

INT. REGRESSIVE PSYCHOTHERAPIST'S OFFICE: AFTERNOON.

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM (male, forties) is a balding accountant with a paunch and stooping, resigned posture. He wears a cheap suit and has an air of defeat surrounding him like cologne from a chain-store pharmacy. He sits upon a couch across from A HYPNOTIC REGRESSION PSYCHOTHERAPIST (male, forties).

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Tell me your problem, Mr. Schwartzbaum. You said on my voice mail you've been having weird feelings.

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

That's right, doc. It actually started about fifteen years ago when I began working at my current job, but lately it's just gotten out of control.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

What sort of work do you do, Mr. Schwartzbaum?

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

I'm an accountant.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Tell me about your workplace.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE: AFTERNOON.

Marty types at a desk in a standard, boring corporate office. There is nobody else around him. Elevator music or a "lite FM"-type of song plays on a radio on his desk.

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PSYCHOTHERAPIST

I see. So would you describe your professional life as unfulfilling, then?

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

The thing is, doc, I feel like I've been trapped in the same cycle forever.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Well, Mr. Schwartzbaum, you obviously came to me because I'm the most famous regressive psychotherapist on the entire East Coast. It's possible that you're having little flashbacks of past lives. Do you believe in reincarnation?

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

I've never thought about it before.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

I'm going to hypnotize you, and we'll see if perhaps you're not just longing for some time in a past life spent as a marauding Viking, or an imperious emperor of Rome or even a pharaoh in ancient Egypt whose every command made on a whim sent tremors down the backs of your terrified, subservient subjects.

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

OK, doc.

The psychotherapist removes a stopwatch from his pocket, and leans forwards towards Marty. The doctor's eyes become focused and intense.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

You're getting very sleepy, Marty Schwartzbaum. You will now be hypnotized and under my command on the count of 3... 2... 1.

Marty instantly appears to be under the spell of the psychotherapist, and his eyes glaze over and his posture becomes slack.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Marty Schwartzbaum, you are now hypnotized. I believe you may be the latest incarnation of someone who's been alive across the ages, someone who's experienced wondrous adventures throughout the panoply of human history. Can you confirm or deny this?

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

(Hypnotized)

Yes, doctor, yes, I'm seeing that I was alive in the past, that I've existed as many people during numerous periods throughout the course of mankind's struggles. It's all coming back to me now.

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

Tell me about your most recent previous incarnation.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE: AFTERNOON.

In the exact same office, Marty Schwartzbaum continues to do his accounting work. But this time, he's dressed in the clothing of the 1920s as Jazz Age music circa the 1920s plays.

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PSYCHOTHERAPIST

I see. Let's go further back, to your life before that. Perhaps you were someone more exciting. Maybe even Abraham Lincoln!

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE: AFTERNOON.

Marty Schwartzbaum continues to do his accounting tasks, but this time he's in the uniform of a Union soldier during the Civil War. A rifle rests on the side of the desk. Fife music plays "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

PSYCHOTHERAPIST

(V.O.)

We need to go back further. We need to find out how many lives you've lived, and where it all began. Only then can we begin to understand how you came to feel trapped in your current circumstances.

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE: AFTERNOON.

Once again, Marty Schwartzbaum does his accounting work, but this time he's dressed in a toga typical of ancient Greece. He makes a notation in a book, and then looks up.

MARTY SCHWARTZBAUM

Socrates? Socrates, you can come in from the waiting room now. Your taxes are ready!

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