

ROOM 24

A

Suspense

Psychological

Thriller

By

Christos

Hadjimouratis

In Remembrance Of Troy The Boy

A Scenefiles Production

1007 / 16 Hamilton Place
Bowen Hills / Brisbane
Qld 4006 / Australia

PH: 07 31723356

ROOM 24

Another "One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest" . . .

During August through to November 2014, several events had taken place, which gradually escalated into unimaginable horror for Troy Adams, who, after seeking urgent medical attention at a hospital emergency ward for possible eye, skin and blood infections, which was caused by prolonged exposure to toxic fumes entering his unit, was thought to be delusional and hallucinant.

Uncooperative with medical staff, and considered a high security risk, he was heavily sedated, and placed in over-night care at the Mental Clinic situated on the second floor of the hospital for further observation and psychological assessment.

Insisting his immurement was unjustifiable and a dreadful mistake, and in demanding countenance, said he was robbed of his freedom and it was a violation of his human rights.

However, under the State Mental Health Care Act, Troy was required to stay there until such time the doctors were convinced he was neither a danger to himself or others before he would be released.

Room 24 was to be Troy's new abode for the remainder of his stay at the clinic, which was bided with predominantly low-risk and mostly voluntary admittance...

"Life is but a dream, sometimes you just don't want to wake up..."

Inspired by true events...

Exposing corruption and criminal negligence
in the Department of Health, the Mental
Institutions and Police...

Laden with a potent mix of power, manipulation,
addiction and remnants of brooding secrets
waiting to be revealed...

ROOM 24

1. INT. EMERGENCY WARD / HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

OPENING TITLES AND CREDITS SEQUENCE.

SEGUEING WITH CONGESTED TRAFFIC AND PEDESTRIANS FADING UP: Noise of the city rise and fall intermingling is subdued and in the background, but never wholly ceasing, with the distant roar of buses, cars sirens and ambulances.

TROY ADAMS, a ruggedly handsome thirty-something year old, dressed in jeans and T-shirt, is seated at a waiting area, and with heavy anxious breathing, stares blankly at some documents he's holding.

Indistinct background chatter coming from the office staff gradually overwhelms his erratic palpitation and bathes the *mise-en-scène*...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

2. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM / HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Troy is seated on a bench, and as NURSE #1 looks through the documents he had, she views them with a degree of concerned scepticism.

NURSE #2 enters with various instruments and medical utensils, and commences to take a blood sample from Troy's arm.

VARIOUS SUBTLE ANGLES: Capturing expressions, reactions and movement of DOCTORS, NURSES, STAFF and multifarious routines and services relating to patients and duties...

SHORTLY AFTER:

3. INT. EXAMINATION ROOM / HOSPITAL - EARLY EVENING

Troy, who was resting on the bench, sits up as Doctor SAUNDERS enters, and after reviewing some medical documents on a clipboard, a serious shadow settles in the doctor's eyes.

DR SAUNDERS

Troy, your blood and urine appear to be normal. Exactly what is it that you think is wrong with you?

Troy flinches and croons anxiously, and glancing up with an expectant pose, indicates the affected parts of his ailing body...

(CONT'D)

3 CONTINUED:

TROY

(*pinched-faced*)

I desperately need some relief. The toxic fumes have infected my eyes, my skin, and my lungs. My entire body feels like it's on fire.

Having appeared rather hypochondriacal, the concerned doctor clears his throat and nods indifferently, and then ventures purposefully with subtle inference.

DR SAUNDERS

You said you were poisoned?

Troy furrows his brow and clinches his fists in a fever of anxiety and frustration, and quaking in utter disbelief, he grits his teeth and shakes his weary head...

TROY

No-yeah-arh... Didn't the nurse give you those emails and letters I've been sending to the police, real estate, health, and others? I brought them along so you can understand what I've been going through.

The doctor returns Troy's deeply troubled gaze with polite concern, and nods obligingly.

DR SAUNDERS

Yes, I did... Though I'd like to keep you here for further observation, and maybe do some more tests to establish what is wrong with you... Wait here while I get someone to examine you.

As the doctor steps out of the room, Troy shakes his head resignedly, and his lazy sombre gaze drifts aimlessly.

In the background, an emergency accident VICTIM is wheeled in and frantic attempts by DOCTORS and NURSES commence to revive him.

Complete chaos ensues, and presumably, a familiar occurrence.

CLOSING: Troy is awash with painful countenance, and a tense silence descends.

CROSS-FADE:

4. INT. MEDICAL INTERVIEWING ROOM — EVENING

Now, even though hospital procedures appear somewhat normal, it is always on stand-bye, and the level of professionalism never ceases to wane.

Troy, sitting on the bench, takes a drink of water from a plastic cup, and INTERN PSYCHIATRISTS' #1 and #2 enter...

(CONT'D)

4 CONTINUED:

In pre-rehearsed manner, and with insatiable curiosity clearly obvious, the neophytes are eager to learn...

PSYCH #1

(viewing notes...)

Troy... We'd like to ask a few questions, if that's okay by you?

Troy, a little waspish, rubs his inflamed eyes, and then continues scratching his itchy body, vigorously.

TROY

Sure...

Psych #2, intrigued by Troy's peevish fidgeting and overt menacing behavior, eases forward to observe his symptoms.

PSYCH #2

(studiously...)

Is someone attempting to do you harm, Troy?

Troy instinctively angles a transitory eye on the pair of mad fiends, and they glare back devilishly, and with measured and determined insistence.

PSYCH #1

Trying to poison you, Troy?.

Troy, in stunned silence, tightens his grip on the bench, and with his eyes visibly agitated, searches for an answer, and then he leans forward in a somewhat suggestive manner.

TROY

No. I said I was being poisoned by the toxic fumes entering my unit.

Psych #1, frowning with a bruising thought, and with a single arrogant eye, peers down haughtily.

PSYCH #1

Yes... Someone's trying to poison you, aren't they?

With the insinuation not lost, Troy wheels on him, shooting a sizzling look, and lets loose his malefic frustration.

TROY

(frothing from the mouth...)

Piss-off! What the fuck are you getting at?. Fuckin' idiots! I want to see that other doctor, what's his name...?

Taut and bitterly sputtering scurrility through gritted teeth, and like a wounded hound, glares in monitory reproach.

(CONT'D)

4 CONTINUED:

OFF TROY'S VISAGE: Amidst the groundswell of rage, and saturated with abject humiliation, Psych #2 turns sharply and fixes Psych #1 with a penetrating stare, and motions obliquely.

PSYCH #2
(*under his breath...*)

Let's go...

Both frowning in moral disgust, quickly leave the room...

CLOSING: Troy, physically and mentally drained, and with the formality of strangeness settling, an awful realization suddenly dawns on him.

SOON AFTER:

5. INT. MEDICAL INTERVIEWING ROOM - EVENING

Nurse #1 and #2 enter carrying several small plastic bags.

Nurse #1, careful not to appear too imposing, and with a serene gaze, and half-aborted smiles, goes into procedural mode...

NURSE #1
Doctor Saunders has arranged for you to see Doctor Colman... He will be taking care of you... In the meantime, can you please give me your wallet, keys, watch, and any other item you may have on you...

In the wake of missing possessions, a look of dread and realization wipes his face, and in a moment of escalating panic, mutters inarticulate uttering...

TROY
(*scowling darkly*)
Oh-no! Where's my glasses and hearing aid. Arh-shit! I must have left them in the cab, or, hopefully at home... This has been a big mistake coming here... Maybe I should just go...

The nurses, with increasing concerned, exchange anxious fleeting glances as they continue collecting his things...

NURSE #2
Please, Troy. Settle down. Everything will be okay. You need to stay calm...

CROSS-FADE:

6. INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR / HOSPITAL - EVENING

Uniformed hospital CLEANERS are emptying garbage bags into a waste dispenser, and maintenance PERSONAL are tending to some work.

Troy, grimacing with excruciating pain, is being escorted by Nurses #1 and #2, and closely followed by SECURITY GUARDS #1 and #2...

TROY

(*sulkily...*)

Arrrrrh!... My eyes are stinging like you'd never believe... Arrrrhhh!... And where the hell are we going, anyway?...

Nurse #1 leading the way, is somewhat apprehensive, and aroused with vague dubiety, on nervous impulse, glances back at the security guards.

NURSE #1

We're going upstairs to the clinic to see Doctor Colman...

Troy, barely able to keep his eyes open, and with a complex series of facial contortions, is having difficulty walking straight.

TROY

What clinic? ...

(MORE)

Suddenly breaking off, he turns sharply and locks onto the eyes of Nurse #2...

TROY (CONT'D)

(*highly agitated*)

Tell what's his name, I need some eye-drops and skin cream in a hurry... The pain is killing me! ...

Nurse #1, casting frequent glances back at the security guards, cautiously ventures into discursive formality...

NURSE #1

(*with frantic worry...*)

Troy... I am to inform you that under the State Mental Health Care Act... You are required to stay here at the Hospital Clinic for further observation and evaluation... Until such time, Doctor Colman...

Troy, realizing his insufferable predicament worsening, his face suddenly turns livid, and with growing exasperation, he strains with an agonizing stretch to free himself from the nurses' grip, and then angrily slides into a parrying tantrum...

(CONT'D)

6 CONTINUED:

TROY

(strenuously resisting...)

Let go of me!... I came here for some treatment. Not to stay here overnight!... Give me my things!...

(panic-stricken...)

I want to go home!... You can't force me to stay here!... I know my rights... Let go of me!... Arrrrhhh!...

While frantically waving his arms around, he unwittingly strikes Nurse #1 in the face, and causes her nose to bleed.

NURSE #2

Security!... Help! Security!..

During the chaos and confusion, security guards #1 and #2 quickly grab hold of Troy's arms, constraining him, and as the lift doors open, they thrust him inside.

Troy, quaking with incoherent rage, and requiring extreme and excessive measures for containment, is restrained against the lift wall with great ferocity, and he bitterly sputters vulgarity through gritted teeth.

The lift doors close, silencing the raucous.

JUMP-CUT:

7. INT. CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR / CLINIC - EVENING

Lift doors reopen, and the nurses and security guards continue to wrestle Troy with ruthless force, and as they head towards the main entrance to the Mental Clinic, they thrust Troy through the swinging doors.

BLACKED OUT: Ragged and laborious breathing trailing off...

FADE IN:

8. INT. CLINIC MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING

WIDENING: Troy is heavily sedated and lying on the floor.

Nurse FAYE stands, and with an expression of bewilderment emanating from her face, an air of realization suddenly dawns on her, and in a deep and almost painful timidity, sighs as she carefully places a syringe into its safety case...

Nurses #1 & #2 and the security guards, immensely relieved, step back and watch as Troy, with the colour draining from his swarthy face, is no longer tense, and soothingly drifts into an airy paradise...

DISTORTEDLY: Throbbing, swaying, swirling and coalescing euphemistically...

9. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Troy is fast asleep in bed, and Nurse Faye gently covers him with a blanket, and within her simmering purview, a glimpse of doubt creeps into her steely eyes, and in cold silence, she straightens.

Frowning thoughtfully, she slowly backs up to the door, and after steadying herself, with a touch of lenity, she bends her expression into a sympathetic grimace, turns off the light, and curtly leaves the room.

CLOSING: Inexplicably cloistered and shrouded in half-darkness, eventually movement subsides, and except for tired slow breathing, mute stillness descends, and the ominous silence is deafening...

BLACKING OUT:

INSERT: SLOW FOCUS ON DOOR NUMBER 24...

FADE IN AND PANNING UP: From Troy's bedside, to the barred window and beyond, and in the encroaching darkness of the sultry night, rain begins falling, and an ominous rumbling vents from above.

A bleary traffic light changes to red, and beyond in the distance, the dusky sky streaks and strains with blackness...

FADE TO BLACK AND THEN FLARING AND BURNING INTO WHITE...

SEVERAL MONTHS EARLIER...

FADE IN:

10. EXT. UNIT 8 / BALCONY / BLOCK 'A' - EARLY MORNING

It's been a hot stifling summer's evening, and Troy, in jeans and T-shirt, is standing on his lower ground floor balcony, and in calm reflection, looks out at the serene view of his leafy backyard.

His dwelling was initially considered idyllic, however, over the years, with security lapsing, and plagued by countless allergies affected by the environmental surroundings, he often considered moving to a more suitable location.

Troy was once a competent musician and songwriter, and has recently developed his artistry into creative writing and poetry. This was due to having a car accident some years ago, and needed to wear glasses and hearing aid, and adding to his woes, he developed a mild condition of obsessive-compulsive disorder, and his immune system and tolerance was constantly tested.

(CONT'D)

10 CONTINUED:

On this particular somnolent day, he notices one of the rear gates has been deliberately left open, and a couple of seedy characters that had entered, were loitering with intent.

Meanwhile, his phone had been ringing, and he's only just now noticed, because of the flashing light coming from his hearing-impaired receiver, and he goes and answers it.

CROSS-FADE:

11. INT. LIVING ROOM / UNIT 8 - MORNING

The dappled sunlight plays on the large rear window, and a fresh breeze enters through the balcony door and blows the silky curtains.

Troy is rather obsessed with cleanliness and keeps a tidy unit, and even though unadorned with minimalist décor, it is however, attractively furnished.

Sitting at his workbench, and wearing his glasses and hearing aid, he's contentedly passing the time listening to music and viewing emails from his laptop.

Appearing in many ways unconventional, he is however, to those who are familiar with him, known to be quite an intelligent, passionate and sensitive person, but, right now, he looks a bit drab and a little fatigued.

The tranquillity of a soft guitar instrumental coming from his vinyl stereo player is momentarily interrupted, with his attention drawn to a suspicious odour.

Mindful and alert, he immediately sniffs the air several times, trying to identify the possible source. Then with a daunting realizing, he twists his frowning face with anger and shoots a sidelong glance towards the back door.

The harsh glare coming from the beaming sunlight accentuates the pervading smoke entering the unit, creating a blinding effect...

FADE IN:

12. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - MIDNIGHT

A beam of moonlight projects through the barred window onto Troy, who is tossing and turning, and sweating profusely.

CLOSING: Suddenly awakening from a haunting nightmare, and in the randomness of his existential malaise, he clings to the blanket as he peers around groggily, aimlessly, and indeed, at his lowest ebb.

CROSS-FADE:

FLASHBACK:

13. INT. CLINIC MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING

CONTINUATION OF SCENE 7...

PREVIOUSLY: At the main entrance to the Mental Clinic, Troy was thrust through the swinging doors, with nurses #1 & #2 and the security guards #1 & #2, vigorously wrestling and trying to restrain him on the floor.

The Clinic Night Nurse Faye, holding a syringe, kneels down as Nurse #1 & #2 take a firm grip of his arm.

TROY
(pleading desperately...)
No! No!.. Stop! I'm allergic to certain
medicines!... Arh shit! ... You're going
to fuckin' kill me!...

Nurse Faye stops momentarily, and alarmed of the potential consequences arising from her actions, is thrown into a state of intense fear and desperation.

NS FAYE
(frantically)
Which medicines are those? ...

TROY
(deliriously...)
How the fuck should I know!. Ask my local
GP! Now fuckin' let me go!...

Nurse #1, disbelievingly, shakes her head and pressures Faye to proceed with the injection, which she does, and Troy grimaces in excruciating pain.

TROY
(convulsing...)
Oh-fuuuck, man!... What the fuck have you
done! You're going to pay for this! Oh-no!
Arh for fuck's sake...
(soporific...)
Arrrrhhh Shit...

IN A SUDDEN SHIFT OF ANGLE: He slumps onto his back, and looking up at the ceiling, he tries to find his breath, and with a final gasp, releases his clinched fists and clamped jaw, and rolls his bloodshot eyes back into his head.

WIDENING: The clinic night Nurse, Faye, stands and carefully places a syringe into its safety case.

SLOWLY TRACKING BACK: Dragging us all into heartrending poignancy...

DISSOLVE:

14. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - MIDNIGHT

The cold and clinical undercurrent permeating the room's bleakness accentuates the brutal reality of Troy's unimaginable nightmare.

CLOSING: Emotionally scared, and traumatic as his experience has been, there's a strange sense of solace, radiating from his fragile persona.

Outside in the hallway, bare-feet race away, and a screaming voice cries, both fear and exhilaration, and a reprimanding authority silences the disturbance.

15. INT. LIVING ROOM / UNIT 8 - LATE AFTERNOON

Troy plays a brief ending of an instrumental on his guitar. His once chosen profession, is now a relaxing and inspirational pastime.

Putting aside his loved instrument, he swivels around to the desk, and removing his hearing aid, and places them in a protective case.

Then wearing his glasses, he scrolls down a page on his laptop, of a song that he's written, and makes some adjustments.

While working, he's been idly glancing over to the kitchen area, making sure the meal that he's cooking doesn't burn.

Suddenly, he squints and frowns decrepitably at an invasive toxicity, and with a surge of irritation, he shakes his head...

TROY

(wrenched with angst...)

No, not that fuckin' smoke again!

With simmering frustrations giving way to anger, he shoots a sizzling look towards the rear balcony door...

CLOSING: A nasty strain creeps across his face, and he's unable to suppress the tremor that's shaking him...

CLOSER: Thinking bitterly, and saturated with despair, his eyes suddenly snap shut...

JUMP-CUT:

16. INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Troy, wearing his glasses and hearing aid, is at an office counter, handing over a letter to, HELEN, an agent of the real estate management.

(CONT'D)

16 CONTINUED:

TROY

(*elaborating...*)

Yeah-arh, these guys in the unit above me are into some really heavy dope... And the smoke is coming down through my back door, windows and even the bathroom vent... My whole unit is filling with toxic fumes, and it's becoming very unliveable...

(MORE)

Nodding whiles she takes notes, and with his hands behind his back, he tightens his shoulders and postulates with conviction.

TROY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I think they're cooking some crack, ice, or who knows what up there... And apparently they're selling to others in the block...

HELEN

(*stamps the letter...*)

Right... I'll get someone look into it as soon as possible.

Strangely, she appears somewhat edgy, and only we are aware of the sound of her pounding heart, making a lie of her calm exterior.

TROY

(*appreciatively*)

Thanks.

She gives her hair a nervous makeover, and with beaming smile splitting his feral face, he leisurely ambles away.

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO THE RHYTHM OF TROY'S HEART BEAT...

17. INT. BEDROOM / UNIT 8 — EARLY MORNING

Troy, waking up slightly disoriented, and with bloodshot eyes, frantically glances around the smoke-filled room, and then coughing and convulsing uncontrollably, he stumbling out of bed, and quickly opens the window for fresh air.

TROY

(*seething...*)

Not you again! For fuck sake!

He goes and grabs a wooden rod that he keeps behind his bedroom door, and starts banging the ceiling.

(CONT'D)

17 CONTINUED:

TROY

(screaming vehemently...)
You fuckin' piece of shit!. What the fuck
are you doing up there!. I can't fuckin'
breath down here! For fuck's sake! You're
fuckin' poisoning me!

SHADOWED FROM ABOVE - OFF SCREEN: A MAN AND WOMAN GIGGLE
AND LAUGH HYSTERICALLY...

FADE IN:

18. INT. DOCTOR SURGERY / LOCAL GP - MIDDAY

Troy is seated in front of the desk of Doctor KHAN, who is
examining his chest X-Rays...

DR KHAN

(viewing negatives...)
Hmm... There's mild inflammation and some
infection of the passageway to your lungs.

Putting the X-Rays back into the folder, he then writes a
prescription...

DR KHAN

I want you to keep using the inhaler three
times a day... Same with your eye-drops,
and twice a day with the skin cream.

Troy, tight-lipped and with furrowed brow, nods in
acquiescence...

DR KHAN

The surgery will be closed for a week, so
if you need to see someone urgently, you
will have to either go to the hospital
emergency ward, or...

The session trails off...

CROSS-FADE:

19. INT. LIVING ROOM / UNIT 8 - MID-AFTERNOON

Troy opens the front door and greets CONSTABLE RYAN with an
enthusiastic handshake. He is in full police uniform, and
carrying a mobile radio, which is constantly transmitting...

TROY

Thanks for coming Constable Ryan.

They sit at the large round table in the living area, and
Troy, with a slight jerk of the head, shifts his glance,
and keenly points out...

(CONT'D)

19 CONTINUED:

TROY

(wearisomely)

What's that...

Indicating the short-wave broadcast, and the constable arrogantly waves his objection aside...

CONST. RYAN

(insipidly)

What can I say, I'm on duty, mister Adams. I do share your concerns, though, and I want to get to the bottom of this, just as much as you do.

Troy, barbed with a derisive sneer, and much to his disbelief, screws his brow in an awful wrinkle, stands and postulates with an overly incredulous look.

TROY

But the whole neighborhood knows you're here.

With breathtaking arrogance, constable Ryan throws Troy a smirk, and seemingly impervious, dismisses it as being mere superfluous.

CONST. RYAN

So, what have you got to show me.

Following a slightly fermented pause of silent protest, Troy, who appears relatively calm, is however, clearly containing his anger, and he shrugs and shakes his head resignedly.

TROY

Nothing with that on. Nobody's that stupid.

Constable Ryan, with a stern gaze and a load of curiosity, snorts and leans back languidly.

Troy, laughingly nods in the negative, and with hopeless despair, strolls over to the back door, and wittingly mollifies in a thoughtful drawl...

TROY

Yeah... Not even you...

He grumbles and moans, and oppugnant with discontentment, his gaze takes on a probing wander, and he frowns at the balcony above...

RISING: With the humidity hanging thick and greasy in the sultry air...

OFF SCREEN: SUPRESSED GIGGLING AND LAUGHTER...

CROSS-FADE:

20. EXT. BALCONY / ABOVE TROY'S UNIT - MID MORNING.

CRANING UP: TOMMY, the drug addict, stamps a leather sandal on the concrete balcony, and habitually unkempt, is sitting on a chair, with brooding eyes, and smiling wryly.

JOAN, his girlfriend, and the rightful tenant, walks out lackadaisically from the back door, and somewhat sluggishly, offers him an unlit bong and bag of dope, but he immediately halts her with an innate caution.

She furrows her brow and throws him a cursory glance, and then knowingly, she expiates with mock maudlin sympathy and sobriety.

Then barely able to hide his glee, he leans back, and closing his eyes, vigorously acts as if he's jacking off...

ASCENDING RAPIDLY TO AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE REAR BALCONIES OF BLOCK A...

CROSS-FADE:

21. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - MORNING

Troy, still a little narcotized by the overnight sedation, walks out from his room in his soiled jeans and T-shirt, and bleary-eyed, and without his glasses and hearing aid, feels and looks like a lost zombie.

Coming from down the end of the hallway are varying levels of kitchen noise, shuffling of feet, chairs dragged, indistinct voices talking, chatting, quarrelling, and even faint television and radio broadcasts of morning programs...

22. INT. HALLWAY / CLINIC - MORNING

Troy walks down a hallway of partly opened and closed doors on either side, with bathrooms and toilets in-between, and there's odd persons inside here and there, watching as he moves towards the main open area of the clinic.

The activity becomes more apparent, with people serving, receiving, eating, and going about their normal routines at breakfast time...

23. INT. MAIN OPEN AREA / CLINIC - MORNING

On the left of the hallway entry, there is the kitchen and dining area, which is serving breakfast. The cheerful BUGS and MARY are catering for patients and guests, who are standing, sitting or walking around several tables with chairs.

(CONT'D)

23 CONTINUED:

Just beyond there, are three computers, with LESLIE, the would-be IT-Man, having his breakfast at one of them, and the other two are vacant.

Further down is a large television set with a coffee table and couch in front of it.

At the end, just before the glass partitioned office area, is a private television room on the left, and a play and guest room on the right, which resembles a kid's room, equipped with two guitars, a recorder, many books, toys, and other playful things. Both these rooms have partly glassed partitioned walls and doors.

Back to the right of the main centre area, are large wooden and glass folding doors, which open to an outdoor social and recreational area, with wooden tables, benches, and even some potted bushes and plants.

The restricted office area has various partitioned work related rooms, and several other special purpose rooms for testing, examinations, interviews and tribunal.

Beyond the office area, is a physical education area, equipped with equipment for handicapped and disadvantaged persons needing testing and exercising.

The mental clinic security is very strict, and there are two guards during the day and one in the evening, who are mainly stationed at the main entrance, and occasionally walk around.

The mental clinic environment is reasonably pleasant, and its modest setting is somewhat idyllic for the diverse and colourful characters, with eclectic mind-sets.

Meanwhile most of the office STAFF, DOCTORS and NURSES, have arrived and are organizing their daily schedules and routines.

Troy, who had been walking down the centre of the open area, heading towards the partitioned offices, has been under a scrutinizing gaze from curious patients, guests and staff.

As he approaches a locked office glass door, day Nurse RONDA, with pad and pen in hand, intercepts and steers him into the private television room.

She is a pleasant and attractive twenty-year-old intern, who is well groomed and dressed in a neatly pressed tan top and pants uniform, and self-consciously, gives him a fond smile.

NS RONDA

Troy, my name's Ronda, and I'm one of the day nurses here to take care of you...

(referring to notes...)

I trust you slept well... I need to get some information off you. If that's okay?

(CONT'D)

23 CONTINUED:

He smoothens down his tousled hair, and in his sobering forlornness, his eyes glitter with irritation.

TROY

(impotently...)

No. I need to see someone about going home. There's been a terrible mistake. I don't belong here.

Genuinely moved, she places a calming hand on his shoulder, and coolly raising an eyebrow, catches hold of his unruliness until he slowly nods an apology.

NS RONDA

*(with caressing tones
of assurance...)*

I understand where you're coming from. However, we need you to cooperate so as to establish a few details.

Gripped with frustration, and after an awkward and painful beat, he glares at her with increasing disquiet.

TROY

No-no-no... You don't understand. I can explain everything, but first, I need to go home and change my clothes, and get my glasses and hearing aid. And then, I can come back here, and you can ask me whatever you want.

NS RONDA

*(with persuasive
eloquence...)*

Yes, all in due time, but first we need to assess your mental state. We have clothes here that you can wear. If you have a relative or friend that can be contacted, your things can be collected and brought here.

Finding it rather absurd, he looks as though he's about to implode, and with his eyes glittering with irritation, decides to turn away for some moral support...

TROY

No, that's not going to happen. I doubt it if anyone's going come all the way here, to...

(with a rueful grin...)

In any case, they'd be in stitches laughing if they heard this shit...

(with moans of anguish...)

Or, worst still, they'd probably think I had a nervous breakdown.

Then suddenly, engulfed in utter disbelief, he implodes with an incoherent cry of excruciating pain.

(CONT'D)

23 CONTINUED:

TROY

What the hell is wrong with everybody?
Can't you see that this is a terrible
mistake. There's nothing wrong with me!

She is the model of propriety, and in her bewildered
kindliness, grimaces and melts to his piteous pleas, and
then with a look of cold amusement...

NS RONDA

(candidly)

Then why did you come to the hospital
if there's nothing wrong with you?

She gives him a thoughtful stare, and devoid of any
expression, with a lackluster shrug, he pauses momentarily
to reflect on his somewhat surreal predicament, and then
suddenly, and abruptly, begins to behave like a retarded...

TROY

(wittily)

Arh. Now let see... Maybe because I had a
serious eye, skin and chest infection...
Which by the way, I'm still waiting to be
treated for...

(MORE)

Taking hold of him with her eyes, she nods sympathetically,
and with indolent reluctance, acquiesces...

TROY (CONT'D)

(slightly hysterical...)

And having come here, obviously the worst
decision ever... What happens?... I get
free accommodation in a five-star hotel...
Now how good is that! ... Let's celebrate
shall we! ...

In his awry disorientation, he sarcastically waves his
hands around in the air like a lunatic, and even though she
has been comically entertained she shakes her head
despairingly...

NS RONDA

*(raising an eyebrow,
sceptically...)*

Now-now, calm down, Troy... You're only
making things worse for yourself. Just be
patient. Doctor Colman will see you
shortly...

(MORE)

Smiling broadly, and with a reassuring gaze, gestures for
him to settle down...

NS RONDA (CONT'D)

Everything will turn out fine, trust me...

24. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / CLINIC - MID MORNING

Day security guards MIKE and ANNA open the doors and Doctor COLMAN, a senior psychiatrist, enters and sits at the main end of a large rectangular table. His role is to oversee all aspects of management.

Present is Doctor EASTWOOD, another senior psychiatrist, who is responsible for patients' needs, and recommendations for further treatment. Doctor SIMMONS, a junior psychiatrist, who gathers information on patients' progress and writes up the reports. Nurse PAUL, a resident senior, who oversees day-to-day procedures and liaisons with doctors, nurses and office staff. Nurse TRACY is another resident senior. Nurse RONDA and Nurse JOHN are interns gaining valuable experience.

This and most morning meetings, is where there's a sharing of daily information regarding patients' assessment and possible treatment, and certain interviews are conducted. At the end of every month, there is a tribunal set up to deal with serious and complex cases, which require a senior panel, along with social workers and legal aid.

25. INT. OFFICE AREA / CLINIC - LATE MORNING

Troy, leaning on the office partition, with his cheek pressed hard up against the glass, watches patients receiving their medicine at a sliding window section, and one by one, they're being asked to enter the conference room for their daily assessments.

QUICK TIME LAPSE: Overlapping in duration...

Eventually, leading away from the office area, Nurse Ronda escorts Troy down a glass-partitioned passage...

26. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / CLINIC - MIDDAY

Troy enters, and with noticeable bruised arms and shadows under his eyes, stumbles as he goes to his allocated seat at the head of the table, and without his glasses and hearing aid, he would probably appear rather vulnerable if not intellectually handicapped.

Clearly discomfited by the glaring attention, and somewhat preoccupied with his annoying and yet to be treated niggling irritants, is feeling increasingly insecure.

DR COLMAN

(*sorting diagram cards...*)

Can you state your name for me, please?

Troy is distracted momentarily due to a disruptive outburst coming from the main area, and then quickly gathering his mental faculties, proceeds guardedly...

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

TROY

Troy Adams.

Doctor Colman vaguely senses his uneasiness, and adds a note to his report...

DR COLMAN

And your address?

TROY

Unit eight, lower ground floor, Block A,
Forty Elizabeth Street, Surry Hills.

Suddenly his attention is drawn to Doctor Eastward, who leans forward, tauntingly close...

DR EASTWOOD

(meeting his gaze...)

You said you were poisoned? Is someone trying to harm you?

With their focus locking for the briefest of moments, and with a negative impulse, Troy jerks his head and turns away from his stern gaze.

TROY

(incredulously)

No... What I said, was, the toxic fumes entering my unit, was poisonous, and I though I had contracted some sort of infection.

DR EASTWOOD

But your blood and urine samples showed no abnormality. However, we do think there are some issues that need to be addressed.

Troy, with his attention waning, and not yet come to terms with the severity of his situation, lets loose a flirting laugh...

TROY

No! You've got it all wrong... That doctor and those two other guys, at the emergency ward, deliberately manipulated my words. Just as you're doing right now... There's nothing mentally wrong with me!... I am no less sane than anyone here...

(in an appealing tone...)

You have no right to keep me here!

Clearly agitated, and with his frustration brewing, his eyes flicker around the table, and with the board indeed unimpressed, has become the subject of furtive and intolerant glances...

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

DR COLMAN

(browsing documents...)

You wrote several letters and emails to various individuals, including Constable Ryan, and you said your health was deteriorating, drastically... And that you were constantly feeling disoriented...

(reading email...)

Quoting... "What are you all waiting for, someone to die, before you end up doing something?"... And so on...

TROY

(with a flash of annoyance...)

No. I sent those, so as to highlight, the need for some urgent action.

DR EASTWOOD

So you were exaggerating? Not telling the truth.

Troy stands abruptly, and with his heart thumping with anger, vents his frustration to just about anyone present.

TROY

(clenching his teeth...)

No. There you go again... I was merely emphasizing the facts, and I only brought this material along to the hospital, so as to help you understand what I've been going through. Not to have them used against me...

(MORE)

He steadies himself with a firm grip on the edge of the table, and then deflating his belligerent stance a little, he manages a hesitant smile...

TROY (CONT'D)

(melodramatically...)

And of course you're going to feel some disorientation, and all those other things I said...

(steely-eyed and glaring...)

For fuck's sake!... The whole world's into crack and ice! Why is it so hard to believe that this is going on... Can't you see the fuckin' obvious!... You bunch of fuckin' clowns!

Just then, security guards, Mike and Anna, burst into the room, but Doctor Eastward halts them with a tolerant hand gesture, and they close the door and position themselves on either side...

Then injecting a note of levity into proceeding, and allowing their vigilance to relax...

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

DR EASTWOOD

(settling...)

Okay, Troy... No need to stress out. This is merely routine, so we can correctly assess your situation...

(selecting a document...)

We've contacted several people, including Constable Ryan, and they all have serious concerns about your welfare. And just pointing out, if I may, that you are the only one in block A, that has experienced this, toxic fume you keep referring to.

TROY

(mockingly...)

I should be so lucky... Has it ever occurred to you, that because of the way the building structure was designed back in the fifties, and in particular, the balconies and passageways, give way for currents, drafts and smoke, to flow downward through open doorways and windows...

(demeaningly, with a sadistic sneer)

But that would be asking too much from you highly educated doctors, who only want to see the black and white picture...

(MORE)

With palpable tension rising, he vigorously grasps the air and clinches his hand tight, and with his gesture sweeping the table, it prompts a collective gasp from the nervous onlookers...

TROY (CONT'D)

Other than some flimsy documents I gave you, and the fact that you just don't want to believe me. You haven't got a fuckin' thing that can justify bringing me here, let alone keep me here. Exactly what is it that you, think, is wrong with me?

With doctor Colman's mood conditional and his patients wearing thin, clears his throat hastily and glares at Troy...

DR COLMAN

(authoritatively)

We think that you may be delusional and hallucinating, and we'd like to conduct several tests to examine your state of mind.

His bluntness was indeed rather brutal, and Troy, now more ominous, and his upbraiding rant more wild, narrow his eyes, and slues them past Eastwood to Colman...

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

TROY

(flushes with anger ...)

Delusional? Hallucinating?. Yeah, kiss my fuckin' ass, I am...

(vehemently...)

You've got a patent on those terms... What a whole lot of fuckin' crap!... What are you looking for, some guinea pig to conduct your filthy experimental drugs on? Yeah, that'll be right...

(MORE)

In his heated wrath, he gesticulates vigorously and indiscriminately around the table at the unflinching and somewhat disturbed company...

TROY (CONT'D)

Yes, I was very stressed out when I first came here, and in serious need of medical attention. Which I have yet to receive... Then later I became very angry...

(MORE)

Regaining his composure slightly, and subsiding somewhat from the browbeating gravitas, gestures with admirable verve...

TROY (CONT'D)

And now, on the verge of giving in to your outrageous demands... But, at no stage, have I ever, been mentally unbalanced...

(MORE)

Oblivious to their sour reaction, and in his slough of despond, he inhales sharply, and then with mock courtesy, gestures submissively...

TROY (CONT'D)

Yeah, anyway, whatever... Let's get this over and done with, so I can get the hell, out of here...

The board's eyes eagerly light up with anticipation, and Troy, frowning, shoots a piercing sidelong glance at Doctor Colman, who, with a candid and incisive mien, gestures to doctor Eastwood to proceed...

DR EASTWOOD

(presumptuously...)

Right... First I'd like to start with a few standard tests...

His voice trails off, and seguing with soft sounding tap water dripping into the sick, increases in volume throughout the tests...

(CONT'D)

26 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: Every perception is tuned high, and every nuance, shrug, gesture, laugh and frown is weighed and measured...

TIME LAPSE:

27. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / CLINIC - MIDDAY

MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF TESTS - WITH RECURSIVE ROUTINES:

Identifying and recalling dates and locations...

Identifying and recalling people and status...

Counting backwards from 96, in increments of 8...

Repeating words and sentences...

Repeating hand gestures...

Interpreting diagram cards...

Personal question relating to family and friends...

FX: The dripping sound bombarding the senses, swells into muffled numbness, and then dissipating into normality, in the casualness of the milieu, murmurs of discontent trail off...

CROSS-FADE:

28. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / CLINIC - MID AFTERNOON

Having completed the methodical tests Doctor Eastwood glances around furtively at Doctor Colman, and in his ominous presage, his concerns are acknowledge by the medical panel with nervous grunts and duteous nods, and the senior physicians get up to leave.

DR COLMAN

(*disconcertingly*)

Okay, Troy. That will be all for now...
We need to analyze some more blood samples
and have several other tests done tomorrow,
and then we can reassess your situation...
In the meantime, please go back inside,
and the nursing staff will take care of
you.

Troy shakes his head ruefully, and his eyes roll madly in astonishment. Then scarcely able to contain himself, and almost schizophrenic, he suddenly springs to his feet.

(CONT'D)

28 CONTINUED:

TROY

(with boiling rage...)

Tomorrow! No! There's no tomorrow! I'm leaving today! I'm not staying here till tomorrow!...

(grasping arms...)

I want to see a social worker!...

(going berserk...)

I want some legal aid! You can't get away with this! I'm going to sue every one of you!...

Security guards Mike and Anna quickly intercept Troy's raging attack on the exiting personal, and they pin him down onto the table.

Troy, consumed with unimaginable horror, and like vultures having rapaciously savage him, he lets loose anguish sobs of surrender...

TROY

(slowly fading...)

What the fuck's going on, man! Let go of me, you fuckin' criminals! ...

(exhaustedly...)

Arrrrh... Fuckin' unbelievable!...

During the frantic struggle, and after nervously considering the consequences, Nurse Ronda reluctantly injected Troy with a powerful sedative, which took immediate effect.

THE LENS FOGS AND THE BLURRY IMAGES DISSOLVE:

29. INT. BATHROOM / UNIT 8 — EARLY MORNING

The bathroom door is slightly ajar, and the window is partly open with a hint of a breeze. Troy has just finished showering, and the steam has misted the mirror and cubical glass door.

Having already turned off the water, he notices a suspicious condensation coming from the ceiling above the cubical, and as he peers up, a toxic substance splashes onto his forehead, and enters his eyes.

TROY

*(gasping and grasping
is face...)*

Arrhh!... What the fuck was that!...

*(with piercing screams
of agony...)*

Arrhh!... My eyes!... My fuckin' eyes!...

Arrhh!... Shit!....

(CONT'D)

29 CONTINUED:

He stumbles out of the cubical, and grabbing hold of the hand basin, tries to steady himself. He wipes the mirror to get a look at his severely wounded eyes, but with impaired vision in a steam-filled room, there was little to see.

He gasps and mulls pitifully at his face and hair, and suffused with anger, drops his chin to his chest, and clinches his fists intensely.

DIMMING:

FX: Nauseating acoustic cries echo loudly, and then cease abruptly...

FADE IN:

30. INT. BEDROOM / UNIT 8 - LATE MORNING

Troy, wearing only his underwear, and with head raised, is putting prescribed drops into his infected eyes.

Absolutely livid, he shakes his head violently, repeatedly, dizzyingly, and shudders with utter loathing.

In his insufferableness, tears of bitterness wells in his bloodshot eyes.

JUMP-CUT:

31. INT. BATHROOM / UNIT 8 - MIDDAY

Troy, in a solitary pose, wearing his glasses and holding his breath, stares meditatively into the moisture-laden shower cubical, and clinching his teeth, with a grievous expression, wonders what the fuck is going on.

Then slowly raising his head, he watches as smoke enters through the window, and a combination of toxic fumes and condensation seeping down through the bathroom vent.

Gripped ineffably, listless, and extremely withdrawn, he descends deep into the darkest recesses of his protean mind, and in his perdition, rouses his troubled obsessive-compulsive disorder.

CLOSING: Beyond his weathered exterior, we sense a somewhat fragile and sensitive man with a strange indolence, and mentally transporting himself to a distant and dim dark place somewhere in his vague memory, he dredges up an old litany from his days as an alter boy that pervaded his youth.

In a seething portrait, lost in his covert existence, and no longer searching for that youthful dream, he takes in a big deep breath, and stifles sobs from deep within.

(CONT'D)

31 CONTINUED:

He shutters timidly as he attempts to recall a recital, and then suddenly, gripped by a sense of foreboding, he leans forward and gasps...

VESPER BELLS ring faintly in the distance, with an emanating dysphoric dirge...

With anguish intensifying, he raises his weighted shoulders and lifts his troubled eyes, and with tension squeezed brow and grave vacuity, his thin lips purse implacably...

CLOSING: On the toxic haze...

DISSOLVE:

32. INT. FRONT DOOR PEEPHOLE / UNIT 8 - LATE MORNING

Cloistered and blanched in half-light, Troy's bloodshot eye spies out from his front door peephole, and apart from heavy slow breathing, the tension and ominous silence is palpable.

Having been dragged down to the depths of despair, and with his vision blurring, he taking several deep simmering breaths, and then suddenly shuddering uncontrollably, he goes into vertiginous epilepsy.

THE ROTTING CESSPOOL OF DECAY BLEEDS IN DEEP RED:

FADE IN:

33. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC - LATE MORNING

Troy, bleary-eyed, unshaven and dishevelled, is seated on the couch in the glass-partitioned television room, and rousing from his restless doze, yawns and stretches sluggishly, and then winces at the pain of an injudicious movement of his neck.

