

### NIGHT TERRORS

A patient gets hypnotized by his therapist to deal with a violent nightmare that comes to life. Or death.

FADE IN

INT THERAPIST OFFICE DAYTIME

DR. EVELYN HARRIS- mid-40's, no-nonsense, takes pride in her job- sits in a chair across from VICTOR RODRIGUEZ- early 20's, black eye, scratches on his face, distraught, hasn't slept in several days, desperate.

DR. HARRIS

So, Victor, you said you've had the dream again?

VICTOR

Yeah. It's worse, though. It's real. I'm afraid to close my eyes. I wake up lookin' and feelin' like I just got jumped.

Victor lifts up his shirt to reveal a giant gash in his side.

Dr. Harris puts her left hand to her mouth, revealing a giant brown birth mark on her hand. She wears a large emerald ring.

DR. HARRIS

Have you ever experienced any sleepwalking, that you're aware of?

VICTOR

Dr. Harris, I ain't sleepwalkin'. I wake up in the same bed I went to sleep in, only it's soaked with blood and sweat.

DR. HARRIS

Victor, I'd like to try a little hypnotherapy with you. It's completely safe. You could walk me through your dream, and maybe we can find out why you're having it. Will you allow me to do that?

Victor pinches the bridge of his nose, wiping tears away. He nods.

VICTOR

I'm scared.

DR. HARRIS

I will be right here. I won't let anything happen to you. I want you to lean back and focus your eyes on the light fixture above you.

(MORE)

DR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Take a slow steady breath in, and slowly let it out. One more time. Breath in. Do you feel your heart beating? Use your slow breaths to slow down your heartrate. Deep breath in. Your eyelids are starting to feel heavy. So heavy that they close. When I count to three, you will be safe and you will sleep. One, two, three. And sleep.

Dr. Harris snaps her fingers.

DR. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Victor, can you hear my voice?

VICTOR

Yes.

DR. HARRIS

That's good. Now I want you to imagine that you're inside of your dream. Can you tell me what you see?

Victor starts to breathe heavily.

CUT TO:

EXT SMALL CLEARING IN THE WOODS DAYTIME

Victor looks around. There is no one in sight, but in front of him is a wooden wall with ropes hanging down.

VICTOR

I- I'm in an obstacle course. In the woods. There's a wall with ropes. I think I'm supposed to climb it.

DR. HARRIS (O.C.)

I want you to climb to the top and tell me what you see.

Victor approaches one of the ropes and tugs on it. Feeling it's secure, he easily begins to climb.

A loud sharp noise right next to him almost causes him to lose his grip. An arrow has landed right next to his head.

VICTOR

Ah! They're shooting arrows at me!

Victor climbs as fast as he can. As he throws a leg over the top of the wall, he gets hit in the shoulder.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
(screams) I've been hit!

Victor drops to the other side of the wall.

CUT TO:

INT THERAPIST OFFICE DAYTIME

Victor's shoulder begins to bleed. Dr. Harris leaps to his side.

DR. HARRIS  
Victor, when I count to three you  
are going to find yourself safe and  
back in my office, and you will  
wake up. One, two, three.

Dr. Harris snaps her fingers. Victor doesn't respond.

DR. HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Victor wake up!

Dr. Harris snaps her fingers again.

CUT TO:

EXT WOODS DAYTIME

Victor drops to the ground on the other side of the wall and stands.

Victor screams as he breaks the arrow off.

Victor hears the sound of someone climbing from the other side.

DR. HARRIS (O.C.)  
VICTOR!!!

VICTOR  
Someone is coming!

DR. HARRIS (O.C.)  
Victor, RUN!

Victor runs full force down the path and into the thick of the woods as fast as he can.

Deep in the woods, he comes across a shed. He slows down and approaches carefully, panting and wincing in pain.

VICTOR  
(whispering) There's a shed.

He tries the door, which creaks open. Victor steps in.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK SHED DAYTIME

There are archery supplies, and one ray of light shines in. There is a bench, and Victor sits, weakened from his injury.

He kicks a boxing glove that is laying on the floor.

VICTOR  
I found an old boxing glove.

Victor tries to put the glove on, but there is something in it. He unties it clumsily and loosens it. A hand falls out and rolls into the ray of light. It has a big brown birthmark and an emerald ring on its finger.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Oh, FUCK!!

DR. HARRIS (O.C.)  
What is it!?

VICTOR  
It's a sawed off hand- it's your hand!!! With your birthmark and your ring!!!

DR. HARRIS (O.C.)  
What? That's... No-

The sound of the door creaking open. Victor looks up, his eyes wild with fear. He stands.

VICTOR  
Please don't-

Victor lunges and swings with the boxing glove on. His hand goes right through the figure in front of him.

GHOST  
You tell her that Charles Spade is coming for her. If not in life, I'll have her in death.

VICTOR  
Who is Charles Spade?

The ghost slices his head off with a machete. Victor falls to the floor, dead.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE DAYTIME

DR. HARRIS  
What? Charles Spade? How do you-  
VICTOR! NOO!!!(screams)

Victor gurgles, then blood spills from his neck. Dr. Harris puts her hands to her mouth, realizing he's dead.

MONTAGE:

- Silence, other than the sound of Dr. Harris' heartbeat.
- The receptionist comes in, calls the police.
- The police arrive, hand Dr. Harris a business card, and help her to the door.

CUT TO:

INT DR. HARRIS' BEDROOM NIGHTTIME

Dr. Harris sits on her bed, pouring over a file. File states: Patient- Charles Spade. Occupation: Boxer. Treated by: Dr. Evelyn Harris. Treated: 3/9/17-12/27/17. Reason for termination: Death by suicide. Notes: Patient developed obsessive feelings for his therapist. At the suggestion of finding a new therapist, in a psychotic episode, he took his own life in Dr. Harris's office.

Dr. Harris puts the file on her night stand and climbs under the covers. She turns the light off. She lies awake, terrified, wide-eyed and silently crying, listening to the ticking of her clock.

Time lapse to morning, camera focused on the ticking clock.

At daylight, the camera pans back to her. She remains staring at the ceiling, wide-eyed with dried tears down her cheeks. Her left arm hangs limply off the bed. Her hand has been severed, and lies on the floor in a giant pool of blood.

FADE OUT