bits.

And the gazebo near the almost empty parking lot to keep the  
audience out of the sun. That's where Carter's friends hide.

MICHAEL

Nice miss!

KEVIN

You know you're supposed to hit the  
target, right?

Brandon quiets the two down- *don't be a dick around the guns.*  
He walks to Carter.

BRANDON

Let me see that.

Carter hands him the gun, barrel facing the audience.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Woah woah woah! Turn the gun!

Carter confusingly turns the gun. Brandon safely takes it  
from him.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You never point it at anybody  
unless you intend to kill them.

CARTER

I'm sorry, I've never shot guns  
before.

BRANDON

I know I know. Earmuffs on and  
watch.

Carter does as Brandon holds the pistol up, looks down the  
sights, yells so Carter can hear:

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You need to control your breathing!

Carter nods. Brandon takes in a deep breath... And fires.

ALMOST a bullseye. Earmuffs off.

KEVIN

Nice miss pussy!

BRANDON

Hey, fuck you guys. You come shoot.

They flip him off.

CARTER

What about that gun.

Carter points to an AR-15 sitting in a case by the others.

BRANDON

What about it? You wanna try it?

Carter nods. They walk over. Brandon picks it up.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

This one's my favourite. An AR-15.  
You gotta be super careful with it.

(beat)

Alright let me show you.

They walk back over to the range.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Earmuffs on Carter.

Carter does.

Yelling again so Carter can hear:

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Hold it tight like this!

Brandon demonstrates- he holds it firmly against his shoulder.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Calm your breathing!

Brandon focuses back down range. Takes a calm breath.

And pulls the trigger. A round of bullets burst out and obliterate the target.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You want a go?!

Carter nods.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Remember- keep the barrel facing  
the ground until you're ready to  
shoot!

CARTER  
I know I know!

BRANDON  
Good!

He safely hands Carter the gun. Carter keeps it pointed down  
as he gets into position.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Whenever you're ready!

A beat.

Carter raises the gun. He looks down the sights.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Calm breaths!

Carter does. He looks down the sights, calms his breathing.  
Tunes out everything except this gun and the target in a  
bizarre moment of Zen.

He takes a deep breath in, lets it out slowly, pulls the  
trigger. The kickback is unexpected- pushes him back a bit.

And he misses the target.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Close man. Close. Keep trying!

Carter shakes it off. He smiles. Aims down the sights again.

#### 51. INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

Carter's stands in the middle of an aisle. Orange apron on,  
box in hand, cart behind him- he's stocking the shelves.

Earphones in, he slowly searches the shelves. Finds the space  
he's looking for and slowly cuts open the box. Starts slowly  
restocking the empty spot on the shelf.

Finishes, sighs, puts the empty box in the cart and slowly  
grabs another product.

At the end of the aisle, a FIGURE starts walking towards  
Carter. But Carter's earphones are in- he doesn't notice.

The figure gets closer. Closer.

It's the manager. He grabs Carter's shoulder.

Carter jumps, looks at it. Gives himself a little laugh and takes an earphone out.

MANAGER

Sorry for sneaking up on you. How's it going Carter?

CARTER

It's fine. What's up?

MANAGER

I was wondering if you could stay late tonight. We're behind on the palettes.

CARTER

Um... I have school tomorrow.

MANAGER

I know. But the day crew's been complaining that we're behind. You're only part time?

CARTER

Yeah.

MANAGER

I'll give you overtime. Time and a half. Usually you gotta work full time for that.

CARTER

Really?

MANAGER

We need help.

Carter thinks for a moment.

CARTER

Sure.

MANAGER

Thanks Carter. Take lunch during your normal clock out time and then stay for as long as you can.

CARTER

Will do. I appreciate it.

MANAGER

We appreciate the help. I need to go stack the paint.

The manager leaves. Carter drops his friendly facade, puts his earphone back in. Closes his eyes in frustration.

## 52. INT. HOME DEPOT - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Carter's manager, a middle aged COUNTRY WOMAN, and a middle aged BULKY MAN sit in the break room eating their home-brought meals.

Carter spots the vending machines.

BULKY MAN  
Hey, look who it is.

MANAGER  
He's helping us stack those extra palettes.

Carter gets to a machine, looks inside at his options as the others talk.

BULKY MAN (O.S.)  
Good for him. Need all the help we can get.

He puts money into the machine, buys himself a candy bar.

Sits at the table and starts eating.

COUNTRY WOMAN  
Y'all buy your tickets to the gun show yet?

BULKY MAN  
You mean-

He flexes his arms. They all laugh at him.

Carter chuckles, struggles to fit into this new crowd.

COUNTRY WOMAN  
No, the gun show next month at the convention centre. My husband's setting up a booth there.

MANAGER  
Really?

COUNTRY WOMAN  
Yep. Second year they've done this.

CARTER  
Third. Actually.

BULKY MAN  
Third?

They all look at Carter.

CARTER

They took a two year gap between the first and second. So yeah, it's technically the third.

COUNTRY WOMAN

Nah, we're always goin' to gun shows around here. Are you sure it's the third?

CARTER

Yep. The first was the same company, different owner.

BULKY MAN

Well look at that. I'm guessing Carter's got tickets? Wait, you're not twenty-one are you?

CARTER

Eighteen.

MANAGER

Are eighteen year olds even allowed to enter the show?

BULKY MAN

Why not?

COUNTRY WOMAN

Yeah they can.

CARTER

Any age with adult supervision and eighteen without.

COUNTRY WOMAN

See? God I love this country.

BULKY MAN

Let's do a school trip there. Who needs to stack fucking boxes anyways?

The manager looks at his watch.

MANAGER

Carter, ever use the O-P?

CARTER

Huh?

MANAGER

Meet me by the barbeques. I need help flying some.

The manager gets up, leaves.



BULKY MAN

Ohhh the O-P.

COUNTRY WOMAN

You're gonna like that.

53. INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

A big, red machine. Like a forklift, but instead of prongs it has a large flatbed.

The manager is there, struggling with a large box. A picture of a barbeque on its side.

Carter sees the struggle, helps the manager put it on the flatbed.

MANAGER

Thanks Carter. Have you ever used this?

He motions towards the machine. Carter tries to hide the huge smile stretching across his face.

CARTER

No.

MANAGER

Have you ever been on it?

He shakes his head.

CARTER

Nuh uh.

MANAGER

Ok. Well no problem. Put this on.

He hands Carter a HARNESS. Carter steps into it, snaps it tight. The manager does the same with his own.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

And hook this...

He hands Carter a hook attached to a line on the top of the OP. Carter hooks it on his harness. The manager does the same with his own.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Great. Come here and I'll give you a quick rundown of the machine.

Carter walks to the control panel. There's a few big buttons and a few small joysticks.

The manager gives him a tour of the controls. Carter listens excitedly.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 (fiddling with a joystick)  
 This makes it go back and forth.  
 (fiddles with a different joystick)  
 And this left and right. This button raises it, and if you flick this switch, it'll lower it. Switch up- raise. Switch down- lower.

Carter nods.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 Good. Go stand in the back by the barbeque. You're hooked up but still be careful.

CARTER  
 Got it. I will.

MANAGER  
 Good. Let me turn it on.

The manager turns the machine on as Carter goes around and stands behind the barbeque.

MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 You ready?

CARTER  
 Yeah.

MANAGER  
 Hold on.

Carter secures his footing and holds the box as the manager flicks some controls.

The machine rises, rises, rises towards the top of the shelves.

And stops. At the very top.

Carter looks down.

*It's a pretty big fall.*

Looks at the box.

*It's a pretty big box.*

Looks at the harness.

*It's a pretty old harness.*

Looks at the store.

*It's a pretty empty store.*

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Alright, help me put this up.

The manager bends down, grabs the box. Carter snaps out of his trance and copies. The two HOIST it up.

The weight surprises Carter. His feet slip, he drops his side!

Carter wobbles slightly, but manages to catch himself before anything severe can happen.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

You good? Be careful.

Carter tests his footing.

CARTER

Yep, we're good.

Picks it up again, careful to keep his footing this time. They push it onto the shelf.

Carter looks around the store- *Yeah. It's so empty.*

MANAGER

Come on. We have some more.

Carter stands on the bed as the manager lowers it to the floor.

54. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter lies on the couch. In silence.

Alice sits next to him, gloves on and plush doll at the ready.

Finally:

CARTER

I don't know if I can stay there.

ALICE

What do you mean?

CARTER

I mean, I didn't realise how easy it would be to kill myself there. And it's tempting, it's really tempting.

ALICE

So you're feeling suicidal?

CARTER

I'm feeling... like if I ever needed a quick out, that would be the place.

ALICE

Do you feel like you need a quick out?

CARTER

I have other things to worry about.

ALICE

Like what?

CARTER

Like... Um... Graduating. Looking for colleges. Figuring out what I want to do with my life.

ALICE

Have you started looking at colleges?

A beat.

CARTER

No.

Alice nods her head- she knows where this is going.

ALICE

Ok Carter. I think it's time to go back in. Are you ready?

CARTER

Yes.

She hands him the plush doll as they begin their routine.

ALICE

Tell me your name.

CARTER

Carter Brooke.

ALICE

How old are you Carter?

CARTER

Eighteen...

ALICE

And you work the night shift?

CARTER

Yes...

She closes her eyes.

ALICE  
And you stack shelves...?

CARTER  
Yes...

ALICE  
And... you work... part time...?  
Again, fluttering eyelids...

MATCH CUT TO:

55. INT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Alice wakes back up in the school. It's silent, empty, devoid of the imprints from last session. Devoid of the music. Devoid of the silhouette.

Devoid of life again.

She grabs her plush doll and puts it in her pocket.

ALICE  
If not home, and not school... Where  
to Carter? Where to?

56. EXT. ABANDONED SCHOOL - DAY

Alice *carefully* climbs through the busted window. The sign at the end of the parking lot watches her from afar.

She walks towards it. Life continues pointing up the road.

ALICE  
Fine. But where are you taking me?

She follows the arrow as the school towers behind her.

57. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter's breathing is calm, normal. But his fingers go red as he starts squeezing the plush doll harder.

58. EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Alice approaches a large warehouse. Lights out. Life out.

The ground SHAKES. Alice nearly loses her footing.

ALICE  
What the...?

She carefully walks towards the building. Puts her ear against the wall and listens in. MUFFLED HEAVY BREATHING on the other side.

Alice looks around for a potential weapon. Sees a dumpster. Walks over, looks inside.

It's empty.

Lets out a sigh, shakes her head. Looks at her plush doll- *may as well*- and places it underneath the dumpster.

The ground SHAKES AGAIN. Alice holds onto the dumpster, stays upright.

A door squeaks. Alice sees and silently walks towards it.

59. INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

She sneaks inside. It's dark despite the open windows. Some heavy machinery sits on the back wall. Shelves break the inside up into rows.

An easy place to hide in.

Boxes on the shelves, all say different things, but all related to Carter somehow- CHILDHOOD PHOTOS, SCHOOL DANCE, THIRD BIRTHDAY.

Another SHAKE. But heavier than the previous. Alice loses her footing and falls. Through the bottom of the shelving, she sees two LARGE FEET in the middle of the warehouse. Human feet. Huge. Skinless. With talons for toenails.

She covers her mouth, doesn't make a peep.

The creature SLAMS its fist into the ground. The building SHAKES.

Alice sits with her back against the wall. Closes her eyes, calms herself, meditates away the distractions.

Opens her eyes, stares at her watch as she nods her head, counting the breaths. The breaths which are much quicker than normal.

ALICE

Six. Six times. Until the four. Ok.

She looks inside a box- EARLY SPORTS- and finds a metal BASEBALL BAT. Takes it out- *this'll have to do*.

Gives herself a motivational talk.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Ok Alice. It's big, yes, but  
nothing you can't handle. Show it  
who's boss. Find the anchor. Carter  
trusts you. You trust you.

Once ready, she tiptoes around the shelf, keeps to the shadows on the wall.

60. INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And quietly makes her way until she can clearly see the centre of the warehouse. Junk in a huge pile.

Hunched in front of the pile is a large DEMON, easily ten feet tall standing. Mainly exposed muscle- some bald patches of skin show around, but only some. It has a huge scar tearing the muscle across its back. Blond hairs sticking up on the skin patches.

It takes a box and RIPS it open effortlessly. Lets the contents fall onto the junk pile.

Alice notices a jukebox. Like a reflex:

ALICE

Music.

The demon takes an unidentifiable object, crushes it with ease and POUNDS on the floor.

It shakes. Alice lets out a GASP!

The demon stops. Stands up straight. Yep- ten feet despite no visible head.

Alice tilts her own- *what is that?*

WOOSH! The air gets sucked towards the demon like a vacuum. Alice gets PULLED forward, falls- CRASH!

The demon...

Turns...

Around.

Visible scars just like on its back. Lanky, skinless limbs. Patches of skin. And no head- just a large face in the middle of its chest.

Its RED EYES peer at Alice. She notices its large talons on its fingers.

It opens its mouth like it's going to roar, but instead Alice gets sucked in again. It's like its sucking in all the air.

## 61. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter loses his breath for a second. Has trouble regaining it.

## 62. INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

The demon takes a large step towards Alice.

ALICE

Fuck!

She BOOKS IT to a shelf. Sits at the end.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Music. Music.

She looks down the aisle- a box pokes out from the rest.

WOOSH! She holds tight against the shelf, looks back towards the demon.

Makes eye contact. Runs down the aisle towards the box. Finds the label on it- BOARD GAMES.

