

P H I L I A

Written by
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Based on
His novel.

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INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

VHS camera in the top left corner of the room. DOCTOR is never seen. In front of us is BARTHOLOMEW CHESTER (29).

DOCTOR
Thank you for waiting, Mister
Chester.

BART
People are always thanking me for
my patience. It makes me think I
might be missing something.

DOCTOR
Do you understand why you're here?

BART
Not really, if I could go back in
time, I'd tell my parents to put a
condom on.

A beat.

BART (CONT'D)
That was like twenty-five percent
joke.

DOCTOR
For the recording, please provide
basic information about yourself.

BART
My name is Bartholomew Fredrick
Chester, I'm five foot ten, and if
you think time exists, I'm twenty-
nine years old.

DOCTOR
Do you consider yourself a happy
person?

BART
I've been a nonsmoker for ten
minutes, a vegetarian for three
hours, and most of my thoughts and
all of my actions have been
heterosexual up to this point. Do I
consider myself a happy person...
Oh golly. I'm perspiring a good bit
if that's what you're asking?

Bart lifts his HANDCUFFED hands from under the table to
scratch his nose.

BART (CONT'D)

You might even say doing this sort of thing with this kind of lighting could make a sane man crazy... I'm like you guys. I'm about this good all the time.

DOCTOR

So our reports say you've been writing. Would you like to talk about that?

BART

Well friendship is born the moment one realizes there's another one out there just like them, that feels the same way, that thinks and experiences the world (or at least a portion of it) the same way I do. That this account of my thoughts could be a stumbling, clumsy way of sharing with you what it's like to be alive in this moment of time - that you are a whole and a part of something beautiful (or dreadful). How this mind of ours is an excellent servant, but a terrible, terrible master.

DOCTOR

If your brother were here, do you think he would--

BART

Like if I could write something existential that turned into a forty-thousand-word-strip of Velcro - that kept people from leaving the planet. That, maybe, given the extra time it takes to remove Velcro, everyone might be able find something worth staying for.

A beat.

BART (CONT'D)

You should know that one morning I woke up discovering something so profound I jumped out of myself. Half awake, I scrambled for a pen and scribbled away. Do you want know what my profound thought was?

DOCTOR

Sure.

BART

"My left hand has always been my right." This should give you a sense of my capacity to unravel grandiose philosophical breakthroughs... Did you know someone commits suicide every forty seconds? Every. Single. Forty seconds.

DOCTOR

How often do you think about what happens every forty seconds, Mister Chester?

BART

Death and suicide have become-- it's more of a private, creepy fascination that the meaning of life may be all the things that prevent you from ending it.

DOCTOR

If your brother were still here, what would you say to him?

BART

But he's not.

DOCTOR

If you could, what would you say?

BART

I don't know that I'd say anything. I mean I'd put Velcro on his shoes if that's what you're asking?

DOCTOR

I noticed a change in your posture. Are you feeling fatigued?

BART

Man, I kinda wish you didn't tell me that.

DOCTOR

Why?

BART

Now I'm going to focus on my physical responses.

(MORE)

BART (CONT'D)

I'm having enough trouble with the verbal ones.

DOCTOR

Are you hearing voices in your head right now?

BART

Yours and mine.

DOCTOR

Who are you, Mister Chester?

BART

What makes me the same person I was before I came into this room? I can't just be the psychological continuation of who I was five minutes ago...

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

These shots interrupt and intercut the monologue.

Bart stands outside of an antique shop. Rack focus to the pristine dishes inside to his reflection in the window.

BART (V.O.)

I'm somewhere else, trying to recognize my own insanity like most people. Right now, I'm in front of an antique store, looking inside. Like deeply inside. If I look deep enough - all I see are dishes in pristinely fragile conditions. But they're beautiful and free. And if I look at the shallow reflection of the store window, I see that my left hand has always been my right.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM - DAY

Bart looks down at his handcuffs. They disappear. He looks at the table it gets yanked away. His body pushed back.

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Rack from the dishes to the reflection of Bart. He opens and closes his hands. Leaves.

BART (V.O.)
Everyone's looking for themselves
inside of mirrors.

FADE OUT: