

LURKING TRAUMA

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUNRISE MEDICAL CENTRE - EXIT - DAY

Doing her best to avoid eye contact with arriving PATIENTS, GINA, 35, pale and gaunt, hurries towards the car lot.

SALESMAN (V.O.)
Ever felt you're not in control?
That something else is pulling your
levers, and the world feels unsafe?
That your emotions are like a wave
you just can't ride?

She reaches her car. Stares ahead.

SALESMAN (V.O.)
If so, this can be the sign of
hidden trauma. Something from the
past, lurking inside, causing
chaos. Well, say goodbye to that.

INT. GINA AND TOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sterile and ordered. Everything has a place.

Watching a Laptop screen is TOM, 35, unkept, still in last weeks clothes. He gently rocks a baby, BEN.

On the SCREEN, dressed in a medical gown, an over-tanned SALESMAN (60's) delivers his sales pitch.

SALESMAN
And say hello to the NMR, the Neuro
Memory Reprogrammer. Where
neuroscience, psychology, and nano
technology, effortlessly combine.

Tom peers closer, intrigued. A hint of desperation.

SALESMAN
Trauma often gets stuck in the
wrong areas of the brain, wreaking
havoc. No medicine can change that.
But the NMR can, while you sleep.

Tom grabs his wallet - he's sold.

INT. GINA AND TOM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Head bowed, Gina drops a pharmacy bag on a side table.

Tom tentatively enters from the kitchen, Ben in his arms.

He takes in Gina's resigned look, forces a smile.

TOM

Hiya Darling, how'd it go?

Gina focuses on the bag like it's a staring contest.

GINA

More damn medicine.

She snaps to, strides up to Tom and takes Ben from his arms as though on autopilot. She heads off into the--

KITCHEN

--Tom follows behind, concern etched upon his face.

GINA

They analyzed my DNA. It says I'm 85% likely to be depressed, and generally a...fucking nutcase.

She closes her eyes and holds the Baby tight to her chest.

TOM

Hey, I bought you something today.

GINA

It won't work. Nothing works.

TOM

But we keep trying--

GINA

--For God's sake, why?

TOM

For us. For me. For...Ben.

Gina walks over to a mantelpiece, lifts up an old photo of MUM (35) and DAD (45). Both seem distant - no smiles.

GINA

For Ben? I don't know, sometimes I wonder whether he would be safer away from me and my cursed blood.

TOM

Gina! You are not the same as them.

GINA

Really? They fuck me over and I can't even get rid of this picture.

(to Ben)

Hey gorgeous, let me tell you about Ma and Pa. She died 'cos of drugs, he died 'cos of whisky, stabbed. Police say I found him but I was a kid, don't remember. But, yeah, Mommy is just doin'...fine.

Gina and Tom share a sad look.

TOM
Please don't give up. This helps
with the bad stuff.

Gina snuggles up to the Baby.

GINA
You think it's worth it?

TOM
Yeah. Let's go curse free.

Gina smiles.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gina swallows her medication. Gets ready for bed.

Tom lifts up the NMR. It's a soft cloth cap, with small digital sensors around the outside.

TOM
I've charged it up. Whilst you
sleep it will activate the healthy
areas of the brain that handle
memories. Help you function.

GINA
Not sure I have a healthy part?

Together they put the head-cap on Gina. On the outside, as the cap is adjusted, various small lights flicker WHITE.

Happy with the way it feels, Gina settles into bed.

GINA
What if I am cursed?

LATER

Tom sits in bed reading, as Gina sleeps.

She looks relaxed.

On the outside, an occasional light flickers GREEN, then disappears.

Gina begins to shuffle.

Her facial expression changes, like she's in pain.

One light shines RED.

Then another.

Then everything explodes into RED...

Gina's body convulses. Her back arcs upwards, her face contorts and her hands lash out.

GINA
(shouting but asleep)
STOP HURTING ME!

She collapses down and the lights switch off.

TOM
Jesus...Gina?

She now looks fine, as before - all peaceful.

After a while, Tom picks up his book again, throws Gina a cautious look.

His focus returns to the book as--

--Gina's hands thrust upwards.

GINA
(asleep)
GET OFF ME!

Gina's cap glows with intense Red light.

This time she collapses down like she's passed out.

Tom bolts out of bed. He checks Gina - no response.

TOM
Gina? Gina? Look, you'll be fine, I
just need the instructions.

He charges out the room.

Gina's breathing quickens and her eyes bolt...OPEN.

The cap turns a deep PURPLE.

She stares upward with glazed, but intense eyes.

GINA
(whispering)
No more lies, you bastard.

As if in a trance, she gets out of bed and throws open a sewing box. Inside scissors, needles, thread.

Her hand reaches in.

INT. BEDROOM CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tom dashes upstairs, the manual in hand.

He stops dead.

Ahead, the door to Ben's room is open.

TOM
What? Gina?

A sound from inside the room pricks his attention and he slowly heads for--

BEN'S ROOM

--Gina stands over the cot, scissors in hand.

TOM
Gina...you ok?

Gina stares down at the child, motionless.

Tom drops the booklet, edges forward.

TOM
Sweetheart, let's go back to bed.

Gina raises the scissors above the cot.

GINA
It has to stop. Must stop.

TOM
Yes, let's stop. Let's drop the scissors, don't want to wake Ben.

Sweat runs down Tom's face - what to do?

TOM
Darling, please drop the scissors.

Shaking with fear, he places a hand on her shoulder.

Gina stands still, no response.

Tom struggles to calm his breathing.

CLUNK - the scissors fall to the ground.

Tom sighs until the Cap erupts in PURPLE.

Tom frowns - that's new.

Gina spins around.

In hand, a long NEEDLE.

GINA - POV

In front her, Tom's body has the face of her FATHER.

She lunges for Tom, stabs him in the neck.

GINA
You were dead, you were dead.

TOM
GINA! It's me Tom. Gina...

GINA
NO MORE PAIN...

They collapse to the floor.

She stabs, he parries. Blood pours.

Gina screams like a banshee as she attacks.

The Baby awakes and...CRIES out.

Like an 'off switch' has been thrown, Gina stops.

Her cap turns Green, and her face softens as she gathers her senses. Tom, frozen in fear, studies her change.

She stares in disbelief at Tom. The cap goes YELLOW.

GINA
What!? Tom? What's going on.
Christ, you're bleeding. Oh my god.

TOM
It's Ok. You had a bad dream.

As Gina attends to his wounds, she bursts into tears.

Tom grabs her hand, lifts her to her feet. He gathers up Ben from the cot.

Gina backs away, fearful - can she be trusted?

Tom hands him to Gina, and wraps his arms around them both.

SALESMAN (V.O.)
And here's my promise folks, or
your money back. Just one night
with the NMR will change your life
forever. I guarantee it.

Gina tenderly wipes the blood off Tom's neck.

SALESMAN (V.O.)
But remember, we recommend you only
use this with the approval of your
medical specialist, after all, some
memories are buried for a reason.

FADE OUT.