Looks to the end of the aisle and sees the shadow of the demon making its way over. She SPRINTS, waits at the other end as the demon looks in.

A box FALLS off the shelf. Everything starts rattling as- WOOSH!- the demon "roars" again. Alice loses her breath.

The demon JUMPS ONTO THE BOX AND STARTS RIPPING IT TO SHREDS. The buildings SHAKES.

Alice looks out, her eyes wide. She looks down at her watch. It's CRACKED.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Shit. No no no.

She can still make out the minute hand. Three ticks until it reaches the four.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Three minutes. Six times...

Wobbles her head as she does the most stressful mental math she's ever done.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Eighteen. Eighteen here.

She loses her breath again, gets sucked against the shaking shelf.



Alice looks towards the junk pile. Looks at the shelving on the other side of it. She snipes with her vision, through the other boxes and shelves, a box against the opposite back wall. Labeled MUSIC.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Music.

CRASH!!! The demon tips over the shelf Alice is hiding behind. She turns around, sees its huge red eyes looming at her. It opens its mouth. Through the black abyss, large, razor-like teeth start to show.

Alice backs away. It STOMPS, HARD. The BOOM echoes around.

It grabs the fallen shelving unit. SNAPS the metal as if it were a twig.

Alice looks back to the music box. Determination in her eyes.

The demon roars, WOOSH, and sucks in Alice closer. Starts running towards her with its large steps.

Alice runs towards the junk pile. DIVES into it as a hand comes CRASHING DOWN behind her.

She sits and waits. Looks at her watch. Two ticks until four.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She listens as the footsteps get closer. The junk rattles as another roar occurs.

The footsteps start retreating, back towards the entrance.

Opposite the music box. Alice shakes her head.

ALICE (CONT'D)

No time. Fuck it.

She leaps out of the junk and makes a MAD DASH towards the music box.

Doesn't even think about her visibility as she runs around the first shelving unit, around the next to the back wall.

WOOOSH! The boxes shake. A roar, more powerful than the rest. A box on the top shelf FALLS, SMASHES ON THE GROUND.

Silence.

ALICE (CONT'D)

(mouthing)

Shit.

Ground shakes... Shelves shake... Everything begins shaking. It's like an earthquake.

ALL THE BOXES FALL. Alice hops into an empty spot against the wall as destruction happens all around her.

But landing right in front of Alice is the music box. She wastes no time, digs into it.

The ground RUMBLES. She ignores it.

BANG! Metal THROWN against a nearby window. SMASHES IT. Alice still ignores it.

She holds up a CD CASE. Carter's face. His self titled album. She opens it up- a CD safe inside. Goes to grab a CD PLAYER.

SMASH!!! Light pieces RAIN down onto her. She looks up- the light above her is shattered. Looks in front.

The demon sprints towards her.

She protects the CD, runs away from the rubble.

The demon RIPS THE MUSIC BOX, AND ALL ITS CONTENTS, TO SHREDS.

Hope drains from Alice's face as she watches from behind a pile of boxes.

*The CD player.*

*The music.*

*A CD without a speaker is useless...*

The jukebox. She looks at the junk pile, sees the jukebox. Looks at her watch.

One tick until four.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Six minutes. We got this.

She SPRINTS TOWARDS THE JUKEBOX AS THE DEMON FINISHES ITS BUSINESS.

It notices her, roars.

WOOSH. But she doesn't let it slow her down.

Reaches the jukebox.

The demon SPRINTS AT HER.

Puts in the CD.

SMASHES THE GROUND. IT'S ALMOST TO HER

Starts playing the music. It's the song from the school. Carter's song.

CARTER  
(singing)  
I'm alone and I can't see the  
obvious in front of me/I'm alone  
and I don't care, they walk away  
without me.

The demon STOPS RIGHT IN FRONT OF ALICE. FREEZES. As does she.

It SITS.

The ground shakes with its monstrous plop. The eyes go from red to green. Then they dim down. Dim down into beautiful green eyes on its horrid body.

Alice sits, watches the demon as it calms down. As its aggression fades. As a hypnosis seemingly takes it over.

She looks at her watch- almost to four, but not quite.

Goes back to watching the demon. Slowly moves away, out of the junkpile as the music continues, careful not to disturb the beast.

It sways in beat to the song.

Alice looks on, studies, makes sure nothing bad will happen.

Looks back at her watch. The minute hand is just passed four.

One last look at the demon. One last look at the creature in the building... Completely ignores the silhouette in the far window...

A small smile breaks on Alice's face- the demons is calm.

She sits down. Crosses her legs. Closes her eyes...

MATCH CUT TO:

63. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

And wakes up in her office. A smile of relief crosses her face. She takes one hand, feels her heart beating in her chest.

She looks at Carter. His breathing slows, calms down into a consistent rhythm.

Once satisfied he's alright, she breaks his contact. And he bursts awake.

ALICE  
How are you feeling Carter?

He takes a moment. Slowly sits up. Thinks hard.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
It's ok, take your time.

As he does, she leaves, removes her gloves, and puts the doll away. Sits back down.

CARTER  
I can hear the music.

She looks confusingly at him.

ALICE  
What do you mean? What music are you hearing?

CARTER  
No. Not literally. I mean like...

He looks out the window.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Like the sky. I never noticed how blue it was.

Alice smiles in relief.

ALICE  
You mean the world seems brighter?

He looks at her in the eyes.

CARTER  
Yeah. The world seems brighter. What did you do?

ALICE  
I played your music Carter. Your music is your anchor.

CARTER  
What's that mean?

ALICE  
That means that when you make music, you're helping keep the demons inside you calm. It's your anchor into coping. A coping mechanism if you'd like.

CARTER  
So if I make music I won't be depressed?

ALICE  
Almost.

CARTER  
Huh?

ALICE

You'll always have demons. They'll always be there under the surface. But by playing music, you can at least cope with them. You can control them. And live with them instead of living for them.

He takes a moment to think.

CARTER

Does that mean I'm cured?

She shakes her head, stands up and walks to her desk to fill out his sticky note.

ALICE

There's no cure for mental illness, Carter.

Alice hands him the sticky note- "One more week!"

Carter looks at her in confusion.

ALICE (CONT'D)

The mind is tricky. I need to make sure your anchor is working and your mind is returning to a capable state.

Carter nods.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Come back next week. Keep writing in your journal. And try to write some more music. Just because we think we found your anchor doesn't mean we actually did. But it was promising Carter. It really was.

CARTER

Cool.

He cracks a smile. They stand up. She shakes his hand.

ALICE

You make beautiful music by the way.

He smiles.

CARTER

Thank you.

## 64. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carter leaves. Alice smiles, walks to her computer and starts typing in Carter's profile.

ANCHOR - HIS MUSIC.

Without hesitation, she turns the highlight from red to yellow.

## 65. INT./EXT. CARTER'S CAR - DAY

Carter gets in his car, starts the engine. His metal music starts to play. He thinks for a second, hovers his hand over the "next" button... But turns up the volume instead.

