

Art Trouble

By

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

Rustling from what seem to be bed sheets enters. Plop.

Feet swiping on the tiled floor begin to walk as they slip. CLUNK! Something or someone shatters upon impact.

A YOUNG MAN's voice enters the scene.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
Ouch. Doesn't that bring back
memories...

I can even still hear my mother
calling out my name. Trying to get me
to respond.

Her worried voice begins to muffle and fade.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
My eyes closed. It was quiet. Nothing,
but me. "Where was I", I thought.
Then, a voice answered, softly rising
and rising until it quaked my mind. I
woke up. Seeing my mother again as she
sighed in relief. She then carried me
to my father. They frantically ran.

More muffled talking of two individuals as running overtakes
the sound. Car doors slam open as I'm laid down, buckling my
seatbelt in. Doors shut again, the engine starts as we go.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.) CONT'D
Bringing me from the house to the car.
My head, still in a daze, couldn't
contemplate what was happening. In
hindsight, it probably was my light-
headedness. And as I think of it, I
felt some blood as I laid there in the
backseat. Still a bit hazy there.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

2

The car stops. Doors open once more as I'm taken as rushed
inside. The mumbling continued as my weak state couldn't make
out words, only sounds.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)
We arrived at the nearest hospital. A
tall desk was in front of me as my
parents talked to some lady there. She

hurriedly called some other people.
Wheels turning, zooming, closer and
closer. I'm placed on a stretcher. "A
bed with wheels. Cool", I thought.
Looking up to tell my parents, I
notice their worried faces as they get
further and further away.

Hospital sounds are heard and sped up as I'm moved fast.

They're taking me away from family. I
become hysterical. A jolt of
adrenaline filled me as I cried for
them. I was so scared and so confused.
This speeding train to the unknown was
not stopping. These people unfamiliar
to me. Their eyes piercing down at me,
analyzing me. "Have I become an
experiment", my fractured, delusional
state began to conjure up.

A pair of door slammed open as I'm wheeled in. The gurney
stops as I'm placed on another bed in the emergency room.
Gloves snapped on, getting prepared for what's to come.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

Metal tools are grabbed. They were
sharp and coming for my face. Fear
took over. I screamed, trying to get
up, but I was forced back down. Held
down like an animal. I was given
anesthetics... And then, all my
energy, my worry... POOF. The silence
was the only thing left for me to
hear. Back within these cracked walls
of my shattering mind... I began to
hear sounds again. Voices, thoughts,
ideas, all shouting and yelling,
endlessly echoing within this
directionless labyrinth. It hurts my
ears. My voice unable to cut through
this thick fog of nonsense. "What is
happening? These noises...driving me
crazy, mad, insane... No, I'm being
repaired, fixed, becoming someone...
new... hahahahaha.