

The Supercharged Apprentice

by

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1. Expired Soda

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

Here in CHRIS'S room, the lights are off, and clothes and guitar magazines lie scattered on the floor. A bin is at the back. This CHRIS is a 22 year old, with spiky, black hair. He is drinking soda at his flat-screened Apple Mac, as he watches a horror video. Many screams and rusty chainsaws are heard. His swivel chair spins with unburned energy, and it often hits his kneeling FRIEND beside him. Even so, his eyes are glued to the screen. His name is KEN, and he is 20. He is a metalhead, and his demeanor and ostentatious choice of clothing can only be described as arrogant.

CHRIS
(to himself)
Hm, this Apple Pango tastes funny.
What's the use by date?

CHRIS inspects the drink. KEN remains more focused on the video, than his FRIEND.

CHRIS
30/8/2017? Ha. That's tomorrow. Well,
well, well. That's the most
interesting thing to happen to me all
day. All month, if I'm honest.

KEN
What was that?

CHRIS looks at KEN. KEN looks at CHRIS.

CHRIS
You'll never guess what. I have a can
of Pango that's about to expire in 2
minutes, and I'm drinking it right
now!

KEN
Seriously? That's pretty hard core.
Taste good?

CHRIS
Nope. What do you think will happen
if I keep drinking it over the next 3
minutes?

KEN
(jokingly)
You're crazy. You take things
way too far. Throw it in the bin right
now.

CHRIS
Yeah, yeah, I know, I was only
joking.

CHRIS spins round, and throws his half-full drink can across the room, and into his bin. Drink flies everywhere, as KEN looks over his shoulder and back again.

CHRIS
(pleased with himself)
Ah, thrown away just in time!

KEN pulls out his phone, from his trousers, trying to ignore the fact he is now wet. CHRIS turns back to his Mac. Time to half-watch Youtube.

KEN
(pretending to be nervous)
Er... Ben? Is your clock accurate? I mean, the clock on my phone uses the internet to get its time info... I think your clock is slow....

CHRIS
Come again?

KEN
(jokingly)
...Oh shit!

CHRIS
(panicking)
What?!

KEN
(trying not to laugh)
Call an ambulance right now!

CHRIS reaches for his mobile in his pocket, and dials '999', in alarm.

CHRIS
Hello?... Ambulance, please... I've just drank expired Pango.... Apple Pango...

KEN
No, Chris...

CHRIS
Quiet!

The NURSE ON THE PHONE, is a woman, whose appearance is unknown. She speaks with a typical, semi-posh Surrey accent, and has a high tone of voice.

NURSE
 (sarcastically)
 Oh, no!

CHRIS
 (horrified)
 OH NO???

KEN listens, too dumbfounded to react properly. He covers his mouth, with his hand, and stares, wide-eyed at CHRIS, never moving an inch.

NURSE
 Yes! How long ago did it go off?

CHRIS
 About a minute ago...

NURSE
 Oh my god, that's worse!

CHRIS
 Why?!

NURSE
 It's more embarrassing for you!

CHRIS
 What is?!

NURSE
 I'm just saying, death by drinking Pango that went off a year ago, isn't so bad. Death by drinking Pango that went off a minute ago.... It will be world news. I'm contacting a newspaper right now...

CHRIS swipes his keyboard off his desk, in a fit of rage. It hits KEN. He doesn't even react.

CHRIS
 WHAT?! WHY AREN'T YOU SENDING AN
 AMBULANCE RIGHT NOW, INSTEAD?!

NURSE
 Send an ambulance?!

CHRIS
 You mentioned death twice!!

NURSE
 (with a fake, calm
 rationality)
 Would you want to be in a small
 vehicle while someone explodes?

CHRIS
OH MY GOD!

NURSE
Exactly. Oh and by the way... Can you
imagine a world where hamsters could
vote?

CHRIS
WHAT?!

NURSE
I just think it's funny that's the
last thing you'll ever think about.
Bye! You God damn idiot!

CHRIS
FU.....

There is a confused pause. CHRIS examines his arms and legs,
then hangs up. KEN finally alters his position; his hand
leaves his face, but his eyes are still more than alert.

CHRIS
Hey... I'm still ok... I guess the
world of night watchmen is that little
bit better off...

CHRIS scratches his head.

KEN
Er...

CHRIS
What?

KEN
I'll phone your doctor for you, first
thing, tomorrow. You'll be fine. I'm
going now. Bye.

KEN exits the room.

CHRIS
(confused)
But I'm fine, already...