He looks out the front window as the music overtakes him.

## 66. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carter sits on the floor, against his bed. Stares at his computer. In his lap is his money envelope. Open.

On the screen is the website for the GUN SHOW. An AR-15 prominently displayed. For \$3,000.

He looks up at it with hollow eyes.

DEBORAH (O.S.)  
(from downstairs)  
Carter! Dinner!

He skips a breath, perks his head up.

## 67. INT. CARTER'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Carter walks briskly past the kitchen opening. He obviously doesn't want to be there.

CARTER  
I can't eat. Got work!

DEBORAH (O.S.)  
We wanna talk to you about college.

Carter stops. Backs up. Leans against the wall.

CARTER  
I'm running late for work.

PAUL (O.S.)  
We want to buy the tickets soon!

CARTER  
I don't know. Buy tickets to  
somewhere than.

A beat.

DEBORAH (O.S.)  
Carter, is something bothering you?

CARTER  
Sorry?

DEBORAH (O.S.)  
You seem distant. Is everything  
alright?

CARTER  
Everything's fine.

He walks out, SLAMS the front door closed.

Deborah and Paul sit disappointed at the dinner table.

She turns to Paul.

DEBORAH  
What's going on?

PAUL  
I think he's just stressed about  
school. Do you think this vacation  
should've been a surprise?

Deborah smiles. Toots Paul's nose.

DEBORAH  
You and your surprises. I love you.

68. EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Carter sits in a fairly empty lot. Eats a burger in his car.  
Stares out the front window.

He stares at nothing, stares quietly, stares with worry on  
his face.

69. INT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

Carter's stands in the middle of an aisle. Orange apron on,  
box in hand, cart behind him- he's stocking the shelves.

Earphones in, he slowly searches the shelves. Finds the space  
he's looking for and slowly cuts open the box. Starts slowly  
restocking the empty spot on the shelf.

Finishes, sighs, puts the empty box in the cart and slowly grabs another product.

Finds its spot on the shelf and opens it up. Inside are small black wire connectors.

Carter gets out his SCANNER and curiously scans one of them.

He sees that not only do they sell for \$25 a pop, but they have almost sixty in stock.

Carter casually looks around. Puts one of the connectors on the shelf... And puts one in his pocket.

Looks around some more. Not a soul.

Puts another on the shelf... And another in his pocket.

Again, no one's around. Carter smiles to himself.

70. INT. HOME DEPOT - LATER

Carter wheels a cart full of empty boxes down the main aisle. Coming towards him is his manager in a harness.

Carter looks away, but his manager's already seen. He waves.

MANAGER

Hi Carter!

CARTER

Hey.

A cheeky smile from Carter. He puts his hand in his pocket. The manager approaches him.

MANAGER

How's everything tonight?

CARTER

Good. Fine, dandy.

MANAGER

That's great. Thanks again for helping out last week.

CARTER

Don't mention it.

MANAGER

I have some more big boxes to move. You wanna help on the O-P again?

Carter plays with the contents in his pocket.

CARTER

I can't, sorry.



MANAGER

You didn't like it huh?

CARTER

No no, it's great. I'm just... Uh...  
Not feeling that well tonight.

MANAGER

Oh no? What is it? Headache? Upset  
stomach? Are you ok to be working?

CARTER

Yeah yeah, it's nothing. Just gonna  
go get some water.

MANAGER

If you're feeling too sick to  
continue, just let me know and I'll  
let you out.

CARTER

Thanks. We'll see.

The manager smiles.

MANAGER

Alright. I'll let you get back to  
work Carter. Keep up the good work.

CARTER

Thanks.

The manager walks off. Carter lets out a huge sigh like he  
was holding his breath in that entire time.

71. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Carter sits on his computer. On his desk is an array of small  
stolen goods from Home Depot. He's listing something on  
Craigslist.

BZZZ! BZZZ! He reaches for his buzzing phone. A text from  
Michael- "where were u in class?"

Carter ignores it. Goes back to Craigslist.

72. EXT. PARKING LOT - CARTER'S CAR - DAY

A handful of cars around, Carter sits and waits. Metal music  
muffled by his closed windows.

A beater WORK TRUCK rolls up next to him. A older WEATHERED  
MAN inside.

They both step out of their vehicles.

WEATHERED MAN  
You selling the wire connectors?

CARTER  
Yeah!

Carter reaches into his passenger seat and pulls out opened, but still pristine, wire connectors.

He tosses one to the weathered man.

WEATHERED MAN  
Good condition?

CARTER  
Like new. Didn't fit the specs we had and lost the receipt so lucky you.

WEATHERED MAN  
Lucky me. How much?

Carter thinks.

CARTER  
Two hundred for ten?

The weathered man reaches into his wallet, pulls out \$200.

WEATHERED MAN  
Here you go. Thank you young man.

Carter takes the money.

CARTER  
Thank you.

73. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Carter reaches under his mattress, pulls out his envelope. Takes out the cash, starts counting it.

CARTER  
(to himself)  
...Five...Ten...Fifteen...

He pulls out the \$200 from the sale earlier.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Still not enough.

He tosses the envelope down, looks around his room, sees his guitar...

## 74. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Williams sits at his desk as the class works loudly. The trio huddles together working on their story.

Carter is missing.

MICHAEL

What do you guys think about this?  
A postal worker that goes rogue?

BRANDON

What about a tax driver that goes  
rogue?

MICHAEL

Ha. Ha. At least I'm trying. What  
did Carter write?

KEVIN

He has some sort of Hannah Montana  
thing going on. A metalhead that  
can sing or something? It's in the  
drive.

BRANDON

Where is he anyways? He never  
usually misses more than a day or  
two.

Michael checks his phone.

MICHAEL

He still hasn't answered. I have no  
idea. Probably sick or something.

KEVIN

More like playing hooky. I bet he's  
fucking fine.

## 75. EXT. PARKING LOT - CARTER'S CAR - DAY

Carter fiddles around in his car, waits in the empty lot. A  
VAN pulls up to him.

A LARGE MAN jumps out- long hair, bulky body, heavy gait,  
beard.

The definition of "plays guitar in a metal band"

Carter smiles, gets out of his car.

CARTER

Hey, you're here for the guitar?

LARGE MAN

You here sellin' the guitar?

Carter holds his hand out for a shake. The man grabs Carter's hand tightly and shakes it hard.

CARTER

Good grip.

LARGE MAN

Guitar hands. Alright let's see her.

CARTER

Sure.

Carter takes him around and opens up the trunk. Inside is Carter's guitar in a GIG BAG.

CARTER (CONT'D)

There she is.

The large man leans in, unzips the case.

Inside is Carter's guitar. Beautifully cleaned.

LARGE MAN

She looks good.

CARTER

Gave it a nice clean for you.

The man plucks some strings. A beautifully toned guitar.

