

ALL IN HER HEAD

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*At any Moment You have the Power to say,
This is Not how the Story is going to End.*

Ostensibly, this is a David Cronenberg-style "body horror" movie. Yet, the film's actual subject is its much deeper dive into Monica, her boyfriend, her family, her failing doctors, and the changes and contradictions in her life; which is touched by constant domestic abuse. However, we never see it; few do. It could be argued that Monica's monster is a Kafkaesque embodiment of her abuse at the hands of John. Throughout the story, she blames her condition on external events. This is denial.

COLD | STERILE

100

FLASH. A TUNNEL SPLITS BEFORE US, A HIGHWAY OF MED-TECH

100

FLARE OF LIGHT, another, then another faster.
Underscored by a...

THUDS! The kind of sound you feel in your teeth. We see the tunnel is a MAGNETIC RESONANCE IMAGER (MRI)

THUD! - THUD! - THUD!

A woman's EYES, rimmed in cyan perfection, blinks against each reverberation, as if causing her pain.

Eyes shut, BLACKNESS, flashes & thuds still violate.

LAB TECH
(sympathetic)
Almost done, dear! Almo/...

Voice fades into:
THUDS, becomes a blur of echoes, which...

THUD-FLASH-CRASH TO:

101

EXT. HILLSIDE - GRAY DAY...

101

HOUSE rises up to meet the frame's edge. Wind besets grasses as 'SHE' in pink faded by poverty pushes up from the pastureland's BLADES. Gazes up as a HOME'S door SWINGS WIDE with sinister intent. --She ducks below the grass.

SLAMS with mechanical THUD...

...FLASH TO:

102

INT. COLD EXAM ROOM - DAY/NIGHT, WE CAN'T TELL

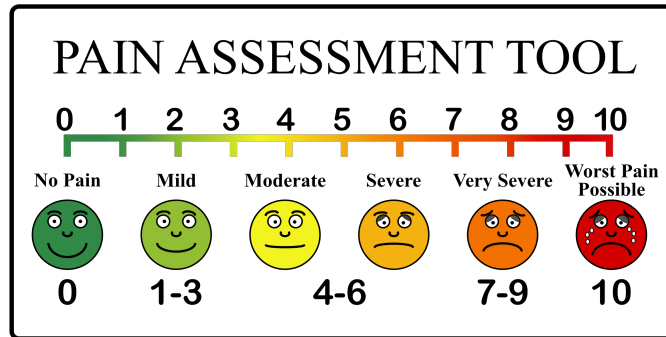
102

Those eyes again daring you to look away. Catlike. Meet MONICA, a 20 something, could stop traffic if she let her hair down, though not today, not for a long time.

The LAB TECH (50s) lost the power of 'giv'n a shit' years ago. With a robotic motion she pulls out a CHART.

LAB TECH
(Points to 1st face)
Can you tell me where on the chart
you feel? Here?

Monica shake her head.



MONICA

No.

LAB TECH

(Points to 2nd face)

Here?

MONICA

NO.

LAB TECH

(Points to 3rd face)

Here?

MONICA

NO!

LAB TECH

(Points to last face)

Here?

MONICA

Lady, you don't have enough FRICK'N faces.(short)

The Tech glimpse black n' blue n' red MARKS on Monica's upper ARM. Monica jerks her sleeve down. Eyes narrow with a silent 'don't say a fuck'n thing,' to the Tech.

We hear, THE DOCTOR, his back towards us...

DOCTOR (V.O.)

Monica, I've got your results. Which do you want first?

MONICA

S-Sorry doctor?

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Are you the type that likes good
news first or bad?

MONICA
(Rolling her eyes)
This isn't my first pony ride, doc.
Just tell me.

Monica shivers...

...pulls her PATIENT GOWN tighter against the chill of her
secret. A faint BUZZING echoes.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
'Good news your results are
negative, showing no clear medical
reason for the increases in the
frequency of your migraines.

