FADE IN:

#### INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The screen is almost black. The sporadic sounds of electrical sparks ZAPS from a distance in the warehouse. We begin slowly moving through the dark closing on the source of the sound. The old warehouse emits CREAKS of wood and metal. It feels dank and eerie. Glimpse of white light becomes discernible, FLASHING in and FADING out. Closer, into the dark towards the flashing light, the electrical ZAPS grows louder.

We come up on: A single white light bulb fixture hanging from the ceiling by a chain, swings freely back and forth, throwing light where it swings to, darkening the area that it moves away.

Further in, we see a slumped figure, tied and strapped to a chair. The dark figure is motionless. The light bulb fixture dangles a few feet in front. We cannot tell if this bound and tied up person is dead or not. An outline of a metallic table is also shown when the light fixture swings back to the left.

Abruptly, the strapped figure starts to WRITHE and STRUGGLE in the chair with uncoiling rage and desperation.

The camera JERKS up, reacting to the sudden movement. The camera pulls back slowly. A hand comes into frame holding a steel type torture weapon. The camera slowly reveals a silhouette of a man masked by the dark and shadows, standing before the struggling helpless captive. The man grabs the end of the light fixture attached to the chain, bring its movement to a HALT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

ECU: Closed eyes.

A digital alarm starts to BUZZ incessantly. It seems to get louder with each second passing.

We are looking down at the shut eyes of EDWARD SHANE, 20's. He SNAPS his eyes open, revealing a sense of anxiety, it quickly fades as he stares right into the camera. We don't know if he just woke up out of a bad dream or he's been awake.

ECU: A digital clock, 6:30 AM displayed. A hand smashes down on the stop button, instantly killing the alarm noise.

#### INT. APARTMENT HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Steam rises from a running shower with green shower curtains drawn shut.

## INT. APARTMENT HOME - BATHROOM - LATER

On a steamed mirror, the sound of BRUSHING teeth and then a SPIT. A hand WIPES across the misted mirror, revealing the same intense eyes of, Edward.

ECU: An open palm, pills pour out a prescription bottle. An open mouth, a handful of pills shoves upward, covering the mouth. Lips wraps around the brim of a glass of water then swallows.

CUT TO:

#### INT. APARTMENT HOME - BEDROOM CLOSET - DAY

Throughout the apartment scenes: the camera is from behind Edward. He puts on a blue shirt buttoning then tucking it in his khaki pants. He is of average height and weight, from behind he looks like the guy next door, more or less.

## INT. APARTMENT HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Edward, now fully dressed, leaves his bedroom and goes into the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator and takes out an unopened milk carton. He tears the top apart and pushes both ends inward to form a snout. Edward takes a good long swig, then puts it back and closes the refrigerator. He moves to the kitchen counter and fishes in a glass bowl that holds various items, mostly change. He scoops his keys out then proceed to leave the apartment. Closing the door behind him then sound of locks turning.

CUT TO:

## EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - PARKING - DAY

Edward climbs into his Honda Civic and closes the driver door. The Civic pulls out of reverse and drives out of an old apartment complex that is well kept.

The camera follows behind.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TITLE AND CREDIT:

The camera follows behind Edward's Civic along with the Intro MUSIC, while credits roll.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Edward pulls out a cell phone from the right pant pocket. He dials a number and places the phone to his right ear.

**EDWARD** 

Hello, Marla? Are you at work?

MARLA (O.S.)

(filtered)
Why wouldn't I be? You coming in
to work, Edward?
(beat)
Are you okay?

**EDWARD** 

Yeah, I'm fine. Do you want to leave work and go somewhere?

MARLA (O.S.)

(filtered)
Edward, I have to open the store.
I can't just leave. I'll see you
when you get here. And, you really

should stop missing work.

Marla ends the call.

Edward agitated, looks at his cell phone before putting it away.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Civic pulls into a nearly empty parking lot and parks in front of the Bookstore. Edward, getting out the car and walks towards the Bookstore entrance.

EXT. BOOKSTORE - ENTRANCE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Edward registers a frustrated expression, mumbles to himself:

**EDWARD** 

Damn it.

He gathers his social senses as much as he can. He pulls on the door handle and goes inside.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

The Bookstore: design in the likes of a Borders, but on a smaller scale. It has all the selections of any major Bookstore just not as grand.

