

Disruption  
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**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

The bedroom is tar black, a figure in the bed stirs gently.

RATTLING noises emanate from somewhere else in the house.

The figure stirs again.

BANG.

The figure, indistinct but female, sits bolt upright.

BANG, BANG.

She pulls her legs up, wraps her arms round her knees.

FOOTSTEPS on the stairs.

She slides from the bed and slips quietly underneath.

Her stare is fixed on the bedroom door.

The door opens, someone's legs walk into the room and come to a stop by the bed.

They bend at the knees, hunching down...

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY**

DEBRA LEE, 30s, smart business suit, hair in a tight bun, sits on the edge of the overstuffed arm chair, hands resting neatly on her knees.

DEBRA  
And then I wake up.

STEVEN CROSS, 50s, silver fox in hippy garb, sits across from her with a notepad in hand.

STEVEN  
Always the same?

DEBRA  
Pretty much.

STEVEN  
Hmm, well dreams are symbolic, not literal.

DEBRA  
Yeah, I've been doing some research.

Steven laughs.

STEVEN  
 Bloody Google, going to put me out  
 of business.

Debra blushes a little.

DEBRA  
 Sorry, I didn't mean...

STEVEN  
 Quite alright, I'd do the same  
 before going any further.

Debra looks relieved.

STEVEN  
 So you got as far as recurring  
 dreams indicate a deeper seated  
 anxiety...

DEBRA  
 Yes, and my dream usually signifies  
 disruption, or a burglar.

STEVEN  
 And have you or anyone close to you  
 been burgled recently?

DEBRA  
 Nope.

STEVEN  
 Good, but that rules out the most  
 obvious one. How about disruption?

DEBRA  
 Well, I'm very, er, regimented in  
 my routines.

STEVEN  
 How so.

#### MONTAGE

- Debra wakes, 6.05am on alarm clock
- Showers
- Dresses
- Has toast and water, check watch, 6.50am
- Leaves house
- Drives to work
- Lunches alone on a park bench

- Checks watch, 6.30pm
- Drives home
- Meal for one
- Watches TV
- Brushes teeth
- In bed, 9.30pm on alarm clock
- Wakes, 6.05am
- Showers
- Dresses

BACK TO SCENE

STEVEN  
Every day?

DEBRA  
Well not weekends.

STEVEN  
And weekends?

DEBRA  
I wake later, do some cleaning,  
shopping, extra work if needed.

STEVEN  
So it would seem fair to say that  
you are a highly organised  
individual, with daily routines  
that you are, er... comfortable  
with?

DEBRA  
Yes, very fair.

STEVEN  
So, that also means you would be  
easily disrupted and see it as an  
intrusion.

DEBRA  
I guess so...

STEVEN  
So I wonder, what's disrupted you  
of late?

**EXT. SUBURBAN CUL DE SAC - MORNING**

The street is quiet, nothing stirs.

A slow beat of footsteps approach.

A man in blue jogging suit runs by, glances slyly up at one of the house and disappears down a side street.

In the glanced at house, an upstairs curtain twitches.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY**

Debra is in the chair, a little more relaxed this time. Her suit a little creased, hair up but not the tight bun.

STEVEN

And how many times since your last visit.

DEBRA

Every night.

STEVEN

No variation?

DEBRA

None.

STEVEN

That's unusual.

DEBRA

I thought you said recurring dreams were common?

STEVEN

Once or twice a week, very similar dreams... that's normal. Yours...

DEBRA

Not so much?

Steven, scribbles on the pad.

STEVEN

So, did you think about disruptions?

DEBRA

Yeah, nothing obvious.

STEVEN

No one new at work, no changes to your routine?

DEBRA  
No.

STEVEN  
Family issues?

Debra shakes her head.

STEVEN  
New man... or woman in your life?

DEBRA  
No time for that.

STEVEN  
That's a little evasive...

DEBRA  
That's a little personal...

Steven expands his hands out to indicate the walls.

STEVEN  
Most things are in here.

Steven pauses, waits for an answer.

A pained expression crosses her face.

STEVEN  
Something --

DEBRA  
I see him most mornings.

STEVEN  
Who?

DEBRA  
I don't know... he jogs by the house.

STEVEN  
Most mornings?

DEBRA  
(irritated)  
Yes, he doesn't have a set routine,  
he's usually there between six  
twenty and six forty five.

STEVEN  
Usually?

DEBRA  
(more irritated)  
Sometimes I don't see him at all,  
I'm not sure if he runs those days.

STEVEN  
You seem upset by him.

DEBRA  
No, he's just a stranger running by  
my house, glancing.

STEVEN  
Glancing.

DEBRA  
He sees me sometimes, he glances.

STEVEN  
Do you think you are disrupted by  
this.

DEBRA  
No.

STEVEN  
Really?

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Debra stands by her window, watching the street.

Bedside clock reads 6:45am.

She checks at the clock, biting her nails with a grimace.

DEBRA  
Fuck.

She turns from the window and hurriedly gets ready for work.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY**

Debra sits deep in the chair, hair down.

STEVEN  
How late for work were you?

DEBRA  
Nearly an hour.

STEVEN  
And how did you feel about that?



DEBRA  
Disrupted...

STEVEN  
But?

DEBRA  
Relieved as well.

STEVEN  
Ah, good, a breakthrough.

DEBRA  
What?

STEVEN  
In your routine, loosening things  
up a little.

DEBRA  
I'm not sure that's what I want.

STEVEN  
Are you sure, you seem more  
relaxed, content even.

DEBRA  
My hair's down because of the  
jogger, not choice.

STEVEN  
But --

DEBRA  
Why'd do you think it's a good  
thing?

STEVEN  
Well, normally a little flexibility  
in life's routines, is a good  
thing, less stress... and he  
glances too.

DEBRA  
So, I feel more stressed now. I was  
late for work for fuck's sake and  
no fucking glances today.

Steven's eyes lift from the pad in surprise, eyebrows raised.

DEBRA  
Sorry, it's just...

STEVEN  
No need... but you did say  
relieved.

DEBRA  
Yes, relieved that he'd not jogged  
past my window.

STEVEN  
Really?

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Debra stands by the window, silk dressing gown on her  
shoulders, back to the room.

Clock reads 6.10am.

FLASHFORWARD

Clock reads 6.22am

Debra hasn't moved.

FLASHFORWARD

Clock reads 6.29am

Debra moves closer to the window, slips the silk from her  
shoulders, exposing them and her cleavage.

She waves to someone in the street below, runs her hands  
seductively down her torso, cups her breast.

She beckons someone upwards, nods enthusiastically before  
turning into the room.

A door opens below.

Debra moves to the bed.

Footsteps run up the stairs.

Debra slides under the bed.

The door opens and jogging pant clad legs come into the room,  
move towards the edge of the bed.

JOGGER  
Hello?

Debra takes a knife, stabs forward, repeatedly, into the shin  
and foot of the jogger.

He SCREAMS.

The jogger bends at the knees, slumps, holding his damaged  
leg.

Debra stabs forward again, into knees, hands and arms.

The jogger staggers backwards, falls and begins to crawl back towards the doorway.

Debra slides out from under the bed and advances, knife in hand.

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY**

Debra sits on the edge of the couch, business attire in immaculate condition and hair in a severe bun.

STEVEN

So, you look a little less, er, disrupted today.

DEBRA

Yes, I think this may well be my last appointment.

FADE OUT.

THE END