

Being Dolphins

by

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TITLES: silent montage of iPhone POV videos intercut with opening credits/titles.

MONTAGE:

INT: FLAT MORNING:

GUY POV/ SAM POV lying in bed, heads on pillows talking.

Guy's POV, Bathroom. Close up of Sam brushing her teeth in the bathroom mirror. Guy moves and twists the camera closer still, pointing it up her nose. Sam looks down the lens then up to Guy. Sam laughs and says something, her words muffled by toothpaste. She raises her hand to block the camera.

KITCHEN: COOKING BREAKFAST:

Frying eggs together..

KITCHEN: LEAVING FOR WORK:

Sam's POV: Sam turns the camera to her face theatrically laughing. Guy frantically bursts into the kitchen, turning over papers on the kitchen table, patting down his pockets. He is dressed smartly for work but his belt and tie are still undone. He finds the piece of paper and runs out.

EXT: PARK DAY:

Climbing trees. Guy sits on a low branch, Sam looks up at him. Camera looks down from Guy's POV at Sam.

EXT: STREET, DAY:

Guy walks with Sam, carrying her guitar.

INT: FLAT, DAY:

Sam at home. The camera cuts and pans over sheet music and musical instruments. Sam is setting up instruments, sheet music and her laptop. A smile pulls across her face.

EXT: TRENDY PUB, NIGHT:

Guy and Sam laughing with friends.

INT: FLAT, NIGHT, COMING HOME:

Sam comes out of bathroom.

SAM

I'm pregnant.

Guy and Sam kiss outside their bedroom door. Guy takes Sam's hand and leads her into the bedroom, kicking the door halfway closed behind him.

FADE OUT

INT. FLAT, MORNING

Guy and Sam set up iPhone camera in the living room. Guy is holding a bottle of beer.

VIDEO CAMERA POV, MORNING

The scene is the same but now from the point-of-view of the IPHONE CAMERA.

GUY
Hi baby-thing!

SAM
Be serious! Or we'll start this again!

GUY
Ok! Ok! Hi ba... [Sam takes Guy's beer and moves it out of shot]
baby! If you're watching this you're probably all grown up now...

Introducing: your mum - and your dad. But much younger and cooler than you've ever imagined them!

SAM
(interrupts)
We went to the doctor's today (shows camera an ultrasound photo)
You're doing really well. And you're a girl. See?

GUY
You're already so beautiful - A grey, grainy little work of art.

SAM
We ... can't wait to see you in six months!

Sam and Guy hold hands and look into camera. Guy reaches to turn it off.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY

Title: "2 months later". The room is a mess apart from one perfectly stacked pile of magazines on the coffee table.

Sam is more visibly pregnant. She enters on Guy sitting listlessly and shabbily dressed.

SAM

Hey, I'm back! (sees the mess)
How are you feeling?

GUY

I've been reading...

[signals to a selection of Pregnancy books and philosophy / politics / conspiracy theory books strewn on the coffee table & floor, many open on the first pages.

Cut to laptop screen with dozens of similar open searches.

SAM

You were finally going to read this one, right? Didn't get far?

GUY

Well, I thought some of these might be better. There's so much to get through.

SAM

(Sizing up the mess)
Looks like we got robbed!

GUY

(realising the place is trashed) I, um, started [nods at a small neat pile of magazines] but...

SAM

Guy, C'mon - you promised! we can't video in this mess..

Could you clear this up now?
Please?

GUY
I said I will.

Guy continues reading. Sam storms off.

VIDEO: STRAIGHT TO CAMERA

INT. FLAT, DAY

In the background the flat is still a mess.

GUY
Zara. Baby. I can't believe I'll
get to cuddle you. Umm, let's see,
what's new? Your mum's going
through some crazy mood swings.
It's really funny, I can't help but
mirror her too. So we both end up
in pieces over tiny things.

[Faster paced] She asked me to pick
up some ice cream. She can't get
enough of it! I stood in front of a
whole rack for about 15 minutes.
(gabbling) Vanilla, Caramel, Pop-
corn, my god, they even have cake
flavour! E numbers! Additives! with
bits! what bits? nuts - fruit, what
fruit? [blank pause]

There's so much data in my head,
it's hard to make sense... [Whispers]
I feel those thoughts kicking -
right here [gestures to a specific
point of his head].

Like you've been kicking your poor
mum's tum. Cheeky monkey. Catch up
soon.

