



In Mind

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INT. PSYCHOLOGY PRACTICE - DAY

A young woman, SIERRA HEXTON, enters a dark clinic with long shadows and high book shelves. DR. MALISON sits with another woman, a patient named MS. PARMALEE, while furiously scribbling into some large sketch book.

SIERRA
Sorry I'm late...

DR. MALISON
Take her phone.

SIERRA
Take her phone?

She does so hesitantly.

DR. MALISON
Play the recording.

Sierra takes the phone of Ms. Parmalee and searches for the recording.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
You've got to be really careful now
Ms. Parmalee. Is this what you saw?

Dr. Malison shows Ms. Parmalee a drawing that she'd been doing. We can't see the drawing yet but Parmalee's face contorts with a fearsome grimace.

PARMALEE
(Barely audible)
Yes, yes. That's it.

DR. MALISON
(To Sierra)
Did you find it yet?

SIERRA
Yeah.

She plays the recording on the phone. We hear a group of people singing happy birthday.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
S--sorry, maybe not... Sorry.

She plays another track.... Silence.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
("wrong one")
Umm... I'll try another one...

DR. MALISON

Wait.

The three wait. More silence. Then, from the depths of the audio noise the slightest hint of something. A too and fro of wind... no, not wind. It's breathing. There's breathing happening but it doesn't sound natural. Like a wounded animal, or some sort of beast. The breathing is very laboured on the inhale.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)

Is that him?

Parmalee nods. They continue to listen. The breathing gets heavier, then a low growling begins to shape in the bowls of whatever diaphragm is creating these noises. The growling gets louder, from a growl to a howl, from a howl to *AN ALL OUT CATERWAUL*. An ECU of Sierra as she absorbs the horrific recording.

Parmalee starts to get visibly upset. She starts sobbing. Dr. Malison stops the recording, goes over to Parmalee, grasps one of Parmalee's hands with both of hers and brings it to her chest.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)

(Very warmly, sincerely
even)

My dear. I promise you. He'll be
alright. Leave it to me.

She kisses the tops of Parmalee's knuckles. Sierra still looks at the phone where the recording had played.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)

(To Sierra)

Class nine psychic contamination.

SIERRA

Class nine...

Sierra opens a binder full of lists. INSERT OF: her finger gliding along bullet points and graph paper full of mostly illegible handwriting. It lands on a "2"

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Two hours.

DR. MALISON

...Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.
The parasite is projecting his
mother. Maybe his *anima*. In either
case, it's a new humanoid psychic
apparition.

Sierra scribbles these things into the binder.

SIERRA

I... uh... I-- I thought you found them all? Why is this one new?

DR. MALISON

(Incredulous "are you kidding me" look, then, forcing a smile to Parmalee)

Excuse us a minute.

Dr. Malison carefully places Parmalee's hand back onto her own lap. She walks to the other side of the clinic.

INT. PSYCHOLOGY PRACTICE - DR.'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

Sierra follows her -- Dr. Malison gives Sierra a look of hard admonishment -- expecting an explanation as if she'd just been caught stealing -- None is given, then as if prompting:

DR. MALISON

...Post traumatic stress disorder.

SIERRA

...what?

DR. MALISON

He's got PTSD.

SIERRA

O--okay?

DR. MALISON

Jesus Christ. You're fucking serious right now?

SIERRA

I... I'm-- I'm not sure what you mean...

DR. MALISON

PTSD? The wild card. The only one determined by *personal psycho-chemistry* rather than archetypal expressions of unconsciousness.

(Off Sierra's confused look)

Oh my god. I didn't realize I was scraping the bottom of the barrel after that last assistant.

SIERRA
I--I can learn faster.

DR. MALISON
Do you even know what paranormal
psychology is?

SIERRA
The theory that mental illnesses
are caused by psychological
parasites...

She grabs Sierra by the arm and pulls her to look at framed
drawings on the wall of the practice.

DR. MALISON
What is this?

SIERRA
S--s--schizo... schizophrenia?

She pulls Sierra to the next drawing.

DR. MALISON
What is this?

SIERRA
D--d--depression.

She pulls Sierra to the next one.

DR. MALISON
And this?

SIERRA
Anorexia.

DR. MALISON
Already acquainted I see.

They go to the next drawing.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
...and?

SIERRA
...Schizophrenia?

DR. MALISON
You already said that.

SIERRA
I--I--I don't... I don't know...

DR. MALISON
Try again.

SIERRA
P--porn addiction?

DR. MALISON
Well, gee golly wizz, I discovered another mental problem. It's your face up there next, darling.

SIERRA
P--P--PTSD?

Sierra begins to tear up a little bit. She can't hold it in any longer.

DR. MALISON
Freud help me. Why is this happening now. Why now?

Dr. Malison goes to her desk and starts rummaging for things. She's packing bags. Sierra still faces the drawing, petrified.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
Multiple personality disorder. You wanna know how long Kyle lasted?

SIERRA
...what?

DR. MALISON
Kyle. My last assistant. Honours student at U of T. Top of his class in psychology. Lasted two days.
(Off Sierra's prolonged silence)
Look at me. I've already said what that one it is.

Sierra turns around to face Dr. Malison.

SIERRA
You did?

Dr. Malison slams her fists down on the desk.

DR. MALISON
(Marching back to Sierra with force)
I swear to fucking god, if this were literally any other case -- Any. Other. Case.
(MORE)

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)

-- I would have thrown you to the curb, like daddy did. But now, I've got one of the worst cases of psychic possession I've ever seen. There's only--

(Looks at her watch)

--one hour, and forty five minutes left. Despite the fact I'd be better off with my cat as a sidekick, I need someone with opposable thumbs, and you fit that bill. Don't you? Do you fit that bill Sierra?

SIERRA

I-- I-- I have... thumbs.

MADISON

Sierra, look at me. Do. You. Fit. The. Bill?

Sierra nods.

DR. MALISON

Say it.

SIERRA

I--I fit the bill.

Dr. Malison's piercing stare lingers on Sierra. Perhaps gauging if she should indeed bring her.

DR. MALISON

We leave in ten.

(Then)

Dozen photocopies. Frame the original. Extra frames are in the lowest drawer over there.

(Gesturing across room)

Dr. Malison finishes packing a bag from around the clinical practice space. She loads a .4 caliber revolver, then exits.

Sierra is still staring where Dr. Malison was standing -- *"What have I gotten myself into?"* -- Her eyes land on the drawing on the desk.

SLOW MOTION:

She stands up and approaches the drawing on Dr. Malison's desk, slowly. In a POV we REVEAL THE DRAWING that Dr. Malison had just made. A distorted image of a.....woman? Bulging eyes barely contained by the sockets. Mouth agape like a horrendous bird. Almost pointed like a beak, toothless.

Hair disheveled like a pack of little twigs sticking out of her....no, not her... ITS scalp.

Close up on Sierra's reaction to the disturbing image. She picks it up hesitantly, then places it into the photocopier. The photocopier starts SHAKING a bit as if unable to contain the supernatural image.... Sierra sees its actually just a paper jam and removes the paper.

END SLOMO.

Sierra carefully handles the original image of the thing as she puts it into a picture frame at the desk of Dr. Malison. It's the same golden brass frame as all the others on the wall.

She hangs up that picture frame under the label: PTSD, joining a cornucopia of diseased looking abominations, all drawn in the classic "mugshot" technique used by the police. Her gaze wanders along them all. It lands on the one she's just hung up on the wall. Truly disturbing.

Close insert of the creature matched with an ECU of Sierra looking at it.

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

Sierra!

INT. PSYCHOLOGY PRACTICE - DAY

Dr. Malison goes out the front door with her duffle bags. Sierra is following Dr. Malison out the door with loaded arms of paperwork, odd psychometric tools, and so on.

PARMALEE (O.S.)

You look so much... like his mother.

Sierra looks over, smiles in response to PARMALEE, and goes to her. Parmalee holds out both her hands and gestures with them: *"take it"*.

Sierra puts out a free hand, takes it: a lovely silver wrist watch.

SIERRA

I--I... I can't take this...

Parmalee smiles delicately: *"it's fine"*

DR. MALISON (O.S.)

Sierra?

Sierra hesitates...

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)

Sierra!

She reluctantly turns and walks out. Then over her shoulder:

SIERRA

Oh-- thank you so much.

CAR - DUSK

Sierra is grappling with a plethora of paperwork in the passenger seat. Past cases. Creatures like the ones framed on the wall. All in the odd mugshot poses. She scribbles some notation onto one of the photocopied drawings that Dr. Malison made of the PTSD creature.

MACRO INSERT: "Photophobia = extreme sensitivity to light", "hyperthyroidism = extra sensitive to heat exposure", "patient lost parents in car accident, creature projecting patient's desire of mother, or maybe his anima" "Class 9 parasitic host takeover, soon to be class 10"

DR. MALISON

Oh- O-OH SHIT!!!

