

Exam Room



INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

A SICK MAN (50's once tall and strong now weak and frail) shivers on a couch under a throw in the TV's blue light. A loud pounding knock on his front door rouses him.

SICK MAN
GO THE FUCK AWAY!

More knocking, creepy children's laughs from outside. The door seems to bow in from the pounding. The Sick Man stumbles to the door, yanks it open.

A CHILD in a devil costume, frantically shakes a candy bag.

SICK MAN (CONT'D)
You woke me up. I don't give out
candy!

The Child points at the lit porch light, shakes its candy bag. The Man flips the light off.

SICK MAN (CONT'D)
OK you little shit, I got something
for you. Come on in!

Sick Man grabs a moldy-bruised apple from his medicine laden coffee table. He turns, The Child now as tall as Sick Man is directly behind him. The Child's eyes light up under its mask.

Sick Man, stumbles back, falls, knocking over the coffee table.

SICK MAN (CONT'D)
Who are you, what do you want?

THE CHILD (DEMONIC VOICE)
You said you would give anything to
live.

SICK MAN
How do you know that?

Sick Man desperately tries to get away, crawling and coughing as the now giant sized Child slowly pursues him. The room trembles and rocks under the weight of the demon-Child.

Sick Man tries to climb the stairs, but is yanked down by his feet. He body battered on every step.

We *only* see the giant Child from behind as it lifts its mask. We can't its face, but Sick Man screams in terror.

THE CHILD (DEMONIC VOICE)
I didn't come for your candy.

SICK MAN
No, no, I changed my mind. Get out,
get out!

A cloven hand covers the Sick Man's mouth. We still don't see its face.

THE CHILD
But *you* asked me in!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE / EXAM ROOM - DAY

Decor, at least forty years out of date spans the waiting room to the exam room. Clean and orderly, but reads sad.

THE WOMAN (40'S, what's left of her beauty and vitality spoiled by sallow skin and thinning hair.) She moves carefully past the empty reception desk. A jarring ring from an old landline phone startles her, but she continues to the exam room.

Gingerly climbing onto the exam table The Woman disrobes, slipping under the paper blanket. She stares unblinking at the PAINTING on the wall, (BEAUTIFUL FALL TREES REFLECTED IN THE CALM RIVER THEY SURROUND. A WOODEN PIER with TWO WORN ADIRONDACK CHAIRS EXTEND FROM THE SHORE.)

THE WOMAN (V.O.)
I wonder if he's been looking at this picture for the last forty years? Waiting for me rest in those chairs with him.

A tear, grey and yellowish, slides down her cheek as she turns away from the painting.

THE WOMAN (V.O.)
I can almost smell the leaves, and the wool cardigan he'll wear when his work is done.

The Woman breathes in deep, her eyes are getting heavy, she tries to rise, to fight the sleep but can't.

THE WOMAN (V.O.)
It's like I fall into that painting every time I am left lying here, waiting for him.

She falls into a raspy sleep, her eyes flutter then close. Her lips moves slightly as she talks in her sleep.

THE WOMAN

How many more examinations before
he lets me rest?

Her hand flops over down, partially blocking the chart hanging from the exam table. The only visible information on the old vellum paper is: FEMALE, CANCER, CONSENTS TO TREATMENT AT ALL COST, VISIT NUMBER 666.

The trees in the painting sways ever so rhythmically as the water gently ripples then roils. The lights flicker, the room seems to slowly spin.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

It almost feels good, but I've been
there before, so I know it's not.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)

Do you want to wake up now?

FADE IN:

TIGHT ON HER FACE

The Woman struggles to wake one eye at a time, before they pop open. She's panicked and angry.

THE WOMAN

Am I here again?

EXT. THE WOODEN PIER - DAY

A cloudy grey atmosphere surrounds her in the Adirondack chair. The tree's reflection in the river is bold with color and beautiful. She is in the painting.

THE WOMAN

Do I get to stay this time?

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)

We shall see.

The Woman dips a ragged toenail in the water. Her eyes follow the rippled reflection of beauty until they see above the water line. The trees have turned dead, a winter black and white. Nothing stirs, nothing lives, save for the claw like tree branch reaching for her from above.

THE WOMAN

The trees are dead. Am I dead this time?

The Doctor, (too old for reason, frightening, hard stare, wears a white coat) sitting in the other chair while jotting in a patient chart. He doesn't look up.

THE DOCTOR

That's up to you.

THE WOMAN

Is it?

THE DOCTOR

We shall see.

Above the water, black and white, below still colorful and beautiful. The Woman stands, steps to the edge of the pier, watching her young and healthy reflection in the water.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You think if you return home he will save you?

HER (V.O.)

Yes.

The Woman steps off the pier, sinking into her reflection in the water, slipping slowly below the surface.

HER (OUT LOUD)

I know he will.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Then you never should have abandoned your faith in him.

The Doctor's face is now only in shadows, his white coat replaced by a cardigan, old, dirty, and torn. He writes in the chart with a decayed hooved hand. The top of his splitting head reveals brains, worms, hints of horns on the sides of the gash.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Because I'm not finished with you yet.

The chart the Doctor writes on reads only: ALLOW TO DIE and WILL LIVE FOREVER. His dagger-ish pen hovers above the chart. He puts a check beside WILL LIVE FOREVER. Then he writes in WITH ME.

IN THE RIVER

The Woman's ragged hands, blue-grey and sinewy, struggle to free herself from roots and dead river creatures forcing her toward the surface. Her face screams and drowns but does not die in murky water.

HER (V.O.)

Noooooo

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

The Woman is on the exam table, looking sicker than when she first arrived. It's all black and white and dead. Springing awake, she sits straight up and looks to the painting.

THE WOMAN

Why can't you let me go home?

She is nude and shivering but makes no effort to cover what is left of her ragged skin and tortured body. The parts of the paper sheet that remain stuck to her are covered in hunks of skin and guts.

IN THE PAINTING

In one chair is the back of the decrepit old Doctor's head. His serpent like eyes crawl over the top of his head and rest on the back of it. He roars his response.

THE DOCTOR

YOU ASKED ME TO SAVE YOUR LIFE...

EXT. THE WOODEN PIER - NIGHT

It's cloudy, dead, foggy, black and white. We see the back of The Doctor standing on the edge of the pier. A tray of filthy rusty surgical instruments by his side, a moldy, once-white coat on his twisted frame.

THE WOMAN (O.S.)

Just kill me for the last time.
Please.

THE DOCTOR

I *am* going to kill you, but you're not going to die! You made this deal with me.

Screaming, mutilated-ravaged bodies of people and children writhe up from the water evaporating into a choking mist.

The Woman emerges from the water too, the only color in the scene. Her paper gown tattered and wet with river muck. Sicker still, her exposed bones and entrails pepper her body.

The claw like branch of a tree pulls her to the pier. The Grim Reaper waits on the far shore, as river demons bite at her legs. Horrifying, distorted forest sounds roar, bugs crawl over her feet.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Will you come home to *me* freely
now?

With a banshee wail The Woman lunges grabbing a rusted scalpel then slicing her own throat. Worms, moths, and flies spurt and explode from the wound.

SMASH CUT TO:

TOTAL DARK

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

You said you would heal me.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNDER GROUND

Inside of a WHITE SATIN LINED ELABORATE CLOSED COFFIN. The Woman chokes, can't breath, struggling without room to move or escape.

The outline of The Doctor's demon face pushes in the satin till it nearly touches The Woman's face. He laughs. She weeps slimy tears of dirt and blood.

THE DOCTOR

I only said I would keep you alive!

The Doctor's face pushing more on the satin of the coffin kisses her forehead as it leaks gore onto The Woman's cheek.

THE WOMAN

I want to go home, I want to go to
him.

THE DOCTOR

He won't accept you now.

THE WOMAN

Yes he will, yes he will, yes he

THE DOCTOR

HE WON'T! But I shall. I always
shall.

The Doctor's outline kisses her lips. Devouring them. The Woman turns her head to get free. She has no mouth. The Doctor's outlined face behind the satin recedes.