Guy turns off the camera on the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

Title: "One Month Later" Sam is 6 months pregnant, Guy, Sam, JON and ISOBEL have been jamming: musical instruments are sitting round the table. Finished dinner plates, pizza boxes, empty and half-full wine bottles sit on the table plus some non-alcoholic bottles for Sam.

JON

No seriously, Guy's on to something. Philosophers have struggled to prove that any of us really exist for centuries. Our experiences could all be an illusion.

ISOBEL

..A really lucid dream..? 'What stuff as dreams are made of?'

JON

Exactly!

GUY

Like when Charlie made us his 'mushroom risotto'. You were sure we'd all become dolphins. We just couldn't see it.

SAM

(clasps a hand over Guy's mouth)
I think that's enough for you!

JON

He's just saying, you don't have to be a dolphin to think you're one. Who knows what's really real.

Guy is troubled, fills his wine glass very full.

SAM

Ooooh. [Grabs Isobel's hand and moves it onto her belly] Hey, Isa, feel this. Right here. You feel that?

ISOBEL

Oh, god. [Glances at Jon] I think my ovaries just started crying. She's so strong! Doesn't that hurt?

SAM

I think the worst is still to come!

GUY

I mean, you lot sure don't look very real to me.

Sam glances at Guy, concerned. She starts to clear the table. Guy is unaware of the consternation he's caused. Sam tries to catch Jon's eye. The camera tracks SAM as she leaves with plates. JON shortly follows with the rest.

ISOBEL

Ah - you men getting off on philosophy...

GUY

It's science, Isa! The holographic principle: top physicists are all saying the same thing. The equations that describe the fundamental operations of nature are indistinguishable from the equations which drive search engines and internet browsers!

ISOBEL

Guy, come on! We've had this conversation! There's no experiment that can prove we're all part of some computer simulation. That's not science - it's science-fiction!

INT. KITCHEN NIGHT

Sam enters followed by Jon both carrying the plates from the previous scene. In the background we can hear Guy & Isobel's conversation.

Neither Sam nor Jon know where to start.

JON

Are you okay?

SAM

Yeah, Just aces...I'm sorry about that. Please tell Isobel.

JON

Oh, don't worry! He's just had too much to drink...(realizes it's more serious..)

SAM

I'm 6 months along! 6 months and working, and he's just bumming around the flat? I don't even know what he does all day.

JON

When's he coming back to the office?

SAM

[Laughs in derision] He says he's still 'sick'. Jesus, why doesn't he just leave? He obviously doesn't give a fuck about us anymore! [Sam wells up]

JON

[Hugs Sam] Aww... No, hey, shhh shhh shhh...

They sense someone's coming and disengage. Guy enters the kitchen carrying an empty glass, looking for a refill. We see he's aware that something's happened: but can't quite put a finger on it.

INT FLAT DAY, VIDEO: STRAIGHT TO CAMERA

GUY

I got you something. Wanna see?
Close your eyes. And don't tell
your mum - she'll say I'm spoiling
you - before you're even
born!

Ready? Open 'em.

Guy pulls out a stuffed toy and plays with it.

GUY

(Hold up toy)

I think it looks like your ol'
dad, what d'ya think? We're not
so different - this guy's
stuffed with cheap polyester -
too.

[Sighs] Yeah... It's a strange
world you're coming into, babe.
I mean there's nothing to do
about it, you don't really get a
say. Just sort of moving from
command to command. One line to
the next.

We're so excited to see you.
We've already packed your mum's
hospital bag!

Your crib's shaping up nicely
too. Your mum's actually pretty
handy! What'd we do without her,
huh?

Guy reflects on this and turns the camera off.

INT. FLAT, EVENING

Guy sits alone at night in the dimly-lit bedroom staring at his reflection in the window.

He is rigid with fear. He stares intently at his face, examining his face closely - especially around the eyes. His eyes are darting a little, He contorts his mouth into different shapes.

He slowly moves over to his laptop. He opens it and catches his reflection's eye again - immediately causing him to flinch and looks away, slamming the laptop shut.

Guy calms himself. He tightly grabs his thighs with both hands. Then pats his way firmly with both hands up to his chest, and then to his face.

GUY

(Whisper)

I'm still here, see? I can
feel myself. (Grabs table-
edge) I can feel things.
[Sighs and smiles with re-
lief] It's ok. It's ok.
I'm ok.