Edward, now in a full frontal shot.

He walks straight to the back of the store, he's scanning around like it's his first time seeing the store. He comes up to a door with a sign: Employees Only. Edward pushes the combination lock, turns the knob and enters.

INT. BOOKSTORE - EMPLOYEE ROOM - SAME TIME

The manager, BOB, 30's, punchy and chubby, looks up from paperwork behind a desk.

Bob is pissed and decides to lay it straight.

BOB

Look, who decided to come to work? And how nice, you're even early! Mm, that don't mean squat! It don't excuse you from missing two days this week. If I remember, also last week. You were scheduled to work Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. And, guess what? You decided to only show up on Monday and Friday. And, what's with you missing two days out of the week?! Why not three days or four days, better yet. Why bother coming in at all for the week?! Am I working with a charity case, here?!!

EDWARD

(deadpan)
I had some personal stuff came
up...

Bob cuts him off.

BOB

I gave you another chance Look! 'cause your Mom came here personally, with her sad story about you, to ask me to give you another chance to work here. She said, you have been seeing a shrink and taking anti depressant meds. I don't have a clue what the hell you got to be depressed about, but that's not my concern, right now. And, look pal. We all got personal shit. Do I look like a robot to you?? If I had known you were missing screws in your head. would of never hired you! You've been missing too many days to be reliable. I'm putting you on notice, as of right now! If you miss one more day. I will be too happy to fire your ass. understand me, Edward??

Edward shows no reaction, he just stands looking at Bob.

Bob steady his eyes back expecting a reply, but he doesn't get one. Bob feels he has to continue discussing the issue.

BOB

I'll make it simple for you. Just go stock for today. You don't have to work the register. We got a couple of boxes came in, mostly fiction. Go start on that.

Edward stands there lost in his own head. He decides to speak.

**EDWARD** 

Since I'm on notice and my job is on the line. Is it possible, you give me today off, so I can think about this?

Bob can't believe his ears.

BOE

What?! Are you fucking crazy?

Bob realizes what he just said.

BOB

Look! Get your ass to work! You're not getting any special treatment. Maybe with your shrink, but not here! Go! Get on out of here before I regret giving you this last chance!

They have a staring match, it's more awkward for Bob than anything. Edward turns and leave without a word.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - SAME TIME

Edward's expression changes once he's back out in the Bookstore. He is visibly angry.

POV: He walks up to the front where the registers are. He searches around turning his head, but doesn't see Marla.

DAVE, 19, geeky and lanky, who works at the Bookstore is manning the front and the cashiers. He sees and notices Edward approaching.

DAVE

Hey. What happened, man? Did you get fired or something? Bob laid it out to you good, I bet. Dude, you got to be a retard to get fired from working here. I mean, you're not a retard of course. Least, I hope not. Anyways...

Edward, studies Dave's comment with his eyes.

DAVE

(uneasy)

...Bob's in a pissy mood this morning. I was short two bucks and he gave me a lot of shit for it. Like, what the fuck I'm going to buy with two fucking dollars?

**EDWARD** 

You see Marla?

DAVE

He thinks he is the fucking Gestapo, man. Oh, yeah. I think, she's in the Self-Help. So, what did Bob say to you?

Edward turns and goes to the Self-Help section, leaves Dave to answer his own question.

Edward spots MARLA PAIGE, 20's. She is striking with a sense and quality of being down to earth and sweet. She is shelving books.

CU: Edwards eyes, fear and anxious, all in a blink, it changes along with his expression as he approaches behind Marla.

**EDWARD** 

Marla.

Marla twirls around with a slight start.

MARLA

Oh. Hi, Edward. I thought you would miss work again. I'm glad you came in.

She notices something is the matter.

MARLA

Hey... what happened? Did Bob talked to you?

**EDWARD** 

Yes.

MARLA

Oh. Did you get fired?

**EDWARD** 

No. But I'm going to quit. To hell with this place and fuck Bob! I'm sick of hearing his bull shit. I don't care what my Mom or my shrink says. I don't need to work here to be responsible and stable.

Marla, surprised from Edward's outburst. She grabs hold of his hand.

MARLA

Calm down, Edward. You are just upset right now. Don't let Bob get to you. You know how he is, he always talking crap. That's his job.

She attempts a smile.

