

"Preventive Care"

Written by  
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"Preventive Care"

CAST

MITCHELL

DR. CONNOR

DARK FIGURE

FRANTIC WOMAN

YOUNG MAN

FASHIONABLE WOMAN

HOMELESS MAN

RUNNING WOMAN

"Preventive Care"

SETS

INTERIORS:

OFFICE COMPLEX

4th Floor Lobby

Dr. Connor's Office

Elevator

MITCHELL'S CAR

4th Floor Lobby

MITCHELL'S HOUSE

Kitchen

EXTERIORS:

OFFICE COMPLEX

Parking Lot

STREET

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

MR. MITCHELL, 40s, stands outside of an office complex. He pulls out a cigarette --

MITCHELL  
Might as well enjoy one more, while  
I still can.

Mitchell takes a long drag. The RING of a cell phone disrupts his moment of peace. He fumbles around to answer it --

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Yes? I'll be back in after lunch. I  
can't deal with that idiot now.

A beat as Mitchell studies his cigarette.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
It's not my fault he smoked his  
brains out and sues his employer.  
Reschedule the case for three. I'll  
call you then.

He flicks the cigarette butt into the street. Behind him a DARK FIGURE walks by.

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Mitchell exits an elevator and heads towards the office of "DR. CONNOR: CLINICAL HYPNOTHERAPY."

INT. DR. CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A pendulum swings over Mitchell's face as he lies on a sofa.

DR. CONNOR  
You don't buy any of this, do you,  
Mr. Mitchell?

Mitchell traces the pendulum back and forth unmoved.

MITCHELL  
I'm a lawyer. I believe in the  
facts and nothing but the facts, so  
help me God.

DR. CONNOR  
Yet the facts scared you enough to  
consider an alternative...

MITCHELL

New year, new torch to light.  
There's this charity event with a  
really hot, anti-smoking lobbyist  
on Saturday.

Dr. Connor raises an eyebrow --

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Less noticeable than the patch.

DR. CONNOR (O.S.)

Okay, so try and relax, Mr.  
Mitchell. Let all the stresses fade  
out like a puff of smoke. Let the  
tone of my voice slowly drift you  
off to a wonderful, deep sleep...

Dr. Connor's voice trails off as Mitchell's eyes grow heavy.

A beat -- then Mitchell snaps awake.

DR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Welcome back, Mr. Mitchell.

Mitchell looks around the room, confused.

MITCHELL

What happened? Did we start?

DR. CONNOR

It's already over. You won't  
experience any cravings going  
forward.

Mitchell checks his phone --

MITCHELL

Wow. An hour.

He makes his way to the door --

DR. CONNOR

Did the power of the mind provide  
all the facts you were seeking?

MITCHELL

We'll see.

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Mitchell steps inside the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Mitchell presses the button for "Floor 1." The doors shut and the elevator descends. The indicator light stops on "Floor 3." The doors open --

There is no one outside the elevator.

A beat as Mitchell waits. The doors close on their own -- just as a FRANTIC WOMAN rushes towards the elevator. Her mouth is open in the formation of a scream, but there is no audible scream. Mitchell stares at her in fright.

The doors shut just before she reaches the elevator.

Mitchell takes a deep breath as the elevator resumes its mechanical descent -- then stops again on "Floor 2." The doors open --

There is no one outside the elevator.

Mitchell peers out of the elevator. Its the same hallway as before. He presses the "door close" button and the same Frantic Woman rushes towards the elevator with her mouth open.

Mitchell BANGS on the "door close" button. The doors shut just before the Frantic Woman reaches them and the elevator continues downward.

It stops at the lobby and Mitchell hurries out.

EXT. OFFICE COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mitchell reaches into his shirt pocket for a cigarette as he approaches his car. He stops and studies it in awe --

MITCHELL  
Son of a bitch.

He puts the cigarette back in the box.

INT./EXT. MITCHELL'S CAR - DAY

Mitchell drives along until he comes to a stop sign. He takes note of the cross street.

ANGLE ON STREET SIGN

The names of both streets.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitchell continues on -- a stop sign -- a cross street.

ANGLE ON STREET SIGN

The names are exactly the same as before.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitchell peers through his window and continues on.

INT./EXT. MITCHELL'S CAR - LATER

As Mitchell continues his drive he's on his cell phone --

MITCHELL

(on phone)

Did you send the Andrews account?

He doesn't notice a FASHIONABLE WOMAN bump into a YOUNG MAN on the sidewalk.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

I told you to send it! If we don't get that by the end of the day, our entire case will melt like the ice cream that caused him to slip.

The Young Man apologizes as he slips the phone out of her bag and into his pocket. As Mitchell passes by the scene, he takes note of it but never stops to help.

