

Note to Self

h.prioritymail@gmail.com
WGA registraion: 1840192

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Self-service machines malfunctioning. The robot voice pleads for assistance over and over.

The queue is longer than expected for BECKY MILLER, 28.

A woman with a trolley tries to jump the queue. Becky alters her stance. The woman looks at Becky, exasperated.

WOMAN

This the queue?

Becky purses her lips and nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh my life.

MONTAGE

- Becky puts shopping into the boot of a car.
- Becky drives onto a dual carriageway.
- A car pulls in sharply, Becky BRAKES and hits the HORN.
- We see the other car drive slower, the driver winds his window down and ROARS obscenities.
- The driver tails her, flashing lights and horn BLARING.
- Becky slows down and waits for the maniac to pass.
- Becky pulls over onto a side street. Her breathing is shallow, she GULPS water.
- She's looking at a bottle of prescription medicine and takes the pills.

MONTAGE ENDS

EXT. BUSY CITY STREET - DAY

A tsunami of people emerge from a subway exit. Becky steers through the mob, carrying the bags of shopping.

She looks like she's on auto-pilot.

EXT. SUBURBIA - CONTINUOUS

She approaches a fine looking house.

EXT. BIG FANCY HOUSE, BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

A party is in progress. There are a dozen or so guests.

A finely dressed woman, tipsy from afternoon drinking, is telling a story about buying a house, gesticulating as she does. Becky is trying to radiate calm.

Michael, 30's, notices her anxiety, walks over and puts his arm around her.

MICHAEL

It's not a bad turn out, hey?

Becky is about to say something.

MAN

Mikey, shall we get this barbie going?

Michael nods and goes with the man.

The drunk woman SPILLS wine on another guest. Becky moves with quick reflexes.

BECKY

I'll get some salt and a cloth.

INT. BIG FANCY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Becky is crouching at a lower cupboard trying to grab a bottle of salt just out of reach.

From somewhere in the house a BEEP.

Her fingers TOUCH the bottle just as two women, mid 20's, come into the kitchen, not seeing Becky behind a large kitchen island.

GUEST 1

I could do with a place like this.

GUEST 2

(opens fridge door)

Should find yourself a rich hubby.
Simples. More champagne sweetie?

The words take Becky by surprise. She grasps the bottle just as the champagne cork POPS.

GUEST 1

(holding out glass)

Me and James work all the hours god sends
but we could never get near a place like
this now.

GUEST 2

(pouring)

Erm, you are in a place like this now,
duh. Anyway, Becky got lucky. Being a
scientist doesn't get you this.

Becky stands up from behind the island.

GUEST 2 (CONT'D)

Oh hi, Becky.

The BEEP again, stronger.

GUEST 1

What's that noise? Is it an alarm going
off?

Becky hands the salt bottle to one of the women as she
strides out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The relentless BEEP.

Becky sees the cellar door has been left ajar. She pulls
it open and sees stairs descending into gloom.

The sound is coming from down there. She takes the stairs
down ...

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

A tiny window allows light to struggle through into a
typical storage area.

Against the wall, a washing machine with it's door OPEN.

From inside the drum, Becky sees a LIGHT pulsing in sync
with the BEEP.

She strides over to the wall and switches the power OFF.

The beep continues.

Becky kneels and looks inside the drum. Where her knee is
touching the ground we see a dark LIQUID bubble and froth.

Becky stands up, alarmed. She is SINKING in mud. Panicked, she looks for the safety of the stairs; there is DEEPER water there.

She pushes out regardless, and finds herself waist deep.

She lurches back and GRABS the washing machine to lift herself up but the machine TILTS and sinks on top of her.

The muddy water reaches her NECK. She tries to scream.

BECKY

Michael.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Becky, 50's, is lying on a bed, struggling to breathe. She's wearing a HEADPIECE that looks like the safety element of a hard hat.

Ripping off the headpiece, she sits up, clutching the sheets in panic.

The blinds are drawn making for a sombre interior.

Becky opens her eyes, trying to get her bearings. She gulps air, and then seeing a bottle of water nearby, takes a swig.

A crack of daylight falls on the headpiece. Becky eyes it with suspicion. It has a fine metallic weave on it.

Becky throws back the covers and flees the scene.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The corridor is dark. Some light is emanating from ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becky looks around the ghostly space, notices a VIOLIN.

She goes to it.

TEACHER (V.O.)

Come on Rebecca, reach. Your parents have paid good money for this.

Becky reaches for the violin and picks it up.

She is startled by something on her hand.

TEACHER

Reach Rebecca, reach for that last note.

Putting the violin down, she stares at her aged hands.

Distressed, she rushes out.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Becky snaps on the light and is stunned by her REFLECTION.

In the harsh light her skin looks worn and decrepit.

Her hands go to her hair. CLUMPS of silver hair fall into the sink.

Her hand goes to her mouth, as if to be sick. She gags into the sink.

Something RATTLES against the porcelain. Another wave of panic hits her as TEETH fall into the bowl.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SITE - DAY

Becky, 20's, jolts awake. She's lying in a sleeping bag, looking grizzled, like she hasn't washed in weeks.

Becky is wearing the HEADPIECE.

She sees a HOODED FIGURE approach. Tensing, she retreats into the sleeping bag.

The figure stoops and pulls back her hood.

This is DOCTOR LIN, 40's.

DR. LIN

Hey Becky, how are you?

Becky shakes her head, confused.

DR. LIN (CONT'D)

Would you like to get some food?
Somewhere warm?

Becky seems lost. Dr. Lin points at the headpiece.

