

Sane

By

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Fade In.

1. INT. APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT.

We fade into a clean and well organized office. JIM, 35, casually dressed, sits still at his desk. In front of him sits an opened up laptop. He's jaded staring at it, looking as though that he has absolutely no interest to what is opened up on the screen.

Jim rises from his chair. He takes the charger out, picks the laptop up from the desk and proceeds to walk out of the room.

Jim halts when he reaches the door, he turns back around and walks back towards his desk in a quick pace. And in stimulated and aggressive state he starts to smash his laptop against the desk repeatedly until the screen completely demolishes.

Jim throws what's left of the laptop on to his desk. He's now almost completely out of breath, less stimulant and now realizing the carnage he's made.

2. INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jim is sitting outside a small coffee shop, looking completely burnt out. Sitting opposite him is his publisher, who's reading the final page of his thick manuscript.

The publisher throws the manuscript on the table, leans in and looks at Jim with a passive aggressive grin on his face

PUBLISHER

It's shit.

Jim doesn't respond.

PUBLISHER

The pacing was slow, the characters had no aspiration, bugger all conflict and mate...a dog's breakfast of an ending. I mean where is that danger you always deliver? The rawness, the violence, the fucking?

The publisher picks the manuscript up.

This is not why I should be coming to see you on my day off. You look

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PUBLISHER (cont'd)
like shit by the way, you've been
hitting the old moonshine again
aye? Scrounging your way through
Nana's home-brew?

Jim interrupts his publisher by pouring the ashes from his
cigarette tray into his publisher's half full coffee mug.
The publisher is not the least bit amused.

PUBLISHER
Okay Jim allow me to
re-phrase, this is certainly
not the best work you've done,
in fact it's not even remotely
close. So I think that you
need to start again.

Jim doesn't take his opinion too kindly.

Those days of scribbling out your
ideas into a three-hundred page
manuscript every two years are over
my friend, gone, vamoosed. It's time
that you start getting serious, you
have these kids out there that are
breaking in faster and faster and
let me tell you something, I've
read some of their stuff and by the
looks of things you have some
pretty hefty competition. I want
you to get rid of that shitty old
typewriter, I want you to write
better and write faster.

JIM
So what the fuck are you saying?
That I should go and put on a
phadora, sit in a cafe all-day with
my weird coffee and blog like an
spoiled little undergrad?

PUBLISHER
You're breaking my heart man,
you...

JIM
Look first of all I'm not your
little fucking wind-up toy okay,
you can't just point me in a
direction and expect me to follow a
new yellow brick road just for your
fucking beneficial. And secondly...

(CONTINUED)

Jim raises his middle finger to the publisher.
I put my blood and sweat into this,
I'm not going all the way back to
square oneroso.

PUBLISHER
Frank fucking Fleming.

JIM
What?

PUBLISHER
When Frank Fleming was writing his
first book, "Warmth Under The
Bridge", he decided to move to
Paris for a year, and while he was
there he found this underground
posse of homeless drug addicts. And
by choice, Frank became one of
those addicts. So he slept on the
streets, battled the cold, doing
the unthinkable for a bit of dough,
all of that just for the
authenticity he so much craved to
put into is novel. And when people
asked him why, he said that "if you
decide to write a book, don't just
sit there and write, get your arse
out there and experience the real
theme first".

JIM
I know what you're suggesting and
now way, I'm not doing it.

PUBLISHER
You're writing about the inside of
a loony bin and you haven't even
set foot in one. You can tell that
half the stuff in here is
bullshit.

JIM
So you want me to just waltz in
this institution and tell them that
I'm insane?

PUBLISHER
You don't have to say anything.
You're middle aged, alone, short
tempered with a history of assault
charges. Once they read up on that
they will take you in a heartbeat.

JIM
I'm still not doing it.

PUBLISHER
Yes you are.

JIM
No I won't.

PUBLISHER
Yes you will.

JIM
It's not going to happen.

CUT TO:

3. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY - DAY

Jim steps into the mental center, he is wearing light blue overalls, two male staff members are walking behind him.

JIM
Frank Fucking Fleming.

He walks down to end of the hallway, there stands a young nurse holding a clipboard, smiling and looking at him.

NURSE ANABEL
Hello Mr Stevens, how are you feeling today?

JIM
I'm fine.

She gives Jim an over-sympathetic look.

NURSE ANABEL
Good for you.

Jim finds her response a little amusing.

NURSE ANABEL
Alright boys, I'm sure I can take it from here. Mr Stevens if you could please follow me.

CUT TO:

4. INT. ROOM

Jim arrives at his own personal bedroom with the nurse.

NURSE A

Here is were you'll be sleeping.

The room is small, one bed and a duchess next to it. Jim is merely not found of it.

CUT TO:

5. INT. OPEN ROOM - DAY

Jim and the nurse arrive in the open room. Various patience are seated around tables, most are playing cards and boardgames with each other, few are sitting alone.

NURSE ANABEL

This is wear you will be spending most of the day. We have plenty books, cards, and board games to keep you occupied. If there is any conflicts or problems of such kind, please advise one of the admins.

The nurse takes a look at her wrist watch.

NURSE ANABEL

And lucky for you you're first in line for your morning medication. Don't go anywhere.

She gives Jim a wink and then proceeds to walk back towards the nurse's station, Jim keeps his eyes on her. He is then approached by a male admin, he's huge, mean looking, and bald. He takes out his baton and taps it on Jim's shoulder.

BIG MAN

Am I going to have any problems with you boy?

He leans in closer to Jim. Jim isn't the least bit intimidated.

JIM

No, there will be no problem.

The big admin gives a long snarly growl and then leans back. Both stand still facing each other in silence. The nurse returns with Jim's medication.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Hand out please Mr Stevens.

Jim takes his hand out, the nurse puts two pills into his hand.

JIM

What the hell are these for?

NURSE ANABEL

Uh-uh, those who desist there medication must have there's preformed in a much more elderly fashion... with of course of the assistance of Mr. Rainer. And we don't want that on your first day do we Mr. Stevens? Now bottoms up.

Jim suspiciously looks back at the big male admin (Mr.Rainer), he notices the needle sticking out his front pocket. He then looks back at the nurse, she still hasn't changed her expression, he then puts the pills in his mouth and washes them down with the small cup of water.

CUT TO:

6. INT. OPEN ROOM - GROUP SESSION: AFTERNOON

Jim is sitting in a group therapy session, around him is at least ten male patients. Sitting among these patience is the young nurse and a much older nurse. Both the nurses and the patience sit quietly listening to another patient's story.

STEVE

Well I didn't mean to hurt the bloke you know? It was more of a uncontrolled frenzy so to speak. (beat) It was a boiling hot day, I was all itchy you know and all flared up and shit, anyway I was just sitting there minding my own beeswax and then this scrawny looking grub approaches me. He says... "you're in my seat"... I'm Fucking what? "You heard me, you're in my seat". I'm thinking this guy is having a laugh, there's like 50 odd park benches through out the city and he wants to take this one. So I hit him... left and right, left and right, and then left once

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(CONTINUED)

STEVE (cont'd)
more. I didn't stop when he was down either... I wanted him to remember the mistake he made... I didn't see "just red" like they say they do in the films, all I saw was this sad and skinny piece of garbage that deserved to get his arse handed to him.

NURSE PETERSON
Steven, at which point did you feel that the moment really escalated?

STEVE
Probably when I had his finger in my mouth.

Awkwardness hits the patience, both the nurses start scribbling away in their note books.

Jim takes out his small notepad and pen and starts to write as well, nurse Peterson doesn't approve.

NURSE PETERSON
Excuse me Jim

Jim stops writing and looks up at her.

NURSE PETERSON
Patience can't write in group therapy, I'm afraid I have to confiscate that from you.

Nurse Annabel puts her hand out to Jim, he then unclicks his pen and puts it in her hand as well as the notepad.

NURSE PETERSON (O.S)
Now what I gather from Mr.Rodgers story is that he carries allot of anger in him. So today I want talk about what makes you angry, and more importantly how to control your temper.

As nurse Peterson blabbers on, Jim notices nurse Annabel looking him in a seductively quiet way, he's clearly not interested so he breaks this sexual tension by directing his attention back at nurse Peterson.

NURSE PETERSON
Now who here has ever felt that the ever had the...

(CONTINUED)

Nurse Peterson freezes, she looks around the circle.

Okay we're missing someone. Mr Harwell, would you please go and escort Truman from his room to the circle please.

Mr Harwell, an old staff member, stops what he is doing and proceeds to walk Truman's bedroom. The nurses and patience (including Jim) all direct their attention towards Truman's bedroom.

MR HARWELL

Okay Truman come on it's time to get up.

Truman doesn't answer.

MR HARWELL

Everyone is out here waiting for you so let's skedaddle okay?

There's still no answer, at this moment, Truman has the whole wards attention. Suddenly the Big Man walks over to the bedroom, he stops at the bedroom door.

BIG MAN

You pathetic little imbecile! I'm going to give you ten seconds to get out here before I come in there and crack that empty little skull of yours!

One of the patience start giggling. Suddenly, Truman walks out of his room. He's middle-aged and slightly overweight, he walks with an attitude, a cigarette is hanging off the top of his ear. Jim can't keep his eyes off of Truman, he's familiar with his face, like he's met him before.

Truman makes it to the chair but doesn't sit down.

NURSE PETERSON

Truman, aren't you going to join us?