Close on Guy opening his laptop and getting back to normal.

INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT

Guy and Sam are lying in bed, half-asleep. Guy tosses and turns a little, before rolling towards Sam and putting his arm over her. A moment later Sam gets up and walks out of the room. Guy is hurt by this. He wraps his pillow over his ears and rolls away onto his other side.

INT, FLAT, EVENING
VIDEO DIARY: STRAIGHT TO CAMERA.

Sam sits alone holding a cup of tea by a make-shift nursery corner of living room. She is slightly out of breath and looks exhausted, stressed and as if she's been crying.

SAM
[Fidgets. Pause] You're
getting so big! Not long to
go, babe. My secret bowling
ball. A kicking bowling
ball. I can feel your head
down here... (*)

Grr! where is he? I already
love you so much, you know
that? This is so silly -
how can I be lonely when I
have you?

Cut to wide shot of Sam exaggerating her isolation.

Fade out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY.

Title: "2 Months Later, Sam is 8 months pregnant."

SAM is doing hand exercises & trying to play guitar chords. GUY returns from work. He's angry and goes straight to the fridge to get a beer.

SAM
(looks up at clock)
Hey - you're early? It's not even lunch..

GUY
(opening beer)
They gotta stop treating people this way.. They're always talking about me.

Sam's phone beeps but she ignores it.

Who's that?

SAM

Sam glances at the phone puts it face-down casually in front of her.

No-one.. Isobel.

Guy lunges for the phone picks it up and reads.

GUY
Jon!? "I'm worried about Guy, please call me when you can. Tell him to take a few days off to cool down." Sad frowny face..

SAM
(conciliatory)
He's just concerned about you.

GUY
You think I don't see what's happening here? Am I retarded?

SAM
Guy!?

GUY

The walls are thin, Sam. To hurt me, that's one thing, but Zara...? That's just sick!

SAM
What are you talking about?

GUY
I hear you two at night. But you know that. You know I hear everything and you go ahead and screw him in the next room anyway!

SAM
Guy! Stop it! Whatever it is - stop it! I can't take it anymore!

Guy storms out before Sam can finish her sentence.

A moment later Sam winces holds her belly and sits carefully.

FADE OUT

INT. BEDROOM, DAY

Sam is resting in bed, exhausted, recovering from childbirth. Used baby care paraphernalia are scattered around the room - a half-full milk bottle, a couple of plush toys, blankets, bags of diapers etc.

SAM
Guy. We miss you and love you. Come home soon.

INT. OUT-PATIENT CLINIC CONSULTATION ROOM, DAY

TITLE: "Zara is a week old." Guy stares out of the small window.

DOCTOR

How have the girls been?

GUY

Sam freaked out when I wasn't there. She's been so strong but... I don't know... it's tough.

DOCTOR

Give it time. It's a lot to process.

GUY

I'm so lost. Those first days on the ward were the worst. I think what scared me most was the sense that I'd finally lost my 'self' for good. Even now, it's like my true 'self' no longer belongs to me.

DOCTOR

As if it's not really 'you' who's experiencing the world?

GUY

That's it exactly! I've always felt I've had to 'watch' my thoughts. Always overthinking... thoughts and emotions become dead, cold things. I feel like I'm turning to stone.

I watch myself so closely I've become detached; a disconnected *thing*.

My thoughts, my emotions, my actions... they almost don't belong to me anymore.

Sam doesn't seem to understand that it's nothing to do with these new suspicious thoughts or voices. It's a distorted existence in the world.

What's missing in me? Something so small but so vital. Whatever it is, it's impossible to live without.

VIDEO DIARY EPILOGUE, NIGHT, LIVING ROOM

Guy sits alone on the main living room sofa.
Medication boxes arrayed on table.

GUY

Hey, Zara. Just a quick one. It's
been a year since we found out you
were on the way.

I'm getting in shape again: Healthy
body, healthy mind. What's helps
the most is all the structure and
routine.

Umm, what else? My meds seem to be
helping - I don't love them, they
make me restless. But maybe that's
a good energy for improv classes?
The spontaneity exercises seem to
be getting me out of my head a lit-
tle too.

Sam enters carrying Zara wrapped up asleep, in
her arms and sits next to Guy. They look at
each other, then down at Zara.

GUY

God, you're just so beautiful.

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