2. An Important Call

FADE IN:

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

KEN'S bedroom is a lot tidier than CHRIS'S. Guitar magazines are carefully laid out, on the shelves behind him. Also behind him, is a bed, a CD collection and a stereo. In front of him is a PC, which he is sitting at. He is holding his mobile in his hand, and dials in a number, as he shakes. He waits, with a tear in his eye. The call soon gets answered, and on the other end, is a PSYCHIATRIST. He has the voice of a 30 year old male.

DR. KILMISTER
(cheerfully)
Hello! Dr. Kilmister here!

KEN
Er... Hello, Doctor. It's Ken, Chris's friend.

DR. KILMISTER
Oh, God. What is it this time? Has he been singing to the trees, again?

KEN
Um, no...

DR. KILMISTER
Ok, so what's happened?

KEN
Well, as a joke, I told him that drinking expired Pango would kill him. .. I didn't expect him to believe me. He phoned an ambulance about it...

DR. KILMISTER
I see. Well that's not really bat shit crazy, but it's not good news, either. I'm not sure if he will be fit for his job interview...

KEN
Bat shit crazy?

DR. KILMISTER
I'm sorry, about swearing, but do you know much about psychological terms, and such?

KEN
Not really...

DR. KILMISTER
Exactly. So me saying things like schizophrenia F20.

0, messed up amygdala and neurotic disorders will go over your head, right?

KEN

I suppose so...

DR. KILMISTER

Exactly. So let's just call Ken a fruitcake. That way, we're on the same page.

KEN

Ok, then...

DR. KILMISTER

I'll book a meeting with him, now. In the meantime, just be nice and supportive to him.

KEN

But I think he's a bit of an idiot...

DR. KILMISTER

Don't we all. Don't we all... Be creative about it, you'll be fine. Is there anything else you would like to talk about?

KEN

No, that's all.

DR. KILMISTER

Dealing with Chris not interfering with your university coursework?

KEN

I'll be fine.

DR. KILMISTER

Ok, then. Tell Chris, I want to see him, tomorrow. Bye!

KEN hangs up.

KEN

(to himself)

I'm not sure if I want to see that guy, anymore... God, I guess I'll have to. Just open Facebook, and leave a message for him, then...

KEN opens up the social media page, and gets typing.

KEN
(speaking what he
types)
Hello, Chris, smiley face. Want to
order some early morning pizza??

3. Still Alive!

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

KEN hasn't moved, and is surfing the internet.

KEN
Ok, Pizza Gut, you allow me to make my
own pizza? Let the insanity begin!

A doorbell is heard ringing, followed by the opening of a door, and steps up the staircase. KEN welcomes CHRIS into the room, and both sit on the bed. The former's muscles are now a little tense.

KEN
Hello, Chris. You got here, soon...

CHRIS
Don't sound too excited... Is your mum
well?

KEN
Mm-hm. What about you? Are you ok?

CHRIS
Not bad. Just had trouble sleeping.
lol.

KEN
Ok. Well, about that whole expired
food/death thing... That's not normal.
You know that... Right?

CHRIS
The labels are there for a reason.

KEN
I guess it's a perfectly reasonable
mistake to make, then...

CHRIS
Yes.

KEN

Even so, Dr. Kilmister will phone you up about it, shortly...

CHRIS

Oh, God. Really?

KEN

Is that a problem?

CHRIS

A little bit. Have you skimmed the leaflet that comes with the medication I'm on? It just goes on and on, listing all the ways it can potentially kill you. I couldn't even bare to read it, properly. I don't want my dose increased.

KEN

It's very unlikely to harm you. That's what all the checkups are for...

CHRIS

You know once, a nurse tried to take my blood, but she ruptured a vein, and I sprayed red all in her face, and all over my clothes. No one wants to see someone covered in blood, walking towards them. The looks I got, when walking down the street...

KEN

To be honest, I'm not sure the blood made much of a difference.

CHRIS

It did, when an old lady fell over next to me.

KEN

That was a million to one thing. That could never happen, again. People only phoned the police, out of a sense of duty. It was nothing personal.

CHRIS

I guess. My phone's ringing. I think that's him, now...

KEN

Alright, I'll leave you alone, to talk.

CHRIS

Thanks. Ciao.

CHRIS answers his mobile, as KEN leaves the room.

4. The Checkup

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

A standard room. Kind of dull; roughly as dull as this description. It features just a table, four surrounding chairs, and a door. The PSYCHIATRIST, sitting at the table is a bearded 30 year old man, wearing a suit and spectacles. It's DR. KILMISTER. CHRIS enters the room, and sits to face him. He is wearing the heavy metal band T-shirt, of 'Basil Brush Mugged off my Uncle'.

DR. KILMISTER
Hello, Chris! Are you well?