LARGE MAN

She sounds good.

CARTER

Yep.

He takes it out. Starts playing an acoustic metal riff.

Puts it back on the bag.

LARGE MAN

How much was it?

CARTER

Five hundred.

LARGE MAN

I brought my own case for it. Since I don't need the gig bag, how about four hundred.

CARTER

Sorry, the ad said five hundred. I need the money.

LARGE MAN

Look, I'll level with you. Four hundred is breaking the bank as is. It's a beautiful instrument, I need a good acoustic guitar. I can give you four hundred.

Carter looks around in disbelief.

CARTER

You're breaking my bank man. Five hundred, come on.

The large man gets up, uses his staggering size to his advantage.

LARGE MAN

I can give you four hundred. Take it or leave it.

Carter looks around. But they're all alone.

CARTER

Fine, four hundred.

The large man smiles. Pulls out his wallet and gives Carter \$400 cash.

LARGE MAN

Thanks man. I appreciate it.

He takes the naked guitar and brings it to his car. Pulls out an empty hard case and fits it in.

Carter watches in anger.

76. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Next day- Carter's still missing.

BRANDON

What does that make? Three days now?

MICHAEL

Something like that. What do we do with his work? I mean, if he's not here do we credit him?

KEVIN

No.

MICHAEL

Hey, don't forget last year when we did that for you. I think you owe him one.

BRANDON

Let's just cross that bridge when  
we get there, yeah? Let's just do  
our work.

77. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Carter walks into his bedroom. It's emptier than normal- some  
lamps missing, some textbooks. It's also cleaner than normal-  
clothes hung up, bed made.

He reaches under his mattress. Feels the knife. Moves his  
hand over, feels... Nothing.

CARTER

Huh?

He lifts the mattress up, but the envelope isn't there.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What the?

Carter looks around his room. He opens his drawers, takes  
shit out, messes up his room back to its normal disheveled  
state.

But the envelope isn't anywhere.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

78. INT. CARTER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Carter walks into the kitchen where his mother is sipping  
tea.

DEBORAH

Hi honey!

CARTER

Did you go into my room earlier?

DEBORAH

Sorry?

CARTER

Were you in my room earlier?

Deborah smiles.

DEBORAH

It's clean now! Surprise! Isn't  
that great?

CARTER

There was an envelope. Did you see an envelope?

Deborah thinks...

DEBORAH

An envelope... Hmmm...

A lightbulb moment.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Yes! I gave it to your father to take to the bank. You shouldn't be keeping cash around like that, it's not safe.

Carter's face drops- he's CRUSHED.

CARTER

Why? That wasn't your money. That was my money.

DEBORAH

Come on, what do you need it for anyways? It's earning interest now. Sit down and I'll make you a sandwich.

CARTER

You didn't have my permission. I'm a fucking ADULT!

DEBORAH

So sit your adult butt down and let me make you a sandwich.

Time freezes as Carter processes the information.

*How his parents betrayed his trust.*

*How he can't afford the guns anymore.*

*How his plan failed.*

BZZZ! Time begins to return. He takes his phone out of his pocket. It's Brandon texting- "give me a call".

Time fully returns. Carter smiles.

79. EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The group stands around as students flood around them. To their cars, to the fields, to wherever they go after school.

Brandon's on the phone.

BRANDON  
Yeah... You sure?... We'll be here... Ok,  
thanks. Thanks Carter. See you.

Brandon hangs up.

MICHAEL  
Well?

BRANDON  
He said he's been having some  
family troubles but he'll be in  
tomorrow.

KEVIN  
Fucking family troubles?

MICHAEL  
Let it go Kevin.

BRANDON  
Well he'll be here tomorrow so  
whatever.

Michael nods in agreement.

MICHAEL  
Whatever.

80. EXT. BRANDON'S HOME - DAY

A voyeuristic view of Brandon's home- this time the trailer  
is there. A WOMAN gets into a car and leaves.

The coast is clear.

But Carter still watches and waits from his hidden car...

The garage opens up. A truck pulls out. Driving it is a  
bearded MAN who looks like he belongs at REI.

He drives away. Carter stays in his spot, waits for the coast  
to be fully, fully clear.

81. EXT. BRANDON'S HOME - LATER

Once it is, he walks towards the front door, backpack on.  
Casually takes his phone out, puts it to his ear as if  
talking to someone. On the porch are some potted plants, a  
welcome mat, and of course the chair.

Carter searches under the mat for a key. Nothing.

Looks in the potted plants. Nothing.



Looks under the leg of the camo chair. Bingo, a key. Carter picks it up, smiles, "hangs up" his phone.

CARTER

Why are you so predictable?

82. INT. BRANDON'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Carter cautiously enters the living room. Listens for signs of life. Looks around for hiding places should there be any need.

But there's none. No one's home.

83. INT. BRANDON'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Carter walks into the master bedroom. The gun safe sits unlocked.

Carter looks around, makes sure it's safe, tiptoes over and opens it up.

Inside is an array of guns. Carter takes a pistol, releases the clip- empty. He puts the clip back in. Goes for the AR-15. Looks down the sights.

BANG! A door slams shut.

Carter momentarily freezes in fear.

Footsteps.

The moment passes. He scrambles the gun away, closes the safe-

Footsteps. Closer.

-and hides behind the bed. Looks underneath- there's room. Carter silently rolls under the bed as footsteps approach. Heavy footsteps.

A pair of large BOOTS enter the room. A deep voice GRUNTS.

Carter lies with his eyes wide. Silent as can be as Brandon's dad searches for *something*.

Heart pounding, an eternity passes.

But eventually, he leaves.

SLAM! The front door closes. But Carter waits.

SQUEALS of tires speeding away.

But Carter still waits.

And waits.

And waits.

BZZZZZ! BZZZZZ! Carter's phone. He takes it out- a text message from Brandon. "i thot u were gonna be here today?"

Carter puts it back, hustles out from under the bed. Goes back to the gun safe, opens it up.

Tries to force the AR-15 inside his backpack. But it won't fit.

CARTER

Shit. Shit.

84. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The trio sit together as the class erupts in work.

BRANDON

I don't know man, that's what he said.

The group shakes their heads- *where is he?*

Mr. Williams walks over.

MR. WILLIAMS

Where's Carter guys?

MICHAEL

We don't know. He said he'd be in today.

MR. WILLIAMS

Really?

BRANDON

He said he was having family problems.

Mr. Williams nods.

MR. WILLIAMS

Yep. He told me the same. I think he's going through some things right now. You might wanna go see him in person and ask if he's ok.

MICHAEL

We're thinking about it. Maybe after school.

MR. WILLIAMS  
I think after school would be  
great. You're good friends. Tell  
him we miss him here.

BRANDON  
Will do.

Mr. Williams walks off.

BRANDON (CONT'D)  
Do we really? Go to his house  
unannounced?

KEVIN  
If you text him it won't be  
unannounced.

