

**WHERE IS MY MIND**

written by

Steven Sallie

May 3, 2020

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, WHITNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Cold and uninviting. No color or life. Just blank white walls.

WHITNEY, 15, in hospital whites, sits on her bed, holding an old, worn DOLL, cradling it like a parent comforting a child.

Whitney hums to herself. A haunting lullaby.

The door to Whitney's room swings open --

A MALE ORDERLY in white scrubs enters, a plastic cup of PILLS in one hand, a glass of water in the other. He holds them up for Whitney to see -- approaches her.

MALE ORDERLY

It's that time again, Whitney.  
Tell you what, if you don't bite  
me this time, I'll give you an  
extra cookie for dessert. Sound  
good?

Whitney looks down at her doll, then back up at the Male Orderly. Nods slowly.

The Male Orderly smiles slightly. A relieved look on his face. So far, so good.

He places the cups down on Whitney's night stand, getting everything ready.

Whitney drops her doll onto the floor. Looks up at the Male Orderly, like she's about to cry.

The Male Orderly puts up his hands to calm her, then bends down to pick up the doll.

MALE ORDERLY

It's okay. Accidents happen...

The Male Orderly grabs the doll --

Whitney reaches under her pillow -- pulls out a TOOTHBRUSH that has been filed down to a SHARP POINT. She JABS IT INTO THE ORDERLY'S JUGULAR.

The Male Orderly COLLAPSES into a heap on the floor. GURGLING for air. Clutching at his throat.

Without a word, Whitney gets up and stands over the Male Orderly as he takes his final breaths.

She stoops down -- grabs the keys off his belt -- turns and hauls ass out of the room, leaving the Orderly in a pool of his own BLOOD.

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Whitney locks the door to her room, then books it down the hall. Her bare feet SLAPPING on the cold tile floor.

Whitney reaches the end of the hall. It splits in two different directions.

Whitney pauses, catching her breath. Trying to remember the correct path.

DOWN THE HALL

Whitney hears FOOTSTEPS. Voices. Coming towards her.

No time to think.

Whitney takes the opposite hallway, SPRINTING away from the approaching footsteps as fast as she can.

Whitney gets half-way down the opposite hallway --

MORE FOOTSTEPS COMING HER DIRECTION.

Whitney STOPS. Looks around for an exit strategy. Then she sees it --

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Two STAFF MEMBERS round the corner and proceed down the hall.

RIGHT WHERE WHITNEY WAS.

But she's gone.

The Staff Members continue down the hall, passing by --

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, AC DUCT - NIGHT**

Squeezed tightly inside the duct, Whitney watches the two Staff Members pass by without noticing her. Her hand cupped over her mouth to cover the sound of her breathing.

She waits for them to pass before lowering her hand and SCURRYING away down the duct.

Whitney crawls on all fours, trying to get a sense of where she is. She turns right, then left, then right again, before coming to a large vent.

Whitney looks through the vent into --

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, OFFICE - NIGHT**

-- a pristine office. Organized, clean, family photos on the desk.

She puts her hands on the vent, contemplating entering. But doesn't see a clear way out.

Discouraged, Whitney turns and continues on.

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Whitney CLIMBS out of the vent, dropping onto the floor. She looks around, scanning the room for an answer. Overcome with emotion, her face panic-stricken.

She goes to the door -- pulls open the blinds slightly to get a better look at the hallway outside.

Whitney RECOILS in horror.

The JANITOR is making his way towards the door, fishing in his pocket for his keys.

Whitney turns, looking for a place to hide. She sees the TRASH CAN. RUSHES TO IT, climbing inside.

INSIDE THE TRASH CAN --

Whitney buries herself under the bags of garbage, smooshing herself to the bottom. She pulls the top bag over her, obscuring her from view.

The doorknob TURNS.

The Janitor enters, heads for the trash can. He grabs it, then begins wheeling it out of the room. It's a bit more of a struggle than he's use to.

The Janitor rolls his eyes.

JANITOR

I've told them not to overfill the trash! Useless bastards...

**INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The Janitor watches the numbers climb to floor ONE, drumming his fingers on the lid of the trash can.

**EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

The backside of the building. Nothing out here except the dumpster.

The Janitor emerges from the exit, pushing the trash can to the dumpster.

He pushes it to a stop. Opens the dumpster, then turns to pick up the trash can.

The Janitor tries to lift it -- it's heavier than usual, even for trash.

JANITOR

What the hell is in here?

The Janitor flips the lid open. He scans the contents, seemingly just bags of trash. He shifts a few aside, searching for the source of the extra weight.

The Janitor moves a trash bag aside --

-- and Whitney's terrified face stares back at him.

The Janitor JUMPS. Startled. His eyes lock with Whitney's. He keeps his voice low and smooth, like someone trying to calm a pet.

JANITOR

How'd you get out here, sweetie?

Whitney just stares at him. Not even blinking.

JANITOR

It's okay. Don't worry, you're not in trouble. But I bet they're missing you inside.

Whitney doesn't respond. She stares the Janitor down.

JANITOR

Why don't you come back inside and we can get something worked out? I know things are probably scary for you in there. Trust me, you don't want to be out on the streets.

Still no response.

JANITOR

I don't want to have to call security. Please?

Whitney looks defeated. She hangs her head, then looks up at the Janitor. Nods.

JANITOR

Great.

He extends his hand.

Whitney shakes her head. Starts to climb out unassisted.

JANITOR

That's fine.

The Janitor steps back, allowing Whitney to climb out. He starts for the door.

JANITOR

Let's get you inside. It's too cold out here to be running around in hospital gowns.

Whitney lets the Janitor get ahead of her, looking down at her hand --

SHE HOLDS A USED SYRINGE.

Whitney LEAPS ON THE JANITOR'S BACK. STABS THE SYRINGE INTO HIS EYE.

The Janitor SCREAMS, falling to the ground, clutching his BLEEDING EYE.

Whitney WAILS, more animal than human. She THROWS HERSELF onto the Janitor's chest -- JABBING AWAY with the syringe. Anything she can get it into --

Eyes, nose, face, ears, throat.

The Janitor tries to fight her off --

Whitney PLUNGES THE NEEDLE INTO HIS HAND.

The Janitor YELPS IN AGONY. Rolling on the ground in excruciating pain.

Whitney turns, looking at the large brick wall topped with BARBED WIRE.

No time to second guess it.

Whitney runs forward and SCALES THE WALL as quickly as she can.

**EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, GROUNDS - NIGHT**

Whitney FALLS to the ground, TUMBLING into the mud. She straightens, trying to ignore the pain in her legs. Her hands and feet BLOODY from the barbed wire.

Whitney looks over her shoulder at the hospital. Finally free.

She turns and runs as fast as she can into the thick woods beyond --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END.