

VIRTUAL VENGEANCE CONTAINER

FADE IN:

INT. DR. KEE'S PSYCHATRIST OFFICE - NIGHT

DR. KEE, 42, Asian ethnicity, black turtleneck sweater, stands still at the floor-to-ceiling windows.

He gazes through his black-rimmed glasses at the thousands of raindrops that roll down the pane. Beyond this water film, there is constant lightning on the horizon.

The flashes strike that frequently, they illuminate the whole therapy office of metallic chairs, abstract art, and glass furniture.

As a doorbell RINGS, Dr. Kee CLAPS his hands. An electrostatic brown wall dims all havoc from outside while an artificial warm light turns the sterile place to a much cozier atmosphere.

AMANDA BECKER, 38, pale, long brown hair, comes in. She makes small steps and meets DR. KEE at the sitting area.

DR. KEE

Amanda, how are you? Take a seat please.

Amanda slumps into the glass sofa, which consists of an elastic matter that perfectly forms around her butt.

She sighs.

AMANDA

Just another day without Eric, Doc.

DR. KEE

Sure.

He takes seat at the opposite sofa.

AMANDA

What's this?

She peers at the table between them where two small bobblehead figures stand face to face.

DR. KEE

I thought we may try a little role-play that lately has been legalized. What you see here are two holography-containers, fed with any information and data about You...

He points at the bobblehead doll that looks like a miniature figure of Amanda.

DR. KEE

... as well as ... your husband's murderer, Keith Hendrix.

He points at the other bobblehead figure, a bearded man in a long brown coat.

DR. KEE

In the role-play, you'd be able to take virtual vengeance on him, to maybe ... hopefully ... lower your pain in the here and now. In other words, it's a confrontation therapy. You can hurt him, virtually. For your own peace of mind.

AMANDA

I don't know, Doc. What --

DR. KEE

-- Listen, it's your choice. Then, after all those years, I personally doubt such virtual experience might 'worsen' your critical condition any further, not?

AMANDA

It's just virtual.

DR. Kee nods.

DR. KEE

To start you only need to touch your figure and your DNA will confirm the entry to your virtual revenge.

Dr. Kee gets up, turns his back on her and makes some steps.

Amanda eyes him closely. She looks back to the bobblehead figures on the table. She slowly stretches her arm.

Inch by inch her fingertips get closer toward 'her' bobblehead figure.

A blue laser beam appears between both figures, connecting at their bobble-'head'.

The blue light flashes to all sides like an electrostatic explosion. The streams of light slowly calm - FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

AMANDA (V.O.)

Dr. Kee? -
Dr. Kee? This doesn't...

The psychiatrist room slowly LIGHTENS.

Amanda blinks, dazzled.

AMANDA

Doctor, Kee. It didn't work. I'm
still --

At the window stands a bearded man in a long brown coat,
KEITH HENDRIX, 51.

He turns to Amanda with a devilish smile from ear to ear.

KEITH

-- Here.

Shocked, Amanda flops over the glass sofa's backrest.

Keith steps toward the sitting area, produces a short axe
from his pocket.

KEITH

You know this? The axe with which I
killed your beloved husband Eric??
Yes, it's true. Believe it.

A stroboscope produces CRIMSON RED FLASHES.

KEITH

How I love the color of blood.

Amanda fails to get up, drops on all fours, screams.

She crawls toward the door. Clutches the handle. Pulls it.

She looks back to Keith who gets closer.

The door opens. She looks up-

Keith stands at the doorsill.

He's behind and in front of her.

Both Keithes raise their axe, swing it down as - BLACK.

INT. DR. KEE'S PSYCHATRIST OFFICE - NIGHT

A DOCTOR in white coat bends over Amanda who lies unconscious on the glass sofa.

He places a futuristic meter on her forehead.

DOCTOR

Yep. She's brain-dead. Time of death, nine pm, July, twelve, two-thousand-ninety-six.

Another MAN, in suit with a tag that reads "HIU HEALTHCARE INSURANCE", picks up the bobblehead dolls from the table.

MAN

Magnificent.

He puts both figures in his briefcase.

MAN

We thank you for your services, Doctor Kee. It's been a pleasure to work with you.

At the window, Dr. Kee watches the raindrops run down the pane.

FADE OUT.