

STORIES OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND

Curt Dennis

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Calm music plays as CARTER BROOKE (24), with his slicked back hair, lays down in a long sleeve shirt, looking up with dead eyes and a smile.

Opposite him, sitting a rolling chair, wearing a professional looking button-up shirt and trousers, is ALICE DAVENPORT (36). She has a closed BLACK NOTEBOOK in her hand, with CARTER BROOKE written across it.

ALICE

How many other doctors have you seen about your depression?

CARTER

A lot. None of 'um helped. They've tried but not even pills worked. You're just wasting your time.

She takes no notes.

ALICE

Have you attempted suicide yet?

CARTER

Once. A couple months ago. Want me to tell you how?

ALICE

No thank you.

Alice acts incredibly nonchalant. She turns off the music and pockets the IPOD before wheeling her chair close to him.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Ok, Carter, I want you to relax. Listen to my voice and answer my questions. Is that alright?

CARTER

Sure.

ALICE

Good. Close your eyes.

Carter, smile still wide, does as he's told. Alice looks down at him, grabs his hand, fingers interlocked. They sit in a zen moment of silence, his smile relaxing. Then:

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're a musician, correct?

CARTER

Yes.

ALICE
What do you play?

CARTER
(drowsy)
I play... Guitar... 'n shit...

ALICE
Do you have a favourite song,
Carter?

CARTER
(drowsier)
Yes.

Carter seems like he's nearly asleep. Alice closes her eyes and is instantly in the same trance as Carter.

ALICE
What... song?

EXT. DARK FOREST - DAY

Alice lets out a heavy breath as she wakes up in a dark, misty forest. Eyes wide, she looks around at this landscape straight out of Stephen King's nightmare.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Both Carter and Alice are now silently asleep, almost hypnotized, their fingers still interlocked.

EXT. DARK FOREST - DAY

The disembodied sounds of laughing children, taunting, and drunk parents softly echo about the forest.

ALICE
(shouting)
Carter?!

Her voice fades into the echoes as she searches with shaky steps. She comes across a tree with a bloody piece of sheet music nailed to it. She makes a note of it and keeps walking.

She eventually finds a worn journal on the ground. Alice flips to a page. A bright image of a happy man, drawn with crayon, drips down the paper. She turns the page. As she reads, a child-like Carter reads aloud:

CARTER (V.O.)
I told mommy David hit me! Mommy
laughed. He's never going to be my
daddy!

Alice tears it up and tosses the pieces.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter's eyes wince beneath his lids.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Alice notices a man hunkered down in a clearing. A pile of journals, stained in maroon, lay around him. His shirt and trousers are torn and his skin looks pale. He breathes heavily.

ALICE

Carter?

The man turns around. His eyes are RED. He's pissed.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter momentarily chokes, but regains his normal breathing again.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Carter stands up. Besides for his torn clothes, pale skin, and red eyes, he also has NAILS stuck between each finger like brass knuckles, and his arms are covered in gashes.

ALICE

Do you remember me, Carter?

Carter spits and eyes her like she's his next meal.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What do you have there?

She motions towards the journals. Carter makes no indication that he heard her.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What do you have there Carter? Can I see?

Carter finally understands. He looks behind him at the journals. Alice creeps closer.

He turns back around with fiery eyes.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter is breathing heavier now, almost hyper ventilating.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Alice CREEPS towards Carter. But he keeps his eye on her. As she nears him, she picks up a ROCK. THROWS it away as a distraction. It lands with a loud THUD.

Carter turns. Alice sees her opportunity and dashes behind him towards the pile of journals. He notices. Turns around and POUNDS the ground, stabbing Alice's hand with a nail. She SCREAMS as blood pools on top her hand. He laughs.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter starts gripping into Alice's hand with his, almost breaking her skin, and grips the side of the couch he's on with his other hand, nearly tearing it open.

Alice's free hand starts bleeding, as if a nail had just gone through it.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Carter leaves the nail in her hand as he stands up. He walks towards the rock, seeing what that sound actually was.

Alice tearfully struggles to remove the nail. She tosses it to the side, quietly, holding in her screams of pain. Carter doesn't notice. She grabs a journal. She rips it.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

A scream tries its damndest to escape Carter's mouth. But can't.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Carter rushes towards her, nailed fist in the air. As he does, she runs away, dropping the IPOD from her pocket.

She sees it. Quickly, she grabs it and starts playing GOOD TO BE ALIVE by RED SAGE through its speakers. Carter stops. Almost like a curious puppy now. And Alice tempts him like one too with the iPod.

ALICE

Come on. It's alright.

She drops it on the ground. Carter walks towards it and picks it up. His colour starts to return. He drops the nails.

She looks at his pile of journals and carefully picks one up. More hand drawn pictures. With a heavy SIGH, she tosses it back. Carter doesn't react.

Alice sits down, crosses her legs into the lotus position, and shuts her eyes...

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Carter wakes up gasping for air. Alice wakes up too, calmly. Carter realizes he's digging deeply into Alice and lets go.

He sits up, breathing heavily, and puts his hands through his hair. He looks at Alice.

CARTER
Wow. What did you see?

ALICE
Nothing unusual.

CARTER
Will I be ok?

Alice shyly smiles.

ALICE
We'll see.

She wheels back to her desk and writes a note: CARTER BROOKE, ONE WEEK. Wheels back to Carter. Hands it to him.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Give this to Jan outside. She'll schedule you for a follow up next week. Does that sound good?

CARTER
A week? What if I don't last a week?

Alice smiles.

ALICE
Than see me before a week. But I think you'll be fine.

Carter looks down at the note.

CARTER
Thank you.

With a bit more care in his step, he walks out the door. Alice wheels back around her desk and puts the black notebook, with Carter's name, in a drawer full of other notebooks. With other patient's names.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO BLACK