THE WOMAN (V.O.)

No, no, please no, no.

THE DOCTOR (V.O.)

Be still! It only hurts when you
fight it.

The Woman calms. Turns her face to the top of the coffin and crosses her arms over her body like a corpse.

INT. / EXT A NORMAL CAR ON AN INDISCRIMINATE STREET - DAY

Healthy and vibrant, The Woman gets out of a car, leans in the window. We see only elderly male hands on the wheel and the clean bright cuffs of a cardigan.

THE WOMAN

It's just a check up for remission,
I'll be out in a jiffy daddy.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE / EXAM ROOM - DAY

The Woman enters the same office, only now it appears brighter and nice. Still no one at desk, The Woman breezes past. The phone rings loudly but she does not jump.

In the room The Woman disrobes and sits on the exam table, gazing at the painting.

THE WOMAN

I wonder if he's been staring at
this painting for the last forty
years.

INT. A NORMAL CAR ON AN INDISCRIMINATE STREET- DAY

The hands on the wheel morph into cloven hooves.

THE DOCTOR

I have been staring at the painting
for four millennia.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE / EXAM ROOM - DAY

The phone rings from the reception desk shattering the
silence. The painting drips blood and leaf colors down the
wall as it reveals the black and white painting behind it.
The woman's sickness emerges once again.

THE WOMAN

I thought I was free.

The Woman sinks into sleep as the table and room spin and
dissolves into the dock of the painting.

EXT. THE WOODEN PIER - NIGHT

The Woman lays naked on the wooden deck, guts exposed, an eye
dangling from its socket.

THE WOMAN

I thought you had let me die this
time.

Perched in one of the chairs, white coat, clip board,
appearing silver fox handsome, hometown Doctor type. No gore.

THE DOCTOR

Silly girl, you will be been dying
for a long long time!

He looks up, dead into our eyes, as his go red.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

And always will be.

THE WOMAN

You lied to me.

THE DOCTOR

You lied to yourself.

The Doctor touches The Woman's foot with his demon hand.
Healthy color and skin begins to spread up her leg and body.
Her eye slides back into it's socket.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Do you accept me now?

Demon screams, her cries ring out, animal growls, The Woman rises to her feet from the pier.

THE WOMAN
Is there a choice?

THE DOCTOR
We shall see.

FADE TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE / EXAM ROOM - DAY

Same as before, when The Woman first entered.

Sick Man, even more of his strength and vigor is now scarred by pox, bruised skin, an emaciated body as he enters the office. He looks around confused. Hesitant he steps further into the office, nearing the reception desk.

A jarring ring from the old landline phone scares him so that he jumps backward, trips and crashes to the floor.

The phone continues to ring. He scrambles to his feet, reaching for the exit door.

A beautiful young hand answers the phone.

THE WOMAN (O.S.)
Hello. Just a moment Doctor.

Her hand extends the receiver toward Sick Man.

THE WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This call is for you sir.

Sick Man stops, turns slowly toward the reception desk.

SICK MAN
For me?

We see The Woman, young, healthy, beautiful and now in a nurse uniform. The Woman thrusts the receiver across the reception desk.

THE WOMAN
The Doctor wishes to speak with you.

Sick Man tilts his head like a puppy, then coughs blood onto his own chin.

SICK MAN

He wants to talk to me.

The Doctor's O.S. Voice coming from the phone RECEIVER then PERMEATING the room.

THE DOCTOR

Step into the exam room. We shall
fix that cough for you.

Sick Man trembles, takes a step or two forward. The Woman as the nurse helps Sick Man into the exam room and begins disrobing him. He is awkward and shy but relents.

THE WOMAN

How did hear about the Doctor?

SICK MAN

He came to my house on Halloween.
But I don't know if I can pay the
fee. Will his treatments save me?

The Woman, helps the naked frightened Sick Man unto the exam table. The river in the painting ripples as the clawed trees reach beyond the painting into the exam room toward the helpless, Sick Man.

The Woman looks to us, her eyes turn demon red.

THE WOMAN

We shall see.

THE END.