

Unfathomable

By

Sybil

@2017 All rights reserved

FADE IN:

DR. GRACE EICHEL PSYDR OFFICE - DAY

JANE EDWARDS (21), thin, shy, extremely guarded, dressed in baggy clothes, sits in her chair, staring at the floor.

Slowly, her eyes move up the desk to study Psychiatrist GRACE EICHEL (50), pudgy, dressed nicely, watches her.

GRACE

Did you do the homework, Jane?

JANE

Yes. But, why, Dr. Eichel.

GRACE

Because I want to assure you that you aren't the only one.

Jane shifts in her chair.

JANE

Androphobia. The fear of men.

GRACE

Right. And the other one.

Jane's voice lowers.

JANE

Agraphobia. The fear of being sexually abused by people.

Grace takes some notes, continues.

GRACE

Those are only words that help define what you've been through.

Jane fidgets with her thumbs.

JANE

I hate-

GRACE

Jane, you were abused by your stepfather when you were a child.

JANE

They took - they took,

Jane shakes a bit.

GRACE  
(exhales)  
They took everything from you. You  
can't change the past, but, you can  
change your future.

JANE  
I want a life.  
(shouts)  
I deserve it!

GRACE  
Did you consider my offer?

JANE  
I did, but, um, no, I'm ready for  
it. I've gotta do this.

GRACE  
Are you sure?

JANE  
Yes, I want to get better and I  
read that this could help.

GRACE  
If at any point you get  
overwhelmed, we will stop.

Grace gets up, pulls a chair next to Jane, sits down.  
There, Grace makes eye contact, gently smiles and picks up  
Jane's hand with her hands.

GRACE  
Are you sure?

JANE  
Yes. Let's do it.

Grace leans over to the telephone, pushes down the intercom  
button.

GRACE  
Brad, come in.

A few seconds pass. Jane takes a deep breath.

The door opens as BRAD (20) well-built, dressed in a  
bathrobe, walks slowly into the office.

BRAD  
(calm and reassuring)  
Good afternoon, Dr. Eichel. How  
are you, Jane?

Jane's eyes widen a bit. Grace watches her, grabs her hand tighter. Jane looks over, smiles.

JANE  
I'm good Brad. Thanks for asking.

GRACE  
Jane, is it okay if Brad takes your other hand?

Jane's other hand instantly recoils, but, she fights that response, and slowly extends her hand to touch his hand.

GRACE  
Okay. Good. Do you want him to take off his robe? He isn't naked, so, you don't have to worry.

JANE  
You say touching can help-

GRACE  
With social interactions and one day, who knows, even with love.

Jane sighs heavily. Nods yes.

JANE  
Yes, do it.

Slowly, but, gently, he removes his robe as he stands in front of her with oversized swimming trunks, to minimize any sexual ideas in her mind.

Slowly, yet, deliberately, in the most non-threatening way that he can, he gently reaches for her hand.

PSYCHOTIC EPISODE

Jane sits there, trying to put on a brave face.

Suddenly, she hears her DAD's voice.

DAD  
It's okay, we aren't really related. It's our secret.

She shakes her hand. She's losing it.

Then she hears MOM's voice.

MOM  
It's your fault. You're a dirty  
slut. Fucking dirty slut!

END PSYCHOTIC EPISODE.

Jane starts shaking.

GRACE  
Back away, Brad.

JANE  
I'm a dirty slut. Dirty slut.  
It's all my fault.

Jane rocks in her chair, back and forth.

GRACE  
No, Jane, it's okay.

Brad leans over to grab his robe, Jane sees this and grabs  
Grace's hand tightly.

GRACE  
Brad, you'd better-

BRAD  
I'm out. Sorry, Jane.

Brad quickly leaves. Jane hyperventilates.

GRACE  
I'm so sorry, Jane. I really  
thought you were ready.

Jane sobs.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane sits in her eerily quiet apartment at the table. A  
bloodied kitchen knife rests in her hand. The house seems  
to be dimly lit.

Her bloodshot eyes cause her to rub them. She doesn't seem  
to notice or care about the knife in her hand.

BOOM!

Something big fell in her bedroom.

She jolts up, knife in hand, heads to the noise.

JANE

Hello, hello, is anyone there?

She takes a few more steps.

BOOM! CRACK!

More huge noises coming from her bedroom.

JANE

Who's there? I have a knife and I  
will use it. I've had a BAD day!

She walks through the kitchen to the-

LIVING ROOM

Sparse run-down furniture litters this room.

CRASH! A gigantic thud echoes through the apartment.

She stands outside her

BEDROOM DOOR

She opens the door, rushes in, knife first.

She screams hysterically.

REVEAL: Tons of blood spatter paints the room.

She spins around, stabbing wildly in the darkness.

A DISTORTED FIGURE moves in the darkness.

DISTORTED FIGURE

You didn't think it'd be that easy,  
did you, Plain Jane?

JANE

Stop that.

She spins around, swings at the air again.

JANE

Who said that? Don't ever call me  
that! I'll-

DISTORTED FIGURE

You'll do what? Break down like  
you did today?

Jane's sense of bravado evaporates.

JANE  
How, h-how did you-

DISTORTED FIGURE  
I know everything.

Jane lunges wildly with the knife, only to have her arm grabbed by the figure. The knife falls harmlessly to the floor, where it makes a thud.

DISTORTED FIGURE  
Plain Jane, so homely that she had to seduce daddy so she'd have sex.

JANE  
That's not true.

DISTORTED FIGURE  
It's what MOM said.

JANE  
She was a monster, like-

The figure slaps her so hard that she flies into the wall of her bedroom.

DISTORTED FIGURE  
Don't ever talk bad about Mommy and Daddy again. Ever!

The distorted figure steps out from the shadows. One hand holds the knife while the other hand hides something behind her back.

REVEAL - the distorted figure turns into a BEAUTIFUL JANE as does her voice.

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
You just didn't know what to do.

JANE  
What? Who?

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
Oh, honey, Daddy broke us. There are dozens of us here, hiding from the world. Waiting for you to take control and cure us.

Jane rises to her feet.

JANE  
I've tried.

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
Bitch, you failed. Look there.

Beautiful Jane points to something rock-like structure in her bedroom. She goes closer. It's a TOMBSTONE.

On the tombstone reads: "Here rests Plain Jane, as big a loser in life as she was in death."

Jane tears up.

JANE  
I-I-

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
You don't deserve to be here anymore. Not ever.

Beautiful Jane stabs Jane in the chest with the knife.

JANE  
Please. Grace-

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
Grace is gone. That bitch held us back! Here, hold this.

Beautiful Jane shows her what was behind her back- Grace's head. She dangles the head by its hair. Jane screams.

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
No more will I sit by and watch you waste our time. No more. Tonight, you die.

Jane tries to flee, but, it's no use. Beautiful Jane grabs her and tosses her to the floor.

Jane raises her hands, but, gets them pinned down as Beautiful Jane rushes her body.

SLASH, slash, slash. Over and over.

BEAUTIFUL JANE  
I hate you, I hate you so much.  
Rest in pieces you weak fuck!



INT. BAR - LATER

Beautiful Jane, scantily dressed and all dolled up, sits at a bar. A guy sits next to her.

FRANK

May I?

BEAUTIFUL JANE

Sure. Play your cards right and you might end up with more fun than you'd expect! Right girls?

Frank looks around, perplexed since it's only them.

THE END