CHRIS
Not bad. You?

DR. KILMISTER
Great, thanks. So you haven't been exploding, or anything?

CHRIS
No, that never happened.

DR. KILMISTER
Wonderful. So... Is there anything you think we should talk about, on our little checkup?

CHRIS
I'm feeling fine...

DR. KILMISTER
And no paranoid thoughts?

CHRIS
Just the explosion thing. In hindsight, I shouldn't have taken then expiry date so literally.

DR. KILMISTER
It's good that you acknowledge that... But what about your behaviour?

CHRIS
Fine, I think.

DR. KILMISTER
Are you sure?

CHRIS

Yep.

DR. KILMISTER

I don't think so; let me explain. Personality is kind of like a scale; on one extreme you can be too difficult, for example, and at the other extreme, you can be too people pleasing...

CHRIS

Mm-hmm...

DR. KILMISTER

Yes. It's all about how much you deviate. If you deviate too much, then there can be problems. But there lots of other ways you can deviate...

CHRIS

I see....

DR. KILMISTER

For example, you can be too cool. You can be so cool, no one else is cool enough to hang out with you, and you'll be lonely forever...

CHRIS

I'm confused.

DR. KILMISTER

You, however, are at the other end of that particular scale. Basically.... How should I put this?... You're a prick...

CHRIS

But personality is very subjective...

DR. KILMISTER

No, that's where you're wrong, we have charts to prove it and everything.

CHRIS

How?

DR. KILMISTER

Over the last 24 hours, we've looked at some of your Facebook posts. Most normal people would write about their day, their plans for the weekend, etcetera, etcetera... You, on the other hand just write about how great you are...

Your narcissism scores are through the roof. You once said, 'Oh my God... How do I do it? No one can be this amazing! :O'

CHRIS

Oh, right...

DR. KILMISTER

You go on to say you're like a 'super mix of Plato, Einstein, Eddie Van Halen', and you just list dozens of the world's greatest people, with no hint of embarrassment or self-consciousness....

CHRIS

At the end of the day, we're all related to each other...

DR. KILMISTER

It's not just that. You dress like a pillock...

CHRIS

You don't like 'Basil Brush Mugged off my Uncle?'

DR. KILMISTER

I've never heard of them, but I know I can't take them seriously.

CHRIS

They're very good...

DR. KILMISTER

You walk like a moron. You swagger so much you have been spotted toppling over three times.

CHRIS

Is this your attempt at therapy?

DR. KILMISTER

(confused)

No...

CHRIS

So I'm going to have to sit here and take your abuse?

DR. KILMISTER

Am I boring you?

CHRIS

No, it's just...

DR. KILMISTER

Because the staff here, have been thinking of writing a great musical about you, it will have strobe lighting and everything. We just don't have the funds...

CHRIS

That sounds interesting...

PSYCHIATRIST

Yes, it will be in D major...

CHRIS

Why?

DR. KILMISTER

Because you're a major D... A dick, basically. Can you help us with the money?

CHRIS

Sorry, no...

DR. KILMISTER

We could always strip the production down, in an emergency... I could play acoustic guitar, and you could play bongos. The part will be very easy, you just hit the thing over and over and over...

CHRIS

Why?

DR. KILMISTER

It symbolises how annoying you are...

CHRIS

Oh, God.

DR. KILMISTER

How do you think I feel, the guitar part is just one chord. It has to be, to represent your simple mindedness...

CHRIS

Is this whole meeting, some kind of joke to you, or something?

DR. KILMISTER

Yes. No, only joking, of course not...

CHRIS

I don't understand.

DR. KILMISTER
That's why I will only use one chord!
:D

CHRIS
Do I dare to ask about what the lyrics
will be?

DR. KILMISTER
Sure. 'Can you imagine another
Christopher? Dear God, I'd want to
kill myself'.

CHRIS
Can I go now, please?

DR. KILMISTER
You don't want to see my special
dance, for you?

CHRIS
What is it, then?

DR. KILMISTER
It's a country dance... Because you're
a...

CHRIS
Bye!

DR. KILMISTER
Ok, ok, ok... Don't go. I'm so sorry..
. You're not a cu... I mean cock. I
was being very insensitive.

CHRIS
Really? You think?

DR. KILMISTER
Yeeeah.

CHRIS
....

DR. KILMISTER
I've increased your medication, by 50
milligrams. Good day. Now go.

DR. KILMISTERS taps his feet, rhythmically, as CHRIS leaves.

DR. KILMISTER
Good luck with your interview! I'm
sure you'll be fine!

CHRIS
Er... Thanks.

