

TOGETHER IN MY WORLD

Written by

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Based on, if any.

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

AUSTIN, early twenties slowly walks through double doors, down a dimly lit hallway. The floorboards CREEK following every other footstep. He's hesitant with every advance forward. Austin holds his head down, pulls his hood over his head, and puts his hands inside of his hoodie pockets, fighting the urge to look up at what could appear in front of him. The hallway fills with the sounds of WHISPERING voices, getting increasingly louder as he makes his way further down the hallway.

VOICES (V.O.)
(various)(whispering)
You can't escape us...We're right
here with you...Be afraid...Hear
us...See us...

In an attempt to block out the voices, Austin removes his hands from his pockets and firmly presses them against his ears. The sounds of the VOICES dampen. He walks further down the hallway, shaking his head in distress. With skepticism, Austin removes his hands from his ears and turns his head over to his right. The WHISPERS return. A tall FIGURE eerily stands in the doorway. The figure tilts its head, grins, and looks directly into Austin's eyes.

FIGURE 1
(whispering)
Stay with us.

Shaken, Austin GASPS and scurries backwards towards the opposite side wall of the hallway. As he looks over to his left, he sees four more figures staggered down the sides of the hallway ahead. The figures slowly creep towards him. He crashes backward into the wall and slides down onto the floor. His hands quickly move to cover his eyes as he attempts to push his body further back against the wall to get away from the figures.

AUSTIN
(desperately)
No, no, no, no, no!

The hallway swells with sounds of the WHISPERS.

VOICES (V.O.)
(various)(whispering)
You can't escape us...we're right
here with you...Be afraid...Hear
us...See us...

Remaining on the floor, Austin rocks his body back and forth in fear, shaking his head in disbelief.

AUSTIN
Go away! Please, just leave me
alone!

The VOICES continue as Austin rocks himself back and forth on the hallway floor.

A door SQUEAKS as it's opened in the hallway, on the opposite side from where Austin sits. DR. LISA STEWART steps just outside the doorway.

DR. LISA STEWART
(concerned)
Austin?

The WHISPERS fade away. Austin continues to rock himself back and forth.

DR. LISA STEWART (CONT'D)
Austin, It's just me. Dr. Stewart.

Keeping his head down, Austin removes his hands from in front of his face to reveal Dr. Stewart's shoes. He takes relief in the recognition and brings himself to look to the left and right sides of the hallway. It's empty. The figures are nowhere in sight. His head turns forward and tilts upward to see Dr. Stewart standing before him.

DR. LISA STEWART (CONT'D)
It's time for your session. Come on
in.

INT. DR. LISA STEWART'S OFFICE - DAY

A couch sits against a wall, opposite a single chair. A small coffee table stands in between the couch and the chair. On top of the coffee table lies a round tray with one prescription pill bottle on it. Austin lays across the couch staring at the ceiling with his hood pulled over his head. Dr. Stewart sits on the chair, notebook and pen in hand.

Dr. Stewart flips through the notes in her notebook, regarding Austin's session. She stops on the page discussing what she has written as "nightmares".

DR. LISA STEWART
So these nightmares you've been
having --

AUSTIN
They aren't nightmares. They're
real.

DR. LISA STEWART
Who's they, Austin?

AUSTIN
I see them everywhere. I...I hear
them. Talking to me.

Dr. Stewart jots notes down in her notebook.

DR. LISA STEWART
What are they saying?

AUSTIN
They tell me I should be afraid.
That they'll always be here with
me...and I can't escape.

DR. LISA STEWART
Are they here with you now?

Austin reluctantly turns his head towards Dr. Stewart. He
then scans the room around her.

AUSTIN
No.

He turns his head back towards the ceiling.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
But they were here just before. Out
in the hall. I can't go anywhere
without being tormented by them. I
haven't gone to work in weeks.

Dr. Stewart leans back into her chair.

DR. LISA STEWART
Did you email your boss as we
discussed last week?

AUSTIN
I'm supposed to start back tomorrow
but--

DR. LISA STEWART
That's great Austin! You can't let
these visions take over your life.
It's time to get back out there.
Meet people, pay your bills, live a
normal life.

Austin repositions from laying across the couch to sitting.

AUSTIN

How can I live a normal life if i'm constantly being followed by these people... or whatever they are.

Dr. Stewart reaches across the table and grabs the pill bottle off the tray.

DR. LISA STEWART

I've prescribed you antipsychotics.

Austin jolts out of his seat, and walks towards the door.

AUSTIN

(angry)

You think i'm crazy?

DR. LISA STEWART

No, Austin. I think you need a chance to get back to normalcy.

Austin turns and sits back down on the couch.

DR. LISA STEWART (CONT'D)

You'll take these twice a day. One in the morning and one at night.

Dr. Stewart reaches her arm out towards Austin with the pill bottle in hand.

Austin takes a moment, just staring at the pill bottle in Dr. Stewart's hand. Dr. Stewart stretches her arm out slightly closer to Austin. He looks up at Dr. Stewart, back down at the pill bottle, then takes it out from her hand.

