

MY TOTALLY PERFECT DEATH

"CALL OF THE VOID"

BY

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FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY

Very close on a pair of heavily eyelined eyes. We are slowly pulling back as a green tinted fringe is whipped around by a strong wind.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

The only question is, feet first, or head first? Head first seems more... instant. But as much as I love the thought of them all whispering "Ohh, a terrible tragedy, an awful mess. Pure splattered she was. Closed casket." My brows ARE looking fucking amazing right now...

We've pulled back enough to take in the face of BILLIE (16) bearing the dissociative pout of Sydney Sweeney and (to be fair to her) fucking amazing eyebrows.

BILLIE (V.O.)

...and I want that cunt Sharon McGinley to see them in all their glory.

INSERT: Said cunt Sharon McGinley with her thin eyebrows weeps into the coffin as Billie's corpse gleams immaculately.

BILLIE (V.O.)

So aye, feet first. It'll hurt, but at this height it won't take long for my head to catch up. The only thing is... Is this all a bit... mid? Narratively like? Teenager leaps into river isn't very original, even around here. Fucking shitehole of a town doesn't even have a tall building. If only I was born in America. They've got it all. Skyscrapers, fentanyl, automatic weapons. Fucking spoilt for choice them 'uns

The first glimmer of expression from Billie's face as she dreams of the possibilities. Still pulling back we can now see fields stretching out behind her.

BILLIE (V.O.)

It's just hard to be original when you come from a shitheap fish factory of a town like Killybegs.

(MORE)

BILLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I'd always thought I'd go for the
 good old overdose. Leave 'em
 wondering, was it on purpose or a
 tragic accident? Tres mysterious.
 But Lizzie Gogan tried that in
 third year. Took all Mammy's
 painkillers, and the Lemsips and
 Beroccas - the fucking lot. All
 that happened was she shit her
 knickers in French class. Honestly
 our drug game is so weak - it's a
 fucking Nanny State!

We've pulled out far enough to see Billie stands on a ledge.

BILLIE (V.O.)
 My personal all time favourite has
 to be Francois Legrand though.
 Paris. 1889. Chucked himself
 headfirst into wet concrete. But
 some nosey twat only went and
 dragged him out. Without a moments
 hesitation he delivered the stone
 cold zinger "but I was only trying
 to make an impression" and flung
 himself into a nearby tank of
 molten iron. Now THAT is a panache
 I can only aspire to.

Billie takes a deep breath and steps towards the edge.

BILLIE
 But needs must. It's time.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Billie. I'm not sure about this

Gritting her teeth, Billie turns to her side.

Beside her on the ledge, a fella in a dishevelled cardigan
 and cargo shorts combo, DOC (60s) clasps the railings.

BILLIE
 Don't pussy out on me now, you were
 all for this twenty minutes ago

DOC
 But the water... I don't like it

BILLIE
 You're not supposed to like it

DOC
 But I'm a weak swimmer...

BILLIE

Swimming? Can you hear yourself? Do you think we're going fucking swimming? We aren't going to be swimming. Thrashing, maybe, briefly. Bobbing, eventually

DOC

It just all sounded a lot better before, do you not think Billie? Making the leap together. It had a romantic air about it. A bit Thelma and Louise.

BILLIE

Romantic? What's romantic got to do with it? Oh Jesus, you don't think people will think...

DOC

Of course not, I mean romance in the poetic sense

BILLIE

I fucking hope not, you're old enough to be my grandad

DOC

I am not! Your dad - sure. But grandad? Ok well maybe, if I was a young dad and then...

BILLIE

(interrupting)

We're getting off track here. We had a plan - we jump, together.

DOC

Jesus H Christ..

BILLIE

It's time.

The icy water swirls below them, hypnotically. Until suddenly the footage FREEZE FRAMES.

The preceding scene starts to play in REWIND. Billie and Doc jibber jabber in reverse. The speed of the rewinding accelerates. They step back off the ledge and walk jerkily backwards down the road.

REWINDING even faster now: it's a blur of cuts and we're only catching glimpses as we rewind the full episode UNTIL:

INT. PSYCHIATRIC ASSESSMENT ROOM, MEDICAL CENTER - DAYTITLE CARD: **SOME TIME EARLIER**

The door swings open and Billie is wheeled in. Her wrists are bandaged and the dead-eyed stare is in full effect. Nursesey leaves her there.