MICHAEL  
Text him and go anyways?

BRANDON  
Might as well.

85. INT. BRANDON'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Carter puts the gig bag in his trunk. It's full of something.

Carter unzips it- Brandon's guns are inside. As is  
ammunition. Carter counts the ammo boxes.

CARTER  
One... Two...

BZZZ! BZZZ! He grabs his phone. Sees it's from Brandon and  
ignores it.

86. INT. CARTER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Deborah and Paul sit on the couch.

DEBORAH  
He was really upset.

PAUL  
There there. He has to learn  
sometime.

DEBORAH  
I don't know. Did we do the right  
thing?

PAUL  
Of course we did. He'll thank us  
when he's off to college and has  
money to pay for his books.

DEBORAH

Are you sure? He just stormed out.

PAUL

Look, we'll talk with him tonight about the importance of saving and apologise, and that'll be that. He'll thank us for it, I promise.

Deborah lets out a sigh.

DEBORAH

Ok. It's just...

She struggles to find the right words.

KNOCK! KNOCK! The couple perks up.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Who's that?

PAUL

I don't know. Let's find out!

87. EXT. CARTER'S HOME - DAY

Carter pulls into his driveway. Steps out of his car and looks around. Looks into his back window- the bag is sitting out in the open.

He puts his backpack on, opens the trunk and carefully grabs the bag of guns. Takes it out, doing his best to shift the weight into "guitar position".

88. INT. CARTER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Carter, gun-filled bag in hand, tip toes past the kitchen.

Paul clears his throat. Carter freezes.

PAUL (O.S.)

Carter.

Carter slowly turns. Sitting in the kitchen is Deborah and Paul. And Michael and Kevin and Brandon.

PAUL (CONT'D)

We want to talk to you.

Carter doesn't move, doesn't blink, doesn't do anything. Frozen in fear and surprise.

PAUL (CONT'D)

And so do your friends. Apparently you've been skipping school?

MICHAEL

Where've you been man? Everyone's asking about you.

PAUL

We need to talk about that and talk about your hoarding problem. Where do we start?

BRANDON

There isn't really a start. I mean, what's going on Carter?

DEBORAH

Are you ok baby? You know you can tell mommy anything.

MICHAEL

Well... Maybe not anything.

PAUL

You're going to thank us later Carter.

KEVIN

Why you pussyng out on us?

DEBORAH

Excuse me?

MICHAEL

Carter, what's going on? We're your friends.

BRANDON

Let us help you.

PAUL

Carter, what's going on.

DEBORAH

Carter, what's going...

MICHAEL

Carter we need...

PAUL

Carter you'll thank...

BRANDON

Carter...

KEVIN

Carter...

Carter's eyes grow wide...

Wide...

WIDER...

In a snap, Carter's face goes back to normal. He walks back towards the front door.

Everyone looks at each other in confusion.

SLAM! Front shut. Carter gone.

PAUL  
What was that about?

89. EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK

Carter sits in his car as his phone explodes with text messages and calls. He ignores, stares straight ahead. He pulls a gun from the bag.

He looks it over, gets a feel for it. Looks down the sights.

CARTER  
(quietly)  
Pew pew motherfuckers.

Carter puts the gun away, hides the bag. Turns on his stereo and gets comfy.

His music starts playing.

Carter sits up.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Huh?

He goes to change the song... Stops...

CARTER (CONT'D)  
(singing on the track)  
I'm alone and I can't see the  
obvious in front of me/I'm alone  
and I don't care, they walk away  
without me.

He looks at the bag of guns in the back.

He looks out in front of him.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
What the hell am I doing?

He starts the engine.

90. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DUSK

Alice is packing up, ready to leave for the day.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

ALICE

Come in!

Kat opens the door, lets Carter in.

KAT

I'm sorry, he said it's urgent.

ALICE

Oh? Thank you Kat.

His eyes look empty, soulless. He goes straight to the couch.

Alice sits in the chair.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Hi Carter. What's going on?

Carter stares straight out, devoid of emotion.

CARTER

I want to kill everyone.

ALICE

Pardon?

CARTER

I want to kill everyone. My classmates. My parents. My friends. I stole guns and ammunition and they're in my car.

ALICE

Woah woah woah Carter, are you serious? Do you really have guns?

CARTER

This is a safe place, right? You said everything is confidential here. Well I'm going to kill people.

ALICE

Yes, it is a safe place. Carter, are you planning on committing murder?

He doesn't answer. He doesn't acknowledge. He just stares at the wall.

Tears start slowly coming from his eyes.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Carter, you need to answer me.

The tears start coming out faster.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
This is serious Carter.

CARTER  
I'm scared.

ALICE  
Scared of what?

He attempts to calm his emotions. But it's tough.

CARTER  
That I'm gonna do it.

ALICE  
You're scared your going to kill  
people?

He looks at her. Sad, helpless eyes.

CARTER  
I don't want to. I don't want to,  
but I need to. I need to Alice.  
Please don't let me.

Alice stares into his eyes.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
It's a need Alice. I need to. But I  
don't want to, I don't want to kill  
anyone.

Alice looks on, the cogs in her mind working hard.

But her eyes light up like she just had an epiphany.

ALICE  
I won't let you Carter.

She gets up and rushes to her desk. Grabs the plush doll and  
some gloves.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Carter, I won't let you hurt  
anyone. I'm gonna go inside, ok? I  
said you could trust me, right?

Carter nods.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Good. Lie down.

Carter does, gets into position. Puts his hands on the doll,  
as does Alice.



ALICE (CONT'D)

Shhhhh, close your eyes Carter.  
Listen to my voice. Shhhh.  
Everything is going to be fine,  
you're going to be ok, I'm here for  
you. Shhhhh. Just keep your eyes  
closed. Think about your music.  
Think about college. Think about  
games and driving with your window  
down and a nice breeze. You play  
guitar, right?

CARTER

Yes...

ALICE

Good, good. And you're music is  
beautiful, isn't it?

CARTER

Yes...

As his breathing slows, calms, Alice closes her eyes.

ALICE

Good... Just like that... We're gonna  
help you Carter... We're gonna help  
you...

Her eyes calm behind her lids.

MATCH CUT TO:

91. EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

Alice wakes up next to the dumpster. Realises her  
surroundings, picks up her doll forcefully, angrily. Puts it  
in her pocket.

ALICE

(yelling)

Where are you?!?! SHOW YOUR FUCKING  
SELF!!!

Carter's mind is bright and fogless. Still no signs of life,  
unless the new sunlight counts.

In the distance, the rusty sign. Alice hurriedly walks  
towards it.

Life points up the road still. But she looks at the rest, the  
rusted away text.

Traces it with her hands...

ALICE (CONT'D)

D... eath... Death.

Down the road.

Anger on Alice's face.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Fine you son of a bitch.

She walks towards "death".

MATCH CUT TO:

92. EXT. FOREST - DAY

The sign. With death pointing into the forest.

