**RE-EMBODIMENT**

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**RE-EMBODIMENT**

FADE IN:

TEN THOUSAND HUMAN VOICES CRY OUT AS ONE

 SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)

And Hanrahan misses the free throw!

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST’S OFFICE – LATE AFTERNOON

Slanting sunlight reveals a veritable museum -– fossils, crystals, a battered shield and corroded helmet, a mounted Zulu spear and a long rusted sword framed in a glass case…

 SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)

Normally rock solid, this young man, already dealing with his mother’s illness, now has got to make the next foul shot to tie the game and take this state championship into overtime…

THE CROWD CHANTS HANRAHAN! HANRAHAN! HANRAHAN…

A windowsill holds colored bottles -- A GLASS RAINBOW. Among them, a plastic water bottle. A hand plucks it down, opens a desk drawer, pulls out a bottle of Vicodan. DR. MICHAEL HANRAHAN, 50, takes a pain pill with a last swig of his generic water. His jacket, bad tie, cheap glasses, everything about him says slipshod, expedient, lost.

 SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)

Less than a second remains on the clock: Everything is riding on this one shot…

ON A PC: A grainy teen basketball player bounces the ball.

Hanrahan slowly pivots in his Naugahyde rolling chair.

 SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC) Hanrahan’s ready. He sets… shoots…

He launches the empty plastic water bottle -- the grainy basketball arcs -- the bottle glances off a recycling bin.

THE CROWD GOES WILD

 SPORTS ANNOUNCER (ON PC)

There you have it. This ballgame is --!

He turns off the video and stews in the fading light alone.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

It’s seedy; barely reputable. LACY, 33, chews gum and skims a magazine at her metal desk. Mall makeup and teen clothes stress her plumpness. Hanrahan hobbles in on crutches.

 LACY

It ain’t healthy watching that old video.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Neither is eavesdropping. I’m outta here.

 LACY

I almost wish I never found it --

 DR. HANRAHAN

Oh and if my ex-wife calls --

PHONE RINGS. She answers.

 LACY

Dr. Hanranhan’s… uh-huh.

She listens, writes, as he gets his coat and gets sorted.

 LACY

Uh-huh. No kidding? That much blood?

Hanrahan shakes his head and goes for the door. She snaps her fingers frantically.

 LACY

Right: It’s a quickie and it pays well.

Wait -- can you repeat that?

Her eyes get big. She looks up at him, cups the phone.

 LACY

It’s a Shirley MacLaine.

Hanrahan stops.

LATER, IN RECEPTION

Lacy packs her big Hello Kitty carry-all then looks up --

 LACY

Jesus!

 MEGAN

Maybe?

In the doorway: MEGAN MARONI, 17, lean, dark, pierced; the ultimate disenfranchised youth with a funky handbag. She is escorted by OFFICER WILLITZ, a stocky uniformed cop.

 LACY

You’re the one from the ADA?

 MEGAN

The Assistant District Ass-wipe: right. He sent me for grief counseling -- or so he said. Don’t I know you, Cupcake?

 LACY

I sure hope not.

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST’S OFFICE

Hanrahan blows the dust from an ancient object. Motes erupt into the shafts of sunlight like a million angels.

A KNOCK

Lacy opens the door, with her coat and her bag.

 LACY

Doctor, she’s here.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Please, come in. I’m Michael Hanrahan.

He stands. Megan enters and goes to shake his hand.

 MEGAN

Hey, I’m Megan. Megan Maroni. Oh my God.

You have an erection.

He doesn’t -– but still, he looks.

 MEGAN

But that’s natural, right? Even at your age --

 LACY

I’ll be going then.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Lacy? I believe Ms Maroni -–

 MEGAN

Please -- you’re engorged, call me Megan.

 DR. HANRAHAN

-- is under eighteen. So you’ll have to stay. It’s just a preliminary. Should only be about ten minutes.

 MEGAN

I’ll count for you. Ten…

She makes a zero with one hand and the number one with the middle finger of her other. Lacy slams the door.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Please –- have a seat.

She appraises the gloomy room full of artifacts.

 MEGAN

Wow… it’s like a museum in here…

MEGAN’S POV: THE ARTIFACTS BEGIN TO OOZE BLOOD.

She blinks hard. All is back to normal.

 MEGAN

Boring.

Unfazed, she tosses her funky bag and plops in a stained chair. He sits at his old metal desk.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Thanks for coming on short notice.

 MEGAN

Thank my talented babysitter. He can drive a cop car and look down my shirt at the same time.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Willitz whistles a tune as he flips through a magazine. Lacy opens her drawer, sneaks out an ear bud and plugs it into her office phone to secretly EAVESDROP ON THE SESSION.

 DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Would you like coffee, tea?

 MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Heroin -- unless of course you have some nice fresh rock?

