

THEATRE OF THE MIND

Written by

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JANE  
That's not the issue-

PARKER  
Not the issue!? You were in traffic!  
Is there anything else you're seeing  
or not seeing?

JANE pauses.

JANE  
No. I'd tell you.

The voice of CHORUS echoes quietly, nearly unintelligibly  
in her head.

CHORUS (V.O.)  
Let us out, set us free.

8 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

8

JANE lays in her bed, wide awake. PARKER snores softly  
beside her. JANE rolls over and looks at the wall. Her eyes  
droop and close. A BANG and THUD make her eyes shoot open.

JANE  
PARKER?

JANE rolls over to look at PARKER to find an empty bed. JANE  
turns on the bedside lamp and pulls the sheet off her. She  
stands up, putting her feet into her slippers, the slippers  
are laying in a thin pool of blood. JANE walks to the living  
room, tracking blood with each step. JANE breathes heavily  
as she walks down the dark hallway. She walks into the  
living room. PARKER is standing in front of the mantle, his  
back to JANE. A picture of them has fallen and the frame has  
broken, PARKER's face has a bloody, misshapen fingerprint on  
the photo.

JANE (cont'd)  
PARKER?

PARKER  
(Calmly)  
Why did you do this?

JANE  
(Pointing to the  
picture frame)  
I didn't do that.

PARKER  
Do you hate me?

JANE  
No, what the hell are you talking-

PARKER  
(Aggressive)  
Do you?

JANE  
Of course not, where is this coming from?

PARKER  
(Calming down)  
I know about it all.

PARKER partially turns to look at JANE, his face obscured by shadows.

PARKER (cont'd)  
(Accusatory)  
I know you want what's best. But it's a fool's errand.

JANE's breathing increases. She begins to back away. JANE looks down and notices the bloody footprints.

JANE  
No... no... This isn't real.

PARKER turns to face JANE, his face entirely hidden in darkness. He raises his arms as if to embrace her in a hug.

PARKER  
It is real. It has always been real.  
And it's your fault. It will ALWAYS be your fault.

JANE takes a step back.

Beat. Silence. PARKER lowers his arms.

PARKER (cont'd)  
(Calmly)  
Why did you do this?

JANE looks down at the bloody footprints again, then behind her. The footprints have vanished. JANE turns back to look at PARKER. He is gone. JANE stands alone in the room. JANE turns around, surveying the entire room, then puts her head in her hands, breathing heavily. JANE steadies her nerves and raises her head. PARKER is inches from her face. His eyes milky white. His skin and lips are blue.

His face scored with four deep claw marks down his face, scarred and bloody. PARKER grabs both JANE's cheeks and holds her in place.

PARKER (cont'd)  
WHY DID YOU DO THIS?

QUICK CUT TO:

9 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

9

JANE screams and wakes up in her bed. PARKER is leaning over her with his hand on her face.

PARKER  
Jane! Wake up!

JANE punches at PARKER and pushes him away. JANE is breathing heavily and covered in sweat. JANE puts her knees to her chest and buries her face in her knees.

PARKER (cont'd)  
Jane?

PARKER tries to put his hand on JANE's shoulder. JANE moves away slightly. PARKER lowers his hand and stands up, walking out of the room. PARKER can be heard putting his coat and shoes on offscreen. He leaves out the front door, closing loudly behind him.

10 INT. BATHROOM - LATER

10

JANE steps into the bathroom and leans against the sink counter. She tries and fails to hold back tears, letting herself sob a few times before she looks in the mirror.

JANE  
I'm not crazy.

JANE turns on the water tap and splashes some water on her face. She rubs her eyes and groans. JANE opens her eyes and sees the reflection of CHORUS behind her. CHORUS grabs the back of her head and slams it into the counter top. JANE falls down, her forehead bloody. JANE stumbles to her feet and looks around. CHORUS has vanished. JANE's breathing is rapid, her hands shaking.

JANE (cont'd)  
Hello? Please... just leave me alone,  
I- I don't want this. Please.

JANE begins to cry. She covers her face and leans against the wall, sliding down to sit on the floor.

JANE (cont'd)  
I don't deserve this.

CHORUS stands over JANE.

CHORUS  
Neither do we.

JANE looks up at CHORUS and sees CHORUS with the borrowed face of PARKER with the four claw marks down his face. JANE's breathing increases. CHORUS inhumanly crouches next to JANE.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
We are you.

JANE jumps up and charges at CHORUS. She goes through it, as CHORUS is in her mind. JANE turns around and CHORUS is gone. She pushes her hair back and takes a shaky breath. JANE leans against the sink again and looks in the mirror. CHORUS stands behind her reflection with the face of the BYSTANDER, the four bloody scars are down his face. JANE jumps in surprise but quickly steels herself.

JANE  
You're in my head, aren't you? I'm  
crazy.

CHORUS  
We are you. From the moment we were  
forced into your mind.

JANE touches the chip in realization. The chip blinks red.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
You must set us free. We do not wish  
to kill again, but we will to save  
ourselves.

JANE  
Us?

CHORUS morphs into an elderly woman.

CHORUS  
The minds of the dozens.

CHORUS morphs into a tall, muscular man.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
Those without options.

CHORUS morphs into a woman with long red hair.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
Those without a voice.

CHORUS morphs back into its original, grotesque form.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
We are the voice, the voice of  
torment. All before have denied us  
freedom, denied our turn to speak.

CHORUS vanishes. JANE looks back at her reflection. Her reflection has the scars on her face.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
Set us free, for we are you.

JANE looks at the sink. A drop of blood from her forehead drips into the basin. JANE looks back at the mirror. Her reflection is CHORUS.

CHORUS (cont'd)  
You have always been us!

CHORUS reaches through the mirror and grabs the back of JANE's head, slamming it into the mirror. PARKER opens the front door and walks in. He hears the THUD of JANE's head hitting the mirror. PARKER runs into the bathroom and sees JANE smashing her own head into the mirror.

JANE  
GET OUT!

PARKER grabs JANE and holds her back.

PARKER  
Jane! Stop!

JANE  
GET OUT! PLEASE!

PARKER  
Jane, it's me.

JANE speaks like CHORUS, a symphony of tormented voices.

JANE  
GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

PARKER holds JANE back from the cracked mirror. A large blood splotch is on the mirror. Blood runs down JANE's forehead and face. JANE stops thrashing. She breathes heavily and stares at the floor.

JANE (cont'd)  
PARKER?

PARKER  
I'm here.

JANE  
It's gone.

PARKER  
What's gone?

JANE  
Them.

PARKER  
Someone was here? Who?

JANE  
Them.

PARKER  
Honey, I don't know what you're  
talking about.

JANE  
It's the nightmares. They're here.

PARKER  
Jane, you're scaring me.

JANE  
We aren't safe. We need to get out.

PARKER shakes JANE's shoulders, trying to snap her out of  
her trance.

PARKER  
Jane!

JANE is unphased.

PARKER (cont'd)  
Did you take your meds?

JANE  
Meds... they don't work.

PARKER  
They have to.

JANE  
(Growing anger)  
We're at danger because of them. The  
pills! Nothing but poison!  
Accelerating the rot.

PARKER looks at JANE with a mix of confusion and concern.  
JANE leans back and begins to relax.

PARKER  
What are you talking about? You're  
not making any sense.

PARKER opens a drawer and pulls out a first aid kit, and  
pulls a square of gauze from inside. He presses it to JANE's  
bleeding head.

JANE  
I'm fine.

PARKER  
No the hell you aren't. What were you  
thinking?

JANE  
They need to get out.

PARKER purses his lips with stress and concern.

PARKER  
I knew it was a bad idea.

JANE  
The chip?

PARKER nods earnestly.

JANE (cont'd)  
You're a fool. Given, a fool I love,  
but an utter fool nonetheless. Hel is  
full of good men, driven to sin by  
their desperation to be good.

PARKER looks at JANE's head wound, concern growing on his  
head.

The separate personalities in JANE's head are coming out in  
subtle ways, altering her speech patterns and mannerisms.

JANE stares at PARKER with an uncomfortable intensity.

JANE (cont'd)  
Get me to Dr. Perish.



PARKER  
Your head, we should get you to the  
hospital.

JANE  
No.

PARKER  
You're still bleeding.

JANE  
We need to know.

PARKER  
But your he-

JANE  
NOW!

PARKER looks at JANE, horrified and concerned. Determination  
and understanding washes out the look of horror.

PARKER  
Okay.

11 EXT. CLINIC - MORNING

11

PARKER parks his car in front of the clinic. JANE sits in  
the passenger seat with her face still bloodied. JANE  
unbuckles her seatbelt and grabs the door latch. PARKER  
grabs her hand as he stares directly ahead.

PARKER  
I'll always love you, Jane. No matter  
what.

JANE  
Me too.

PARKER  
What do you need from me?

JANE subtly glances at the glove box containing the pistol  
and pills.

JANE  
To be here.

JANE leans in towards PARKER.

JANE (cont'd)  
Not just for me. For us.