

TIME'S UP

A short script by  
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CLOSE ON

An expensive looking pen taps impatiently on a note-pad.

CLOSE ON

A silver framed clock.

3:56 pm

OS we hear a man's voice.

MAN (O.S.)

And then you look at my no good  
brother in-law...

CLOSE ON

A wall cabinet filled with framed medical diplomas and  
various other accolades.

MAN (O.S.)

I swear I can't see what my sister  
sees in that creep. I'm just so  
frustrated, I can't think straight  
anymore.

We pass by a gold plated high school wrestling trophy. The  
engraved plaque reads "*First Place 1986*"

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm a good person aren't I? I've  
never hurt nobody. Why can't I  
catch a break?

CLOSE ON

An appointment book. The last appointment of the day reads  
*Diana Hall 4:00.*

WE MOVE around the back of one of those classically curved  
couches we see in a psychiatrist's office.

The couch is currently occupied by HAROLD (40), a rather  
portly unattractive man. He muffles his weeping.

HAROLD

I'm forty-four years old and I've  
been on exactly two dates since I  
was thirty. Two! I see all these  
jerks treating their girls horribly  
and I can't take it. Am I really  
worse than all that?

Harold waits in anticipation. The faint pen tapping replaces the deafening silence.

Harold lifts his head up.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Doc..?

Behind the desk sits DR. HUGH HORNBECK (50), six two, with thinning hair, a few recent pounds packed on an already meaty frame.

He stares out the office window.

HAROLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You there?

Hornbeck snaps out of his trance. Stops tapping the pen.

HAROLD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dr. Hornbeck.

Hornbeck stares up at the clock just as the second hand reaches twelve.

4:00 pm

DR. HORNBECK

I'm sorry, but your time's up.

Harold sits up in his chair.

HAROLD

What?

DR. HORNBECK

Your time's up, Harold.

HAROLD

Already? I was just..

Hornbeck stands.

A FULL SHOT of the white, sterile office. The sun shines bright through the large office windows, revealing a gorgeous view of the San Francisco Bay.

Hornbeck moves around the desk. He delicately guides Harold toward the patient's private exit.

DR. HORNBECK

You made some good ground today.  
Let's continue with this during  
your next session.

HAROLD

Okay. Thanks, doc.  
(extends his hand)

Hornbeck refuses the gesture.

HAROLD (CONT'D)  
Right, sorry, I forgot.

Hornbeck pats his shoulder, motions him out the door.

DR. HORNBECK  
Goodbye, Harold.

Harold exits.

From his desk, the intercom buzzes.

SECRETARY JANICE (O.S.)  
You're next appointment is here.

Hornbeck walks back to his desk. Presses the intercom button.

DR. HORNBECK  
One second, Janice.

Hornbeck moves to the coach. He repositions it, so the couch is now turned away from his desk.

He returns back to his seat. Presses the intercom.

DR. HORNBECK (CONT'D)  
You can send in the next patient.

SECRETARY JANICE (O.S.)  
Yes, doctor.

DR. HORNBECK  
And don't worry about staying late today, you can take off when Mrs. Hall comes in.

SECRETARY JANICE (O.S.)  
Yes, doctor.

Hornbeck checks his teeth with a desk mirror.

The patient's entrance door swings open.

DIANA HALL (35), enters. Fit, poised, attractive.

Hornbeck stands to greet her.

DR. HORNBECK  
Mrs. Hall, nice to see you again.

They shake hands.

DIANA  
You as well.

DR. HORNBECK  
 You seemed so troubled after your  
 last visit, I was worried we  
 wouldn't see you again.

DIANA  
 As I said, it's not easy for me  
 ...opening up.

DR. HORNBECK  
 The way you raced out, I thought -

DIANA  
 It was nothing. I just realized I  
 was late to pick up my son.  
 (beat)  
 He's in a wrestling class.

DR. HORNBECK  
 Is that right? I used to wrestle a  
 little in my day. Even have a  
 trophy to prove it.

Hornbeck gestures toward the cabinet where his trophy proudly  
 resides.

Diana takes a casual interest.

DIANA  
 Impressive.

DR. HORNBECK  
 (rubs his belly)  
 I've put on a few pounds since  
 then, but in my day I was pretty  
 quick on my feet.

