

Steps

written by

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INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

A woman sits in a leather chair, clipboard in her lap. This is the THERAPIST. She taps a pen against the clipboard, looking ahead of her. Another woman, ANONYMOUS, sits across from the therapist on a couch. She's fidgeting with her thumbs, looking everywhere around her except for at the therapist.

The therapist stops tapping the pen on the clipboard.

THERAPIST

It's been a while since we've last seen each other. How have you been?

ANONYMOUS

I've...been. I guess.

THERAPIST

Can you explain what that means?

INT. KITCHEN

A kitchen that's thoroughly cleaned, not a single thing out of place. Anonymous walks in and goes to the fridge, opening it and pulling out a pitcher of water. She sets it on the counter, then moves to open a cabinet and takes out a glass cup. She sets it down and starts pouring water into the glass. Anonymous drinks from the glass, taking a small sip then setting it back on the counter. She grips the edge of the counter, leaning forward slightly towards a window that's in front of her. Outside it's a dull and dreary day. Anonymous shakes her head before turning and walking away from the window.

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

Well that's...hard. Explaining is difficult.

THERAPIST (V.O)

Just try.

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

Okay, well...I don't do much during the day. Each day blurs into the next until I can't even remember what day it really is.

INT. BEDROOM

A dirty bedroom. The bed has clearly been slept in, the comforter strewn across the mattress, and there's clothes on the floor and on the end of the bed. Cups and plates are scattered around the room, stacked on top of one another. The dresser is filled with trinkets and jewelry, every inch of space taken up by something. Anonymous is standing in front of the dresser, picking at rings and necklaces that are sitting on the wood. She slowly starts sliding rings onto her fingers, trying on bracelets and necklaces, slowly clasping everything to her body. She looks at herself in the mirror and sighs, immediately taking everything off and setting it in random places on the dresser. Anonymous sits on the bed, looks towards the bedroom door, then lays down.

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

I haven't really left the house.
Honestly, sometimes it's hard to even leave my bed. And it's...not clean? I need to clean it. I want to clean it, it's just, I don't know, it's...

THERAPIST (V.O)

Hard to get motivated?

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

Yeah. That. But it's, it's fine other than that. I guess.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

The therapist has rested her clipboard in her lap and has crossed her legs. She's still looking intently at Anonymous.

THERAPIST

I see. Are you getting enough sleep?

ANONYMOUS

I think so? I nap a lot, and I mostly sleep through the nights.

THERAPIST

Do you ever have nightmares?

ANONYMOUS

(hesitates)

No.

THERAPIST

Hmm. Do you have anyone close to you that could stay with you? Someone that you trust to help you?

INT. LIVING ROOM

A couch rests against the far wall, a TV directly across it. Anonymous is on the couch, a blanket over her lap. A lamp is on. She's flicking through channels on the TV, though it's clear she's not actually paying attention to what's on the screen. Eventually she gives up and turns the TV off. Her phone rings, the name "Jamie" popping up on the tiny screen. She declines the call. Anonymous gets up from the couch. She turns off the lamp, plunging the room into darkness.

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

No, I don't have anyone. I'm pretty much alone.

THERAPIST (V.O)

"Alone" isn't very comfortable, is it?

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

I've gotten used to it by now. It's not so bad.

THERAPIST (V.O)

Do you like being alone?

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

It...it isn't my favorite thing, no. I easily fall into the void.

THERAPIST (V.O)

The void?

ANONYMOUS (V.O)

You know. The void. Mental darkness.