

Norman, Young Norman, Doctor, Nurse

OR

SCENE 1.1 IN THE OPERATING ROOM

A WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT OF A BRIGHTLY LIT OPERATING ROOM. AN ELDERLY MAN LIES BACK ON THE TABLE AND IS SURROUNDED BY A DOCTOR AND A NURSE. THEY ARE DRESSED IN OPERATING WHITES WITH SURGICAL MASKS. THERE'S THE DULL HUM OF MACHINERY IN THE ROOM.

THERE ARE BANKS OF EQUIPMENT ON ONE SIDE AND TABLES WITH INSTRUMENTS ON THE OTHER. THE MAN IS AWAKE AND HAS AN EXPRESSION OF ANXIETY ON HIS FACE.

**DOCTOR.**

Try and relax now Mr. Adams, in a few minutes I want you to begin counting backwards from 10.

The man continued adjusting some buttons on the nearby instruments.

**DOCTOR.**

Do not worry the procedure is painless and completely safe.

SHOT OF MAN ON TABLE LOOKING NERVOUS. HE IS TRYING TO SPEAK BUT NO SOUND COMES OUT.

**NORMAN**

(In a raspy barely audible voice)  
Stop, Stop, (pause) I've changed my mind.

Doctors continue calmly working at their instruments not hearing him. Norman wriggles a little. A nurse bends

over him and gripes him firmly by the arms.

**NURSE**

(Gently but firmly) Come now Mr.  
Adams you need to remain calm and  
let us do our job.

Norman wriggles some more.

**NURSE**

If you keep moving we will need to  
restrain you.

(CONTINUED)

Norman tries to get up but soon notices that he is bound  
to the bed by large straps.

**NORMAN**

(With fear and anxiety. His voice  
now comes out clearly) No, please  
stop.

**DOCTOR.**

Don't be silly Mr. Adams, your  
over reacting.

Doctor places the respirator over Norman's mouth. Norman  
wriggles more frantically now and his voice comes out in  
muffled shouts.

**NORMAN**

(To himself, slightly; hollow  
dreamlike sound) I've got to hold  
my breath -- can't give in --  
can't let go.

**DOCTOR.**

It's no use resisting Mr. Adams.

You're being unreasonable.

Norman can no longer hold his breath, so he releases it slowly and begins to take shallow breaths.

**NORMAN**

(Drowsily) No -- I need to stay awake.

CLOSE IN SHOT OF NORMAN'S FACE EYES FLICKERING AND CLOSING.

**NORMAN**

(Thrashes around a little trying to keep himself awake) No... I must stay awake!

His eyes slowly close.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK:

He floats in grey and darkness for a few moments; then

He is in a dream state. He begins to hear a voice. Its his voice talking to himself.

**VOICE (Norman)**

I suppose they're right, (The fear is now gone) I've been over reacting.

CONTINUED:

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

In a few moments I'll wake up in my new body. I'll be young and Clarice will be there. We will be able to do all the things that we never had a chance to do before.

I'll no longer be strange. (Smiles  
to himself) Yes what a fool I've  
been.

His eyes begin to flutter and open slowly. He is back in  
the operating room surrounded by doctors and nurses.  
They now have removed their masks and stand there smiling  
at him.

**DOCTOR.**

Welcome back Mr. Adams, welcome to  
your new life.

The doctor raises his arm and takes his pulse.

**DOCTOR.**

It may feel a little weird for a  
time as you get used to your new  
body but the sensation will pass  
quickly enough.

Norman looks down at his body. He looks at his hands.  
There's no Melanoma on them. He is young. He begins to  
smile.

**NURSE**

(Smiling) Like the new you?  
She holds up a small mirror. He examines his face  
intently for a few moments. He smiles.

**YOUNG NORMAN**

I remember you. Was I ever this  
young.

Nurse smiles seductively.

**NURSE**

I'll say.

**DOCTOR.**

Now try and move your arm a  
little. Take it slowly at first.

**NORMAN**

Where's Clarice?

Norman scans the room. Clarice is not there.

CONTINUED: (2)

VOICE (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

3.

**NORMAN**

(Alarmed) Where's my wife?

**DOCTOR.**

(Not seeming to hear him) That's  
good Mr. Adams.

Young Norman is moving his arm.

CLOSE IN SHOT OF NORMAN WATCHING HIS ARM MOVE WITH ALARM.

**DOCTOR.**

That's good, Mr. Adams. Now lets  
Try and move your leg.

Young Norman now is moving his leg.

CLOSE IN SHOT OF NORMAN WATCHING HIS LEG MOVE WITH ALARM.

**NORMAN**

(Forcefully) Where is my wife,  
Where is Clarice?

**DOCTOR.**

(Smiling) You're doing  
exceptionally well (Turning to  
nurse) Isn't he doing well?

Nurse smiles and nods.

**NORMAN**

(Frantic) Why won't you listen to  
me?

They continue to smile ignoring him.

**YOUNG NORMAN**

I feel fine.