In his respite, he inertly watches the morning news. The volume is low, and without his glasses and hearing aid, it's pretty much a muted blur.

Sitting on the left of the decrepit looking Troy, is tough LUCY, the crazy hellcat with snarling carnality.

Passing by is LOLA, the would-be actress who is yet to find a willing agent, slowly and deliciously leans on the door-jamb, and lets loose a seductive wink.

LOLA

(nonchalantly)

How's it goin' crazy-cats. What are we watching? A porno movie I hope...

(CONT'D)

33 CONTINUED:

Disregarding their inutile response, she winces, and then raises an ingénue eyebrow, with schizoid delight.

Lucy, however, clearly unimpressed, hams up a double take, and is agog with excitement. Then about to respond angrily, hesitates, and with scamp regard, laughs mirthlessly instead...

LUCY

Ha-ha!... How funny is that! You should be in show business, baby... Or better still, a clown... Yeah, put some of that dumb ass talent of yours to good use...

(MORE)

The irony obviously wasted on the girl...

LUCY (CONT'D)

Just piss-off, slag... You're polluting the air...

In mock severity, the smarmy Lola, expels any thought of malicious mischief, and giving an apathetic shrug, she manages a deprecating smile, and obediently retires.

LOLA

(with a plush moue...)

Yeah, like I was interested anyway.

Retaining an air of detached insouciance, her eyes fly open and she lets loose another sexy wink, and with a model's twirl, she pirouettes and drags her silk scarf behind her as she stylishly parades away.

Lucy, insanely jealous, diverts her angle, and with such an intense expression, burns a searing look into the back of her head...

LUCY

That shit thinks she's in Hollywood. More like fuckin' shit-wood. I'd like to kick her head in, and make some alterations on that fuckin' ugly face of hers.

She laughs ironically for a brief moment, and then strangely subdued, is weirdly turned on by Troy's presence, and may even be secretly fantasizing a romantic relationship.

Troy, thinking it was a trifle unnecessary, and with his half-spent smile, fading decrepitly, winces at the bizarreness of the moment, but oddly enough, with an underlying bond radiating, he looks openly relieved.

Even though without his glasses and hearing aid, over the years he's learnt to adapt quite convincingly, usually by reading facial and body language or purely mere pretence, however, right now, everything seems surreal.

CROSS-FADE:

34. EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD / CLINIC — MIDDAY

The courtyard is like an outdoor extension, allowing patients and guests to socialize in a free and congenial environment.

ZIGGY, the squint-eyed drug pusher, BONNIE the pro, and KATE, the poet, are loquaciously chatting away next to a bush in a corner.

Lola approaches the group, and Ziggy, feigning surprise, surreptitiously offers her a lit joint, as though in some trendy discotheque.

Over on the other side, Troy stares wistfully, and with somewhat bemused resignation, he's suddenly caught by surprise as Kate casts a discerning eye towards him.

CONTRASTING ANGLES: The surrealistic sensation is one of melancholy, and with trivial annoyances quickly evaporating, he fixes directly into her eyes, and intuitively, his mulled thoughts reach out to hers, and he finds himself trying to suppress that contact.

CLOSING: Locking momentarily, they are painfully aware of an unspoken emotion stirring within them, and having shared a look of familiarity, she's suddenly seized by an internal rallying cry for that meaningful connection.

VERY CLOSE: Overwhelmingly, and with romantic attention flaring anew, ignites a latent sensuality, and aware of his own engaging frown, his mien alters dramatically.

CROSS-FADE:

FLASHBACK:

35. INT. ODDY'S CAFE / DARLINGHURST — MIDDAY

On this balmy day, on the fringe of Darlinghurst, a quaint European-style café with a seemly atmosphere, is attracting an eclectic array of rather distinguishable and somewhat idle bohemian lay-about characters.

Troy, theatrically lit, stands behind the microphone, on a small raised stage in the corner, and is about to recite a poem.

Kate, appearing with a warm glow, is sitting at a table up front, and irresistibly drawn, is immersed in the session, and barely shifting her gaze, as though the delivery was meant for her. But underneath her Zen-like tranquillity, lurks a wounded soul desperately seeking a meaningful relationship.

Troy, fleetingly aware of her presence, and with a seemingly naïve inability, takes a deep breath and shifts his eyes to an empty seat, not wanting to be distracted...

(CONT'D)

35 CONTINUED:

TROY

(dreamily...)

Hi. Remember me... Well I remember you...
That bar, that drink, that night you said,
is that you?... I remember, don't you...
That blue dress. Those blue eyes. How can
I ever forget... You sang that song. That
tune that was on... You said you knew...
From way back... When?... Don't you
remember?... Don't you remember that?...

Meanwhile...

36. EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD / CLINIC - MIDDAY

Troy, snapping out of his poetic daze, twists his face into
a smile as Kate idly walks over, and she beams back
effervescently...

KATE

(still reminiscing...)

Hi... Remember me?...

After an awkward pause, she lets loose a flirty giggle and
blushes, and he looks at her intently, with his eyes
searching hers, and then he retires meekly...

TROY

(vaguely)

Yeah... How's it going?

She tenses at the sound of his voice, and feeling a little
tizzy, a worried expression momentarily clouds his face.

KATE

Okay, I guess... You work here?

In his intuitive awareness, he holds a demurring pose,
defusing warmth and friendliness.

TROY

(leery-eyed)

No. I, arh...

(MORE)

He nervously hesitates, and with the added glaring
awkwardness, he gives a slight negligent shrug...

TROY (CONT'D)

(waveringly)

It's kind of a long story. I'll tell you
about it some another time. You have to
excuse me. I need to go...

Keeping her face expressionless, and faintly aloof, she turns
to a distraction coming from the courtyard, and he quickly
moves over to a section where a glass-wall passageway leads
to an exit.

37. INT. PASSAGEWAY / CLINIC EXIT - MIDDAY

Nurse Tracy carries a parcel to the door and hands it to a waiting COURIER, and with her security key, she lets him out.

Then instinctively, throwing an ominous glance over her shoulder, sees Troy, who appears lost in deep thought, and on turning...

NS TRACY
(pointing...)

Troy. Just the man I'm looking for. Have you had your medicine yet?

Troy, shadowed with vague uneasiness, grimly hesitates for an instant, and with a tensioned squeezed brow and strained smile, angles back apprehensively.

TROY
(with askance...)

Yes...

Nurse Tracy, however, barely tolerant, and with due solemnity, shakes her weary head and curls her index finger astutely...

NS TRACY
No you haven't. Come with me... We need to take another blood sample as well.

Standing rigidly, and avoiding her gaze, he fractiously retracts a step, and after she tilts her head, and raises an eyebrow, he mutters rebelliously as he follows her to the partitioned medicine room window.

INCIDENTALLY: Administering therapeutic amphetamines to Troy and others here, is the responsibility of nursing staff, and varies in regularity and doses, depending on individual's requirements.

JUMP-CUT:

INSERT: Troy waits by the partitioned office glass door, and with a look of dread creeping across his face, turns and hazards a glance back towards the exit doors.

Just then, Nurse Tracy steps out and hands him about a dozen sheets of paper and a pen, then goes back into the office.

CROSS-FADE:

38. EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD / CLINIC - MIDDAY

Kate is seated at one of the outdoor wooden tables, writing and memorizing her latest poem...

(CONT'D)

38 CONTINUED:

KATE

(*airily...*)

Words are for speaking, telling of tales.
Sometimes written, for those who read well.
There are those who chose to whisper,
revealing their sins. While others often
hear, idle chatter blowing in the wind...

A sudden breeze blows and her poetry pad pages fan over...

39. INT. MAIN OPEN AREA / CLINIC - AFTERNOON

SALLY, the coach potato, is snacking contentedly on some extra lunch that she stored in a paper bag.

Lucy, who has been prowling, with an unhealthy dependence for mischief, and flagrantly disregarding the finer points of subtlety, kicks the bag off the couch...

SALLY

(*standing abruptly...*)

Hey! Screw you, bitch!...

Scowling darkly, and almost malicious, her posture tightens her dress against her full-bosomed body, and her indignation and antagonism is indeed glaringly obvious.

Lucy, having feigning alarm, is then equally contorted with malevolence, and facing off with great temerity, grabs her by the hair...

LUCY

(*viciously...*)

Shut the fuck up, toilet-face, or I'll
drain you of your shit!...

Equally impressive and fabulously tough, the catfight is on in earnest, and with a small group of overwrought onlookers, cheering and jeering, fears of escalation, mounts.

SALLY

(*screaming...*)

Let go of me, bitch!...

Lots of uproarious incivility and incitement ensues, and several nurses rush over and stop the brawl from worsening.

The entertained observers slowly disperse, leaving behind, the exhausted over-heated gladiators licking their wounds.

Deep heavy breathing trails off, as the smouldering heat smothers the sweat-filled *mise-en-scène*...

CROSS-FADE:

40. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - EARLY EVENING

The dim dusk light cast through the folding curtains partly covering the barred window, and the city skyline silhouetted in the background, a sobering reminder of the stark reality that exists.

WITHDRAWING ANGLE: Troy, sitting on the bed, strokes his forehead, and crooning softly, he shakes his head as if only now aware of his surroundings.

Clearly noticeable, both his arms are bruised and partly blackened from the injections he's been receiving, and the purple veins leading up to his neck have been inflamed, possibly from his known allergies.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

As the evening passes, summer-like stillness settles, and in a mood of despondency, he casts a sidelong glance to an unseemly thought which prods an awkward beat, and then ruthlessly disposing it, begins writing on a sheet of paper.

TROY
(*dispirited sotto*
voice...)

Dear Doctor Coleman. I need to see you, urgently. I have now calmed down, and am fully prepared to cooperate, with the desire to leave as soon as possible. Can we please meet, at your earliest convenience...

His voice trails off...

PANNING UP TO A STUNNING TIME-LAPSE: The night sky slowly succumbs to the light of pre-dawn, which sets the tone for the following day...

41. INT. SHOWER ROOM - HALLWAY / CLINIC - EARLY MORNING

Troy steps out into the hallway with a towel around his waist and crosses into his room.

Near by a door slams, and another opens, and there are various sounds of neighbouring activity in preparation for another day in wonderland.

42. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - EARLY MORNING

Outside the barred window, the sky is streaked with remnants of a lingering dusk, and before Troy draws the curtains, he stares out with a distant look on his face.

(CONT'D)

42 CONTINUED:

Taking in a deep breath, he holds it for a few seconds, and then lowers his head, despairingly.

On the chair beside him are neatly folded clothes left for him to wear. There is a new pair of underwear, tan cotton T-shirt, long tie-up tan trousers, socks and sandals.

43. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC - MID MORNING

Troy, dressed in new clothes, and sitting on the couch, is in a deep pensive mood. On the coffee table in front of him, are the remains of his breakfast, and two cups of steaming coffee.

On his left is Lucy, and with her half eaten breakfast on her lap, nibbles away daintily while eying Troy...

LUCY

(coquettishly)

Hey dood, so, why are you here?

Reflecting momentarily, he suddenly finds it wryly funny, and with an almost hysterical tinge, he manages to cough a laugh and lets out a snort of amusement, and then smiling grimly, he shakes his head, indolently.

TROY

Because I said something, that no-one wants to believe.

She glances down at his arms, both of which are badly bruised, and with a terminally stupid smile, she begins to laugh, and it's infectious...

LUCY

Yeah, man. I know the exact feeling...
I say things all the time, and nobody believes me either.

Then after a brief pause, she lowers her eyes with suave uppity, and lets out copious chuckles.

Troy, with his newfound comfort of knowing he's not alone, clears his throat and smiles wryly, and with faint signs of normality surfacing, nurse Ronda pokes her head through the doorway and breaks the malaise mood...

NS RONDA

(cheerfully)

Hi there... Troy, Doctor Colman read your note, and said he'd see you later. In the meantime, you're meant to have another blood test, plus an EEG and an MRI...

(MORE)

She smiles heartily, and then looks at her watch, and points a stern finger...

(CONT'D)

43 CONTINUED:

NS RONDA (CONT'D)

(*arching her brow...*)

That's in about an hour's time. Okay?...

Nods all around, and as she disappears, Lucy continues nodding, obsessively, and somewhat disturbingly...

LUCY

(*gratuitously*)

Hate that fuckin' slag. I'd like to give her a few tests of my own...

(MORE)

Her voice drops to a sepulchral bass, and with startling intensity...

LUCY (CONT'D)

Like stab a fuckin' needle in her eye...

Yeah, that would be nice...

He gives her an incredulous look, and she smiles because he took her seriously, and he recovers slightly, and takes the time to digest the comic absurdity. Then wrinkling his brow, and with a ghost of a smile on his lips, he looks the other way, and she chuckles at his discomfiture.

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR...

44. EXT. UNIT 8 GROUND FLOOR / BLOCK A - LATE MORNING

The real estate agent, Helen, is paying a visit to the unit above Troy's.

Tommy answers the knock at the door, and with his face partly in shadow, looks somewhat fatigued, and vigilantly, with a bleary glance over his shoulder...

TOMMY

(*calling out...*)

Hey, babe! It's that chick from the office!

JOAN

(*O.S. echoic...*)

Yeah, hun, I'll be out there be in a sec...

(*meant-to-be-heard...*)

Fuckin' sap...

Tommy nods with an over-ripe gentry smirk, and before moving back inside, he whips a bleary glance over his shoulder, and does a tongue flicking flutter while pretending to pinch Helen on the bottom.

Joan comes to the door like a soulless corpse. She is wearing one rubber glove, and holding another in the same hand, and there's a white powder on the gloves and her apron. In the other hand is a small plastic bag with the same white substance in it.

(CONT'D)

44 CONTINUED:

JOAN

(*languidly...*)

Yeah, babe. I know. Everything's cool. Just
get that dag off our fuckin' back! ...

(MORE)

Holding out the bag, she terminates in a flat hard voice,
trusting that it would end the matter...

JOAN (CONT'D)

Bad for business. Bad for everyone, catch
my drift...

Then stalling a little before handing it to her, she lets
loose a conspiratorial wink and a surreptitious nod, and
slams the door in her face.

JUMP-CUT:

45. INT. LIVING ROOM OF UNIT 8 / GROUND FLOOR — LATE MORNING

Tommy and mate, ROACHY, are performing their ritual as they
prepare some dope on the coffee table, and as Joan joins in,
Tommy separates the angel dust in neat little echelons with
his bus card.

Then like a human dust-buster, quickly snorts a fat line, and
immediately jerks up from the rush and sucks in a powerful
snort of air.

WEIRD DISTORTED ANGLE: While leaning back and suspiring his
oblivious nepenthes craving, Roachy and Joan, with silent,
mouth-watering, glary-eyed anticipation, mull over their
mesmeric appetite.

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A CRANKING MEDICAL CHAIR...

46. INT. EEG TEST ROOM / NEUROPATHOLOGY CLINIC — LATE MORNING

Troy is seated on a partly inclined adjustable medical chair,
with electrodes taped to the top, sides and front of his head,
and is connected to a computerized electronic recording
device.

Nurse Ronda hands NEUROLOGIST DAVIS a folder with Troy's
file...

NS RONDA

(*nonchalantly*)

I'll be outside. Scream if you need me.

Troy is at his best behavior with the pleasingly attractive
Doctor Davies, reminiscent of his art teacher Davis in his
mischievous adolescent years, who he was infatuated with,
and is right now romantically fantasizing a renewed
engagement...

(CONT'D)

46 CONTINUED:

DAVIS

(teasingly...)

Right, Troy... This will only take about
fifteen minutes. What I'd like to do is...

VARIOUS ANGLES: Lots of quenchable sensual indulgence and
much clandestine flirtation and intrigue abound...

CLOSING - WITH SCHOOL CHOIR SINGING: Suddenly she looks
right at US, emoted, as though sensing our presence, and
smiles, a lazy, insolent smile...

DIVIS' POV: Slowly moving toward the transfixed Troy...

TROY'S POV: With tactile hallucination, the light on Davis
is somehow brighter than before, and her awkwardness gives
way to a fluid grace, and she ingratiates herself with her
seemingly carefree playfulness and beguilingly innocent
sexuality...

CLOSING: Blissfully and breathlessly, she looks directly at
US again, and her hair fans out around her head, with
burnished light, glowingly...

Her movements take on a blatantly erotic edge as sonorous
MUSIC increases intensity. Seductively undoing her sheer
blouse, and sexily peeling off her bra from her delicate
smooth shoulder, she teases US with an expression that is
both, innocent and knowing, and sexually irrepressible...

Moving up enticingly and gently caressing him, airing his
face and body in a soothing, sensuous way, and then gently
palming him back, and with her worming body rubbing against
his, kinkily turning him and US on...

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SCENE INTERMIXING: Hypnotically and
seductively alluring, and spellbindingly and darkly
compelling...

TIME LAPSE:

47. INT. EEG TEST ROOM / NEUROPATHOLOGY CLINIC - MIDDAY

MONTAGE SEQUENCE OF TESTS: . . .

WITH RECURSIVE ROUTINES: . . .

Breathing, pausing and counting...

Opening and closing eyes...

Turning of the head...

CULMINATING WITH TROY'S POV: Immured somnolently, and
onerously blurring into an episode of VERTIGO...

A COUPLE OF UNNERVING BARS OF MUSIC...

48. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE #1 / ART CLASS - ANYTIME

RETROSPECTIVELY: . . .

Troy, aged fourteen, wearing his school uniform, and at his drawing desk.

Doctor Davis (now Art Teacher Davis) is sitting side-on to her desk, with her white blouse partly open, her colourful mini-skirt and high heels revealing her sexy legs, and reading a romantic paperback novel.

The class of about seven students are busy drawing...

Troy, with his roaming inquisitive eyes, oblivious to the reality of his existence, is fantasizing his juvenile look-alike obsession, and teacher Davis, acutely aware of his attraction, is playing along, teasingly.

FROM VARIOUS SUBTLE AND IMPROMPTU ANGLES: Crossing her ever so beautiful legs and adjusting her sultry sexy body as she lures his yearning desire.

CLOSING ON TROY'S FACE: The incubus has spawned, shedding light to the dark complexities of his shaded and foible past...

OUT OF FOCUS:

INTO FOCUS:

49. INT. MEDICAL IMAGING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Troy is lying on the MRI table, and with an impassive, penetrating stare, is readying himself to be scanned.

VARIOUS ANGLES: His arms and neck have bruised and blacked considerably, obviously having had too many injections, and there have been increasing signs of his allergies and obsession compulsive disorder re-surfacing.

Nurse Ronda enters the room and hands Troy's file folder to the operator of the facility, and then exits hurriedly.

After a few quick minor equipment adjustments, Troy glides into the MRI tube.

TIME LAPSE: MRI procedure...

DARKNESS: LOUD CLANKING AND WINDING SOUNDS COMING FROM SCANNER...

(CONT'D)

49 CONTINUED:

INSERT - IN CREEPY HIDEOUS DETAIL: A deeply disturbed look on Troy's swarthy face, and behind him, appearing with zombie-like luridness, two freaky macabre figures of Davis and Kate, staring detestably - A snapshot of his haunted memory - and in his phrenic malaise, facing the crushing reality of his 'persona non grata', exposes the ascetic loser that he really is...

FX: THE SOUND OF HIS SALIVA IN HIS MOUTH, THE RUMBLING IN HIS EARS, AND THE RUSH OF AIR GOING DOWN HIS THROAT AS HE SWALLOWS HIS GUILT...

FX: A FEW BARS OF AN EAR-SPLITTING RIFT, AND DEAFENING VISCERAL SCREAMS OF ANGUISH SEGUEING MORBIDLY WITH DEATH METAL RAGING, GRINDINGLY, IN LENTISSIMO...

ABRUPTLY: An eerie silence settles...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

50. INT. COMPUTER DESK / CLINIC - MID AFTERNOON

DRAWING BACK: Troy, a little intrigued, is peering over Leslie shoulder, who, staring at a blank computer monitor, is muttering wickedly, and typing indiscriminately at the non-functioning keyboard.

On close inspection any keen observer could see that the power cord was out of it's socket, and the mouse unplugged, and as Troy goes to inform him...

TROY
(pointing...)
The power...

Leslie, with his complexion flushed and temper to match, abruptly slams his hand on the computer bench and imperviously launches himself to his feet, and with choleric countenance, overlaps truculently...

LESLIE
Don't touch, what you don't understand!
I work in I-T. I know exactly what I'm
doing! No-one else knows what I am doing,
because I am... the... I-T man...

Utterly abased, and mouthing the words 'I-T man' with intense exaggeration, and with his stiff upper lip wobbling, he gives him such a piercing look, Troy has to turn away slightly.

Having boomed in such a gratuitous manner, others around turned to him a little startled at the ominous warning.