DR. LIN (CONT'D)

You should stop using that thing.

Becky touches her head. Her shaking fingers find the headpiece. She pulls it free and stares at it.

FLASHBACK - INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Becky, 40's, is looking at an image from an electron MICROSCOPE. She makes some adjustments to a tool on her desktop and we see the mechanism interact on screen.

She clicks some buttons and a TRAY ejects from the microscope's chamber.

The HEADPIECE is on the tray.

BACK TO PRESENT

Becky shrugs off the sleeping bag, gets up and moves away, standing at arms length.

DR. LIN

It's okay. We failed, so what? It's not your fault. It happens.

Becky RUNS.

The industrial site is a maze.

She turns a corner and comes to a fence.

Hands go to the CHAIN and LOCK but it is the hands of a 10 year old girl that pull on the fence.

We hear the aggressive BARKING of a dog.

Becky, 10, turns and sees a Rottweiler CHARGING toward her. She tries to SQUEEZE through the gap in the fence.

On the other side of the fence is another girl, a bit older, pulling on Becky's arm in desperation.

OLDER GIRL

Becky, come on.

Becky is in tears, wailing.

The dog is almost upon her.

She screams.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Becky, 40's, is WRITHING in a padded chair. She's wearing the headpiece, which is attached to exposed metal wires and long snaking CABLES.

Holding Becky's wrist, Dr. Lin turns and speaks with a nurse but we don't hear her words as Becky groans.

Dr. Lin and the nurse look at the display monitors; all the neural maps are DISINTEGRATING.

Their faces show fear.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Doctor Lin, is sat at a table with a few associates. Becky, 40's, is there shaking her head.

BECKY

How can they withhold funding now?

COMPANY MAN

Until we see an improved data set, risk management won't be able to release additional funds.

BECKY

How can we improve the data without testing?

COMPANY MAN

An impetuous move into human trials could affect the market value. The brand. Your careers.

BECKY

I'll sign a waiver.

COMPANY MAN

You already did.

BECKY

What?

Becky looks to Dr. Lin.

DR. LIN

If we succeed, we'll change the face of neural therapy. Of history.

The man looks at the tablet display before him.

COMPANY MAN

If.

He gestures through images of luxury cars on his tablet. His nails are long and DIRTY.

COMPANY MAN (CONT'D)

And your family, your friends? What about them if you're a vegetable? Who would cover the cost?

Droplets of black oil fall onto the tablet's screen.

Becky looks up at his face which is no longer there; his head is a ferocious knot of TENTACLES, mechanical in form, like the cables on the padded chair.

A HOLE appears where a mouth should be.

COMPANY MAN (CONT'D)

You're a failure. You are alone.

Becky SPRINTS to the door.

Tentacles REACH out, tripping her. She falls hard and is DRAGGED back by the monstrous form.

PINNED down by the WEIGHT of the entity she suffocates.

The monster PUSHES down harder onto her body; the CRUNCH of breaking bones.

COMPANY MAN (CONT'D)

No one can help you.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Becky, 20's, is drowning in shallow water.

She kicks desperately against the bottom, trying to stand but her strength is gone. Her body SINKS to the bottom.

Becky drifts with the tide.

We see SMALL hands reach down and GRAB.

The hands pull, the motion of the water helping some.

Child Becky drags adult Becky to the edge of the water.

CHILD BECKY

Breathe.

Adult Becky's eyes flicker open. She splutters and convulses, throwing up water.

She looks around for Child Becky but there's no one.

She screams with anger and then, she sobs.

CHILD BECKY (O.S.)
(CONT'D)

Breathe.

Eventually she sits up and exhales. The ocean rolls out.

Becky inhales. The ocean rolls in.

Astonishment gives way to calm; the ocean locked in sync with her breathing.

She sees a violin floating in the sea.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

The entity is FEASTING on Becky's lifeless body.

Becky's hand SHIVERS with life.

The monster pulls back as Becky EXHALES.

The violin bow is in her hand.

She runs it across the monster's FACE and it makes a screeching sound. The entity retreats further, SNARLING.

Becky brings a VIOLIN to her chin and plays with the same woeful imprecision she did as a child.

The monster starts to SPASM with pain.

Becky plays with determination, ALMOST hitting good notes on occasion.

The major scale sounds awful. The entity SHRINKS.

Becky towers over it now, playing with relish.

The monster DISSOLVES into a wine stain on the carpet.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SITE - DAY

Becky 10, stops crying, wipes her nose. She turns to face the Rottweiler which is just behind her.

The dog is GROWLING.

Becky holds out a hand and the dog sniffs it.

She moves closer and pats the dog.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Becky, 50's, stands before the cabinet mirror. After a moment she looks down at her hands.

She's holding the headpiece, the metal GLINTING in the harsh light. In the reflection she looks serene.

She puts the headpiece on.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Dr. Lin and a nurse are watching over Becky who is still plugged into the machine.

They watch as the neural maps are pulse with colour and becoming more defined.

They move closer to Becky, Dr. Lin taking her pulse.

Behind them, on the displays, the neural maps GLOW. Dr. Lin and the nurse embrace with relief and joy.

INT. BIG FANCY KITCHEN - DAY

Younger Becky walks past the two jealous women, putting the bottle of salt down onto the COUNTER.

AT THE CELLAR DOOR

The sound of water bubbling and frothing.

Becky opens the door and takes a few steps down. The staircase is much longer and there's no light at the end.

She turns and closes the door.

The sound of her footsteps recede into the lower world.

FADE TO BLACK.