

My incredible life

[int. evening]

A man (Narrator) sits in a room about say something, stutters, and chooses not to, this continues with an eerie silence, after a few moments, he speaks.

NARRATOR:

It didn't really start until about last summer.

CUT TO:

[ext. afternoon]

The same man is seen running in a field before he is hit in the head by a bully with a football. The bullies laugh.

NARRATOR:

I don't understand why they would bully me, but it would happen again and again and again...

CUT TO:

[int. afternoon]

The man is in an office talking to a teacher.

MAN:

Every day it happens, every day I just wish they could simply be ripped out of my life!

NARRATOR:

But the teacher would always say...

NARRATOR (mocking tone) + TEACHER:

I've told them off before, and spoken to their parents, other than that there's not a lot else I can do I'm afraid.

CUT TO:

[int. evening]

A man (Narrator) sits in a room talking.

NARRATOR:

A lot of fucking use the teachers were. Every day I would be bullied, and every day I'd be reminded that there will be no end to my misery.

CUT TO:

[int. night]

The man sits in his bed, weeping. Stones can be heard being thrown against his window. The man snaps as he shouts.

MAN:

SHUT UP!

NARRATOR:

ever since last summer, I've had countless sleepless nights.

CUT TO:

[int. night]

The man is seen pacing across a room. Voices whirl around his head. His breathing gets heavier. The man becomes more agitated. The voices get louder. He slams his hands on the table, and everything stops. He is seen standing at the end of a hallway backlit creating a silhouette.

NARRATOR:

I knew what had to be done.

CUT TO:

[ext. day]

The man is seen walking up to the bullies in a field.

BULLY 1:

Ooh look who's come out to play!

BULLY 2:

Oh nooo, look out he's got his mean face on!

The man goes to swing, just before impact.

CUT TO BLACK

CUT TO:

The man is being severely shouted at by adults, told off for punching the other people, while the man just sits there head down.

NARRATOR:

Apparently, the world would only pay attention to me when I was the one who would do it, because why the hell would they care otherwise?

FADE TO:

[int. evening]

A man (Narrator) sits in a room.

NARRATOR:

You know, something I realised about this world, is that this is not a fair world, and the universe just likes to pick favourites while bludgeoning others into the dirt beneath its feet... But, actually, I think I've come to terms with that. I don't need other people, I have myself, I trust myself, I am fair to myself. Other people, they rely on others to make them who they are, but me, no, my life could not be better, my life, is incredible.

The man smiles and walks out of the room.

FADE TO BLACK