DIANA  
 Wrestling's a bit rough for me, but  
 I did play some basketball.

DR. HORNBECK  
 (modestly smug)  
 I coached a bit of that too.

Hornbeck guides Diana to the couch.

DR. HORNBECK (CONT'D)  
 I thought we might try the couch  
 this time.

Diana hesitates.

DR. HORNBECK (CONT'D)  
 It's a bit old fashioned, but it  
 has proven to be a valuable tool in  
 helping certain patients relax.

DIANA  
If you think it would help.

DR. HORNBECK  
It couldn't hurt to try.

Diana agrees, lies down on the couch.

Hornbeck returns to his desk. He looks down on his note-pad.

DR. HORNBECK (CONT'D)  
Now in your last session you brought up how you have had difficulty in establishing trust. Especially regarding your relationships with men.

DIANA  
That's right.

DR. HORNBECK  
Have you put any thought into where you believe these problems may have originated?

DIANA  
I've been trying.

DR. HORNBECK  
These things are often related to something in your past? A first boyfriend. Those early awkward years -

DIANA  
But, I didn't date back then, not until college.

DR. HORNBECK  
It could be someone even closer. Even a family member? An uncle, or -

DIANA  
No. Definitely not.

Hornbeck marks his note-pad.

DR. HORNBECK  
Nothing traumatic?

DIANA  
Well, what girl doesn't have a bit of sexual trauma in their past.

DR. HORNBECK  
It would be best if you try and be completely open with me.

DIANA  
Okay, I'll try.

DR. HORNBECK  
Tell me about the first experience  
you can remember.

Diana remains silent.

DR. HORNBECK (CONT'D)  
Very often those initial encounters  
can carry lasting scars. It could  
be crucial in identifying the root  
of any such problem.

Diana takes on a more somber tone.

DIANA  
I suppose my first memory would be  
back in junior high.

DR. HORNBECK  
How old?

DIANA  
In grade nine, I guess that would  
have made me fourteen.

DR. HORNBECK  
Continue.

DIANA  
It was one day during school. He  
was older. Attractive. Very strong.  
A lot of the girls had a crush on  
him. One day I went to meet him.

As Diana continues, Hornbeck adjust his seat slightly  
forward. With his right hand, he reaches down below the desk.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
We were in a room. Alone. He asked  
me if I was a virgin. I told him I  
was. That seemed to make him even  
more excited. I was getting nervous  
and wanted to leave. And then  
before I knew what was happening he  
was... all over me.

Hornbeck looks on with a icy demeanor. Though he is staying  
as still as possible, it is that clear he is masturbating.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
I couldn't move. First he grabbed  
my breast. He grazed his thumb  
slowly over my nipple. I remember  
everything. His hot breath. His  
vice like grip.

DIANA (CONT'D)

He asked me if I wanted to leave,  
the same moment he held me tighter.

(beat)

Before I could think he moved his  
other hand ...down my pants.

Hornbeck continues masturbating.

DR. HORNBECK

Go on.

DIANA

He told me how much he liked me.  
How beautiful I was compared to all  
the other girls.

Hornbeck continues, his breath heavy.

DIANA (CONT'D)

His fingers kept probing. And then  
he was inside me. He asked me why I  
wasn't wet yet. I didn't even know  
what that meant.

Hornbeck continues to pleasure himself. It takes a moment  
before he notices Diana isn't speaking.

DR. HORNBECK

(mild cough)

And then what happened?

DIANA

And then nothing. He removed his  
hand and told me that I could go  
back to class.

This draws Hornbeck's attention.

DR. HORNBECK

He told you, you could..?

DIANA

Oh! You see, he wasn't a student at  
the school. He was a teacher.

DR. HORNBECK

A teacher.

Hornbeck stops touching himself.

DIANA

Yes. Well, specifically a guidance  
counselor. It was back at Jefferson  
Junior High, Spokane, Washington.

The name hangs in the air like some poisonous vapor.

Hornbeck squirms. Removes his hand from his pants.



DIANA (CONT'D)  
Of course back then I was Diana  
Davies. Beginning to ring a bell  
yet?

Hornbeck zips up his trousers.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
It was a week ago you passed me on  
the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Diana and Hornbeck pass each other. Diana stops her in  
tracks. Stunned, she turns and follows Hornbeck.