We pan quickly from Sierra to the front windshield. By the time we register what we're seeing, it's already too late.

A deer CRASHES OVERTOP OF THE CAR AND CAREENS off the side of the road - the car comes to a SCREECHING HALT - the papers on Sierra's lap fly everywhere as the car settles on the pavement.

COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

An EXTREME LONG SHOT shows we are in the middle of nowhere, country side interspersed with towering pine trees.

Sierra gets out of the passenger seat and slowly goes towards the animal. It's still breathing, very laboured, but breathing nonetheless. She kneels down to the deer, clearly not going to live, blood saturating its body, and places her hands on the abdomen.

She closes her eyes and focuses. Listening. The breathing of the animal sounds familiar. She's heard it before somehow. On the inhale the deer's breath is very laboured and... It sounds EXACTLY like the recording that Parmalee had played in the clinic only moments ago. The deer lets out a low growling caterwaul EXACTLY LIKE THE RECORDING.

She opens her eyes almost frighteningly and looks at the deer's head. The deer seems to have died. It's eerie inhaled no longer happening. Her imagination? Sierra's gaze goes upward as if seeing something floating towards the heavens.

CAR

Sierra enters.

DR. MALISON
Sorry to interrupt your busy
schedule healing roadkill, deer
whisperer.

She sees blood covering Sierra's right hand. Dr. Malison cringes.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
What is that. Is that.....?

Sierra turns up her hand to observe it's covered in deer blood. It drips down onto photocopies of the PTSD creature. MACRO INSERT on the eyes being covered in red.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
Oh--oh god. Fucking hell...

Dr. Malison lunges out the car, kneels over on the side of the road, and vomits. We hold on a long shot as her gagging echoes into the night. Sierra suddenly appears at her side to offer a water bottle and a napkin.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
I'm fine.

Sierra pats her back reassuringly. Dr. Malison roughly pushes her away, almost knocking Sierra over.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
--don't touch me.

Sierra stares back shocked. Both at her rudeness and because of the vulnerability she's seeing for the first time in Dr. Malison.

DR. MALISON (CONT'D)
Just-- just get in the car.

EXT. WHITE COLONIAL HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The car enters an enormously long driveway that snakes its way towards an eerie white structure still a few hundred yards away. Naked apple trees line the side of the driveway – pine trees line the side of the property– otherwise there is no sign of life anywhere else in this lonely part of the countryside. No crickets in the night. No owls in the distance. Only the crunch of gravel as the rubber wheels drive towards the house.

DR. MALISON
 (Speaking into voice
 recorder)
 Arrived at 917 Saltspring road.
 Time is 9:50pm.

BEGIN SLOWMOTION.

We see Dr. Malison and Sierra getting out of the car.

DR. MALISON (V.O.)
 William L. Hirsch...extreme case of
 Post Traumatic Stress Disorder...

The trunk opens and they remove the duffel bags and other weird things: a head scanner, gloves, flashlights, psychotherapy tools and so on.

DR. MALISON (V.O.)
 Class nine psychic parasite
 infection. Sixty minutes until
 Class ten. Creature is
 psychologically projecting
 William's mother...

The two go up the front patio stairs. Dr. Malison is going through a large ring of keys, but Sierra has opened the door that's apparently unlocked.

DR. MALISON (V.O.)
 Car accident killed both his
 parents...

They walk through the lobby, past a photo of the family on a console table. MACRO INSERT: The mother is wearing a TEAL SWEATER

DR. MALISON (V.O.)
 Patient is showing signs of
 photophobia...

Sierra and Dr. Malison find the lights of the house. They blink on.

DR. MALISON (V.O.)
Hyperthyroidism...

Sierra finds the thermostat, turned off, and turns it back up. INSERT OF: Heating system turning on in the basement loudly.

DR. MALISON (V.O.)
Insomnia...

Dr. Malison pulls back the covers of William's bed. Nothing there.

SIERRA VO
Hirsutism...

Sierra picks up a large tuft of long black hair. Covers her nose in disgust.

SIERRA VO (CONT'D)
...and beginnings of class ten
transformation.

END SLOW MOTION.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY BY CAR - NIGHT

We are seeing the drawing in the car of the PTSD creature on the dash. We boom down and begin to hear a noise. A faint but constant swishing that's happening like a little breeze. But it's not a breeze, it's air coming from the tire. We see now the air pump nozzle is being depressed by a skinny bone-white finger.

FRONT PORCH

Sierra comes down the stairs to see Dr. Malison smoking at the front porch looking off into the night.