5. A New Look On Life

FADE IN:

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

CHRIS and KEN are sitting on the bed. The former has a zipped backpack in front of him, and is wearing his favourite band's shirt, again.

KEN
Make yourself at home... So, are you feeling better, now, then? Since your appointment yesterday, I mean.

CHRIS
I guess so. I'm starting to feel less edgy, but, it's just...

KEN
... What?

CHRIS
Before I sometimes thought I was God. I miss that. I'm just not feeling it, right now. When the medication kicks in, it will only get worse...

KEN
You thought you were God?

CHRIS
Well, not really God... Just like a God...

KEN
That must have been fun.

CHRIS
Yeah... Doesn't matter, though, I've brought something that will make everything better!

KEN
(nervous)
What?

CHRIS opens his bag, and pulls out a bottle of vodka.

CHRIS
Vodka!

KEN moves his body away from CHRIS, a little.

KEN

Why?

CHRIS

You sound nervous. There's really no need, it's completely harmless. Like water.

KEN

I assure you, that's not true!

CHRIS

Of course it is. The Russians call it 'Little water'. Russians defeated the nazis.

KEN

I guess there's some logic to that, I suppose.

CHRIS opens the bottle, and guzzles half of it down in seconds. KEN'S jaw drops open.

CHRIS

Your turn...

KEN'S jaw hasn't moved.

CHRIS

Ken?

... Still hasn't moved.

CHRIS

Hello?

KEN

Jesus Christ!

CHRIS

That's me! Only joking.

KEN

(very uncomfortable)
Feeling better?

CHRIS

Got you! This is normal water! The bottle's real, though.

KEN

Is this your attempt at being fun, now you're not so called Jesus? I know it's not easy for you to take.

CHRIS

Mm-hm. I'm too honest, that's my problem. I say I'll take the medication, so I will.

KEN

Did you tell your psychiatrist about you being God?

CHRIS

Na.

KEN

Look, you need to get over this. I don't think I'm God and I'm perfectly happy...

KEN coughs.

KEN

(under his breath)

I mean I WAS.

CHRIS

Do you want me to get real vodka?

KEN

I have to be honest, I'm not sure I want to speak to you, anymore. You're creeping me out.

CHRIS

Beer? Not Special Brew...

KEN

Just prepare for your job interview, tomorrow. Are you ready for it?

CHRIS

Of course I am. On the day, I'm going to drink two massive cans of energy drinks, to really make me on the ball. I've heard they're quite powerful.

6. The Job Interivew

FADE IN:

INT. JOB INTERVIEW ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Here, is another minimalist room. It's without windows, and features just a table with a phone on it, two chairs and a cupboard. The JOB INTERVIEWER is a fat, bearded 40 year old man, in a suit. He is sitting down, and is facing CHRIS, also seated. The latter twiddles his thumbs, maniacally and never stops rocking back and forth. The former tries to ignore this.

PETE WARNER
Hello, Chris. Pete Warner, here.

CHRIS
Howdy.

There is a brief pause.

PETE WARNER
So, tell me; why do you want to be a night watchman?

CHRIS
Power, basically. I'm sick of big brother screwing me over, and spying on me all the time. I want to spy on others.

PETE WARNER
That's a different answer...

CHRIS
Also, I just like nighttime. Apparently, that's a trait of someone who is intelligent. As is being funny. I get called funny, constantly. Even by people who don't like me, and there are a lot of those people, haha!

CHRIS starts clapping. This also gets ignored.

PETE WARNER
Yes, I've heard about those personality characteristics, and their links to intellect. How do you feel about the long hours, on your own, behind a screen?

CHRIS
That's no problem. I've had a long history of mental illness. If I get too bored, I'll just stop taking my medication, and all sorts of crazy stuff will start happening. This job maybe tedious for others, but it could be pretty damn intense, for me.

PETE WARNER
I think I'm going to have to stop the interview, here.

CHRIS
Have I got the job?

PETE WARNER

I'm afraid not. BUT I can put in a good word for you, at the local supermarket, that my brother runs. You won't even need an interview!

CHRIS

Really??

PETE WARNER

Sure! Off you pop.

CHRIS leaves the room, with a spring in his run. He slams the door, behind him. MR. WARNER picks up the phone, and dials. It gets answered. The man on the other end, has the middle class voice of a 35 year old.

BRIAN WARNER

Hello, Brian here...

PETE WARNER

Hello, my brother!

BRIAN WARNER

Pete? We haven't spoken in years...

PETE WARNER

Yeah, because of that whole marrying my girlfriend thing...

BRIAN WARNER

I just liked her, that's all.

PETE WARNER

Mmm... Well, that's in the past, now. I think it's time to bury the hatchet.

