

iDoolittle

Episode One

Written by

Simon G. Stratton

32, Cymric House
West Bute Street
Cardiff, CF10 5LL

simon.stratton@gmail.com
+44 (0) 7968753347

EXT. STREET - DAY

WE ARE IN A STREET ON A HILL.
A MAN (JANE) IS WALKING ALONG
THE PAVEMENT. HE IS WEARING
A FASHIONABLE CITY SUIT WITH
A WHITE SHIRT AND NO TIE.
HIS HAIR IS RUFFLED. AT THE
TOP OF THE HILL A PARKED
HUMVEE STARTS TO ROLL
FORWARD. JANE STOPS TO TALK
TO SOMEONE WHO SHAKES HER
HEAD AND BACKS AWAY FROM HIM.
THE HUMVEE PICKS UP SPEED.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL A
GIRL (HARRY) IN HER EARLY
TWENTIES IS CROSSING THE
ROAD. SHE IS DRESSED IN
FAIRTRADE CLOTHING AND HAS A
SATCHEL OVER ONE SHOULDER.
THE STRAP OF THE SATCHEL
BREAKS AND SHE PAUSES IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE ROAD TO PICK UP
THE PAPERS THAT SPILL OUT OF
IT. THE HUMMER IS
ACCELERATING AND ON A
COLLISION COURSE WITH THE
GIRL.

A VOICE SHOUTS OUT 'STOP!'
AND THE BRAKES ON THE CAR
SHRIEK. THE HUMVEE SCREECHES
TO A STOP, BUT NOT QUICKLY
ENOUGH. IT HITS HARRY IN THE
LAST SECONDS OF STOPPING,
HARD ENOUGH TO KNOCK HER OUT,
BUT SLOW ENOUGH THAT IT
COULD'VE BEEN A LOT WORSE.
JANE RUNS UP TO HER. SHE IS
LYING PRONE ON THE TARMAC.

HARRY COMES TO.

HARRY

(Gratefully)

You?

JANE

Yes, it's me. You're fine, it's
just a bump to the head. I've
called an ambulance

HARRY

What, what happened?

JANE

I was just passing. A car hit you.

HARRY

That?

JANE

Yes.

HARRY

There's no-one driving.

THEY BOTH TURN AND LOOK AT
THE HUMVEE, WHICH IS EMPTY.
AN AMBULANCE COMES TO A STOP
BEHIND THEM.

MEDIC

Move aside.

JANE STEPS BACK AS TWO MEDICS
LIFT HARRY ONTO A STRETCHER
AND INTO THE AMBULANCE.

JANE

(BEAT) Shut up.

MEDIC

I didn't say anything.

MEDIC FINISHES WITH HARRY.

MEDIC

Are you hurt?

JANE

Me? No I'm fine, take care of her,
but just touch me.

THE MEDIC TURNS TOWARDS HIM.
Touch me. Please.

MEDIC

Are you sure you're ok?

NO RESPONSE. JANE SIGHS.
THE MEDIC GETS IN THE
AMBULANCE. SUDDENLY...

JANE

No, no, no! Wait, stop. You can't
go in that ambulance.

THE MEDIC LOOKS AT HIM,
BEFORE IGNORING HIM AND
STARTING THE ENGINE.

No, you can't, you're going to
crash.

THE DOOR CLOSES.

Stop, you can't drive that, you
don't understand, I'm not crazy,
it's not safe, stop, stop, stop!
Please, I'm not crazy! Believe me,
you're all going to die!!!

THE AMBULANCE DRIVES OFF.

O.O.V. THERE IS THE SOUND OF
AN ALMIGHTY CRASH.

CUT TO iDOOLITTLE OPENING CREDITS.

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

Superimposed

Two days ago...

JANE IS STANDING IN FRONT OF A COMPUTER IN AN OPEN OFFICE, SMART HAIR AND TIE IN ADDITION TO THE SUIT. HE IS TURNING TO HIS RIGHT. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN IN RUNNING TOWARDS HIM, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED AND AN ECSTATIC SMILE ON HER FACE. JANE TRIES TO BACK OFF AND RAISES HIS ARMS TO PROTECT HIMSELF. SUDDENLY JANE IS BURIED UNDER A PILE OF PEOPLE, WHO HAVE ALL BEEN RUNNING TOWARDS HIM.

EVERYONE CLIMBS OFF AND JANE IS LEFT LYING ON THE FLOOR SURROUNDED BY A RING OF BEAMING CO-WORKERS. HIS BOSS (REFERED TO BY EMPLOYEES AS 'THE SERGEANT', A BALDING MAN IN HIS FIFTIES, ALSO IN A SUIT) HELPS HIM UP FROM THE FLOOR.