SIERRA
Where'd he go? We searched all the
rooms.

DR. MALISON
You want to be a paranormal
psychologist?

SIERRA
...of course I do.

DR. MALISON
More than anything in the world?

SIERRA
Definitely.

Dr. Malison, without turning around, butts out the cigarette, then walks down the porch and around the mansion. Sierra follows her. They leave the front door open.

EXT. SIDE OF MANSION - BASEMENT DOOR

They arrive at a side door leading into what is probably a basement or crawl space underneath the house. Dr. Malison opens it, revealing a darkness more profound than the night surrounding them.

DR. MALISON
Show me.

Sierra's look of curiosity is immediately soaked in trepidation. She looks at Dr. Malison, expecting her to say she's joking -- hoping to say she's joking -- But Dr. Malison's steely glare indicates she is not.

Sierra takes a few steps forward. She reaches around the inside walls of the basement to feel for a light switch. Nothing. She walks inside a little bit more, this time past the door frame.

BASEMENT

THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HER. She immediately spins around and bangs on the door.

SIERRA
No!!! Malison! Malison!??

DR. MALISON (O.S.)
That's Doctor Malison.

Sierra's tears start again. She's able to stifle sobs but the rush of emotion is hard to quell. She turns around to face the darkness. There's enough light to see but shadows dominate the space. Her eyes adapt. There's lots of high shelving. Boxes, mildew on the walls. What looks like a huge heating system is making a lot of rattling noise that echoes around the large concrete room. INSERT ON: THE HEATING SYSTEM.

FRONT PORCH

Dr. Malison stops at the front door... which is closed... although she doesn't notice this difference... and enters.

BASEMENT

Sierra is starting to get a hold on her mind again. She's shaking like a leaf from the fear and the cold. But her motor controls are functioning to some degree.

SIERRA

W--W--W.....W--Will.....?

Sierra walks into the darkness, through the high shelving... past some boxes. She stops, seeing a very pale foot at the edge of one corner of a shelf. She creeps very slowly to peer around the corner of the shelf... Slowly seeing who's foot it is... Slowly... slowly...

She turns around the corner and..... THE PALE FOOT IS ATTACHED TO: a mannequin. Sierra sighs in relief. She looks over by the large heater system and sees a light switch. She rushes over to it and flips it on. The basement is illuminated with an orange glow.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Will?

At this point Sierra is wrapping her arms around herself from the frigid chill. She removes a TEAL SWEATER from the mannequin.

LIVING ROOM

Dr. Malison sits in one of the comfy chairs. She's holding her revolver. Checks her watch. She speaks into the voice recorder.

DR. MALISON

Patient is officially Class Ten...
psychic parasite has fully taken
over its host. Assistant carelessly
ventured into the basement.
Presumed dead. Proceeding to
contingency protocols.

INSERT: thermostat. Bone white spindly fingers turn it all the way down.

INSERT: the heating system in the basement stops rattling and the house goes completely silent.

Beat. From the silence: Breathing. It's the same breathing from the recording. Like a deranged beast. Very shaky inhale and a quick exhale that almost sounds painful.

BASEMENT

Sierra looks over her shoulder to the source of the faint breathing. She looks to see... it's not coming from near her, but from a vent.

LIVING ROOM

Close insert of the same vent. THE BREATHING SOUNDS VERY CLOSE BEHIND US. In the far background, we see Dr. Malison.

Close up on Dr. Malison, she stops what she's doing. Frozen. The breathing is coming FROM BEHIND HER....*"this isn't right, he should've been in the basement"*... She raises her revolver very slowly -- her hand is shaking -- she uses her other hand to stabilize her gun wielding hand -- SHE SPINS 180 DEGREES AND FORMS A KNEELING FIRING STANCE -- REVEAL OF WHATS BEHIND HER:

Nothing. But the breathing continues. Dr. Malison steps forward. IN A POV we see her gun in front of us, hands shaking uncontrollably...

BASEMENT

Sierra can see now with the light turned on. Looking around she spots stairs! They go up towards a small latch door with light coming through the cracks. She practically runs towards the stairs and begins going up them.

LIVING ROOM

CLOSE UP ON DR. MALISON: her professional facade is gone. Fear dominates her eyes. The revolver in front of her audibly rattles from the shaking that even two hands can't stabilize. She rounds a corner and the breathing -- which has been going this entire time -- STOPS. Dead silence. She swings her gun the other direction and points it as if holding the shadows hostage.