Alice shouts into it.

ALICE  
SHOW YOURSELF!

A disembodied laugh from inside the woods.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
Got you.

She enters the vast, vast, vast forest.

93. EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Alice walks determinedly through the trees, follows the ghostly laughter.

Sees a silhouette up ahead. A familiar silhouette.

ALICE  
You!

It doesn't react. Alice runs towards it.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
You fucking answer me!

94. EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

She reaches a clearing. On the other side, a figure, wrapped by the bright sun. In between the two, a small pond.

ALICE  
You need to leave Carter alone.

The figure turns around. Slowly. Slowly...

It's Carter. But a peppy, happy, world-is-grand Carter.

A SOCIOPATH CARTER.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

Hi Alice.

ALICE

What the fuck do you want with Carter?

SOCIOPATH CARTER

Long time no see, huh?

ALICE

What are you talking about?

Carter reenacts the report from the tv. The full report.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

The young man shot himself after taking the lives of dozens of other students. Some of the dead include fifteen year old Bryan Pazen and thirteen year old Olivia Davenport.

Carter chuckles.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)

Does that name ring a bell? Olivia Davenport? Does it? Alice. Davenport.

ALICE

What do you mean? Where'd you hear that?

SOCIOPATH CARTER

It's not like I didn't take inspirations from the outside world, Alice. This is MY life's work. Yours is saving people, mine is killing them.

ALICE

You're not real though. You're just a parasite in Carter's head.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

Real or not, without me, Carter wouldn't want to kill his friends, would he? So say what you will, but that seems pretty frickin real to me, don't you agree?

ALICE

You need to stop.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

No. I think YOU need to stop.

Carter claps his hands. The ground starts to shake.

The depression demon CLAMBERS into the clearing. His red eyes are back.

In his hand is Carter's inner self.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)  
I believe you two have met.

A roar, WOOSH. Alice loses her footing.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)  
Now, I want to answer your questions Alice- I really do. I love what I do. But I feel like you're just gonna get on my nerves. So-

He SLAPS Carter's inner self. It moves, flinches- awake, but barely.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)  
For every question you ask, I'm gonna have my pal here hold Carter under the water. We'll start at ten seconds, and add another ten for every question. How's that sound? I think he can get to about two before-

Sociopath Carter crosses his throat comically.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)  
Anyways, let's begin.

The demon SLAMS Carter's body underneath the pond water as Alice watches in horror.

ALICE  
Stop!

SOCIOPATH CARTER  
No no. They game has already begun.

She looks at the drowning Carter. At the scene in front of her. She looks down at her watch.

Bobs her head. Looks back up at the sociopath.

ALICE  
Wait! If he dies we all die!

Carter pauses. Hits the demon- it pulls Carter's inner self out of the water.

SOCIOPATH CARTER  
What did you say?

ALICE

If he dies we all die.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

Do you think I don't know this Alice? Do you think I'm doing this without knowledge of what'll happen? Alice, this is my plan!

He puts his hands out wide.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)

Albeit, originally my plan was to take out an entire fucking school. That would've been cool. Not just for me, but can you imagine for you? First your sister dies at the hands of a gunsman, then your patient BECOMES a gunsman! And not just any gunsman, but a *better* gunsman?!

He laughs.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)

I could have easily bested the record. But now unfortunately, I don't know if I can do that anymore. But I can kill you, and that's alright with me.

ALICE

No. No- how did you get hear?

She CUPS her mouth, forgetting the game.

Carter smiles.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

Twenty seconds.

He notices Alice looking down at her feet.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)

Thirty if you move.

She holds still as the demon slams Carter's body BACK into the water.

95. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter starts GASPING FOR AIR.

96. EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

The demon pulls Carter out of the water.

SOCIOPATH CARTER

It was really fucking easy after  
big boy over here destroyed it all.  
Funny how welcoming the emptiness  
is, isn't it Alice? It's beautiful  
really.

The landscape starts shaking. Confusion on his face.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)

What's going on?

Alice looks at her watch. Trees glitch.

SOCIOPATH CARTER (CONT'D)

What's happening?

She smiles.

ALICE

He's falling asleep. Welcome to his  
nightmare.

The landscape FIZZLES, DROPS, FADES into...

97. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Alice sits in Carter's english classroom, in Carter's chair.  
Everyone is doing their own desk work.

She cautiously looks around. The situation clicks very  
quickly.

ALICE

Oh shit.  
(beat)  
GET DOWN!

BRRRKKK!! BRRRKKK!!! Everyone drops their desks and hides  
behind them as GUNFIRE BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR.

Carter walks in with two AR-15s in his hands.

CARTER

Guess who!

He shoots through a random student's desk. BLOOD BURSTS from  
the other side- the desks are useless against the gunfire.

He points the gun at another student. Paints her with  
bullets.

Carter LAUGHS.

Alice curls up behind her desk.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Hey KEVIN!

Alice looks over her shoulder. Kevin's cowering, shaking behind his desk.

CARTER (CONT'D)

FACE ME YOU PUSSY!

Michael motions for him to stay down. Carter SHOTS into the ceiling.

It rains debris on Kevin.

CARTER (CONT'D)

I know where you are you cunt.  
STAND UP AND FACE YOUR DEATH.

Carter shoots another random student. SCREAMS pierce the air.

Kevin stands up.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Oh hey, look at that. Any last words?

Kevin can't even get the courage to open his mouth. But it doesn't matter- Carter riddles him with bullets.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What's the kill count?! Anybody?!?!

He shoots another random student.

CARTER (CONT'D)

NOT HIGH ENOUGH! That's what it is!

Alice shakes violently. She looks at the scars on her hands. At the blood in this nightmare.

Shakes even more violently.

Closes her eyes as tears fall.

ALICE

(to herself)

Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

(beat)

I trust you. You trust me.

(out loud)

CARTER!

He stops in confusion.

CARTER

Who said that?

ALICE

Don't shoot me! I just wanna talk.

Sirens start blaring from outside the window. Carter notices.

CARTER

Tell me who you are and I'll decide.

ALICE

It's Alice.

CARTER

Alice?

She silently counts- 1, 2, 3- and pops up. She puts her hands up.

Carter lowers his gun.

ALICE

Carter. Please, listen to me.

CARTER

What are you doing here?

ALICE

Can you put the guns down so we can talk?

CARTER

Why are you here Alice? This is my school!

ALICE

Please put down the guns. I just want to talk Carter.

He carefully lowers the weapons.

CARTER

Fine. Talk.

ALICE

What are you doing Carter? Why are you killing your friends?

CARTER

Friends? Alice, I TOLD you these weren't my friends! Were you even LISTENING to me?

ALICE

I know, I know. Please Carter, please. But why do they deserve to die?



CARTER  
Because they get to end their lives  
how I lived mine- in fear of me.