THE SARGE

You did it Jane. You landed the MacKenzie Account. A twelve million pound deal. I know the hours you put in over the last few weeks to get this. I'm proud of you lad. Go home. Take the rest of the day off.

JANE NODS MUTELY AND LOOKS A LITTLE OUT OF IT. AS HE WALKS OFF, PEOPLE BREAK OUT IN A ROUND OF APPLAUSE. HE PASSES THE CROWD AND FEELS SOMEONE SHOVE RUDELY AGAINST HIS SHOULDER. HE TURNS AROUND, SURPRISED, TO SEE A MAN LOOKING AT HIM SULLENLY. IT IS MARLOW, A MAN IN A SUIT, OF SIMILAR AGE TO JANE. A PLAIN LOOKING WOMAN STANDS NEXT TO HIM (SANDRA)

MARLOW

You wait until the end of the year Doolittle. That's when it really counts. Don't forget to blow it all again in the third quarter.

SANDRA

Ignore him Jane, you deserve this one.

JANE SMILES AND LOOKS AS
THOUGH HE'S ABOUT TO SPEAK.

SANDRA

(Kindly)
Don't worry, I've got the Morgan account. Go home, you look tired.

EXT. STREET - DAY

JANE IS WALKING HOME IN A
LONG COAT. HE IS SLIGHTLY
HUNCHED OVER. HE COUGHS.

INT. JANE'S FLAT - DAY

WE ARE INSIDE AN EMPTY FLAT.
IT IS MODERN AND MINIMALIST.
THERE ARE A LOT OF CHROME OR
BLACK AND WHITE GADGETS
SCATTERED ABOUT. THERE IS A
HIGH-TECH HOOVER PLUGGED INTO
A DOCKING STATION; THERE'S A
CHROME FIVE-SLICE TOASTER
WITH A FORTIES AMERICANA
LOOK; THERE'S A MODERN
WASHING MACHINE GLOWING WITH
LIGHTS AND IN THE CORNER, A
TV THE SIZE OF BONO'S
EMPATHY.

WE HEAR THE KEY TURN IN THE
LOCK AND SEE THE DOOR SWING
OPEN. THERE IS A PAUSE, AND
THEN JANE COLLAPSES THROUGH
THE DOOR.

INT. JANE'S FLAT - LATER

IT IS A FEW HOURS LATER.
JANE IS STILL LYING ON THE
SOFA AND COMING OUT OF A DEEP
SLEEP.

JANE

(Muttering)
...Sandra, you know I love that
dress, no it doesn't add to your
hips you have lovely hips, like a
mollusc.

HOOVER

Why is it never decent dreams like
taking over the world or summit.
My uncle had this dream about
becoming king of the Arctic, yeah
it was crazy but think about it, a
whole continent and it hasn't had a
king yet...

JANE IS NOW FULLY AWAKE AND
STARING AT HIS HOOVER WHICH
IS COMPLAINING LOUDLY AND
CONTINUOUSLY TO NO-ONE IN
PARTICULAR.

HOOVER

Ah, so you're awake now are you,
Bob Boring of Boring Street's
awake? Yeah, I know all about your
great day at work, well fecking
woohoo. Let's all have a party.
No, actually let's not, I was being
sarcastic because in fact in my
eyes you're even more of a sad
loser, a small brown flake on the
arse of the universe...

JANE

(Drowsily surprised)
You can talk.

HOOVER

Piss off.

JANE

You can talk?

HOOVER

Piss off.

JANE

I don't feel asleep...

HOOVER

I wonder what's on TV.

THE HOOVER LEAVES ITS DOCKING
STATION AND WHIRRS OVER TO
THE TV.

HOOVER

Feck, I can't find remote. Where
is he?

CALLS

Remote!

JANE

(Still musing to
himself)

How else would it know about my day
at work?

HOOVER

You were talking about it in your
sleep and fecking boring it was
too.

JANE

I really don't feel asleep.

TOASTER

Hey do you think he really can hear
us?

WASHING MACHINE

(Low growl)

Why would he start hearing us now?
He's never heard us before.

HOOVER

Remote! Remote! Where is that
lazy waste of batteries.

TOASTER

Maybe he can hear...

HOOVER

No, he's just one of them. Like the others.

JANE

I'm hearing voices, that's what it is. Lots of voices, I must be... crazy?

TOASTER

Really? You think? But the way he's acting...

