

Break

By

Alec Maynard

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR

How long have we been having these sessions? Do you recall?

A

A while.

DOCTOR

And how do you feel about the progress we have made together?

A shrugs.

DOCTOR CONT'D

(gentle encouragement)

Try to describe your feelings to me. A few words perhaps.

A

Okay, I guess.

DOCTOR

Last week I thought we had made some real progress. Do you remember?

A nods.

DOCTOR CONT'D

If you're tired. We can arrange another session.

A

No, it's fine. I want your help.

DOCTOR

(speaks methodically with pauses between sentences)

That's good. You often refer to stories; elaborate, nostalgic designs of your own making. You speak of your childhood and your life at home. You once described these memories to me like shards of shattered glass. We are yet to truly reach the root of your intense desire to isolate yourself. The root of your fears. Today, I hope we can delve a little deeper. Take me to the source. In your own words if

you please.

A

I wouldn't even know where to start.

DOCTOR

Take your time. Before, you mentioned the book. The one you often realise in your distant memories. You spoke about your father and how he would read to you. Tell me about your father.

A laughs with frustration and swings his legs. A new, unsettled look spreads across his face.

A

I have, I have. I tell you once, I tell you twice, a dozen times. Yet, you sit upon your chair, judging me!

A silence falls. DOCTOR shifts in his seat and stares with interest. A places his feet on the sofa.

DOCTOR

I am not here to judge. Only to listen and to provide you with a safe space to express yourself. Everything you say stays strictly between us.

DOCTOR pauses to allow his client to respond. Met with silence he continues.

DOCTOR CONT'D

I know that it is difficult for you to talk about...

A

(interrupts)

It can't be seen, not felt, not heard, not smelt.

DOCTOR

Stay with me.

A

(speaking louder)

It sits beyond stars, under hills, and empty holes it fills. It comes first and follows after.

DOCTOR
Whenever I mention your father you
refer to the book.

A
(louder still)
Life ends, ends laughter... No,
kills... kills laughter.

DOCTOR
The dark.

A approves of DOCTORS correct answer.

DOCTOR
Feet off the leather, if you would.

A obliges, his expression shifts from sternness to something
more sombre.

A
(head in hands)
Please, help me, Doctor.

DOCTOR
It has taken you much time and bravery
to make it to my office today. I'm
proud of you. However, if you are to
ever overcome this weight that sits
upon you, to break the shackles of
your childhood trauma, you will have
to be braver still and return to where
the tragedy occurred.

A swings his legs back onto the sofa and scowls.

A
What has roots that no one sees?

DOCTOR
You, me, everyone; our heritage.

A
Is taller than all the *bloody* trees.

DOCTOR
The paternal figure in your childhood.

A
(tearing up)
Up and up it climbs and yet?

The memory of his father reading him the Hobbit as a child.

A CONT'D
It never grows.

DOCTOR
The mountain. Where your father died.

A nods and a momentary silence falls.

DOCTOR CONT'D
Whatever happened up there, you have been hiding from it your entire life. Hiding in your home, afraid of the world that continues to flow around you. You wrap yourself in this fantasy; a loathsome creature from another great man's imagination. You identify with it, its pain, its loneliness. If you could separate yourself from the monster, tread outside your door, walk down the path, travel streets and roads, rivers and hills. If you could take those steps, as numerous and terrifying as they might be, you would be free.

A recedes into his thoughts, looking anxious at the prospect.

A
I don't know if I have it in me.

DOCTOR
Some of my peers disagree with me and I would never push you to do something you did not already desire. I firmly believe that someday you will lock your front door and leave the haven that has become your self-described prison behind. You will return to where it happened. You will ground yourself in the real; the snow, the air and birds around you. It is my hope you will break this cycle of oppression. I will continue to have you every week until you do. Until you

reach the summit once again.

A stood upon the mountain top, arms spread triumphantly.

A

It slays kings, it ruins towns, and
beats high mountains down.

All that can be heard is the whistle of the wind.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

(repeated)

Last week I thought we had made some
real progress. Do you remember?