

Visitor Hours

By

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COLD OPEN:

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - EXAMINATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

In the middle of a blindingly white room, NURSE VICTORIA, a cute nurse in her early 30's, sits at a table writing on a clipboard in her hand. To her side is a one-way mirror.

She reaches down and holds up a picture of a DOG. She holds it directly in front of her as if showing us, the viewer.

NURSE VICTORIA

What do you see?

Victoria puts down the card and makes a few notes on her clipboard. She holds up a different card that shows a TREE ON FIRE

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)

How does this make you feel?

The Nurse puts the card down again. Pursing her lips sympathetically, she puts down her clip board and folds her hands.

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You know we have to do this every day until you cooperate? I don't want to do this any more than you do. Just give me something, anything to show me you're listening. Please, Eddie.

EDDIE, who looks to be in his fifties from his greying hair, yet his angled features show an impossible youth, sits across the table from Victoria. He dons traditional hospital attire with a "Hello my name is Eddie" name tag on his gown.

He continues to stare right past Victoria at nothing in particular. She leans back in her chair becoming frustrated.

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Alright, guess we'll keep going.
Open your eyes.

Victoria picks up a FLASHLIGHT and begins to shine it in Eddie's eyes. She checks her WATCH and makes a few more notes.

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As she's looking down, Eddie's LEFT EYE turns a solid BLACK. He BLINKS his eyes twice and when Nurse Victoria looks up it appears normal again. She hesitates to speak as if she noticed something, but only for a second and brushes it off as nothing.

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Okay then, a few more. What does this remind you of?

Nurse Victoria holds up another card.

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - EXAMINATION ROOM - BEHIND THE MIRROR - AFTERNOON

On the opposite side of the mirror, stand three Doctors. The two standing closest to the glass are DR. WESTON, a tall man with glasses whose hair looks as if it was molded out of plastic, and next to him, DR. CORBAN, a stout balding man with a suspicious expression.

Slightly behind and to the side of those two, is Eddie's psychiatrist, DR. MOTLEY, a chubby man wearing a comfortable-looking sweater and has a well-kept, brown beard.

They all watch Eddie intently through the glass.

DR. WESTON

So, what do you think?

DR. CORBAN

What do I think? What I think is that this has gone on long enough. Almost three months this guy's been here and we haven't even scratched the surface.

DR. MOTLEY

Every patient is different. Eddie just may need more time than most. I'm sure he'll come around.

DR. WESTON

He'll come around? What can we even say about the man? He shows up on our doorstep, literally standing at our front door, mind you, looking completely catatonic, and now we're wasting our time with therapy? With picture tests? I say if the man is actually as unstable as he wants us

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DR. WESTON (cont'd)
to believe he is, we're going to
need something more drastic.

DR. MOTLEY
All patients need time. Just
because he appears mindless doesn't
mean he is. This man clearly has
issues beyond what we can ascertain
at the moment. I'm sure with some
more time we can break through to
him.

Dr. Weston and Dr. Corban are not convinced.

DR. CORBAN
Break through my ass, this guy
needs some volts.

DR. MOTLEY
Volts? Are you serious? You're
actually suggesting we give this
man, who has never shown any sign
of aggression or diagnosed illness
whatsoever, electroshock therapy?

DR. WESTON
Dr. Corban is right, it's worked
before and it can work again. All
this nonsense is a waste of our
time and resources. If we're ever
going to make a diagnosis, we need
a stimulus that will pull him out
of whatever mental episode he's put
himself in, psychosomatic or
not. We're professionals and I
want to see some God damn results.

DR. MOTLEY
Jesus Christ, do you hear yourself?
You're saying instead of giving
this man a chance to open up to us,
a man who may not have anything
wrong with him at all, you'd rather
fry him into another one of your
zombies and lock him away in a room
to rot? Are those the results
you're looking for, Doctor?

DR. WESTON
Excuse me?

DR. MOTLEY

You heard me. You both clearly must be having a mental episode yourself if you're already jumping to a conclusion that rash. I think we're done here. I'll speak with Eddie later and note any changes.

DR. CORBAN

Right. Changes. Good luck with that, Doctor.

Dr. Motley turns and walks towards the door.

DR. WESTON

You better watch your tone, Motley.

Dr. Motley turns and glares at Dr. Weston as he pulls open the door and leaves.