(CONT'D)

50 CONTINUED:

The newbie, however, immediately disqualifies himself with a subtle nebulous hand-gesture, and is reduced to sullen resignation. Then not wanting to inadvertently rouse any further attention, his caustic smile quickly wilts and he ventures cautiously...

TROY

Yeah-arh, whatever, man... No big deal...
All I want to do is check my emails...
(with an obsequious
sigh...)

I'll just use one of the other PC's...

Leslie, grinning mischievously, exhibits his sinewy physique, and fervently satisfied with Troy's numinous disillusionment, settles back into his seat.

Troy hastily jibing into a cough, and stifling a snort, sits at one of the other computers.

Leslie, staring intently at the blank monitor, is consumed with a paranoid thought, and after several agitated breaths his eyes flicker radically from side to side.

Just then, Nurse Ronda appears and places a firm hand on Troy's shoulder, and he jerks and braces himself.

NS RONDA

(with a cheeky grin...)
Troy, it's your lucky day... We're taking
you to your unit to collect your glasses,
hearing aid, and some of your things,
and then bring you back here, and...
(MORE)

Still with his body saliently taunt, his brow furrows in a dark frown, and then loosening his shoulders slightly, he sags a little.

She gives him a consoling pet, and his glance shifts from her to Leslie, and then back to her again, and he smiles soothingly...

NS RONDA (CONT'D)

(reassuringly...)
Doctor Colman is going to see you tomorrow
morning with his assessment of your
situation...
(with a rueful smile...)
And who knows, you may even go home after
that...

Then uncharacteristically flippant, she gives him a conspiratorial wink, and with a hand-pistol action, mimics squeezing the trigger, and a silent but powerful gunshot 'pow' from her mouth.

(CONT'D)

50 CONTINUED:

Troy, with a whiff of mischief, pretends to be shot in the heart, and as she leaves, she wags a stern finger at his cheeky over-dramatization.

Leslie, with an unsettling intensity in his mood, crinkles his brow with suspicion, and with an uneasy wariness, slowly glancing down at his hand, and his cheek quivers with paranoia.

CROSS-FADE:

51. EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD / CLINIC — AFTERNOON

At the centre of the courtyard, the musical trio, HANNAH, ROSE and JASON go into a song, and Bobby, the would-be musician, accompanies them with his guitar.

Young sassy LISA, after confirming her hip look in her cut shorts, opportunistically joins in as the lead front girl, and catching the eye of a small gathering of animated admirers beginning to form, moves with the beat, and adds to the musical dissonance...

LISA

(lead vocals...)

Every time I see you. I'm scared to close
my eyes. Every time I think of you. I feel
I'm going to cry...

HANNAH ROSE JASON

(harmony vocals...)

Keeping you... Keeping you... Close to my
heart...

LISA

(lead vocals...)

Keeping you close to my heart. No matter
where ever you are. I will always be your
friend...

HANNAH ROSE JASON

(harmony vocals...)

I will always, always be your friend...
I will always, always be your friend...

LISA

(lead vocals...)

Keeping you close to my heart. No matter
Where ever you are. I will always be your
friend...

HANNAH ROSE JASON

(harmony vocals...)

Keeping you... Keeping you... Close to my
heart...

(CONT'D)

51 CONTINUED:

Even though the singers are out of key, and the guitar out of tune, everyone is having a fun time.

The mini audience is openly making deliciously and wincingly suggestive gestures, some with flirtatious looks, licking their lips and fondling themselves, others just watching and miming the lyrics, and all in all, everything is pretty much out of sync.

Ziggy the sleazy and witty pusher wanders past grooving to the melody, and while mingling he goes over to JIMMY, the androgynous-looking agoraphobic, who always seems to be in perpetual boredom, and offers him some pills, but despite Jimmy's awkward stutter, shrugs nonchalantly and shoulders Ziggy away.

Lucy, snaking around tables aimlessly, is blissfully unaware of what all the fuss is about, and is predatorily looking for some mischief.

The singing dissonantly trails off...

CROSS-FADE:

52. INT. CLINIC CAR / DARLINGHURST STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

Nurse Paul is driving, and troy is seated in the back between Nurse Ronda and Nurse Tracy.

Troy is humming the melody of the courtyard song, and the backseat nurses are bopping to the car's rhythm.

Nurse Paul, glimpsing up at the rear-vision mirror, sternly reminds Troy.

NS PAUL

We're not going to stay long... Okay...
Just collect your essentials... You've got
five minutes max...

The backseat passengers all nod in unison...

NS TRACY

(*gestures notably...*)
And don't get any bright ideas on running
off either... Because if you do, we'll
have the cops onto you within minutes...

Troy sighs thoughtfully, and his disillusionment has not gone unnoticed...

TROY

(*sedately...*)
Yeah, like I can't run off anyway...

(CONT'D)

52 CONTINUED:

His tone was oily with amusement, and postulating with purgative nonchalance, he eyes the nurses from left to right, and the glaring connotation is noted warily.

Then abruptly, they jerk back into their seats as Nurse Paul steps on the accelerator...

JUMP-CUT:

53. EXT. CAR PARK / BLOCK OF FLATS - LATE AFTERNOON

The clinic car pulls up sharply into a parking spot, and revs the engine before switching off...

NS TRACY (V.O.)

(warily)

Okay, here's your keys... And no funny business... We'll be right behind you...

The nurse team step out and Troy laughs ironically as they follow him down a pathway leading to BLOCK A...

JUMP-CUT:

54. EXT. STAIRWELL / BLOCK A - LATE AFTERNOON

The nurse team follow Troy into a poorly lit basement level entrance to the building.

TROY

(jokingly)

Watch your step, or the cockroaches will get you...

(laughs ironically)

That's the humanoid one's, of course...

They ghost away into the darkness...

FADE IN:

55. EXT. LOWER GROUND FLOOR / BLOCK A - LATE AFTERNOON

The nurse team follow Troy down a poorly lit path running along the lower ground level of the building.

As they approach the front door of Troy's unit, bare feet can be heard running along the concrete path on the ground floor above.

Troy, weirdly paranoid, points upwards, and the nursing team nervously grimace at his erratic behaviour...

(CONT'D)

55 CONTINUED:

TROY

*(frowning with
trepidation...)*

There you go! That's them, warning the
others of our arrival...

(hastily...)

Hurry! We can catch them in the act...

He goes to unlock the door, but fumbles and drops the key
set, and as he searches for them, the nurse team to go into
a slight panic...

TROY

(frantically)

No-no-no-no!... Arh, here we are!...

Got it!...

He tries again, and this time he opens the door. Then turning
on the light, he races in, and the nurse team promptly follow
close behind...

JUMP-CUT:

56. INT. UNIT 8 / LOWER GROUND FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Troy dashes to the kitchen cutlery draw and grabs a small
knife, and comes out into the living area, brandishing it
like a musketeer.

The alarmed nurse team immediately sense danger, and poised
defensively, and with shock fading from their faces, their
eyes narrow, and their movements become fluid and
calculated.

Paul, maintaining his composure, and now somewhat more
circumspect, nervously surveys the situation before
cautiously edging forward...

NS PAUL

Now-now-now!... You don't want to do
anything stupid! ... Put the knife down,
Troy...

Troy, sensing their vague hostility, suddenly finds it
outrageously hilarious, and after masterfully suppressing
his laughter, he bursts out in a fit of hysterics.

Nurse Tracy and nurse Ronda glare at him, and they're not
scared, but a frown of apprehension and nervous darting of
their eyes, registers a learned vigilance.

Paul, however, remaining awkwardly poised, and roused with
vague dubiety, skews his head a little and angles off
apprehensively...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

TROY
(*truculently...*)
Arh, fuck, man, how stupid is that! ...
This is not!...
(*hastens towards the
rear door...*)
I need it to...

Nurse Paul immediately grabs and wrestles him to the floor, and while attempting to take the knife off him, he's accidentally cut on the arm in the process.

TROY
(*grimacing...*)
What the fuck are you doing, man!
(MORE)

Not yet noticed that Nurse Paul is bleeding from a flesh wound, and not before resisting, the knife is finally taken from him...

TROY (CONT'D)
(*incredulously...*)
For fuck's sake, can't you see...

VARYING ANGLES: Then following a brief moment of muted stillness, the nurses attention is dramatically drawn to what was previously unnoticed, the massive amount of masking tape, sealing all possible gaps in the windows, door frames and wall vents.

Even though the attractive unit is scrupulously neat and tidy, it is however, nauseatingly stuffy, and with a stench of decay.

It is a truly disturbing and depressing sight, and despite his despairing effort to convince them of his intentions, alarm bells begin ringing, literally, as one of the building fire alarms has been triggered off.

TROY
(*shakes his head...*)
Don't worry about that, it goes off every day, and nobody pays any attention anyway...
(*stressing the point...*)
I was only going to cut the tape off the back door, so you can smell the shit coming in from above.

Only now has he noticed Nurse Paul's cut, because Nurse Tracy is wrapping a tissue and her silk scarf around the wound.

Nurse Ronda, tinged with suspicion, quickly intervenes with an authoritative direction.

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

NS RONDA

(with a frantic nod...)

That won't be necessary, Troy... We just need you to collect your things, and we can go back to the clinic...

(MORE)

Troy, with a frantic nod, wheezes in retirement, an in spite of her aroused impatience, she prudently smiles as she collects the knife, forensically...

NS RONDA (CONT'D)

We can investigate whatever's going on here some other time. Now please, get your things...

Troy goes and collects his glasses, hearing aid, phone diary, underwear, T-shirts, jeans, sandals and toiletries, etc...

VARIOUS ANGLES: The nurse team have a close inspection of the unit, and while documenting their findings, they collect items of interest, including the retrieved knife, and phone-snaps of the tape.

MOVING ANGLE: Following Ronda as she walks through the bedroom, she sees the windows and wall vents heavily taped, and then entering the musty bathroom, sees it covered with mold and mildew, and by her reaction, the stench must be quite palpable.

In the greasy humidity, she looks at the bathroom window which is peeling of it's heavy taping, and then steering her glance up to the shower cubical ceiling, and sees some of the strips of tape have loosened from condensation, and are hanging down from the heavily sealed air vent.

JUMP-CUT:

Meanwhile, having assembled in the living area...

NS PAUL

(feeling nauseated...)

We ready?...

Troy has put his things into a small cardboard box, and his glasses and hearing aid cases are on top.

TROY

(reluctantly)

Okay... Let's go...

Nurse Paul is the last to leave, and before closing the door, has a final look at what he sees as disturbing, and shaking his head, he slams the door shut...

(CONT'D)

56 CONTINUED:

INSERT: With the alarm still ringing, Nurse Paul shoves Troy roughly to move on, and the glasses and hearing aid cases fortuitously fall onto the pathway outside the front door...

NS PAUL

(nudging...)

Come on. Hurry up. We haven't got all day...

Into the darkness they go, and with their voices fading, they vanish into the shadows...

FADE IN:

57. INT. UNIT ABOVE TROY'S / GROUND FLOOR - EARLY EVENING

After the lull, the party is back in full swing with a whirlwind of activity.

The resumption of cooking crack or ice in the bathroom over a mini-burner is reignited, and the vent exhausting the smothering toxic fumes whirls with agitated suction.

VARIOUS ANGLES: A half dozen or so drug-fuelled quasi-criminal playmates are having wild sessions in the bedroom, kitchen, living area and balcony.

While other coma retards smoke joints and bonges, or white dust on tables being sniffed, licked and wasted, and syringes here, there and everywhere.

Tommy, in the eye of the storm, is off his face, and lounging on the couch, belches loudly, and then throws a cheeky, over-the-shoulder plea.

TOMMY

(slurring...)

Get us another beer, shags, dear... I'm fuckin' dry as a fuckin' thistle...

(grabs his bulge...)

Is that fuckin' shit still down there...

Sharing a intoxicated conspiratorial chuckle...

JOAN

Nah, babe... They've taken him away...
They're going to lock him up in the
loony bin..

VARYING ANGLES: Behind them, the party animals are riotously teasing, ruffling each others hair, giving heaps of buddy-slaps, and can barely stand they are laughing so hard...

The anarchical behaviour, and the cacophony of the revellers, intermingle with a couple of dogs barking outside, and add to the craziness...

CROSS-FADE:

58. EXT. BATHROOM WINDOW / UNIT ABOVE TROY'S - EARLY EVENING

With the party noise still blasting from inside, the dog's barking has become much louder, and more aggressive...

DRAWING BACK: The toxic fumes exhaust out from the window, and whiffles down below towards Troy's unit...

FX: AN IRRITATING DRONE NAUSEATINGLY DRUMS OUR EARS...

CROSS-FADE:

59. EXT. BALCONY / UNIT ABOVE TROY'S - EARLY EVENING

With the party noise and music throbbing from inside, a couple of large magpies squawking, raucously take off from the balcony railing...

Whipped away from the throng, the toxic fumes exhaust out of the balcony door, and whiffing down below towards Troy's unit, it smothers the *mise-en-scène*...

FX: Eventually washing the mélange down the frenetic gargoyle of human waste...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

60. INT. CLINIC MAIN ENTRANCE - LATE EVENING

In muted ambiance, nurse Ronda escorts Troy back to his room, and nurse Tracy assists nurse Paul with his bleeding injury...

JUMP CUT:

61. INT. OFFICE SURGERY / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Nurse Tracy, having treated Nurse Paul's cut, fastens the bandage on his arm.

NS TRACY

(winks comradely...)

There you go, good as new.

Clinching his bandaged hand fist, testing his strength, and wheezing painfully in the process...

NS PAUL

It could have been worse. That could have gone into my side, or even, kill me.

NS TRACY

(frowning worryingly...)

And what about all that tape... Talk about being paranoid... That guy's insane.

(CONT'D)

61 CONTINUED:

NS PAUL
(nodding...)
Yeah... He won't be going home for some
time. I'll make sure of that...

NS TRACY
(nodding...)
That's for sure...

JUMP-CUT:

62. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - MIDNIGHT

It's been another long day, and Nurse Ronda, having tucked
Troy in, goes to the door, and is about to turn the light
out.

NS RONDA
You sleep tight, now... And don't worry
about a thing... I gave you an extra dose
of medicine to help you see the night
through. Everything will turn out just
fine... Yeah...

Switches the light off, and closes the door...

INTO DARKNESS:

FX: A DISTANT RUMBLING THUNDERS AND A CHANT OF AN INCANTATION
OF AN ANCIENT MANTRA FADES UP...

FADE IN:

63. INT. NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE / CLINIC - ANYTIME

FOCUS ON: The room door sign 24 vibrates, the number 4
loosening and swinging upside down...

FX: THE RESTLESS RUMBLING SWELLS...

IN EXTREME SLOW MOTION: VARIOUS ANGLES AND MANOEUVRES...

The door opens and Troy runs out of his room, and with a
sickening rise of panic pooling inside him like vomit, he
heads down the hallway of rooms, which is warping and
narrowing nauseatingly...

Patients arms stretch out from doorways and claw at Troy's
body, scratching, grabbing, and ripping his clothes...

Troy, manoeuvring radically, runs into the main area, where
a cleaner tries to hit him with a mop-stick, and he careens
dizzily to the side...

(CONT'D)

63 CONTINUED:

The caterers throw heated food on to Troy, burning his face and arms, and moving through the throng, patients and guests obstruct Troy's paths, and with ghoulis facial expressions, utter verbal obscenities...

Troy runs past nurses and doctors, who appear zombie-like, with scary hair creations and human flesh and blood, staining their mouths and clothing...

Troy finally runs into the security guards at the main entrance, who are dressed in full military uniforms, with rifles, boots and all...

RETURNING TO NORMAL SPEED, AND THEN ACCELERATING:

Collapsing to the floor, his head begins to spin...

GOING INTO VERTIGO: PSYCHEDELICALLY...

BLURRING AND DISSOLVING:

FADE IN:

64. INT. ROOMS / CLINIC - EARLY MORNING

The cleaner, ROBIN, with her mop, bucket and cleansing utensils, is preparing the bathrooms for use.

As she's whipping one of the doors, she stops, and looks directly at us, and with a condescending smile, she gives the woodwork a cursory swipe and jerks her chin up, miming "piss off"...

CROSS-FADE:

65. EXT. TROY'S UNIT / FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING

PATRICK, Troy's neighbour, picks up the glass case and hearing aid container, and then after thoughtful drawl, he knocks on the door several times, loudly.

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO SQUEAKING WHEELS ROLLING...

JUMP-CUT:

66. INT. MAIN AREA / CLINIC - MID MORNING

A BODY covered with a white sheet, on an ambulance trolley, is being wheeled out from the room hallway into the main area, and is heading towards the main exit.

Everyone is mentally noting a head-count, trying to work out who the deceased could be...

(CONT'D)

66 CONTINUED:

KATE (V.O.)
(*reciting...*)
Pain... Deep, deep within... Unbearable
pain, splitting me in two. Is there anyone
out there, please, tell me what to do...
(*pausing momentarily...*)
Pain... Deep, deep within...
Excruciating pain, twisting, turning,
driving me insane... Someone please, help
me understand what I'm going through...

CROSS-FADE:

SEVERAL MONTHS EARLIER...

67. INT. ODDY'S CAFE / DARLINGHURST — NIGHTMARE

Kate, appearing intoxicated and a little giddy, she blinks wearily, and staring into the void, she seems to go limp momentarily, and she quickly steadies herself with a jolting jerk.

Suddenly, theatrically lit, she turns into a corpse-like figure, and smiling menacingly, she stands behind the microphone, on the small raised stage in the corner.

CLOSING: With an almost desperate edge to her voice, she continues reciting...

KATE
(*piteously...*)
Pain... Deep, deep within... Relentless
pain, every day and night... My wounded
soul is weeping... My heart is bleeding...
My mind is fading... My time
is ending... But my love for you is never
ending...
(*fading...*)
Pain... Deep... Deep within...

CLOSER: Her inflection of anguish appeal is nothing less than heart-rending, and with painful countenance, she ventures to stroke her hair, and as she does so, hair and flesh strips from her bleeding scalp.

CLOSE: With a shadow lingering in her eyes, and internal hurt welling, she stares despairingly into the void, and the tense silence filling the room, eventually bursts with a painful shrill...

In a flash of numbed silence, and with the rush of emotion now settling, she appears lost in despair, and immersed in her inner-thoughts, wanders into the darkest recesses of her ailing mind...

FX: IN LENTISSIMO, GRINDING DEATH METAL RAGES...

CROSS-FADE:

68. INT. MAIN AREA / CLINIC - MID MORNING

Troy appears from out of the room hallway shrouded in sadness, and initially suppressing his emotions, suddenly his tortured conscience screams at him, and he expels a shuddering breath, and whispers soft remorse.

The *mise-en-scène* falls ominously silent...

CLOSING: Visually drained, he furrows his brow, and stares with a tormented look.

CLOSE: In his solitude, he feels abandoned, and, with an anguished sob, desperately seeks to disenthral himself from his crumbling bedrock, and struggles to contain himself.

VERY CLOSE: He lowers his head with gnawed and stupefied anguish...

DAY DREAMING:

69. EXT. CAFÉ STRIP / DARLINGHURST ROAD - EVENING

On a balmy evening, at the fringe of Darlinghurst, Troy is leaning on a shop front window and watching patrons coming and going from Oddy's café...

A quaint European-style café with a seemly atmosphere, has an eclectic array of rather distinguishable and somewhat idle bohemian lay-about characters, and is bubbling with atmosphere...

Kate, arm-in-arm with a couple of girlfriends, merrily exits and walk down the footpath, with lots of laughing, giggling and gossiping.

As they walk past Troy, Kate steers the girls close to him, and stops momentarily.

FROZEN IN TIME: Kate and Troy face one another, and with a penetrating stare, something in her candid eyes disturbs him deeply.

Then breaking off, the girls continue their wondrous journey towards the popular club strip, and while swinging arm-in-arm, Kate, with her unrequited obsession, steels a couple of sneaky glimpses back over her shoulder.

VARIOUS ANGLES: In the midst of the shimmering iridescent confusion of flashing neon signs flooding the street, the nightlife is in full swing, with loud music and lively activity here, there and everywhere.

WHIP-PAN:

70. INT. MAIN AREA / CLINIC - MID MORNING

Meanwhile, groups of numbed or overwhelmed grieverers, with conflicting views and differing opinions, have tears spilling from their saddened eyes.

Others mutter glumly and resentfully, and rousing inner emotions with rumblings of enmity, or just staring with blank expressions, and unable to catch the drift.

CLOSING: Hannah, Rose and Jason, weighed in the mantle of grief, speak in a hushed, but very intense tone...

HANNAH

(batting her eyelids...)

Poor, Kate... The precious little darling should never have been here.

Thinking the entity a trite blasé, she fastidiously preens herself...

ROSE

(crestfallen)

It's there fault. They should have watch out for her.

