SAM (23) His body language is as brash as his porcupine hairstyle. He fills a paper cup with water from the water cooler. Trudy. (27) Her white blouse is buttoned up to her neck, her black skirt below the knees. She approaches the water cooler, reaches for a paper cup. SAM Hey Trudy, Did you hear Toby's coming back today? TRUDY Ah, so the medication worked. Good for him. SAM Yeah, I bet Toby's glad to get that monkey off his back. Trudy takes a sip from her cup. TRUDY Hmm, so I quess Toby won't be sticking up anymore flea pictures on the walls. Trudy and Sam both gaze above the water cooler. A crude drawing of a flea is stuck to the wall. TRUDY I wonder why he did that? SAM Everyone knows that. TRUDY Well, I don't. Sam gulps down the last of his drink, tosses the cup in the bin. SAM The flea pictures scared off the big blue cats that where trying to catch him. TRUDY Oh. SAM Yeah.

INT. OFFICE- DAY

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

TOBY FRABBIT, (42). He enters the reception with a spring in his step and a wide, face splitting grin. He wears a crisp clean suit and carries a spiffy brief case.

Sally (22) sits behind her reception desk, pleased to see Toby.

Toby strides past the reception desk.

TOBY Morning sally!

SALLY Looking good Toby.

TOBY I feel real good.

Toby pauses, perplexed as he squints back at the floor in front of the desk.

A small train chugs along a tiny rail track that is parallel to another track.

Sally's fingers flutter over a keyboard. She is oblivious to the train.

Toby frowns, concerned as he follows the train on the rail track through a doorway.

INT. HALL - DAY

Drawings of a flea are stuck to the walls of the hall.

The twin rail tracks continue down the hall, bends round the corner. A row of six little trees line the tracks at intervals.

The train passes a miniature train station.

Toby crouches low as he follows the track, gasps each time he gawks at the station, the trees, the train.

TOBY

No, no!

Toby stands up straight, composes himself as a CLEANING LADY strolls down the hall. She gives Toby a warm smile.

Toby returns a grimace.

The Cleaning Lady passes Toby, ignores the rail tracks.

Toby is distressed, fumbles through the pocket of his coat.

He pulls out a container, pops open a lid. Toby shakes two tablets out of the container, swallows them. INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY On opposite tracks, two trains move past and away from each other. One look at the two trains and Toby squeals, drops his suit case and jumps back against the table. Sam glides into the room, super cool. SAM Hey! Look who's back! Sam hurries towards Toby, his hand extended. Toby shakes Sam's hand. SAM The number one accountant is good to qo! Toby reaches down to pick up his suitcase. TOBY Thank's Sam. SAM So, the flea art can go? Mmm? The big blue cats are all gone? TOBY The cats weren't real. SAM That's right! It was all in your head! So let's get rid of 'em! Sam tears a flea picture off the wall. Toby fidgets as he glances at the rail track that Sam has failed to acknowledged. Sam rips a second picture off the wall. SAM C'mon Toby! Show me you can do it! Toby reaches out to a picture, pulls back the sticky tape. SAM Pull down another one.

Toby smiles weakly, removes another picture. He flinches as a train rattles pass his feet. SAM How was that? You feel good? TOBY I suppose so. SAM This is your big moment Toby! You've beat it! You're a winner! Sam raises his hand high. SAM High five buddy. Toby slaps Sam's hand. Sam backs out of the room, points at Toby and winks. SAM Yeah! INT. STAIRWELL - DAY The rail tracks slope up the flight of stairs. Toby expresses dismay as he picks a train up off the tracks. His whole body shakes. Trudy descends the stairs, nervous as she clutches a photo frame to her chest. TRUDY I'm . . . not sure if I should be doing this. Toby places the train back on the track. Trudy holds out the photo frame to Toby. TRUDY Please don't think it's in bad taste. Because it's not. It's not meant to be. Toby takes the photo frame, stares at it. TRUDY It's a welcome back gift. The photo is of Toby curled up under his work desk, busy doing paperwork. His collared shirt is dishevelled, his brow wet with sweat.

TRUDY You're not offended are you? TOBY No, not at all. Thank you. TRUDY It's so amazing. You used to hide under your desk, scared to death, and you where still the best accountant in this firm. Toby glances down at the train track. Another train glides pass. TRUDY I thought this picture would be a nice reminder- you know, sort of a before and after type thing. Trudy frowns at Toby, suddenly realizing something. TRUDY Are you okay? TOBY What? TRUDY You're all pale. Toby hurries up the stairs. TOBY Just leave me alone. INT. STORE ROOM - DAY Toby closes the door, slides down the wall into a heap on the floor. He retrieves his mobile phone from his jacket pocket, presses buttons than puts the phone to his ear. WIFE (V.O.) Hello? TOBY Honey! I'm still a schizo! WIFE (V.O.) What? You can't be. The doctor said-TOBY The medication isn't working!

WIFE (V.O.) But Toby, you had treatment for two months. You know the Blue Cats were all in your head. TOBY Forget the Blue cats. It's not that. It's something else! WIFE (V.O.) Like what? TOBY It's -it's a small train. On tiny tracks. WIFE (V.O.) How tiny? TOBY Honey! The tracks run through the whole building! It's everywhere! I can't deal with it. WIFE (V.O.) Well, what about your co-workers? Have you talked to them about it? TOBY Ah Honey! I'm on medication. I'm supposed to be cured. WIFE (V.O.) Talk to them. It could be anything. TOBY I- I can't. They'll judge me. WIFE (V.O.) Do it Toby! There might be a perfect explanation. TOBY A perfect explanation? What's there to explain? The train is in my head! WIFE If you're really that worried about it, why don't you just call an Ambulance. TOBY That would work! WIFE What- are you serious?

## TOBY Yes, I am.

Still on the floor, Toby opens the door, squeals as a small train rattles along the rail track in the hall.

Toby slams the door shut, dials up a new number on his mobile phone.

TOBY I need an ambulance! I'm having a anxiety attack . . . yes, I am positive. . . I-I can't breath! . . . My name is Toby Frabbit. The address is 18 Pentabe Road.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - LATER

Sally is startled by the howl of a ambulance SIREN.

Sally jumps up from her desk as two PARAMEDICS burst in through the doors.

PARAMEDIC

We got an emergency call from a Toby Frabbit.

SALLY

Oh my god!

INT. HALL - DAY

Toby rushes down the hall towards reception. He is pale and sweaty, clutches the photo frame to his chest.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

The Paramedics pause, surprised to see a tiny train on a track in an office.

PARAMEDIC What's the go with the model train?

INT. HALL - DAY

Toby freezes in front of the doorway to the reception room. He is shocked by the Paramedics reaction to the train track.

> SALLY (O.C.) The boss set it up to break the Guinness World Record for the longest model train track with the most trains running on it.

Toby is horrified, runs off up the hall.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

SALLY It runs through the whole building. Took him over a week to set it up.

PARAMEDIC

Cool.

PARAMEDIC Where's Toby?

SALLY I'll take you to him

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE

The door is locked. BANG! BANG! The sound of fists pounding on the door.

PARAMEDIC Mr. Frabbit! We're the ambulance crew you called for. Mr. Frabbit?

SALLY Toby, open the door!

Toby hides under his desk, knees pulled up under his chin. He bangs his head against the wooden panel of the desk.

> TOBY Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!

On the ground next to Toby is the framed photo of himself under his desk doing paper work.

THE END