

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ROOM - DAY

It is 5:00 A.M. and nothing can be heard but the shaking of Earth outside, it's pick-up trash Tuesday. The room is dimly lit, the only light provided by one light fixture; a desk lamp, a few feet away from JOHN. John sits tied to a chair towards the back of the room, against a shelf stacked with books, bloodied and bruised, one eye attempting to defiantly open. IKE scratches his 'itch' in the dark.

JOHN

Where am I? Is anyone there?

IKE

Do yourself a favor kid, shut the fuck up

John looks around frantically and confused.

JOHN

Who the fuck are you?

A silhouette moves in the background, shrouded in the darkness of the room, she makes her way forward.

DORIS

At this point John, there is nothing you can say...

JOHN

Please...let me go! Please! What did I do? I'm sorry for anything I did to you!

DORIS

This isn't a game John, you don't get to push the reset button and clean the slate. Nothing you say will help you, or stop me from-

JOHN

HELP! Please, someone help m-

Doris throws herself on John, her legs firmly planted on top of his thighs; as she whips a blade from her pocket and kisses it against John's neck, he falls to a silence.

DORIS

Keep it up John...keep it up. Interrupt me one more time, and I promise I will make this as intimate and slow as possible.

JOHN

What the hell do you want from me?

IKE

You know exactly what you did you  
two faced son-of-a-bitch!

DORIS

Oh John,

(She mutters under her breath)

We have a strange illusion that mere  
time cancels sin. But mere time  
does nothing either to the fact or  
to the guilt of a sin.

(Loudly)

Two years ago you took away the one  
thing I loved most and you never  
gave it a second thought.

Doris hoists her right fist tensely and tightly towards Ike,  
and pauses for a moment. She then places that hand on John's  
right shoulder as she grips her blade tighter with the left.

JOHN

What, what are you talking about? I  
have never seen you before!

IKE

(A mocking tone)

Oh yea, go ahead Doris. Tell him the  
damn story. It's not like we got  
shit to do, go ahead. We have  
nothing but time to spare, right?  
Down here in Dante's nine circles of  
shit.

The blade starts to dance about his throat like an ant; slow  
and without care.

DORIS

Were you a bully in school, John?

JOHN

No. No I wasn't.

DORIS

Liar!

Doris stabs the knife into John's shoulder. His body  
shutters in pain.

JOHN

Ahhhhhhhh fuck!!!

IKE

Look at the little bitch cry, go ahead little girl, give it a whirl, no one's coming to save you today.

DORIS

Two years ago you took her, River Ellington; that was her name. Now I'm going to take everything away from you, like a mother would a spoilt child.

JOHN

(Wincing in pain)

River, the girl with the buckteeth?

Doris throws John to the floor, his head meeting with the laminated board.

DORIS

Inescapable, inevitable, that's what it is, right?

Doris energetically drops to the floor and sits, her knees bent towards the ceiling.

DORIS

That's why you took my baby girl away from me?

IKE

Uhhh, Doris? I don't think he's responding anytime soon.

DORIS

Eventually time comes crashing on all of us, and there is nothing we can do about it, huh?

Doris takes out a computer from her bag on the desk and she opens up a social networking site. She then pulls up River's page and one by one shows John every malicious word, every carefully placed insult that he said to her.

JOHN

(Coughing)

I'm sorry all right. I'm fucking sorry. I never meant for anything to happen to her. River! I remember her now. I didn't want anything to happen to her. I swear.

DORIS

She always wanted to be a teacher; she wanted to help people...now she's

nothing. A bag of bones from a girl  
once bright, now nothing remains in  
your wake.

IKE

Just end this little shit's life  
Doris, end it. End it now! He's not  
worth a damn thing to anyone. Do it!

DORIS

Shut up, Ike! Shut the hell up!

JOHN

Ike, who the fuck is Ike? Lady, who  
else is here? Hey! If anyone else is  
down here, help, please!

Doris grabs John's head and sticks the blade in his mouth.

DORIS

What the fuck do you mean who's Ike?  
He's right here, standing right next  
to me, he's been here.

John looks into Doris's eyes, and before he could move a  
finger, voices and shuffling feet can be heard coming from  
outside; someone is at the door.

DORIS

Be right back, John. Don't move a  
muscle, not that you could if you  
wanted to.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Doris turns her back to John and walks out of the room,  
closing the wooden door behind her as she makes her way to  
the front. She attempts not to stumble over office chairs,  
or the like. She stops for a moment facing the front door to  
spruce up her hair. Doris look through peep hole.

INT. OFFICER BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

A STRANGER paces in front of the door.

The sign on door reads 'Office of Doris Tram, Clinical  
Psychologist.'