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST’S OFFICE

FAVOR the office phone as Hanrahan studies Megan.

 DR. HANRAHAN

For a young person, you’re very --

 MEGAN

Quick, caustic --?

 DR. HANRAHAN

Verbal.

 MEGAN

Environmental hazard: My father’s a -– was a writer, obscure history website, knew seventeen synonyms for “unpublished”.

 DR. HANRAHAN

I’m sorry about what happened to him.

 MEGAN

Then you obviously didn’t know him.

 DR. HANRAHAN

It must have been a shock.

 MEGAN

Not as much as last time. Nine minutes.

 DR. HANRAHAN

It’s a horrific thing –- murder -- and getting through it takes guidance --

She pivots her butt in the chair to face the Zulu spear.

 MEGAN

A blade the size of your natty spear there was stuck in his abdomen and twisted like a fork in hot spaghetti.

 (leans back, looks at him)

Then his insides were pulled out. And arranged. Martha Stewart style. And you are gonna guide me through that?

 DR. HANRAHAN

This is just a quick session: to get to know each other. Then tomorrow –-

 MEGAN

There is no tomorrow. Hauser said see you today and I get my learner’s permit back. Tick tock.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Look -- a lot of people are put off by doctors, me included. But believe me…

 (leans in confidently)

I’m not your standard psychotherapist --

 MEGAN

“A good interview begins with some effort to make a client comfortable.

Greet them politely, offer a comfortable chair. Anxious or resistant clients can be put at ease by simply offering a cup of coffee or tea”: Standard? You are straight out of the cookie cutter.

 DR. HANRAHAN

You’ve been down this road before then?

 MEGAN

You have no idea. Eight minutes.

 DR. HANRAHAN

And you feel angry –- being here?

 MEGAN

Every time. Here’s my consent -–

 (produces a piece of paper)

Signed by a judge; let’s get it over with.

He sets up a little PC camera.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Mind if I record? It’ll be easier this way.

 MEGAN

Funny: That’s what he said.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Who?

 MEGAN

The first guy who raped me.

He looks up, mouth agape.

 MEGAN

Made you look.

He grabs the mouse, clicks Record.

 DR. HANRAHAN

It’s 5:05PM, 30 November. This is the intake interview with Megan Maroni, age seventeen. Do you know why you’re here, Ms Maroni?

 MEGAN

I do.

 DR. HANRAHAN

And can you explain?

 MEGAN

I could.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Please?

 MEGAN

The fat ass police shrink and his partner Jack Daniels think I am a sociopath bordering on psychotic because I’m a tad angry, a wee bit snarky, and won’t cry on cue in front of fat ass police shrinks.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Over your father?

 MEGAN

You think?

 DR. HANRAHAN

Would you like to cry?

Her hard face begins to crack. She covers it with her hands.

 DR. HANRAHAN

It’s OK, Megan…

She sobs. No. She’s actually laughing. He bristles.

 MEGAN

Seven minutes.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Where were you born?

 MEGAN

Close to my mother.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Are you still close?

 MEGAN

Not so much. She’s dead. Your mommy?

 (surveys the office)

Cancer, I’ll bet. When you were young, a teen? So you overachieved –- wall full of certificates. But I sense guilt -- a life-altering mistake? So you hit the bottle, killed your marriage -– baby picture, no ring -– and now you are a recovered alcoholic who compulsively creeps on eBay and fills his cheap ass office with pricey old crap.

 DR. HANRAHAN

They’re mementos.

 MEGAN

Of?

A CELL PHONE VIBRATES amidst the relics on his desk.

 MEGAN

Five minutes. It’s your call…

Beat. He picks up his phone. On it: a child’s drawing of a soccer ball and a TEXT.

WHERE R U?

STILL PICKING ME UP?

LOVE M

 MEGAN

Hot date?

 DR. HANRAHAN

 (texts back)

My daughter: taking her to a game tonight.

 MEGAN

Cheerleader named Britney?

 DR. HANRAHAN

Center-mid named Mary.

 MEGAN

 (spaces out a bit)

Mary…?

 DR. HANRAHAN

We have a deal: I promised I would always text her back -- no matter what.

 (puts down the phone)

Do you have any history of abuse?

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Lacy files her pink nails as she LISTENS ON HER EAR BUD.

 DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Ever been hit, punched, threatened?

Felt controlled, humiliated?

 MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Hasn’t everybody?

 DR. HANRAHAN

Ever had a loved one force you into sex?

 MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Not in this lifetime.

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST’S OFFICE

Hanrahan studies a No. 2 pencil in his hand.

 DR. HANRAHAN

How’s school?

 MEGAN

Nurturing -– four minutes.

 DR. HANRAHAN

That’s not how I remember it.

 MEGAN

 (refers to trophies, medals)

You were a jock, what do you know?