BRIAN WARNER

Oh, I am so happy to hear that!

PETE WARNER

I'm happy, too. So how's your business going?

BRIAN WARNER

Pretty good, I'm thinking of expanding it.

PETE WARNER

Yes, I heard about that in the local newspaper. It read 'Friendly Brian's supermarket chain, in need of friendly recruits', or something, right?

BRIAN WARNER

More or less, yeah.

PETE WARNER

Well, let me tell you, I have the PERFECT candidate for you. He's smart, full of life, and VERY creative. And of course, friendly... I recommend he starts working for you, ASAP! He won't even need an interview!

BRIAN WARNER

Wow... He sounds like the kind of person who would be a great representative for my company! Thanks!

PETE WARNER

No, problem. Goodbye...

BRIAN WARNER

You don't want to have a chat?

PETE WARNER

Er... Ahem... Sorry, very busy, bye...

7. The Jitters

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Polite knocking is heard on CHRIS'S door. CHRIS rises from his seat to answer it, and sees KEN. CHRIS sits down, and swivels his chair to face his FRIEND. He then rocks on it, with his hands on the back of his head. KEN remains standing.

CHRIS

Yo, ken, I just got home in time to see you!

KEN

Did you get lost, or something?

CHRIS

(ignoring him)

I aced the interview!

KEN

You did?

CHRIS

Yeah, I've got a job working in a supermarket. I had to lie, though. I said I'd be willing to go without my medication, to make the job more interesting. All in all, I'm better off sane. I've been thinking... You were right.

KEN

Excellent.

CHRIS

Mm. However... I'm feeling kind of jittery. It's those energy drinks, I've taken. I heard great things about them, but I disagree.

KEN

God dammit, Chris.

CHRIS

You don't think they will make me on the ball?

KEN

How on the ball do you need to be? You're a checkout worker, aren't you? Not a jet fighter pilot...

CHRIS

Maybe I could be both!

CHRIS pulls a massive grin. There is a long pause. CHRIS keeps rocking, and adds a few spins.

KEN

What?

CHRIS

How about I ask to fly IN THE BUILDING!!!

KEN

Oh, no.

CHRIS

You don't think that would be new and innovative?

KEN

It's not that, I just don't see how the would be of any use whatsoever.

CHRIS

More exciting shopping! :D

KEN

I'm contacting your doctor.

CHRIS gulps.

CHRIS

No, don't! I was only joking!

KEN

You were?

CHRIS

Of course! Jesus Christ (not me!),
loosen up!

KEN

Grow up, Christ. I'm going. Good luck,
tomorrow.

CHRIS

Christ?

KEN

Oh, you know what I mean.

KEN leaves.

CHRIS

Few! Alright, I'll leave the fighter
jet idea, then.

KEN'S voice is heard, through the door.

KEN

What was that?

CHRIS

Joke! Go home, unbeliever!

8. First Day At Work

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

A tidy room, with motivational posters on the walls. The biggest one says 'A friendly worker, is a happy customer.' In the centre of this space, is a phone and a PC on a desk, with two chairs, facing each other. One is occupied by BRIAN WARNER. He types up everything he hears, is 35, and fat with a beard. The other seat is occupied by CHRIS. He has since calmed down, but not completely. Nervous twitches are common.

BRIAN WARNER

Enough small talk. So. You know why I
called you in, here?

CHRIS

No...

BRIAN WARNER
You've been talking to the food,
Chris.

CHRIS
What have they said about me?

BRIAN WARNER
Nothing!

CHRIS
I respect that.

BRIAN WARNER
What?

CHRIS
Did they get in trouble for keeping
quiet?

BRIAN WARNER
No!

CHRIS
Oh. But they didn't know they
wouldn't, right?

BRIAN WARNER
No, I suppose they didn't. Excuse me,
I need to make a call.

BRIAN pushes the keyboard away from him, picks up the phone
and dials a number. It is answered seconds later.

BRIAN WARNER
What the hell is wrong with you, Pete?
!

CHRIS
(quietly and sadly to
himself, and over
Pete's voice)
I'm just confused, that's all.

CHRIS gets ignored.

PETE WARNER
(laughing)
What do you mean?

BRIAN WARNER
Why have you sent a mentally ill
sociopath to work for me?

CHRIS
 (continued quietness)
 I didn't, I swear...

PETE WARNER
 He's not brightening the place up?

BRIAN WARNER
 Oh, sure! Dancing with my shopping
 trolleys, whilst shouting lines from
 the bible is great for my business!

CHRIS
 (normal volume, again)
 I have more ideas, if you like... How
 about people in jet fighters serving
 t...

