

The Chronicles of a Man With a Perpetual Headache

By

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INT. WAITING ROOM - NOON

WILMOND BRIGSLEY (35) sits in a doctors' waiting room. He taps his foot against the chair.

Across from Wilmond is a CHILD (8) playing a portable video game. The video game beeps and spouts out 16-bit music.

Wilmond stares at the child.

The child does not notice.

Wilmond coughs pointedly. The child does not respond.

Wilmond sighs and reaches into his shirt pocket. He pulls out a container of aspirin.

He shakes out two pills from the bottle and takes them.

He rubs his head.

The video game beeps in a downward spiral. The child knocks his foot against his chair.

CHILD

Darnnit!

The child sighs and presses a few buttons.

The video game starts anew with the beeping.

Wilmond closes his eyes.

The video game grows louder.

Wilmond opens his eyes and looks around the waiting room.

The only other open seats are next to a baby and person listening to music loudly.

Wilmond rubs his head.

He groans.

He looks up to the child.

The child is immersed in the game.

Wilmond sighs.

He sits.

A small stream of blood pours out from his ear.

End.

EXT. INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON

Wilmond Brigsley stands at a crosswalk. He rubs his head.

The cars whizz by.

Wilmond closes his eyes.

A massive semi-truck chugs by. It bellows deeply.

Wilmond closes his eyes tighter. He sighs.

The walk sign lights up.

A crowd of people push past Wilmond.

Wilmond opens his eyes. He enters into the throng of people.

A person squeezes between Wilmond and another.

The person spills some coffee on Wilmond.

Wilmond sighs.

The person looks up to Wilmond.

Wilmond shakes his head and waves.

The person nods and walks off.

Wilmond looks down at his coffee stained shirt. He closes his eyes.

A car honks at him.

Wilmond's eyes jolt open.

He side-steps into another person.

The person pushes Wilmond.

Wilmond cringes. He surveys the sea of automobiles.

He sighs and shakes his head.

He reaches the other side of the road.

He pushes the **WALK** button.

He waits.

Cars turn.

One car turns too fast and makes a loud screeching noise.

Wilmond's left eye twitches.

He looks up at the sky.

The sun shines brightly on him.

Wilmond close his eyes. He rubs his temples.

Another car screeches.

The walk signal lights up.

A steady high-pitched beeping comes from the walk signal.

Wilmond's left eye twitches, this time faster.

Wilmond walks briskly across the crosswalk.

A car plays loud glockenspiel-inspired techno music.

Wilmond's left eye twitches at an unbelievable rate.

Wilmond makes it to the other side.

The beeping is louder.

His left eye cries blood.

He rubs his temples.

End.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Wilmond sits on a park bench. His head is cradled in his hands. He rubs his head.

A SMALL DOG sits across from Wilmond. The dog stares at him.

Wilmond looks up to the dog. He tries to smile at it.

The dog barks at him.

Wilmond sighs and resumes rubbing his head.

A flock of ducks waddle past.

All of the ducks quack loudly.

This excites the Small dog, who barks louder and at greater frequencies.

Wilmond sighs and rises from the bench. He walks away.

The small dog follows him.

The dog's movement cause the ducks to waddle away, following Wilmond as well.

Wilmond walks faster.

He stumbles into the playground of the park.

Children play in the playground. They laugh. They yell. They shoot squirt guns at eachother.

Wilmond breathes heavily. He looks at all the children.

The children's laughter echos through Wilmond's head.

Wilmond shakes his head.

He turns around. He faces the dog and ducks.

The dog barks. This causes the ducks to errupt in a chorus of frightful quacking.

The children, seeing the dog, squeal in delight and rush over.

They rub their sticky little hands all over the dog.

Wilmond lets out a groan/shriek and back up, away from the throbbing mass of noise in front of him.

He backs up into a child with large glasses and an ice-cream cone.

Wilmond swivels around. He stares at the child.

The child stares at Wilmond.

The ice cream cone lands in the sand.

Wilmond darts his eyes down to the cone, then back up to the child.

The child's eyes fill with tears and he lets out a loud howl.

Wilmond widens his eyes.

A group of playing children squirt him with squirt guns.

Wilmond shakes his head and moves his feet in a square before darting away from the playground.

He runs away as fast as he can.

The running hurts his head.

He hastens his pace and rubs his head.

He looks behind him.

The dog, children, and ducks are following him.

Also, the Ice Cream Cone Child's Father is comforting his son. The father sees Wilmond and begins yelling obscenities at him.

Wilmond cries a single tear.

He turns.

He inhales.

He sprints away from the park.

His head throbs.

His heartbeat echoes painfully throughout his body.

Tears run down his face.

He runs.

He trips on a tree root.

Wilmond flies through the air and lands with a thud onto the ground.

He groans and rubs his head.

He tries to move, but it hurts too much.

The mob of noise moves closer to Wilmond.

Wilmond cries.

This encourages the mob to make more noise.

Wilmond shakes his head.

He curls into the fetal position.

The dog barks.

The ducks quack, absolutely terrified.

The children squeal and laugh and squirt Wilmond with squirt guns.

The Father screams at the top of his lungs.

A parade moves down the street adjacent to the park. Fire engines blow their sirens, marching bands play loudly, and shriners honk their tiny horns.

The noise swirls around Wilmond.

Wilmond screams.

His brain bursts forth from his skull.

It lands with a SPLAT next to Wilmond, now dead.

The brain flops about like a dead fish.

All noise stops.

The dog blinks in confusion.

Silence.

End.