As tears roll down her sorrowed face, she surrenders herself into Jason's fortified arms, and closing her eyes, briefly relieves her stress, and he endeavours to pacify his wounded companion, and responds with a condescending sneer...

JASON

Yeah, I bet they'll cover it up, just like always. They don't give a shit about us. We're just another number to them.

Lola having just arrived, has caught the ending of the conversation, and unable to observe the solemnity of the moment, carefully cultivates her unruffled facade, and finds it wryly funny...

LOLA

(with an almost hysterical tinge...)

Nah... They said the silly girl had overdosed...

(feigning spontaneity...)

What? A little too soon...

Rose, wearing a fleeting expression of mute shock, is open-mouthed and wide-eyed with astonishment.

Lola stances magnificently and with an air of arrogance, holds her stare and looks her square in the eyes, and with a disdainful pouting grimace, mocks affectionate exasperation.

(CONT'D)

70 CONTINUED:

Hannah, with her pliancy gone, finds it rather mordacious, and she secures her hair, and fans her face dignifiedly, and Lola feigns alarm, and makes several self-effacing gestures as she preens mockingly.

JASON

(dolefully)

What a load of shit. Kate doesn't do hard drugs. She only smokes now and then, and that's about it.

(angrily)

The only pills she pops are the ones those fuckin' doctors shove down her throat. Who knows what the fuck they're giving us...

Amidst the gathering's murmurs, Lucy, who was passing by with a menacing smile, narrows her eyes, and with a flash of indignation, views them with deep suspicion.

Lola, anticipating some sort of malevolent episode, scoffs unsavoury muttering under her breath, and in her vagary, meets Troy's wondering stare.

Just then, Leslie hovers into view, and glaring malevolently as he rudely shoves past Troy, he stiffens his physique, and insensitively and incessantly, rambles on wildly...

LESLIE

What the fuck's going on, man? Who the fuck is this bitch, anyway? ...

(MORE)

Leslie, with an erect stiff neck, and his impenetrable ego illuminating, snarls at the departed spirit.

Jason, who is about to politely intervene, suddenly loses his urge, and sees best that he doesn't, and averting his gaze, raises a curious eyebrow.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(in a righteous rant pose...)

Who gave her permission to fuckin' leave?

Eyes wide with exhilaration, he turns, and - WHACK!!! ...

Troy, having king-hit Jason, and with a stiff, and indeed, frozen upper lip, stands defensively, and in an awkward moment following the retribution, the *mise-en-scène* lulls into silence.

Untinged by bitterness or sorrow, yet painfully aware of a nagging sadness, he pauses momentarily, and then ambles away, unhurried, in a deceptively casual manner.

(CONT'D)

70 CONTINUED:

A long beat weighs heavily after the acrimonious departure, and Leslie, dazedly getting up to his feet, wipes his bloody nose on the back of his sleeve.

Then as a small group of onlookers swarm around him, security and nursing staff arrive and break up the disturbance, and everyone disperses.

Leslie, however, slipping into macho burlesque, and with a look of amused vindication, basks in odious triumph.

CLOSING: He flexes his physique and postures vaingloriously...

VERY CLOSE: Into the darkness of his insane eyes...

FADE IN:

71. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM / CLINIC - LATE MORNING

Day security guards Mike and Anna open the doors to the room where Doctor COLMAN is sitting at the head of the rectangular table, which has now been extended, to accommodate several new attendees.

Present are doctor Eastwood, doctor Simmons, nurse Paul, nurse Tracy and nurse John.

Usually reserved for major tribunal sittings, also present are social worker, AMANDA PICKERING, legal aid worker, ROBERT REED, and the Waverly asylum director, PHIL MASON.

Doctor Colman looks discernibly over his shoulder at security, and it attracts the attention of the nervous board members, and then suddenly, startled by a knock at the door, they all brace themselves.

Nurse Ronda escorts Troy into the room, and they go to their allocated seats, and as everyone settles, Doctor Colman opens a file, and leafs through the heap of documents.

Troy's intense eyes incandesce with insatiable curiosity, looks around the table, and the panel return his awkward glance, in a somewhat overly suspicious manner.

DR COLMAN

(browsing documents...)

So... You've had quite a journey I see...

Yes... Even though some of your test results appear favourable, there are still serious concerns relating to your well-being...

(MORE)

Imperceptible nods permeate around the table, and with the unanimity conjuring a murmurous ripple, he maintains his charm offensive, and with a sense of euphoria, produces a knife in a plastic bag...

(CONT'D)

71 CONTINUED:

DR COLMAN (CONT'D)

Even though you may think this is all due to... the unsubstantiated claims... which no doubt will be properly investigated... However, what concerns us, is your present state of mind, which needs to be addressed...

(MORE)

Managing a hesitant smile, he displays several photos in front of him, and then he slues his head ever so slightly to the other members, and they cast a concerning eye...

DR COLMAN (CONT'D)

(exhibiting the evidence...)

With the knife incident... You said you wanted to cut loose the tape, but, in fact, you stabbed a nurse during a struggle to have it taken away from you... Now, this may have been due to an unfortunate misunderstanding, however, it was a very serious breach...

(MORE)

Troy, gripped with suppressed rage, and in an inspired mood, leans forward, but doctor Colman arrests his claim to speak with a strict hand gesture...

DR COLMAN (CONT'D)

Please, allow me finish... The tape...

(selecting a photo...)

A quite impressive decoration, may I say...

And your unit... Well...

(shakes his head ruefully...)

Anyway... What we need to do is, or should I say... What we've decided, is...

At this point of juncture, Amanda Pickering, astonished by the bluntness being delivered, stands abruptly, drags her seat back, and brandishes a document...

MS PICKERING

(with earnest deliverance...)

I'd like to halt proceeding, if I may...

Her disillusionment has not gone unnoticed by the board, nor has her interjection been appreciated and is met with a persuasive gesture, and devoid of empathy, he executes a narcissistic nod...

DR COLMAN

No, you may not, miss Pickering...

(CONT'D)

71 CONTINUED:

Putting aside the trivialities, he has a clandestine glimpse at mister Mason, who, unable to disguise his displeasure, murmurs in acquiescence, and with her perverse and half born protest falling on deaf ears, he beams up and promptly corrects her with a malicious grin.

It was indeed in such sharp bitterness, and prodding awake an unnerving pause to collect her thoughts, she redirects her attention...

MS PICKERING

(amiably...)

Troy. My name is Amanda Pickering, I'm a social worker here at the hospital, and this is Mister Robert Reed, a Legal Aid representative...

*(placing a plastic bag
on the table...)*

Fortunately, your good neighbour found your glasses and hearing aid at the front of your unit, and had the courtesy to contact us... He said that, not only was he aware of the drug dealings in Block A, but it was common knowledge, and everyone knew, except, the AGENT, the Police, and, of course, you...

(MORE)

She fixes her eyes on the distinctly uneasy doctor Colman with a long inscrutable look, and maintaining her composure, she then turns to Troy...

MS PICKERING (CONT'D)

How convenient?... And... Mister Reed and I, have an application to stall any hasty decision made here by this board, so that we can make a formal submission, to have this case heard, in front of a full bench tribunal...

Doctor Colman sneers at her postulation, and with a show of surprised mock indignation, and lofty virtue, behests in a somewhat pleasant aver drawl...

DR COLMAN

(leafing documents...)

With all due respect, miss Pickering, but we have some damning evidence here to suggest, otherwise...

(fingering the documents...)

Regardless to what may happen, some other time... Mister Troy Adams needs to be placed in immediate care, and under strict supervision... And we're recommending the Waverly Clinic, run by, Director Phil Mason, here...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

71 CONTINUED:

Nodding the name, who smirks expectantly, and from the edge of his eye, notices the others acquiesce...

DR COLMAN (CONT'D)

Who has assured us, that Troy, will be under the best of care, until such time, when he...

(nodding the name...)

And others, are convinced that all the necessary requirements are met...

(unceremoniously)

Then, you can put forward, whatever pleases you, miss Pickering...

Troy, who was preoccupied with the thought of recent events, and with a silent rage brewing, is suddenly brimming with intellect, and seizes the moment...

TROY

(with cutting wit...)

Wait a minute. Don't I get a say in all of this. Exactly who the fuck do you think you are?... This is my fuckin' life you're meddling with...

(appearing unstable...)

I came to hospital to get treated for a simple eye, skin and chest infection... Thinking, I was in safe and responsible hands... And what did I get... This! ...

(arching with theatrical relish...)

Not only have you robbed me of my freedom... And violated my human rights... But you've also destroyed my credibility and dignity... And now... You're trying to take away my sanity... You have fuck all proof that I "may" be delusional, and that I "may" be hallucinating... Wooooow!...

(MORE)

Doctor Colman, with a trace of resentment smearing his wounded visage, feels incredibly awkward, and with his face slightly averted, runs a nervous hand through his hair, and his uneasiness not lost, Troy is impelled to lean in accusingly...

TROY (CONT'D)

Is that all you've got! ... What then? ... You need new patients? So you can get more endorsements from your filthy rich drug companies...

(emotionally crippled...)

What are we, expendable commodities? ... Yeah, that would be right!... Let's try some new experimental drugs on mister Adams, shall we... Well... Fuck you! ... Fuck every one of you! ...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

71 CONTINUED:

BLURRING THE BOUNDARIES OF REALITY, AND WHILE MOVING AROUND THE TABLE IN LAGUID SUSPENDED ANIMATION: The mortified board members, with intellectual astonishment, and a variance in posture and mood, exchange fleeting glances, or avoid eye contact, and lose themselves in their wretchedness...

TROY (CONT'D)

(vertiginous...)

You have nothing!... Absolutely nothing...
But your demented beliefs... You're nothing
but pathetic miserable creatures, calling
yourselves doctors... Desperately clutching
at straws... And trying to justify your
futile existence... So you can continue
your ugly experiments...

(MORE)

Pale and queasy, he makes a pathetic attempt to regain his balance, and has to hold onto something, and the others, hang onto every word...

Nurse Ronda, however, having caught Troy's roving eyes, sneaks an oblique glance at other board members, and swallows hastily, knowing things are not looking good.

CLOSING: Troy's pathetic struggle to take hold of his shaking is fruitless, and his ulcerated lips drips of yellowish saliva which oozes down past his purple-veined neck, and his visage more or less hideous...

TROY (CONT'D)

If this is what... It's all about... Then
you can lock me away... Forever...

Breathlessly choking on his final words, and breaking off piteously, he's sent into a soporific drift. Obviously weighed by the enormous pressure he's been under, and medication he's been taking, has gotten the better of him.

Nurse Ronda, reacting abruptly, and without hesitation, quickly goes to his aid, and with tensions simmering, silence hangs in the air.

DISSOLVE:

FX: Abrupt sound of cascading shower water is pelting flesh and tiling...

FADE IN:

72. INT. BATHROOM / CLINIC — LATE MORNING

Troy is staring up into the shower water splashing into his eyes and face, and a disturbing thought prods awake an awkward beat and he tilts his head down.

(CONT'D)

72 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Crestfallen, and in his emotional catharsis, he reminisces...

KATE (V.O.)
(*reciting...*)
Cries from the cradle at the house of white...
Distant and distorted, memories of night...
Dazed and confused, living in fright...
Endless stairs leading to nowhere...
Nothing seems right...

Abrupt banging at the door shatters the poetic delivery...

NS RONDA (V.O.)
Troy! ... Troy! ... Are you all right? ...

TROY
(*with unwavering eyes...*)
Yeah, I'll be out in a minute...

NS RONDA (V.O.)
(*surreptitiously...*)
Okay... We can try contacting your brother...
So, whenever you're ready, you know where
the phone is...

The water is turned off, and only a few heavy drops continue to drip, and with the thumping sound increasing in volume, it bombards his senses, as though being in an echo chamber...

CLOSER: Scared like an abused child, he stands motionless, and that's not water on his face, it's sweat. Then suddenly, having imagined something frightening before him, he reels back protectively, and a dark illusion engulfs him, and us, entirely...

FX: A CHILLING SHRILL PIERCES OUR EARS, AND IS FOLLOWED BY AN ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A NOISY CAFETERIA...

FADE IN:

73. INT. SIDE-PASSAGE / CLINIC — MIDDAY

Troy is fully dressed and standing by a wall phone, and Nurse Ronda, looking at him pityingly, picks up the receiver and hands it to him...

NS RONDA
(*plaintively*)
Take your time...
(MORE)

With deep empathy, she rests a calming hand on his shoulder, and her mouth widens into a depleted smile...

NS RONDA (CONT'D)
Just hang up when you're finished...

(CONT'D)

73 CONTINUED:

VARIOUS ANGLES: With creased eyes, she stares intensely at his stern profile, and visibly touched and disheartened by his frailty, a saddened expression descends upon her face, and she grins affectionately as she slowly walks away.

EXTREME SLOW MOTION: It is indeed a poignant moment, and with opalescent eyes, he struggles to gain some semblance of normality, and he stoops his shoulders, and draws a deep breath...

CLOSING: Forcing out the excess stress that is stuffing him so, he clears his throat a little, and after a sodden pause underscoring the guilt burdened deep within him, he puts the receiver up to his ear...

TROY

(*wavering...*)

Hi, Steve...

The phone crackles, and with a noticeably bad line, a cold look creeps over his face...

PENNY (V.O.)

(*other end of the line...*)

No, it's, Penny...

TROY

(*grimacing...*)

What...

JUMP-CUT:

74. INT. KITCHEN / TROY'S BROTHER'S HOUSE - MIDDAY

PENNY, his brother's wife, who has a crying four-year-old on her lap, and trying to feed him, struggles with the phone...

PENNY

Penny!... Your stupid brother's wife!...
What do you want this time?... And, no!
We haven't got any money to spare...

TROY (V.O.)

(*at the other end...*)

Nah-nah-nah-nah-nah... I need to speak to Steve...

PENNY

Steve's away on business, and I have a crying child to feed, and another to pick up from school in ten minutes. Now hurry. What is it that you want?

TROY (V.O.)

Tell him I'm in a mental clinic, and I need him to come and clear things up...

(CONT'D)

74 CONTINUED:

PENNY

(*incredulously...*)

Yeah, fat chance that's going to work...

(*suppressing laughter...*)

Okay-okay. I'll get him to ring you when he gets back. I've got to go. I've got to go...

Finding it wincingly funny, she let loose a soft smoky laugh, and then hung up the phone, abruptly...

JUMP-CUT:

75. INT. SIDE-PASSAGE / CLINIC - MIDDAY

Troy cringes agonizingly at the loud 'CLANG' into his ear, and in his solitude, distraught and engulfed with unimaginable disbelief, he sinks with despair...

TROY

(*with choking cough...*)

No-no-no-no-no!... For fuck's sake, no!...

CLOSING: With a wounded look, craving for human intimacy, he fondles the phone, as though having lost space contact with Earth, and his brow furrows in a dark frown, and his eyes suddenly close as if bearing a sharp pain, and he sinks in a sucking pit of despair...

SLOW MOTION - MUTE: Littered with disturbing black-clad crushing thoughts of abandonment, he hunches his shoulders with immurement, and then plummeting into a deranged seizure of delirium, he implodes with excruciating pain...

In a moment of nerve chilling ruing silence, and plagued with dulled vague dreams, he drops his chin onto his chest, and sinks into deep gloom...

BLURRING INTO A DAY-DREAM:

76. INT. CAR / OPEN RURAL ROAD - EVENING

Troy is behind the wheel, and with his face in part shadow, looks fatigued. His brother Steve is sitting next to him, and Penny is lounging in the back.

The only light seen is that coming from the star-filled sky, dashboard, and headlights piercing the dark of the long flat road.

Troy's POV: Passing headlights rushing towards him are nothing but a series of fast moving blurs, which sometimes merge together, at a frightful pace.

(CONT'D)

76 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Troy, drowsy, and with the dizzying speed affecting his focus, yawns insipidly, and then lifting his heavy eyelids and squeezing his lips, he vigorously shakes his head...

TROY

(raspy...)

Brrrrrrrr... Hey, man, thanks for helping me out. I owe you one, again...

(regaining his faculties...)

And about that money I owe you, you know I will come good, one day...

He looks around and murmurs sweetly at Steve and Penny who are fast asleep, and even though he's exhibiting symptoms of chronic fatigue, he's rather enjoying his kingdom of solitude in this blistering lonesome highway, and laments on what could have been...

Suddenly, in his unassailable psycho-strangeness, he turns off the headlights, and flirting with danger in the stygian darkness, in a perilous tempo, he counts down...

FX: A TENSE STRAIN OF BASE CELLO MUSIC FADES UP...

TROY

(softly...)

Ten... nine... eight... seven... six...
five... four... three... two... one...

Abrupt silence for another split second, then a loud rumbling engine and hot rubber screeching as the lights suddenly come back on, and just in time to steer out of harms way.

The roughrider, somewhat reposeful, stretches his facial muscles, and then calms himself as he heaves a huge sigh of relief.

Troy's POV: While moving into the highway blackness, the front of the path of the car zooms along above ground, unnaturally and startlingly fast.

Breathing heavily, and with a faint sense of exhilaration, trails off...

SMASH-CUT:

FADE IN:

77. INT. MANAGERIAL OFFICE / CLINIC — EARLY AFTERNOON

Nurse Paul and Nurse Tracy enter the room and stand by the desk, waiting patiently as Doctor Colman completes his report.

DR COLMAN

(signing document...)

Has the transfer arrangement been made?

(CONT'D)

77 CONTINUED:

NS PAUL

*(placing documents on
the table...)*

Yes, but it won't take affect for another two days. Head office needs to approve, plus Waverly Clinic has to make necessary preparations for Troy's submission.

NS TRACY

(holding a plastic bag...)

Miss Pickering asked if Troy's glasses and hearing aid be passed on to him. What shall we do?

She pouts mockingly, and shrugs indifferently...

DR COLMAN

*(handing document to
Nurse Paul...)*

Have them delivered to Waverly Clinic, and let them take responsibility. They can make the appropriate arrangements to have them passed on to him.

Nurse Tracy, in casual indulgence, flashes nurse Paul a wry and somewhat knowing look, and he wrinkles his brow a little, and nods in acquiescence.

JUMP-CUT:

78. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC — MID AFTERNOON

The television set is being switched from channel to channel, and after several changes, stops on a non-tuned station.

Troy and Lucy are in their usual positions, drinking coffee.

LUCY

(playing with the remote...)

You're better off watching dots than some of this shit they put on... I hear you're leaving on Friday...

(MORE)

Nodding self-acknowledgement, and then dutifully shares a secret...

LUCY (CONT'D)

You're not one of us, you know. The Waverly will destroy you... It's worse than prison. I know, I've been there and done that... You'll wish you were insane...

(MORE)

She throws the remote onto the coffee table and bordering on obsession, squeezes a insouciant smile...

(CONT'D)

78 CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

I can get you out of here... If you're interested... Hhh? ...

Having half-heard the heavy peddling of the illicit deed, and after vaguely considering the somewhat intriguing proposition, he shakes his head and dismisses it as a bad thought.

She flashes him a dirty look, and with schizo incredulity, snorts and snarls...

LUCY

What the fuck's wrong with you, man! You want to stay in this shit-hole for the rest of your life... Wake up, man, this is it... They've got you, and they're not going to let you go... That's how the system work here. And the more you fight it, the worse it gets...

Then calmly settling back, they both stare blankly at the psychedelic dots on the television screen...

TROY

(*numbly*)

So... What do you suggest?

LUCY

(*psychotically*)

I say we stick a few needles in some of those nurses' eyes...

(MORE)

Pausing momentarily, and then eying him like a psychopath, she suddenly busts out laughing...

LUCY (CONT'D)

(*hysterically*)

Nah-nah-nah-nah... Just kidding, man...

(MORE)

She shakes her head vigorously, and then settling somewhat, she flashes him a nice warm sneer, and her lips curl up in a very tender smile. Then, as if aware of displaying too much of her inner feelings, she briskly shakes her head...

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hey, no worries. It's all been worked out.

I was going to leave here tomorrow anyway.

Four P-M sharp... So, you coming, or what?

She's paralysed with glee...

Troy, however, having heard the jaw-dropping weirdo scheme, followed by the psycho outburst, is left with a reflective moment to weigh up the options, and finding it intriguingly appealing, abandons his tentativeness.

(CONT'D)

78 CONTINUED:

TROY
(*reluctantly*)
Yeah, why not...

With an uneasy harmony permeating, and in her alacrity, the bitch unearths a contagious energy...

LUCY
(*whispers vehemently...*)
So, this is the plan...

JUMP-CUT:

79. EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD / CLINIC — LATE AFTERNOON

Troy is having his dinner at a table in the corner. His face looks drawn and haggard, and his arms and neck have blackened considerably from the excessive injections and medication he's been forced to have, and his mental faculties are noticeably deteriorating.