PETE WARNER
 Shut up, Chris!

BRIAN WARNER
 (in hysterics)
 Oh, man!... I'm so sorry!

Claps are heard, from the other end of the line.

PETE WARNER
 I'm going now. Chris's psychiatrist is
 coming to meet me, any minute now. I
 hope you're happy.

BRIAN WARNER
 Aaahahaaha...

PETE hangs up.

CHRIS
 I didn't send a mentally ill sociopath
 to work with you, honest. I'd like to
 meet him, though.

PETE WARNER
 Just wait here, whilst I send a few
 emails.

PETE gets typing, again. A few minutes of awkward silence
 pass. Then a knock on the door is heard.

PETE WARNER
 Come in...

CHRIS
 I am in.

DR. KILMISTER enters the room, facing CHRIS. He crouches on the floor, with patronising body language.

DR. KILMISTER
Are you ok, Chris?

CHRIS
I feel great.

DR. KILMISTER
Talking to the food, isn't great, it's really weird... Weird enough to sing about...

DR. KILMISTER starts slapping his legs, rhythmically.

DR. KILMISTER
You know the words, Chris, join in!

The DOCTOR continues his drumming. Then starts to sing a melody in D major.

DR. KILMISTER
Can you imagine another Christopher?
Dear God...

CHRIS
I'm not singing that.

DR. KILMISTER
Ok. I'll stop, I'll stop.

The DOCTOR does so. He even stops his beats.

DR. KILMISTER
So, do you have any idea what brought your relapse on?

CHRIS
Relapse?

DR. KILMISTER
Ok, never mind that, for now. You look very jumpy; what's that about?

CHRIS
I drank a few too many energy drinks..

DR. KILMISTER takes a big sigh.

DR. KILMISTER
I see...

CHRIS
You see what?

DR. KILMISTER

Have you read the leaflet that comes with your medication?

CHRIS

What part? The bit about my heart growing, then possibly exploding? Or the bit about my white blood cell count dropping, and me effectively getting AIDS?

DR. KILMISTER

The bit about changing you caffeine consuming habits...

CHRIS

Ahh... No.

DR. KILMISTER

You'll be fine, eventually. Just take it easy for a while. And no more caffeine!

PETE WARNER

Why didn't you tell him not to drink energy drinks, before?

DR. KILMISTER

I did. See me first thing, tomorrow, Chris.

9. A More Thorough Checkup

FADE IN:

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

The same room, from before. However, this time an acoustic guitar and a couple of bongos are in the corner. CHRIS and the DOCTOR are sitting opposite each other, at the table. The former is far more relaxed, than previously, but plays with his clothes, and makes little eye contact.

DR. KILMISTER

Good morning, Chris. Feeling better since your little wig out?

CHRIS

Mm-hm.

DR. KILMISTER

No thoughts of conversing with inanimate objects?

CHRIS
 Nope. I'm feeling very sane. I just
 needed to sleep off those drinks.

The DOCTOR sustains a high D note.

DR. KILMISTER
 (singing)
 Chriiiiis...

CHRIS
 Please, don't.

DR. KILMISTER
 Chriiiiisss....

A chorus is heard, outside the room. They sing the same note.

GROUP OF PEOPLE
 Chriiiiisss!

Rhythmical knocks are heard on the door, in 4/4 time.

DR. KILMISTER
 I'll just get the guitar.

He handles the instrument, and sits back down, with the thing
 on his knees. He strums a D major chord, over and over again.

DR. KILMISTER
 (over the outside
 chorus)
 Can you imagine another Christopher?
 Dear God, I'd want to kill myself!

GROUP OF PEOPLE
 Chriiiiis!

DR. KILMISTER
 Oh, he's so insecure. But I would be
 to, if I was Christopher!

CHRIS gives a sarcastic round of applause.

DR. KILMISTER
 And, done!

CHRIS
 Congratulations.

DR. KILMISTER
 Now I've got that out of my system,
 let's start discussing your job
 prospects.

CHRIS coughs and rubs his neck.

DR. KILMISTER
Believe it, or not, it's looking good!

CHRIS
I'm sorry?

DR. KILMISTER
That Mr. Warner is willing to take you on, as a publicity stunt. He wants the public to know he will take on complete MORONS and turn the into respectable members of society. You are that moron! You start work, tomorrow! If you pass my little test, that is...

CHRIS
What test?

DR. KILMISTER
Question 1: Are you God, or any other holy figure?

CHRIS
Nope.

DR. KILMISTER
Are you friends with vegetables?

CHRIS
No...

DR. KILMISTER
Are you enemies with vegetables?

CHRIS
No.

