

"A day in the life of experiencing Psychosis"

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ft Anonymous Z in association with Psycope

Scene 1 - Morning

Alarm goes off. Girl lying in bed, reaches out, switches it off on the bed stand. She rolls over in bed.

Voice Over:

(male) *Distant laughter, slow, sounding malicious.*

She stares into the distance, across her room, where she thinks she heard the laughter from, wondering who it is, for a minute. Then she throws the covers over her and gets up out of bed. She stretches her hands into the air and stretches her body out. She suddenly drops her hands when she hears:

Voice Over:

(the voices get more 'tense' as you hear it)

(male) "...that's when I told her..."

(female) "...wait, I said..."

(male) "...but she didn't...then go...before I had..."

(female) "...see that's..."

(male) "...No! I said...hoped to have..."

(female) "...Ah! Can't you...didn't hear..."

(male) "...was not being...reason that it is...not for my...said No!"

(female) "...ah! ..."

When the voices start, and she hears it, she leans forward to the window and pulls the net curtain away, looks out, up and down the street, to see if it is outside. She then drops the curtain back, stands for a minute listening to the voices until it stops. She then stands rooted for a few seconds, wondering if that is it and if it's over, she goes to the wall of her room, and puts her ear to the wall, listening to see if it is perhaps her neighbours. She listens for a few second, hears nothing, she moves away from the wall and shakes her head, deep breath and walks out of the room.

She is now in the kitchen where she switches on the kettle, she pulls a cup off the hook, pours a teaspoon of coffee inside, takes the sugar can and put teaspoon of sugar inside the cup, bends and gets the milk from the fridge next to her, and puts it on the counter. The kettle had by now started; the sound of the kettle, soft as it is first switched on, is now louder as it has started to boil. Suddenly the 'sound of the kettle' is right in her ears (*on the movie, the sound of the kettle will suddenly be very loud, as if it is right up against your ear*) and she immediately puts her hands to her head and

goes "argh!". She does this again. ***the camera here cuts out to another view of her standing in the kitchen, with the kettle sound suddenly cut back to normal, the sound coming from there where the kettle is boiling. *then the camera cuts back to previous view, where the sound of the kettle once again is very loud)** With her hands to head still, she goes "argh" a few times and every time her body cringes a bit more, until she is completely bent over the counter. She suddenly screams into the loud sound of the kettle and grabs a cup off the counter and throws it across the kitchen. Precisely when the cup hits the wall and brakes, the loudness of the kettle stops, and the sound is back to where the kettle is boiling in front of her. She looks at the kettle, bewildered and frightened, confused and angry. She flicks the switch of the kettle and walks out of the kitchen.

She is standing in the bathroom, leaning over washing her face in the sink. She straightens, takes her toothbrush, puts paste on, and stands looking at herself in the mirror in front of her brushing her teeth.

Voice Over:

(female) "...said another...never gonna...say it..."
(her own voice) "...say..."

All the while she is staring straight at her reflection. When she hears her own voice, the word 'say', almost at the same time she says with her lips "say" almost simultaneously, it is staggered.

Voice Over:

(female) "...beginning...goes from here...without u didn't...it's not over now...it would have...say it..."
(her over voice) "...say..."

She stares straight her reflection, and once again almost simultaneously, yet staggered, she says "say" with her lips.

Voice Over:

(female) "...Oooh..."

She stares stops, freezes, leans in a bit closer, looking at her reflection, then leans forward, rinsing her mouth.

Voice Over:

(loud, almost a scream, sounds angry/voilent)
(male) "...aaaghf..."

She scares at the sound, suddenly straightening and looking around at the bathroom to see where it came from, what it is. Confused, raises her hand to head, frowning. Then turns and places the toothbrush back, then walks out of the bathroom.

Scene 2 - Starting the Day

The camera next cuts to her walking out of the front door of her house, as soon as she comes outside you can hear the voices of two people (male and female) talking, slightly in the distance. You can't really hear what they are saying. She closes the front door and starts walking down the path next to the garden, leading to the street. The path is obscured with hedges until the end. As she is walking down the path, the voices of the people talking become a little bit louder. She leans her head slightly forward, listening. The voices become a little bit louder, but it sounds very real, as if it is really two people standing at the end of the hedge, around the corner or in the street, talking. When she reaches the end of the path, and rounds the corner, anticipating seeing the people, the voices suddenly stop. Looking around, she turns her head, looks the other way up the street, there is no-one there.