Hannah, Rose and Jason walk past, and Bobby, following close behind, is carrying his guitar, and they sit nearby.

Bobby attempts to adjust the strings, but it's clearly out of tune, and even though Troy's without his hearing aid, he still has limited range of professional auditory sense.

TROY
(*pointing and mouthing...*)
Your guitar's out of tune, man...

Jason waves him over, but Troy shakes his head and waves back in the negative, and then briefly points to his ear, repeatedly.

PANNING ABRUPTLY: Over at the cafeteria, incivility rules...

80. INT. MAIN AREA / CLINIC — LATE AFTERNOON

Bugs and Maria are serving dinner behind the buffet, and Sally and Lucy are arguing over some food and spoiling for a fight.

Despite the commotion, nobody else is really paying too much attention, apart from a few sullied visitors who weren't familiar with the daily goings on and nuances.

Drawing back from the noisy tongue-lashing, slang matching, and unsavoury uttering, Lola, visibly startled, snaps her head around, and she smiles with vengeful, malicious glee.

Then, with her attention suddenly taken hostage by Troy sneaking into the TV Room, she strikes a seductive pose, and peers in a sleuthing, lustful gaze...

(CONT'D)

80 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Flushed, and drawn by a whiff of adventure, she purses her lips, narrows her eyes, furrows her brow, and beams with delight...

LOLA
(*mouth*ing...)
Fuck you, bitch...

JUMP-CUT:

81. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC — LATE AFTERNOON

Troy has dozed off in front of the psychedelic dotted television screen.

Lola, approaching stiltedly with her sassiest, sexiest, shapely sashayed body, clad in a jaw-dropping décolletage outfit, waves her silk scarf, singling a damsel in distress.

However, indulging in his favourite past time, dreaming in wonderland, is oblivious of her presence.

But the femme fatale, dressed to kill, is brimming with aphrodisiacal glitter, and ineptly performs in front of him, and with the psychedelic dotted screen behind silhouetting her curvy body, does a sexy routine.

Then opening his eyes, and still partly dreaming, he's mesmerized by the somewhat illicit and alluring abstraction.

Suddenly, standing at the door, is the bitch from hell, and with a glaring evil stare that could kill a small army, she drops her jaw, speechless.

Lola, with her confidence suddenly abandoning her, bypasses the unrequited interest, and opts to ham it up instead. She takes a sharp step backwards before lifting a sexy eyebrow, and then turns her movements into an elaborate yawn...

LOLA
(*brusquely*...)
So what do you think of my routine?
Good, huh? Yeah, I kinda like it too.

She assumes a glamorous pose, and then moving sedately up to the stony-faced bitch, which, with her habitual aggressive instinct, digressing a little, the femme fatale disparagingly diverts past, and exits frivolously.

Lucy, with her ego somewhat bruised, throws her head back dismissively, and gestures a "fuck you" thumb jab over her shoulder, and after whipping her nose in the air, she struts off with an equally dysfunctional exit.

(CONT'D)

81 CONTINUED:

Troy, watching all of this from the corner of his eye, shakes his head and groans before ruthlessly disposing it from his thoughts.

CROSS-FADE:

82. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - EARLY EVENING

Troy is lying on his back on the bed, and staring up at the white ceiling, wonders "how the hell did I get into this shit-hole, and what must I do, to escape"...

Dreaming up some options...

FROM THIS POINT ONWARDS, IT BECOMES INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO DISTINGUISH FROM TROY'S DISTORTED REALITY AND HIS INFLATING MATRIX OF IMAGINATION...

FADE IN:

83. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE #2 / CLINIC - ANYTIME

Nurse Ronda is at the medicine cabinet, selecting several items...

A hand taps her on the shoulder, and she turns abruptly, Lucy stabs her in the eye with an extra large syringe, and blood squirts all over the place, and the muted scream is deafening...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

84. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE #3 / CLINIC - ANYTIME

Lucy heads an angry pack of demented zombie-like patients, and incandescent with rage, rush for the front door exit.

LOTS OF ANIMATED HYSTERIA: With nurses, doctors and security guards, bitten, molested and ripped of their clothing, and thrown left, right and centre, from here there and everywhere...

The clinic erupts in an amplified visual feast of zombie-frenzied mayhem, with ludicrous adolescence and maniacal idiocy...

Jimmy, the androgynous-looking agoraphobic, timorously evasive, masks his face and hides in a corner, and shudders against the horror of what he's witnessing...

FX: BENEATH THE HUM, WHISPERED MURMURS OF ARMAGEDDON, RISES WITH A HOWLING GUST OF WIND...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

85. EXT. DARK HOLE / SUPERNOVA - ANYTIME

FX - IN SLOW MOTION: Abruptly, and mutely, a Dark Hole collapses like an imploding supernova, and setting off a thunderous explosion, it blasts the darkness into smithereens, and it's crux shrivels into eternal oblivion...

FX - ACCELERATED MOTION: The Sonic Wave Emanation takes several seconds before it hits US, and when it does, it deafens OUR ears with a SHATTERING ECHO! ...

FX: PIERCING SCREAMS AND KNELLING CRIES OF DEATH GRADUALLY SILENCE IN THE BECALMING QUIETUS...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

86. EXT. EERIE DARKNESS / BARREN WASTELAND - ANYTIME

In a post apocalyptic wasteland, a flurry of dust and sand swirls, and with the rising wind the only sound heard, something looming from out of the storm, resembles the awe-consuming presence of Leslie's partly charred remains...

With the air hanging dull and lifeless, and having somehow miraculously survived the cataclysmic blast, and shrouded in torture, he stands supremely triumphant...

CLOSING: Suddenly disoriented, he rolls his eyes madly and gives his shadow an angry shrug, and then closing his eyes, he whirls his head around, hoping he'll reappear on some other planet, or maybe even in some new dimension...

CLOSER: His taut ashen-face bare many years of emotional scaring, and when his eyes spring open, he stares at the distant horizon of nothingness...

DISSOLVE:

FX: DISTANT HOWLING RESONATES IN THE WIND, AND A MALICIOUS DRAWL FADES...

FADE IN:

87. EXT. TROY'S BALCONY / BLOCK A - EVENING

Back at the Block, where a suffocating stillness lingers, mosquitos, crickets and roaches rule the dark, and as the back door creaks, in half-light, a cigarette smoke drifts into view...

Tommy and mate, Roachy, who are completely off their faces from a previous drugged fuelled session, are breaking into Troy's unit.

(CONT'D)

87 CONTINUED:

Roachy takes a deep drag and exhales a huff of smoke...

ROACHY

(offering a joint...)

Hey, man, you want a drag, or what?

Tommy leans back and waves the smoke away from his face and regards him with noisome pity, and the oppugnant Roachy, with affected surprise, scoffs and obediently withdraws.

TOMMY

(tampering with the lock...)

Just wait and be quiet, idiot! ... Arh, you're nothing less than a genius, Tommy, Baby...

(forcing the door open...)

What's with all this fuckin' shit, man?

While squeezing through the door, he struggles to free himself from the layers of tape, and once inside, he rips enough off the edges of the frame to enable fat Roachy to enter.

JUMP-CUT:

88. INT. LIVING AREA & KITCHEN / UNIT 8 — EVENING

The unit is over-saturated with humidity and an underlying stench is almost unbearable. While moving around, Roachy flicks his cigarette lighter alight, and goes over and tries to turn the room light on.

ROACHY

(clicking the switch...)

The lights are dead. No power, no nothing...

(burns himself...)

Arh, fuck, man!

TOMMY

(opening the fridge door...)

Stop your piss-farting around, dick-head!

The light from the fridge has lit part of the kitchen and living area, enough to manoeuvre a little.

ROACHY

(hungrily)

Hay, man. What are we eating? I'm starving.

They clumsily bump into each other while crisscrossing the kitchen and living area...

(CONT'D)

88 CONTINUED:

TOMMY

(angrily)

Watch your step, idiot! You'll disturb the neighbours... Now grab what you can, and let's get the fuck out of here.

Roachy is into the fridge, grabbing whatever he can eat, and Tommy grabs the laptop and a few other items lying around.

ROACHY

(hungrily)

Hey, man. I haven't seen so much food in my life... Ooh, some cheese...

(MORE)

He puts the food on the bench at the side of the sink, and grabs a knife to cut a piece of cheese to eat.

ROACHY (CONT'D)

(eating...)

Tastes great, man. Come and have some.

Suddenly, the outside building alarm goes off, and instantly triggers a panic, and as the two reacts frantically, Roachy knocks the food onto the floor and slams the fridge door closed.

In the dark confusion, Roachy steps onto some of the food and slips and stumbles into Tommy...

ROACHY

(hysterically...)

Arh-shit! ...

He pushes Tommy aside, and rushes out the back door...

With the alarm still blaring, everything is still, but for the fridge door, which mysteriously opens, and a light shaft reveals Tommy, with the knife into his heart, and he's stone dead.

The fridge light flickers with static, and burns out...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A FIRE ENGINE RACING...

FADE IN:

89. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC — LATE EVENING

Suddenly bestirred from his quietude, his eyes fling open and he unleashes a ghastly cry, which is instantly drowned out by the fire engine racing past and into another neighbourhood.

(CONT'D)

89 CONTINUED:

As the ringing fades away, a woman's scream echoes loudly from one of the bathrooms, and wet feet run down the hallway, and then more screaming, and heavy leather shoes hurrying close behind.

The chase muffles, and other doors begin opening and closing, and alarmed incoherent voices react to one-another's disturbances.

Troy, who has been listening sharply to this, slowly sits up from his lying position, and then with his mouth open, drops his chin to his chest, and stares vacantly.

FX: FOOTSTEPS pacing the hallways, ambulating slowly, and becoming louder and heavier...

JUMP-CUT:

90. INT. HALLWAY / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

A toilet flushes, and Troy walks out from a bathroom, and as he's going back to his room, he hears a woman crying...

Then moving down the hallway, nervously anxious, and casting frequent glances every-which-way, he hears an abrupt wicked laughter...

He stops, and everything becomes still but for the radiator venting the air...

Suddenly, along with a rushing turbulence, a tumultuous sonic harmony of laughter and cries soaks the senses in a mind-warping synergy...

The room doors begin to open and slam shut abruptly, and repeatedly, adding to the orchestral symphony, and unleashing a ghastly cry from the forbidden past...

FX: AN IRRITATING BASS DRONE COMING FROM WINDSWEPT DUNES, NAUSEATINGLY DRUMMING OUR EARS...

FX: A PIERCING CRY SEGUES WITH A THUNDEROUS ERUPTION..

BLACKED OUT:

FADE IN:

91. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE #4 / DARKNESS - SPACE TIME

Amidst a territory aeons of light years old, soft poignant bouzouki instrumental music accentuates the mood of what's now becoming a dizzying experience...

MOVING ANGLE - SLOW MOTION: Ghostly prevailing images appear from here there and everywhere, and gradually smothering the *mise-en-scène*, suffocating him in its wake...

(CONT'D)

91 CONTINUED:

Underscored by a dreamy ambient rhythm, and just as he's giving in to the clutter of weirdness, a Goddess figure appears, and with a commanding majestic aura, releases him from the strangle, and lures him towards her angelic spirit...

Overwhelmed by a great wave of emotional bouzouki music, and in its enthrallment, symphonically lifting the spirits in immense espressivo...

Troy is now drifting towards her, at supersonic speed, but she remains distant, and deep space is streaking past and fugitive objects hurl by...

The beatific amorphous animism spookily transmutes into a familiar figure, and manifest superlatively...

With a beguiling smile, her astoundingly blue eyes flash open, and despite red rims and bloodshot whites, become exceedingly bright, and the allure of her intense fiery aura, is irresistible...

KATE

(serenely...)

Remember me...

She lifts her hands up towards his face in a slow and mesmerizing way, and just as they're almost about to kiss, she pulls away, deliciously naughty, and then with an insinuating purr, and in an intriguing symmetry, he's dazedly enlightened...

TROY

(adoringly...)

That bar, that drink, that night you said...

Then with a melting kiss into the air, a massive blinding flash ignites, and she's instantly reduced to a rotting, maggot-infested corps, with gauzy braided streaks of silk hair, fraying into bluey green vaporous dust...

With everything SLOWING DOWN, almost imperceptibly, the puissant MUSIC acquires an eerie, lentissimo ECHO, with a numbing repetition...

CLOSING: Morbidly obscuring, and chillingly, she opens her skeleton jaw, and as a blackish, greyish toxic fume exhumes from deep within, a vinyl record player needle catches an indented groove, and repeatedly scratches back and forth, and synergistically modulates into...

NS FAYE (V.O.)

(calling...)

Troy! ... Troy! ...

Spinning vertiginously in his numbness...

CROSS-FADE:

92. INT. HALLWAY / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Steadying back in the hallway, Troy is faced down on the concrete floor, and nurse Faye turns him over and tries to revive him.

Then suddenly recovering with a piteous cry, he weeps in her lap, and drowns in bitter tears...

Drawing back along the hallway, and with the bouzouki music playing softly in the background, the remnants of ghostly images drift away, and the shadowy wall-figures are consumed into the darkening fabric...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

93. INT. MEDICINE WINDOW / CLINIC - ANYTIME

Patients receive medication three or four times a day, and it's left up to the discretion of nursing staff as to what doses they are to get.

Troy is given a small plastic cup with his medicine, and a plastic cup of water, and he swallows the medicine and drinks some water.

VARIOUS ANGLES: This process is repeated over and over again, and gradually accelerating, and indicating the copious doses he's been receiving during his stay, and the partial reason for his deteriorating mental state.

The vision smudges as it fast-forward at a frightening pace...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

94. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - MIDNIGHT

MOVING SLOWLY UP TO THE ROOM 24 DOOR NUMBER: Pushing open the door, the hallway light beams a shaft on Troy fast asleep, and nurse Faye who is checking on him, goes over and covers his open shoulder.

She pauses momentarily with a sentimental thought, and then slowly moves out and closes the door.

All the patient's room doors have a small observation window, which is usually covered with a towel or a piece of clothing thrown over and hanging off the top of the door, stopping the hallway light from entering.

As the door was closed, the towel had shifted a little, and has partly lit the room.

(CONT'D)

94 CONTINUED:

CLOSING: Like a portrait of a homeless drifter sleeping in some refuge shelter...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

95. INT. LIVING ROOM / BROTHER'S HOUSE - ANYTIME

PENNY and Steve are lounging on the sofa, having a beer, and sharing a joke...

PENNY

(in stitches...)

Yeah! ... He said he wants you to go and get him out of some mental clinic! ... He wants you to go and drag him out of the shit-hole he keeps getting himself into...

STEVE

(in stitches...)

Yeah! ... He must think we're fuckin' idiots! ... Did he ask for money?

PENNY

(settling...)

Narh... What's he owe you now, ten grand?

STEVE

(settling...)

Yeah, and the rest... And don't be fooled by those hearings aids of his either. He uses them as an excuse, so he can get sympathy from others...

(frowning...)

His selective hearing has gained him many favours. Yes, many I regret to have given.

PENNY

Well his not getting anything from us anymore, that's for sure.

STEVE

(fraternally...)

Yeah, anyway, I better give him a call tomorrow, and see what the fuck he's got himself into this time... Bloody nutcase.

They face each other, bemusedly, and then suddenly burst into uncontrollable laughter, which trails off as we skyrocket into space...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

96. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC - EARLY MORNING

Lucy, with swarthy face drained of colour, is sitting in her usual spot, and dottily obsessed, peers over at Troy's empty space.

Bored and restless, she looks at the back of her hands, and her fingers are bleeding from the excessive chewing of her nails and flesh.

THROBBING ANGLE: The canvas fills with blood blots, and permeating rapidly, it covers the view in blood red...

FADE IN:

97. EXT. LOWER GROUND FLOOR / BLOCK A - MID MORNING

MOVING ANGLE: At the front of Troy's unit, Joan is pacing about in a torn singlet, smoking a rolled tobacco cigarette, and swearing under her breath.

Just to the side, the real estate agent, Helen, is speaking with Constable Ryan, and as they exchange notes, with her eyes sliding towards Joan, she tilts her head, worryingly.

Inside Troy's unit, a FORENSIC team can be seen gathering evidence, including photographing the scene, etc.

Moments later, Tommy's body, covered with a white sheet, is wheeled out by ambulance attendants.

DRAWING BACK: Further along the driveway, several dismayed ONLOOKERS are with varying reactions and opinions, and others with wrinkled brows expressing murmurs of abhorrence...

JUMP-CUT:

98. INT. MANAGERIAL OFFICE / CLINIC - LATE MORNING

Doctor Colman is at his desk filling out a form, and sitting in front of him is social worker, miss Pickering, and legal aid, mister Reed.

DR COLMAN

(aloof and enigmatic...)

So... You heard about what happened at
Troy's unit, with his mate...

Stops writing momentarily, and peers over the top of his glasses, with a serious countenance, and as he's about to resume writing...

MS PICKERING

(indignantly...)

That wasn't a mate of his. Just because...

(CONT'D)

98 CONTINUED:

Suddenly obliged to desist, she turns away with a glazing look, and doctor Colman catches sight of her insolent gaze, and with his patience wearing thin, is becoming increasingly irate...

DR COLMAN

I'm sorry if you found it offensive, miss Pickering, but the fact is, that 'someone' was stabbed, now for the second time, in Troy's living room...

(whispers overtly...)

Highly suspicious, don't you think?

Unwilling to perjure herself, and with the sickening ring of truth in the unexplained occurrences, she nods passively, and with her eyes guarded, looks away disconcertedly...

Mister Reed, however, having been equally sobered by the brusque censure, and arching with rising countenance, bites back sharply with a somewhat testily and thinly veiled accusation...

MR REED

Just one moment! It's rather presumptuous of you to assume that a collusion of some sort. Or even a premeditated murder, had taken place, just because of two entirely separate incidents, one of which was a mere misunderstanding, and the other...

Doctor Colman, with a prompting nod, lowers his voice, and emphasizes emphatically...

DR COLMAN

Yes, about that other mysterious stabbing... Hmm mister Reed... People don't just break into someone's home, commit a murder, and oblivious to their surroundings, then run off into the concrete wilderness...

Mister Reed, pale-faced, tight-lipped, and having lost his temerity, is lost for words, and his rationale has abandons him...

MR REED

(despairingly...)

Yes, but...

Then taking in an involuntarily deep breath, he has an overwhelming urge to loosen his collar, and with his eyes hardening, and his face averted, feels he has betrayed his moral and legal obligations, and timorously concedes.

Doctor Colman, however, having relished the rivalry, and with commanding countenance, postulates, with conviction...

(CONT'D)

98 CONTINUED:

DR COLMAN

Yes, but what, mister Reed? Exactly what do you think is going on? ... What we've got here is a delirious sociopath with no impulse control... Psychotic episodes... Toxic fumes... Drug dealing... Murder...
(MORE)

Then settling back sedately, and weighed with portentous solemnity, suddenly an obtuse thought flashes through his mind...

DR COLMAN (CONT'D)

What next, a suicide bombing...
(MORE)

Moderating slightly, they brave their displeasure, and settle somewhat, and in sobering satisfaction, lynx-eyed doctor Colman continues completing the forms...

DR COLMAN (CONT'D)

Troy Adams will be transferred to Waverly Clinic tomorrow morning, at...
(*signing document...*)
Nine A-M ... And you can do whatever it is, that you do, over there...

Sensing their inadequacy, and regretful for his heated reference, he stares piteously at his signature, and with an innocuous shake of the head, lowers his lethargic face, and flicks the document forward...

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO A HEAVY BLADED GUILLOTINE SLIDING DOWN AND BEHEADING SOMETHING...

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

99. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC — MIDDAY

Lucy is still sitting in her usual spot, only now, she's napping, and there's blood all over her mouth, hands and the front of her clothing...

CROSS-FADE:

100. EXT. OUTDOOR COURTYARD / CLINIC — MIDDAY

Troy walks over to one of the tables with his lunch, and as he goes to sit at one of the tables, he notices Kate's poetry pad on the seat.

CLOSING: He puts his food down, picks up the pad and sits. He then leafs through it, browsing and mouthing a few words here and there...

(CONT'D)

100 CONTINUED:

CLOSER: He puts the pad down, and in his solitary unicity, catches himself grimly reminded of his loneliness, and then stares vacantly into the abyss...

DAY DREAMING:

ABRUPT SOUND UP-CUT TO NIGHTCLUB HOUSE MUSIC...

FADE IN:

101. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE #5 / NIGHTCLUB - ANYTIME

It is very late in Darlington somewhere, and we are within the neon techno-depths of the club trash, scrounging through the visual imagery of typical barflies and stereotypes...

