

TITLE (3 BY 5 CARDS)

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANSION - SUNDAY

Under the title it's spring time.

Flower's bloomed.

Birds chirp.

Everything is neon green.

A gust of wind blows a cloud of pollen past a huge house.

A White Mansion suffocates in kudzu, needs to be pressured washed, sits in the midst of new life.

2 INT. MANSION - SUNDAY

We flow down a hallway through a mansion accented with Love quotes, hippie clothes, and art work. We stop in front of the living room.

3 INT. MANSION LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

The living room is a mess, littered with golf shirts and energy drinks, empty and full pill bottles, psychology books, bibles and a picture of his grandparents.

A grungy dressed man with ripped clothes and bare feet SCREAMS while he swirls like a tornado. TOM, 36 years old, unwashed long sandy hair all American boy.

Tom's cell phone rings.

MOM, 56 years old, long black hair against tan skin, beautiful and a hard worker, wears a flower covered dress with a smile full of love.

MOM

You need help, son.

Tom looks at the phone it's his dad. He declines the call.

He leans in.

TOM

Stop calling me crazy.

The phone rings again and again it's his dad.

MOM

Stop that, all I'm saying is you need to go somewhere to get help. I can't help you. I don't know how.

Tom punches the thin air like a punching bag.

TOM

Fuck, Fuck, Fuck? And now your trying to get rid of me just like you did dad.

Mom looks with astonishment.

Tom points to a quote "Bless this house with Love and Laughter."

TOM (CONT'D)

What is it your always saying. (beat)

If nothing else we always have each other.

Mom starts crying and reaching for her son.

Tom grabs a vase and smashes it. Tom is written on a shattered piece.

Mom grabs her stomach as if she just got punched in the gut.

Tom twists and turns almost demon possessed. Shadow's run towards him from the corner of his eyes.

He speaks to the shadow's.

TOM

Leave me alone.

The phone rings a third time.

Tom answer's.

TOM (CONT'D)

What?

DAD

You never pick up when you are....
What are you doing?

Tom gives his mom the cold shoulder and pulls away.

DAD (CONT.)

You're paranoid, son. Listen to your mother. She is real.

The pain is too much for his mom she starts to stutter and snot runs down her face.

MOM

Son..... you're you're not listening to me. I love you...more than myself.

Mom backs away and gets behind a couch.

MOM (CONT'D)

Please calm down. I'll ill ill get counseling as well. There are things I need to work through.

Tears start to form in his eyes.

Mom has a burst of anger and walks around the couch, gets in Tom's face.

MOM (CONT'D)

And you want to be a counselor, help people, you can't help yourself.

Mom grabs a half empty pill bottle.

MOM (CONT'D)

Take them like they are prescribed.

TOM

Dad, I can't talk now. I think I'm....I'm going to kill myself.

Tom hangs up the phone and tosses it.

He moves towards his mom as she gets behind the couch and stares her down.

Beat.

Tom pulls 3 by 5 cards from his back pocket and starts ripping and throwing them as he heads straight for his mom.

His mom is frozen with fear.

He grabs the pill bottle out of mom's hands and swallows some

right in front of her. Then grabs his psychology text book off the ground and goes into the bathroom, slams the door.

FADE OUT

NEXT DAY

FADE IN

4 INT. GAS STATION - EVENING

Tom withdrawals 80 dollars from the ATM. His voice echoes in his head.

TOM'S VOICE
If I don't do something I am
going to freak out.

TOM'S VOICE
I am such a horrible person.
What kind of person does
this?

He sees shadows out of the corner of his eyes. He fidgets. He hears his mom's voice.

MOM'S VOICE
Kill yourself.

Tom walks to the counter, drenched in sweat and picks at his face as he grinds his teeth.

TOM
Can I get four shots.

Tom stairs at the counter to avoid eye contact.

As he turns around his mom is standing at the back of the line.

Tom turns pale as a ghost.

Mom's face is beet red.

She holds her hand out. Tom places the card in her hand and walks out head hung low but in a hurry.