He takes a gun and BLANKETS BRANDON IN BULLETS.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
(to Brandon's body)  
Don't worry, I intended to kill  
you!

ALICE  
Carter stop!

He points the gun towards Alice. She freezes in fright.

CARTER  
And I intend to kill you.

She GULPS.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
I thought I could trust you. What  
happened there Alice?

ALICE  
I'm doing my best Carter. I'm doing  
my best. But it's hard when you're  
point a gun at me. Please lower  
your weapon.

CARTER  
Doing your best yet here I am.

He WHIPS the gun towards Mr. Williams, who was trying to  
sneak out, and shoots him dead.

Alice lets out a small scream. He puts the gun back on her.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
And there his dead body is. Explain  
that one.

ALICE  
Ok, ok. I failed you carter. I  
failed you. And I'm sorry for that,  
I truly am.

Carter smirks.

ALICE (CONT'D)  
But no one deserves to die because  
of it. I know you don't believe me,  
but these people do care about you.  
They do care about you Carter and  
they deserve life just as much as  
you.  
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

And you know what? You deserve life more than anyone I know. You're a good person Carter. You're a talented person. Even if you don't understand it now, the world is a better place with you in it. You're not alone Carter. Everyone here wants you alive. People can grow, people can change, but no one can get over it if you kill yourself. People are paying attention, I promise. People care, I promise. And I know you know this, ok- I've been inside your subconscious. This isn't you. This isn't you, Carter. Just put the gun down. You're worth it. I promise.

He starts to lower it... But stops himself. Raises it back. Shakily.

CARTER

They -- they don't care about me.  
No one deserves to live!

Tears begin falling from his eyes.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Not -- not them, not me, not ANYONE! They had their chance and look how they wasted it! WASTED IT! Just like I'm going to waste them. And you're just getting in my way.

ALICE

Carter, no. I know the pain hurts, it's a crippling pain I know. But we can get through it. I'll help you, I promise.

CARTER

Your promises are hollow.

ALICE

I said you could trust me, right? Well look where I am. I'm facing you Carter. No weapons, no nothing. I trust you won't shoot me Carter. Just like I need you to trust me. This isn't what needs to happen.

CARTER

I don't believe you.

He starts to depress the trigger.

Alice sees.

Almost fully clicked.

Alice starts whistling.

He releases the trigger. It's his song.

She begins singing.

ALICE  
(singing)  
I'm alone and I can't see/The  
obvious in front of me/ I'm alone  
and no one cares/They walk away  
without me.

Carter lowers his gun. All the way until it points at the floor.

Alice starts persuading the class to join in. Despite not knowing the lyrics, they begin singing. She leads them in song:

EVERYONE  
(singing)  
I wake up each morning/Dreading the  
day before me/Nothing in it to look  
towards/I feel as if every door has  
been closed on me...

Carter looks at the floor.

CARTER  
Has been closed on me...

He drops his weapons. Starts BAWLING. Alice cautiously walks over and hugs him.

He buries his face in her shoulder as the class continues singing.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Alice cautiously walks him over towards the window.

ALICE  
Shhh shh. It's ok Carter. It's ok.  
We love you. We forgive you. I hope  
you forgive you.

BANG! BRK! A sniper bullet breaks the glass and enters Carter's head.

98. PITCH BLACK

A HIGH PITCHED BUZZ.

## 99. INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alice and Carter BOTH wake up gasping for air. Carter TEARS UP, sits up, tries to control his chaotic breathing.

Alice hugs him. And hugs him. And hugs him. And let's him get it out until he's ready to talk.

ALICE

Shhhh. There there Carter. There there.

CARTER

...Why?

ALICE

It's ok. Shhhh.

CARTER

Why couldn't I just kill myself?

ALICE

Sometimes, when you have depression, it leaves your mind open for other demons. That's all Carter. That's all. It wasn't you. You did all you could.

He cries into her shoulder.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're a good person. And you know how I know? Because you came to get help first. You knew it was wrong and you came to get help.

He releases himself from her hug.

CARTER

It felt uncontrollable. I just wanted to kill everyone.

ALICE

I know. I know. When you have depression, it's easy for other demons to come take over.

She sighs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You know the Canyon High shootings sixteen years ago?

A subtle nod from Carter.

ALICE (CONT'D)

My sister died there. She was a freshman, I was a senior. The gunman passed my classroom and went into hers. After that I promised myself I wouldn't let anyone else feel the pain that comes with losing a loved one so... Stupidly.

(beat)

I appreciate you coming to me before you became another statistic. It takes a lot more courage to get help.

A long silence.

CARTER

I'm sorry about your sister.

ALICE

I know.

Carter calms his crying.

CARTER

What did you do in my subconscious?

She shakes her head.

ALICE

I tried to convince you you were worth it.

CARTER

Did it work?

ALICE

Do you still feel like killing your classmates?

CARTER

I... I don't know.

ALICE

I appreciate you coming here on your own. Do you have any guns with you?

CARTER

In my car.

ALICE

Where did you get them?

CARTER

I stole them from my friend Brandon.

Carter starts BAWLING again.

CARTER (CONT'D)

How am I going to explain it to him? I stole all his guns!

ALICE

Shhh Carter. I'll help you. There's always an explanation. It'll be fine, they'll be understanding.

CARTER

Fuck, no!

ALICE

Why don't you bring them to me. I have some friends who can return them safely. Your name will be never be mentioned.

CARTER

Really?

ALICE

Do you trust me?

Carter thinks for a moment.

CARTER

Sure.

ALICE

Thank you. I'd also like to see you every day until we're certain you're not a danger to yourself or anyone. Does that sound fair?

Carter takes another second to think.

CARTER

Yeah. That's fair.

ALICE

Good. You know, I'm proud of you Carter. It would've been easy to go out as you were wanting. Getting help is the toughest thing you can do. You're stronger than you know. And I'm proud of you.

CARTER

Thank you.

ALICE

You're welcome.

Carter's tears return. Alice wraps him in another hug.

FADE OUT:

100. INT. CARTER'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

A DUFFEL BAG. Full. Sits on Carter's bed. He grabs it and runs out the door.

101. INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The duffel bag sits on the floor as the class claps after a group's presentation.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Good job! Up next, we have Michael,  
Brandon, Carter, and Kevin!

More applause. The duffel bag gets yanked up. Brought to the front of the class. Put on a table.

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)

What have you got there Carter?

Carter slowly unzips the bag.

Revealing...

Inside...

A bunch of professionally printed short stories, complete with hardcovers. Enough for everybody in the class.

CARTER

I'm really proud of our story so I  
got them bound.

He holds one up. The title? MUSIC IN THE MIND.

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS

102. INT. ABANDONED HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Carter sits on his bed and plays guitar. The sun shines through and his room looks cleaner; a happier place. The world starts shaking like an earthquake is happening.

It stops. He gets up, goes to his window. Sees the depressive demon staring at him. He shivers. Closes his blinds.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END