Monica sighs, puts a hand to her head, as if she knows
exactly what's next. The buzzing stops, starts, then louder.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
The bad news is that we have no
explanations what's causing them.
In chronic conditions such as this,
we put you on a set of...

Doctor drones on & on. Monica's eyes search for the buzzing.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
...meds for migraine to relieve
the pain, symptoms of attack, might
help prevent further attacks. We
can treat you with two types of
meds, abortive or preventive. The
abortive treatment is to stop a
migraine once it starts. Abortive
stops a migraine when you feel one
coming...

Monica spots the buzzing source...

A FLY is trapped in the fluorescent light. It stops.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
These forms of meds are especially
useful for people who have nausea
or vomiting blurred vision, related
to their condition, they work
quickly. This treatment include
triptans...

The Buzzing again, muffles the doc's soliloquy.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

...which specifically target serotonin. They're all very similar in their action, buzz chemical buzz structure. The triptans buzz used only to treat headache don't buzz relieve buzz pain problems, buzz buzz buzz buzz arthritis, buzz menstruation, or other conditions.

At 'Menstruation' Monica snaps-back to him. Her face flashes RED as she retrieves two BOTTLES, abortive, preventive MEDS. Slaps them down on the MAYO INSTRUMENT STAND.

The doctor's silenced by the sight of nearly emptied bottles.

MONICA (TO DR)

The last few years I've tried everything -- dozens of meds, biofeedback, acupuncture, aromatherapy, epidural steroid injections, -noth'n worked!

(TO US)

I wish he found something wrong with me!

She looks for her friend The Fly, he's vanished. The DOCTOR, (60s) has the looks of a Harvard rowing captain, not anymore.

He puts a hand on Monica's shoulder. Smiles to hide a frown.

DOCTOR

I'm very sorry. Lemme refer you to a specialist.

Monica rolls her 🙄

ELEVATOR DOORS WIPE TO:

103

INT. LIFT - GLOOMY LIGHT

103

Monica now dressed, but not looking any warmer. She rubs her head. The elevator is painfully slow. Each floor BINGS.

A BITTER-FACED WOMAN enters, as does THE FLY.

The Fly lands on Monica's HAND. She raises it, looks CLOSE.

Eyes. Incisors. Hairy body, pulsing with hideous life.(p)

MONICA
(singing)
*I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
With Blue - uncertain - stumbling
Buzz - Between the light - and me
...*

Bitter-Faced turns, SMILES so fraudulently it musta hurt her.
Monica snaps the Fly into her MOUTH & chews, swallows.

BITTER-FACE
(Under her breath)
Fuck'n crazy-people in this city,
gonna be the death of me.

Bitter-Faced dashes-out the first available floor.
Monica opens her FIST...

The Fly Buzzes off into the air.

This is the first time we see Monica smile, which almost
lights up the room, almost. The...

LIFT DOORS WIPE TO:

104

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING - LET'S CALL IT NIGHT, AS...

104

Monica trudges to her car. A CAT crosses her path, slips into
a HOLE in the wall.

She opens her trunk, rustling through grocery bags.

MONICA
Kitty-kitty kitty-witty!

Silence answers back.

She plops down in front of the hole, open the CAN.

As if by magic the cat returns, laps up the TUNA.

MONICA
Hungry huh?!

Kitty-witty lovingly rubs her leg. Turns to her. A HIGH
PITCHED SQUEAL. Kitty-witty hisses, eyes-widen, like that
cat in ALIEN, "Jonesy"!

--HISSSSSS GERRRRR (p)

MONICA

What's wrong?
It's dolphin-safe tuna.

A HIGH-PITCHED RINGING. Monica holds her head, eyes tear-up, obscuring her view (and ours) 'Jonesy' has vanished.

MONICA

NOT AGAIN!

From Monica's point-of-view, Everything's a BLUR wrapped in a DISTORTION.