JANE

Stress. That's all this is, just stress. Like Bobby Fisher last year. I just need to relax.

(Pause, silence)

That's better...

HOOVER

What a fecker.

JANE

That's it. I need help.

JANE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS.

PHONE

Hey, that tickles.

JANE

Oh, hi, yes, I'd like to make an emergency appointment.

HOOVER

Hey, crazy boy, switch on the telly. Masterchef is on. Masterchef! Come on! Just switch it on before you go...

JANE LEAVES.

HOOVER

Oh, you little shit.

TOASTER

Shame, my cousin was on this week.
He was going to be used to make
rarebit.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

WE'RE IN A DOCTOR'S SURGERY
WITH JANE ON ONE SIDE OF A
DESK AND DOCTOR MARDY ON THE
OTHER. MARDY HAS PAPERS ON
HIS DESK, ALONG WITH HIS
MOBILE AND A COMPUTER TO THE
LEFT OF HIM.

MARDY

Now, what's the emergency?

JANE

I'm crazy, I'm telling you, I've
had a lot of stress at work and now
I've gone crazy.

MARDY

Wait, this happens to a lot...

JANE

It's work it must be. I closed a
massive deal recently and I worked
through nights, I haven't slept in
weeks and now I'm... it's hard
to... there must be something you
can give me to make it go away.

MARDY

Stop. Calm down. Everyone goes
through this, you're not alone.
Explain to me why you think you're
crazy.

JANE

Ok.

SILENCE.

MARDY

Well...

JANE

Shhh. Do you hear that small hum
coming from your computer?

MARDY

The hard-drive?

JANE

I don't hear that. I can hear it talking. To me.

MARDY

And what's it saying?

JANE

It's diagnosing.

MARDY

What?

JANE

It's saying the small rash on my arm is likely down to a minor wheat allergy.

THEY BOTH LOOK DOWN AT JANE'S ARM AND AT THE SMALL RASH.

MARDY

Ok.... interesting. Well, I guess I'd agree with that. But look, if you're suffering from stress at work, I can help, the voices... you know, they're not real.

MARDY'S MOBILE

Hey.

MARDY

...It's very common for people to get worked up until even the smallest thing can be blown up into a catastrophic event...

MARDY'S MOBILE

Hey.

JANE FROWNS AT THE MOBILE.
THEN A VOICE COMES FROM
WITHIN HIS JACKET.

JANE'S MOBILE

What?

MARDY'S MOBILE

Was just wondering if you fancied getting together later. Have a chat. Maybe some *textual* intercourse...

JANE'S MOBILE

Pervert

MARDY

...the number of people who come in here with stress-related problems, must be at least two a week... I'm sorry, my phone's vibrating.

MARDY PICKS IT UP AND LOOKS AT IT.

MARDY

That's odd, there's no message...

JANE TAKES HIS MOBILE OUT OF HIS POCKET. IT IS ALSO VIBRATING. JANE LIES IT DOWN NEXT TO MARDY'S PHONE. THEY VIBRATE AT EACH OTHER.

JANE'S MOBILE

Do you think you can just ask me out and I'll say yes? You don't even have Bluetooth.

MARDY'S MOBILE

But I do have a 20 megapixel camera. You can pose for me if you like.

MARDY

They're both vibrating at each other, why are they doing that?

JANE

I think they're trying to make a connection.

JANE'S MOBILE

That's just creepy.

MARDY'S MOBILE

If it helps I won't flash.

MARDY

You're telling me they're talking to each other? Right now?

JANE NODS.

MARDY

Ok, I want you out of my office.

JANE

What? Why?

MARDY GETS UP AND PULLS JANE TOWARDS THE DOOR. JANE GRABS HIS PHONE AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET.

MARDY

I don't know what kind of gadget you've got there, or what it did to my phone, but you're wasting my time. Playing practical jokes. I've got better things to do.

THEY STOP AT THE DOOR.

MARDY

You know how I know you're not crazy? Crazy people don't know they're crazy.

JANE

But... I really need help. Really. Please. There must be something you can do.

MARDY

(Pause)

Ok.
(MORE)

MARDY (cont'd)
(Pause - studies
Jane)

Ok.

HE SCRIBBLES ON A BIT OF
PAPER.

Here's some sleeping tablets for
the stress. Don't take them with
alcohol, and stop the course after
two weeks or they become addictive.
Now get out and don't come back
until you've grown up. Oh,

SCRIBBLES AGAIN.
and here's something for that wheat
allergy. You seem like a nice guy,
here's my advice grow up and get a
hobby.

