

Breach of Confidence

by
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Cyberspace Round 2

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INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

Sixteen year old ARTHUR Mitchell sticks his head in the office. He's a pimply-faced kid who still harbors his baby fat and hides his pudginess behind baggy street clothes that don't make him look hip.

ARTHUR

Hi Doc.

DOCTOR Sweeney looks up from behind his desk, hiding his surprised at the unexpected visitor.

DOCTOR

You made it. Good. Have a seat.

Arthur takes a leap and plops down in the oversized leather chair... props his legs on the coffee table. The Doctor sits in an identical chair opposite him.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You're in a good mood.

ARTHUR

You could say that. I think our last session really worked for me.

DOCTOR

Hmm!

Arthur gets animated and can barely contain himself in his seat.

ARTHUR

I gotta hand it to you, Doc. You helped me get some things off my chest, and it's like, wow... the weight just lifted over my shoulders.

DOCTOR

Good. I'm glad to see--

ARTHUR

It's a freakin' miracle. I now know things... You made me see the light. You did that, Doctor.

DOCTOR

So, you didn't talk to your mother.

ARTHUR

My mother? About what? What the hell does she have to do with anything? I'm talking about me... and you. And it feels great. Fantastic!

DOCTOR

I'm thinking we might have to make an adjustment on your medication. Are you taking it as prescribed? You seem kind of... high.

The Doctor gets up and grabs his prescription pad. He jumps a little when Arthur gets up too.

Arthur moves about the room slowly and methodical. He glides his fingers over the titles of a few books on the bookshelf: *Serial Murder: A Forensic Psychiatric Perspective*, *The Loss of Innocents: Child Killers and Their Victims*, *Serial Killers: The Method & Madness of Monsters*, *The Disturbing World of Psychopaths Among Us*.

ARTHUR

Quite the opposite, Doc. I've stopped taking your drugs... the Ritalin, Prozac, and Haldol cocktail followed by the Xanax and Thorazine chaser -- Not for me. Now, I'm high on life. On life!

The Doctor seems a little anxious now. He doesn't see Arthur click the lock on the door.

DOCTOR

Sit down, Arthur.

Arthur moves back behind the chair but he doesn't sit down.

ARTHUR

I was thinking. This will be my last session. I think I'm cured.

DOCTOR

These are court ordered visits, Arthur. You have at least six more months before I can even consider--

ARTHUR

I don't think so. You know what?
(a beat)
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

For some freaky reason, my mother locked up her gun somewhere. Now, why would she do that?

DOCTOR

I'm sure she was concerned for your safety. As am I.

The worried Doctor struggles to remain calm as Arthur gets agitated.

ARTHUR

My safety?! I get bullied every day at school, Doctor. You think that's safe?

DOCTOR

Arthur...

ARTHUR

Take charge of my destiny, you said. Make plans that don't include bullies. Well, I was doing that.

The Doctor gets up but Arthur lunges and flips the man, SLAMS HIS FACE down on the coffee table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I confided one little thing to you. One plan that would make my life better. And what did you do? You tell my mother!

Arthur jams his knee in the Doctor's back, whips out a roll of duct tape from some hidden pocket and ties his hands together - tight.

DOCTOR

(crying)

Arthur...

ARTHUR

Those motherfuckers are safe. You were suppose to be protecting me; not them.

DOCTOR

You can't go around killing people who get in your way, Arthur. Now, let me up. Let's talk about this.

The Doctor's eyes go wide when Arthur shoves a large hunting knife along the his cheek. He squirms to get away but Arthur has a good grip on him.

ARTHUR

I think you did me a favor. I don't need a gun to kill a bunch of high school bullies. A knife --

JAMS the KNIFE down in the coffee table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Is much more personal...
(moves in)
Up close and personal.

Arthur gets off of the Doctor.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I trusted you! I never opened up to anyone like that before and look what happened. It was a cold, hard calculated, breach of confidence.

Arthur flips the Doctor back up and slams him into the chair. The Doctor does his best to stay strong.

DOCTOR

(angry/yelling)

It's my duty to report any of my patients if they pose a danger to themselves or others. And--

ARTHUR

I looked it up, Doc. The patient has to name names. I didn't tell you any names. You broke the code.

BAM! Arthur punches the Doctor with the knife in his fist. Blood dribbles from his nose and lip.

Duct tape peels out -- wraps around the Doctor's forehead and chair... pinning his head to the seat. He kicks his legs up to free himself but Arthur jumps on and straddles him.

Arthur slams his fist in the Doctor's gut. He duct tapes the rest of his body to the seat.

Arthur jams a pair of forceps in the Doctor's mouth, wrestling with his tongue until he gets a good clamp on it.

Then he gets up... Proud at what he's done.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Those self defense classes my mother insisted I take, really helped. I'm the only guy in the class and they always make me play the attacker. I'm getting pretty good at it.

The Doctor pleads the best he can with his tongue forced out from his mouth.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Cat got your tongue? I'll fix that.

With one clean sweep Arthur slices his knife right through the Doctor's tongue. The forceps clamp flips in the air. The Doctor winces and cries out like bloody murder.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Now that... makes sense. Which side you gonna use when you rat on me again? The left or the right?

Blood dribbles from the FORKED opened, pink flesh. Thick tears stream down the Doctor's face.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Like I said, Doc. I think this will be our last session.