Hands out-reached, she heads back to her car.

105

SLAMS THE TRUNK

105

The OVERHEAD GARAGE LIGHTS flicker wildly then **POPS OFF!** DARKNESS, save for, an...

MONICA

Aaaah?!

EXIT SIGN, flickers, casting ghostly scarlet shadows.

Monica squints at her tears to see.

Rubs her eyes through her headache's fog...

The **EX** light goes out, leaving the **IT** glowing.

Surrounded in darkness, the Red **IT** letters seem to move apart reforming into TWO RED ORBS . . .

Right behind it, a faint light appears, ON / OFF / ON / OFF

A BLACK FIGURE, half-visible behind the "orbs" a semi-translucent shape with glowing-beats, like a heart.

Monica fumbles with her purse, pulls out her pills. Tries to focus on the label.

MONICA

Give me a break!

High-pitched ring intensifies, as if answering her lament.

She looks up, as if wanting to slight the (pill) god.

The **IT** seems closer.

Monica swallows an icy-scream. (p)

Jumps into her car. Locks the door. Starts it.

Over cranks the starter. Stalls it. Again!

VROOM!

She braves a glance towards the **RED** ORBS

VEHICLES, COLUMNS, BEAMS all obscure her view.

Jams the car in 'R' **SCREECH**

BEEEEEP!

Goes off behind her.

Monica jumps out of her skin.

MONICA
FUUUUUCK!

A CAR right behind hers. Another **BEEP!**

A pissed-off MAN gestures one of his fingers, *not sure which one but you can guess*. He speeds off.

MONICA
(Softer, deep breath)
Fuck it!

Monica breathes, slowly backs up this time.

Points her car towards where she saw the EX'**IT**.

No trace, she drives towards the GATE. Ready to **FLOOR IT**.

The high-pitched ring deceased. THE...

GARAGE GATE POLE WIPES TO:

106

EXT. DTLA CAFÉ - MIDDAY LIGHT ON...

106

SOPHIE (36) Eyes that look right-through-you, now focused on Monica. They dine in *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place*. Outside a constant tide of homeless flow by.

A car fire burns in the background, the ladies are obtuse to the turmoil.

(*Yeah, it's LA we don't spot anything mov'n slower the 10MPH*)

SOPHIE

That's quite a story. You okay?
You look out of sorts.

MONICA

I'm fine. Just/

She stops. Sophie takes Monica's hand, gazes into her eyes.

SOPHIE

How long has it bin since she
passed?

MONICA

12 years.

SOPHIE

12 years, yes, Do ya remember what
she told me?

Monica shakes her head pretending she doesn't.
Sophie plays along.

SOPHIE

*"Watch over my girl, she wants to
save every lost-soul, every stray
creature. Help her be strong."*

MONICA

You have.

SOPHIE

Have I?

MONICA

Of course, it's just these damn
migraines.

SOPHIE

Still? What's your doctor say?

MONICA

Same-old/same-old. Take these meds,
take those meds to help you with
that med. Headaches will go away
eventually, here's more meds, blab-
blab-blabb...

SOPHIE

Typical. They're all about treating
symptoms, not the cause. What do
you think?

Monica gives her nothing.

MONICA
I just need to get more rest
perhaps a vacation or sumtin'.

SOPHIE
(thinking)
What 'bout Isaac? Does he help?

MONICA
(Lying)
Yeah,,,He's fine.

Sophie smells the lie.

SOPHIE
LOOK AT ME -What's really going on?

MONICA
It's over. We ended it months ago.

SOPHIE
Then who....?

MONICA
I'm back with Johnny.

Sophie's savvy gaze turn to horror!

MONICA
Don't give me that look!

SOPHIE
Oh my god, he's.../

Police car passes the CAR FIRE, obtuse as the women.

MONICA
He's changed.

SOPHIE
How do you know he's changed?

Monica rubs her forehead.