EDWARD

I miss you, Marla. I always think about you.

(MORE)

EDWARD (cont'd)

The times when we first met. I'm so sorry for what happened.

Marla, somewhat surprised.

#### MARLA

It's okay, Edward. That's in the past now. A long time has past since we met. You should stop thinking about it. Don't act like it's the end of the world. I know you will meet a nice girl, any day now.

(cheerful)

Come on. Who could resist that face? But first, you need to take care of yourself, Edward. I will be your friend.... always.

### **EDWARD**

I don't want you to be my friend!

Marla, stunned and hurt by Edward's words.

She searches Edward's face for the extent of his emotions. She tries her best to comfort, Edward, still holding his hand.

#### **EDWARD**

I don't mean that. I really do care for your friendship. Its, its just that... (beat)
...that I know, we would be happy together.

#### MARLA

Don't think about that now. You have to accept our friendship, Edward. What we had before was... ... was really more your feelings than mine. I mean, I thought I felt something for you. But I don't know. I was wrong. I'm sorry.

#### **EDWARD**

You felt the same as I did. You think I'm stupid?! You stopped loving me, when you found out I was in therapy sessions and taking medication for my mental health. That scared you. You think I'm crazy!

MARLA

Stop it, Edward. You are not crazy.

EDWARD

I know, I'm not crazy! You don't have to lie to me, Marla. I know you think I am. (beat, calming down)
But I understand. If I was normal, then why would I be all doped up and seeing a shrink. Screw it. I'm out of here.

Marla grabs Edward's hand before he could turn to leave. She is concerned for Edward.

MARTIA

Hey... listen. Don't quit. Stay, we can talk during lunch. Please.

Edward looks at Marla, a combination of sweetness and sadness. He can barely take his eyes or thoughts from her.

Edward relents.

EDWARD

I have to go stock the new books that came in.

Marla watches Edward go with quiet trepidation.

INT. BOOKSTORE - FICTION AISLE - DAY - LATER

Edward is in the Fiction section with two heavy boxes of books and next to him is a book cart.

He starts to open the boxes. He rips the card box lid that are taped closed, using more strength than necessary, pulling apart the taped lid cover.

Edward finally tears them open and begins clawing out books, dumping them on the book cart. He is upset and doesn't want to be here. He mutters to himself, anguished and pleading:

**EDWARD** 

Stop. Stop it. Forget the dream... just focus. Don't think.

Fractured, intense music plays on the soundtrack.

Edward on the verge of a mental breakdown. He slams books into book shelves.

It's hard to know if he's putting the books where they belong, most likely, he's just shoving them into shelves and getting more upset and physical with each book he grabs.

He thrusts his hands on the sides of his head and shut his eyes. Edward desperately tries to hold and contain his thoughts by pressing his palms tight on his temples. He's hanging on to any shred of constraint that is in him. It slips away, he is losing the fight.

Abruptly, he darts in the direction of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - BATHROOM - DAY

On bathroom door, it SWINGS open, Edward pushes inside, eyes welling up with tears. He is frantic as he checks around and beneath the stalls. Alone, he begins to sob, speaking to himself.

EDWARD

I don't need you. I'll show you.
I don't fucking need you!
(beat)
You're just a fucking whore. I'll
fucking show you, bitch!

Edward dashes in one of the stalls, he attempts to control his erratic state.

INT. BOOKSTORE - BATHROOM STALL - DAY - SAME TIME

EDWARD.

Stop it! Stop it! Please, stop! (sobbing)
Why...why...why? I'll show you...
you fucking bitch!

He violently smacks himself on the head, repeatedly. As if to knock some sense back in his head. Every bit of will dissipates, any form of self control is lost.

Edward starts to unbutton his pants, pulling it down past the hip, he begins to violently masturbate.

EDWARD

You're just a fucking whore! I'm going to fuck you like a whore...
I'm going to fuck... you...
(MORE)

EDWARD (cont'd)

(crying, whimpering)

... You fucking whore! I love you.

I fucking love you.

Edward, sobs with anger and pain, events in his life unravelling. It is also apparent, he is moaning as he masturbates, becoming clear, he is close to ejaculation.

Edward continues to moan and mutter obscenities.

At that same moment, Bob enters the bathroom calling out:

BOB

Edward! I better not find you in here jerking off! What the hell you doing to the new books in the Fiction Aisle?!