From behind-- just visible over her shoulder-- SPINDLY WHITE FINGERS unscrew a lightbulb down the hallway -- It falls and SHATTERS -- IMMEDIATELY DR. MALISON SWINGS HER GUN 180 DEGREES -- We see nothing... then we tilt down quickly and -- IT LIFTS ITS HEAD UP AT US. REVEAL: THE CREATURE SHE DREW. REAL.

CROUCHING -- ITS BULGING EYES PIERCING -- ITS OPEN MOUTH LIKE
A DERANGED BIRD BEAK -- ITS NOSE A COUPLE OF DARK GASHES.

BASEMENT

Sierra is about to open the door when... A PROLIFIC SCREAM
SUDDENLY PIERCES HER EARS -- THE SCREAMS OF DR. MALISON -- A
GUNSHOT FIRES -- THEN TWO MORE IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

The screams STOP almost as suddenly as they started...a muted
thump... the house becomes drenched in silence once more. CU
of Sierra desperately listening to whatever happened on the
other side of that door... There's no more sounds.

Beat. She turns around, picks up a golf club next to the
stairs... then opens the door... very slowly...and peeks out
through the crack.

KITCHEN

The latch door opens from the floor. Everything is darker
now. Sierra emerges from it with the golf club clutched
tightly. Her shaking is now noticeably less than Dr.
Malison's was.

She turns the corner that leads towards the lobby and we see...
THE DISHEVELED CLUMP OF LIMBS AND CLOTH THAT IS THE BODY OF
DR. MALISON-- NOW A RAG DOLL AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR.

"Get out of here" -- Sierra's hand stifles a scream of terror
-- *"Get out of here NOW"*.

She grabs the car keys on the floor next to Dr. Malison.

MANSION DRIVEWAY

Sierra's in a run towards the car. She stops.

REVEAL: We see all of the car's tires are COMPLETELY
DEFLATED...

INSIDE CAR

She gets in anyway, starts the car up -- then stops -- she
quickly looks behind her into the back seat TO REVEAL:
Nothing. She turns back towards the front of the vehicle,
turns on the headlights and there... In the middle of the
light beam... we see the boy: WILL HIRSCH.

Beat. Astonished at what she's seeing -- The boy they've been looking for -- Dressed in nothing but underwear... seemingly not cold in the chill.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Sierra leaves the car and approaches the boy.

SIERRA
Will?!

WILL
Mom?

SIERRA
You must be freezing!

Sierra removes her teal sweater for him. POV within the sweater: Sierra is seeing the gravel ground of the driveway. As she pulls up the sweater she sees WILL'S BARE FEET ON THE PAVEMENT ARE GROTESQUELY PALE AND ELONGATED... LIKE THE BEAST...

CLOSE UP ON SIERRA as she removes the sweater fully. Her eyes widen as WILL'S TRANSFORMING INTO THE HORRIFIC CREATURE... WE HOLD ON SIERRA'S TERRIFIED EXPRESSIONS AS HER HEAD TILTS UP FOLLOWING THE BOY'S GROWTH INTO THIS THING

SIERRA (CONT'D)
The sweater!

She pulls the teal sweater back over her head. Looking down... the feet of the boy. She looks up to see him, Will, looking normal again. Her look of horror regains composure.

The car lighting from behind Sierra give her an *angelic glow*.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
Yes. It's Mom. In spirit, Will.

WILL
In spirit?

SIERRA
(Nodding)
You don't have to give up to let go.

They hug.

SIERRA (CONT'D)
But you have to let go, Will. I'll always be here. In spirit.

Will is teary eyed looking up at her... he SUDDENLY STARTS RETCHING and goes on his hands and knees -- Sierra rifles through her pockets and removes a scientific looking container.

Will starts breathing heavily, the breathing turns into the same breathing of the CREATURE we'd heard earlier. HE LETS OUT A LOUD GROWLING ROAR AND A WHISPY GREY SUBSTANCE SECRETES FROM HIS NOSE -- SIERRA HOLDS THE CONTAINER UNDER HIM -- CATCHES THE SUBSTANCE -- SHE CLOSES THE LID TIGHTLY.

SLOW MO UNTIL THE END:

In a Wide Shot: Sierra and Will continue to hug. We see ambulance lights flickering on them.

CLINIC PRACTICE

Parmalee looks up and smiles ear to ear. Will runs into her arms.

CLINIC PRACTICE OFFICE

The vile of the substance is place into the safe.

Sierra turns around and faces all the framed drawings of the creatures on the wall of the office. We land on the PTSD drawing...

TITLE CARD: IN MIND

END.