As soon as he exits he tries to outrun the shadow's that follow him home. Downs the four Kratom shots. Fills each bottle with a dab of water to get anything left behind.

Then sits and waits on the couch stiff as a dead body. But starts to droop over into a ball and onto the couch. He throws a blanket over his head.

Grabs a 3 by 5 card from under the blanket.

"So now, no longer am I the one doing it, but sin which indwells me."

Opens his bible to Romans 8

"There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus."

Then tosses his bible across the room knocking over pill bottles.

Opens his psychology text book and reads over a section called "Bipolar Disorder and Voices"

FADE OUT

ONE WEEK GO'S BY

FADE IN

5 EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Tom comes out of a Hospital with his back pack and phone. He google maps home. It shows that it will take him all night to walk home.

DAD'S VOICE

No one loves you enough to come pick you up. You're on your own.

He walks the dark streets lit by moonlight and street lights.

He looks to the stars, grabs his head, shakes in pain, and pulls his hair out.

TOM

God, Why do I feel so so much?

Tom looks astonished at his hair in his hands. Then there's no hair in his hands.

His dad appears out of thin air dressed in black and looks like he smoked cigarettes his whole life.

DAD

Because you are a thief, a bad person, a shameful person. They even don't want you at the hospital.

Tom flakes out. Arms wale towards his dad.

Falls to the ground.

Tom grabs a 3 by 5 card from his back pocket.

Galatians 4:6, "And because you are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying Abba Father!"

His dad lurks over his shoulder.

DAD

You're no son of mine.

Tom closes his eyes.

FADE OUT

HOURS GO BY

FADE IN

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - BEFORE DAWN

Tom sits on his couch as the voice's have taken on human forms.

His dad points his right pointer finger at him.

DAD

You're never going to change.

Mom dressed in all black and pale as a ghost follows suit and shakes her finger.

MOM

You're nothing but a thief.

Tom sits on the couch and opens the gun case. He puts the gun barrow in his mouth and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT:

FLASH BACK: 1990

FADE IN:

7 INT. BEDROOM - DAY TIME

Tom, now 7 years old runs around his room in his boxers. Finds a pair of swimming trunks. Just as he starts to undress

his mom knocks on the door.

TOM
I'm almost ready mommy.

Mom starts to open the door. She's beautiful, wears almost no makeup, tan, and a smile that lights up the room. Wears a long flowing flower dress over her swim suit.

Tom trips over his swim trunks as he puts them on and slams the door closed.

MOM
Hurry, you know how your dad is, he said hes leaving with or with out us.

Mom moves closer to the door and whispers.

MOM (CONT'D)
Guess what honey?

Tom opens the door.

TOM
Ya mommy?

MOM
I love you more than God does.

They both giggle.

DAD O.S.
We got a time schedule to keep, lets go.

Dad bats at thin air. Gnats swarm around him.

DAD
Stop
(Beat)
Grandparents are waiting. They don't like waiting.

Dad, young, handsome, golf attire on. Drops his golf clubs in order to grab Tom as he runs past him and gives him a bear hug.

FADE OUT

PRESENT DAY

FADE IN

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tom lays on the couch back towards us.

The back of his head moves closer. He rolls over into the moonlight, eyes wide open, bloodshot and scared. Gun in his hands.

Disappears from view.

Lights on.

Clock reads 2 Am.

Tom sits with his head in his hands and gun on his lap.

MOM'S VOICE

Just do it already.

DAD'S VOICE

Ya whats the problem? You're never going to change.

Beat.

Tom removes his hands from his face and places them on the gun. Tears stream down his checks.

He pulls the chamber back and out pops a bullet.

3 by 5 cards litter the floor in front of the couch and on the couch. One of the cards on the couch has 2 Timothy 1:7 on it.

He flips over the card.

"For God has not given us a spirit of timidity, but of power and love and discipline."

He puts the gun and bullet back in it's case under the couch.

Tom grabs a prescription bottle and downs a handful of pills. The bottle reads , "adderall" and another bottle reads "klonopin".