MONICA
He just has. He loves me in his own
way/

Monica stops again. --Eyes fill with tears.

Sophie hugs Monica, She flinches. Sophie moves her hands up-&-
down her back, feels what eyes can't see: badly injured ribs.

Sophie leans forward, her eyes filled with serious intent.(p)

SOPHIE
(Your fuck'n kidding)
How has he changed?!

MONICA
No no no, I fell on the steps.
Everything's okay. John's a good
guy. You don't understand-h__he
loves me-He takes care of me.

SOPHIE
Dear, please don't piss on me n'
tell me it's raining.(donty Look
ime in the eye)

Monica look'n for an exit, eyes will not meet Sophie's.

MONICA
(More lies)
You know those damn steps to my
place are super slippery -
Everything's fine, it was just an
accident.

That screeching sound. Monica rubs the back of her head.

SOPHIE
I'm here for you/ ...

Monica interrupts.

MONICA
Okay. Sophie, I'm sorry, I've gotta
run, this migraine is killing me.

SOPHIE
I'm not sure your migraines are
100% physiological.

MONICA
Yes-yes, I know you're a wonderful
psychologist. Not everything is
connected to some monster in our
life. --okay

Monica jumps up kisses a reluctant Sophie goodbye, dashes off
thanking her in the wind.

Sophie sees what Monica is unwilling to see. Shakes her head
in disappointment.

As Monica races towards an uncertain future.

LATER THAT EVENING:

Monica perform Chopin 'L'adieu' as we see the bits of a broken life **INTERCUT WITH CLIPS OF SCENE 108. --A BIT LIKE A FLASH-FORWARD.**

Each IMAGE holds the FRAME in quiet despair...

---HOLE IN THE WALL - poorly patched,
 ---ROSES - crimson PEDDLES falling, turning black,
 ---Box a CHOCOLATES -- Half bitten / Half melted tells....

MONICA (TO US)

Mama always said, 'Life's NOT like a box of chocolates. You know exactly what you're gonna get. (Dark tone) A cheep box of tooth rotting diabetes filled overly-sweeten bits of shit. Sure maybe once or twice you get sumtin you like, but it's gone quickly. And all you're left with is half-eaten confection nobody wants wrapped in useless plastic.

---Unopened MAIL blocks the door. **PAST DUE** ignored.
 ---CEILING FAN broken blade spins off-balance, slicing the light like a knife.
 ---Scattered BOOKS - ripped spines,
 ---GIN BOTTLE - cracked, leaks to the floor,
 ---TV flicker over its CRACKED GLASS -Soundless CNN riots on,
 ---DISHES crowd sink - Unwashed,
 ---Uneaten DINNER waits - as ravenous ROACHES feast: They scatter as the notes *denouement* vibrate.

As these images evolve Monica goes from **Chopin** 'L'adieu' TO: **Franz Liszt** "*Dream of a Witches Sabbath.*"

The music fades to that: HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL

Monica cradles her head - Eyes tear up.

~ ~ ~

THE NEXT SCENE IS FILMED CHRONOLOGICALLY, YET WILL BE INTERCUT WITH THE ABOVE SCENE #107 - YES-YES, THE **VIOLENCE** IS OFFSCREEN, --MOSTLY.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY AS...

Monica rests in mama's CHAIR warped with age, a dripping washcloth across her head. Feet soak in a FOOT-BATH. A forgotten KETTLE'S LID dances with escaping STEAM.

Drapes sway in the breeze causing slivers of light through room's gloom. She squints against the sunlight's intrusion.

She tilts back, closes her eyes, as a SHADOW cuts the light on the ceiling. Eyes open, widen...

MONICA
(whispers)
John, you-there?

Monica sits up, holds her head, the rooms swims around. A silhouetted MAN blocks the doorway.

MONICA
You scared the shit out'a me.

JOHN (20s) slips into the halflight, beneath his good-looks, lurks something malicious, hidden under a phoney smile. He's smiling now.