ANGLE ON REAR VIEW MIRROR

Mitchell checks for the couple but they are gone.

BACK TO SCENE

Up ahead, the Fashionable Woman bumps into the Young Man in the same manner as before. Mitchell watches the same scene play out before him --

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Let me call you back. I need to refocus here.

He tosses his phone on the passenger's seat.

INT./EXT. MITCHELL'S CAR - LATER

Mitchell continues his drive and sees a HOMELESS MAN on the corner holding a cardboard SIGN --

"Any change can make a difference."

Mitchell heads the opposite way to avoid him.

Up ahead, the same Homeless Man holds the same sign. Mitchell gawks at the scene without stopping -- the Homeless Man's eyes convey his desperation.

Mitchell's cell phone RINGS to startle him. He speeds up past the Homeless Man.

INT./EXT. MITCHELL'S CAR - LATER

Mitchell answers his cell phone --

MITCHELL

Yes? Look, I don't care what it costs. Just overnight the--

A RUNNING WOMAN darts out in front of his car -- Mitchell SLAMS on his brakes. The Running Woman stops in her tracks seconds from meeting her demise. She gestures to him, then continues on her way.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on here?

A beat.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Sorry. Not you.

The vehicle leaves as Mitchell collects himself.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I think I just need to get something to eat.

He readjusts his rearview mirror -- the same Frantic Woman from the elevator sits in the backseat of his car with her mouth open -- it startles Mitchell. He drops his phone and spins around to see no one.

He turns back to the road -- and the Running Woman darts out in front of him. Mitchell SLAMS on his brakes.

Mitchell sits in disbelief as he watches the Running Woman stop in her tracks, seconds from meeting her demise. She gestures to him, then continues on her way.



MAN ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello? Hello?

INT. MITCHELL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Mitchell tosses his keys on the counter. He grabs a kitchen knife and an apple from the fruit bowl. As he slices into the apple, he cuts his finger in the process.

The knife HITS the floor as Mitchell winces in pain. He reaches down to get the knife, but it's gone --

It sits back on the counter -- next to the fruit bowl. He reexamines his finger. There's no cut. He grabs the knife --

MITCHELL  
If I don't die from cancer first,  
I'll be killed by nutrition.

As he slices into the apple, he slices into his finger in the same manner as before. The knife HITS the floor.

Mitchell tears off a paper towel and uses his uninjured hand to operate the phone --

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Doctor Connor? This is Mr.  
Mitchell. From earlier. Yes.  
Listen, something's not right.

A beat as Mitchell listens, while wrapping his finger in the paper towel.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Uh huh. Strange side effects.

A beat as he listens.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)  
Okay, see you soon.

INT. DR. CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mitchell lies on the couch with Dr. Connor in the chair next to him.

DR. CONNOR  
I'm surprised you're back.

MITCHELL

So am I. This is really going to  
foul up my Saturday night.

DR. CONNOR

You know, Mr. Mitchell,  
premonitions are often a blessing  
meant to protect us from harm.

MITCHELL

Well, whatever this is, it's doing  
me more harm than good.

Dr. Connor jots something down in her notes before she pulls  
out a pendulum. She swings it back and forth above Mitchell --

DR. CONNOR

Are you sure you want to go back to  
that ugly habit of yours, Mr.  
Mitchell? I'd hate to think the  
source of your problems wasn't  
realized, before it's too late.

MITCHELL

Ignorance is bliss.

DR. CONNOR

Very well.

Mitchell focuses on the swinging pendulum --

DR. CONNOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Relax and let the soothing tone of  
my voice put you to sleep, a deep  
sleep...

Mitchell's eyes grow heavy and close.

A beat, then Mitchell snaps awake. He is greeted by Dr.  
Connor's eerie smile above him.

Mitchell studies the room in confusion.

DR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Everything has been reversed. You  
won't exhibit any more  
hallucinatory side effects.

A beat as Mitchell hesitates to get up.

DR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

MITCHELL

Not at all. But I could really go  
for a cigarette right about now.

Mitchell grins as Dr. Connor displays a disheartened look.

INT. 4TH FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Mitchell steps inside the elevator, reinvigorated with life.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Mitchell presses the button for "Floor 1." The doors close  
and the elevator begins its descent. He watches the indicator  
lights -- 4 -- 3 -- 2 -- 1.

The elevator doors open and he steps out, relieved.

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - PARKING LOT - DAY

Mitchell walks to his car as he reaches into his pocket for a  
cigarette. He lights up and takes a long drag of it.

His cell phone rings, but he ignores the call. He enjoys his  
smoke. The phone stops and Mitchell clutches his chest. He  
drops to the ground --

Dead.

ANGLE ON THE CELL PHONE

The phone camera shows the Dark Figure walk out of frame.

FADE OUT.

THE END