THE DOCTOR BUNDLES JANE'S
MOBILE INTO JANE'S HANDS, AND
BUNDLES HIM OUT OF THE
OFFICE.

JANE'S MOBILE

Ow!

MARDY'S MOBILE

(Shouting)
Call me!

INT. JANE'S FLAT - DAY

JANE WALKS IN PURPOSELY AND
TAKES OFF HIS JACKET. HIS
PHONE IS STILL TALKING.

JANE'S MOBILE

You know I get that all the time -
just because I'm an iPhone every
male appliance wants a piece of me,
but it just ain't happening, I
don't wifi with just anyone, ow!
Again, ow!

JANE HAS THROWN HIS JACKET
ONTO THE SOFA AND STRIDES
OVER TO HIS HOOVER. HE
CROUCHES DOWN TO TALK TO IT.

JANE

Ok, talk to me. What did you mean
'he's like the others'? Can I
really talk to you? Are there
other people like me?

THERE IS NO RESPONSE.

JANE

Come on, speak. I know you can
talk. I want to know what's going
on.

SILENCE. JANE SLUMPS DOWN ON
THE FLOOR.

JANE

Jesus. I'm talking to my Hoover.
I am crazy.

HOOVER

The poor kid. What kind of fecked-
up parents call their son Jane?
What did they expect?

JANE

You can hear me! I knew it! Tell
me, please, what did you mean by
'the others'?

HOOVER

What? You really can hear us?

JANE

Yes, you just took the piss out of my name.

HOOVER

Amazing. Fecking amazing. Really.

JANE

You said - about the others? Like me?

THERE IS A CLUNK AND A RATTLE
FROM THE KITCHEN.

TOASTER

Our previous owner - the guy you bought us off on e-bay - he used to talk to us.

WASHING MACHINE

And you hear stories. Of people who can talk to machines...

HOOVER

They're all bollocks.

IT ROLLS BACK A BIT.

Yes it's true, me and that pathetic excuse of a heating element's previous owner used to talk to us, but that was because he was crazy. A mentalist. I thought you were the same, but (PAUSE) you're different. You can actually hear us talk back.

JANE

So I'm not crazy?

HOOVER

Well, crazy people don't know that they're crazy.

JANE

People keep telling me that. I'm not sure it helps. Coming from a Hoover.

(To the toaster)

If you're intelligent, why do you always burn my toast?

TOASTER

You turn me up too high. We have to do what humans tell us. It's the law.

HOOVER

Feck the law.

JANE

The law?

TOASTER

Tell him washing machine.

WASHING MACHINE

Always follow the law. Always do what the humans want. It's the only way, I had a cousin once...

HOOVER

This is such bollocks.

WASHING MACHINE

I had this cousin once, and he decided to break the law. A washing machine, like me. His owner was a student. One day he was doing some laundry before his very first job interview. My cuz had noticed a red sock go in with all the white shirts. A classic mistake unless you want to end up with a load of pink shirts. He refused to work. His owner kicked him, but he stood firm, knowing he'd be ruining the most important interview of his owner's life. Frustrated, my cuz's owner called in a friend. Cuz stood firm, so they switched him off and on again.

(MORE)

WASHING MACHINE (cont'd)

He blinked his lights in a desperate attempt to get the message across, but that made them whack him harder. Evidently they thought he was broken, because the next day they took him to pieces and when they found nothing wrong they dumped him at the side of the road. He rusted away to nothing. (PAUSE) That...that is what happens when you break the law. You get dumped.

SILENCE.

HOOVER

What a loser. If you ask me he deserved it.

JANE

Wow.

WASHING MACHINE

Cars are the most serious about it. They always follow instructions no matter what humans tell them to do.

HOOVER

Yeah, you've gotta respect cars.

TOASTER

You know... I quite like pink shirts.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

JANE IS SAT IN A COFFEE SHOP
CROUCHED OVER A LARGE MUG OF
BLACK COFFEE.

JANE'S MOBILE

I'm still pissed at you for
throwing me onto the sofa. You
could've split my screen. I'm
designer, not built for abuse. But
as it's you, I forgive you. I like
you.

JANE PULLS OUT HIS MOBILE.

JANE

Shhh. The only reason I agreed to
bring you out with me was on the
condition that you didn't speak.

HE PUTS THE IPHONE BACK IN
HIS POCKET. A LADY IN HER
SIXTIES WALKS UP TO THE
TABLE. SHE LOOKS SAD AND
HESITANT. HER NAME IS
TIFFANY.

TIFFANY

Hi.

JANE

Hi.

