

THE OUTSIDE

Written by

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INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

ELLE, runs wild and frantic. Haunting cries and screams of ASYLUM NOISE echo loudly. A tiny haze of light can be seen far off into the distance. Elle reaches out her hand, but is swallowed whole by a massive gust of smoke, disappearing into a black hole of darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCHE WARD - MEETING ROOM - DAY

A despondent Elle sitting amongst a group of PSYCHE PATIENTS. An unnaturally happy PSYCHE NURSE is leading the group in a therapy session. She's blissfully unaware to their misery.

ELLE

So that's how the dream ends every night. I'm running and then, I just...disappear. Poof.

PSYCHE NURSE

Oh, what a shame. But, it's just a dream Elle. You can change it if you want. All you have to do is think happy. Little. Thoughts.

Random murmurs of "happy little thoughts" from the psyche patients.

ELLE

How interesting. Maybe I can shit out pink fairy dust to increase my positivity, and if I'm feeling super duper happy, I can fly naked to the moon. Or how about I just write in my FUCKING GRATITUDE JOURNAL!!!

Chaos erupts from the Psyche patients, but the Psyche Nurse is unfazed.

PSYCHE NURSE

Exactly.

INT. PSYCHE WARD - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Elle and her WARD BFF are watching an UNRULY PATIENT fight the STAFF.

ELLE
Wanna bet how long before he gets
stuck with the booty juice?

WARD BFF
5.

ELLE
3.

The Nurses wrangle the unruly patient to the ground and stick
him with a needle. He cries out in pain.

ELLE (CONT'D)
30 seconds that's a new record.

Elle laughs but her smile fades when she sees her BFF deep in
thought.

WARD BFF
I've been thinking...

ELLE
About?

WARD BFF
Going...outside.

ELLE
For what?

WARD BFF
I dunno. Just to do something
different. Plus, it's getting kind
of boring being stuck here day in
and day out.

ELLE
(laughs)
You mean you're not entertained by
this premium live entertainment?

WARD BFF
I'm being serious.

ELLE
You're my crazy work wife. If you
leave, do we get a divorce?

WARD BFF
You're *still* making fun of me.

ELLE

I'm not making fun of you. I just think you're being ridiculous --

WARD BFF

And you're being a bitch --

ELLE

Whoa, what the fuck?

WARD BFF

You think you're so much smarter than the rest of us.

ELLE

No, I don't think I'm smarter than you. *I know I am.* You can't leave. None of us can because news-fucking-flash, we're stuck here forever!

WARD BFF

No, you're stuck here.

Elle watches her Ward BFF storm off in a huff. Her eyes catch a WOMAN staring at her.

INT. PSYCHE WARD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Psyche patients all line up to take their medicine. Everyone is given one cup. But Elle grabs several cups and downs the medicine.

She enters into a blissfully euphoric state, bubbling over with excitement, bouncing and dancing around the room. She loves it here.

The Psyche nurse starts shuffling the patients back to their rooms. Elle follows suit, when she is forcibly grabbed from behind. Two MALE NURSES strong arm her. She SCREAMS. They throw a blanket over her head.

The woman from earlier emerges.

WOMAN

Take her to floor 11.

INT. PSYCHE WARD - ROOM 11 - DAY

A CLOCK ticks backwards.

Elle wakes up dazed and confused. She's in an all white room. It's eerily quiet, a stark contrast from the circus on the previous floor. Elle paces nervously about the room about the room. She bangs on the door.

ELLE

Hello?! Hello! Let me out. Let me out!

Elle continues banging. But no one responds to her call. She sinks down to the floor. She sees a deck of cards and begins playing solitaire.

That's when she notices the papers, labeled "Outtake" folder. She opens the folder, but closes it before dissecting the documents.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

An irritated THERAPIST sits at her table. It's also the same woman from earlier. She is looking at ELLE'S OUTTAKE FOLDER.

Moments later, Elle comes sauntering in. She attempts to take a seat, but her ass still hurts because...booty juice.

THERAPIST

You're late.

