

Agoraphobia

By

Ellie-Rose Smyth

Elliesmyth01@gmail.com
07759552675

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

OVER BLACK:

FERN (V.O)

She's late. Why hasn't she called?

HARD OPEN ON:

The face of FERN.

An efficient looking woman, early 20's, sat awkwardly on the sofa.

Her surroundings are dull, tasteless.

The phone rings.

Fern briskly reaches to answer.

An older lady answers.

FERN

It's 9:45. You said you would call at 9:30 for the appointment.

CALLER

I do apologise, Fern. I had a last minute call with another client of mine. Would you still like to continue with this call, or do you have somewhere you need to be?

FERN

Yes, continue. Just please next time, let me know in advance.

MONTAGE:

Fern opens her wardrobe.

She picks out one of seven of the same outfit.

She gets dressed, and pins up her hair.

CALLER (V.O)

How is the new medication treating you?

FERN (V.O)

I'm not sure...

Fern opens her kitchen cupboard.

She picks one of many cleaning products.

She obsessively cleans her kitchen surfaces.

CALLER (V.O)

Let me simplify. Since starting the new medication, would you say you've been feeling more anxious? Less anxious, or about the same?

FERN (V.O)

About the same. I still feel out of control.

CALLER (V.O)

Okay. That's okay. We'll know to look into that a bit more. And what about your fears... with leaving your home?

Fern looks out of her window.

People walk past.

She anxiously bites her nails.

FERN (V.O)

I'm struggling with all of that. I feel trapped.

BACK TO SCENE:

Fern listens to the caller whilst sat on the sofa.

She is wide eyed, fidgeting.

CALLER

I'm proud of you none the less. You've come a long way, Fern. Any updates with the CBT? With becoming more independent that you were going to attend?

FERN

I didn't attend it. I'm sorry, I couldn't get myself to leave the house.

CALLER

Okay. I'm going to make a promise to

you. Once we find you a medication
that is suited to you, what was once
your normal, will be forever changed
for the better.

The call ends.

She switches the television on and giggles along to a show.

Cut to television.

The television buffers, switches to an emergency
announcement.

ON SCREEN:

TV PRESENTER

A shocking new virus, is quickly
taking over the streets of Carlisle.
People are becoming non-responsive,
and starting to attack other
civilians.

Screen switches to handheld footage of civilians being
attacked.

TV PRESENTER (V.O)

Clips being shown right now were sent
in from some of our viewers who have
witnessed these horrifying behaviours.
People are currently being treated in
hospitals from the attacks, but the
majority have already passed away from
serious wounds.

Fern's eyes widen.

TV PRESENTER (V.O)

Please, everyone. This is not a drill,
stay inside. Lock your doors, and stay
safe.

Cuts to the television showing footage of people attacking
civilians.

The cameraman gets eaten alive onscreen.

The television cuts to static.

Fern sits in silence.

EXT. OUTSIDE LIVING ROOM WINDOW - DAY

People scream.

People run past Ferns window.

Car alarms wail.

Fern sits in shock.

Fern quickly locks her doors.

She closes the curtains and dims the lights.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fern laid on the floor.

She grabs her phone and calls someone.

No answer.

She tries again, finally an answer.

FERN
Hello? Hello?

A pause.

FERN (CONTINUED)
Anyone there?

CALLER
Fern?

FERN
Who is this?

CALLER
It's Julie-Anne...Your counsellor. I really can't take your call right now, Fern. We're in the middle of something quite big right now!

FERN
Yes, I know. I'm sorry... I-I just had no one else to call. Nobody was answering.

CALLER

Is there something you need right now?

FERN

I'm alone. I don't know what to do.

The line crackles.

The phone cuts out.

Fern angrily throws her phone onto the sofa.

A zombie angrily GROANS from outside her window.

Her phone rings again.

Fern quietly crawls back over to the sofa to answer the call.

CALLER

Fern? The line keeps cutting out.

FERN

It's okay! I'm struggling... There's something outside my window that keeps freaking me out, I don't know what to do.

CALLER

Right, okay. I don't know how long this call is going to last for, so I'm going to try to help you out as much as possible, while I still can.

FERN

Thank you. Thank you so much.

Fern climbs up onto her sofa, focusing on what her counsellor is saying.

CALLER

Have you got anything in your house to protect yourself with?

FERN

What do you mean by 'protect yourself'?

CALLER

You know... to kill someone with.

FERN

KILL SOMEONE? I can't do that!

CALLER

Yes. I don't know if you saw the news earlier, but it's a war zone out there right now. The dead are killing the living, the living are killing the dead, and you've got to protect yourself in some way if you're going to survive this thing!

FERN

Dead killing the living? I thought people-

CALLER

The news down played it. There are literal dead people running round the streets, eating the living. Now Fern, I know this is difficult, but can you look to see if you have something to protect yourself with? Like a knife or something?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fern frantically searches for a weapon to protect herself.

She swings open cupboards and drawers.

CALLER

Anything?

FERN

Hold on a second. I'm not equip for dead people trying to murder me.

Fern looks into a storage cupboard.

She spots a baseball bat and grabs it.

FERN

well... I've got a bat.

CALLER

Okay. Good. That will work. Next, you need to start bordering up your house. I don't mean just lock it. You really have to make it secure.

MONTAGE:

Fern following her counsellors instructions.

CALLER (V.O)

Grab furniture from different rooms,
place them in front of windows and
doors. Make sure nobody can get inside
your home.

FERN (V.O)

What if I need to leave?

Fern places objects from around her house against her front
door.

CALLER (V.O)

Don't. Just don't leave the house,
okay! Unless someone is trying to get
in, don't leave... and if someone gets
in, then run. Okay?

FERN (V.O)

Okay.

BACK TO SCENE.

Fern sits against the bordered up door.

She is sweating and looks fatigued.

CALLER

And lastly, Fern, if we don't get
through this...

The phone cuts out.

The lights flicker.

Fern makes herself as small as possible on the ground.

The lights switch off.

INT. DOORWAY - DAY

Fern wakes up.

She wipes her eyes, yawns.

Fern stumbles over to the kitchen sink and chugs water.

A thud outside startles her, she drops the glass.

She angrily stomps over to the window, swinging open the curtains.

The window is open.

A zombie is grabbing it's hands, reaching for her.

Fern ducks down.

FERN

Shit!

Fern grabs her baseball bat.

She paces back and forth anxiously.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Fern walks over to a mirror in the dining room.

FERN

Why is this happening to me!

Fern takes a deep breath.

She removes the borders QUICKLY from the door, takes a step back.

Sweat dripping down her face.

She exits, closing the door behind her.

Thuds, scratching, screams and grunts are heard, nothing is seen.

There is silence.

Fern swings the door back open and runs inside.

She leans against the door, slides down it.

She is covered in blood and dirt.

Her clothing is torn.

FERN

Oh my god! I-I am alive, I did it. How did I-I do that? I can't even function like a regular human being without a counsellors input on my life decisions, but somehow I have managed to murder a fucking zombie on my own!

Fern stands up.

She wipes blood off of her face, cracking a slight smile.

FERN

Why do I even bother making every aspect of my life so perfect? I convinced myself for years that if something went wrong in my routine then I would die, and yet, here I am with a house in shambles, torn clothes, in the middle of an actual apocalypse... and I am alive.

She laughs irrationally.

FERN

Yep. I'm cured. I don't need order in my life to feel something. I actually need the complete opposite... I need chaos...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

MONTAGE:

Fern looks into the mirror.

A past conversation plays.

FERN (V.O)

KILL SOMEONE? I can't do that!

CALLER (V.O)

Yes. I don't know if you saw the news earlier, but it's a war zone out there right now. The dead are killing the living, the living are killing the dead, and you've got to protect yourself in some way if you're going to survive this thing!

Fern undresses and turns on the shower.

She washes the blood and dirt away.

FERN (V.O)

What if I need to leave?

CALLER (V.O)

Don't. Just don't leave the house
okay! Unless someone is trying to get
in, don't leave... and if someone gets
in, then run. Okay?

FERN (V.O)

Okay.

BACK TO SCENE.

Fern weeps in the shower.

Blood drips down the drain.

FERN (V.O)

Yesterday morning, I lived my life in
fear of change. I was promised a cure
for my anxieties, changing my version
of normal, and changing my life for
the better...And now, I'm covered in
blood, I've just murdered a dead
person, which shouldn't even be
possible, and I'm pretty positive I'm
about to die. My counsellor made a
promise, I would never have to live
the way I did again. I guess that
promise came true. Normal will never
be the same again... but I don't think
that is a good thing.

Fern turns away revealing her back.

She is covered in bite marks.

Fern sits down, sobbing.

Fern looks up, her eyes turn red.

She is undead.

END.