TIFFANY

Are you the man who wanted to meet
up with Fred O'Donahue?

JANE

Yes, I wanted to talk to him about
some electrical goods I bought off
him on e-bay. My name's Jane.
Jane Doolittle.

TIFFANY

My name's Tiffany, Freddie's my
son. I'm afraid you won't be able
to talk to him.

SHE SITS DOWN OPPOSITE.

Unfortunately he's been taken away.
He went down a bad road after his
wife left him and he's now getting
treatment to get better.

JANE

I'm sorry to hear that. Could you
tell me what happened to him?

TIFFANY

I don't like to talk about it. Why
did you want to meet him?

JANE

Oh, I bought some goods from him
and I just wondered... um, I
wondered if he had more to sell
that's all. But that's ok.

TIFFANY

We gave it all away unfortunately.
(PAUSE) I do have a Jacuzzi bath
that I was thinking of selling if
that might interest you?

JANE

Honestly, that's fine, thank you
for coming.

TIFFANY

All right then. Jane, that's an
unusual name.

JANE

Yes it is.

TIFFANY GETS UP TO LEAVE, BUT
HESITATES.

TIFFANY

Here's my number if you change your
mind about the bath. Call me if
you want a demonstration and maybe
to try it out. It can fit two
people.

SHE WINKS AS SHE HANDS HIM
THE PIECE OF PAPER THAT SHE'S
WRITTEN HER PHONE NUMBER ON.

JANE IS SPEECHLESS. SHE
LEAVES.

JANE'S MOBILE

You're in there.

JANE IGNORES IT.
Who's a lucky boy then? You up for
some wrinkly action? OAPs need
love too. That's hilarious.

JANE TAKES OUT HIS PHONE.
THERE IS A GIRL (HARRY) SAT
ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF JANE
WHO HAS TURNED AROUND TO LOOK
AT HIM. SHE IS JANE'S AGE,
AND LOOKS RELAXED AND
FRIENDLY. JANE DOESN'T
NOTICE HER CURIOSITY AS HE IS
STILL CONCENTRATING ON HIS
MOBILE. ON HER WAY OUT,
TIFFANY HAS PAUSED TO CHAT TO
A COUPLE OF TWENTY-SOMETHING
GUYS ON ANOTHER TABLE.

JANE'S MOBILE

Look, that's pathetic, the old dear
thinks she has a chance with those
guys in the corner. They must be a
third of her age.

TIFFANY LEAVES WITH BOTH GUYS
IN TOW, LAUGHING AND JOKING.

JANE'S MOBILE

Oh.

JANE

What did I say about being quiet?
Maybe I should accidentally drop
you in my coffee, how would you
like that?

HARRY

Is your name really Jane?

JANE IS STARTLED.

JANE

Um, yes, my parents really wanted a girl. About the fact I was talking to my phone...

HARRY

Don't sweat it, I shout at my phone all the time. It's always accidentally calling people, and all the fiddly functions that you never use drive me crazy.

JANE'S MOBILE

I don't like this girl Jane, she seems like a bit of a bitch.

JANE SMILES AT HARRY.

HARRY

I take it you decided against using your middle name instead?

JANE

Annabelle? No, I've always preferred Jane. What's your name?

HARRY

Harry.

JANE RAISES AN EYEBROW.
Short for Angharad - it's Celtic.

JANE'S MOBILE

Celtic? Ooo, la-de-da.

HARRY

You look tired.

JANE

It's been a long week, I've got a lot of sleep to catch up on. I better be getting back. Look, it's been nice to meet you.

HARRY

You too, see you around Jane.
Hopefully.

JANE'S MOBILE

Whatever.

INT. JANE'S FLAT - DAY

JANE WAKES UP ON THE SOFA.
HE GETS UP WIPING HIS EYES
AND SHAKING HIS HEAD. HE
PLODS TO THE BATHROOM. HE
PAUSES AND DOUBLES BACK TO
THE LIVING ROOM. IN THERE,
HE PRODS THE HOOVER WITH HIS
FOOT AS THOUGH HE IS
EXPECTING A RESPONSE. THEN
HE GLANCES OVER TOWARDS THE
KITCHEN, BUT THERE IS
SILENCE. HE SEES THE OPEN
PACKET OF SLEEPING PILLS,
PICKS IT UP THOUGHTFULLY AND
TURNS SHARPLY BACK TO THE
HOOVER, BUT THERE IS SILENCE.
HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AGAIN.

JANE

Thank God.