Edward's first initial reaction, he is scared stiffed, quickly replaced with a menacing rage.

INT. BOOKSTORE - BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob is apprehensive, he slowly approaches the stalls.

BOB

Edward, what the fuck is going on? What the hell are you doing in there?

Bob is about to open the door to the stall, just when, Edward charges out screaming.

EDWARD

Fuck you! I'm going to kill you! This is my last day?! This will be your last day! I'm putting you on fucking notice! You going to die!

Edward slams Bob against the tile wall, knocking the wind out of him. He begins to viciously attack Bob. Bob is cowering, trying to catch his breath. He slumps to the floor trying to avoid the blows. He just put himself in a more dangerous position, as Edward begins to stomp on Bob with his foot.

BLOOD SMEARS the floor, on Edward's shoes and Bob's face.

EDWARD

Fuck you! You're nobody! You're a
fucking nobody!!

Marla and Dave rush into the bathroom to witness the commotion of blood and violence before them. Marla starts to scream for Edward to stop.

MARLA

Edward! What are you doing?! Stop it! You're killing him! Please! Edward, stop it!!

Dave stands frozen with disbelief.

Edward senses Marla and Dave watching him, as her screaming brings him back to his reality. He stops his brutal attack on Bob. Edward stands motionless over the bloody and whimpering Bob. He slowly forces himself to look at Marla, then without a word, runs out of the bathroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSTORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Honda Civic: the car door is slam shut, the engine starts, Edward peels out of the parking lot.

Marla rushes out the front entrance. She is visibly shaken and distraught, looking in the direction of Edward driving away.

CUT TO:

INT. HONDA CIVIC - STREET - DAY - SAME TIME

Edward's nerves and action are in a frenzy, he's speeding while reaching for his cell phone.

CU. Cell phone, a number is punched in.

**EDWARD** 

Frank, I need to see you! I'm in trouble! I did something really terrible at work!

FRANK (O.S.)

(filtered)

What did you do, Edward? Where are you?

**EDWARD** 

I'm coming to see you, right now!

FRANK (O.S.)

(filtered)
If you are in trouble, I will cancel my appointment. I'll wait for you. It's going to be okay, Edward. I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - WAITING AREA - DAY

A sign posted on a closed door: "Dr. Frank Espinoza - Psychiatric."

The camera moves closer up to the door, barely audible sounds of conversation coming from the other side.

INT. DR. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY - SAME TIME

A small streamlined office with no windows; consisting of an office desk with two matching seats in front. In a corner, there is a couch, a long coffee table, and a large single sofa chair.

Edward, and DR. ESPINOZA, 40's, intense and handsome, are sitting on the couch. Dr. Espinoza periodically places his hand on Edward's back shoulder, trying to do his best to calm and console him.

**EDWARD** 

I'm losing myself, Frank. It's like, I don't have control of my thoughts! I can't sleep. I'm afraid to sleep. You promised me the dream would stop! That I would get better!

Edward, clearly in mental anguish, lowers his head into his hands and sobs.

DR. ESPINOZA

It will. You will get better.

What happened today is serious,

Edward. You've experienced an

abreaction from your feelings

towards, Marla. You are acting out
your impulses. You physically
attacked your boss.

Edward lifts his pained face and looks at Dr. Espinoza.

#### **EDWARD**

I could of killed him, not only that, I wanted to kill him. I wanted to rip his guts out with my hands! If it wasn't for Marla being there. I don't know, what I would have done? I would have murdered him.

(beat, crying)

God. I miss Marla so much. The fucked up thing is, we never even had sex. All we ever did was lay in bed together and kissed. (beat)

The only voice I want to hear is hers. But all I hear are these fucking voices that I'm sick of! My mom, my stupid boss, yours, mine! I hate being miserable and paranoid, every time.

# DR. ESPINOZA

I know it's hard on you, Edward. Your mother and I both agreed. That you keeping your job, would give you some sense of order. To get you out of your home, to be in a social environment, that it would help your depression bouts.

#### **EDWARD**

You know why I go to work, don't you? It's not like I need money. The only reason, why I still work there is 'cause of, Marla.

#### DR. ESPINOZA

Let's focus on the situation at hand, now. You will need to turn yourself in, Edward. I will go with you. They won't put you in jail. I can make sure you will be placed in a psychiatric hospital.

#### **EDWARD**

You mean a lunatic asylum, and be locked up with people pissing and shitting on themselves? Eventually, I'll wind up being like them, a filthy, drooling vegetable. No! I won't turn myself in, Frank.

#### DR. ESPINOZA

I will be your personal physician. You just won't be seeing me here at my office. It is for the best, that you turn yourself in. You'll have to trust me. I will need to put you back on Zyprexa. The side effects will be something to consider. But given the current condition. It's probably a good option.

## **EDWARD**

No, no, no more drugs! I can't even get out of bed being all doped up! I'm already taking Lithium and whatever else you prescribed. I can't move, I can't talk, I can't even fuck! Not that it would make any difference, Marla doesn't love me. Just please, no more drugs. Please, Frank. And no way, I'm gonna be locked up in a mental prison!

Dr. Espinoza stands. He looks down on, Edward. He places a hand on Edward's shoulder and squeezes.

# DR. ESPINOZA

Okay, Edward. Okay. I know. I promised you, that you would be better. You have been with me two years.

(beat, sighs)

Honestly, I've seen times. I've seen moments when I thought the sun would break through the clouds for you. Then it thunders. I will keep trying, I'll do my best to help you, Edward. The police, most likely are waiting for you at your apartment and at your Mother's. I'm not even sure if you are safe here.

## **EDWARD**

What am I going to do, Frank? Where can I go? I feel like, I have to be the monster that they want me to be! I want to kill them.

Dr. Espinoza is deeply concerned with Edwards statement.

DR. ESPINOZA

Who is them, Edward? Why do you want to commit any such criminal acts, than the one you have already committed today, to even murder?

**EDWARD** 

I don't know. I'm just so angry! And, my life has no meaning.

DR. ESPINOZA

You love, Marla. That's something, isn't it?

Edward doesn't respond.

Dr. Espinoza goes to is desk. He tears a paper form his notebook and begins to write on it.

He comes back with the written paper and hands it to, Edward.

Edward looks at the written note and reluctantly takes it.

Looking down on Edward. Dr. Espinoza shows a saturnine expression.

DR. ESPINOZA

I have an idea. I will try and help you. You will have to trust me, Edward.

(re: written note)
Go to this address tonight around
11 o'clock. You can hang out,
watch movies till then. This is
the only safe place, where the
police won't find you. You'll be
safe there. I'll come by to see
you. Everything will be okay. I
promise. It's all going to be okay
in the end.

Edward looks up at Dr. Espinoza with lost anger, full of pain and distress on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

### INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Fade in: The same camera position in the dark, the warehouse still dank and eerie as from the beginning scene. The dark figure still slumped and strapped to a chair. The head is resting low into the chest, motionless.

The periodic sound of electrical sparks, ZAPPING, can still be heard.

New angle: Sounds of FOOTSTEPS, slowly the tied captive turns his head upwards to the direction of the footsteps.

Suddenly, the bound figure reacts violently against his bindings, as from the first scene. It is now, the camera reveals the person tied to the chair is, Edward Shane.

The camera on Edward. The still unseen captor speaks in a steady and steely voice as Edward struggles.

CAPTOR

I see the Midazolam is wearing off. You are quite strong, Edward. An average person would take another hour or two for the effects to wear off.

Edward starts to wind down from his useless struggle with the bindings. He screams in desperation:

**EDWARD** 

Arrrgh!! I will kill you! I swear! I'll kill you! How could you do this to me?!! I'll fucking kill you!

CAPTOR

(steady and cold)
You are in no position to make such
threats. Save your energy. If you
could see yourself. The disbelief,
the total shock on your face.
Mm... it is quite amusing.

Edward, spent from struggling against his bindings, and from the sedative in his system.

He glares at his Captor with illuminated eyes, filled with hatred and rage.

A beat, the silence, almost deafening.

Edwards begins to chuckle, slowly giving way to laughter, which soon becomes uncontrollable.

Edward, laughing.

This angers and confuses the Captor. The Captor shouts, as he does, the camera SPINS to him, revealing to be Dr. Frank Espinoza.

**EDWARD** 

(menacing)
Shut your mouth!!!

Edward's laughter winds down. Dr. Espinoza eyes him coldly with deadly rage. He pierces Edward with his eyes, suspiciously waiting for an explanation, which he gets.

#### **EDWARD**

This is how you get into your work, eh, Frank?! The consummate mental practitioner. For you to truly understand. What it is? How it feels? To be in the lives and mind of the many fucked up patients you've treated! All the psychotics and serial personalities that revolved in an out your office. Slowly and surely. You couldn't resist them any longer, could you, Frank? They dug their claws into your mind, into your brain, till it made your brain into mush! All the text book in the world, all the research, all the observations. Ιt could never reveal the truth to you. What it is that you spent your whole life studying and to control. The true meaning of being insane. You've become the poster boy for me and all your crazy, fucked up patients!

Edward laughing...

Dr. Espinoza, enraged, leaps forward and backhands, Edward, across the face. Immediately cutting off his laughter. He glares at the Doctor.

Blood trickles out of Edward's nose and lips.

DR. ESPINOZA

You want to play mind games!! You are in no position to mock me! You don't have a clue in your feeble, little mind. You are my end product, Edward. From the moment you first stepped in my office. I have been patiently waiting for this day.

Dr. Espinoza regains his professional psychiatric demeanor.

DR. ESPINOZA

You will die, Edward. That is certain. Your death will not be a quick and merciful one, I assure you. I will enjoy showing you and, you will know truly, what "pain" is?

Dr. Espinoza goes to the metallic table and lays his steel, torture weapon down from the first scene.

Dr. Espinoza rips off his button-down shirt, snapping the buttons popping off the shirt, taking the shirt off, letting the shirt fall to the floor. He walks back in front of, Edward. His whole upper body, defaced, covered with hypertrophic scars, three inches to twelve inches long. There are signs of fresh scars still healing.

Edward gapes at the mutilated flesh. All thoughts and hopes for life or love have now drowned. He couldn't care less at this moment.

#### **EDWARD**

Fuck you, Frank! You are one sick, crazy, twisted fuck! You have completely lost your mind! Go a head!! I'm ready to die a painful death!! Don't disappoint me, Frank! You fucking "Madman!"

This breaks Dr. Espinoza's psychiatric demeanor. Livid: he delivers a deliberate and powerful blow; he slaps and backhands, Edward, with a one continuous motion. Edward's face, stunned, as it jerks and snaps from left to right by the hand of the Doctor. He bleeds from his nostrils and mouth.

Dr. Espinoza controls himself physically, but his eyes betray him. He backs away from Edward, rubbing his throbbing hand with the good one.

He is furious and resolute in his insanity.

### DR. ESPINOZA

Your words are uneducated and at this moment useless. I could not care less. You won't take away the deep, satisfying pleasure I feel at this time.
(beat)
It should have been your birthday, today. I have another surprise I want to show you.

Edward, exhausted, bleeding and zonked. He becomes apprehensive, but does not speak.

DR. ESPINOZA

Don't go anywhere.

Dr. Espinoza walks to the metallic table, he picks up the steel, torture weapon, and goes out of frame.

An long moment, an eternity passing it seems.

Dr. Espinoza enters back into frame, now grabbing Marla by her hair. Her hand is tied behind her back. She is weeping and frightened out of her mind.

Edward, total shock in his eyes.

Rage quickly returns to Edward, again he struggles against his bindings.

**EDARD** 

Frank! I'll kill you! I will fucking kill you! Don't you hurt her, Frank!!

Marla seeing Edward bloody, strapped helplessly to a chair. She begins to cry physically, involuntary runs to Edward.

Dr. Espinoza holds her back firmly by her hair. He quietly enjoys the pain and desperation from the two.

Edward exhausted again, begins to plead.

**EDWARD** 

(sobbing)

Please... Oh, Marla. Please. Don't hurt her, Frank. Oh, Marla. Please, Frank. I'm your patient, you can do what you want to me. Let her go.

MARLA

(whimpering)
Why is this happening, Edward? I'm
scared. Please, let us go, sir.
Please...

**EDWARD** 

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, Marla.

Dr. Espinoza ignores their desperate plea. He shoves Marla against the metallic table. He turns and speaks to, Edward.

#### DR. ESPINOZA

Remember the sessions? You would drone on and on about your, Marla. Oh how you long to have sex with your lovely, Marla. The girl that you love so desperately. The girl of your dreams. The love of your heart. All those sappy things you told me. Well, you certainly captured my interest, Edward. I couldn't help but find out for myself, as you can see. I have to admit, you are quite right. She is beautiful. And, since you never even had sex with your pretty, little Marla, here. I'm going to let you watch and see how it will look like, while I fuck your sweet, lovely, and don't forget innocent, Marla.

(re: Marla)

You are innocent, aren't you? You look very innocent.

Marla cringes, she shuts her eyes as Dr. Espinoza traces an index finger down her face.

EDWARD

You sick bastard!! I'll fucking kill you with my bare hands!!! Don't you fucking touch her!!!

Dr. Espinoza allows himself to laugh for the first time. It is strange and maniacal.

DR. ESPINOZA

Pay attention, Edward. This will be something you wouldn't want to miss. Your Marla being raped and tortured.

Dr. Espinoza starts to unbelt his pants, then unbuttons it to zip down the fly. The pants falls to his ankle, he steps out of the pants.

He is fully naked, as he close in on Marla. She is frightened out of her wits, only adrenaline and instinct surges through her body. She stands frozen in fear.

Dr. Espinoza moves up against, Marla. He is deliberate and overpowering. Marla turns her face to one side and shuts her body in as humanly possible.

Dr. Espinoza still wielding the sharp, torture weapon in his right hand, reaches behind Marla.

DR. ESPINOZA

Be still my dear. I'm going to cut your bindings. Lest, I cut your wrist off.

He manages to cut the bindings that was used to tie her wrist.

DR. ESPINOZA

Now we can begin.

Dr. Espinoza inches his body closer.

DR. ESPINOZA

You feel my erection? I'm hard as a cannon. (menacing)
Take your shirt off!

Marla cries, she reluctantly obeys. Innocent, as she may be, she knows this nightmare is unavoidable.

Edward is cussing then switching back to pleading, as he struggles to break free.

Dr. Espinoza becomes frustrated at the slow pace where Marla is unbuttoning her shirt. It is not very effective due to her hands, which are trembling. He places down the steel, torture weapon on the right corner of the table. He takes both hands and rips Marla's shirt open. She resists by turning her face to the side and twisting her body to avoid full frontal contact.

As her face is turned, she opens her eyes and sees the steel weapon set down by the Doctor. With every last bit of will and instinct in her. She reflexively grabs the weapon's handle, gripping the weapon, brings her hand down. In one motion, slices the erect penis of Dr. Espinoza. In agony, he grabs his groin and bends forward, dropping to the floor.

Marla, shocked, moves out of the way still holding on to the weapon. She falls forward to Edward.

DR. ESPINOZA

Aaaaaaah!!!! You fucking cunt!!!

She kneels besides, Edward, frightened. The horrifying experience, unimaginable, like a dam breaking, emotions floods out of her. She weeps hysterically.

Edward, calming her down.

**EDWARD** 

It's alright, Marla. It's okay... You're okay. Help me. Please. Cut the tape off from my wrist and ankles.

Marla fighting through her wrecked emotions, desperately working to cut the bindings from Edward.

Edward senses movement and looks up and shouts:

EDWARD

Marla...!!!

Instinctively, she turns around. Dr. Espinoza is now up, with both hands outstretched, soaked with his blood. He lunges at Marla. She brings up the steel, torture weapon, still clutched in her hand. The weapon is thrust forward and upward, as she braces for the impact.

The steel weapon impales right through, Dr. Espinoza. He grabs her hands. She immediately let's go of the weapon. Dr. Espinoza steps backwards, looking down, now holding the end of the weapon with his hands, plunged through his midsection. It is a gruesome, bloody mess. He backs all the way to the edge of the table, slumps backwards. He is dead.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAWN

The sun is breaking through the tranquil horizon. It's amber and deserted on the outside grounds of the warehouse, except for two, quietly parked cars.

One of the car is a Honda Civic.

The camera pans back to the warehouse doors. Suddenly, the doors BURST open. We see our two survivor make there way out. They are bloody, torn, and terrorized beyond recognition; barely escaping with their lives.

Holding each other, as they lurch forward to Edward's Civic.

They scramble in on each side of the car.

The engine cranks, the car kicks into life, and begins to drive out.

Dirt and gravel spews up from under the wheels, as we follow from behind.

INSERT END CREDIT AND MUSIC:

THE END