

Risk Assessment
by
Robert Campbell

robert@robertcampbell.net
818-752-4391

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FRANK, 40s, a psychologist, talks to AMY, 30s.

AMY

I don't have to leave my house if I don't want to.

FRANK

No you don't, but your friends are worried.

AMY

They shouldn't be. It's safe here. I'm safe here.

FRANK

What's frightening you?

AMY

(harsh laugh)
Are you kidding?

Frank says nothing. Waits.

AMY

One minute you're living your life, thinking about what you'll do next month or next year... then it's all gone. You get hit by a car, and you're a quadriplegic. Get caught in a fire, and your arms and legs are just blackened stumps.

(beat)

Did you hear about the woman who was attacked by the chimpanzee?

FRANK

No.

AMY

It ripped her eyes out. Tore off her jaw. It ate her fingers.

(beat)

One minute she's playing with a fucking monkey, and the next she's... her future is gone. It's just mutilation and agony and... and that's... that's forever.

AMY

(locks eyes with Frank)
If you try to make me leave my home, I'll kill you.