

**MAXIMUS CLAY
and the
WINTER DAY**

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MAX (30) is sitting on the edge of his bed smiling like a maniac and looking out the window. His room, clothes, and appearance have a brightly coloured, cartoonishly surreal quality.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For Maximus Clay
the sunniest day
was not warm or exciting
but wintery grey.

He lies back on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

He stared at the ceiling.
He stared at the wall
and deep down inside him
was nothing at all

No anger, no fury
no happy or glad.
Just a big fat old nothing
that was nothing but sad

INT. BATHROOM

Max is brushing his shiny teeth in the mirror.

He adjusts his perfect hair and opens the mirror. The cabinet is full of brightly coloured pill bottles.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His doctors all tried
medication and pills
to get back to normal,
to combat his ills.

He starts going through them one by one. Tapping a few out into his hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)

Zoloft and Prozac
Cymbalta, Luvox
his heart in a glass jar,
his brain in a box.

He swallows them all and washes them down straight from the tap. He winks at himself.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Max gets into his car and presses a button on his keyring.
He watches happily as the garage door slowly closes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
They all said "cheer up!
"snap out of it, mate".
They thought they were helping,
they couldn't relate.

The door now closed he winds down the window and starts the engine.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
Asphyxiation
Max thought would be best,
sounding quite painless
and leaving no mess.

Everything fades to black.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
In darkness he drifted.
Not noisy nor violent.
But suddenly scary,
lonely and silent

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Max wakes up lying in a hospital bed with an oxygen mask
over his mouth and red rings under his eyes.

The world is no longer brightly coloured and cartoonish but
harsh and real.

He is surrounded by his MOTHER (60s, crying), BERENICE
(30s), LIAM (20s), CAROL (30), and TARA (30s).

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For Maximus Clay
there was no easy way
but loved ones around him
Convinced him to stay.

Berenice steps forward and places a small jar of boiled
sweets on Max's bedside table and holds his hand.

Max looks over at the sweets, their bright colours standing
out against the grey of the hospital room.