DR. LISA STEWART (CONT'D)

This could be good for you Austin. They will help you get your life back.

Austin fidgets the pill bottle in his hands.

INT. AUSTIN'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Clothes are scattered on the floor. Some hanging off from his bed and others filling overtop of his laundry basket.

A desk sits against the wall opposite of Austin's bed. On the top shelf of the desk are a couple of library books that have fallen and tilted over onto their sides, one book toppled over the next. His laptop is on the center of the lower portion of his desk. Off, but left open.

Austin lays asleep in his bed. A RINGING is heard as his alarm goes off waking him for work. He slowly turns his body over towards his bedside table as he reaches his arm out to grab his phone. The RINGING stops. Austin gets out of bed.

He opens the door to his closet. It's relatively empty besides two pairs of slacks and two button-up shirts. He grabs one of each, closes his closet door, and walk to the opposite end of his bedroom.

Austin, standing in front of his mirror buttons the last couple of buttons on his shirt.

INT. AUSTIN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Austin stands in front of his bathroom sink. He pulls the medicine cabinet open revealing the pill bottle given to him by Dr. Stewart. Austin stares blankly at the bottle, takes a breath, grabs it, then closes the cabinet shut.

Austin opens the bothakes one pill out onto his hand. He picks up the empty glass from the side of the sink and fills it about half way with water. He tosses the pill into his mouth and washes it down with the glass of water.

Austin places the pill bottle back into the cabinet. He shut the cabinet door and stares at himself in the mirror.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The doors of the library push open as Austin walks through them. Directly across the entrance is the front circulation desk. Austin takes a deep breath and walks towards the front desk, where he sees his boss, JERRY sits.

JERRY

Austin, welcome back!

AUSTIN

Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY

We'll have you doing book return today. Ease you back into the swing of things.

Jerry points at the book return cart behind the desk.

AUSTIN
Got it, thanks.

Austin walks behind the desk and rolls the cart towards the bay.

INT. LIBRARY BAY - DAY

Austin begins shelving the books from the cart. He grabs a book from off of the cart, reads the label on the spine, and pushes a space between two books on the shelf. Austin reaches to place the book on the shelf. He jolts backwards into the shelves behind him as he sees a figure staring back at him through the space. The book falls out from his hand onto the ground along with a couple of books from the shelves he hit into.

Austin stays pinned against the shelves gasping for air.

LUCIA, early twenties, walks down the bay and sees the books on the ground. She bends over to pick a couple up off of the ground. Lucia stands up in front of Austin with the books in hand.

Austin continues to stare at the space he made between the books, frozen in fear.

LUCIA
Hey, are you okay?

Lucia hands the books to Austin.

AUSTIN
Oh..yeah um...

Austin grabs the books from Lucia and inches closer towards the space in the shelf. He looks through the space to see where the figure went, then backs away.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
I just thought I saw something.

Austin places the books onto the cart. He bends down to pick up the rest of the books.

Lucia bends down to help.

LUCIA
Are you sure? You seemed kind of spooked.

Austin and Lucia lock eyes. They slowly stand up with the remainder of the books that fell onto the ground.

Austin puts the books that he picked up onto the cart.

AUSTIN
No, really I am.

Austin grabs the books from Lucia.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Thanks um...

LUCIA
Lucia.

AUSTIN
Lucia. Thanks for helping with the books. And for checking if I'm okay, which I am.

LUCIA
Anytime. Aren't you going to tell me your name?

AUSTIN
Oh, sorry. I'm Austin.

LUCIA
Nice to meet you Austin.

Lucia picks up one of the books from off of his cart.

LUCIA (CONT'D)
"Insert title of horror novel". I guess I'd get a little spooked in this section of the library too.

Austin chuckles, and continues to put away books.

Lucia walks next to where Austin is putting away books. She puts the book from her hands into the space Austin just made for one of his books.

AUSTIN
Wait, that book doesn't go there.

He removes the book from where Lucia placed it.

LUCIA
Well where does it go?

AUSTIN

All the books are organized by the Dewey decimal system. It's this grouping of letters and numbers on the spine of the book here.

Austin looks up at Lucia

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

It's not that interesting. I've got it from here you don't have to help.

Lucia grabs the book from his hand and a pen from out of her pocket. She opens the to the back side of the front cover and begins to write.

LUCIA

Well I've left you a different set of numbers for when your done here.

Lucia hands the book back to Austin, smiles, and walks away.

Austin opens the front cover to see a phone number written on the page. He looks up from the book.

AUSTIN

I'll call...

He realizes Lucia has already left

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

(quietly)
...you later.

EXT. ARMSTRONG PARK - DAY

Austin walks along the park with the book in his hands. Across the way is a wooden bench beneath a tree, where he walks towards. As he sits down on the bench he pulls his phone from his back pocket. Austin opens the book cover to see Lucia's phone number and dials the number. His finger hovers over the call button before he sets it down beside him on the bench.

He takes a deep breath.

AUSTIN

Hey, is this Lucia?... Hiya, it's me, Austin!... Hey there, are you free tomorrow?...ugh.