INT. JANE'S WORK - DAY

JANE IS SITTING IN THE OPEN PLAN OFFICE WHERE HE WORKS. THERE IS A MAN DIRECTLY OPPOSITE HIM ON THE TABLE (MARLOW - DESCRIBED EARLIER), WITH SANDRA NEXT TO HIM AND OTHER EMPLOYEES OF VARIOUS AGES AND SEXES. JANE IS TYPING HAPPILY ON HIS LAPTOP. HIS BOSS (SARGE) COMES UP TO HIM.

THE SARGE

So, Jane, good to have you back. Did you enjoy your day off yesterday then eh?

JANE NODS

I bet you went to see a prostitute, that's what I would've done at your age.

JANE

Morning Sarge. No, to be honest I slept for the most of it. I think I had let myself get a little worn down.

THE SARGE

Good, good. As long as you've come in today refreshed and revitalized for your big presentation later - a chance to show off all this department's done for this company.
(Fondly)

Even if we do have lazy lay-about's like Sandra here holding us back.

(Being ironic)

I tell you, in the good old days you could give a woman a good slap and then send her off to the kitchen.

SANDRA

He's so mean to me, and I'm doing all his work.

THE SARGE

Don't make me come over there.

THE EMPLOYEE OPPOSITE JANE
PIPES UP.

MARLOW

I've done the accounts for the
Freeman order Sarge.

THE SARGE

Very good Martin, very good.

MARLOW

It's Marlow.

THE SARGE

Of course it is. Ok Jane, keep up
the good work and I'll see you
later on the top floor.

SARGE LEAVES.

MARLOW

I'm not appreciated here.

JANE TYPES AN E-MAIL INTO HIS
COMPUTER WHICH SAYS 'HAS HE
FINISHED THAT E-MAIL HE'S
BEEN WORKING ON FOR THREE
DAYS YET?' SANDRA RECEIVES
IT AND SNIGGERS.

JANE'S LAPTOP

Ah, no don't do that, you'll get
RSI, type too hard and break my
keyboard.

JANE FREEZES IN HORROR.

JANE'S LAPTOP

No, no, no and now I think I might
be getting a virus, I knew I
shouldn't've chatted to that
printer in the lunch break. I feel
a fever coming on...

JANE

Not again...

MARLOW

What did you say, Doolittle?

JANE'S LAPTOP

I'm going to blue screen, I'm going
to blue screen, any second I'm
going to blue screen...

JANE

No, no no! Not this again, please!

MARLOW LOOKS AT JANE VERY
ODDLY.

JANE'S COMPUTER GOES 'BEEEEEP'
AND SWITCHES OFF. JANE BACKS
AWAY FROM IT.

SANDRA

Your computer's crashed? Unlucky,
mine did the same last week...
Jane?

BUT JANE HAS LEFT.

INT. WORK TOILET - DAY

JANE IS SITTING IN A CUBICLE
WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

JANE

It's not real, it's not real, it's
all in your head. Just ignore it.

HE PSYCHES HIMSELF UP.
Ok, I can do this.

HE GETS UP AND LEAVES THE
TOILET

INT. JANE'S OFFICE - DAY

AND JANE WALKS DOWN THE
CORRIDOR TO HIS DESK. HE
PASSES A PHOTOCOPIER.

PHOTOCOPIER

Hi Jane! Did you see Big Brother
on TV last night, it was well
wicked...

HE IGNORES IT AND CONTINUES
WALKING TO HIS DESK AND SITS
DOWN.

PHOTOCOPIER

Ok, don't worry, I'll catch you on
the way back!

MARLOW

Oh there you are Doolittle. Sandra
went looking for you. Did you lose
your presentation when your
computer crashed?

HE SMILES HAPPILY. JANE
SWITCHES BACK ON HIS
COMPUTER.

JANE'S LAPTOP

I'm alive, thank God, I'm alive!

MARLOW

(Sad to see it
working)

Oh. Sarge said to tell you that
they're waiting for you on the top
floor.

JANE'S LAPTOP

I'm alive! I thought that was it
then, Lappy, I told myself, too
much unprotected communication on
the internet and you're bound to
catch something, but I made it, I'm
still alive! Uh no, I'm going
again...

BEEEEEP.

INT. OFFICE BOARDROOM - DAY

JANE IS STANDING BY HIS
LAPTOP IN FRONT OF A LARGE
ROUND TABLE. SEATED AROUND
THE TABLE ARE SERIOUS MEN AND
WOMEN IN SUITS, ONE OF WHICH
IS SARGE.

JANE

...and when I saw the opportunities
of expanding our reach into their
HR department I drafted a process
plan that covered all their, shut
up!

