HAMISH
Then walk out of here, and you go home, live with what you did — or what you think you did.

Is that what you want?

Luca doesn't answer. He is looking at the card. DR. CHEN. He is looking at the river. He is looking at the splash. He is looking at the red curtains. He is looking at Ame's face. He is looking at the knife. He is looking at the blood that isn't there.

HAMISH
Then see her. Once. That's all.

Luca doesn't answer. He looks at the card. He looks at Hamish. He looks at the two-way mirror.

Hamish stands. He picks up the folder. He looks at Luca. Luca is still sitting. His hands are still on the table. They are still clean.

HAMISH
You'll be released today. Someone will drive you home.

He walks to the door. He stops. He turns back.

HAMISH
Call the number on the card.

He picks up the card. He puts it in his pocket. The fluorescent light hums. The tape recorder clicks. The room is silent.

CUT TO:

LOCATION — INT — PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE — DAY

THE ROOM

Books. Two walls of them. Spines cracked. Paper markers. A desk, cluttered but ordered. A mug of cold tea. A pen across an open notebook.

Two chairs facing each other. Not across a desk. One by the window. One facing it.

A plant. Not dying. Not thriving.

No couch. No tissues.

CHEN is at the window. She doesn't turn when he comes in. She is looking at something outside. Or nothing. She holds a red drink, cordial.

LUCA stands in the doorway. He waits.

She turns.

CHEN
Sit anywhere.

Luca sits. The chair by the window. Not the one facing hers.

Chen notices. She doesn't say anything. She sits in the chair facing his — the one he didn't choose. SHe puts down her drink. She picks up the notebook. She doesn't open it.

CHEN
You're Luca.

LUCA
Yes.

CHEN
I'm Chen. Not Dr Chen. Just Chen.

CHEN
How's your sleep?

LUCA
Bad.

CHEN
How bad?

LUCA
I wake up.

CHEN
Do you dream?

LUCA
I don't remember them.

Chen writes something. One word. Maybe two.

CHEN
Do you hear voices?

LUCA
No.

CHEN
Do you see things that aren't there?

LUCA
No.

CHEN
Are you suicidal?

LUCA
No.

CHEN
Are you eating?

LUCA
Sometimes.

CHEN
Are you drinking Alcohol?

LUCA
No.

CHEN
Are you taking anything -
Medication, or drugs?

LUCA
No.

A Pause. The pen. The mug. The plant.

CHEN
Tell me what you remember. Start
where you want.

Luca doesn't answer. He is looking at the window. At the car park. At nothing.

LUCA
I signed the form for you to read
the Police report, did you?

CHEN
Of course, yes. It was important.

LUCA
Then… what's the point of this?

I've told the police. You've the
statement. I've confessed. What
more is to be said?

CHEN
I want to understand what
happened.

I know what you told the Police.

LUCA
It's the same thing.

Chen doesn't answer. She writes something. Luca watches the pen.

LUCA
You don't believe me?

CHEN
I believe you believe your account
is all there is.

LUCA
So you don't think the account is
whole story?

CHEN
No. It isn't.

Luca looks at her. He wants to argue. He doesn't. He looks at the window. At the car park. At nothing.

CHEN
Can I tell you how this works?

Luca doesn't answer. He is looking at the window.

CHEN
Most of the time, when two people are in a room, they see the same thing. The table. The chair. The window. If I asked you what colour this drink is, you'd say red. If you asked me, I'd say red. We'd agree. That's how we know a thing is real. Because more than one person saw it.

CHEN
But sometimes a person experiences something that only they experience. Nobody else in the room sees it. Nobody else hears it. It's as real to them as the curtains are to us. But if I'd been standing next to them, I wouldn't have seen anything.

Luca looks at her.

LUCA
You're saying I'm imagining it.

CHEN
I'm not saying anything yet.

CHEN
I'm saying the only way I can know what happened in that kitchen is by hearing your point of view. That's the only access I have. And then I have to check it against what else is there. The house. The knife. The phone records. What other people saw.

That's the work. Not deciding if you're lying. Not deciding if you're ill. Just checking what you remember against what can be seen.

Pause.

LUCA
And if it doesn't match?

CHEN
Then we've learned something.

Luca looks at her. He doesn't answer. He looks at the window. At the car park. At nothing.

CHEN
Tell me what you remember. We could start in the kitchen. Close your eyes and see it. Frame by frame.

Luca doesn't answer. He is looking at the window. At the car park. At nothing. He sighs and closes his eyes.

LUCA
The kitchen…

CHEN
Yes.

LUCA
It's a shitty apartment, a rental - I lost the job - my house.

CHEN
Describe it.

LUCA
A table. Two chairs. The kitchen is a mess. I was trying to cook. She refuses to cook.

He stops.

CHEN
So, you can see her… Ame?

LUCA
She was leaving.

CHEN
Leaving.

LUCA
Coat on. Purse in her lap.

CHEN
And you didn't want her to.

Luca doesn't answer. He is looking at the window. He is looking at the kitchen. He is looking at both.

LUCA
I don't know what I wanted. It's been a hellish month. Lost the house, broke. Moved back to shadowvale…

Chen writes. She doesn't look up.

CHEN
Go on.

LUCA
She said something. I don't remember. She kept talking. And

then I picked up the knife.

CHEN
Do you remember picking it up?

LUCA
No.

FLASH — one frame. The knife in his hand. Ame's mouth moving. No sound.

Back to the room.

CHEN
Where were you standing?

LUCA
At the counter. By the potatoes.