She immediately turns on her heels and walks away, up the street, to her car. She climbs in her car, starts the engine. She suddenly leans forward and bangs her head against the steering wheel. She sits up, stares at her reflection in the car mirror for a second. Then starts the car and drives off.

She parks the car, in town, in the car park, gets out of the car and starts walking towards the town. As she is walking you can hear the usual sounds of the town; the cars driving, honking, people talking in the distance. She walks through the stalls, as she is walking the sounds and voices of the people (a lot of voices) around her get louder and louder. She starts walking faster. They get even louder, by now she starts running. When she reaches the front door of the post office, the voices are very loud, filling the whole space of the film. When she opens the door and walks in, the voices immediately suddenly stop and drops very low, to only a few voices, almost whispering. She drops her gaze down, reaching in her bag for her post, pulls it out in front of her. ***it is very important that the camera angle stays downward, it is not showing the view of the people in the post office.** You can hear the voices, still whispering/almost talking. She flicks through her post, half listening and half looking that she has got everything. When she raises her head ***camera looks with her, shows her view** and looks up into the post office, the voices immediately suddenly stop. No-one in the post office is talking. With her eyes, she glances and scans at the people in the queue, at a glance no-one is talking. Then she looks at the cashiers (it would seem obvious that these are the people talking, as they are dealing with customers over the counter), but everyone is busy doing something: ringing something on the till, putting post in the bag behind him, the customers: reaching into her bag to get her money, the other guy just standing there. ***camera can look at all different people in turn and then do a close up of their lips, closed, not moving.** She walks forward, stands at the back of the queue.

Now she is at the front of the queue and being called forward. "Yes please" the cashier says, looking at her and she walks forward to the bench. The camera follows her along, and when she looks up at the cashier, the camera cuts up and views the cashier. Very casually, he says (with his lips) to her "I didn't fucking says to her" and then smiles. She gets very anxious, her breath is short, she just stands there, looking at him, not moving. "Can I help you" the cashier says to her, looking a bit confused. She slowly puts the post down in front of her, a very alarming look on her face. The cashier takes

the post, starts typing on the till. "That will be..." he says and pauses ringing up on the till, he presses a final button and looks back at her, smiling. "Forty fucksake u fuck cunt" he says to her, and stands there looking at her. She stares him, not moving. A few awkward seconds pass. "That's four pounds forty please" he says again, this time a bit annoyed. She hesitates a moment then pulls her wallet from her hand bag and digs for the change. She pays the cashier. "Thank you" she says very softly when he gives her the change, and she quickly turns and walks out of the post office, head lowered.

She is walking up the high street, head lowered, a bit in a rush, trying to avoid the people. The voices of the people are normal around her. It is fairly busy. When she reaches the top of the high street, she turns right in front of the bank and stops there. She looks at the front doors. She suddenly turns around, says "argh!", raises her hands to her head nervously, and starts frantically pacing a few steps at a time, up and down in the street. She is very anxious, talking slightly to herself, repeating "stop it" to herself a few times. She taps her hand to the side and top of her head, almost slightly hitting it. She then stops, lowers her hand, takes a deep breath, calming herself. She straightens and walks into the bank. She joins the back of the queue. She nervously looks at each person in the bank, in turn. ***the camera can show people and do close ups of their lips.** Some talking and some quiet. She reaches the front of the queue and gets called forward. She VERY nervously, frowning and slowly approaches the cashier. Anticipating the worst, the cashier lady smiles and says "Yes". "I'd like a balance, please and then to withdraw some money?" she says softly to the cashier lady. "Certainly, do you have your card?" the cashier lady asks. She pulls out her wallet and slides the card through the space in the security window. The cashier lady takes it and slides it into the machine, then pops it in the pins entry thing. "If you could please enter your pin?" the cashier lady hands the pins entry through the window, she takes it and puts in her pin and hands it back. The cashier lady is typing on the computer, when she hears:

Voice Over:

(male) "...look at her, disgusting..."

(female) "...oh, I know..."

Murmurs of other voices in the background

She nervously glances behind her at the queue, no-one is talking, but it feels like everyone is looking at her. She looks at the guy standing next to her suspiciously, frowning. Soon as he glances back, she lowers her eyes and peers suspiciously at the woman on the other side of her, who is talking to the cashier. She nervously raises her hand to her head, looks down at her clothes/body, looks up at the slight reflection of herself in the security window, smoothing out her hair. "Here's your balance" the cashier lady is looking at her now, and slides the paper slip through the window. She takes it and looks at it. "How much would you like to withdraw?" the cashier lady asks her. She takes the pen and writes down a figure on the paper, handing it back through the security window.

Voice Over:

(young male) "...could smell that a mile away..."

(female) "...urgh..." (in disgust)

She immediately turns and looks suspiciously at the people around her, but no-one is talking. She frowns, puts her nose in the air, trying to smell something. She leans her nose into her body, on her shoulder, and sniffs.

Voice Over:

(male) "... forever shall see the truth..."

(female) "...not in the first..."

(male) "...light it...wonder if it..."

She stands still, frozen, listening. "Is there anything else...?" the cashier lady says and slides the money through the security window. She cuts her off, "thank you", she says softly and grabs her money and puts it in her wallet, turning, walking out of the bank.

Scene 3 - Work

Her car pulls in, back at her house. She switches it off and climbs out. Walking past the spot where she thought earlier the people were talking, she stands for a minute, staring at the place. She raises her hand nervously to her head, tapping her head and continues down the path to her front door, unlocks it, walks in. She goes up to her room, walks in, puts her bag down and flops down on the bed, lying on her back. She breathes a few times deeply. Lays there for a few seconds, then sits up straight, shakes her head. She starts crying.

She is walking down the street on her way to work. She is walking next to a very busy road (the A34/M3 junction here at Kingsworthy) which joins the motorway on a roundabout up ahead. The cars are going past her, rather fast, fast enough to make a 'whoosh', the usual sound cars make as it passes. She is smoking a cigarette and walking ahead. There are a lot of cars, and all the sounds of the cars are quite loud as it is right next to the road she is walking. Her head is slightly turned away from the road, looking to the side away from the traffic. From the corner of her eye she sees a car approaching, it's car sound is a bit louder as it is right next to her. ***the camera goes into slow motion:** As the hood of the car passes her eye, she turns her head to look at the car, the 'whoosh' sound is very loud right next to her, the body of the car passes, the 'whoosh' sound continues, she turns her head more, and suddenly as the back of the car passes her, inside the 'whoosh' she hears a piercing scream, a very loud, louder than the 'whoosh', a piercing scream (female). The 'whoosh' passes her along with the car going slightly softer, but the scream hangs on a bit, the car drives away and the scream goes after/along with the car and stops. ***slow motion stops.** She stops in her tracks and looks up the motorway at the car. Then suddenly another car passes right next to her (not in slow motion), and the 'whoosh' goes with the car and straight after the sound, inside the 'whoosh', there is this piercing scream, behind the car and then when the car has passed and is driving away the scream stops. Suddenly there is another car right next to her, the piercing scream inside the car. She raises her hand to head, nervously hits it, "No...No...No..." she repeats. She stares frantically out at the motorway, all the cars going making the car sounds of traffic, it's very loud, a lot of cars. She starts crying and runs up the road. Every other car passing right next to her,

screams behind the car. (it is only the cars right next to her, the other cars in the other lanes makes normal car sounds at the same time). She runs and runs up the road.

She is now at the front door of her office at work. She is breathing fast, and hard. The sound of the traffic is off in the distance. She pushes open the front door and walks in.

She is now standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom, looking at her reflection. She leans forward and wipes under her eyes, checking that you can't see she's been crying, straightens and smooth her hair. Turns and walks out.

She is now sitting at her desk in front of the computer by the reception window. There is a patient opposite, rummaging in her hand bag, she stares at the woman as she is talking "...for another appointment next week, not Tuesday though..."

Voice Over:

(this is a very loud shout)

(male) "...No! ..."

(same male) "... Yes! ..."

She stares at the woman in alarm, who is staring right back at her. She freezes. "Yes?" the woman says to her. She doesn't say anything, she doesn't move. The woman opens her mouth and starts saying "How..."

Voice Over:

(this is a very loud shout)

(female) "...No! ..."

(male) "... Yes! ..."

(female) *screams*

(male) "...hu-uh..."

The woman had stopped talking now and was looking at her a bit annoyed. She didn't hear a thing she had said. She realised the woman had asked her 'how much' and she said "uuh, that will be £120". The woman is taking money out of her wallet, when:

Voice Over:

(this is a very loud shout)

(male) "...No! ..."

(female) "... Yes! ..."

(same male) *screams*

(female) "...hu-uh..."

(male) "...no..."