Dr. Weston looks back to Dr. Corban who smirks and shakes his head. Dr. Weston leans into a SMALL MICROPHONE connected to the wall and pushes a RED BUTTON, allowing his voice to be heard in the examination room through a LOUDSPEAKER.

DR. WESTON

Thank you nurse, that's enough for today.

Back in the examination room, Nurse Victoria looks up to the speaker in the corner of the ceiling then over to the mirror.

NURSE VICTORIA

Okay then, I guess that's all for today, Eddie. Come on now, let's take your medicine.

Nurse Victoria stands and walks around the table. She pulls out a small container and removes two RED PILLS.

She puts them in Eddie's mouth without resistance from him and brings a small WATER CUP to his lips. Eddie swallows and Nurse Victoria gently opens his mouth to make sure the pills are gone.

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Good. Alright, I'm going to help you up, Eddie. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

Nurse Victoria puts her arms around Eddie to help him out of his chair, but he stands up without needing much assistance. As they start to walk out of the room, Nurse Victoria glances back to the mirror and mutters under her breath.

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I have a name, asshole.

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - RECREATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Nurse Victoria walks Eddie down a hall into the rec room. Only a few other patients are in the room at the moment watching television and lingering around aimlessly.

Hunched over on a chair alone sits a gray-haired man whose caterpillar eyebrows rest atop the rims of cracked glasses. The man to whom these eyes belong is a patient named BERNARD, 50's.

Bernard is writing invisible numbers on his PALM with his FINGER and whispering inaudibly to himself. As Eddie gets closer, a high-pitched static and indecipherable voices slowly fill Bernard's mind. His eyes immediately lock onto Eddie as Victoria sits him down next to Bernard.

NURSE VICTORIA
Bernard, this is Eddie.

BERNARD
I know who he is.

NURSE VICTORIA
Oh, that's right, you two are room neighbors, aren't you? Well, I'll be right over here if you need anything at all.

BERNARD
Anything? Really? I'd love a little bourbon and a blow job if you see any layin' around. Thanks, Vic.

Nurse Victoria glares at Bernard.

NURSE VICTORIA
Play nice.

She wipes her hands on her gown and walks off in a huff, clearly tired of dealing with him.

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Bernard's eyes haven't left Eddie. The noises the Bernard hears slowly dissipate as Eddie sits down, and Bernard has stopped his fidgeting. Eddie continues to stare into space. Bernard speaks at low volume.

BERNARD

I can hear them even better when I'm closer to you. You think you're so clever, sitting there. I know what you're doing, ya know. I knew it the second you walked into this place. These people don't see it. They think I'm out of my mind like these other freak shows, but I do.

Bernard raises his head, staring at Eddie waiting for the response he knows he won't get.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

88 days. Ring a bell? 87 days, 8 hours, 13 minutes and counting to be exact, though I haven't counted of course. The numbers just come to me. Used to come in like random static, like an old radio not quite on the right station, but everything's become so tuned, so clear, since you showed up. All of you.

Bernard's pauses for a moment and looks down, his fingers twitching like he needs to scratch another doodle on his palm again. Instead, he leans back in his chair and looks at the ceiling.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

My family thinks I finally lost it. They're scared for me. Can you believe that? If only they could see what I see. Then, they'd know fear. You don't scare me, though. None of you. I've always known we weren't alone, or, at least, always had a feeling. People have needed something like this for a long time now. Needed something, someone, to show us a better way, guide us out of the dark, if you will. This is just our first step. It's beautiful, the idea of it. Ya know, unless of course...

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Bernard stops talking and stares at the ground, the noises and voices return and grow in intensity and Bernard's eyes grow wider as they begin to inch back to Eddie. His knee begins to bounce up and down and his fingers start to twitch. He quickly sits straight up, glaring at Eddie. His voice raising slightly.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Eddie? Eddie?
That's not even your real name, is
it? Of course it's not. You're not
gonna help us at all, are you? Are
you? My god, I should have known. I
should have known! Oh, God help us!

Bernard becomes frantic and rouses the attention of the other patients, as well as Nurse Victoria and two ORDERLIES. Bernard's voice is growing louder.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Stupid, stupid! I should have seen
this coming. You need to leave! All
of you! Get out of my head! Leave
me alone! Leave us all alone!

The commotion is escalating as Nurse Victoria and the two Orderlies are hurrying over. Bernard has stood up, pointing and yelling at Eddie. One of the Orderlies pulls out a SYRINGE.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Everyone get out! We're all in
danger! This man is not who you
think he is! He'll kill us all!

Nurse Victoria slowly approaches Bernard and tries to deal with the situation.

NURSE VICTORIA

Bernard, please settle down. You're
frightening the others. No one is
going to hurt you.

BERNARD

Settle down? This man is here to
kill us! Can't you hear them?
They're coming! Get him out of here
now or we're all gonna die!

NURSE VICTORIA

Bernard, please, if you don't
settle down we're going to have to
sedate you.

(CONTINUED)

One of the Orderlies fills the syringe with a SEDATIVE, the other grabs a hold of Bernard and tries to restrain him.

BERNARD

Get that thing away from me! Are you not listening? We all need to leave immediately! Stop that! Get off of me!

Victoria nods to the Orderly with the syringe. He sticks it in Bernard's neck and pulls the plunger. Bernard's eyes begin to get heavy and his breathing slows.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

You don't...understand. We're all...doomed. He's...impostor.

With that, Bernard's eyes close and he slumps in the Orderlies' arms. They drag him away down a hallway and out of sight.

At that same moment, Eddie's eyes make a quick glance towards Bernard being pulled away, almost with an air of intrigue, but only for a moment. He looks back before Nurse Victoria turns back towards him.

NURSE VICTORIA

I'm sorry Eddie. Bernard can get like that sometimes. Always ranting about some conspiracy or other. I really thought he was making progress too.

Nurse Victoria looks to Eddie who still looks unaffected by the situation.

NURSE VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Well, I think that's enough drama for one day, don't you think? Let's get you to your room, okay?

Nurse Victoria helps Eddie out of his chair and walks him down the same hallway Bernard was just taken. The sounds of nervous voices from other patients and affirmations from nurses telling them that everything is going to be okay carry on in the background.

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - EDDIES ROOM - NIGHT

As Nurse Victoria and Eddie enter Eddie's room, there is a knock on the door and standing in the doorway is Dr. Motley, who is there to give Eddie his nightly assessment.

NURSE VICTORIA

He's all yours. Will either of you be needing anything else?

DR. MOTLEY

We're okay. Thanks a lot Vicky, I'll take it from here.

NURSE VICTORIA

Alright then, goodnight, Doctor. Goodnight, Eddie.

Nurse Victoria walks by Dr. Motley and puts a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it subtly. He turns to watch her as she walks out.

DR. MOTLEY

Goodnight.

She smiles sheepishly but lovingly at Dr. Motley, who smirks at her as she leaves.

Dr. Motley turns his attention back to Eddie who is now sitting on his bed. He gives Eddie a good long stare before opening his notes.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)

So, you've had quite the eventful evening, haven't you? You seemed to give Bernard quite a scare back there. Would you like to talk about what made him so upset? I know that your rooms are connected. Have you two been having little late night talks through the vents, maybe?

Dr. Motley looks to a VENT on the wall opposite Eddie's bed near the ceiling and back to Eddie. Eddie says nothing and is staring out of his window intently as if waiting for a shooting star.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)

No, of course not. Honestly, Eddie, it doesn't seem like you've been making much progress here these past few months. Your tests have shown nothing conclusive and, quite

(MORE)

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DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
frankly, we're not exactly sure
what to do with you. You're the one
who came to us, remember? Why won't
you help us to help you?

Dr. Motley cocks his head as he speaks to Eddie, trying to see if there's any glimpse of recognition. The Doctor taps his pen on his empty notebook page and sighs.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)
Well, I suppose we won't go into
this further tonight. Your mind
seems to be elsewhere. Something
outside got your attention? You
look as if your waiting for
something, Eddie.

Eddie's eyes seem to scan the horizon. Dr. Motley watches him, looking for anything notable in Eddie's demeanor.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)
No? Eddie?

Dr. Motley looks out the window at the night sky for a beat.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)
Alright. I guess I'll leave you to
it then. Let's get you in bed.