FADE OUT

WEEK GOES BY

FADE IN

9 INT. BEDROOM - DAY TIME

Tom sleeps on the couch as his mom cleans. Picks up a Psychology book and a Bible.

Tom awakes.

Mom, startled, knocks over the grandparents picture with the psychology book.

TOM

Mom, what are you doing? Stop cleaning.

MOM

You are in the front living room.

Tom rolls over.

MOM (CONT'D)

I was hoping you're trip to the hospital would change you.

TOM

I know, so was I. But no insurance.

Tom jumps up in bed.

TOM

I'm a work in progress. You can't rush perfection.

Tom grab's the Bible from his mom's hands.

10 EXT. STREET - MIDNIGHT

Tom walks at a fast pace around an old Southern Downtown holding tight his bible. He Hopes the exhaustion will stop the negative thoughts.

11 EXT. STREET - DAWN

Sun pierces through the dark.

Stars disappear.

Red floods the sky.

12 INT. BEDROOM - 6:45 A.M.

Tom pushes open a bedroom door as he tip toes. Careful not to make too much noise. Light is dim. He turns on his phones flashlight, revealing his mom and dad dressed in all black and pale hovering over his shoulders and he spots a purse. He moves with stealth towards the purse but he stops.

A look of terror fills his face and he freezes.

As quick as he can he starts shaking a body on the floor asleep. The two dark dressed and pale mom and dad speak but nothing comes out.

TOM

Mom...Mom....Mom. It's time to get up.

Mom smiles back. The two figures are gone.

13 INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Mom goes into her closet and reaches behind some clothes. She pulls out a locked box.

14 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mom wears a David Bowie shirt, hands Tom a couple of pills and a glass of water.

He downs them.

MOM

How's counseling, you think it's helping?

Tom rubs his forehead with sweaty palms and shrugs his shoulders.

MOM (CONT'D)

My therapist gave me a coloring book. And she told me something interesting, medicine is only meant to be a bridge.

TOM

Did you know they use to believe depression, anxiety and things

Mom looks at the clock.

TOM (CONT'D)
Like that was an emotional problem?

She rushes towards the door

MOM
I got to go we will talk later. I am
so proud of you. Love ya and don't
forget it's only meant to be a bridge
until

She rubs his head.

MOM (CONT'D)
you get your beautiful mind aligned
with God's truth.

FADE OUT:

TWO WEEKS LATER

FADE IN:

15 EXT. MANSION - MORNING

Tom pressure washes the house and cuts some of the Kudzu off
the house as the sun shines on him.

HONK.

16 INT. CAR - MORNING

DAD, 60 years old, gray hair, dressed in a golf shirt, very
tired.

Tom nervous, fidgets in the passenger seat.

DAD
How has it been taking your meds like
your suppose to?

TOM
Now the voices just tell me to hurt
other people... So

Dad looks in the rear view mirror.

DAD
Are they saying anything now?

TOM

Yeah.

Dad adjusts the rear view mirror with a look of concern.

DAD

And?

TOM

You don't want to know what they are saying now.

Beat.

Just kidding.

They both laugh. Dad's laugh is more artificial.

TOM (CONT'D)

I just feel anxious all the time.

DAD

What are you thinking right now?

TOM

I am never going to get better.

DAD

That's your problem. It's just like when I'm giving a golf lesson. I teach that what you think, your intentions, will be your result. So if you think your going to shank it your going to shank it but if you imagine the shot you want to hit and the ball landing where you want it to, with practice it will be possible. (beat) What are you always telling me, "belief drives behavior".

They come to a stop in front of a building. (Christian Families Therapy?) "Cognitive Therapy" sign.

TOM

Ya, and right now I believe we just had a great counseling session and should go play golf.

DAD

We can go after you rewire that brain of yours.

Tom starts to make involuntary movements.

TOM

Click, click, click, click.

DAD

Now get out of here before you
electrocute me.

They both laugh. His dad looks in the rear view mirror at the back seat and stops laughing. Tom gets out and closes the door.

Beat.

As the car drives away two dark shadows sit in the back seat, they turn and look at us, it's his grandparents from the picture they are dressed in black and pale as death.

> THE END <