



TK
VISION

by a.c.d

OUR CAST

<p>TK (they/them)</p>	<p>Very laid-back individual who life just happens to. They're a relaxed person who also happens to have the many symptoms of schizophrenia. They're fascinated by the world around them and find joy in everything. Perhaps this leads to them being a little...too relaxed.</p>
<p>JOANNA (she/her)</p>	<p>TK's best friend since grade school and their number one buddy. She's been with them through thick and thin, through pretty and ugly, through schizophrenia symptoms and more schizophrenia symptoms. She's a loyal friend, but a little too hung up on image to always be the best person for TK</p>
<p>NARRATOR (None.)</p>	<p>The narrator of the story.</p>

OUR (^{less} important) CAST

<p>CUSTOMER</p>	<p>Pissed off customer</p>
<p>CREEPAZOID</p>	<p>Just a real weirdo!</p>
<p>FREAKAZOID</p>	<p>A total freak!</p>
<p>BS MEDICINE PERSON</p>	<p>Have you tried eating shit?</p>
<p>JESSICA (she/her)</p>	<p>A real gemini housewife</p>
<p>BRANDY (she/her)</p>	<p>Incredibly catty housewife</p>
<p>MIRANDA (she/her)</p>	<p>A ditzy housewife</p>

ACT ONE

SCENE I

[SOUND: MIC FEEDBACK AND MIC SHIFTING]

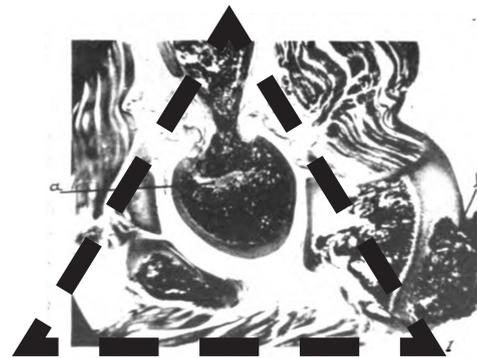
TK: So, I just—do I just talk here or? Okay yeah, um, my name is TK, um, I don't know what the letters stand for, I just thought they sounded cool together.

TK: Um so I've been hearing and seeing things for, oh, maybe 5 years now? Six? I don't really know. (LAUGHS) Probably should try to keep better track of that anniversary, feels like a big one

TK: It's not just the hallucinations—there's other stuff but. Yeah. That's my life. Boring little TK turned slightly less boring by the chemicals getting all funky up there

[SOUND: TK TAPPING THEIR FOREHEAD]

TK: Honestly, as much as horror movies like to make me out to be some kind of serial killer, it's pretty chill living with schizophrenia. Sometimes things get wild when you can't tell what's real but—you know, I'm coping



[SOUND: FLASHBACK NOISE]

CUSTOMER: I'd like an iced coffee with two shots of espresso

[SOUND: RUMBLING OF AN EARTHQUAKE. EVERYTHING IS SHAKING AND FALLING OFF SHELVES. THE WHOLE WORLD FEELS LIKE IT'S FALLING APART]

TK: (SCARED) Oh my god!

CUSTOMER: What?

TK: Dude, take cover!

CUSTOMER: What are you talking about? Look, can I just get my coffee? My shift starts in like fifteen minutes.

TK: I'm not getting your goddamn coffee—

[SOUND: RUMBLING STOPS]

TK: Aw hell, I'm so getting fired.

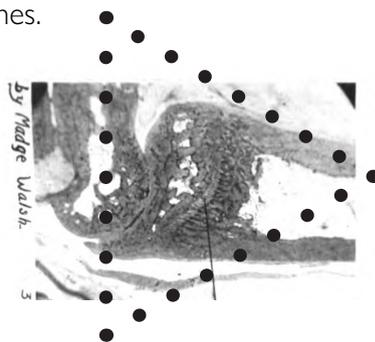
[SOUND: UNFLASHBACK]

TK: (SIGHS CONTENTEDLY) Yeah, good times.