Seated at the desk is none other than DOC. (A desk name plaque reads Dr. Proinsias Blake. Psych. PhD. Psy, D. Esq.)

DOC

Billie, Billie, Billie. You're becoming a regular .

BILLIE

Well we both know how it goes then. You'll offer up some inane platitudes with as much heart as a Tesco greeting card, followed by the brief pretence that you're going to consider any other treatment than drugging me to my eyeballs. Then we'll go with either Cipramil, Efexor or Prozac.

DOC

Medication is a last resort as you well know Billie. It can be wonderfully helpful simply to talk through ones thoughts and worries

BILLIE

And that's platitude number one. I'm not mentally unwell, I'm not depressed, and I'm abso-fuckin-lutely most definitely fucking NOT hormonal. I just see through all of this shit. To quote Satre 'It is meaningless that we live and it is meaningless that we die.' And to quote Slipknot, 'people equals shit.' The truth is that whether I live or die makes not one little fart of a difference

DOC

Not even to your family?

BILLIE

Oh they'll be very shocked - for a week. Then devastated, lets say - how about a month?

(MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)

After that the sad phase will drag on for maybe six months. But they're not so sad by then that they don't smile at a funny sausage dog, or go the odd day without thinking of me. Inside of a year I'll be a retreating memory. Then once they are dead it'll be like I never existed. Sounds ideal to me.

DOC

I see.

BILLIE

Do you know how long the average human is remembered for? It's pathetic. Let's not even go that far back, great grandparents - Literally wouldn't exist without them. What do you know of yours, really?

DOC

Well, in fact I have done some research and I do know that they were Scottish

BILLIE

Oh yeah great, an entire miserable existence eked out in fucking grey Scottish bogland and the only factoid your own fucking ancestors remember about you is that you're a haggis eater

DOC

Well it's important to remember that our lives touch others in many meaningful ways, for instance through our deeds...

BILLIE

Oh yeah sure, maybe I'll stick in people's minds if I invent the fucking lightbulb? Or shall I write a catchy Violin Concerto? The truth is the most of us plebs contribute a grand total of absolutely fuck all to humanity

DOC

Now Billie, that's simply not true. You're a bright young woman living in a time of unimaginable luxury.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

If you put your mind to it I very much believe that you could change the world

BILLIE

Well, what have you done with your life that has been so meaningful and great?

DOC

This is very meaningful work. Helping folk in times of need. Even if they're sassy about it.

BILLIE

You're good at the platitudes. Do you practice them at home? Come on. Do you really think it makes a difference what you say in this room? I'd like to know, what's your bodycount? How many patients have you failed to convince that life is worth living? How many have leapt, sliced or drugged themselves to an early end?

DOC

That really is an incredibly...

BILLIE

(interrupting)

Don't take it too hard, you're a great shrink. The truth is that you can't give me a single solid reason why life is worth living. Because Nobody can.

She sits back while Doc ponders this.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

If you can prove me wrong I promise I'll behave.

He thinks about it for a long time.

DOC

Do you know those little spherical chocolates that come wrapped in a red foil? Lindt I believe they go by. Discovering that you've got one of those in your pocket that you had totally forgotten about.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)

And you unwrap it slowly and pop it in your mouth and it's just the right temperature and you are torn between if you should just suck on it and be patient or if you should bite into it but it doesn't really matter because either way once you breach the outer shell it's just perfectly gooey and the flavour is so rich and perfect and if you had more you'd gorge them too but actually that would just make you feel unwell and so really it's a blessing to just have the one - and you OOOOOH you really savour it and MMMMMM you just let it dissipate in your mouth...

BILLIE

Right. I shouldn't kill myself for an overpriced calorie hit?

DOC

Yes. It's not about being remembered in a thousand years, or changing the world. Life is worth living for small pleasures. Rain clattering on the roof while you're cosy in bed. The first sip of a Beaujolais after a long day. The sun on your back. She can't take that away from me. I mean, nobody can take that away from you. The taste of chocolate is hard to beat.

BILLIE

Well, I'm allergic.

DOC

I see... Prozac?

BILLIE

Yes please.

He takes out his notepad and scribbles away.

EXT. BILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Billie makes a beeline for the stairs - but:

CARMEL (O.S.)

