

Psychotherapy
Draft One
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By

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EXT. CITY-STREET - NIGHT

At the curb of a rain-soaked road in the middle of the CBD, a depressed-looking NICOLE stands clutching her UMBRELLA between her arm and body, intensely reading her SMARTPHONE in her hands. She stands silently, growing more and more distraught until she screams and throws the phone onto the road. Immediately she regrets the decision but as she goes to grab it, a BUTCHER'S VAN runs over the phone, smashing it into pieces. Defeated she slowly walks away.

As she walks down the nearly empty street, she is so engrossed with her troubles that she doesn't notice a FIGURE following her. As she steps down a side alley, she sighs heavily before a HESSIAN SACK is pulled down over her head.

INT. LAIR

An unknown time later, the sack is pulled off and she winces, her eyes unaccustomed to the light. Her eyes soon catch up and she realises she is bound at the legs, arms and forehead with INDUSTRIAL PLASTIC WRAP to a METAL TABLE, with DUCT-TAPE over her mouth. All she can see is that she's inside a SMALL MARQUEE, she can't move her head at all. She looks remarkably calm for her current predicament. After a few seconds:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Oh good, you're awake!

Clad in SCRUBS, DISPOSABLE GLOVES and SURGEON'S MASK, the MAN in question lumbers over, and leans over her, SURGICAL SAW in one hand. He is smiling at her but his smile is oddly warm, not sinister.

MAN'S VOICE

Greetings and welcome, my name is
Spencer, and if that is your purse,
you would be Nicole Trumbauer,
would you not? That is a nice name,
Nicole. Not so keen on the
Trumbauer though.

Nicole looks up at him puzzled and mumbles a muffled "hi".

SPENCER

Okay, this shouldn't be too long.
All I need from you is some
pleading, panic, that sort of thing
and then, I will end your life! How
does that sound?

Nicole looks almost bored, and Spencer removes the duct-tape on her mouth.

SPENCER
Alright, let's hear it then!

NICOLE
Thanks, I guess.

Spencer stops dead in his tracks and his smile slowly dies off.

SPENCER
No, no, no, thanks? I'm about to murder you or was that not obvious?

Nicole gives off no response, just looks bored.

SPENCER
You're trying to trick me right, reverse psychology? Well it's not happening, so you can just start carrying on. (beat) C'mon, just be cool.

NICOLE
I mean it, thank you. Today has been the worst day of my life and I don't want to continue anymore, so as far as I'm concerned, you're doing me a service.

SPENCER
You've got to be joking, right? Not even a 'please god no'? This is unbelievable.

NICOLE
Look even if I did say that kind of thing you'd see right through it. I'm a terrible actress. Ask my boyfriend... ex-boyfriend.

Nicole tries to laugh but the laugh turns into a sad, broken-spirited noise.

SPENCER
Oh, I'm sure you're good, at least give it a shot?

Nicole rolls her eyes and after a few beats:

NICOLE
(poorly acted)
Please I have so much to look
forward to.

Spencer looks disappointed. He puts down his saw on the CABINET next to a LEATHER POUCH OF MURDER-TOOLS and pulls up a BAR STOOL next to the table. He leans on his elbow next to her head and leans over her a little bit.

SPENCER
Well look, what's made you so down?
It wouldn't feel right killing
someone who wants to die, that goes
against the whole point of being an
Internationally Feared Serial
Killer.

Spencer looks distant as he says the last four words, as though he's practiced saying them in front of a mirror countless times.

NICOLE
Well for starters, this morning I
went to work just to find out I'd
been laid off, and just before you
grabbed me, my boyfriend broke up
with me. By snapchat. And the
picture was of him and some other
girl. And he used like three bicep
emoticons!

Spencer looks lost and scratches his chin.

SPENCER
Well, sounds like he was a good for
nothing clown anyway. You're better
off without him. You're a pretty
young woman, you'll find someone
else, someone good, someone who
deserves you.

Nicole tries to turn her head to look at him but is still bound with plastic wrap.

NICOLE
Really? You think so?

SPENCER
I promise.

NICOLE

Well, not if you kill me first!

