

A Practical Guide to a Spectacular Suicide
(First Draft)

By

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EXT. BEACH- SUNSET

The sun is slowly descending in the sky.

The beach is deserted.

Tom, early 20s, slim and average-looking walks onto the beach.

TOM (V.O.)

All people were put on this earth
for a purpose.

He takes a few moments to view the coastline and the emptiness.

He looks down at the lapping waves, which almost touch his feet.

TOM (V.O.)

It took me a while to figure out
what my purpose was.

He looks up and strides confidently into the sea.

As he walks towards the horizon, he smiles.

He wades into the tide and doesn't stop. He walks until fully submerged.

TOM (V.O.)

I was put here to leave.

EXT. BEACH

Tom floats face down, being rocked gently by the tide.

EXT. BEACH- DAY

A PASSER-BY frantically attempts to resuscitate Tom, who is lying unconscious on the beach, soaking wet. He uses both hands to perform CPR on Tom, to no avail.

TOM (V.O.)

I hadn't been having the best of
luck with my efforts, though. It
turns out killing yourself is a lot
harder than you'd think. That's
when I had my epiphany.

Passer-By thumps Tom hard in the chest.

Tom dramatically sits bolt upright and gasps for air.

TOM (V.O.)
My attempts were lacking
imagination, unoriginal and cliché.

INT. TOM'S FLAT- VARIOUS

MONTAGE

Tom throws some pills down his throat.

He slurps some rat-poison, flashes a blade.

A length of rope snaps tight.

TOM (V.O.)
Pills, poison, knives, nooses, guns
and gas. I've tried them all but
I'm still here.

A gun fires. A car engine spurts into life and the exhaust
emits fumes.

TOM (V.O.)
So, I've come to the decision; it
needs to be something bigger,
something better, something
infinitely more memorable. It has
to be spectacular.

END MONTAGE

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM- DAY

Tom sits at his computer in the well-furnished room. He is
typing up a blog titled- "A Practical Guide to a Spectacular
Suicide".

TOM (V.O.)
So that brings us here, dear
reader, to my Practical Guide to a
Spectacular Suicide. Rule number 1:
if you're going to commit suicide
in Scotland, make sure you get the
job done. If you're unlucky enough
to survive, it's considered a
breach of the peace.

INT. COURTROOM- DAY

A JUDGE looks down on Tom.

JUDGE

Next time, you go to jail.

He bangs his gavel down. Tom looks down, frustrated.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM- DAY

Tom continues typing.

TOM (V.O.)

Throughout this blog, I want to take you through my experiences of suicide and lay out some dos and don'ts.

INT. TOM'S STAIRWELL- DAY

In the open plan stairwell, the spiral staircase leads to the second floor of Tom's penthouse flat.

Tom's feet kick out wildly, hanging a couple of feet off the ground.

TOM (V.O.)

First off, one thing to note is that taking care of your body is no longer important.

Tom struggles to do one pull-up in the stairwell, his feet swinging wildly as he exerts himself.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM- DAY

Tom sits at the laptop, smoking two cigarettes simultaneously.

TOM (V.O.)

If you're going to end it, you may as well live it up.

He takes a bite out of a massive burger.

INT. TOM'S BATHROOM

Tom is running a bath. It is overflowing with bubbles.

TOM (V.O.)
If attempting the old toaster in
the tub technique, make sure you
have enough cable.

Tom walks towards the bath, toaster in hand. The cable pulls tight, yanking it out of his hands, a few feet short of the bath.

Tom looks perplexed.

LATER-

Tom sits in the bath eating a slice of toast.

TOM (V.O.)
Also, having your body found naked,
shriveled Johnson and all really
robs you of your dignity.

EXT. GARAGE

Tom stands on a chair, noose around his neck.

TOM (V.O.)
When attempting to hang yourself,
always test the weight limit of
your hanging beam.

Tom jumps off the chair.

The beam snaps, sending a pile of debris on top of Tom's head.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM- DAY

He is still typing at his computer.

TOM (V.O.)
And just on the off chance that
this blog abruptly ends like the
last episode of 'The Sopranos'...

CUT TO- BLACK

TOM (V.O.)
 ...then you'll know that my advice
 is sound.

INT. MR. NIELSON'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL- DAY

The doorbell rings. MR. NIELSON, 70s and equipped with a walking stick, ambles towards the front door.

EDDIE, Mr. Nielson's dog, runs towards the door and sits patiently on the doormat, waiting on Mr. Nielson to arrive.

MR. NIELSON
 Who is it Eddie?

Mr. Nielson unlocks the door and opens it as Eddie scampers out of the way.

Tom stands just outside.

TOM
 Hi, I'm Tom. I'm--

MR. NIELSON
 I don't have any money, I've
 already got double-glazing, I don't
 care who your God is and I've
 already settled my debts with the
 Nazis at Avon.

He slams the door in Tom's face.

MR. NIELSON
 Bloody salesman, eh, Eddie?

Eddie barks his approval.

The doorbell rings again. Mr. Nielson stops in his tracks.

He looks at Eddie, who looks from him to the door. He starts wagging his tail.

MR. NIELSON
 Alright.

He goes back to the door and throws it open. Tom is still standing there. Mr. Nielson points at Tom.

MR. NIELSON

Kill!

He looks at Eddie. Eddie sits, unmoving.

Mr. Nielson sighs and turns to Tom.

MR. NIELSON

What?

TOM

Are you Mr. Nielson?

MR. NIELSON

Who wants to know?

TOM

Tom. I told you that before you slammed the door in my face.

MR. NIELSON

Tom, what do you want?

TOM

I was sent here to look after you.

MR. NIELSON

Do I look like I need looked after?

Tom looks Mr Neilson up and down. He is dishevelled, covered in stains and his hair is askew.

TOM

Your fly's down.

Mr Nielson looks down.

MR. NIELSON

I like the breeze down there.

TOM

Look, it doesn't matter, I was sent here, you don't have to let me in.

MR. NIELSON

What are you talking about?

Mr. Nielson looks to his left at a plethora of post-its stuck on a fridge.

He slams the door in Tom's face again.

He rifles through the post-its, murmuring to himself.

EXT. MR. NIELSON'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH (CONT.)

Tom looks around, frustrated.

He sits down on the step.

INT. MR. NIELSON'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL (CONT.)

Mr. Nielson finds the right post-it note. It reads- "CRAZY DEATH KID- HERE TO HELP".

He mumbles semi-approvingly and re-opens the door.

MR. NIELSON
So you're the suicide kid?

TOM
I prefer Tom.

Mr Nielson surveys Tom. He eventually nods.

MR. NIELSON
Fair enough. Come in.

Tom steps in and shuts the door. Mr. Nielson walks into the next room. Tom follows.

Mr. Nielson suddenly slams his walking stick against the door frame, barring Tom's entrance.

MR. NIELSON
Hold it. Take off your belt.

Tom looks alarmed.

TOM
Uh...

MR. NIELSON
And your shoelaces too.

TOM
Are you serious?

Mr. Nielson stares at Tom, incredibly serious.

Tom sighs and undoes his belt.

INT. MR. NIELSON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

Mr. Nielson walks over to his armchair and slowly lowers himself down into it, groaning.

Tom sits down on the sofa.

MR. NIELSON
Nope, not that seat.

Eddie runs in and growls at Tom.

MR. NIELSON
That's Eddie's seat.

Tom looks incredulous. He shifts over and Eddie jumps up into his place.

MR. NIELSON
So whose bright idea was it to send a suicidal kid to help an old guy live.

TOM
Well it wasn't mine.

MR. NIELSON
Yeah, I'm not too chuffed with the situation either. But seeing as you're here, I've got a wee job for you.

TOM
Just so you know, I'm not doing any sponge baths.

MR. NIELSON
No. Here's a list.

Mr Nielson hands Tom a long list. Tom looks through it.

TOM
Trim the bushes. Tar the roof. Sort my book collection. Teach me to spell 'collection'.

Mr Nielson waves his hand impatiently.

MR. NIELSON
Go on.

TOM
Fix the wireless? Pfft, it's a
radio! Want me to take you to the
talkies, too?

MR. NIELSON
I'm talking about my broadband, you
fucking idiot.

TOM
Empty my colostomy bag?

Mr Nielson gives Tom a wry look. Tom stands up.

TOM
Look, I'll help around the house,
but I've still got my dignity.

Tom's trousers fall down around his ankles.

MR. NIELSON
Listen, now that you're dignity's
out the window, you fancy doing a
job?

Tom looks at Mr Nielson.

INT. MR NIELSON'S GARAGE- DAY

Mr. Nielson switches the light on, illuminating the garage.

The place is a complete mess. Boxes and old paperwork and
clutter cover everything.

MR. NIELSON
Enjoy.

Mr. Nielson exits, slamming the door.

Tom sighs and turns to the mess. He stands with his arms
folded, where to start?

Mr. Nielson opens the door and walks back inside. He ambles
up to Tom and stops right in front of him.

Tom looks intimidated.

Mr Nielson reaches out his arm and grabs a length of wire,
taking it off the hook on the wall.

He eyeballs Tom before heading for the exit.

At the door he turns around and gives Tom
I've-got-my-eye-on-you gesture before exiting.

Tom sighs.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST WAITING ROOM- DAY

Tom enters. The waiting room is next to empty. EVE, 20s
looks up from her phone at Tom. An old woman, MRS MCLEOD
sits twiddling her thumbs.

Tom walks up to the RECEPTIONIST.

TOM
(whispering)
I'm here for my appointment.

Receptionist doesn't look up.

RECEPTIONIST
Name?

TOM
(whispering)
Eh, Collins... Tom Collins.

She hands him a clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST
Alright Mr. Bond. Fill this in,
the Doctor will see you in a few
minutes. And you don't need to
whisper, you're not the only crazy
person here.

Across the room, Eve chuckles.

Tom shoots her a look.

Eve fails at stifling her grin. Tom takes the clipboard and
sits down a couple of seats away from Eve.

He clicks his pen and writes on the form.

He stops and slowly looks up across the room.

Mrs Mcleod is staring at Tom.

MRS MCLEOD
Hey, Joe.

Tom looks up at her then looks over his shoulder. He gives
her a half-hearted wave before returning to his form.

He ticks some boxes, scribbles in others. He stops and looks to his left.

Eve is staring at Tom's form.

EVE

This is where it gets difficult. The first few are easy; name, age, address. They're only tough if you have multiple personalities.

TOM

Well, I don't.

EVE

Yeah, neither do we.

Tom gives her a worried look.

EVE

So, what you in for?

TOM

Well...

RECEPTIONIST

I've told you before, stay out of here!

Tom looks over to see Receptionist shouting at an elderly homeless-looking man.

RECEPTIONIST

This isn't a charity. Away to Oxfam.

Tom looks around awkwardly. He turns back to Eve who is unfazed.

EVE

You strike me as the kind of person who would kill themselves.

TOM

How'd you figure that?

EVE

Nobody wears those for fashion anymore.

Eve points at Tom's wrist sweatbands.

TOM
So you must be here because of your
poor social skills, then.

EVE
You would get along well with my
therapist.

Tom gives her an abashed look.

EVE
What's your name?

MRS MCLEOD
It's Joe.

Tom looks confused.

EVE
Nice to meet you, Joe.

TOM
Actually I'm not--

Eve scooches closer to Tom and looks at his form.

EVE
Oh, my Gran lives just round the
corner from you. I know exactly
where you live.

Tom gives her an anxious look.

EVE
Good for you I'm not a crazy
person.

RECEPTIONIST
Eve Gunderson.

EVE
Oh, that's me.

Eve grabs her bag and goes for the door.

TOM
I'm Tom by the way.

Eve stops and gives him a smile.

EVE
I know.

She exits.

RECEPTIONIST
Collins. The Doctor is ready for
you.

Tom gets up.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE CORRIDOR

Tom walks up to the door.

It opens. A crying PATIENT exits and the DOCTOR, Asian and
in his 40s follows and stands in the doorway.

PATIENT
Thank you, Doctor. I think I'm
ready to face the world now.

Patient wipes away a tear.

PATIENT
Thank you.

DOCTOR
It's just my job.

Doctor shakes Patient's hand. Patient exits.

Tom approaches the Doctor.

DOCTOR
Tom?

TOM
Yes.

Tom enters the office, brusquely pushing past the Doctor.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE (CONT.)

Tom walks over to the couch at the edge of the room.

DOCTOR
If you'd like to take a seat then--

TOM
Look, Doctor, I just want to set a
few things straight. I don't want
to be here, I'm being forced to
come to these sessions. I don't
care what you have to say and I'm
not going to change. I'm sorted up
here.

Tom points at his head.

Doctor is stoney-faced.

Tom looks at the couch.

TOM

I take it this is my seat?

Doctor walks over to the couch, lies down on the length of it and kicks off his shoes.

TOM

What are you doing?

DOCTOR

Well since you don't want any therapy, I may as well have the comfy seat.

Doctor takes an apple out of his pocket and starts eating it.

TOM

Are you serious?

DOCTOR

I could ask the same of you.

Tom is taken aback.

TOM

Yeah, I'm serious.

DOCTOR

I'm not interested in helping people that don't want to be helped. I get paid either way. So if you really are going to top yourself, make it in 8 weeks time so that I get 8 paychecks.

A buzzer sounds on Doctor's desk. He leans over and presses a button.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Your 2pm's been moved to 3pm, Dr Hu.

DR HU

Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Sorry, had to talk to my arsehole
of a boss, where were we?

DR HU
Let go of the button.

The intercom goes silent.

TOM
I'm sorry, did she say your name
was 'Dr. Hu'?

Tom looks at Dr Hu's desk to see his name tag sitting on the
desktop. It reads "Dr. Hu".

DR HU
I've heard them all, don't even
bother.

TOM
Or else what, you'll exterminate
me?

DR HU
Good one.

Dr Hu takes out his notepad and scribbles something.

TOM
What are you writing?

DR HU
Potential retardation.

TOM
What's your first name, then? Wu?

DR HU
That's rich coming from Tom
Collins. Is that what your Mum was
drinking when you were in the womb?

TOM
Is it Boo?

DR HU
You should take up stand up comedy,
because you'd soon die on the
stage.

Tom laughs sarcastically before sitting down in the
armchair.

TOM
I don't know what you're
complaining about. This chair's
pretty comfy.

DR HU
No talking, this is quiet time now.

TOM
Then what am I supposed to do?

DR HU
There's a book of sudoku on my
desk.

Tom reaches over and picks it up. He flicks through it.

DR HU
They're all done, but feel free to
leaf through and bask in my genius.

Tom tosses the book aside and sighs.