Dr. Motley helps Eddie into bed and pulls the covers over him.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Eddie. And don't worry,
tomorrow is a new day. Perhaps we
can take a new approach. Some of
the other Doctors seem to think
that taking more drastic measures
would be in your best interest, but
I don't agree. I think a little
more time and security is all you
really need and I'm sure one of
these days we'll get through to you
and get you through whatever it is
you need help with. Get some rest
and we'll speak again soon, okay?

Dr. Motley walks to the door and opens it.

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D)
Ya know, it may sound strange, but
ever since you showed up here, I've
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. MOTLEY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
had an almost constant feeling of
deja vu. Like I've known you
before, or that I was always going
to end up meeting you, strangest
thing. Not sure why, but I've got a
good feeling about you, Eddie.
Anyways, sleep well.

With that, the Dr. Motley closes the door, the sound of the
electronic deadbolt ECHOES throughout the room. Leaving
behind a deafening silence.

As if a dead robots batteries have been replaced, Eddie
mechanically sits up straight in his bed. His feet swivel
off the bed and his feet rest on the floor. He rises and
walks to the window.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY OAKS SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD sits in a chair reading a newspaper. On one
of the many SECURITY MONITORS in front of him, is Eddie's
room. You can see Eddie standing and walking to his window.

BACK TO:

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - EDDIES ROOM - SAME

Eddie stands at the window looking at the sky for a moment.
He then looks up to the vent near the ceiling and removes
it. He pulls out a small NOTEBOOK.

Eddie sits back on his bed and begins to write. His voice is
finally heard through voice over.

EDDIE (V.O.)
Day eighty eight. My duties among
my subjects draw to a close and
I've yet to formulate an
adequate result that will satisfy
my superiors. They wait, high in
the exosphere, hidden from the
human visual spectrum. They wait
for me as they wait for countless
others to return to them with
comprehensive reports of this
planet's inhabitants.

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There are noises and what sound like yelling from another one of the patients coming from the hallway. Eddie looks up for a moment and returns to his writing.

EDDIE (V.O.)

The fate of this planet must be unanimous among my people, and while it seems a majority of us feel in opposition to this species, I am conflicted. Despite the cold and callous nature of a great many on this planet, there exists among them those with pure hearts, true intentions and compassion, a yearning for knowledge. Men with integrity like Dr. Motley, caring women like my lovely Nurse Victoria, their lives should not be cast aside due to the heartlessness of an ignorant few. Men like the Doctors behind the glass wall, who study and observe, like me, but who do it without empathy or regard to the individual. The innocent do not deserve the same sentence as the damned, but if my superiors deem the majority of this planet to be too infested with people of ignorance, of aggression, resistance to intellectual and emotional evolution, the fate of Earth's countless innocent will be sealed. Cohabitation will be futile.

A loud MOANING coming from the room next to Eddie's, Bernard's room, is heard. It sounds as if Bernard is trying to speak despite still being sedated.

CUT TO:

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - BERNARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bernard is strapped to his bed weakly pulling on his restraints. His eyes are barely open and there's drool on his face. The static noises and voices are still heard around him. He speaks in slurs.

BERNARD

I hear you...all of you. Leave us...alone.

BACK TO:

INT. SHADY OAKS ASYLUM - EDDIES ROOM - SAME

Eddie stands up and walks back to the vent that connects his and Bernard's room.

EDDIE (V.O.)

Bernard. He can't be the only one who has intercepted our signals. I am not sure how, but if it has happened to Bernard, it has happened to others. Who knows how many. All helpless, anxious to know what we want, waiting for answers. I am sorry, Bernard. Your life is not in my hands.

Eddie walks back to the window and watched a streak of clouds creep across the moon and thunder is heard. It's starting to storm outside. Bernard is still trying to speak from his room.

BERNARD

Don't kill...us. Go...leave.

Eddie goes to the vent and puts his hand on the wall as if to feel the soul on the other side. He lowers his head and speaks just above a whisper.

EDDIE

Do not worry, Bernard. Everything will be alright.

Eddie walks back to his window and watches RAIN starting to pound the glass. From outside looking in, Eddie is seen behind the rain and window.

EDDIE (CONT'D) (V.O.)

For now.

In a burst of THUNDER and flash of LIGHTNING we see his eyes completely blacked out and his features looking slightly more angled and alien than normal.

We see a view of the entire asylum being stormed upon for a moment, then a view from above the storm, high above the Earth. Clouds run into and pour around what seems like an invisible object in the sky. Everything is silent.