They both laugh together, quite vigorously.

EXT. RUN-DOWN AREA

Nicole steps out of a doorway from a very run-down ABANDONED BUILDING. Spencer follows her out, taking off his disposable gloves, he gestures down the STREET.

SPENCER

Go down there about three blocks and turn... left, yeah left, and keep going down that way for about four blocks and you'll find the station. Good luck with everything!

NICOLE

You too! (pauses) Well, actually I guess not, I hope you don't kill anyone, but good luck with other things!

Spencer waves her off happily as she walks away. He leans against the DOOR-FRAME and looks contemplative. He dismisses an idea and walks inside.

INT. LAIR

Spencer, NOTE-PAD in hand, sits next to RAY, a large, middle-aged man bound to his operating table, he nods and scribbles down a note.

RAY

I've spent the last fifteen years climbing this ladder and now I'm at the top, I can see it's made me fucking miserable.

Spencer sets aside the notepad and leans in.

SPENCER

Well, have you considered branching out, changing directions? Maybe you like to paint or write, or even charity work?

RAY

You know you're right, I've never been much for art, but I could

funnel some of my wealth into charity work. You know what? You're alright.

INT. LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Now in Larry's place is KYLE, a teenager with STRAIGHTENED, DYED BLACK HAIR and a multitude of EAR and FACE PIERCINGS.

KYLE

I guess I did put my family through hell, but they drive me up the fucking wall you know?

SPENCER

Well look, distance can help. Try and move out, not in a cry-for-help kind of way, but... clean yourself up a bit, and then get your own place, your own job. Soon enough the distance will be enough and you'll both calm down and remember that family is important.

Spencer jabs Kyle in the chest as he says this, Kyle smiles coyly and tries to shrug in agreement but is restricted by the plastic wrap. Spencer eyes the tape a bit.

INT. LAIR - CONTINUOUS

The table has been ditched for a COUCH, with MEGAN, a middle-aged house-wife lying on her side, bound at the ankles and wrists. Megan is sniffing, eyes puffy with fresh tears. Spencer is still in surgical gear, minus the mask.

SPENCER

Look, it's a terrible thing, and it nobody can justify why it happened and why it happened to you, but you're a strong woman Megan, you can move on.

INT. LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Sitting on the couch now is mid-30s PETER, he looks like ten pounds of shit in a five-pound bag, necktie askew, probably slept at the office four nights this week. The bench next to the couch is now bare except for TWO GLASSES and a NEWSPAPER.

PETER

Everyone said we got married too young, but now I'm too old to find someone else.

SPENCER

Don't be ridiculous. You're just starting to find your feet. You've got a steady job, maybe too steady, and you've got a good head on your shoulders. If she left you now, then it was a mistake. I guarantee you'll find someone better.

Peter looks hopeful, despite the heavy bags under his eyes.

INT. LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Peter is replaced by Amy, a mid-20s but large woman. Spencer holds a TISSUE to her nose as she sneezes, and then continues to sob quietly.

AMY

It's been like it my whole life. Fat jokes, all the way through school. I thought the workplace would be different, but even my boss makes jokes.

SPENCER

Look Amy, everyone's got flaws. You might be a little fatter than is seen as currently desirable, but you're a beautiful person at heart, those people only lash out because they feel bad about themselves. You'll be fine. Trust me.

Amy sniffles and looks hopeful.

EXT. CITY-STREET - NIGHT

We see two women standing near the alley where Nicole was grabbed.

WOMAN #1

Ok so, look real sad, and walk past that alleyway. And don't be too scared okay? He's really good, way better than my current psych.

WOMAN #2

You can say that again, did I tell you I caught Dr. Trisler drawing penises on his notepad? I mean seriously!

INT. LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Now middle-aged GEORGE is sitting on the couch. He tucks a PHOTO of his family back into his WALLET and leans back.

GEORGE

Hey Spencer, I feel bad taking up your time on my problems, so do you have anything you'd like to get off your chest with me?

Spencer is taken aback.

SPENCER

Not really no, I'm getting enough out of hearing people's problems. The scenery is getting a little old though.

GEORGE

Well hey, there's this abandoned warehouse near my house, much bigger than this joint, you should check it out.

INT. NEW LAIR

Spencer cuts the binds on MARGARET's ankles with a KNIFE. Spencer stands in the middle of the space, arms out with glee. When he turns around he sees Margaret, run out of the room screaming. He stops, jilted, his arms dropping to his side. After a few beats, Margaret's head pops back in through the doorway.

MARGARET

Gotcha!

They both laugh.

INT. NEW LAIR - CONTINUOUS

Spencer twists open a nice-looking PEN and flips to a new page on his note-pad. He sits back in his chair, in front of JANE as she wakes up. After a few seconds, she looks around and notices her binds.

JANE

Fuck, fuck, fuck, Where am I, who
are you? Let me go, LET ME GO RIGHT
NOW!

Spencer is shocked and silent. Jane starts yelling.

JANE

HELP! HELP! WHERE THE FUCK AM I!?

SPENCER

Woah, woah, woah, hang on.

He leaps to his feet, pulls her up and takes her over to the metal table, after brushing some PSYCHOLOGY BOOKS and PAPER off of it.

SPENCER

Tools!

He runs over to the cabinet gleefully and pulls out his folded leather pouch of tools. He blows the dust off of them and then runs over to her.

SPENCER

I had completely forgotton about
these, finally, the wait pays off!

Jane looks manic and terrified. Spencer cups a hand to his ear.

SPENCER

Let me hear you scream!

JANE

FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!

Spencer punches the air.

SPENCER

WOO-HOO!

Now humming to himself, he pulls out a LARGE CLEAVER and holds it above her. He holds it there for a few seconds before slowly lowering it back down, looking confused.

SPENCER

Um, this is embarrassing, but I just can't do this today. Sorry, it's not you it's me. I swear this never happens to me.

Spencer is blushing and shakily puts the cleaver back in the pouch. Jane is still wide-eyed and crazed.

SPENCER

Ahh shit, this is awkward. Sorry again.

JANE

Stop saying sorry and let me the fuck go!

SPENCER

I thought this is what I wanted, you know?

JANE

You're fucking insane! HELP!

SPENCER

I had this great plan in my head. Kill people, get infamous, go down in history. Mice and men, right?

Spencer chuckles and walks over to a bar fridge.

SPENCER

Do you want a beer?

JANE

Are you fucking kidding me?

SPENCER

I mean, I've got apple juice if you want?

JANE

Dude, you've got some serious issues.

Spencer leans against the counter and sighs heavily. After a beat:

JANE

You okay man?

SPENCER

I started doing this because I thought it's what I wanted. Typical me, never know what I want, never finishing anything. I'm a failure.

JANE

Hey, hey, don't beat yourself up, maybe murder just wasn't your thing, that's ok, you have other options.

SPENCER

You can quit it with the fake sympathy.

JANE

No, no, seriously, I know all too well what you're going through. I'm 34 and I don't have anything to my name. I've dropped out of 5 different arts courses so far, and can't even keep a part-time job. Look at everything you have, I'm sure you're doing great.

Spencer dismisses her remarks, down-trodden.

SPENCER

It's all inherited. I'm useless. Always have been.

JANE

Don't give me that. There's gotta be something else that calls to you. What did you want from all this, fame? Pfft. I doubt it, it's way too easy to become famous these days. What you wanted was to be seen and loved by people.

Spencer looks up at her, with the same hopeful look he saw on his 'patients'. He helps her back to the couch.

JANE

What else calls to you?

Spencer sits on the couch next to her.

SPENCER

Well, get this, you're the first person who's reacted like this to being here.

JANE

What do you mean? People wanted to die?

SPENCER

Yeah.

Jane looks shocked.

SPENCER

I shit you not. And some of the problems that come out of these people's mouths you wouldn't believe. But I talk to them about it, and I think they leave here feeling a lot better.

JANE

Wait you let people leave here? Alive? You should really reconsider your profession. Just saying.

We leave Jane and Spencer talking about his murder-turned-therapy sessions as they laugh together.

THE END.