DR. KILMISTER
Excellent. I'll just get you to do a few short written tests, and then I'll leave you to your new job. Good luck!

10. Second Day At Work

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

The phone and a PC are still on the desk, but it now houses three chairs. PETE WARNER is sitting next to CHRIS, and they are facing the computer screen and BRIAN WARNER. All have thier own piping hot tea.

BRIAN WARNER

Excellent, we're all here. It doesn't really even matter you were late... Pete... Even though I know you were on purpose.

PETE WARNER

How dare you.

BRIAN WARNER

And it's ok you're only here to talk business.

PETE WARNER

Oh, is that why I'm here? I wasn't really listening to our little phone call. As far as I knew, I was here to laugh at Chris.

CHRIS looks sad.

PETE WARNER

Something about energy drinks, right?

BRIAN WARNER

Oh, you weren't listening. Well, I lied about why I invited you, anyway. The real reason I brought you here was to say... Joke's on you, bitch! Everyone thinks I'm a saint, for taking on this nutcase!

CHRIS

Ex-nutcase.

PETE grabs scrunched up pieces of paper from his pocket, and slams them on the table, in front of BRIAN. BRIAN doesn't even look at them. Not that anyone could read them.

BRIAN WARNER

If you look at these files, sales of goji berries have gone through the roof, in the last 24 hours!

PETE WARNER

Why?

BRIAN WARNER

Because of their high levels of antioxidants. Some say they could help treat schizophrenia, apparently. Chris scared everyone to death, and now everyone's is terrified of the disease.

PETE WARNER
The berries can treat schizophrenia?

CHRIS
Oxygen is lethal.

BRIAN WARNER
No, it isn't Chris. And goji berries can't treat schizophrenia... Do people really think someone like Mr. Gilmour here, could be cured, by opening a window, or sitting by some plants? Of course not.

PETE WARNER
I feel quite the fool.

PETE coughs.

PETE WARNER
Quite the fool.

BRIAN reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a handkerchief.

PETE WARNER
I'm so sorry, I have a cold.

BRIAN covers his face with the tissue, as white powder drops from it, onto the table and floor. PETE raises an eyebrow, and scratches his head.

PETE WARNER
Atchoo!!!!!!

BRIAN sneezes, violently, and snot and the powder are projected into CHRIS'S and PETE'S eyes and noses. BRIAN then pockets his cloth.

BRIAN WARNER
.... Pete!!... Did you just blow cocaine in our faces?!

BRIAN hits his fists on the table.

PETE WARNER
What??

BRIAN WARNER
This is to make Chris go mental, again, isn't it!

PETE WARNER
I don't have to stay here and listen to this crap! I'm going!

BRIAN storms out of the room.

PETE WARNER
 (heard from outside)
 Don't go in there! They're crazy!

BRIAN WARNER
 Are you ok, Chris?

CHRIS
 Hahahahaha....

BRIAN WARNER
 Chris?

CHRIS
 Baaaaahahahahahaha.

BRIAN WARNER
 Hahahahahahaha...

CHRIS
 Aaaahahahaha...

BRIAN WARNER
 Hahaha. I think you should go home,
 and recover. I'll order a taxi, for
 you, and explain everything to your
 doctor. I'll stay here, but out of
 sight. Hahahahaha.

CHRIS
 You're the best!

BRIAN WARNER
 You, too!

CHRIS
 Why did you say that, are you
 threatening me??

BRIAN WARNER
 What??

CHRIS
 Oh, that does it!

CHRIS lunges at PETE, but misses, and falls onto the floor.
 PETE rips off his shoes, and throws them onto the back of his
 head.

CHRIS
 Aaargh!

BRIAN WARNER
 Calm down, and drink your tea!... Oh
 no! The caffeine!

Knocking is heard on the door. The voice of a WOMAN is heard.

WOMAN

Hello? Are you ok, in there?

PETE WARNER

Fine, thanks!

11. Recovery

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Clothes and guitar magazines are still piled up, on the floor. Now also on it, is a newspaper. CHRIS and KEN are chilling out, and sitting back on the bed, as they partly watch Youtube videos. Screams sound from the Mac, again.

CHRIS

Thanks for being here. I know it's not easy for you, the way I sometimes accuse you of hacking into my brain, and stealing my thoughts... You know I might accuse you, again, right?

KEN

It wouldn't surprise me.

CHRIS

Well, the doctor says I'll be fine, soon enough, so...

KEN

It's good you're making an effort, I guess.

CHRIS

Cheers. I certainly won't blow thoughts into your ear, or anything. Even though... y'know... I kind of want to.

KEN

That's good of you.

CHRIS

Anyway, check out that newspaper, there...

