

GOOD THERAPY
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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

DEB, a mid-twenties, attractive femme, dressed in khaki shorts, T-top, Reeboks and sassy slouch socks, guides an unsteady, semi-conscious party-girl, BRANDEE, into the room.

Deb'S charge-in-tow is outfitted in classic party-girl attire--short black dress, strappy heels, textured dark hose and a stylish petite clutch purse.

BRANDEE

I can't believe how lousy I feel?

DEB

You had plenty to drink.

BRANDEE

It didn't seem like it.

Deb positions Brandee with her back to the couch then shoves her backwards.

DEB

Onto the couch, girl. Catch a nap. You'll feel better.

Brandee flops down awkwardly and lays sprawled out on her back.

BRANDEE

You're so sweet to help out and let me crash here.

DEB

No problem!

Brandee struggles to stay coherent.

BRANDEE

What's your name again?

DEB

Deb.

BRANDEE

Hi Deb. I'm Brand. . .
Brand. . .

Brandee's sentence drifts off unfinished.

Deb's mood shifts to a serious, uncaring mode.

DEB

Yeah, yeah! Brand
something.

Deb gets Brandee's clutch purse, rummages through it, finds a driver's license and finishes the woman's sentence.

DEB (cont'd)

You're Brandee Baines—with
two E's.

Deb shakes her head back and forth lightly.

DEB (cont'd)

How disgustingly cute! Nice
to know you—Bran—dee.

Brandee mumbles unintelligibly and nods her head. Her eyes roll back. She passes out completely.

DEB (cont'd)

Let's get you comfy.

Deb unstraps Brandee's fashionable shoes, slides them off and checks the brand.

DEB (cont'd)

Oooooo! Nine West. Nice!

The strip down continues.

FADE OUT:

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Brandee's party-girl clothing is scattered about on the floor--dress, hose, shoes--her clutch purse and its general contents are strewn about.

A tray of assorted items, covered with a white dish towel, is on a table.

Deb appears with a drink. She gently kicks at the assortment of Brandee's personal items on the floor as she stirs her drink, takes a sip and smiles devilishly at something off screen.

CUT TO:

Brandee, stripped to her panties and bra, is tied to a chair and gagged with a slouch sock which is tied in place with a shoe string. She squirms frantically.

Deb places her drink on a coffee table and saunters over to her captive.

DEB

A girl should really watch
her drink when she's at a
bar.

Deb playfully taps the tip of Brandee's nose.

DEB (cont'd)

Ya' never know who might
put something in it.

Brandee glares at Deb.

DEB (cont'd)

There's all kinds of
fuckin' weird people out
there, ya know.

Brandee grunts in disgust.

DEB (cont'd)

A cute darling like you can
never be too careful. Know
what I mean?

Brandee rolls her eyes.

DEB (cont'd)
You look a little pale.

Deb hauls off and slaps Brandee, hard and swift, right across the face, then returns a solid backhand blow, just as quickly.

DEB (cont'd)
That should give you a nice, rosy glow.

Deb picks up Brandee's dress and hose, holds them in front of the captive and mocks the woman.

DEB (cont'd)
Did you really think you could pull off this look?

Brandee squirms and torques.

DEB (cont'd)
Oh hush now! I think you're just jealous because you really do know I'm gonna' look so much better in this outfit than you did.

Brandee fumes, breathes deeply and glares at Deb.

DEB (cont'd)
I think its time to have a little fun—maybe liven things up a bit.

Deb retrieves the tray, removes the white dish towel and exposes such things as pliers, knives, screwdrivers, matches, a candle, an electrical cord with a plug on one end and frayed wires on the other, a disposable razor and shaving cream.

Deb brandishes the items in front of Brandee, who shakes her head vehemently NO, NO, NO!!!!

Deb runs her finger under the bra strap on Brandee's left shoulder, pulls it up and lets it snap back into place.

DEB

Come on now. You look like
the kind of girl who likes
to play.

Deb pulls out the sock gag.

Brandee unleashes a series of frantic inquiries.

BRANDEE

Christ lady! What's the
matter with you? Who are
you? Why are you doing this
to me? WHY?

Deb swiftly backhands Brandee and stuffs the sock gag
back in her mouth.

Brandee grunts, snorts and looks on confused and
terrified.

Deb composes herself, takes a deep breath, then speaks
in a steady, lecturing tone.

DEB

It's like this--Brandee
with two E's. The therapist
in my court appointed anger
management class, suggested
I take up a hobby.

(long pause, deep breath)
And lets face it, girl--
collecting stamps seemed
like such a bore.

Deb taps lightly at Brandee's nose tip then picks up the
pliers and a knife.

Brandee squeals.

The camera pans down the length of Brandee's body until
we stop at her feet, which twitch and pulsate rapidly in
conjunction with assorted sounds of pain and terror.

FADE OUT:

END