Billie, my pet - are you ok?

Reluctantly she stops on the bottom step as dolled-up CARMEL (50s) fusses over her.

BILLIE
I'm fine Mammy. It's just a
scratch. Nothing to worry about it

CARMEL
That's exactly what I told them
doctors. Accidents happen! You
really must be more careful my pet.

BILLIE
Well no Mammy, you do know it
wasn't an accident right? I didn't
fall and by some wild co-incidence
accidentally cut both my wrists.

CARMEL
Don't be so dramatic! Honestly. I'm
telling you, it's your hormones.
They're running wild!

BILLIE
It's. Not. My. Hormones.

Just then a baldy STEVE (60s) waves cheerily in through the
kitchen doorway while a robot hoover moodles around his feet

STEVE
Nothing to worry about. Be sorted
in two shakes of a lambs tail

CARMEL
Your father is absolutely obsessed
with that fucking thing

BILLIE
Yet again, he's not my father. And
yes, yes he's besotted.

He nudges the robot hoover into life.

STEVE
Just needed to update the firmware!

INT. BILLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Billie opens her box of Prozac and necks a couple of pills.

From a drawer she pulls out a pre-rolled joint and with the
rest of the Prozac shoves them into a tampon box.

MUSIC starts: LOFI BEATS TO STUDY TO vibes

EXT. KILLYBEGS WATERFRONT - DAY

Billie saunters along, a serene look on her face. Everything is golden and the waves lap gently

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Billie lies snoozing peacefully on a patch of grass, the remains of a picnic spread around her. Offended mourners tut as they carry a COFFIN to the open grave just metres away.

INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR, BILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Billie wanders out the door, eyes half glazed - visible cut marks on her arms.

Carmel yanks her back inside.

INT/EXT. FRONT DOOR, BILLIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Billie wanders out the door, eyes half glazed - Carmel fusses over her, pulling at Billie's new (long-sleeved) top.

Satisfied, she lets Billie leave.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Laid out on the carpeted floor, Billie pops a few more pills.

Robot hoover approaches, whirring harmlessly.

Billie, eyes glazed, pats the robot's head affectionately

BILLIE

Oh hi Noo-Noo

NOO-NOO

(robot voice)

A child laughs when it feels joy
and cries when it feels pain. Both
things it does with its whole
heart. We know so much and we have
read so much. But one thing we have
forgot: to laugh and cry like the
children do.

BILLIE
Oooh that's so true Noo-noo. Is
that Jean-Paul Sartre?

NOO-NOO
Joseph Goebbels

BILLIE
No! Bad Noo-noo!

She hits the robot hoover as it retreats, beeping mournfully

INT. ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Billie, half-oblivious, stares in the direction of the television as the class watch the (conveniently in the public domain) film THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER

PREACHER (O.S.)
Now watch and I'll show you the
Story of Life.

A sudden pain makes Billie double over.

PREACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're always a-tuggin' and a-
warrin' one hand agin't'other. Look
at 'em, dear hearts!

She looks in her tampon box, no pills left.

Suddenly the noise from the film seems to be louder.
Overwhelming. **GRAPHIC SCRIBBLES** appear around Billie in short
bursts. At first they are brief, indistinct.

PREACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(DISTORTED PLAYBACK)
Old Left Hand Hate's a-fightin' and
it looks like Old Right Hand Love's
a goner!

She leaps up from her seat and rushes out of class.

EXT. KILLYBEGS WATERFRONT - DAY

Billie looking wan stumbles away.

As she does so the GRAPHIC SCRIBBLES begin to form SCRATCHY
TEXT superimposed over the frame.

She rushes across the road, narrowly missing traffic.

She tries to pull herself together but just then a NONCHALANT FISHERMAN dumps a crate of slimy seafood down beside her. She retches.

She collapses down against a wall, vicious intrusive thoughts swirling around her:

- KILL YOURSELF
- END IT ALL
- YOU'RE A WASTE OF SPACE
- YOUR HAIR IS GREASY

Tears run down her face.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC ASSESSMENT ROOM, MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Billie barges into the room, but Doc isn't at his desk. His head pops up in the patients chaise lounge, it looks like he's been crying.

