

Mind Games
By
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FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Various medical diplomas occupy a neatly organized desk.
"SHARON MASTERS, P.H.D Psychology" front and center.

SHARON, late 20s, smartly dressed, with glasses, sits in a chair, legs crossed, pen and pad in hand.

She sits back as she ponders her thoughts.

JOHN, mid 20s, rough around the edges, sits back on the couch, fiddling with his hands, a backpack beside him.

JOHN

I guess what I'm trying to say is,
I want to be a good man, you know?
But I can't stop these thoughts...
they're constantly in my head.

SHARON

Have you ever acted on them?

He considers this.

JOHN

(darkly)
No... but I've thought about it...

SHARON

When did you first think about it?

JOHN

Back in high school.
(beat)
There was this guy, a jock. He was
a bully. Pushed me around. Beat me
up. He made my life a living hell.
I thought about hurting him... but
I never did anything.

She jots this down.

JOHN

(twiddles thumbs)
I wanted to, but I was too scared.
He was the most popular kid in the
whole school. Quarterback. Had the
most beautiful girlfriend. She was
head cheerleader. I liked her, but
she didn't like me either. She was
just as bad as he was. Worse...

She tries to read him.

JOHN
(angrily)
She humiliated me.

He angrily scrunches his face.

JOHN
She made me look like an idiot in front of the entire school. And I wanted to hurt her... badly.

SHARON
And did you?

JOHN
No... not *physically*.

SHARON
What do you mean?

JOHN
I hurt something she cared about. Something she loved. And it hurt her. The next time I saw her, she was crying at her locker, talking about what I did. She didn't know it was me and that is what made it so satisfying. I got away with it.

She ingests this, jots on her pad.

JOHN
Only she was back to herself in no time. As if it never happened. So, for years... I thought *how could I make her pay for what she did?* And then it hit me... I had to strike, when she least expected it.

She writes all of this down.

JOHN
So I planned it all out. When the moment was right, I would take the thing she loved the most. I waited and waited, watched her every day, for years. Then she got married to that jock and they had a baby... a little girl... called Janie.

She stops writing, slowly makes eye contact with him.

SHARON

What?

JOHN

Janie was an innocent young girl,
with her whole life ahead of her.
She wanted to be a doctor... but
not like mommy, no... she wanted to
be like her daddy. A surgeon.

Sharon's eyes widen in abject horror.

JOHN

Only... she didn't get to be one.
Do you know why?

John unzips his backpack, reaches inside.

Sharon slightly trembles.

JOHN

Because...

John hands Sharon a photograph.

She accepts it, looks at it - hysterically winces/gasps.

John pulls a bloodstained machete from his backpack and
weighs it in hand as he stands upright.

Sharon bawls her eyes out.

JOHN

Don't worry, you'll be joining her
in a few short moments...
(beat)
...I just wanted you to know what I
did, before I killed you.

SHARON

(emotionally)
You're sick.

He sadistically grins.

JOHN

I know. That's why I needed to see
a psychiatrist. But I don't think I
need another session.

He swings the machete at her neck -

CUT TO BLACK.