



1 SESSION

written by **m.lathrom**

SESSION 1

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MANUEL (44) and BURKE (47), business clad, sit in luxury office chairs facing a wall-mounted TV. On the TV, a stoic man in a therapist's office. A subtitle on the top right of the screen reads "Session 1".

Manuel stares at the screen with a puzzled look.

MANUEL

I don't get the issue. I mean, he--

Burke has the confidence of a man in-the-know.

BURKE

Wait, wait. Think of it like. All right... You're a Met's fan.

MANUEL

I'm not.

BURKE

Let's say you are. Then me and three other guys are Dodger's fan. And we're in a fan club. We can only pick one team. You're going to be a Dodgers fan. You're in the club, and you're outnumbered.

MANUEL

Okay, I get the analogy. Fall in line. That's what I'm saying, I don't get why that's an issue.

Manuel motions toward the TV.

Burke stares at it for a moment.

BURKE

Now, you have to like the dodgers.

MANUEL

Yeah, I get that.

BURKE

No, I'm telling you that you have to in your heart, and in your mind. As if it was what you wanted. You have to like the Dodgers.

Manuel nods, resigns to the realization.

He stares up at the TV.

MANUEL
I hate the Dodgers.

BURKE
You hate the dodgers.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

TERRY MATHESON (37), the man from the TV monitor. He's handsome, well-dressed. His wandering gaze marks detachment from the present.

He reaches behind his head.

CLOSE ON his neck. A collection of 4 wires with needles on the end pierce his spinal chord at spots marked with metal sockets. He scratches it.

The door opens. DR. KAREN WILDE (44), steps in with a small journal. She has the kind disposition of a librarian.

She approaches, then stops in front of him. He stares around the room. She waits a moment.

KAREN
Mister Terry Matheson. Do you consent by your own free will to proceed with this session?

Terry nods.

KAREN
I need vocal confirmation.

Terry stares up at her.

TERRY
Yes. I consent.

KAREN
Do you understand the conversion agreement, and do you willingly surrender the rights of all incarnations of the self identified as Mister Terry Matheson for the duration of this session.

TERRY
Yes, and I do.

KAREN

Please place your palms face up on
the arms of the chair.

Terry complies.

Karen bends down, she pulls a strap from the chair arm, runs it over his wrist, fastens it on the other side. She repeats this with his other arm.

The straps auto-tighten around his wrists. He clenches his fist.

Karen takes a seat in the chair across from him. There's control pad on the right arm of her chair. It has slider controls like a volume fader. She flips the toggle switch on it. The machine buzzes.

Terry's head twitches.

KAREN

You'll feel a slight buzz. It
should fade in a moment.

Terry stretches his neck, irritated.

TERRY

No worries.

Karen opens her journal, sets it on the left arm of the chair. She puts her right hand on the slider control.

KAREN

This is Doctor Karen Wilde
interviewing Mister Terry Matheson.
(beat)
Session One. Let us begin.

Karen flips the page of the journal.

Terry follows her movements with a curious disconnection.

KAREN

It's ten thirty P.M. You're driving
down butler. You feel nostalgic
about this street because you've
been here before. This is routine.
Do you feel nostalgic?

TERRY

No.

Karen slides a fader up slightly.

Terry shifts in his seat a new feeling rushes into him. He clears his throat.

TERRY

Y--yes.

His mood seems light. He stares off, smiles as if remembering.

KAREN

She's walking down the street just as you knew she would. Jogging pants, a tank top. She works an evening shift, so it's the only time she can. You already know this.

Terry just stares.

KAREN

You pull over next to her. She's nervous, but you took care to look unthreatening with the car seat and bag of diapers in the back seat. She's more beautiful than you thought. What do you ask her?

TERRY

I ask her if she needs a lift.

KAREN

You stammered. She's laughing at you.

TERRY

No. No I didn--

KAREN

Not just laughing at what you said, but at you. The way you look, the way you talk, the idea that you are speaking with her is laughable.

TERRY

She wouldn't laugh.

KAREN

You're embarrassed. You're angry. You get out of the car, what are you holding?

TERRY

A wrench.

KAREN

She sees it. You've done this, she knows you have now. She's scared. You see she's scared.

Karen dials up another fader.

Terry shivers as fear rushes through his spine.

CLOSE ON TERRY'S NECK JACK

The wires in the back of his head hum with current.

CLOSE ON TERRY'S FACE

He clenches his jaw.

TERRY

What's wrong with me. What's happening? I want to stop--

KAREN

You can see she's frightened and you feel her fear. You know what it's like to be afraid, don't you?

TERRY

No.

Karen slides the fader up higher. The current grows louder. Terry's lip quivers, he squirms in his seat.

TERRY

Please no.

KAREN

You raise the wrench and come down on her forehead. You feel the hit against her skull reverberate in your arm. She falls to the ground. Motionless.

Karen pulls down the faders. Terry calms.

KAREN

You have to put her in your car before someone sees. You pop your trunk. You lift her in. You close it. You stand there with your hand on the trunk and wonder if you've done the right thing. You feel regret.

Karen dials up a new fader.

Terry looks around in deep contemplation. His mind stews.

KAREN

You feel deep regret, but you must keep going. You feel remember the fear she felt.

Karen dials up. Terry squirms.

TERRY

No. I want to stop. I won't do it.

KAREN

It's too late for that. You're already to the woods. The place you like. It's quiet. You think about where she might have been going. The people who might miss her. You imagine what they must fear.

Karen slides up another fader. Three up now.

TERRY

I will never do this again.

KAREN

She's your eleventh, Terry. You can't stop yourself.

TERRY

I can. I want to.

KAREN

You pull her out of the trunk. Lie her on the dirt. It's so dark and quiet. Nobody is here. You're want to do it. The anticipation.

Karen slides up a fourth fader.

Terry twitches. His expression like a boy who's about to get laid for the first time. Fear, anticipation, nervousness. A complex spectrum of torment.

TERRY

I can't.

KAREN

You're holding a hammer, Terry. Why a hammer.

TERRY

I... I liked the feeling.

KAREN
Do you like this feeling.

TERRY
(through pouts)
No.

KAREN
Oh my god. She opens her eyes. She sees you. With the hammer. Her eyes judging, fearing, confused. She laughed at you and she's going to pay.

TERRY
I can't.

KAREN
You already have, Terry. You weren't thinking. Her head spills blood onto the dirt. You lift the hammer again. Pound her skull.

Karen throws up all of the faders.

Terry bursts into frantic tears. The electrical current buzzes.

TERRY
No, God, no! I can't.

KAREN
You think about her fear. Her families fear. Her father identifies the body.

Karen lowers the faders, then shoots them back up.

Terry jolts.

TERRY
I'm sorry, I didn't know. I didn't know how to...

KAREN
You've never felt this pain. You feel it will last as long as her death. The pain can never fade can it?

Terry's emotions are raw and sincere.

TERRY
I'm sorry!

KAREN

You're sorry, but it won't change what you've done. And you'll do it again.

TERRY

I won't. I--I can't.

KAREN

You will. And you'll feel this again. And it will be the last time.

Karen lowers the faders slowly.

The emotion drains from Terry's face and body. He catches his breath.

Karen turns a page in her journal. Pulls a photo from it.

KAREN

How do you feel, Terry?

TERRY

I don't know. I can't feel anything.

Karen holds up the picture of a pretty young brunette woman.

Terry shivers a bit.

Karen sets the picture back in her journal.

She flips the off switch on the control panel. The electrical hum dies.

Terry stares down, where once he seemed detached, now he seems absorbed in thought. Confusion on his face.

The straps on his wrist loosen.

Karen rises with her notebook.

KAREN

This concludes session one. Mister Matheson. The nurse will be here in a moment to remove the attachments.

Terry nods. Reaches to the back of his head.

KAREN

I look forward to our next session together.

Terry regards her with a grim look. There is fear in his eyes for the first time.

Karen smiles coldly, then leaves the room.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Manuel rubs his chin.

MANUEL

So it worked?

BURKE

It will. He will have one session for each victim. The key is to create the emotional association with the event. You have to remember, he didn't choose to be this way any more than you chose to be you.

MANUEL

So how do you make him love the Dodgers?

Burke turns to Manuel with a smirk.

BURKE

We won't. We'll make him hate the Mets.

Manuel nods, troubled by this notion.

CLOSE ON the TV. Terry lingers in his chair. He looks up at the camera, at us.

FADE OUT.

THE END