

INT. SANDWICH SHOP. DAY.

J.P. Waits in line to be served.

He watches one of the girls behind the counter.

J.P. (V.O.)

A good sandwich is worth waiting for. Plus I can use the time to mentally run through the possibilities of sexual innuendo with the sandwich girl. By the time I have exhausted the potential semantic combinations of "good filling", "sausage" and "firm baps", it's my turn at the counter.

The SANDWICH GIRL smiles brightly when she sees J.P.

SANDWICH GIRL

Hello you! I've not seen you for a while! Too busy even to come see me?

J.P.

Well, I don't come here for the food...

The SANDWICH GIRL arches an eyebrow.

SANDWICH GIRL

What will it be today then?

J.P.

A baguette, please. With brie and, er... *saucisson*.

SANDWICH GIRL

Won't be a minute.

J.P. Moves along to the till, still watching the SANDWICH GIRL.

J.P. (V.O.)

There's something really hot about an attractive girl that makes sandwiches for you.

FADE TO:

INT. EDINBURGH FLAT. DAY.

The camera TRACKS very slowly around J.P., who sits unblinkingly in a chair in the middle of the living room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.P. (V.O.)

The psychiatrist thinks we are 'making progress'. He's using words like 'breakthrough' and 'pathological'. In our next meeting, we're going to focus on "unlearning my bad habits". Maybe this means I'll have to stop cutting my toenails in the kitchen.

(beat)

The psychiatrist says that my detachemnt is symptomatic of "avoidance behaviour".

The camera comes to a rest behind J.P.

A television set in b.g., apparently the object of J.P.'s stare, is turned off.

J.P. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I told him watching television was avoidance behaviour.

(beat)

I'm growing bored of the psychiatrist. I don't think I'm going to go any more.

J.P. leans forward.

J.P. POV: the table in front of him is covered with an elaborate mosaic that looks distinctly like Munch's 'The Scream', composed of purple, pink and yellow pills.

J.P. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But then, I only need one more prescription to finish my masterwork...

From outside, muffled chanting is heard.

J.P. reacts suddenly to the noise, and is at the window in seconds.

CROWD (O.S.)

(To tune of "Hey Baby")

Hey-eh-hey eh-Hey!

We wanna know-o-o-o...

if we'll get more pay!

J.P. POV: a crowd is gathered to protest outside the Scottish Parlaiment chambers on the Lawnmarket. They have placards and repeat their refrain over and over with gusto.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J.P. (V.O.)

It is pitiful that these people
think they can make a difference.
If only their political cause were
to piss me off, they'd be doing a
great job.

J.P. turns to look down the Mile. Shoppers jostle with
businessmen at the bottleneck created by the roadworks
operation on the Lawnmarket.

J.P. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And these people here, they're no
better off. It all moves so fast,
and it's all so meaningless.
Everybody's *doing* something. But
what what the hell are they *doing*?
God knows.

(beat)

If there *is* a God...

(beat)

CU: J.P.

J.P. (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But let's not get into that.

A little shake of J.P.'s head.

CUT TO: