

Full Mental Jacket

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

Stark -- white walls, no pictures. One wall hosts a small bathroom sized window, it reveals only the darkness of night.

A baby faced Marine, CLAY MOORE (19), shivers, and rocks back and forth nervously.

Dressed in white, head to toe, almost blending into the white of the walls is PETER (35).

His ice blue eyes pierce into Clay's eyes. Clay's guilty eyes dart away from Peter's intensity.

PETER

Let's go over it one more time. You and your team were on patrol. All was quiet...

CLAY

Too quiet. Almost an eerie quiet. That's when I froze right there on that road. Almost paralyzed.

PETER

And your team leader was screaming for you to take cover... get down?

CLAY

I didn't hear him. I only heard an eerie quiet. It was like a dream. And that's when it hit me.

PETER

What hit you?

CLAY

I can't remember.

Clay's out of his chair. He paces with intensity. Attempts to jog his recollection by banging his palm against his forehead. Peter never takes his eyes off of Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Come on brain... Think. Think!

PETER

Why don't you have a seat Clay.

CLAY

Why can't I remember?

Clay sits.

PETER

Pain and fear. Fear will do weird things to your mind. It will allow you to repress things that happen, things that are too painful to feel.

Clay pulls out a cigarette, places it in his mouth, and strikes a match.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry, this is a no smoking room.

Clay shakes out the match.

CLAY

How did I get to this room?

PETER

By the laws of the universe. Every action has a consequence and your action to avoid a fear brought you here...

(leans closer)

Breathe Clay. Concentrate... It was eerie quiet, then what?

A beat.

CLAY

I... I don't know. I have no memory.

Peter points at the small window.

PETER

Would you like to see to remember?
Remember to know?

CLAY

Is that necessary?

PETER

What are you afraid of? It may set you free. And knowing the truth will unlock that door.

Peter points at a gold door knob on an almost invisible white door. He grabs Clay's hand and drags him to the window.

CLAY

Now see your fear... watch your fate.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - DREAM - FLASHBACK

High noon.

A platoon of six Marines on patrol. Squad leader, MIKE BANGLER (23), leads and holds up a fist signaling the team to stop.

MIKE
What is that?

RANDY HOWARD (20), points out at a darkening sky.

RANDY
Take cover!

Everyone on the squad dives for a covering position, ready to fight. The team ties bandannas around their mouths, everyone except Clay.

Clay freezes in place on the road.

MIKE
Moore! Get your ass down here now!

Clay doesn't move. He stares out into the approaching darkness of the sky. The whites of his eyes growing bigger.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Soldier! I'm giving you a direct order. Get down!... God damn it Moore!

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Clay and Peter stand at the window.

PETER
What was in that dark cloud? Locust?

CLAY
(mesmerized)
Bees.

PETER
Are you sure about that? Bees?

CLAY
Absolutely sure.

PETER
Maybe you only imagined bees.

EXT. ROAD - DAY - DREAM - FLASHBACK

Clay squeezes his eyes shut as the dark cloud surrounds his head, and surrounds the area. It's not bees, it's mosquitoes.

Clay freaks out. He bats at the insects, shakes and wiggles to get the insects off of him. He screams frantically.

CLAY

Bees... Bees... African killer bees!
Get them off of me!

Locked and loaded, Clay unloads a clip from his M16 in all directions. Bullets rip and tear at his platoon. All lie dead.

Clay loses balance, falls to the dirt road and into...

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

A briefcase slams onto the floor.

BANG.

Clay lurches up out of a dead sleep. He is face to face with a military lawyer in formal dress, MAJOR BRADLEY WALLER (45).

Clay's orange prison jump suit reveals stenciled on numbers 0187.

BRADLEY

Got your walking papers Private Moore.

Picks up the brief case and pops it open.

CLAY

Is it good news?

BRADLEY

Good news for the public. Bad news for you. These papers say you are being ordered back to military duty at Leavenworth penitentiary.

CLAY

No! You can't do that!

Bradley chucks the paper at Clay.

BRADLEY

Read it yourself. Doc Harper didn't find anything wrong with you. Only a imagined case of Melissophobia.

(circles his ear with
a finger - indicating
crazy)

It's all in your head.

A YELLOW JACKET buzzes around the cell, lands on Clay's neck.

CLAY

In my head, it's not in my head. My fears are real. They made me do it. I'm insane. I'm insane!

BRADLEY

Real insanity, my dear Clay, is in
the mind of the beholder.

Bradley leans closer to Clay.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Come on Clay. Crazy is make believe.
Own up to it. You killed those
Marines in cold blood and now you
want to use a phobia as your
scapegoat.

CLAY

I'm not making this up. I have a
real fear of bees.

Clay slaps the Yellow Jacket on his neck, squashing it into
oblivion.

FADE OUT:

THE END