DOC

Jesus! You can't just come barging
in here willy nilly

BILLIE

Sorry, it's an emergency

DOC

An actual medical emergency? Or
you've scoffed-your-medication-like-
a-truffling-pig-and-think-you-can-
demand-more sort of emergency?

Her silence says it all.

DOC (CONT'D)

Well I'm sorry but no. You can't
expect to just wave a wand and fix
things. Life isn't so easy.

BILLIE

But I need it, otherwise I feel
like I might just go and do
something silly

DOC

Oh you and every other fucker in
this town. You're not the only one
with problems around here you know!

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)
Born into the safest and most
prosperous time in recorded
history, woe is you

BILLIE
Oh yeah aren't I so lucky to be
born in Killybegs. A fucking
fishing village, the fucking reek
of the place. Stinking of fucking
fish morning-noon-and-night and
guess what's for dinner?

DOC
(interrupting)
I've been having a bit of a hard
time myself lately

He leans back into the patient chair

BILLIE
You have got to be joking me.

DOC
My wife says that after all these
years I don't understand her. What
does she mean by that?

BILLIE
Have you considered a murder-
suicide? They're all the rage for
tragic men. You could change it up,
try a touch of poisoning? Has a
Baroque kind of style to it...

No reply, is he even listening?

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Are you going to give me a
prescription or not?

When he doesn't reply she makes to rush out

DOC
Yeah sure, why not?

He throws something to her, she catches it involuntarily.
It's a red Lindt chocolate.

BILLIE
Very fucking funny

He snorts to himself as she storms out.

EXT. KILLYBEGS GREEN - NIGHT

Billie sits alone on the town green.

She watches the normies go about their evening. A tourist with camera in hand surveys the town - disappointing.

Billie takes out a joint as she notices Doc walking along the promenade on the opposite side of the road.

She watches as Doc appears to be interested in something inside a seafood restaurant. At the window an ELEGANT WOMAN (50s) eats dinner with an ATHLETIC MAN (40s). Doc gestures to the woman but she turns away.

Doc enters the restaurant, and while Billie is too far away to hear anything, an argument seems to be kicking off. As the man and woman stand Doc seems to plead with her.

They exit the restaurant with Doc trailing behind. Doc pulls on her arm but the Athletic man takes issue - and hits him a slap, knocking Doc to his arse.

ELEGANT WOMAN

I've got to live my life Proinsias -
you've held me back long enough

Doc looks on desperately as they get in a SUV and speed off.

Billie lights her joint, smiling at his comeuppance.

EXT. OFF LICENSE - NIGHT

Billie waits outside the off license. There. A dishevelled Doc exits, plastic bag of booze in hand. She accosts him.

BILLIE

Three bottles of wine on a Tuesday night? Looks like self-medicating to me... If you're not going to sign off on my meds you could at least get me a naggin of vodka

DOC

I most certainly will not. Now's not a good time Billie, please don't test me.

BILLIE

If you don't go in there now and get me a bottle of something good, I'll tell the authorities that you touched me up

DOC

Billie! That's an awful thing to say! It's just your absurdist sense of humour. Perhaps you're acting out your own daddy fantasies. You wouldn't do such a thing... Right?

BILLIE

Well who knows what a person who doesn't plan to see the week out might say? Damaged. Vulnerable... Undermedicated.

He looks a little pale now

BILLIE (CONT'D)

(childish voice)

I'm sorry judge, I hope I haven't done something naughty? The bad doctor told me he wouldn't send me to the institution if I'd just crawl under his desk. And afterwards he gave me sweeties as a reward

DOC

Fucking hell! You're actually mental

BILLIE

Is that your professional diagnosis? Oh stop hyperventilating, just get me a few cans and I'll fuck off.

He gives in, only to find the off license door locked.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck, can't buy booze after 10pm

DOC

Fucking nanny state!

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Billie and DOC chug Beaujolais straight from the bottle under a flickering streetlight.

BILLIE

Ahhh, that is lovely. Notes of... grapes. And an incoming oblivion

DOC
Does quite take the edge off
things.

She offers him a joint but he bats her away.

DOC (CONT'D)
Drugs and me don't mix too well.

BILLIE
After your little speech I had you
down as an Epicurian. The only
intrinsic value is one's own
pleasure et cetera.

DOC
Hmmm, well I've often said that I
am rather fond of the Greek schools
of thought...

