

# The Nightmare

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(Note: Muzak is playing softly off-screen continuously during all doctor's office scenes.)

FADE IN:

INT. DOCTOR'S RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Smith is sitting in a medical office's reception area.

RECEPTIONIST  
You may go in now, Mr. Smith.

SMITH  
Thank you.

Smith gets up and walks through door opposite him.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Smith enters office.

The decor of doctor's office immediately suggests Psychiatrist. Wood paneling, leather couch, etc.

DOCTOR  
Come in ... Mr. Smith? Yes of course.

SMITH  
Thank you doctor.

Smith starts heading for chair at edge of room.

DOCTOR  
(smiling kindly)  
Please ... the couch

SMITH  
(smiling dumbly)  
Ok

Smith reclines on couch and visibly relaxes.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Heavy breathing O.S.

Smith is running madly. Occasionally he looks back, gets even more terrified, and sprints even faster.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Stalker is walking. Only the lower part of his legs are visible. His dress shoes are clicking regularly on the concrete floor.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SMITH  
 (slight frown of  
 concern)  
 ... its these nightmares I am having  
 doctor...

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

Smith is running madly. He runs behind a column, stops and, panting wildly and sweating profusely, looks up to the heavens in a pleading gesture.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SMITH  
 ... and I was hoping you could help  
 me decipher them, find a meaning. I  
 am very troubled by all this doctor.

DOCTOR  
 (returns concerned  
 frown)  
 Hm. Nightmares can often be a signal  
 from the subconscious mind to the  
 conscious one. There are often  
 signals that we ignore in the waking  
 hours, and dreams and nightmares are  
 a ... reminder of sorts.

SMITH  
 (a slight smile)  
 Great! I hope you can help me then!

DOCTOR  
 (similar smile)  
 I know I can!

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith continues running from his position behind column. He stumbles, mumbles a curse, and keeps running.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Stalker is walking. Only the lower part of his legs are visible. His dress shoes are clicking regularly on the concrete floor.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SMITH

(picking-up pace)

... it's always the same. I am in a dark building, a warehouse I think, and a man is following me. I have no idea what he wants, but I feel terror throughout. My arms, my legs, they are trembling. I can barely move, but I run like mad.

Doctor is taking notes.

DOCTOR

(concerned)

Tell me about your mother...

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith slows to a crawl. He is panting, trying to catch his breath.

Gun shot O.S. followed by sound of ricocheting bullet.

Smith jumps, looks down at feet, then in direction where shot came from.

Smith sees a door ahead of him and starts running toward it.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Stalker is walking. Only the lower part of his legs are visible. His dress shoes are clicking regularly on the concrete floor.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SMITH  
(nervously/anxiously)  
...and then I stumble to the door,  
but it's locked.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith is pounding on door.

Camera closes-in on Smith from behind as he is pounding on door.

SMITH  
(almost frantic)  
I pound and pound on it, and I can  
hear the man getting closer and  
closer.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Close-up on stalker's shoes tapping away a regular rhythm.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

SMITH  
...I KICK the door, and it falls off  
it's hinges...

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith kicks door desperately, with an animal-like shriek.  
Door falls into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Smith is starting to have beads of sweat on his forehead.

SMITH  
I run through and ... but the guy is  
there!

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Stalker is standing in front of Smith in small room.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

DOCTOR  
(doodling on pad,  
bored)  
Go on...

SMITH  
And, and he has a gun! I freeze,  
try to back away but slip and fall.  
I am scrambling to get up ... he  
comes over - puts his wingtip foot  
on my chest ... points the gun at my  
head ... doctor, isn't it really hot  
in here?

Smith pulls on collar as if choked by it.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith is on the floor. Stalker's foot is on his chest.  
Stalker holds gun pointed downward at Smith's chest.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

The walls in the office appear to shimmer momentarily. Beads  
of sweat are on Smith's face.

DOCTOR  
No no - go on - I am fine.

SMITH  
And ... you're ... not even sweating?  
Funny - I'm sweating.

Smith turns to look at window.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Smith's P.O.V.: a bird flies by window. Bird dissolves into  
NTSC noise, gets pixelated, then reappears and repeats  
identical flight path.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Smith is on couch, looking out window where he saw bird.

SMITH  
 (slowly/cautiously,  
 looking out window)  
 Doctor - have we done this already?  
 I mean have you treated me in the  
 past? I have a strange feeling ...  
 deja vu I think ... all of a sudden  
 ...

Smith turns back to doctor.

Doctor sitting in front of Smith suddenly transforms through a series of different forms - male and female doctors - then settles into a beautiful female form in swimsuit, legs crossed and holding a notepad, smiling demurely.

FEMALE DOCTOR  
 (smiling demurely)  
 No, Mr. Smith, this is the first  
 time we've met.

Smith is starting to hyperventilate. He is sweating profusely. He almost begins to sob.

SMITH  
 (panicked)  
 What's going on?

SMITH (CONT'D)  
 (sobbing now, looking  
 frantically around)  
 Is this real? Where am I? Where am  
 I?

The doctor's office dissolves into NTSC video noise and audible white noise.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Smith is lying on the floor. Stalker is standing over him with one foot on his chest, and a gun pointed at his head. Stalker is laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Smith's P.O.V.: stalker is backlit and no details are visible.

STALKER

(smirking)

Maybe what seems most real is what your brain creates to protect itself and what passes for your psyche. Ever thought of THAT, Mr Smith? Maybe it's the anesthetic we all need sometime, like the white light, the tunnels, and the flashbacks people say they see when they die? Well, maybe there's a life after death and maybe that's just the brain shutting down and protecting you from the grim reality of your final moments on this Earth? The final twitches of consciousness, as it were, the last of the synapses firing off. That's nice of the brain, don't you think? To protect your frail senses at the last moment and make your passing ... that much more pleasant to take. But you can tell me all about it verrrry soon ...

Stalker cocks hammer on his pistol.

STALKER (CONT'D)

I know you're asking a question of yourself - is this real - I can see it in your little eyes, so full of fear and hatred. Am I the nightmare or will you wake back in that comfy couch, reciting your past to the kindly old man. Kindly old man! Ha ha ha! And now we'll find out which is real - the nightmare or the dream! Care to place a bet Mr. Smith?

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

View of the door, from the outside.

Smith screams.

Gunshot sounds.

Stalker laughs maniacally.

STALKER

I'm still here Mr. Smith!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Original doctor is standing over Smith in the Stalker's outfit, his feet on both sides of Smith's chest.

A puddle of blood is growing around Smith.

DOCTOR

(laughing)

I guess you lose THAT bet, Mr. Smith!

Doctor laughs maniacally.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Camera outside room, looking in through doorway.

Camera pulls back through doorway, door slams shut.

Camera continues pulling back as the maniacal laughter slowly dies down.

FADE OUT