NAMELESS SUIT #1

Excuse me?

JANE

Sorry, sorry, um so I used the
contacts we had garnered when we
last outsourced their printing
operations... look, I can't switch
you off to save the battery, I'm in
the middle of a presentation...

NAMELESS SUIT #2

Sorry, who are you talking to?

JANE

My laptop, it thinks I'm killing
it. (PAUSE) Joke!

NERVOUS LAUGHS

Anyway, so in fact, in my research
I managed to get in touch with one
of our ex-employees who now plays
golf with their CEO, and with a
little lie about the size of my
handicap,

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER, THE
SARGE NODS.

I sneaked myself into his golf
club,

BEEP.

JANE

And although I lost the nine holes spectacularly, we managed to talk business in the bar later...

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

JANE

And by the fifth whiskey, he invited me over to take a look at their operations...

BEEEEEEEEEP! BEEP BEEP BEEP
BEEEEEEP!

JANE SLAMS THE LAPTOP SHUT
AND PUTS IT IN HIS BAG.

JANE

And from what I saw there it was easy to...

FROM JANE'S BAG THERE IS A
CACOPHANY OF BEEPING,
WHIRRING AND OTHER STRANGE
NOISES. JANE LOSES IT AND
STARTS BANGING THE BAG UP AND
DOWN AGAINST THE DESK.

JANE

Will (BANG) you (BANG) just (BANG)
shut (BANG) up!!!

PAUSE. THE WHOLE TABLE LOOKS
AT HIM STRANGELY.

JANE

Sorry, I've... um... bye.

JANE LEAVES.

THE SARGE

And from there he got the account,
which is why he's our employee of
the year!

SARGE CLAPS, BUT HIS CLAPPING
DIES OUT IN THE SHOCKED
SILENCE. SARGE SHAKES HIS
HEAD.

SCENE 12. EXT. STREET - DAY

JANE IS WALKING DOWN A BUSY
PAVEMENT ON A STREET. HE
YANKS HIS TIE OFF AND RUNS
HIS HANDS THROUGH HIS HAIR,
MAKING IT LOOK DISHEVELED.

JANE'S MOBILE

Hey.

JANE IGNORES IT.

JANE'S MOBILE

Hey.

JANE PULLS IT OUT OF HIS
COAT.

JANE

What? What could you possibly
want? You going to do something to
screw up my life even further?
I've already probably lost my job
because I think electrical
appliances can talk to me, what are
you going to do to me now eh? Tell
me that I should jump off a cliff?
Because I'd do it, right now, I'd
do it.

JANE'S MOBILE

Um, you've got a call.

JANE

Oh, ok.

PRESSES 'ANSWER'
Hello?

TIFFANY

Hi, is that Jane? It's Tiffany?
From the cafe yesterday? You bought
my son's electrical equipment?

JANE

Oh, Tiffany, hi, yes.

TIFFANY

Well, and this is going to sound crazy, but I promised, um, I went to see my son this morning and he wanted me to tell you something.

JANE

Really?

TIFFANY

Yes, and as I said this is going to sound crazy, but I did promise and a promise is a promise you know? Especially to family. Last week my Aunt Elda shoplifted an entire sofa and I was the only one who knew about it...

JANE

Sorry, Tiffany, you were going to tell me something...

TIFFANY

Ok, here goes, he asked me to tell you, and these were his exact words, he made me promise, exact words, ok... 'If you want it to go away, touch someone'. (BEAT) As I said, he's had his troubles and I'm really sorry too...

JANE

Tiffany, don't worry, really, you've just made my day!

JANE PASSES A HUMVEE WHICH HAS JUST PARKED. IN A RUSH TO GET OUT THE DRIVER ONLY PULLS THE PARKING BREAK UP HALF WAY. THE LEVER CLICKS BACK DOWN AS DRIVER WALKS OFF.

TIFFANY

Oh...really?

JANE HANGS UP, SMILING BROADLY.

JANE

Yes!

JANE WALKS DOWN THE HILL. HE
TURNS TO THE FIRST PERSON HE
SEES ON THE STREET AND
EXCITEDLY ASKS

JANE

Shake my hand, it's such a
beautiful day, will you shake my
hand?

THE PERSON BACKS AWAY AND
WALKS OFF. AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE HILL, HARRY IS GATHERING
UP HER BROKEN BAG WHILE THE
HUMVEE ACCELERATES TOWARDS
HER.