KEN

If you like...

CHRIS points to the thing. KEN picks it up, then sits back down with it.

KEN
 (reading aloud)
 'CEO sneezes crack cocaine into
 lunatic's face'.

CHRIS
 Lolz...

KEN
 Jesus. You're crazy bosses, you saw,
 yesterday?

CHRIS
 Keep reading...

KEN
 (reading aloud)
 The boss of the company 'Pete's
 Precious Goods' Pete Warner, did so to
 get back at his brother, and head of
 the enterprise 'Friendly Brian's
 Supermarkets'. His goal was to drive
 his sibling's workforce crazy, and
 ruin his reputation. This act of
 vengeance, was in response to the
 victim stealing Pete's wife, 5 years
 ago. He decided not to press charges,
 but apparently, it doesn't work like
 that. Pete has been arrested for
 possession of a class B substance, and
 is now jailed.

KEN tosses the article back on the floor, then sits a little
 further away from his FRIEND, once more.

KEN
 Oh my God... You're famous.

CHRIS
 Got it made, got it made...

There is an uncomfortable silence. KEN tries to make this look
 intentional, by yawning.

CHRIS
 ... Have you been stealing my
 thoughts, again?...

KEN
 Um... No...

CHRIS
 Ok.

KEN

I think we should watch something less violent.

CHRIS

Do you think the videos are giving me ideas?

KEN

No, no, no... Let's watch The Simpsons... It would make me feel better. I mean it's more funny. We can watch horror films once you're ok, again. Because laughter is the best medicine, and you need it now. Obviously.

CHRIS

Ok, fair enough...

KEN

Then we can have a look at, Dr. Kilmister's Youtube video he'll be posting.

CHRIS

Yeah. I hope it's as good as he says it will be. I love a good vlog.

12. The Performance

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

That room, for the last time. Now on the one chair table, is a computer, connected to a web cam. Strobe lighting is almost blinding, after KILMISTER flicks a switch on the disco device. It is at the back of the room, in the top corner and above the activated smoke machine. The standard lights then get turned off. After picking up his guitar, The PSYCHIATRIST faces the camera, and starts his recording software. The room gets more and more cloudy.

DR. KILMISTER

Hello, internet! Do I have a treat for you! I'm going to perform a number I wrote myself. I hope you like it...

The DOCTOR taps his foot, and strums a D major chord, repeatedly.

DR. KILMISTER

(rapping)

Chris went through an emotional abyss,
 doesn't really matter though, because
 the crack largely missed.
 He talks to fruit, he talks to veg, he
 dances with trolleys, when on the
 edge.
 He alienates all his friends, but then
 again, he might make amends.
 But not if he follows his old trends,
 he just sends people round the bend.
 He's a prick, he needs a kick, if he
 drinks too much caffeine, he goes
 mentally sick.
 He's a twat, he should be put in a
 sack, left in a room, where he can't
 do jack.
 Yeah, so someone once sneezed crack in
 his face, and that contributed to his
 fall from grace. But we all think
 he'll be ok, we all think he could
 function some day!

The DOCTOR leans his guitar against the wall.

DR. KILMISTER

So that was the first movement of my
 musical, that I simply call 'Chris'.
 Next I will recite a poem.

DR. KILMISTER vacates his seat, to turn off the strobe
 lighting. He then switches on the standard lights. He sits
 back down, and faces the camera.

DR. KILMISTER

If bliss is Chris, I'd give it a miss.
 I'd become an atheist, and be a cynic.
 I'd check myself into a clinic,
 The thought alone is too horrific.
 At night I would scream 'aaargh!'
 In the day I would scream 'aaargh!'
 Everything is too haaard.
 I'd rather be taaaard
 ... And feathered
 ... In rainy weather.

KILMISTER picks up his guitar, once more.

DR. KILMISTER

Now, I will put into music, how Chris
 makes me feel.

KILMISTER starts strumming angry diminished chords, at maximum
 volume. Strings are at risk of breaking, for a long, long
 time.

DR. KILMISTER
... Ok, so that was part 1 of my
project. Please tune in, again in half
an hour!

The DOCTOR leans his guitar up, again, then turns off the recording program. He rests back in his seat, with his hands on the rear of his head. His last act, is to give a contended sigh.

13. The End

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

CHRIS is sitting on the chair, facing the computer, and KEN is kneeling down, beside him.

DR. KILMISTER HEARD FROM COMPUTER
... In rainy weather

CHRIS switches off the computer.

CHRIS
I'm not going to lie, I'm pissed off.

KEN
It's ok. Let's just watch some more
Simpsons.

CHRIS blows in KEN'S ear.