

He

By

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FADE IN:

1 INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ROBERT (Late 30's) dormant, yet alert, lays motionless on THE PSYCHIATRIST'S couch. THE PSYCHIATRIST stares at ROBERT'S pale and gaunt face. An eerie silence fills the room. ROBERT hypnotised almost solely by the cold stare of his tormentor. THE PSYCHIATRIST makes a peculiar shape with his hands. Nightmarish and obscure.

PSYCHIATRIST

I want you to look at this shape. I want you to examine and analyze the shape. Every inch. Every small detail. What could this shape mean? What could be the relevance or indeed importance of such an unusual shape? As you watch, as your mind trawls over the shape, all other thoughts seem to fade. You only see the shape. Your eyes are heavy, and you want to drift away from me, but you must fight it. You must stay with me for a small while longer. Your mind is trying to wander away from the shape, but you need to know everything that it has to offer! I'm willing to allow you to close your eyes, allow you drift away into the depths of your own mind.

ROBERT drifts away into an hypnotic sleep.

PSYCHIATRIST

Your mind is awash with unusual and distressing thoughts. Thoughts that have no place in anybody's mind. These thoughts can move freely in your dreams, however the shape is a constant. The shape is an ever present. If only the shape exists, then you and I do not. If you do not exist, then *who* am I talking to? If I do not exist then who are you listening to? Who's voice is clouding your every thought? Before I allow you to wake...You have forgotten the shape...Haven't you?

ROBERT wakes with a start. Sweaty. Frantic. He tries to speak but he cannot. He tries to move but he cannot.

(CONTINUED)

Paralyzed and helpless he watches in horror as THE PSYCHIATRIST leans forward and gently pulls at his jaw. Slowly and with dreamlike ease, he removes it. ROBERT struggles to breath through the river of blood pouring from his wound.

THE PSYCHIATRIST lets out a psychotic, spine tingling, inexplicable scream.

ROBERT wakes again, drenched in sweat. This time he is greeted by the silent stare of THE PSYCHIATRIST who insists on following his every move. THE PSYCHIATRIST remains totally still, frozen, bar his insistent eyes.

ROBERT stands, and clumsily fumbles his way towards a large mirror hanging on the wall. His reflection inexplicably is that of THE PSYCHIATRIST. He turns back to the couch to see the bloody carcass of a stranger with his jaw removed. ROBERT collapses to the floor in tears, his mind broken.

FLASHBACK TO:

2 EXT. PARK - DAY

ROBERT and RIK (Early 30's) walk hand in hand through a picturesque park. The pair are clearly in love. The couple stop for a second and share a loving embrace. A tender kiss.

RIK
Our first Valentines day.

ROBERT
The first of many.

From afar the pair have caught the attention of a group of NEO-NAZIS. They approach the pair, full of hatred.

FADE TO BLACK: