The Supercharged Apprentice

by

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1. Expired Soda

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

Here in CHRIS'S room, the lights are off, and clothes and guitar magazines lie scattered on the floor. A bin is at the back. This CHRIS is a 22 year old, with spiky, black hair. He is drinking soda at his flat-screened Apple Mac, as he watches a horror video. Many screams and rusty chainsaws are heard. His swivel chair spins with unburned energy, and it often hits his kneeling FRIEND beside him. Even so, his eyes are glued to the screen. His name is KEN, and he is 20. He is a metalhead, and his demeanor and ostentatious choice of clothing can only be described as arrogant.

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

CHRIS inspects the drink. KEN remains more focused on the video, than his FRIEND.

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 right 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
(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. CHRIS turns back to his Mac. Time to half-watch Youtube.

KEN
(pretending to be nervous)
Er... Ben? 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 his 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, is a woman, whose appearance is unknown. She speaks with a typical, semi-posh Surrey accent, and has a high tone of voice.
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, never moving 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 finally alters his position; his 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...

2. An Important Call

FADE IN:
INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

KEN'S bedroom is a lot tidier than CHRIS'S. Guitar magazines are carefully laid out, on the shelves behind him. Also behind him, is a bed, a CD collection and a stereo. In front of him is a PC, which he is sitting at. He is holding his mobile in his hand, and dials in a number, as he shakes. He waits, with a tear in his eye. The call soon gets answered, and on the other end, is a PSYCHIATRIST. He has the voice of a 30 year old male.

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 been singing to the trees, again?

KEN
Um, no...

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...

DR. KILMISTER
I see. Well that's not really bat shit crazy, but it's not good news, either. I'm not sure if he will be fit for his job interview...

KEN
Bat shit crazy?

DR. KILMISTER
I'm sorry, about swearing, but do you know much about psychological terms, and such?

KEN
Not really...

DR. KILMISTER
Exactly. So me saying things like schizophrenia F20.
0, messed up amygdala and neurotic disorders will go over your head, right?

KEN
I suppose so...

DR. KILMISTER
Exactly. So let's just call Ken a fruitcake. That way, we're on the same page.

KEN
Ok, then...

DR. KILMISTER
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
Don't we all. Don't we all... 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 Chris not interfering with your university coursework?

KEN
I'll be fine.

DR. KILMISTER
Ok, then. Tell Chris, 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??

3. Still Alive!

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - AN HOUR LATER

KEN hasn't moved, and is surfing the internet.

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

A doorbell is heard ringing, followed by the opening of a door, and steps up the staircase. KEN welcomes CHRIS into the room, and both sit on the bed. The former's muscles are now a little tense.

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. Just had trouble sleeping.

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 are for...

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
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.

4. The Checkup

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

A standard room. Kind of dull; roughly as dull as this description. It features just a table, four surrounding chairs, and a door. The PSYCHIATRIST, sitting at the table is a bearded 30 year old man, wearing a suit and spectacles. It's DR. KILMISTER. CHRIS enters the room, and sits to face him. He is wearing 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.

DR. KILMISTER
Wonderful. So... Is there anything you think we should talk about, on our little checkup?

CHRIS
I'm feeling fine...

DR. KILMISTER
And no paranoid thoughts?

CHRIS
Just the explosion thing. In hindsight, I shouldn't have taken then expiry date so literally.

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

CHRIS
Fine, I think.

DR. KILMISTER
Are you sure?
CHRIS
Yep.

DR. KILMISTER
I don't think so; let me explain. Personality is kind of like a scale; on one extreme you can be too difficult, for example, and at the other extreme, you can be too people pleasing...

CHRIS
Mm-hmm...

DR. KILMISTER
Yes. It's all about how much you deviate. If you deviate too much, then there can be problems. But there lots of other ways you can deviate...

CHRIS
I see....

DR. KILMISTER
For example, you can be too cool. You can be so cool, no one else is cool enough to hang out with you, and you'll be lonely forever...

CHRIS
I'm confused.

DR. KILMISTER
You, however, are at the other end of that particular scale. Basically.... How should I put this?... You're a prick...

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. Most normal people would write about their day, their plans for the weekend, etcetera, etcetera... You, on the other hand 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
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...

DR. KILMISTER
It's not just that. You dress like a pillock...

CHRIS
You don't like 'Basil Brush Mugged off my Uncle'?

DR. KILMISTER
I've never heard of them, but I know I can't take them seriously.

CHRIS
They're very good...

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?

DR. KILMISTER
(confused)
No...

CHRIS
So I'm going to have to sit here and take your abuse?

DR. KILMISTER
Am I boring you?

CHRIS
No, it's just...
DR. KILMISTER
Because 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...

CHRIS
That sounds interesting...

PSYCHIATRIST
Yes, 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?

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
I don't understand.
DR. KILMISTER
That's why I will only use one chord! :D

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'm so sorry. You're not a cu... I mean cock. I was being very insensitive.

CHRIS
Really? You think?

DR. KILMISTER
Yeeeah.

CHRIS
....

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

DR. KILMISTERS taps his feet, rhythmically, as CHRIS leaves.

DR. KILMISTER
Good luck with your interview! I'm sure you'll be fine!
CHRIS
Er... Thanks.

5. A New Look On Life

FADE IN:

INT. KEN'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

CHRIS and KEN are sitting on the bed. The former has a zipped backpack in front of him, and is wearing his favourite band's shirt, again.

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
Before I sometimes thought I was God. I miss that. I'm just not feeling it, right now. When the medication 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, 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.

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.

CHRIS
Beer? Not Special Brew...

KEN
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.

6. The Job Interview

FADE IN:

INT. JOB INTERVIEW ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Here, is another minimalist room. It's without windows, and features just a table with a phone on it, two chairs and a cupboard. The JOB INTERVIEWER is a fat, bearded 40 year old man, in a suit. He is sitting down, and is facing CHRIS, also seated. The latter twiddles his thumbs, manically 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 nighttime. 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. This also gets ignored.

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 run. 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 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, bye...

7. The Jitters

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

Polite knocking is heard on CHRIS'S door. CHRIS rises from his seat to answer it, and sees KEN. CHRIS sits down, and swivels his chair to face his FRIEND. He then rocks on it, with his hands on the back of his head. KEN remains standing.

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 the job 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
God dammit, Chris.

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 keeps rocking, 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. 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! Go home, unbeliever!

8. First Day At Work

FADE IN:

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, with two chairs, facing each other. One is occupied by BRIAN WARNER. He types up everything he hears, is 35, and fat with a beard. The other seat 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, picks up the phone and dials a number. It is answered seconds later.

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

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

CHRIS gets ignored.

PETE WARNER
(laughing)
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.  

BRIAN WARNER  
Aahahahaaha...  

PETE hangs up.  

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 minutes 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 his drumming. Then starts to sing 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. 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.

9. A More Thorough Checkup

FADE IN:

INT. THE PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

The same room, from before. However, this time an acoustic guitar and a couple of bongos are in the corner. CHRIS and the DOCTOR are sitting opposite each other, at the table. The former is far more relaxed, than previously, but 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
Nope. I'm feeling very sane. I just needed to sleep off those drinks.

The DOCTOR sustains a high D note.

DR. KILMISTER
(singing)
Chriiiis...

CHRIS
Please, don't.

DR. KILMISTER
Chriiiissss....

A chorus is heard, outside the room. They sing the same note.

GROUP OF PEOPLE
Chriiisiissss!

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 chorus)
Can you imagine another Christopher?
Dear God, I'd want to kill myself!

GROUP OF PEOPLE
Chriiiisiis!

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.

CHRIS coughs and rubs his neck.
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 the into respectable members of society. You are that moron! 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!

10. Second Day At Work

FADE IN:

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 sitting next to CHRIS, and they are facing 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. As far as I knew, I was 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 is 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 opening a window, or sitting by 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?!

BRAIN 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
Baaaaahahahahaha.

BRIAN WARNER
Hahahahahahaha...

CHRIS
Aaaahahahahaha...

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 then onto the back of his head.

CHRIS
Aaargh!

BRIAN WARNER
Calm down, and drink your tea!... Oh no! The caffeine!
Knocking is heard on the door. The voice of a WOMAN is heard.

WOMAN
Hello? Are you ok, in there?

PETE WARNER
Fine, thanks!

**11. Recovery**

FADE IN:

**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 chilling out, and sitting back on the bed, as they partly 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 hacking into my brain, and stealing my thoughts... You know I might accuse you, again, right?

KEN
It wouldn't surprise me.

CHRIS
Well, the doctor says I'll be fine, soon enough, so...

KEN
It's good you're making an effort, I guess.

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.

CHRIS
Anyway, 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'.

CHRIS
Lolz...

KEN
Jesus. You're 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 you been stealing my thoughts, again?...

KEN
Um... No...

CHRIS
Ok.
KEN
I think we should watch something less violent.

CHRIS
Do you think the videos are giving me ideas?

KEN
No, no, no... Let's watch The Simpsons... It would make me feel better. I mean it's more funny. We can watch horror films once you're ok, again. Because laughter is the best medicine, and you need it now. Obviously.

CHRIS
Ok, fair enough...

KEN
Then we can have a look at, Dr. Kilmister's Youtube video he'll be posting.

CHRIS
Yeah. I hope it's as good as he says it will be. I love a good vlog.

12. The Performance

FADE IN:

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. Strobe lighting is almost blinding, after KILMISTER flicks a switch on the disco device. It is at the back of the room, in the top corner and above the activated smoke machine. The standard lights then get turned off. After picking up his guitar, The PSYCHIATRIST faces the camera, and starts his recording software. The room gets more and more cloudy.

DR. KILMISTER
Hello, internet! Do I have a treat for you! I'm going to perform a number I wrote myself. I hope you like it...

The DOCTOR taps his foot, and strums a D major chord, repeatedly.
(rapping)

Chris went through an emotional abyss, doesn't really matter though, because 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. But we all think he'll be ok, we all think he could function some day!

The DOCTOR leans his guitar against the wall.

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. At night I would scream 'aaargh!' In the day I would scream 'aaargh!' Everything is too haaaard. I'd rather be taaaard ... And feathered ... In rainy weather.

KILMISTER picks up his guitar, once more.

Now, I will put into music, how Chris makes me feel.
DR. KILMISTER
... Ok, so that was part 1 of my project. Please tune in, again in half an hour!

The DOCTOR leans his guitar up, again, then 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.

13. The End

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - DAY

CHRIS is sitting on the chair, facing the computer, ad KEN is kneeling down, beside him.

DR. KILMISTER HEARD FROM COMPUTER
... In rainy weather

CHRIS switches off the computer.

CHRIS
I'm not going to lie, I'm pissed off.

KEN
It's ok. Let's just watch some more Simpsons.

CHRIS blows in KEN'S ear.