BILLIE
Wise lads those Greeks...

DOC
But no... I'd really better not. I
really do quite have my buzz on
already!

He wanders off for a piss.

Billie lies back and looks up at the street light blinking.

She finds something in her pocket.

The lindt chocolate.

She unwraps it and puts in her mouth. She breathes deeply,
savouring it.

She's at peace when DOC comes stumbling back.

BILLIE
Ok listen. I'll make you a deal.
I'll take your wee argument at face
value. That life is worth living
just for those brief moments of
pleasure. But only IF you promise
that we'll do our very best to
really live. I'm not talking about
the shitty normies. Tragic little
numb lives, vicariously lived
through their social media feeds.
I'm talking about a radical
approach.

(MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 We say yes to everything, we try
 new things, we taste things, we
 smell things, we feel things, fuck
 the consequences - we really live.
 What do you say?

DOC
 Do you recall what Epicurus himself
 said?

BILLIE
 No?

He takes the joint out of her hand

DOC
 He said: Fuck it.

INTER CARD: REASONS TO ENDURE THIS SHITTY LIFE #1: PLEASURE

MUSIC: GENERATOR by JUSTICE, (or whatever similarly obnoxious
 electronic music is available under the Blanket License)

SERIES OF HEDONISTIC SHOTS:

- BILLIE and Doc skull their bottles of wine
- They stumble into an OLD MAN PUB, ordering up trays of
 shots amidst the disapproving regulars
- They're kicked out of the pub, stagger to MILAN NIGHTCLUB
- They dance furiously, Doc's necktie around his head

INT. MILAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Note: The music is so loud in the following sequence that no
 dialogue can be heard, instead SUBTITLES are used.

A young lad (16) approaches Billie as she dances

RANDOMER 1
 WHO'S THE OLD FELLA?

BILLIE
 WHAT?

RANDOMER 1
 WHO'S THAT OLD FELLA? IS THAT YOUR
 DA?

BILLIE
 HE'S MY PSYCHIATRIST

RANDOMER 1
YOUR PSYCHIATRIST? SICK!

Billie shrugs and necks another shot:

SERIES OF EVEN MORE HEDONISTIC SHOTS:

- Billie and Randomer 1 snort lines openly in the club while DOC takes a selfie
- Billie bokes into a toilet, Doc holds back her hair
- Doc bokes into a toilet, Billie holds back his necktie
- Outside Billie points gleefully at a takeaway - Greek!
- They devour an outrageously large kebab
- At a houseparty surrounded by scantily clad young 'uns DOC vapes up a storm, eyes rolling back in his head

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

The music blares on as crowd jump around the house party living room, trashing the place.

BILLIE (SUBTITLE)
Best day of my life!

DOC (SUBTITLE)
I'm going to live FOREVERRRRR!

SMASH CUT TO:

I/E. DOC'S CAR / DOC'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

DOC blearily wakes in the drivers seat, groaning and holding his head.

DOC
Ugggghhhh, Kill me now...

He looks around him, bottles and kebabs strewn everywhere.

EXT. DOC'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Falling out the car door, he spots the bonnet half crumpled where it's crashed into a pillar.

He stumbles inside.

INT. HALLWAY, DOC'S HOUSE - DAY

DOC drags himself through his expensive but clinical looking home. Place is deserted.

An alarm clock is buzzing incessantly. He looks at the time

DOC

Fuck!

He tries to make himself presentable before rushing out.

INT. MEETING ROOM, MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Several serious looking MEDICAL STAFF are looking at Doc, concerned

Note: The image fades up and down from BLACK, the sound of the following dialogue is fading in and out and is MUFFLED and distorted, again using subtitles.

He looks seriously rough, like he's about to die.

CONSULTANT (SUBTITLE)

...breach of professional judgement..

DOC tries to keep his head up. They seem to be showing something on the projector screen

CONSULTANT (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

...liability...

I/E. DOC'S CAR / HOSPITAL CARPARK - DAY

Billie comes to, jammed into the footwell behind the drivers seat. Groaning, she sits up.

INT. HOSPITAL MEETING ROOM - DAY

DOC struggles to focus on the screen. It looks like they're looking at a webpage...

Even the subtitles begin to become blurry and distorted.

CONSULTANT (SUBTITLE)

...personal crisis...