FLASH — one frame. The potatoes. Half-chopped. The red curtains.

Back to the room.

CHEN
And she was at the table?

LUCA
Standing to leave, and now… she's facing me… Talking. Yelling.

CHEN
What is she saying?

LUCA
Just Yelling… noise.

Hecan't place words… just remembers her face - angry.

FLASH — one frame. Ame's face.

Back to the room.

LUCA
I don't know.

Chen writes.

CHEN
Keep going.

LUCA
I stabbed her.

CHEN
How many times?

LUCA
Three. Maybe four. I don't remember.

CHEN
What do you remember?

Luca closes his eyes.

LUCA
The sound.

The knife going in. And then coming out.

FLASH — one frame. Ame on the tile. Her eyes open. Looking at nothing.

Back to the room.

CHEN
And then?

LUCA
A body on the floor.

Chen waits. She doesn't fill the silence. She lets it sit.

LUCA
With eyes were open.

They don't look anywhere… At nothing.

Chen puts the pen down. She looks at him.

CHEN
You're talk like a witness would.. Outside of the events.

Someone who watched it happen.

Not a someone who did it.

Which is interesting - you're also the only one who says you did. The evidence doesn't agree.

Luca doesn't answer. He is looking at her. He is looking at the room. He is looking at the kitchen. He is looking at both.

CHEN
Keep going.

Eventually you "put her in a carpet."

What did you feel?

LUCA
Nothing.

I wasn't there.

I was doing it. But I wasn't there.

Chen picks up the pen. She writes.

CHEN
You said "when I killed her."

Luca looks at her.

CHEN
Not "if."

LUCA
Because I did.

Pause.

Chen doesn't write. She looks at him.

CHEN
You sound like a man who would know if a thing happened.

Luca looks at her.

CHEN
Or if it was only in his head.

And yet.

Here. Memory leads to belief.

Luca doesn't answer.

CHEN
Keep going. The bridge.

LUCA
I drove. I don't know which one. Bridges are everywhere in Shadowvale.. For the god-damn trucks. They are all the same.

FLASH — one frame. Sodium light. Orange. Unreal. The railing. The water. Black. Still.

Back to the room.

CHEN
What did you see?

LUCA
Water. Black.

FLASH — one frame. The carpet at his feet. Leaking.

Back to the room.

LUCA
Not moving.

FLASH — one frame. The carpet going over the railing. Gone.

Back to the room.

LUCA

Like tar.

Chen writes.

CHEN
What did you hear?

LUCA
A splash.

CHEN
You remember the splash.

LUCA
Yes.

CHEN
But not the bridge.

LUCA
No. Just rails. Road.

Chen stops writing. She looks at him.

CHEN
You remember the sound. Not the place.

That's how people remember dreams.

Luca looks at her.

Not what happened. How it felt. What you sense. Sensations.

You remember how it felt.

Not what literally happened.

LUCA
The bridge. Which one it was. Does it matter?

CHEN
It might.

Because if you can't remember where you were, I can't know if you were there.

LUCA
I was there.

CHEN
…We don't know.

LUCA
Then what are you doing? What's the point of any of this? I came here. I sat down. I told you

everything. I told you about the kitchen. I told you about the knife. I told you about the carpet. I told you about the bridge. I told you about the splash. I told you the truth. And you're sitting there writing in your notebook like I'm a—

Pause.

CHEN
Like you're a what?

LUCA
Like I'm a basket-case.

Chen puts the pen down. She looks at him.

CHEN
You are a patient of my practice.

That doesn't mean you're not a person.

Luca looks at her. He doesn't know what to say. He looks at the window. At the car park. At nothing.

CHEN
Keep going.

What did you do next?

Luca looks at her. He doesn't answer. He is looking at the kitchen. He is looking at the bridge. He is looking at both.

LUCA
Went home. Called the police. Confessed. Because I felt, and I am responsible for what happened.

Luca looks at her. He looks at the room. He looks at the kitchen. He looks at the bridge. He looks at nothing.

LUCA
And I need to understand.

Chen closes the notebook. She doesn't say anything. She looks at him the way she looked at the window. Curious. Patient.

CHEN
When we feel responsible - we can feel driven to act, to take steps.

That's all for now, Mr. Stevenson. You don't display any of the usual thought disorder or any clear signs of perceptual disturbance that go with Psychosis.

I'll need to talk with the Police, I need to look at the material basis of what happened. Delusions are beliefs that are based on events that are not real.

I need to understand the reality that infomr these beliefs - your ideas.

LUCA
So, for today… Is that it?

CHEN
For now. One thing. When you go home. The kitchen. Look at the floor. The place where she was.

Tell me what you see. Not what you remember. What you see. Tell me if you find proof. Tell me what evidence you see or don't see.

Luca looks at her. He doesn't understand. He nods.

LUCA
Okay.

He stands. He walks to the door. He stops. He turns back.

LUCA
Why did you ask about my sleep?

Chen looks at him. She doesn't smile. She doesn't soften.

CHEN
Because people who don't sleep start to see things that aren't there.

I wanted to know which one you were.

LUCA
Which one am I?

CHEN
I don't know yet.

Luca looks at her. He doesn't know what to say. He nods. He walks out.

Chen stands in the doorway. She watches him go. She doesn't close the door. She looks at the chair he didn't sit in. The one facing hers. The one he avoided.

She closes the door. She walks back to her desk. She opens the notebook. She reads what she wrote. She underlines something.

She doesn't know if she's right. But she's interested. For the first time in a long time.