While being lured to the sleazy end of the bar, Troy is seen sitting on a stool, and having his forth double-scotch, seems rather inebriated...

Lost in his frazzled disposition, he sways to a familiar tune, and just then, a sweet insinuating voice segues with the rhythm...

KATE (V.O.)
(sweetly...)

Hi...

Troy combs his fingers through his hair, and on turning, he sees Kate, smiling devilishly...

MOVING IN AND DWELLING ON: Her hauntingly beautiful blue eyes twinkle in the hazy light, and she's wearing that blue dress, and she singing that song, with that gently weeping piano tune that was on...

Whispering soft lamentations, and with the sound so rich, so vibrant, so darkly pure, that it seems enough to break the heart...

KATE
(serenading...)
Sunshine... West of the wind... Tomorrows
will bring, hearts together, love forever,
memories of yesterdays... Oh sunshine...
My home...

(MORE)

Bathed in the glare of a blue light coming from the neon bar and overhead decorations, the piano-tune twinkles away, and lulls into an eerie calm.

Then like a hologram, she flickers on and off, and shakes and wavers, and her voice, takes on a caressing tone...

(CONT'D)

101 CONTINUED:

KATE (CONT'D)
(*slightly out of sync...*)
Remember that song I use to sing, way back
in our school days? ...
(*romantically...*)
You remember, don't you? ...

He stares at her quizzically, and moving forward slightly, he finds himself suddenly very close to her, and with their faces flushed, it would be so easy to move another couple of inches, to kiss her.

They glow in each other's warmth as they stare at one another, and briefly lost for words, she suddenly looks away and smiles shyly.

Then in a nervous strain, she stiffens, icily, and with her face quivering uncontrollably, the smouldering memory crinkles and fades.

CLOSING: As she drifts away, his smile quickly wilts, and trying to reach out to her and grasp her eerie semblance, he mouths something incoherent, but she vanishes into the fabric of his illusion...

Dauntingly, with the lull sweeping through the *mise en scène*, it is punctuated by heavy laboured breathing...

DISSOLVE INTO ANOTHER FLASHBACK:

102. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE #6 / ART CLASS — ANYTIME

The distractingly beautiful art teacher, Davis, is at her desk, and striking a pose, shows off her sexiest legs ever.

Young Troy, dressed in uniform, is sitting in the front of the class, staring insolently, and after giving her, a quick once over, fixes his eyes on those beautiful legs, which evokes an overly effervescent feeling of wooziness...

Suddenly, he jerks his head, and then again, and again, and turning around, he snarls at young freckle-faced Kate, dressed in her neatly pressed uniform, and who is about to throw another squashed paper ball at him.

Troy frowns thoughtfully, and sensing our presence, glances directly at us...

Then after a brief pause, he looks down behind him and snarls at a heap of paper balls on the floor... and bang, he cops another in the forehead, and Kate lets loose a girlie giggle.

He's not impressed, however, and neither is miss Davis, and just when he's about to say something naughty, he decides to nod slowly, with a cautionary stare.

(CONT'D)

102 CONTINUED:

DAVIS

(in a passive tone...)

That will do, Troy, you too, Katy... If
you want to play around, leave the room.

(MORE)

With murmurs of defiant garrulity rising from the ranks, she narrows her eyes and frowns nastily, and then sparing the musing and levities, she whacks her steel rule on the table and motions intolerantly...

DAVIS (CONT'D)

In fact, you can leave right now. Go on,
both of you...

*(with thinly veiled
amusement...)*

Get out...

After a few nervy seconds, the dispirited Troy, with a rather abashed grin, moans grudgingly as he stands, and dragging his seat back, he then saunters out of the room with measured strides...

Kate, unflappable, and cheekily following close behind, is unable to contain her giggling...

CLOSING IN ON KATE'S VISAGE: Instinctively, with her brassy bitch pout, turns with a teasing backward glance and flips US off as she walks away...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

103. EXT. GROUND FLOOR / BLOCK A - AFTERNOON

Constable Ryan has a warrant to search Joan's unit, and a drug bust is taking place...

Roachy and his MATES are handcuffed, and taken away along with Joan and the real estate agent, Helen, for questioning...

On the driveway in front of the block, murmurs of discontent come from a small group of onlookers watching as the evidence bags of white powder, money and drug manufacturing equipment is taken out from the unit and put in a police van...

CROSS-FADE:

104. INT. LEGAL AID OFFICE / CITY FRINGE - AFTERNOON

Mister Reed is at his desk, with various files stacked here there and everywhere, and as he searches for a document, miss Pickering waits on...

(CONT'D)

104 CONTINUED:

MR REED

(frantically...)

We've got to get Judge Farrel to sign the redirection notice and have mister Adams put in a safe environment till this whole mess is cleared... Where the hell is that form? ... It was here a minute ago...

JUMP-CUT:

105. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC — MID AFTERNOON

Troy is sitting in his usual spot, drinking coffee...

Lucy enters, and in a slight panic, she looks out through the partitioned glassed panels and evaluates the situation in the cafeteria and dining area.

Troy, having noticed the heavy Band-Aids on her thumbs and fingertips, is rather bemused, but tries hard not to show it.

LUCY

(bluntly...)

You ready? ...

(MORE)

Something in her candid eyes disturbed him deeply, and with a seemingly deliberate and exaggerated pause, he stares blankly, and then stands slowly...

LUCY (CONT'D)

(flashing a frantic smile...)

Okay, let's do it...

She has another quick look around before moving on, and Troy, cracking a smile, follows her like a dangling dreg...

Obviously, the pair is appreciating each other's company, and a somewhat subtle and more relaxed bonding appears to be taking place...

FOLLOWING THEM:

106. INT. MAIN AREA / CLINIC — MID AFTERNOON

MOVING ANGLE: Troy and Lucy walk over and leisurely lean against a partition wall at the beginning of the passageway leading to the side exit.

Sally and Lola, who are having their afternoon tea at different tables, have noticed what seems to be a clandestine rendezvous at the passage, and suspect some sort of scheme being planned.

(CONT'D)

106 CONTINUED:

Turning to one another's direction, and raising a suspicious eyebrow, they tilt their heads in polite query, and then quickly pinching a cheeky smile, they stand abruptly...

JUMP-CUT:

107. INT. SIDE-PASSAGEWAY / CLINIC - MID AFTERNOON

Troy and Sally slip into the passageway, behind a cabinet, and at the other end, cleaner, Robin, opens the doors, and wedges one of them with a mop bucket.

LUCY

(conspiratorially...)

Right. Robin makes three trips to the cleaner's room while wiping the doors... You've got roughly thirty seconds between wipes... I will go on the first wipe, and you can follow on the second or third...

Troy, all twitchy and nervous, and with sweat creeping down his forehead, nods solemnly, and Lucy prepares for her dash.

Then as Robin goes to the cleaner's room opposite the hallway just beyond the doors, Lucy sneaks down along the passageway and ghosts away.

Soon after, Robin comes back and starts wiping one of the doors, and as she does so, nurse Ronda and nurse Faye walk through the entrance, and they stop momentarily just inside, discussing something work related.

It's change of shift time, and nurse Ronda is indicating she may be leaving, but the conversation extends with added discourse, and time is quickly slipping away.

As Robin goes back outside to the cleaner's room, Troy, with a stricken look, glances around nervously.

Just then, wide-eyed and florid faced Lola startles him with a tap on the shoulder...

LOLA

(whispering...)

What's happening, sicko? What's goin' on?

Troy's stunned eyes snap shut, and then instantly opening them, hoping his illusion has disappeared, he's utterly devastated, and with his brow furrowing in a dark frown, whips a stern glance over his shoulder...

TROY

(whispering...)

No-no-no! Go away, okay...

However, unable to comprehend the seriousness of the situation, she decides to hams it up...

(CONT'D)

107 CONTINUED:

LOLA

Okay... Let's go...

In his exasperated horror, he grabs her roughly and firmly by the shoulders and shakes her intensely...

TROY

Shhhh! No! You need to leave. Go back inside... Now...

Just then, Sally arrives, and laughs ironically...

SALLY

What's doin', crazies? ...

Lola, about to claim credit for the verboten discovery, is immediately silenced with a sharp gesture...

TROY

(barely audible...)

Shhhh! What the fuck...

Flustered, and gripped with a sense of frailty, he snarls as he slumps against the partitioned wall, and exhales sharply.

Sadly, it wasn't to be his day, and to make matters worse, the overwrought and serious looking nurse Faye appears, and with her fists firmly wedged into her hips she frowns nastily at the mischievous and guilt-stricken threesome...

NS FAYE

(glaring accusingly...)

What's going on here? You've got lost? Or are you having a private party?

There's certainly no trace of levity in her manner, nor lack of propriety, and Troy, remaining poised, is careful not to show panic, and just as he's about to make up some flimsy excuse, the elated dancing queen, her eyes alight with excitement, bursts into action...

SALLY

(boogieing...)

Hey! Yeah! Let's party! ...

Her delight is not lost by the chagrined Troy, however, is short-lived, and Nurse Faye, in her fleeting respite, is reduced to shaking her head, with a wee-wry smile on her face...

Then shrugging off any unwanted affectations with an air of intolerance, she notions fancifully at their silence.

Troy, respiring deeply, and with a languishing expression creeping over his face, slowly peers over his shoulder, and as he watches Robin collect her cleaning gear and close the doors, in his terminal anguish, drops his chin onto his chest.

(CONT'D)

107 CONTINUED:

Nurse Faye leans forward, and with much posturing, jabs Troy with a stiff finger, and he nods a frantic apology, and as she follows his retreat, she synchronizes her nod with his...

NS FAYE

Okay, party-time's over... Move it...

She humorously herds the strays back inside the main area...

WHIP-PAN:

108. INT. CLEANER'S ROOM / HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

In the corner, there are some garbage bags with rubbish and others empty and stacked...

After a brief still moment, a hand lifts a bag, and a pair of eyes open, and they are indeed Lucy's, and with dismayed interest, she's seen something hanging on the wall...

Robin enters abruptly, and goes back and forth, in and out, storing her equipment...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

109. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC - LATE AFTERNOON

Troy is sitting in his usual spot, and he has his hands crossed and between his knees, and staring vacantly at the dotted television screen, and he closes his eyes, and falls into an abyss of nothingness...

SOON AFTER - IN SLOW MOTION: Opening his eyes, he sees a security key dangling in front of his face.

He leans back with a jolt, and with a rewarding and slightly contemptuous smile, savours the moment anew...

LUCY

(doing a Marilyn Monroe...)

Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday to you...

(with erotic flavouring...)

Happy birthday dear mister Kennedy...
Happy birthday to yooooooooou...

She lifts her dress up, in a cancan dance sort of way...

Troy, initially mildly impressed, gives her a contemned cynical look, and then he politely joins in on the hilarity with a dangling head...

(CONT'D)

109 CONTINUED:

LUCY

(flushed with excitement...)

So... We're leaving tonight...

(with great solemnity...)

Okay... Mister Kennedy?

In a contemplative moment, he seems rather bemused, and not quite registering who this Kennedy guy is, nonetheless, will accept the honourable privilege just the same...

JUMP-CUT:

110. INT. MAIN AREA / CLINIC — LATE AFTERNOON

Troy walks past patients and guests who are going about daily routines, and as he does so, some turn and stare accusingly, and with a nervous smirk, he continues unabated.

Then surprisingly, with a certain cool detachment he swaggers towards the hallway leading to his room, preening on his egocentric demeanour, and savouring his most recent delight.

Sally glares balefully at his rear end, and abruptly taut, cocks her head and squints angrily.

Lola, intently surveying the surrounds, and with a raised eyebrow and a quick tilt of the head, darts her eyes at Sally, who, with a curt nod, throws back a conspiratorial look.

Having paused dramatically, and with the atmosphere brooding palpable, they abruptly release themselves from the curse's shackles with a shake of the head, and glance around as though expecting someone.

Lucy, insanely intrigued, monitors the situation, and sparing no time for amenities, and without saying a word, passes by Lola and Sally, and gives them the deadliest look ever.

The horror-stricken pair, respiring heavily, quickly deviates and struts into the courtyard with disgruntled uttering.

Then as Lucy heads for her room, a distinct uneasiness stirs in the main area, and the focus is now on themselves, with idle gossip and sly innuendos running rampant...

JUMP-CUT:

111. INT. ROOM 13 / CLINIC — EARLY EVENING

Lucy, lying on the bed, begins fondling herself, and eventually sinking into an uneasy slumber...

FX: A PENSIVE THEME SWELLS...

BLINKING INTO A DREAM:

FADE IN:

112. INT. DREAM SEQUENCE #7 / PLUSH HOTEL RESORT - ANYTIME

MOVING ANGLE: Lucy, padding around the lounge area, wearing just a long white and somewhat stained T-shirt, strolls leisurely to the bedroom door, glances in, and sees Troy fast asleep...

FOLLOWING HER:

113. BEDROOM.

Lucy moves into the room and goes up and tentatively rests her hand on the bed and stares vacantly, and then gingerly lifting the bed cover, she shakes the limp figure, gently at first, then more insistently, but the corps is lifeless...

Starved for affection, she stoops and kisses him on the cheek, and he turns his head with blackened gouged out eyes, and gasps a latent breath of death...

Unmoved by the ghastly creature, she stares into nothingness, and then abruptly prompted by a banging sound coming from the front door, she slowly gets up and nonchalantly leaves the room...

FOLLOWING HER:

114. LOUNGE AREA.

Lucy goes and opens the front door, and leaning against the doorjamb, staring wistfully, is Lucy's sumptuous sapphic dream girl, BONNIE the pro...

Lucy, smiling languidly, and with a tinge of "what brings you here, after such a long time" on her wetting lips, swings the door open with her foot...

The ruddy-faced Bonnie alluringly returns a mischievous and a somewhat flirtatious grin, and then hands her an overnight frilly-bad...

BONNIE

(with sexy-ruby-lips...)

Hi, babe. I need to shack up for the night.
Do you mind?

Lucy takes hold of the bag desirously, and before letting her in, gives her a good look over... Achingly... Wow, some girl...

FX: AN UPLIFTING AND ROMANTIC THEME ENSUES...

(CONT'D)

114 CONTINUED:

The willowy sapphire is endued with lusciously beautiful curves, arrayed in an eye-opening, low-cut, slinky, see-through fabric dress, dripping with translucent desire, and covering just enough to let the imagination racing. Barely contained is the firm outline of her erect nipples, peaking, and flirting through her lacy satin bra. Slides a strap off her shoulder and snuggles sensuously in the dampened dress, from which her lanky legs suspends sheaved fishnet stocking, and dangling in high-heel stilettos...

Meeting her gaze, adoringly, the captivated Lucy smiles tenderly at the cajole-purring pussycat...

LUCY
(*infatuated...*)
Sure, Bonnie babe...

On entering, the lissome Bonnie inhales the fugacious fetish scent from wiping the warm sweat off Lucy's erogenous arm, and seductively brushing by, with a sensuality that is palpable...

FOLLOWING THEM:

115. BEDROOM.

The room is now somehow mysteriously candle lit, with a light breeze blowing through a partly opened window...

The copse has moved to the side of the room, and Lucy and Bonnie are lying on the red satin-sheeted queens bed, and looking implicitly narcotized...

WE have already seen most of Bonnie's body, only now, we see her in the gorgeous, dangerously alluring, au naturel...

Lucy, with equally matching beauty, seductively peels off her T-shirt and exhibits her sumptuous body, with pert tits crying out for attention, and topped with little pink nipples...

They breathe heavily, getting all hot and sticky, observing each other, admiring their femme beauty...

One at a time, slowly venturing, petting, palpating, touching and near-touching faces, hair, arms, bodies and legs, with breathing getting heavier, desire stronger, and a toxic urge overwhelmingly fierce and erotic...

TIME-LAPSE: The curtains blow silkily and silently as the candles burn down the wicks, and a beam of moonlight projects through the window...

Now, mysteriously, it's Troy's turn, he's in bed with the sapphire beauty, and Lucy is standing by, watching...

(CONT'D)

115 CONTINUED:

Their hands petting ritually and intimately, and with dithyrambic mouth and body kissing, and with tongues ebulliently working their way along, probing into hidden folds and secret places, until finding the little buds of their...

BONNIE

(*moaning softly...*)

Ooh-yeah... Ahhh...

CLOSING: On Lucy focusing and respiring heavily, and on honing of the couple's skills, absorbing the entrancing body aroma, and mouthing their wholeness bare, and with hushed tones, their lithesome bodies in perfect rhythm, and positions of numerous adaptations and variations...

CLOSER: Ensuing the hefty raunchiness, Lucy is feverishly gripped by her hunger of masochism, and trammelled in her eroticism, is into their rhythm...

VERY CLOSE AND INTER-CUTTING: Seductively stroking her hair, and watching each other's autoeroticism with electrifying intrigue, and with agonizing satiric sounds and expressions, of moaning, groaning, screaming, and crying, and with heavy, light, rapid, slow, and exhausted breathing, or just breathlessly seething...

WIDENING - MOVING IN REAL TIME, AGAINST A SLOW MOTION

BACKGROUND: Lucy, swelling with blissful ecstasy, her luminous eyes widen, and sharing the subliminal oneiric fantasy, they pleasure themselves thoroughly...

INSERT: SEVERAL QUICK CLOSE UPS, WITH INTERMITTENT FLASHES...

After an intensifying sweat-filled apogee of a seemingly unending slake of desire, and it's utterly sating, and shrivels into the humidity of the bed-squeaking heat...

The intoxicating rhythm takes on a familiar theme and segues with...

NS FAYE (V.O.)

(*whispering loudly...*)

Lucy! ... Lucy! ... Wake up, Lucy! ...

Lucy, emotionally drained, and gripped by a wrenching agony, awakens with a startled, but silent cry, and her neck muscles have tighten so much that her veins have swelled purple and grotesque...

JUMP-CUT:

116. INT. ROOM 13 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

WITHDRAWING: Lucy, lying on the bed, suddenly clutches nurse Faye's hands, as though having been hit by something consumedly disturbing...

(CONT'D)

116 CONTINUED:

PANNING ABRUPTLY: Sally, Lola, Leslie and several others are at the partly opened door, looking in with varying deranged expressions...

CROSS-FADE:

117. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Troy is staring out the window at the distant city lights beyond, and accompanied by traffic and other sounds of urban activity, gradually fades and segues with his glass-mirrored image.

His face is a mask of wretchedness, and his eyes concealing nothing, he's suddenly gripped with a terrible migraine, and he begins shaking his head tenuously, and with his brow tightening from some internal throe, he slowly passes his hand over his eyes, and gently strokes his temples.

Then with heavy breathing, and his curiosity rousing and ruminating jagged thoughts athirst, his livid face lights up his grated eyes like a spiritless figure being exorcized.

Strangely, that the heavy breathing appears not to be all his, and on turning to observe this mysterious phenomenon, he's startled at the sight of Sally, Lola and Leslie standing just inside his room, still-like, fractured mannequin dolls, waiting to be trashed.

FX: AN ABRUPT SPARK FLASHES AND LIGHTS UP A NONDESCRIPT SPACE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE, AND THEN SUPERVENES WITH A SPECTACULAR SHOWER OF EFFULGENT AND IRIDESCENT SPARKLES, AND EVANESCES AND EVAPORATES...

FADE IN:

118. EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE #8 / DARKNESS - SPACE TIME

Underscored by a dreamy ambient rhythm, and as the glistening effect dissipates, it mystically dematerializes into an obscure vaporous image of Kate's luminary apparition...

Reifying and manoeuvring within the ambit space, and with her felicitic blue eyes softening affectionately and superlatively, her ethereal voice takes on an angelic resonance...

KATE

It seemed like only yesterday. Who knows what tomorrow will bring... A sharing of endless dreams together... For ever, and ever...

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

118 CONTINUED:

Her mantic silken wraith irradiates eerily, and then as it lingers, it softens and fades...

KATE (CONT'D)

I will always be your friend, and keep you close to my heart... No matter where-ever you are...

With her transient penumbra vanishing into Elysium, ragged gasps and Earthly uttering begins to surface...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

119. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Troy snaps out of his meditative mood as the dummies revive from their soporific nothingness...

TROY

(sedately)

What's up? ...

Leslie, uncannily sophisticated, and despite his highbrow façade, there is a unsettling intensity brewing within him...

LESLIE

(eloquently)

Troy, 'we' ...

(MORE)

Indicating the elite company, with a sapient twinkle in his eye...

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Have decided to let 'you' become one of us. And now, being a life member, you are privileged to share your good fortune with those, around you...

(with great finesse...)

Your friends... Us... In return, will be forever grateful...

(MORE)

Then with a flagrant disregard of any further amenities, he abruptly loses his subtlety...

LESLIE (CONT'D)

So, when do we leave?

Troy, now having been included in the dummy's club, is rather nonplussed, and he drops his jaw, and shakes his head reticently.