 DR. HANRAHAN

That if you’re different, break rules -- fail -- people can be malicious --

She snatches the pencil and points it at his eye.

 MEGAN

Not to an impulsive freak.

 DR. HANRAHAN

I don’t think you’re a freak.

 MEGAN

“Do not praise clients or give false assurances” -- unless you want it bad…

She uses the pencil suggestively.

 MEGAN

Is that what you want?

 DR. HANRAHAN

I just want to help you --

 MEGAN

Cope with my father’s spaghetti?

 DR. HANRAHAN

Yes.

 MEGAN

No: Insufficient motivation.

She leans in slowly, provocatively.

 MEGAN

You want more.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Doesn’t everybody?

 MEGAN

But you burn for it. Deep down. I could see it the second I walked in here. You are totally… completely… drawn to me.

Her lips part…

 DR. HANRAHAN

Yes…

 MEGAN

Just like I said…

She sits back and flicks away the pencil.

 MEGAN

“Cookie cutter.”

 DR. HANRAHAN

But not like that.

 MEGAN

Oh yeah? Like what then?

Hanrahan seems to acquire an aura as the low angle sun shines through the colored bottles behind him.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Music -- that you recognize the first time you hear it. Or an old picture of someone you couldn’t possibly know -- but you do. A memory -- that’s right there on the edge -- just out of reach…

 MEGAN

Uh-huh. Three, two, one: Time’s up. Be sure to tell Hauser I did my part.

She grabs her bag and heads for the door.

 DR. HANRAHAN

“Not as much as last time.” That’s what you said when I mentioned your father’s murder.

 MEGAN

Did I?

 DR. HANRAHAN

What did you mean?

 MEGAN

You’re the shrink, you tell me.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Look, this is no coincidence. You came here for a reason.

She touches the doorknob.

A CREEPING PRESENCE SEEMS TO ENTER

 DR. HANRAHAN

Know it or not, you are searching for something -– but what? Or is it who?

She grips the knob. Her knuckles go white.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Come on, Megan, you’re so tough? What are you afraid of --?

An involuntary shudder runs through her.

 MEGAN

I’m born again. OK? I mean reborn, reincarnated…

She looks back at him.

 MEGAN

I was here before.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Enthralled, Lacy listens in on her ear bud.

 MEGAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Crazy -- right?

 DR. HANRAHAN (THROUGH EAR BUD)

Let me make sure I’m hearing you:

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST’S OFFICE

Megan trembles. Hanrahan fixes her with his eyes.

 DR. HANRAHAN

You’re talking re-embodiment?

 MEGAN

Yes.

 DR. HANRAHAN

How do you know?

 MEGAN

I just do.

 DR. HANRAHAN

You remember things?

 MEGAN

No, just feelings, OK, and flashes and… a very strong sense that I’ve been here before and you don’t believe me and I don’t give a rat’s ass --

 DR. HANRAHAN

I believe you need therapy.

 MEGAN

Screw you --!

 DR. HANRAHAN

Regression therapy: To help you find your way back.

 MEGAN

To where?

 DR. HANRAHAN

Your past lives.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Lacy struggles to listen on her ear bud as Officer Willitz drones on at her.

 OFFICER WILLITZ

…but then you got to lean out real slow ‘cause that tricky Nazi sniper is hiding in the conning tower.

She half-smiles and checks her watch.

 OFFICER WILLITZ

Long ten minutes, huh? No worries. I get OT. Union looks out for us. Hey we got a potluck bowling banquet coming up. Maybe you’d like to come?

 LACY

Can’t that night.

 OFFICER WILLITZ

I didn’t say which night.

 LACY

I mean there’s not going to be a banquet.

 OFFICER WILLITZ

Says who?

 LACY

The Governor. See, my cousin’s his receptionist and she told me because of fiscal budget stuff, he’s going to eliminate it.

 OFFICER WILLITZ

The banquet?

 LACY

No, silly: The union. He says you cops have it too easy.

 OFFICER WILLITZ

 (mutters to himself)

That bastard. Wait ‘til I tell the guys…

Willitz whips out his phone and stabs out a text. Lacy grins and goes back to her eavesdropping.

INT. PSYCHOTHERAPIST’S OFFICE

A desk drawer opens to reveal an intricately carved wooden box. Hanrahan removes it and sets it down with reverence.

 DR. HANRAHAN

Plato and Socrates believed. So do Buddhists and Hindus. Past lives leave a mark. Few of us are aware of these other lives, other plains of existence. Fewer still have any lingering conscious memory. But you…

He stares at her. Opens the box. Takes out a chain.

 DR. HANRAHAN

It’s why I took your case, Megan. I know about reincarnation. Now we could spend years parsing your characterological behaviors, but let’s cut to the chase.