

Paranoia

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The road seems deserted, with just fields on either side of the road.

Leaves have fallen off the trees and covered the road on a beautiful, yet cold autumn day.

When a car comes into view, driving along the road and kicking up the leaves as it passes...the only car on this country road.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the car, MICHAEL KELLY(25) sits behind the wheel and keeps his eyes on the road while his passenger, PEYTON KELLY(24) sits comfortably with her feet up on the dashboard, looking at a map.

Michael glances at her a couple of times and continues to look out the window at the passing signs, a wry smile on his face.

MICHAEL

Admit it.

PEYTON

Admit what?

MICHAEL

We're lost.

PEYTON

We are not lost, we just don't know where we are right now.

MICHAEL

Yeah, that qualifies as being lost.

Peyton, in anger and frustration, closes the map and throws it into the back.

PEYTON

Look, I was just following the map, it's not my fault you took a wrong turn.

MICHAEL

I did not take a wrong turn, you probably read the map wrong.

(Beat)

This is why women shouldn't navigate.

Peyton turns and looks at him with beady eyes.

PEYTON
A little sexist, don't you think?

MICHAEL
Hey, what you call sexist, I call fact. It is fact that women shouldn't read maps and you've just proven that.

PEYTON
Whatever, just keep driving.

Peyton looks away from Michael and stares out the window, a face like thunder.

Michael does as she says and keeps on driving but glances at her a couple of times, a smile on his face which she senses.

PEYTON
What is it?

MICHAEL
Did we just have our first fight as a married couple?

Peyton turns and looks at him, a small smile growing on her face.

PEYTON
We're not even on the honeymoon yet and we're already fighting.

MICHAEL
(Looks at her)
Maybe if you didn't get us lost, we might be on the honeymoon.

PEYTON
Oh my god, I did not get us lost, I...
(Looks out window)
Michael, look out!

Michael turns his head, bringing his eyes to the road and all he can see is a deer, crossing the path of the car and causing him to turn the wheel violently.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The car skids along the road, leaving skid marks behind them and then it rolls over onto it's side.

Violently, the car rolls relentlessly along the road, not failing to stop but it finally does, landing hard on the roof.

The car is a complete wreck, all windows broken and causing serious damage on the road leaving debris everywhere.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the car is a wreck; glass shattered everywhere and the inside of the car crushed inwards.

Peyton still sits in her seat, firmly tightened by her seat belt but laying upside down and blood seeping from the side of her head.

PEYTON
(Groaning)
Michael.

Peyton tries to move but cringes, the pain too much. She slightly tilts her head to the side and sees...

No Michael. The drivers side next to her is deserted.

Peyton begins to panic and starts moving erratically, unbuckling her belt and falling hard to the shattered glass surrounding her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The mangled car lays upside down when two hands emerge from the window, attached to the body of Peyton which come out of the car.

She gets out and tries to stand but staggers and stumbles as she turns, looking at the wreck.

She starts to look around but sees nothing and no one, especially Michael.

PEYTON
Michael!

She turns, scanning the area with her eyes but no one appears, panicking her by the minute and causing her to fall to her knees, tears flowing from her eyes.

PEYTON
Michael!

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

The hospital is at its busiest; doctors coming and going, patients walking slowly, connected to drips, and police officers wandering the area.

At the end of the corridor, the elevator doors open and out walks RACHEL BROWN(30), clearly in a panic and hurrying along the corridor.

She passes the doctors and the police, reaching the end of the corridor...when she stops and glances into the window, her panic turning to sorrow.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens slightly and Rachel walks in, looking at the bed...to see Peyton lying in the bed, in a trance like state and not even bothering to look up at the sound of someone entering.

RACHEL
Peyton, its Rachel.

Peyton slowly looks up for the first time, seeing Rachel standing there but still showing no emotion on her face.

PEYTON
What are you doing here?

RACHEL
I'm your sister and you were in a
car accident.
(Beat)
Do you remember?

Peyton closes her eyes, remembering when Rachel walks up to her and holds her hand.

Peyton looks up at Rachel once again.

PEYTON
Where's Michael?

Rachel steps back, startled by that question.

RACHEL
Honey, you were badly injured.
Let me go get a doctor.

PEYTON
Just tell me where Michael is!

Rachel, with tears appearing in her eyes, continues to back foot it towards the door.

RACHEL
Sweetie, there is no Michael.

Peyton's eyes widen, finally showing emotion of shock and confusion.

RACHEL
Let me go see a doctor OK. I'll
be back.

Rachel leaves the room and Peyton still sits there, shock all over her face.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - LATER

The room door slides open and an unstable looking Peyton, in her hospital gown, saunters out. She looks up and down the corridor and comes out of the room, wandering down the corridor.

She looks from left to right, confusion ringing out throughout her body as she looks into each room as she passes...no Michael.

A phone rings and she jumps, showing signs that she's still unstable but sees a nurse answer the phone.

She continues. Wandering along the narrow corridor and slowly reaching the end, she gets to the corner and peers round...

To see Rachel around the corner, standing next to a Psychologist and in the middle of a conversation.

She goes back behind the corner and stays there, listening closely.

PSYCHOLOGIST
Your sister is showing signs of a
mental breakdown. This is common
in traumatic situations.

RACHEL
But who is this Michael that
she's talking about?

PSYCHOLOGIST
Sometimes in car crash victims,
they have dreams while
unconscious.
(Beat)
This Michael could be from a
dream she had and now that she is
awake, she still thinks Michael
is real.

RACHEL
How do we help her?

PSYCHOLOGIST
We have to keep a close eye on
her and try and ease Michael out
of her life.
(Beat)
If we don't, she could suffer a
full psychotic breakdown.

Rachel ironically breaks down, the tears flowing from her face and she covers her face with her hands, crying into them.

CORRIDOR

And Peyton's off, running down the corridor in a hurry and not giving a care in the world for anything.

She passes everyone as she goes, looking around for something, anything...

She finds it, reaching a door at one end of the corridor and opening it, running in.

The brown door slams shut and the label on the door is clearly visible.

PATIENTS FILES AND RECORDS

INT. HOSPITAL - RECORD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peyton has slowed down, looking around the darkened room that is full of filing cabinets.

She takes a moment, breathing it all in...And she's off again, running to one filing cabinet and opening it.

She flicks through it in a hurry, all the files in alphabetical order.

She reaches 'K.' Looking through it but she finds no file on herself. She continues to look but finds no file on Michael Kelly.

She slams it shut and kneels down, opening the bottom filing cabinet. Flicking through it, she quickly comes across her file: PEYTON BROWN

Shocked, she pulls it out and starts looking at it, looking at one vital piece of information.

PEYTON BROWN
24 YEARS OLD
HOSPITAL STATUS: CAR ACCIDENT -- DRIVER

Her eyes widen, tears filling in them when the door behind her opens and she spins around, seeing a police officer standing there.

POLICE OFFICER
You're not supposed to be in here.

PEYTON
Um...sorry, I got lost.

POLICE OFFICER
C'mon, time to go.

Peyton nods and walks towards him and the police officer turns to open the door once again.

She takes her opportunity, grabbing a lamp from a table and smacking it hard over the head of the officer.

He slumps to the ground, knocked out when she kneels down and takes his GUN out of his holster.

She is clearly panicking at this point, her face a complete mess from the tears and as white as a sheet.

She leaps back up and leaves the room, leaping over the unconscious officer.

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Rachel stands, filling out forms but her mind is clearly somewhere else.

BEEP! BEEP!

The alarm sounds, police officers run past Rachel in hurry.

RACHEL
Peyton!

Rachel, clearly in a panic, follows the officers down the corridor.

They run with a purpose, not slowing down and Rachel follows...but stops.

Turning to the side, she peers into a hospital room and slowly makes her way in.

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel walks in, fear filling her entire body as she sees Peyton standing there, her back to Rachel.

RACHEL

Peyton.

Slowly, Peyton turns around, her arms shaking to reveal a gun in her hand and anger and fear in her eyes.

RACHEL

Peyton, what are you doing with a gun?

PEYTON

I want my husband back...tell me where Michael is!

RACHEL

Listen to me, there is no Michael.

(Beat)

Please, Peyton, put the gun down.

Peyton looks down at the gun, a slight smile on her face but not enough to wash the fear from it.

PEYTON

They say that if you're dreaming, you will wake up right before you die.

Peyton looks up at Rachel, tears now flowing down her cheeks like a waterfall.

PEYTON

This is just a bad dream and I want to wake up.

RACHEL

No, it isn't.

(Steps forward)

Michael was a dream, what you felt for him was a dream.

(Beat)

This...you and me right now...this is real!

Peyton cries more, almost falling to her knees and Rachel moves a step closer.

RACHEL

Please...I am begging you, please put down the gun.

Peyton looks at the gun, calm finally washing over her face.

Rachel extends her hand out, wanting the gun.

RACHEL

Please.

Peyton looks at it, a smile on her face and she looks up at Rachel.

RACHEL

I'm sorry.

And she brings the gun up, putting it point blank to her head...

BANG!

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

And Peyton lies in the hospital bed, her motionless body not moving and the doctor slowly pulls the sheet over her face.

He turns, sorrow filling his face and looks towards the door...

To reveal Michael, standing there and staring at the body covered up, tears in his eyes and trying hard to compose himself.

DOCTOR

We're terribly sorry.

(Beat)

We tried everything we could but the injuries she sustained in the accident were to severe. There was nothing we could do.

The doctor pats him on the back, leaving the room and Michael stares at the body of Peyton, the tears flowing from his eyes.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

And the body is rolled through a long and shallow corridor that looks empty and deserted.

Through the double doors, the body comes until it reaches it's final resting point before burial.

And the shell of a body that was once Peyton is put in a drawer, slid through until it is all fully in...

And the drawer is slammed shut.

FADE OUT.