...mitigating circumstances...

...but nonetheless...

He sees they are showing photos he appears to have uploaded to his Facebook profile.

- Doc laughing with a large spliff in his mouth.
- Doc pretending to smoke a pipe that says "*Ceci n'est pas une pipe*" which is elegantly tattooed on a bare arse
- Doc and Billie in the bath with a kebab and a traffic cone.

CONSULTANT (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 ...little choice but to report this
 incident to the board of the...

DOC can't cope, but he spots something at the window.

CONSULTANT (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 ...blah blah blah..

Through the window, Billie beckons for him to leave. Faintly the drums from last night's OBNOXIOUS MUSIC come back in

CONSULTANT (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 ...blah boring blah blah blah
 boring stuff..

Billie waves a bottle of Creme Du Mente alluringly.

The music is RISING.

He jumps to his (wobbly) feet, just as the musical drop lands and points angrily at each consultants in series

DOC (SUBTITLE)
 Shut your boring mouth! And you,
 your face is depressing! And you
 with the fucking filofax - fuck you
 and your filofax. Fuck you, and
 fuck you, and you - sorry, I don't
 know who you are?

MOUSY INTERN
 I'm the new intern?

DOC
 Right well I have no problem with
 you - but the rest of you - this
 isn't living - FUCK YOU, I'm out!

On their shocked expression as he barges out.

INT. MILAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Billie and Doc rush in and take a glorious shot of something that's absurdly yellow, they start to dance but sadly:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S BEDROOM - DAY

Doc and Billie lie atop the bed - ashen, shaking - vomit on the floor beside them.

DOC

Oh christ oh jesus oh god oh fuck
oh mother mary of god oh jesus -
what the fuck have i done oh fuck -
i can't go on, oh my god i've lost
my mind, I can't go on, i can't do
this

BILLIE

Now you're coming around to my way
of thinking.

INT. DOC'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doc is shivering in a dressing gown on the sofa. Billie, recovering a little better scrolls instagram.

DOC

You've ruined my fucking life

BILLIE

Hey you made your own choices buddy

DOC

Oh god you're right. I can't blame
you, I've been making bad choices
for years. I'm a waste of fucking
space, you're right I'd be better
off dead (sobbing)

BILLIE

Now now, I'm sure that's not true.
I'm sure you've got plenty to live
for.

DOC

Like what? No wonder she left me.
I'm pathetic. My entire career -
ruined. She'll probably take the
house, she's taken everything else.

(MORE)

DOC (CONT'D)
I've had so few matches on Tinder
and that's AFTER I photoshopped my
pictures. What have I got to live
for?

There's a long silence while Billie tries to think of an
answer. It's interrupted by a gentle whirring noise as a
robot hoover glides past the door

BILLIE
Is that the S8 plus, with the mop
attachment?

DOC
(sobbing)
The vibrating mop attachment, yeah.

BILLIE
See there you go! My step-dad would
kill to have one of them. Count
your blessings!

DOC
That's one blessing Billie. Total.

BILLIE
At least you're on the way out
anyway. Statistically I'd have to
endure another 80 years of this
fuckery - women live longer.
Another way we're shafted. Will you
help me write the note?

DOC
A suicide note? Not a chance, that
would be crossing a line -
professionally speaking

BILLIE
It's a bit late for that. But fine,
I'll do a video - there's good
light. It'll be more crushing for
everybody I think.

INT. DOC'S LIVING ROOM (MOBILE PHONE FOOTAGE) - DAY

Cut to vertical video as Billie frames herself up, adjusts
her hair

BILLIE
Hey everyone, how's it going?
Actually no, start that again.
(clears throat)
(MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Greetings mourners. We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of, well... me. Billie. If you're watching this I guess it means I've finally croaked it. I know you must all be devastated by this massive loss, but I want you to know: It's not your fault. Apart from you Sharon McGinley in which case your frankly hideous B.O. has been a contributing factor in my suicide. You're a bully and I hope the guilt that you feel means you won't be long behind me. Anyway, I am not unwell, I am not hormonal. I am not a victim

DOC (O.S.)

You are coming off a bit victim-like there

BILLIE

Quiet! Don't worry about him. That's just my psychiatrist.

She pans to Doc sprawled on the sofa puke bucket in hand.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Top notch shrink. Five stars.

