

124 SUSANNA LIES FACE UP ON A LEATHER COUCH.

Susanna's voice over becomes present dialogue.
She continues speaking as she stares at the ceiling :

SUSANNA

- you're about to stand up and put your
dishes away after breakfast - and suddenly
- you think about your tongue.

WE ARE IN : DR. WICK'S DARK OFFICE - DAY - AUTUMN

DR. WICK sits in her leather chair, taking notes, listening.
Red and orange leaves blow outside her window.

- and once you think about your tongue -
suddenly it becomes this intrusion in
your mouth. You think. Why's it so large?
Why's it all scratchy on the sides?

Very subtly, Dr. Wick plays with her tongue in her mouth.

Maybe you can remove it. There'd be more
room. But what's really amazing is - just
from thinking about it - your tongue has
become enormous. All of a sudden, it's
this fat swollen thing inside your mouth.

DR. WICK

What do you do?

SUSANNA

You try to think it smaller.

Wick smiles. good answer.

DR. WICK

How do you do that?

SUSANNA

I don't know. Maybe something happens.
You hear a bird sing or the radio or
something. And while your brain is
somewhere else, your tongue gets smaller.
But then - thinking of it getting smaller
makes it *big again*.

(beat)

All this took five minutes and all I
wanted to do was scrape off my dishes.

DR. WICK

So - maybe it takes five minutes for you
to scrape off your dishes.

(CONTINUED)

SUSANNA

It's not efficient.

DR. WICK

Perhaps. But perhaps the essence of you is not efficient.

Susanna turns from the ceiling - looking for the first time at Doctor Wick. She smiles in a way we've never seen.

SUSANNA

You think maybe I'm gifted? Maybe I have E-S-P or something and I'm actually the next stage of evolutionary development and no one gets it because they're so stupid.

DR. WICK

Could be.

Out the window, a breeze takes rattles the glass.

SUSANNA

You think I can be home by Thanksgiving?

DR. WICK

I'd be happy to give you a weekend pass -

SUSANNA

No. If I get out - I want it real
(beat)

I haven't had any shit happen for weeks.

DR. WICK

Except your tongue.

SUSANNA

Come on, Sonia. Isn't the whole point that it's never going away.

DR. WICK

The point is control.

SUSANNA

And here I am. In control. Off meds. Sleeping sound. No headaches. Come on.

a long beat. Susanna is dead serious.

DR. WICK

I'll consider it.

TRANSITION TO: