

The Supercharged Apprentice

by

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CHARACTERS

CHRIS A man (22), with spiky black hair. He drifts in and out of madness, sometimes for no clear reason. Other times his insanity is brought on by excessive caffeine consumption. He is immature, and sometimes apathetic. This puts people off him. (Socionics type INFp).

KEN CHRIS'S friend (20), a metalhead. A man a lot more sensible than CHRIS. He tries to be supportive of him, but being so is next to impossible. (Socionics type ISFj).

NURSE ON THE PHONE The first woman (50), and person to be infuriated by CHRIS. She has a posh, sarcastic voice. (Socionics type unclear, due to her small role).

DR. KILMISTER CHRIS'S psychiatrist (30). He wears a suit and a beard. He has an insensitive personality, and an inappropriate sense of humour. However, he likes his patient, CHRIS. In a vague way. (Socionics type ISTj).

PETE WARNER A bearded, suited and overweight man (40). He runs the company 'Pete's Precious Goods', and considers giving CHRIS his night watchman position. He hates his brother, BRIAN, and has a vengeful and fake personality. (Socionics type ENTj).

BRIAN WARNER PETE'S brother, and head of the franchise 'Friendly Brian's Supermarkets' (35). He has a larger emotional range than PETE, but still has a businessman mentality. (Socionics type ENFj).

MUSICAL SINGERS These are never seen, and only sing one note, from outside an office.

WOMAN KNOCKING ON DOOR She is never seen, and has only one line.

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

Dark - no lights. CHRIS (22), with spiky, black hair, and a digital watch, drinks soda. He is sat on his swivel chair, that spins with unburned energy. It often hits his kneeling friend, KEN (20) beside him. Despite the knocks, both metalhead's eyes are glued to the Apple Mac screen in front of them. The two watch a horror video, as screams and rusty chainsaws are heard from the computer speakers. Clothes and guitar magazines lie scattered on the floor. A bin and a bed are at the back of the room.

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

CHRIS inspects the drink, then looks at his watch.

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

KEN
What was that?

CHRIS looks at KEN. KEN looks at CHRIS.

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

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

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

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

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

CHRIS spins round, and throws his half-full drink can across the room, and into his bin. Drink flies everywhere, as KEN looks over his shoulder and back again. CHRIS turns back only after getting a good look at his accomplishment.

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

KEN pulls out his phone, from his trousers, trying to ignore the fact he is now wet.

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

CHRIS
Come again?

KEN
(jokingly)
...Oh shit!

CHRIS
(panicking)
What?!

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

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

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

KEN
No, Chris...

CHRIS
Quiet!

The NURSE ON THE PHONE, (50) speaks with a typical, semi-posh Surrey accent. She has a high tone of voice, heard on speaker mode.

NURSE
(sarcastically)
Oh, no!

CHRIS
 (horrified)
 OH NO???

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

NURSE
 Yes! How long ago did it go off?

CHRIS
 About a minute ago...

NURSE
 Oh my god, that's worse!

CHRIS
 Why?!

NURSE
 It's more embarrassing for you!

CHRIS
 What is?!

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

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

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

NURSE
 Send an ambulance?!

CHRIS
 You mentioned death twice!!

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

CHRIS
 OH MY GOD!

NURSE

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

CHRIS

WHAT?!

NURSE

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

CHRIS

FU.....

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

CHRIS

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

CHRIS scratches his head.

KEN

Er...

CHRIS

What?

KEN

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

KEN exits the room.

CHRIS

(confused)

But I'm fine, already...

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A room a lot tidier than CHRIS'S. In front of KEN, is a PC, which he sits at, mobile phone in hand. He turns round, briefly to squint at the clock above his bed, as if the time may have some kind of special meaning; at least to his friend. He then dials a number, and shakes, with a tear dropping from his eye. The call soon gets answered by psychiatrist, DR. KILMISTER (30).

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

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

DR. KILMISTER
Oh, God. What is it this time? Has he
talking to himself? Has he been
accusing you of things you haven't
done?

KEN
No...

DR. KILMISTER
Has he been withdrawing himself, a
lot?

KEN
Not really.

DR. KILMISTER
Ok, so what's happened?

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

DR. KILMISTER
I see. Well that's not really bad, but
I'm not sure if he will be fit for his
job interview. Do you know much about
psychological jargon, and such?

KEN
Not really...

DR. KILMISTER
So terms like schizophrenia
F20.0, messed up amygdala and neuroses
will go over your head?

KEN
I suppose so...

DR. KILMISTER
Ok. Let's just describe Chris a
fruitcake, for future reference.
That way, we're on the same page.

KEN widens his eyes.

KEN

Ok, then...

DR. KILMISTER

Right, Chris has just gone a bit fruity. I'll book a meeting with him now. In the meantime, just be nice and supportive to him.

KEN

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

DR. KILMISTER

I understand... Be creative about it, you'll be fine. Is there anything else you would like to talk about?

KEN

No, that's all.

DR. KILMISTER

Dealing with your friend not interfering with your university coursework?

KEN

I'll be fine.

DR. KILMISTER

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

KEN hangs up.

KEN

(to himself)

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

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

KEN

(speaking what he types)

Hello, Chris, smiley face. Want to order some early morning pizza??

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

KEN'S position hasn't moved. He is surfing the internet.

KEN

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

A doorbell sounds, followed by the creaking of a front door. Plods up the staircase follow. KEN welcomes CHRIS into his room, and both sit on the bed. The former's muscles are now a little tense, the latter has his arms crossed.

KEN

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

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS

Not bad.

KEN

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

CHRIS

The labels are there for a reason.

KEN

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

CHRIS

Yes.

KEN

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

CHRIS

Oh, God. Really?

KEN

Is that a problem?

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS un-crosses his arms.

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS'S trouser pocket starts to buzz.

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS

Thanks. Ciao.

CHRIS answers his mobile, as KEN leaves the room.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

A standard room. It features just a door, a table and four surrounding chairs. A suited and bearded psychiatrist is sat at one of them. It's DR. KILMISTER. CHRIS enters the room, and sits to face him. This patient now wears the heavy metal band T-shirt, of 'Basil Brush Mugged off my Uncle'.

DR. KILMISTER
Hello, Chris! Are you well?

CHRIS
Not bad. You?

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

CHRIS
No, that never happened. I know I
shouldn't have taken the expiry date
so literally.

The doctor leans back, a little. So does the client.

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

CHRIS
Fine, I think.

DR. KILMISTER
I don't think so. Let me explain.
Basically.... How should I put this?
You're a prick.

CHRIS opens his mouth, for a second or two.

CHRIS
... But personality is very
subjective...

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

CHRIS
How?

DR. KILMISTER
Over the last 24 hours, we've looked
at some of your Facebook posts. You
just write about how great you are...
Your narcissism scores are through the
roof. You once said, 'Oh my God... How
do I do it? No one can be this
amazing! :O'

CHRIS clears his throat.

CHRIS
Oh, right...

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

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

The doctor clenches his fists.

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

Is this your attempt at therapy?

KILMISTER relaxes.

DR. KILMISTER

(confused)

No... Why di...? Hm. Well never mind all that, for now, let's talk about something else, seeing as you're clearly upset... So, the staff here, have been thinking of writing a great musical about you. It will have strobe lighting and everything. We just don't have the funds. It will be in D major.

CHRIS

Why?

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

Sorry, no...

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

Why?

KILMISTER leans forward.

DR. KILMISTER
It symbolises how annoying you are...

CHRIS
Oh, God.

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

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

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

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

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

CHRIS
Can I go now, please?

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

CHRIS
What is it, then?

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

CHRIS
Bye!

DR. KILMISTER
Ok, ok, ok... Don't go. I was being very insensitive. Sorry.

CHRIS
Really? You think?

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

. Oh, and good luck with your interview, I'm sure you'll be fine! And if you're not feeling 100%, call me... Or someone else will!

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The PC is off, and CHRIS and KEN are sat on the bed. The former has a zipped backpack in front of him. He wears his favourite shirt, again, now with curry stains on it.

KEN

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

CHRIS

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

KEN

... What?

CHRIS

I know this sounds weird... But before I sometimes thought I was God. I miss that. I'm just not feeling it, right now. When the medication really kicks in, it will only get worse...

KEN

You thought you were God?

CHRIS

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

KEN

That must have been fun.

CHRIS

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

KEN

(nervous)

What?

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

CHRIS

Vodka!

KEN moves his body away from CHRIS, a little.

KEN

Why?

CHRIS

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

KEN

I assure you, that's not true!

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS opens the bottle, and guzzles half of it down in seconds. KEN'S jaw drops open, possibly further than it ever has, before.

CHRIS

Your turn...

KEN'S jaw hasn't moved.

CHRIS

Ken?

... Still hasn't moved.

CHRIS

Hello?

KEN

Jesus Christ!

CHRIS

That's me! Only joking.

KEN

(very uncomfortable)
Feeling better?

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS

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

KEN

Did you tell your psychiatrist about you being God?

CHRIS

Na.

KEN

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

KEN coughs.

KEN

(under his breath)

I mean I WAS.

CHRIS

Do you want me to get real vodka?

KEN

I have to be honest, I'm not sure I want to speak to you, anymore. You're creeping me out. Just prepare for your job interview, tomorrow. Are you ready for it?

CHRIS

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

INT. JOB INTERVIEW ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Another minimalist room. It's without windows, and features just a cupboard, two chairs and a table with a phone on it. The job interviewer, PETE WARNER (40) is fat, bearded, and in a suit and tie. He is sat, facing CHRIS, also seated. The latter twiddles his thumbs, maniacally and never stops rocking back and forth. The former tries to ignore this.

PETE WARNER

Hello, Chris. Pete Warner, here.

CHRIS

Howdy.

There is a brief pause.

PETE WARNER

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

CHRIS

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

PETE WARNER

That's a different answer...

CHRIS

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

CHRIS starts clapping. PETE adjusts his tie.

PETE WARNER

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

CHRIS

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

PETE WARNER

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

CHRIS

Have I got the job?

PETE WARNER

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

CHRIS

Really??

PETE WARNER

Sure! Off you pop.

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

BRIAN WARNER

Hello, Brian here...

PETE WARNER

Hello, my brother!

BRIAN WARNER

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

PETE WARNER

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

BRIAN WARNER

I just liked her, that's all.

PETE grinds his teeth.

PETE WARNER

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

BRIAN WARNER

Oh, I am so happy to hear that!

PETE WARNER

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

BRIAN WARNER

Pretty good, I'm thinking of expanding it.

PETE WARNER

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

BRIAN WARNER

More or less, yeah.

PETE WARNER

Well, let me tell you, I have the PERFECT candidate for you.

He's smart, full of life, and VERY creative. And of course, friendly... I recommend he starts working for you, ASAP! He won't even need an interview!

BRIAN WARNER

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

PETE WARNER

No, problem. Goodbye...

BRIAN WARNER

You don't want to have a chat?

PETE WARNER

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

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Polite knocking is heard on the door. CHRIS rises from his swivel seat to answer it, and sees KEN. CHRIS sits down, and turns his chair to face his friend. He rocks on it, with his hands on the back of his head. KEN remains stood.

CHRIS

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

KEN

Did you get lost, or something?

CHRIS

(ignoring him)

I aced the interview!

KEN

You did?

CHRIS

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

KEN

Excellent.

CHRIS

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

KEN rubs his face, with both hands.

KEN

God dammit, Chris. How come everything you say, disappoints me?

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS

Maybe I could be both!

CHRIS pulls a massive grin. There is a long pause. CHRIS rocks some more, and adds a few spins.

KEN

What?

CHRIS

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

KEN

Oh, no.

CHRIS

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

KEN

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

CHRIS

More exciting shopping! :D

KEN

I'm contacting your doctor.

CHRIS gulps.

CHRIS

No, don't! I was only joking!

KEN

You were?

CHRIS

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

KEN

Grow up, Christ, for God's sake. I'm
going. Good luck, tomorrow.

CHRIS

Christ?

KEN

Oh, you know what I mean.

KEN leaves.

CHRIS

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

KEN'S voice is heard, through the door.

KEN

What was that?

CHRIS

Joke!!

INT. SUPERMARKET OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

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

BRIAN WARNER

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

CHRIS

No...

BRIAN WARNER

You've been talking to the food,
Chris.

CHRIS

What have they said about me?

BRIAN WARNER
Nothing!

CHRIS
I respect that.

BRIAN WARNER
What?

CHRIS
Did they get in trouble for keeping quiet?

BRIAN WARNER
No!

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

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

BRIAN pushes the keyboard away from him, and dials a number on his phone. It is answered seconds later, and is on speaker mode.

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

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

CHRIS gets ignored.

PETE WARNER
(laughing)
... Er... What do you mean?

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

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

PETE WARNER
... He's not brightening the place up?

BRIAN WARNER

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

CHRIS

(normal volume, again)

I have more ideas, if you like... How about people in jet fighters serving t...

PETE WARNER

Shut up, Chris!

BRIAN WARNER

(in hysterics)

Oh, man!... I'm so sorry!

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

PETE WARNER

I'm going now. Chris's psychiatrist is coming to meet me, any minute now. I hope you're happy. Oh yeah, I just wanted to say... COCK!

BRIAN WARNER

Aaahahaaha...

PETE ends the call.

CHRIS

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

PETE WARNER

Just wait here, whilst I send a few emails.

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

PETE WARNER

Come in...

CHRIS

I am in.

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

DR. KILMISTER

Are you ok, Chris?

CHRIS
I feel great.

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

DR. KILMISTER starts slapping his legs, rhythmically.

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

The doctor continues using his body as drums. He sings a
melody in D major.

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

CHRIS
I'm not singing that.

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

The doctor does so. He even stops his beats.

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

CHRIS
Relapse?

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

CHRIS
I drank a few too many energy drinks..

DR. KILMISTER takes a big sigh.

DR. KILMISTER
I see...

CHRIS
You see what?

DR. KILMISTER
Have you read the leaflet that comes
with your medication?

CHRIS

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

DR. KILMISTER

The bit about changing you caffeine consuming habits...

CHRIS

Ahh... No.

DR. KILMISTER

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

PETE WARNER

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

DR. KILMISTER

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

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

The same room, from earlier. However, this time an acoustic guitar and a couple of bongos are in the corner. CHRIS and the doctor are sat opposite each other, at the table. The former is far more relaxed, than yesterday. Even so, he plays with his clothes, and makes little eye contact.

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

Mm-hm.

DR. KILMISTER

No thoughts of conversing with inanimate objects?

CHRIS

No. I just needed to sleep off those drinks.

The DOCTOR sustains a high D note.

DR. KILMISTER
 (singing)
 Chriiiiis...

CHRIS
 Please, don't.

A voice is heard, from outside the room. She sings the same note as the psychiatrist.

UNSEEN SINGER
 Chriiiiisss!

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

DR. KILMISTER
 I'll just get the guitar.

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

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

UNSEEN SINGER
 Chriiiiis!

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

CHRIS gives a sarcastic round of applause.

DR. KILMISTER
 And, done!

CHRIS
 Congratulations.

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

Footsteps are heard getting fainter. CHRIS coughs and rubs his neck. KILMISTER loosens his shoulders.

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

CHRIS
 I'm sorry?

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

What test?

DR. KILMISTER

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

CHRIS

Nope.

DR. KILMISTER

Are you friends with vegetables?

CHRIS

No...

DR. KILMISTER

Are you enemies with vegetables?

CHRIS

No.

DR. KILMISTER

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

INT. SUPERMARKET OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

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

BRIAN WARNER

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

PETE WARNER

How dare you.

BRIAN WARNER

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

PETE WARNER

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

CHRIS looks sad.

PETE WARNER

Something about energy drinks, right?

BRIAN WARNER

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

CHRIS

Ex-nutcase.

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

BRIAN WARNER

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

PETE WARNER

Why?

BRIAN WARNER

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

PETE WARNER

The berries can treat schizophrenia?

CHRIS

Oxygen is lethal.

BRIAN WARNER

No, it isn't Chris. And goji berries can't treat schizophrenia... Do people really think someone like Mr.

Gilmour here, could be cured, by avoiding a window, or some plants? Of course not.

PETE WARNER
I feel quite the fool.

PETE coughs.

PETE WARNER
Quite the fool.

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

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

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

PETE WARNER
Atchoo!!!!!!

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

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

BRIAN hits his fists on the table.

PETE WARNER
What??

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

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

BRIAN storms out of the room.

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

BRIAN WARNER
Are you ok, Chris?

CHRIS
Hahahahaha....

BRIAN WARNER

Chris?

CHRIS

Baaaaahahahahahaha.

BRIAN WARNER

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

CHRIS

You're the best!

BRIAN WARNER

You, too!

CHRIS

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

BRIAN WARNER

What??

CHRIS

Oh, that does it!

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

CHRIS

Aaargh!

BRIAN WARNER

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

Knocking on the door is heard, followed by the voice of a woman.

WOMAN KNOCKING ON DOOR

Hello? Are you ok, in there?

PETE WARNER

Fine, thanks!

CHRIS

Heretic!

PETE WARNER

(quietly)

What? Oh, God, I hope you're going to be ok... Cocaine's a little stronger

than caffeine, Chris...

CHRIS
(whispering to himself)
I am the shoe boy king. I am the shoe
boy king.

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Clothes and guitar magazines are still piled up, on the floor. Now also on it, is a newspaper. CHRIS and KEN are sat, almost shuddering on the bed, as they look ahead, and part-watch Youtube videos. Screams sound from the Mac, again.

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

KEN
Er... It's good you're making an
effort, I guess. But the thing that
concerns me the most, was that you ran
around the supermarket with your shoes
tied on your head, and you demanded
people to worship you. You then...

CHRIS
Yeah, I know...

KEN
I haven't finished. When people
laughed at you, you threw your shoes
at them, then...

CHRIS
I know.

KEN
Then you forced people to praise your
shoes, and you threatened to clobber
people with your vegetable friends, if
they didn't respect you enough.

CHRIS
Well, that's cocaine, isn't it?

KEN finally plucks up the courage to look at CHRIS. CHRIS reciprocates.

KEN
I guess. As I said, I'm glad you're

making an effort.

CHRIS

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

KEN

... That's good of you. Still, I really hope your doctor talks to you PROPERLY, when he's finally free... I can't believe you're not getting much of his attention. He could at least tell you if you'll be ok, instead of just having a brief chat, and hanging up... He must be dealing with some real loons...

CHRIS

Mm. Check out that newspaper, there...

KEN

If you like...

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

KEN

(reading aloud)

'CEO sneezes crack cocaine into lunatic's face'... Jesus. Your crazy bosses, you saw, yesterday?

CHRIS

Keep reading...

KEN

(reading aloud)

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

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

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

CHRIS
Got it made, got it made...

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

CHRIS
Have I been stealing your thoughts?

KEN
Um... No...

CHRIS
Ok.

KEN
I think we should watch something less violent.

CHRIS narrows his eyes at his friend.

CHRIS
Do you think the videos are giving me ideas?

KEN
No, no, no. Let's watch The Simpsons. Laughter is the best medicine, and you need it now... Obviously.

CHRIS
Ok, fair enough... Oh, and Ken?

KEN
What?

CHRIS
I AM THE SHOE BOY KING!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

That room, for the last time. Now on the one chair table, is a computer, connected to a web cam. After turning off the standard lights in the room's back corner, KILMISTER activates a switch on a neighbouring strobe light. The room flashes. Steam now shoots from a smoke machine, below the disco device. The partially sighted psychiatrist picks up his guitar, then faces the camera.

He starts his recording software, as the room gets more and more cloudy.

DR. KILMISTER

Hello, internet! Do I have a treat for you! I'm going to perform a project I wrote myself, finished in the last few minutes. It's about whether a man called Cake, I mean Chris, will recover from his schizophrenia. I hope you like it...

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

DR. KILMISTER

(rapping)

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

The doctor leans his guitar against the wall.

DR. KILMISTER

So that was the first movement of my genre mixing musical. Next I will recite a poem.

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

DR. KILMISTER

If bliss is Chris, I'd give it a miss. I'd become an atheist, and be a cynic. I'd check myself into a clinic, The thought alone is too horrific.

KILMISTER picks up his guitar, once more.

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

KILMISTER strums angry C# diminished chords, at maximum volume. Strings are at risk of breaking, for a long, long time.

DR. KILMISTER
I feel so awesome.

The DOCTOR leans his guitar up, again, and sits back down.

DR. KILMISTER
(singing)
So will Chris be oook?
Oh, the tension, oh, the tension...
Oooh!....
Yes, he should be fine! His gradual
recovery is an obvious sign. I should
know, I have to check on him, all the
time! But not for too long a time.
Makes me feel like slime.

The psychiatrist clears his throat.

DR. KILMISTER
... Ok, so that was part 1 of my
project. Please tune in again, in half
an hour, for part two of five. It's is
a lot more insulting. See you soon!

KILMISTER turns off the recording program. He rests back in his seat, with his hands on the rear of his head. His last act, is to give a contended sigh.

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

CHRIS is sat on his chair, as he faces the computer. KEN is knelt, beside him. Both are more composed than previously.

DR. KILMISTER HEARD FROM COMPUTER
... See you soon!

CHRIS switches off the computer.

CHRIS
I'm not going to lie, I'm pissed off.
I'm glad the doctor thinks I'll be ok,
though... I trust him, he's a fine
practitioner.

KEN

You think so? He waited all that time,
to tell you you'll be okay, via song?..
.. Let's just watch some more
Simpsons.

CHRIS

At least he phoned me to tell me he
posted the video...

KEN

So what?

CHRIS

I don't know.

CHRIS blows in KEN'S ear. The latter squints his face, and
starts to tremble a little, again.

KEN

... Don't do that.

CHRIS

Does me being okay, mean the shoe boy
King will leave me?

KEN

Are you joking?..... Chris?

CHRIS

I'm bored, Ken... I'm so bored, I'm
bored of the Simpsons.

KEN

.... That was a quick change of
subject, but it's good.... It's good
to be bored.

CHRIS

Really?

KEN

Yes.

CHRIS

Even this conversation is boring.

KEN finds the hope and strength to pull himself together. This
shows in his body language.

KEN

... That's just how it should be.

CHRIS

I have a job.

KEN
I know you do.

CHRIS
I'm sane.

KEN
....

CHRIS
I said I'm sane.

KEN
I know you did.

CHRIS
But our relationship hasn't really
changed...

KEN
So what?

CHRIS
It just doesn't make a completely
satisfying story.

KEN rolls his eyes.

KEN
You're such a narcissist.

CHRIS
No, I'm not. Just because I'm going to
type everything up and send it to
everyone...

KEN
(cutting in)
Look, just watch the Simpsons!

CHRIS
I'm so sane, right now.

KEN
Even if you're not, you should be
fine. Just need an increase, and some
time... And you need to accept that.

CHRIS
I so am sane.

FADE OUT:

THE END