Austin slams the book shut. He gets up from off of the bench and walks away.

INT. DR. LISA STEWART'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Austin sits on the couch across from Dr. Stewart.

AUSTIN

I went back to work yesterday.

Dr. Stewart leans forward in her chair.

DR. LISA STEWART

How was your first day back?

AUSTIN

It was fine. I started easy with book return so it was a light day.

DR. LISA STEWART

I meant with your new medication. Have you experienced any visions since taking them?

Austin sits up and inches towards the edge of the couch.

AUSTIN

No...well there was one time where I thought I did, but I don't think anything was there.

DR. LISA STEWART

I'm glad to hear your medication is working. You're making progress towards reaching normalcy.

AUSTIN

I met someone. She gave me her number but--

DR. LISA STEWART

Call her! This is just what you need to get back into the swing of things. Trust me.

INT. DR. LISA STEWART'S OFFICE DOOR - DAY

Austin stands outside the door of Dr. Stewart's office. He takes his phone out from his back pocket and dial's Lucia's number.

LUCIA (O.S.)
Hello?

AUSTIN
Hey Lucia! It's Austin, from the
Library.

LUCIA (O.S.)
I thought you'd never call.

AUSTIN
Right..um, sorry it took so long.
But if you're still interested I'd
love to get to know you
more...tonight maybe?

LUCIA (O.S.)
I'd love to.

AUSTIN
Really?...Great! Meet me by the
bench at Armstrong park at seven.

The phone BEEPS as Austin ends the call.

EXT. ARMSTRONG PARK - NIGHT

Austin paces back and forth in front of the wooden bench. He checks his watch. The time is 7:15. Defeated, Austin turns and sits on the bench. He turns his phone on to see no messages from Lucia. Austin stands up from the bench.

Lucia walks towards the bench from behind.

LUCIA
Hey stranger. I hope you aren't
getting ready to leave.

Austin turns around and smiles.

AUSTIN
No, of course not. I was just
waiting for you.

Lucia walks from behind the bench next to Austin.

LUCIA
I like your sweater.

AUSTIN
Thank you! I bought it with my
Kohl's cash.

Lucia giggles.

Austin and Lucia walk together down the park.

Lucia looks up at Austin.

LUCIA
You're cute.

Austin laugh's nervously.

AUSTIN
So...uh how was your day?

LUCIA
Pretty uneventful.

AUSTIN
What exactly does uneventful look like?

LUCIA
Oh c'mon it's boring you don't want to hear about my day. How was yours?

AUSTIN
No, I really do. I'm all ears.

LUCIA
Okay, fine. I went to the store to buy sweet vermouth.

Austin stops walking.

AUSTIN
To make a Manhattan I presume?

LUCIA
Yeah! How'd you know?

AUSTIN
I used to bartend in college.
Y'know I have sweet vermouth at my place.

LUCIA
Do you now?

AUSTIN
Yeah! I live right down the street.
I can make you one.

LUCIA
I'd really like that.

Austin leads the way to his house.

INT. AUSTIN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lucia sits at Austin's dining room table.

Austin enters the dining room from the kitchen. He has two glasses in his hand.

AUSTIN
Manhattan for two.

Austin sets one glass on the table in front of Lucia and the other on the table in front of his seat.

Austin sits down at the table.

Lucia takes a sip of her drink.

LUCIA
Wow this is pretty impressive.

AUSTIN
Why thank you! I've been meaning to put my bartending skills back into practice.

Austin's phone alarm RINGS. He turns it off.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Sorry, I have to go take my medication. I'll be right back.

LUCIA
I'll be here waiting.

Austin hurries to his bathroom.

INT. AUSTIN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Austin opens his medicine cabinet. Inside is his pill bottle with the label facing towards him. It reads "Obecalp".

Austin opens the bottle and gently shakes one pill out onto his hand. He picks up the empty glass from the side of the sink and fills it about half way with water. He tosses the pill into his mouth and washes it down with the glass of water. The glass is placed back onto the of the sink.

Austin closes his medicine cabinet, looks up at himself in the mirror and grins. He then walks out of the bathroom.

INT. AUSTIN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Austin hurries back into the dining room.

AUSTIN

I hope you didn't miss me too much.

Lucia takes a sip of her drink and smirks.

Austin sits back down at the table.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Y'know I wouldn't have met you if it weren't for my therapist.

LUCIA

What do you mean?

AUSTIN

She convinced me to get my job back at the library. This is all thanks to her.

LUCIA

I guess I'll have to thank her.

Lucia looks around the room. She sees a polaroid camera sitting on a side table and grabs it.

AUSTIN

What's the camera for?

LUCIA

To document the first of many dates.

Lucia hands the camera to Austin. He happily takes it and positions himself and Lucia in frame.

AUSTIN

Say "first date"!

At the same time--

AUSTIN

First date!

LUCIA

First date!

The photo prints from the polaroid camera. Austin places it down on the table.

The photo slowly develops. Only Austin is seen in the photo.

Austin is sitting at the table alone, talking to himself with his drink in his hand. Across the table is an untouched glass, filled with a Manhattan.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END