(CONT'D)

119 CONTINUED:

Sally, however, elbowing her way to the front, points accusingly...

SALLY

(*indignantly*)

Don't you dare renege on our deal!

Troy, agog with curiosity, lofts his eyebrows in polite query, and then in bold defensive posturing, makes a poorly disguised attempt to nullify the accusation...

TROY

What deal? I don't recall making any deal.

Every now and then Lola has been sneaking a glance Troy's way, hoping to catch his attention, however, that quickly evaporates with the abrupt entry of hyped up Lucy, barging her way through the dummies...

LUCY

(*emphatically...*)

Yes, but I did... We all stick together here... If you want to be one of us, then you're gonna have to play by our rules...

Troy, ignoring the sprinkle of laughter, is seemingly unperturbed, and giving an apathetic shrug, and remaining smug and aloof, obliges nobly...

TROY

Yeah, sure, whatever...

Lucy dangles the security key in the air, hypnotically, and with great relish, the mischievous dummies are favourably impressed, and rally excitedly with applause...

LUCY

(*smugly...*)

This, is our ticket to freedom...

(MORE)

Glancing over her shoulder, and with her gesture commanding absolute respect, they freeze to attention...

LUCY (CONT'D)

(*imperiously...*)

Right... We're leaving at midnight... That gives you about two hours to shit, shave and shower, and that includes you too, Sally-sap-face...

(MORE)

Sally, really pissed off, gives her nemesis a cynical jerk of the head, and Lucy in return, assumes a vain conceited posture...

(CONT'D)

119 CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)
Any questions? Keep them to yourself...
Just be ready on time, otherwise we're
leaving without you...
(MORE)

Still somewhat oblivious, they wait for someone to make a move, and Lucy lifts her eyes to the heavens and with her patients exhausted, lashes out...

LUCY (CONT'D)
(wretchedly...)
What the fuck are you waiting for, the
kindergarten school bell to ring! ...
Fuck off! ...
(MORE)

Browbeaten Leslie, Sally and Lola, eye her with a narrowed suspicious gaze, and with a tinge of jealousy strewn across their face, reluctantly disperse...

Lucy, however, still smarting over her orgasm, and with a glitter in her eyes, her gaze avidly caresses him...

LUCY (CONT'D)
(sensually...)
Thanks... I really enjoyed that...

Smiling soothingly and contentedly, she turns and struts off...

Troy, however, not really catching her drift, wrinkles his brow and winces as he shakes out the cobwebs...

WIPE:

120. INT. ROOM 12 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Leslie, impeccably dressed in a trendy suede jacket and leather pants, and with a tentative smile, decorously models himself in the mirror, admiring his charisma...

Then not wanting to be seen over-preening by his company of ghosts, he straightens and adjusts his attire obligingly...

WIPE:

121. INT. ROOM 11 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Sally, with little options to consider, decides to stick with what she's got on, which looks okay, I guess...

WIPE:

122. INT. ROOM 10 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Lola, with the insatiable thirst for promiscuousness, is wearing her sexy, low-cut, red dress, and showing off her cleavage in a bod for sin, she raises a sylph eyebrow, and mimes a Robert de Niro, taxi driver, pointing threats into the mirror...

WIPE:

123. INT. ROOM 9 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

The singing trio, Hannah, Rose and Jason, like brattish little schoolgirls, not wanting to clash, are fussing over what to wear...

Then each one of them does a bad Elvis impersonation...

HANNAH
(out of key...)
One for the money...

HANNAH
(out of key...)
Two for the show...

HANNAH
(out of key...)
Three get ready...

HANNAH
(trio out of key...)
Let's go cats, go...

Fluttering their flirtatious eyelids and tongues at one-another, they exchange sissy pleasantries...

WIPE:

124. INT. ROOM 8 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Bonnie, insanely gorgeous, wearing a tight cardigan, satin slacks and stilettos, is all set to charm and primped to kill, and her movements are unconsciously and potentially erotic...

CLOSING: Perpetually available, she gives her ruby lips a good sexy moisturizing tongue wipe and goes to kiss the air, but decides to ease back, teasingly, and laughs sarcastically...

CLOSER: Now with an unsettling coldness numbing her, there's such a shadow in her usually candid eyes, it is as though she's trying to erase some sort of self-deprecation to make amends for something...

WIPE:

125. INT. ROOM 7 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

JIMMY, the androgynous agoraphobic, is unblinking, and with his face utterly devoid, is incapable of any expression...

CLOSING: Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, cracks a psychotic smile, and evil thoughts are surfacing...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

126. INT. NURSE OFFICE / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Nurse Faye takes a torch from a cabinet and walks out...

JUMP-CUT:

127. INT. ROOMS - HALLWAY / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

FOLLOWING: Nurse Faye does the evening rounds...

As she walks along the rooms, she flashes the torch either through the door-windows or opens the doors slightly, and checks on the sleeping patients...

There's a palpable sense of uneasiness brewing, and as she heads back to the office, she angles her visage at something unusual, and there's a hint of suspicion in her eyes...

BLINK TO BLACK:

SHORTLY AFTER:

FADE IN:

128. INT. ROOM 24 / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

Lucy comes into the room, and Troy springs up with the sheet still over his head, like a ghost without eyes...

Lucy, initially startled, pulls the sheet off him, and is rather amused at the animated comedy...

LUCY

(with a cheeky smirk...)

Nice one. You almost had me fooled there for a second...

Troy, fully clothed, hops out of bed, and in a somewhat curious hybrid accent, impersonates some recognizable spy agent...

TROY

Is it time already?

(CONT'D)

128 CONTINUED:

She stares him in the eyes, and points with an elegantly insouciant manner...

LUCY
No... Change of plans, dear one...
(MORE)

Smoothing over the uneasiness with a suggestive raised eyebrow, she bends seductively towards him, and whispers with titillating euphony...

LUCY (CONT'D)
(*devilishly...*)
It's just you and I...

With her desire sizzling uncontrollably, he gives her a sliding glance, and with a boyish wry grin, feigns a glowing requite...

TROY
(*wrinkling his face...*)
Sure, whatever...

Then as he brushes past her, somewhat provocatively, she strikes an uncompromising quintessential pose, and whiffing his vile scent, she almost passes out...

CROSS-FADE:

129. INT. SIDE-PASSAGEWAY / CLINIC - LATE EVENING

FOLLOWING: Lucy and Troy, with their somewhat warmish camaraderie, turn the corner into the dim-lit passageway, and in absolute amazement, discover not one or two, but everyone of the resident patients camping out on the floor, all the way to the exit doors...

LUCY
(*really pissed off...*)
What the ffffffffuck...
(MORE)

Initially the mood was one of bewilderment, and with Troy close behind, she briskly and precariously, tip-toes in-between the rousing bodies, and heads towards the exit doors...

LUCY (CONT'D)
(*in loud whisper...*)
Come on! Get up... Can't wait for you all night! ...
(MORE)

Then turning impatiently to the sluggish imbecilic response from the mannequin dolls coming to life, she stands shoulder to shoulder with Troy...

(CONT'D)

129 CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

(in loud whisper...)

Okay, loosen up. This is the drill. When we get out of here, you're on your own...

(with a murderous gaze...)

But do not. I repeat, do not follow me, or I will strangle every one of you. Is that clear? ...

(MORE)

After a collective terror-stricken nod and murmurs of discontent, she turns and whispers into Troy's ear....

LUCY (CONT'D)

(tauntingly...)

Not you, lover-boy, you're with me...

Troy, with somewhat guarded optimism, sniffs and lifts his shoulders, roguishly, and her face flushes, and she smiles devilishly.

Then gleefully flaunting her prowess, swipes the security key in the slot, but at first it doesn't work, and as she mops her sweaty forehead with the back of her arm, Lola, cozied amongst the dummies, sniggers contemptuously.

Scarcely disguising her panic, and despite her nervousness, she hums blissfully and feigns success after ever swipe, but it still doesn't work.

VARIED ANGLES: With desperation etched in their faces, the silence gathers, and with tension gaining momentum, waiting, watching, listening, and shrouding them, and us, with what seems an eternity of suspense.

Lucy has a quick furtive glance over her shoulder at the eagerly awaiting refugees hoping to escape asylum, and she nods reassuringly, and then in a brief moment of deranged optimism, she suddenly slips into a new precarious role...

LUCY

(faintly hysterical...)

Right. No need to panic. Just needs a special touch...

Having broken into a deep sweat, she slides a glance at Troy, who, regards her with an uncertain awe, and she swallows hard, and with hesitant nervousness, tries again...

With tension saturating the atmosphere, the fugitives' eyes widen and they tremble with anticipation, and barely able to contain their fluttery and nervousness, wait with bated breath, as Lucy tries again, and again... and... and... bingo!...

(CONT'D)

129 CONTINUED:

Having showed off her maven talent, and with a hideous grin stretching her face, the doors click, and then as she eases them ajar, everyone poises for a mad dash.

The doors swing open...

WHIP-PAN: In a collective gasp, the startled mannequins' excitement is drained from their faces, and their puzzlement swiftly escalates into shock and horror...

WHIP-PAN: Lucy and Troy standing on either side of the exit doors, are absolutely flabbergasted at the sight of nurse Faye and security guard Peter, who, glowering austere, edge forward cautiously...

NS FAYE

*(glaring with furrowed
brow...)*

Right... Having another party? ...

Troy, agape, absently strokes his forehead, gives an inarticulate gasp, and a sigh of resignation.

Lucy, however, holding a stiff thought, looks at the hardened matriarch, and after gulping hard, is about to make up some flimsy explanation...

Just then, instantly reacting with habituated compulsion, the impetuous Sally springs forward, in hyped animation...

SALLY

(boogieing euphorically...)

Yeah, let's party-party-party... Chugg-
alugg-alugg... Ooh-ah... Ooh-ah-ah...

Then as Sally eases back from the reprimanding sneer, Troy unwittingly catches eye contact with nurse Faye, and with an almost a feral grin, gives her a quick friendly nod.

But with tensions swirling, the intensity of the moment is quite palpable. Nurse Faye clears her throat, and with a slight sidelong glance, nudges security guard, Peter, who, seeming in a truculent mood, snorts with a wandering stare...

VARIOUS ANGLES: With the BOOGIE theme swelling the airways, and from out of nowhere, hysterically, the irrepressible wildcat Leslie charges towards the exit...

MOVING ANGLE: In a foolish and vagarious attempt, the hapless Leslie audaciously barges past Lucy and Troy, and having lost control, is unable to stop his momentum, and hurtling forward...

Nurse Faye quickly draws a pepper-spray and blinds him just before he rams into her, and as she flies back to the wall in the hallway, she smashes into a fire hydrant...

(CONT'D)

129 CONTINUED:

Dramatically, she collapse onto the floor, and a stream of blood gushes from her head, and the security guard Peter quickly responds by calling in on the two-way radio for backup...

Overwhelmed by the precipitous rush and delirious rampage, Security guard Peter falls back on his butt, and is trampled in the stampede...

MOVING ANGLE: Lucy and Troy skilfully manoeuvre and tenaciously vanish into the throng and head for the stairwell...

VARIOUS ANGLES: In the midst of the hurried frenzy, the swarm of crazy-cats go every-which-way, into the lift, down the hallway, offices, storerooms, cupboards, escalator, and anywhere to flee or hide, in a pastiche of intense chaotic mayhem...

THE THROBBING BASE OF THE BOOGIE WHICH HAS BEEN BLASTING OUR EARS, TRAILS OFF...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

130. INT. EVERYWHERE / HOSPITAL — ANYTIME

MOVING ANGLE: A HALF A DOZEN OR SO OTHER SECURITY GUARDS have joined the chase, chaotic mayhem ensues, and there is quite a bit of violent activity coming from avoidance and apprehension...

SMOTHERED VOICES and NOISE trails off as the we manoeuvre away and follow down the stairwell...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

131. INT. STAIRWELL / HOSPITAL — MIDNIGHT

MOVING ANGLE - WITH LOTS OF FRANTIC IMPROVISED DIALOGUE: Lucy and Troy are chased down to the ground floor back doors, and after several unsuccessful attempts with the security key they hide in a linen cart...

QUICK INSERT: Cozied in the darkness, with heavy excited breathing abruptly silenced...

Then as a couple of security guards check the basement doors, and go back upstairs, Lucy and Troy quickly hop into a garbage shoot, which sends them sliding into darkness...

FADE IN:

132. EXT. REAR SERVICE ENTRANCE / HOSPITAL - MIDNIGHT

Lucy and Troy climb out of a large dumpster, and momentarily savouring their tour de force, they venture down a grimly and filthy alley, loud with fierce whirring sound of dozens of ancient leaking air conditioners...

Bursting out into the backyard of the Hospital grounds, they merrily flee out of an opening gate, from which a garbage truck is entering, and the immense sense of relief is palpable...

CROSS-FADE:

133. EXT. STREET / PADDINGTON - TWILIGHT ZONE

MOVING ANGLE: In the oppressive sodden heat, the vacated street is ominously silent and devoid of life, and the lurking presence of a dour rutilant full moon, is barely visible through the obscuring foreboding clouds...

FX: DISTANT RUMBLING BOMBARDS THE CITY LIMITS, AND ECHOES DOWN THE STREET...

FX: HAUNTING WHISPERS SWELL AS DARKNESS GROWS...

CLOSING: Troy, his eyes red-rimmed with exhaustion, and having crossed the street, takes several slow shaky steps and stops abruptly, and faint piteous moans of anguish heard coming from behind him, seem to trail off...

PUSH IN ON TROY: After a wayward momentary pause, with barely enough strength, he sucks a deep breath into his bruised lungs, and turning to wait for Lucy, his composure is suddenly shattered.

FX: OVERWHELMINGLY STRANGE AND WEIRD BACKGROUND NOISES ARE ACCOMPANIED BY AN ECHOING PORTATIVE LENTO ORGAN THEME...

WIDENING: He pivots back a little and wobbles tenuously, and wonders what's happened to Lucy.

The moon glistens on the wet tar street, which is empty and hauntingly lifeless, and the gentle hum in the humid and sultry air is thick and greasy, and everything but for his heavy laboured breathing, descends into an eerie and disturbing silence...

TROY'S POV: Looking back at the hospital, in his throes and futility, he attempts to cross the street...

SLOW MOTION SURREALISM: In a sickening, dizzying stagger, he strenuously wades through his distorted, suffocating perception, and as he looks up, abruptly from out of nowhere...

(CONT'D)

133 CONTINUED:

FX: A DEAFENING ROAR SUDDENLY FILLS THE AIR, FOLLOWED BY AN EAR-PIECING SCREECH, AND WHACK!...

SUDDENLY WIDENING: Shadowed by overhead lighting and silhouetted against the lighter night sky, a driverless, garbage truck, VROOMS past noisily, and as it speeds away, lets loose some paper waste from the rear end...

Transcendingly, we follow the paper as it floats up into the air...

FX: DISTANT RUMBLINGS BEGIN TO MANIFEST, AND IN A RAPIDLY ALTERING BACKGROUND, A LIGHTNING FLASH SILENCES AND STALLS OUR ASCENT, AND AFTER A MOMENTARY LULL, WE BEGIN TO DESCEND...

AERIAL: Looking down, we see Troy, wiped out on his back, and immersed in a dizzying whirl, he's suddenly roused by a sinuous stirring, which illuminates before him, like a flash of recognition...

FX: QUICK PSYCHIC BLASTS, AND A DARK SHADOW, SMOTHERS THE SIMULACRUM...

INSERT - FADE TO A SEPIA TONE: Like a ghostly veil, Kate's apparition appears from out of the obscurity, and softly suspended with a youthful countenance and child-like naiveté, opens her arms consensually, and delicately balanced, evocatively lures his spirit...

KATE

(sweetly modulating...)

It's not time for you to leave, just yet...
Life is but a dream, sometimes you just
don't want to wake up...

INTERCHANGING ANGLES - CLOSING SLOWLY: In his limbo waif, he's no longer a statue of immobilized grief, and with his slow smile reaching his unlit dark eyes, her scintillating blue eyes lock onto his...

The mise-en-scène is overwhelming with poignancy...

CLOSE: Grasping her thoughts, and endearingly bonded, he suddenly becomes infinitely wise...

WIDENING: With hearts aflutter, he tries to reach out to her, and hovering mystically, she daintily extends her arms, but not really touching him, just seductively airing his blissful aura...

FX: AN AMBULANCE SIREN SCREAMS DOWN A NEARBY STREET, WAILING MINDLESSLY, SEEMING TO REFLECT HIS INNER STATE, AND TRAILS OFF...

Then in a brief moment of silence, in his awry disorientation, her heavenly spirit slows, impotently, and hauntingly, her mien becomes lifeless...

(CONT'D)

133 CONTINUED:

DRAWING BACK: With the light dying, her vacant eyes become huge and black, and she glares at him before frittering away into obscurity...

A fugacious fulgent glint ensues and overwhelms us with a sense of profound loss...

Staring into the void, in his loneliness, he feels his life imploding, and an echo of desperation bursts his dreamy eyes wide open, as though mentally transporting him to a distant place far away, in another time...

FX: SOUND IS UNNATURALLY MAGNIFIED, WITH TROY'S FRIGHTENED BREATHING...

PUSH IN ON: Troy, daunted, and with a ragged gasp of fear, is suddenly hushed by a clouded, inscrutable mist, and he's awed with a surge of nostalgic haze, obfuscating our view, muffling our senses, and draining us, shrinking us, daring us to breathe...

FX: SUPERVENING WITH A SILENT FLASH, CELLO DRONES, STRINGS RACE...

CLOSER: Exhaling on the note of a bass drone, and in a trance-like state, his gaunt and haggard face is empty of expression, and as a shadow of memory crosses his face, thoughtfully wishing something, his lifeless eyes blink, slowly...

Then suddenly, a lightning flash strikes us with a numbness that stifles and overwhelms us...

INSERT: Having briefly betrayed our sense of gloom, thrust upon us, an abrupt suffocating stillness consumes the *mise-en-scène* and toxic fumes whirl and swirl, erratically and deliriously, and in the frenetic torrent, it smothers our senses...

Lost in the tempestuous swirl, a fading wraith rides with the wind, and a mesmerising symphony takes over with all of its idyll potency and grandeur, and sustaining the sensation, we marvel at its supremacy...

DISSOLVE:

FADE IN:

134. SOMEWHERE IN DREAMLAND — IN THE CREPUSCULAR GLOOM

DISEMBODYING INTO THE ASTRAL PLANE OF TROY'S MINDSCAPE: Within his afflatus, a psychedelic gamut of phantasmagoric anti-utopia floods the fabric of his imagination in a multi-dimensional perspective, with coloured veils ebbing and breathing life into spectral images in an obscure labyrinth entity...

(CONT'D)

134 CONTINUED:

In an excruciating feeling of hollowness, a tiny tear in the fabric of his consciousness makes him shudder, and his heart beating with an irrepressible memory, stirs feelings of dark and fragmented impulses...

FX: LOUD CRACKLING THUNDER ROARS, AND RAIN PELTS DOWN...

CLOSING: A sprinkle of stardust bathes his staring visage, and he descends into dysphoria...

BRIEF INSERT: In the fuliginous void, greyish gases swirl around profusely, and with lively glints and fulgent sparkles, glowing embers emblaze and twinkle...

With Rayleigh scattering, we dissolve into the glare of the rising sun...

ABRUPT UP-CUT TO A STUDIO RECORDING 'KEEPING YOU CLOSE TO MY HEART' PLAYS OVER FLASH SIMULACRUM IMAGE OF: Lucy... Lola... Sally... Leslie... Bonnie... Hannah... Rose... Jason... Bobby ... Lisa... Ziggy... Jimmy... Stig...

ABRUPT UP-CUT TO HEAVY BREATHING...

LUCY (V.O.)
Hey, baby. You ready? ...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

135. INT. TV ROOM / CLINIC — AFTERNOON

FOCUSING ON: A teasing smile from Lucy...

Scratchy, noisy, psychedelic dots on the television screen, softens dramatically...

LUCY
Wake up, baby...

DRAWING BACK AND SHARPENING FOCUS: Lucy is standing in front of Troy, who, slightly in shadow, is sprawled on the couch, and with his eyes darkly smudged and bloodshot, is slowly coming out of a slumberous drowse...

LUCY
(grinning cheekily...)
You ready? Come on let's go...

Then after a sobering moment, his eyes lighten up, and although not quite sure just what stage of the timeline he's at, he is however, very happy to see her...

FREEZE AND TIGHTENING ON: Troy's tranquil, but very pale face, with just a hint of a smile...

AS CREDITS ROLL, A STUDIO RECORDING OF 'KEEPING YOU CLOSE TO MY HEART' - PLAYS OVER MORE STILLS . . .

THE END