

She draws her hand back.

MADAM

You must go. I cannot help you.

She stands and walks towards the door. Kristy and James stand, put off by her abruptness, not sure what just happened.

The Madam opens the door for them to leave. Kristy takes out her PURSE to pay.

KRISTY

But we didn't pay-

The Madam moves them out the door.

MADAM

I don't want your money.
Good day.

49 EXT. MYSTIC SHOP - AFTERNOON

James and Kristy steps out as the door closes behind them and the "OPEN" SIGN is flipped to "Closed"

KRISTY

That was very strange.

JAMES

Next time, just read your
Horoscope.

They step away. The Madam peeks out the window at them leaving.

50 INT. DOCTORS OFFICE-LATE AFTERNOON

Doctor Phillips steps in through his BACK DOOR, hangs his TOPCOAT, stops and takes the BARBIE DOLL and lays it on his DESK.

BRAD O.S.

Kind of old for dolls, ain't cha,
Doc? Kinky bound job too.

Doctor Phillips spins around and spots BRAD CARLSON, late

52 INT. DOCTORS OFFICE-LATE AFTERNOON

Doctor Phillips walks back in and sits on the edge of his DESK. He reaches back and turns his AGENDA around, scans it and looks for Brad's name, then turns to Brad.

DOCTOR PHILLIPS

I don't seem to have you in my appointment book, Brad.

(BEAT)

It's been a few months..right?

Brad looks down.

BRAD

Yeah.

Doctor Phillips thinks for a second.

DOCTOR PHILLIPS

You're in trouble again and...the court went easy on you if you got back into treatment...

(BEAT)

Right

Brad shakes his head and laughs.

BRAD

Right, Doc?

52 Doctor Phillips returns to his DESK, opens his drawer, and takes out a FILE. He places it in front of him.

DOCTOR PHILLIPS

What was it this time? Theft, arson, exposing yourself-

BRAD

(Not proud)

That one.

DOCTOR PHILLIPS

Where did you expose yourself this time?

Brad sits up straight in his CHAIR.

BRAD

Now wait, Doc. I was just taking a leak.

(BEAT)

That's all...

(BEAT)

Denny's

DOCTOR PHILLIPS

I'm sure that went well with their
breakfast.

52 The doctor moves around the DESK while taking out his
silver POCKET WATCH.

PHILLIPS

I'd like to try some hypnotherapy.

He undoes the silver chain and slowly swings it back and
forth. Brad slides down in the CHAIR to get comfortable.
The watch swings.

BRAD

I don't know, doc. They say intelligent
people can't be hypnotized.

PHILLIPS

Somehow, I don't think that'll
be a problem, Brad.

BRAD

(Slightly offended)

Okay.

DOCTOR PHILLIPS V.O

You are relaxed, Brad. As you
listen to my voice, you are
slipping into a deep sleep.

DOCTOR PHILLIPS V.O

We are going back in time to
your youth. You are at home.

Brad slowly turns in the blackness and murmurs to himself.
Behind brad is a spinning image of his old LIVING ROOM.

53 INT. BRAD'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The PRESENT Brad is now standing in his old LIVING ROOM with the Doctor next to him. His Mother is sitting on the COUCH of a trashy rundown apartment. A YOUNG BRAD sits next to her on the couch CRYING while his mother takes another drink from her GLASS OF BOOZE, downing it. She smacks him on the back of the head.

MOTHER

Stop your crying, you little
brat before I give you
something to cry about.

As the Doctor moves across the room (*his movement is uneven, JERKY, non-human.*) He then sits down on the couch in the same place as Brad's mother. His mother stands, leaving the Doctor sitting where she was. She steps into the kitchen for a refill. Brad unwillingly approaches to look down at his young self crying.

DOCTOR

What are you crying about, Brad?

BRAD

(Almost in tears)
I'm not crying.

DOCTOR

Those look like tears to me.

BRAD

(Shouting)
I'm NOT CRYING!

The Doctor stands and enters the kitchen.

54 INT. BRAD'S HOUSE- KITCHEN - NIGHT

As his Mother pours another DRINK and puts a little tap water into her glass, the doctor steps into her position at the sink just as she looks up. We can see the Doctor's face in her face. She puts the drink down and exits.

55 INT. BRAD'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

His Mother re-enters the living room, now standing

straight, proper, her body now inherited by the Doctor. She sits next to the Young Brad.

She looks up at the older Brad.

MOTHER

What do you want to say to
your mother, Brad?

Brad shakes his head, afraid of the woman.

BRAD

Nothing.

MOTHER

I'm sure you would like
to say something. Tell her
how you feel, Brad.

Brad covers his ears and shuts his eyes.

BRAD

Stop it. Stop it. You're
Not my Mother. Stop it!

56 CUT TO: QUICK DISTORTED SHOT:

DIRTY GARAGE: A young Brad has a DEAD CAT on the counter and is cutting it open. It's GUTS SPILL OUT.

CUT TO:

Doctor in Living room GASPS-GAGS (little VOMIT) at the small taste of horror and what he just saw.

FADE TO:

57 Brad is falling in the DARKNESS, his eyes clinched closed falling towards a BRIGHT LIGHT.

DOCTOR

You are relaxed and everything is
fine. You won't remember a thing.
You will awake at the count of three.

Brad moves nearer and nearer the LIGHT as the Doctor's voice counts down...

DOCTOR V.O.
One...two...three.

58 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSEUP: On Brad. His eyes open. He's calm.

BRAD
Well, how'd I do?

TWO SHOT:

The Doctor sits back down in his chair, wipes mouth with HANDKERCHIEF.

DOCTOR
I think we should start weekly.
If that's okay.

Brad stands and heads for the door.

BRAD
Okay. See you next week, doc.

The phone rings as Brad exits. He takes a breath and answers.

59 INT. INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad steps into the empty outer office. The secretary, Sandy, can be seen outside through the window with her BOYFRIEND having a CIGARETTE. Brad sneaks over to her DESK and rifles through the drawers. He finds a KEY marked "Spare Office Key" He pockets the key and sneaks out.

60 INT. PHILLIPS HOME-LATE AFTERNOON

Liz holds the PHONE as Melissa carries her BAGS out the front doors. Another set of LUGGAGE sits next to Liz.

LIZ
Hello, Dear. I'll make this short.
I don't have much time. Melissa and
I are flying out to Boston to see
this gorgeous piece of property.