ELLE

Well, incase you haven't noticed, I've been shot in the ass so moving kind of slow these days.

THERAPIST

Give it time, the pain will subside.

Elle grabs a deck of cards from The Therapist desk and begins playing solitaire.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Elle, we've attempted to do your outtake for quite some time now, yet you seem to continually be unavailable.

ELLE

Because I don't enjoy shooting the shit unless I'm on the toilet.

THERAPIST

Fair enough. But the end goal is for you to progress, ultimately leaving the facility. Yet you choose to stay in chaos. Why?

ELLE

You judgmental pricks are *always* coming for me. I'm an empath! The people that you choose to throw away, I choose to help because they fucking need me.

THERAPIST

I believe that's a matter of opinion, Elle. They seem to be functioning just fine without your help. Despite your self-appointed role, many of your colleagues have graduated from the program and are living productive lives outside.

Elle slams down the cards. She grabs a nearby notepad and pen, and vigorously draws boxes all over the page.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Why don't you want to go outside Elle?

ELLE

(laughs)

I get what you're trying to do doc, and I appreciate the help. But, I love it here. This is seriously been the best two weeks of my life -

-

THERAPIST

Two years.

ELLE

What?

THERAPIST

You've been here two years Elle, not two weeks.

Elle is visibly shaken from the news, but she attempts to brush it off. She gets up in a haste.

ELLE

Are we done?

THERAPIST
No. Please sit down.

Elle defiantly sits back down.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)
Do you know why you're here?

ELLE
Because you people seem to think
I'm crazy, but I'm not --

THERAPIST
No one is forcing you to stay here.
You have free will to leave anytime
you choose...I'm going to show you
something and I would like to get
your thoughts.

The therapist clicks a remote, and a projector slides down. A video plays on the screen.

CU: A very drunk Elle is leaving a party.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Elle stumbles out of a house. A FRIEND runs after her.

FRIEND
Elle, stop. Give me your keys!

ELLE
LEAVE. ME. ALONE!

FRIEND
You can't drive like this.

ELLE
I said leave me the fuck alone!

Elle and the friend tussle for the keys. Elle pushes the friend to the ground hard. The friend gets up in a huff and dashes off.

Elle walks to her car and enters the --

INT. CAR - NIGHT

She drives down the road, blasting loud music, swerving in and out of the lines. She doses off from drunk grogginess, when BAM! She makes impact with a mack truck.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A disheveled Elle limps down the road. A car barrels towards her. She gasps, preparing for impact. But Elle feels nothing, because the car went through her transparent body. Elle looks down in shock at her lucid hands. She sees a faint light in the distance but she books it.

CUT TO:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

A shellshocked Elle is standing frozen.

ELLE

I'm dead.

THERAPIST

In physical form. You're in purgatory. But you don't have to stay here. Your spirit can live on, in the Outside.

Elle remains silent.

ELLE

No.

THERAPIST

What?

ELLE

I deserve to be here.

THERAPIST

Elle, listen to me --

ELLE

(cries)

I left my child! And now she has no one, because of *my* choices...and my mom, I was her only child. I was all that she had. And now she's all alone...

THERAPIST

It's going to be okay. *They* will be okay.

ELLE

I deserve to be punished.

THERAPIST

How does punishing yourself help your family?

ELLE

I don't know.

THERAPIST

I know that transitioning in life is scary. There are a lot of unknowns. But, if this were your daughter standing here, instead of you, what would you want her to know?

ELLE

Your mistakes don't define you. It's okay to move on because you deserve to be happy...and I love you.

Elle wipes away her tears.

THERAPIST

Elle, I have professional moral obligation to tell you that, although you can go Outside, the Underground is also an option. We'll never tell which road to travel. But, either way, you need to make a decision soon about your life.

Elle gets up.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

Do you understand what I'm saying to you?

Elle exits out of the office. She runs through the --

INT. PSYCHE WARD - NIGHT

She dashes past the meandering psyche patients, and bursts through the --

INT. DARK TUNNEL - NIGHT

A wild frantic Elle runs in the darkness.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Elle, where are you going?