DIANA (O.S.)  
I couldn't believe it. It was like  
twenty years had just disappeared.  
(beat)  
I followed you to this office.

CUT TO:

I/E. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Through the building window Diana watches Hornbeck enter an  
elevator. As the doors close, Diana enters the lobby.

CLOSE ON

The building directory - *Dr. Hornbeck - fifth floor*

DIANA (O.S.)  
When I saw your name up on the  
directory, I threw up right there  
in the lobby.

Diana vomits into a potted plant.

CUT TO:

BACK TO THE OFFICE (PRESENT)

Diana continues as Hornbeck stews in his seat.

DIANA  
I was still shaking when I got  
home. I felt like I had to do  
something.  
(MORE)

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 To think someone like you was in  
 the guise of helping people.

CUT TO:

INT. DIANA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Diana on her laptop. Searching Facebook.

DIANA (O.S.)  
 I wanted to know if I was alone.  
 Social media can be a powerful  
 tool. I began to search out some  
 former classmates.  
 (beat)  
 It didn't take long to get a  
 response.

Diana's inbox is flooded with messages.

DIANA (CONT'D)  
 I had been blessed to have moved  
 on, find a loving man, build a life  
 for myself without having to harbor  
 the pain of your scars.

Diana cries with a classmate on Skype.

DIANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Others haven't been so fortunate.

CUT TO:

THE OFFICE (PRESENT)

DIANA  
 You robbed a lot of young girls out  
 of a future. Do you have anything  
 to say?

A long beat later.

DR. HORNBECK  
 I don't have a clue what you're  
 talking about, and I think you  
 should leave.

Diana stands. Faces him.

DIANA  
 Typical.

She looks over at the cabinet. The trophy.

DIANA (CONT'D)

You wondered why I was so troubled the last time I left? It was when I saw that. That same ugly trophy I was forced to stare at in your office that day.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY - (FLASHBACK 1998)

A YOUNGER HORNBECK with his hands around a fragile teenage girl, DIANA (14), clearly uncomfortable.

As Hornbeck continues to molest her we move close in on Diana's face. Her eyes fixed on a single solitary point --

-- The wrestling trophy. Residing proudly on his shelf.

CUT TO:

THE OFFICE (PRESENT)

DIANA

You violated me. You raped me. Now I'm going to ask you again. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

Hornbeck studies her a moment, then smiles.

DR. HORNBECK

I know this is some big moment for you. And I'd honestly like to say I remember you, but there were just so many back then. Now I'm glad you got it out of your system, but you can leave now. I won't charge you for today's appointment.

DIANA

You're a sick man. You were sick then and I believe you're sick now.

DR. HORNBECK

Well good luck trying to prove it.

DIANA

Right, what good is the word of a single woman?

DR. HORNBECK

Something like that.

(sternly)

I'm not going to ask you again.

DIANA

There's the fiery coach I remember.

Hornbeck slams his hand down on his desk.

DR. HORNBECK

I said get the fuck out of here!

Diana crosses her arms.

DIANA

No.

Hornbeck moves around his desk. He lunges toward her.

The office doors fly open. TWO PLAIN-CLOTHES DETECTIVES burst into the room, followed by a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN, and Hornbeck's secretary JANICE (40).

The policeman steps between Hornbeck and Diana.

DETECTIVE

Hugh Hornbeck, you are under arrest.

DR. HORNBECK

What is all this?

The policeman handcuffs the doctor while detective 2 breezes through his Miranda rights.

DR. HORNBECK (CONT'D)

But you've got no evidence!

Detective 1 removes the wrestling trophy from the wall cabinet.

DETECTIVE

See this?

He points to a small round button near the inscribed plaque.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Micro-technology. Smile for the birdie.

DETECTIVE 2

We've got a whole week of your sick videos already.

Hornbeck's shoulders slump, utterly deflated.

As the officer escorts Hornbeck out of the office, he turns to Janice.

DR. HORNBECK

You helped them?

SECRETARY JANICE

(smiles)

I'll find another job. Creep.

Hornbeck turns to Diana.

DR. HORNBECK

You think you dumb cunts got me  
huh? Yeah, we'll see, we'll see who  
wins in the end?

As Hornbeck is being dragged out of the office, Diana stares sharply at him.

DIANA

Time's up, Doc.

FADE OUT.