He jumps up and rushes for the bathroom, holding his arse.

She starts again, quieter now that she's alone.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

Mammy. I'm sorry. I really am. I know this is going to really hurt you. If there was any other option I would take it. But I'm in pain Mammy. And you can't ask me to be in pain forever, just to save you from hurting now, that's just not fair. I know you'll be ok.

She wipes away a tear

BILLIE (CONT'D)

You'll be sad I know, but it will fade in time. Like it did with dad. Before long you'll not mention me. You'll not mention what I've done, like you don't mention what he did.

(MORE)

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 It'll all fade and you'll be able
 to pretend it was all an
 embarrassing bad dream. That it
 never happened. You'll still have
 Steve, and noo-noo. And chocolate,
 and rain clattering on the roof
 while you're cosy in bed.

The shell of a man that was Doc makes his way back in.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 Anyway that's it from me. I love
 you. Billie out.

Doc crashes to the sofa, spent.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
 Need a suitable soundtrack for my
 video. Tell me honestly, would
 EVERYBODY HURTS by R.E.M be too
 much?

DOC
 It's a bit of cheap choice.

BILLIE
 Very emotionally manipulative.

DOC (O.S.)
 Oh fucking fuck. I must have
 uploaded them on my fucking
 LinkedIn too!

Insert: Hundreds of laughing emojiis all over his lewd posts

DOC (CONT'D)
 Jesus Christ, life is just an
 endless series of painful events. I
 can't take it any more!

BILLIE
 I know right? People think the
 direction of their lives is driven
 by their little to-do list? Yeah
 right. Circumstances of birth,
 pandemics, war, environmental
 collapse, fungal acne... It's all
 totally random!

DOC
 It's like some absurdist nightmare.
 You're right.

BILLIE

There is only one action you can
take that exerts absolute control
over your life.

DOC

To end it.

BILLIE

Exactly. One leap, the die is cast.
No coming back and no more fucking
Killybegs.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Back where we started. Billie stands on the ledge
contemplating the water swirling below.

BILLIE (V.O.)

Have you ever stood at the edge of
a great height and been pure
afraid? You cod yourself that
you're afraid of falling. Bullshit.
Your fear is that you might jump.
It's an urge so deep down, that no
matter how much you try you can't
fully suppress it. The French call
it L'appel du Void. So chic. The
Call Of The Void.

She edges forward.

Doc, by her side, whimpers.

Music kicks in: EVERYBODY HURTS by R.E.M (sorry)

BILLIE (V.O.)

It's hard to understand how anyone
could take their own life, until it
isn't. It's simultaneously an act
of utter cowardice, but also
standing up here, it takes a
strange sort of bravery to actually
follow through.

She takes him by the hand. He's calmer now, resolved.

BILLIE (V.O.)

It's natural to try and rationalise
the act, to find reasons to blame
ourselves. But we can't ever know,
really - what was going through
their minds in the final moments.

They look each other in the eyes.

BILLIE
I know you're scared. But we
finally get to be masters of our
own fate.

He nods and they turn to face the water.

Together, they step from the precipice - falling in EXTREME
EXTREME, *WE'RE TALKING 1000FPS EXTREME*, SLOW MOTION -

They FALL SLOWLY through the void...

Still HAND IN HAND as one of Billie's shoes flies off.

Almost frozen in time, tears in Billie's eyes, no going back

They clear the edge of the bridge.

BUT... the bow of a large dramatically expedient-but-absurd
boat emerges gracefully under the bridge - gradually
revealing itself below them as they fall, fall, fall towards
it...

They plummet towards the deck just as we see its WIDE OPEN
CARGO HOLD, filled to the brim with RAW WET FISH

To the heart-rending voice of Michael Stipe we see, an
absurdist nightmare unfolding in HYPER SLOW MOTION:

- They crash into the stinking mass of fish
- Billie retching and puking, trying to pull herself out
- Doc trying to 'swim' his way out of the sticky mess
- A nonchalant fisherman watching on in disapproval
- A very-much-still-alive FISH making a futile attempt to
escape from inside Billie's shirt as she screams in TERROR

EXT. PIER - DAY

Billie and Doc stand dazed on the dock, dripping fish guts.

BILLIE
What do you know about poisons?

END OF PILOT