Truman starts to scratch himself, the nurses are quiet uncomfortable. The Big Man approaches Truman from behind and forcefully put him on the chair, Jim still can't keep he's eyes off of him.

NURSE PETERSON

Truman, the group was just in discussion of a certain matter that involved Steve. See Steve found

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NURSE PETERSON (cont'd)
himself in an altercation' with
another gentleman who...

Truman interrupts nurse Peterson with a loud & gastronomical burp.

Most of the patients find this quiet amusing, the two nurses though are not the least impressed. Jim still keeps his focus on Truman, who still at this stage, keeps looking at Peterson with a careless expression.

7. EXT. COURTYARD - DAY.

Jim and various other patients walk into the courtyard. Most of them just scatter around, socializing with on another, others are by themselves. Jim takes out a cigarette, as he's about to light it, he notices Truman sitting by himself. He puts his lighter back into his pocket and walks over to Truman.

Truman sits in a slouch position, he has a cigarette hanging from his mouth, Jim approaches.

JIM
Excuse me, you wouldn't happen to
have...

Truman interrupts by rapidly holding a lighter in front of Jim's face.

JIM
Thank you.

Truman puts the lighter back into his pocket.

JIM
I see you're still chowing down
those doughnuts blubber muffin?

Truman turns to Jim

TRUMAN
What?

Jim is amused at Truman's reaction.

JIM
I was going to call you fat but I
think you might already have to
much on your plate.

Jim breaks out laughing. Truman just stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

You don't remember me mate?

TRUMAN

No.

JIM

St. Andrews college? Class of 91?
Jim Stevens, I was voted most
likely to stay a bachelor.

Truman finishes his cigarette, stands up while pulling his pants up.

TRUMAN.

Sorry pal, it's not ringing any
chimes.

Truman walks towards the door, he rudely pushes aside two patients that are in his way, Jim watches.

JIM

I don't believe this.

8. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY.

MONTAGE

- Jim and Truman are lining up to take their medications

JIM

There was this girl that was into
you, she was you know... biggish,
thought she was top shit, we called
her tankerbell.

TRUMAN

Nope.

- Jim and Truman are sitting at a table playing cards with other patients. The patient beside Truman is dozing off, Truman has a peak on the cards he's holding.

JIM

Cross-eyed, wore a bow-tie, smelt
like bark. We threw spitballs at
him whenever he wrote on the board.

TRUMAN

Nope.

- Jim and Truman are both sitting in separate toilet cubicle's.

(CONTINUED)

JIM
He ate the whole thing... the whole
thing.

TRUMAN
Nope.

- Truman is walking down the hallway, Jim is right behind.

JIM
I had a 1973 Ford Fairlane. It
purred when I drove it, me and the
fellas called it the pu..

TRUMAN
No!

Jim stops in his tracks, disappointed.

JIM
Shit.

CUT TO:

9. INT. NURSE STATION - DAY.

Jim is dialing on the phone while nurse Anabel is leaning on
the counter gazing at him.

INT. PUBLISHERS HOME.

The publisher picks up the phone.

PUBLISHER
Yeah?

NURSE'S STATION

JIM
It's me.

PUBLISHERS HOME.

PUBLISHER.
Jim why the fuck haven't you
called? I've been waiting on your
arse for days!

NURSE'S STATION

Nurse Anabel starts playing with Jim's hair.

JIM.

Yeah good to hear your voice too honey. Listen I think I'm going to stay here for a little while longer.

PUBLISHER. (O.S)

My shaved gonads you will! Do you have any idea on how big of grave that you're digging for yourself? If I find out that you've been fucking about with...

JIM

It's yours.

PUBLISHERS HOME.

PUBLISHER

What is?

JIM (O.S)

The whole fucking thing. I don't want to write this thing anymore.

PUBLISHER

Now you listen to me...

NURSE'S STATION

Nurse Anabel is twisting the phone cord with her fingers while playing with Jim's ear with her other finger.

PUBLISHER (O.S)

You're the one that got us down this far pal and I'm sure as shit aren't going to let you screw me over with this you pretentious dick!

A racket is heard by Jim that's coming from the open room. Two patients are violently wresting each other on the ground when suddenly the "Big Man" approaches the both of them. He throws one of the other and places one of them in a headlock, causing the patient to freak out.

As the publisher is still going on his rant, Jim keeps his full attention on the conflict in the open room.

(CONTINUED)

JIM
I gotta go, bye.

Jim hangs up the phone and heads towards the patient and the "Big Man".

10. INT. OPEN ROOM- DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As he see's Jim approaching, the "Big Man" starts to rise with a mean look expressed across his face.

Jim rapidly lays a left across his face, causing him to fall flat on his back. Jim doesn't stop there.. he kneels down on top of the "Big Man" and lays continuous blows to his face. Patients and faculty are giving this conflict there full attention.

Suddenly, two faculty members come from behind Jim and pull him off of the "Big Man". As they are pulling him away, the "Big Man" just lays there unconscious with blood all over his face. The patients still keep their eyes on Jim as he gets dragged away, still angry.

As they pass Truman, Jim takes his focus off of the "Big Man" and directs it to Truman. Truman gives Jim an sympathetic look.

CUT TO:

11. INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY. (FLASHBACK)

Two teachers are dragging away a young teenager (Jim) who has just beaten up a kid. They pass another young teenager (Truman) who is standing against a wall with a bloody nose.

CUT TO:

INT. OPEN ROOM - DAY. (PRESENT)

Truman's focus is still on Jim, who is getting dragged away further down the hall by the two faculties.

CUT TO:

11. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY - JIM'S ROOM. DAY

Jim is laying on his tiny bed, curled up in a ball, staring at the wall next to him.

The door opens...

Nurse Peterson & Truman walk in.

TRUMAN.

Thank you.

NURSE PETERSON

Not too long now, and I'm going to keep this door open.

Nurse Peterson leaves the room. Truman walks closer to Jim and kneels down beside the bed.

TRUMAN.

This kid that I went to school always picked on me. Not a day went by where he wouldn't leave me alone. It went on for a long time, and as that time went by he got more and more creative. One day I just had enough and tried to I don't know... punch him or something. Well that didn't work, it just made him more mad. He got me with a nice blow, right in the nose here, I was so fucking fat and hopeless I couldn't even get back up, until this guy that I barely knew walks up and just... fucking wales on this kid. So thank you for that.

Jim give Truman his full attention.

TRUMAN.

After high school was over, no one wanted anything to do with me. I'd see them on the streets or in a supermarket and they'd all just look away pretending that they didn't see me. So... tell me Jim Stevens. What do you really want from me?

JIM.

I just want to get you the fuck out of here.

(CONTINUED)

Jim and Truman smirk at each other.

CUT TO:

12. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

- Jim is in his room packing away his clothes.
- Truman is in his room packing away his clothes.
- Jim reaches under his mattress, pulling out a small bottle of whiskey.
- Truman reaches under his mattress, pulling out different types of chocolate bars.
- Jim is now all dressed in black, he puts his black beanie on.
- Truman is now all dressed in black, he puts his black shirt on, his belly is completely showing.

CUT TO:

13. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Jim and Truman walk quietly down the hallway. Truman stops in his tracks

JIM.
What is it?

TRUMAN.
I need to go to the bathroom.

JIM.
Okay, but be quick.

Truman quickly walks back down the hallway, Jim keeps lookout. He drops his bag and looks at his watch.

Suddenly... Nurse Annabel grabs Jim and puts him against the wall, she kisses him repeatedly, Jim pushes her off.

NURSE ANABEL.
I knew it only would of been a matter of time.

(CONTINUED)

JIM.
What the hell are you..

Nurse Anabel puts her hand across Jim's mouth.

NURSE ANABEL
Shhh, I don't want anyone to hear us. After last time they've only given me one more warning. So... your room?

Jim looks around.

JIM.
Sure.

CUT TO:

14. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY - JIM'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Nurse Anabel's and Jim's clothes are all across the floor. They're both lying next to each other, nurse Anabel is fast asleep, Jim is just gazing at the ceiling, a surprised look is expressed across his face.

Nurse Anabel starts to snore loudly, this snaps Jim out of it. He slowly takes Anabel's arm off of his chest. As he sits up, he notices her keys on the duchess next to her, Jim is amused.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CORRECTION PHYSICALITY HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Jim, clothes back on, quietly passes through the hallway. Truman grabs his arm from behind, Jim is completely startled.

TRUMAN.
Where the hell were you?

JIM.
I was just dogging nurse Anabel.

TRUMAN.
What?

Jim dangles Anabel's keys in front of Truman's face. Truman is very impressed.

16. INT. OPEN ROOM - NIGHT.

Jim and Truman quietly unlock the window and climb out together.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. OUTSIDE - EARLY MORNING.

Jim and Truman look out to the open, Truman can't believe it, he just stands completely still, smiling.

Jim pats Truman on the back.

JIM.

Let's get you out of here.

Jim and Truman both run down the hill.

CUT TO:

18. INT. OPEN ROOM - DAY.

The window that they have climbed out of is still open slightly...

19. EXT. OUTSIDE - EARLY MORNING.

Jim and Truman are still running, they're both so happy.

Suddenly from behind them... Patients from the ward start to join them, and more and more of them are starting to climb out of the same window as they did.

Jim turns around to notice all of them, while still running he starts to laugh uncontrollably.

Fade out.

(CONTINUED)