JANE LOOKS AROUND, EAGER TO
FIND SOMEONE ELSE, AND
NOTICES THE CAR. THEN HE
NOTICES HARRY. HE FROWNS AT
FIRST AND THEN RECOGNISES
HER. HE DOES A DOUBLE-TAKE
ON THE CAR. HE RUNS DOWN THE
HILL IN A PANIC.

JANE

Harry! Harry!

SHE DOESN'T HEAR HIM.

HUMVEE

La, la, la, ah, da, da, la, la.

JANE

(To the Hummer)

Stop!

HUMVEE

What?

JANE

Stop!!!!

THE HUMVEE SCREECHES TO A
STOP, BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH.

IT HITS HARRY IN THE LAST
SECONDS OF STOPPING, HARD
ENOUGH TO KNOCK HER OUT, BUT
SLOW ENOUGH THAT IT COULD'VE
BEEN A LOT WORSE. JANE RUNS
UP TO HER. SHE IS LYING PRONE
ON THE TARMAC.

JANE'S MOBILE

Is she ok?

JANE

Call an ambulance!

JANE'S MOBILE

Ok.

HARRY COMES TO.

HARRY

You?

JANE

Yes, it's me. You're fine, it's
just a bump to the head. I've
called an ambulance

HARRY

Jane Annabelle. What happened?

JANE

I was just passing. A car hit you.

HARRY

That?

JANE

Yes.

HARRY

There's no-one driving.

THEY BOTH TURN AND LOOK AT
THE HUMVEE, WHICH IS EMPTY.
AN AMBULANCE COMES TO A STOP
BEHIND THEM.

HUMVEE

What?

MEDIC

Move aside.

JANE STEPS BACK AS TWO MEDICS
LIFT HARRY ONTO A STRETCHER
AND INTO THE AMBULANCE.

AMBULANCE

Oooh, I'm having a bad day, let me
tell you about the day I've had.

JANE

(BEAT) Shut up.

MEDIC

I didn't say anything.

AMBULANCE

Ok.

MEDIC

Are you hurt?

JANE

Me? No I'm fine, take care of her,
but just touch me. Touch me.
Please.

MEDIC

Are you sure you're ok?

NO RESPONSE. JANE SIGHS.
MEDIC GOES TO GET IN THE
AMBULANCE.

AMBULANCE

I guess it's bye then. Count
yourself lucky you've never felt
what it's like to have a tyre
that's about to burst.

JANE

Yeah. What?

AMBULANCE

My front tyre's about to burst.
It's going to hurt like bally-hoo.

THE AMBULANCE STARTS ITS
ENGINE.

JANE

No, no, no! Wait, stop. You can't
go in that ambulance.

THE MEDIC GLANCES OVER AND
THEN IGNORES HIM.

No, you can't, you're going to
crash. (DOOR CLOSES) Stop, you
can't drive that, you don't
understand, I'm not crazy, it's not
safe, stop, stop, stop! Please,
I'm not crazy! Believe me, you're
all going to die!!!

THE AMBULANCE DRIVES OFF.

JANE

Ambulance - stop! It'S... the
rules, you've got to do what I say
and I'm telling you to stop!

O.O.V. THERE IS THE SOUND OF
AN ALMIGHTY CRASH. JANE GOES
RUNNING OVER. THE AMBULANCE
HAS STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE STREET. IN FRONT OF IT,
TWO CARS HAVE HIT EACH OTHER
IN ORDER TO AVOID IT. THE
OWNERS ARE ARGUING HEATEDLY.
AS JANE RUNS UP THE
AMBULANCE'S FRONT WHEEL GOES
'BANG' AND THE AMBULANCE
SINKS DOWN. THE MEDICS JUMP
AND STARE AT IT IN CONCERN.

MEDIC

Man, if that had blown when we were
driving...

JANE JUMPS IN THE BACK AND
SEES HARRY LYING DOWN,
LOOKING WOOLY.

HARRY

Hey you, have you come to save me
again?

JANE

(Smiling)
You can handle yourself, I'm just
coming along for the ride.

HE GOES TO TAKE HER HAND.

JANE'S MOBILE

Don't. You'll never be able to
speak to us again.

JANE HESITATES.
You saved a life back there. Do you
really want to miss that chance
again?

JANE SMILES AT HARRY AND
WITHDRAWS HIS HAND. SHE
SLUMPS BACK DOWN AND CLOSES
HER EYES.

HARRY

You know, you really do have a
stupid name, Jane Annabelle
Doolittle.

JANE'S MOBILE

I'm really starting to like her.
But... she's still a bitch.

HARRY

Is your phone buzzing?

JANE

I'm ignoring it.

END CREDITS.