Norman stops and listens to the voice.

SHOT OF NORMAN MOVING. SHOT CHANGES TO NORMAN FACE  
WATCHING AND GROWING NERVOUS.

**YOUNG NORMAN**

You mean like this?

CLOSE UP OF NORMAN STUDYING VOICE AND BODY MOVING.

CONTINUED: (3)

SHOT OF YOUNG NORMAN UPPER TORSO TRYING TO MOVE LEGS  
WRIGGLING.

SHOT OF BODY MOVING LEGS. SHOT SWITCHES BACK BETWEEN  
UPPER TORSO ONLY AND WHOLE-BODY NORMAN MOVING LEGS.

The doctor continued talking, but his voice seemed to  
fade into the background. Norman's body begins to move  
some more following the doctor's commands. Norman begins  
to feel slight panic as he watches helplessly his body  
responding to the doctor's every command.

**NORMAN**

(Shouting) This is not me, I'm not  
in control.

PAN OUT AN OVERHEAD

Norman is moving his arm following the directions of the  
doctor.

CUT BACK TIGHT IN

ON FACE

Look of alarm on Norman's face. His expression finally  
changes to one of resignation.

**NORMAN**

(Expression changes to resolve.  
whispers) Clarice -- (strong and  
firm) No. This is my body and my  
life.

SWITCH TO FULL BODY

NORMAN STRUGGLING TO GET UP. A GHOST IMAGE OF HIMSELF  
BEGINS TO SEPARATE FROM HIS BODY AND SLOWLY FLOATS  
UPWARDS. HE FLOATS SLOWLY UP ABOVE THE DOCTORS. HE  
CONTINUES TO FLOAT SLOWLY TO THE CEILING. HE HOVERS  
ABOVE THE DOCTORS AND NURSES.

CUT TO OVERHEAD

VIEW OF BED

YOUNG NORMAN IS SEATED ON THE BED TALKING TO DOCTORS

**NORMAN**

(The Norman on bed) How long will  
it take before the disorientation  
passes?

(CONTINUED)

**DOCTOR.**

It will be a few hours, your mind  
needs to get used to the new body.

CUT TO CLOSE UP OF

**NORMAN**

NORMAN IS ENVELOPED IN MIST AND IS TRANSLUCENT. HE HOVERS

NEAR THE CEILING.

**NORMAN**

(Hollow sounding) NO! That's not  
me. (Waiving hands frantically)

That's not me. I'm here, over  
here.

FADE TO: WIDE SHOT  
OF NORMAN FLOATING  
ABOVE THE BED  
WATCHING BODY ON  
BED

Young Norman props himself up now with one arm.

**YOUNG NORMAN**

I feel a little better now.

**DOCTOR.**

Don't rush it, Mr. Adams. We will  
have you out of here in about in  
an hour or so.

**NORMAN**

No! (Shouting frantically) You  
don't understand, it's not me. Not  
me.

Waiving arms frantically.

**NORMAN**

You've got the wrong person there.

You need to put me back in me  
body. The procedure didn't work.

It didn't work...

CUT TO: CLOSE UP OF

NORMAN LAYING IN  
BED IN DARK ROOM.

Norman jerks suddenly and opens his eyes.

CONTINUED:

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN IS IN A DARK BEDROOM LAYING IN BED. HIS WIFE  
CLARICE IS HUNCHED OVER HIM. CLARICE IS A YOUNG WOMAN IN  
HER EARLY TWENTIES DRESSED IN A FLANNEL NIGHTGOWN

Norman looks out into the darkness for a moment.

CLARICE

(Concerned) Are you OK Norman?

You were jerking and mumbling.

Norman pauses a moment orienting himself to the room.

CLARICE

Norman, are you OK.

NORMAN

(Regaining composure) Yes, Yes,

I'm fine. Just a bad dream.

FADE TO: UPPER

TORSO OF CLARICE

LEANING ON ONE ARM

CLARICE

(Uncertainly) You don't have to go

through with the transition right

now if you don't want to.

Clarice looks at him for a few more moments then lays

back down.

FADE TO: UPPER

TORSO OF NORMAN

## LAYING IN THE BED

Norman looks relieved for a moment. Soon anxiety rises up. Clarice falls back asleep quickly. Norman watches her in the darkness for a few moments and begins thinking.

**NORMAN**

(Thinking; echo or hollow voice narration) Well I guess I could put it off again. (Pauses expression changes to worry) But no; There's something in her voice. I've sensed it for a while. It's been building over the past few months, but now it's clear. There's something in her intonation, something in her hesitancy.

CONTINUED: (2)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

I can't put my finger on it exactly, but I know what it means. (Mutters) I'm losing her.

**NORMAN**

(Thinking) She fully expects me to put the procedure off again and she doesn't care. She is moving away from me. Moving on to her new life.

Expression of fear builds on his face and he rolls over

facing away from her. He lays there looking into the  
darkness filled with worry. The room is silent except for  
the rhythmic breathing of Clarice.