MONICA
You won't believe the day I/

JOHN
(Interrupting)
WHERE WERE YOU?

MONICA
I'm okay. Thanks for asking.

JOHN
I called you *TEN* times.

MONICA
Oh, you're asking how my day was. That's sweet. (Sarcastic) oh, it was fine-n-dandy.

JOHN
Why didn't you pick up?

MONICA
I was in the Doctor's office. They wanted to run more tests. We talked about this. Why are you up my ass?

JOHN
When did we talk 'bout this? What DAY? What time?

MONICA

It's just an MRI, I've had fuck-loads of them.

JOHN

Cell phones don't work there?

MONICA

Not with radiology, CAT scans.

JOHN

Bullshit. You went to the doctor last week.

MONICA

Different doctor, why are you being an idiot? You've bin drinking.

JOHN

Talk'n to you is like pushing a rock uphill.

MONICA

Like Sisyphus?

JOHN

I don't have an STD! I'm not the one sleep'n around like a hooker.

MONICA

I'm not sleeping around, JOHN. And it's Sisyphus not Syphilis. Don't be an idiot.

John turns WHITE HOT with anger, Monica recoils. She knows what's coming next.

MONICA

(back peddling)

It's 'bout a king who was punished for cheating death.

He only hears the word "*cheating.*"

JOHN

So I'm a cheating idiot?!

MONICA

I didn't call you an idiot, just stop acting like a fuck'n idiot.

John moves *fast...* (p)

-SMASH BOOM-

Kicks over both the table & lamp. --DARKNESS Eyes wide.
Grabs the BOILING KETTLE // pours it into her FOOT BATH
STEAM & SCREAMS fill the *frame*.
She's gasping.

JUMP TO:

109

A FEW MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

109

Monica reclines in her mother's chair. Wounded feet elevated.
John under her feet, sobbing. --Do you *HATE* him now?

JOHN
I'm so-so sorry. I love you.

MONICA
(To us)
Me two. I love you.

---END ABOVE INSERTED / CHOPPED-UP SCENE---

ON A DARK...

110

/ / / RAINY / / / DAY BEDROOM - HALFLIGHT IN BED...

110

Monica grasps her head as the HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL builds.
Her neck now shows black n' blue n' red MARKS, same as her
arm, John has left his '*mark of love*' many times before.
Monica sighs, adjusts her favorite washcloth. Phone BEEPS,
Monica reads. Text FLOATS overhead.

GOOGLE PHONE
(drunk texting)
JOHN: I'm com'n home. I (Something
MUMBLE-MUMBLE-MUMBLLLLLLE)

MONICA
Oh that's perfect.

Seconds later, that HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL.

Tears fill Monica's eyes.

She throws the washcloth off, sits up in bed, rubs her
temples, stands up, heads to the bathroom.(p)

111 EXT. HOUSE THOSE "SLIPPERY" STEPS - THE LAST NIGHT AS... 111

Drunk'n FEET stumble up the stairs - he's back.

JOHN

MONICA, *HERE'Z--JO/(He stumbles)*
FUUCK!

He scowls upward, his gaze has lost the phoney smile, now his EYES have all the seeming of a demon that is **NO LONGER** dreaming. We've seen these eyes before. --TWO RED ORBS • •

BACK TO:

112 INT. BATHROOM - HALFLIGHT 112

Dark except for a nightlight casting a glow on everything.

Monica fills a glass with water, opens the MEDICINE CABINET. Shelves stuffed with a rainbow of PILLS.

The High-pitched ring. Her eyes water up. She blinks as she

MONICA

Let's see. "A whole galaxy of multi-colored uppers, downers, screamers, laughers..."

...Ponders which to try. She picks six PILLS.

Quickly washes them down with water.

(PAY ATTENTION, what happens next happens fast.)

As Monica closes the cabinet.

Facing her is THE BLACK ENTITY...

Glistening red-eyes. Glowing head, staring right back at her from the mirror's reflection.

MONICA

OH-MY-GOD!

She SLAMS the mirror. It rebounds, SPRINGS wide open.

MONICA

I need to get some sleep, look at those red eyes.

Opens the mirror again, HER REFLECTION this time!

Leans in, pulls at her lower EYELID.

MONICA

What'a horrible monster I've
become. No one to blame.

She does a double-take of the mirror, narrows her eyes.
High-pitched ring. She see her own reflection. Stumbles out.

Mirror has a mind of its own, it...

SWINGS OPEN | WIPE TO:

113

INT. BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT DARKNESS, AS...

113

Monica wakes. She clutches her head. The high-pitched ring
returns, BLARING this time. The BATHROOM DOOR creaks open,
she sits up from the bed, eyes searching the twilight
gloom...

Nothing, but TREE SHADOWS, stretching across the ceiling.
Seems to reach for her in a cold embrace.

MONICA

Someone there? John?

As if on cue... PHONE RINGS

Monica answers, but the battery light flashes RED.

Phone's dead. She...

Looks for the charger.

--THAT'S WHEN THE NIGHTMARE VISITS.

Bathroom WALL bends, warps, gives birth to: RED EYES,
HEAD aglow with pulses...

It...

...Moves closer. The high-pitched ring escalates.

The shifting shape of the ENTITY becomes fully visible as
Monica grabs her head, SCREAMS!

She gets up. Runs, but is hit with pain, stumbles to the
ground.

She starts crawling away towards the BEDROOM DOOR'S safety as
the ENTITY closes in, reaching out towards her.

Monica grasps her head as more pain hits. She can no longer
move, looks like an animal in a bear trap's claws.(p)

MONICA
LEAVE ME ALONE!

She SCREAMS. 'IT's' practically on top of her. The Entity places its TALON on her head.

Monica's head starts to glow, a pulsates from within, just like the Entity's. --A deadly heartbeat.

Agony's screams. (*Like that poor girl in JAWS*) We only show her upper body.

MONICA (TO US)
WHAT'RE-YA DOING TO ME? Oh god,
IT HURTS!

The Entity removes its claw.

It vanishes.

Monica grasps her head. She screams, no sound, though.

A loud CRACK ECHOES.

A split along the top of Monica's head forms.

Claws like Talons, the entity's reach from inside the split, as Monica goes limp.

Broken CEILING FAN spins.

HIDEOUS SOUNDS OF....

CRACKS, CRUNCHES - BONES BREAKING LIKE DRY BRANCHES.

With enough room, the glowing head of this SECOND DARK ENTITY emerges, stands tall, it now has a white cast which seems to project wings replacing the tree shadows.

Culminating vision of ENTITY II

Slim. Sexy female form. Catlike. Glowing cyan eyes...

Daring you to look away.

114

EXT. STEPS TO APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT, AS...

114

John staggers up the stairs, A FLY buzzes. *John slips.*

BOOM - Hits his head on the railing. Blood trickles down his face, DROPS are left behind. He glares at APARTMENT 13. Face fills with anger. --We can tell he's out for BLOOD.

--Careful whacha wish for Johnny!

A Tunnel SPLITS BEFORE him. John Gets to the top, BLOODY.

--Swings the door wide with sinister's intent.

Enters...

JOHN
THIS IS NOT HOW MY STORY/

CUT ON THE WORD
'STORY' TO:

115

EXT. STEPS TO APARTMENT - NIGHT

115

The FLY again, this time lands on the blood left by Dear John. Enjoys the blood feast when...

---THWACK!

A SPIDER lands on the FLY, holds it in place, with six leaden eyes, always vigilant on the world around.

Devours the Fly with hideous mechanism.

CRASH TO BLACK

TITLE CARD

HOW YOU CAN HELP STOP THE
VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN...

www.HelpHer.com