(continues in this manner)

During this the woman had, smiling, said something to her, to which she could only say "ok" and then the woman walked away. She only saw her lips move, didn't hear a word she said, all the while this shouting is happening. The next patient is standing by the reception window now. "Hi...please for..." the

patient says. She tries her best, to act normal, appear as if nothing is happening. The shouting is continuing around her, and she can only make out bits the patient is saying to her. She gets confused, struggles to use the computer, to make appointments. "...is...at 2.30... afternoon?" the patient is saying, what she can hear between the shouting. She can only reply "ok", to which the patient smiles and says "great..." the shouting again over the rest of what she says and then suddenly the patient walks off. She raises her hand to her head nervously and starts almost hitting/tapping it against her head. She silently starts crying. The shouting continues and another patient is by her reception window again. It continues like this for a little while, for another two patients, she can only make out bits the patients are saying, she only says "ok" back. As the final patient in the queue had walked away, and the shouting was still continuing she dropped her head in her hands, closed her eyes, her elbows on the desk. "Stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it" she said under her breath.

It stopped. Suddenly her boss is standing by the office door, looking at her, and says "can you come see me, please". She gets up off the chair, and walks to the door, walks behind him, to his office. As soon as they are inside his office, and he closed the door, he turned, without sitting down, turned right there and asked "what happened?" She looked at him, she didn't say anything, she just stared at him. He walked around her, to his desk, and pulled a paper off the desk, he is very angry. "What happened?" he asks again, looking at the paper. She just stared at him, didn't say anything. "That is over £500 you just let walk out the door, why didn't you collect the money?" She didn't know what to say, what can she say? How do you explain what she just heard? She just stared at him. "I'm sorry, but this won't work" her boss says, "I need someone who can do their job, you're not doing your job." He suddenly sighs, looks at the floor, looks back at her "I'm going to have to let you go, you've lost us money today" he says to her. She just numbly sits there and looks at him. A few seconds pass. She looks up at him and says "ok". She gets up and walks out the door, tears burning in her eyes, she walks to the office, all her colleagues (the nurses, other receptionist, the one doctor) in the back of the office, stare and look at her. She grabs her bag, and walks out the clinic, leaving her boss standing in the reception.

She is now in the middle of the road, on the way home, the car noise is on full tilt next to her in the traffic, with the piercing screams behind the cars, it is frantic and very loud, she is loudly crying, and running down the road.

Scene 4 - Night

She is crying, and at her front door. You don't hear the traffic or screams anymore. She unlocks the front door, and runs inside, crying. She runs into the bathroom, throws her bag on the floor, and frantically searches in the bathroom cupboard, knocking things over to the floor, she searches all the corners, until she stops and pulls out a little round tub. She stops crying. She opens the tub and shakes it into her hand, a blade falls into her hand. She takes the blade and sits down right there, her back to the bath, her crying more controlled now. She pulls up to her arm her tops sleeve. She catches her breath, sharp long intakes of her breath and catches it, does not

breath out. She raises the blade to her wrist and stops in the air. She breathes in sharp, catches it. Her fingers and hand clench tighter around the blade, hand raised over her wrist. A few seconds she sits like this. She suddenly swipes down very fast and hard past her wrist and in the motion throws the blade to the floor as she lets out a long scream. She raises her hands to her head, and drops her head, crying. ***camera angle will show her wrist, it is not cut.**

She is now standing in front of the sink, looking into the mirror. Tear stained face. She stands like this for a minute or two.

Voice Over:

(male) "...you're mine..." (whisper)

"No!" she screams in a cry, and raises her hand to her head, she taps it slightly.

Voice Over:

(male) "...you're mine..." (whisper)

Malicious laughter

"No!" she scream again in a cry, and suddenly she hits her head with her hand, hard. "No!" she screams again, and hits the side of her face with her hand. She does it again and again, screaming no, until she starts crying, she stops and sinks down to the floor.

She is now in her room. She is not crying anymore, but sniffing. She grabs a money pot on her dressing table. She throws it on the bed. She goes to her hand bag, takes her wallet out and places it on the bed. She is having hyperventilation, her breath, short and sharp, as she pulls out her money. She starts counting the paper notes (40) and then grabs the pot and throws the coins out on her bed. She starts counting them. She counts out all her money, and stands back from the bed, staring at it. "Shit" she says.

She is now sitting in the living room, on the couch. She has her head dropped in her hands on her knees. She sits like this for a minutes or two. On the table in front of her, is the telephone. She opens her eyes and stares at it. After another minute or two, she slowly reaches out and picks it up. She dials a number, wait. When you hear her say:

"Hello... Yes... " a slight pause "...I need some help..."

CUT

THE END