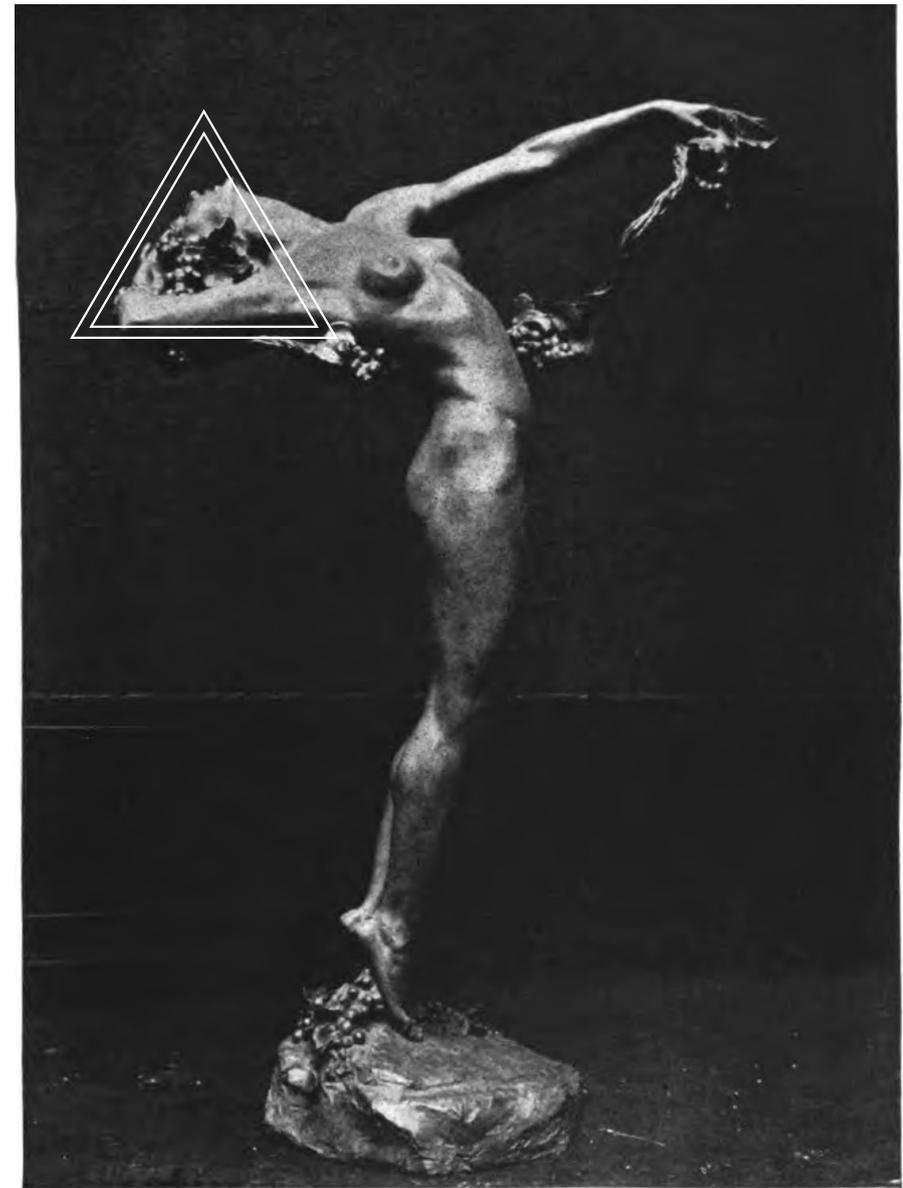
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TK: What was I saying? Oh yeah, it's pretty chill. Most of my friends know about it and are cool with factchecking for me



when I need it, like if I get too paranoid to leave the house or I see a really freaky bug, stuff like that.

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TK: Honestly the worst part is how people react when I try to tell them things about my life. You've got your creepazoids—

[SOUND: FLASHBACK NOISE]

CREEPAZOID: LOL I saw this epic movie about schizophrenia. This dude went crazy and killed a bunch of people but turns out it was because voices were telling him to. Do you ever get voices telling you to kill people?

[SOUND: UNFLASHBACK]

TK: Your freakazoids—

[SOUND: FLASHBACK NOISE]

FREAKAZOID: Nope, no way. I need proof. Where's your schizophrenia certificate that says you're legally allowed to practice schizophrenia in this state? Also give me your social security number and bank account password while you're at it.

[SOUND: UNFLASHBACK]

TK: And the people who really wanna "cure you"—

[SOUND: FLASHBACK NOISE]

BULLSHIT MEDICINE PERSON: Have you tried soaking your eyelids in olive oil every night and then putting raw cinnamon under your tongue every time you take a shit? What about sticking lavender up your ear canal to leach out the hallucinations? Have you tried that?

[SOUND: UNFLASHBACK]

TK: But besides those people, I don't mind it much. I've kinda grown to like it as a big part of me, you know. Like the fact that my favorite color is green or that I know how to drive, I am schizophrenic.

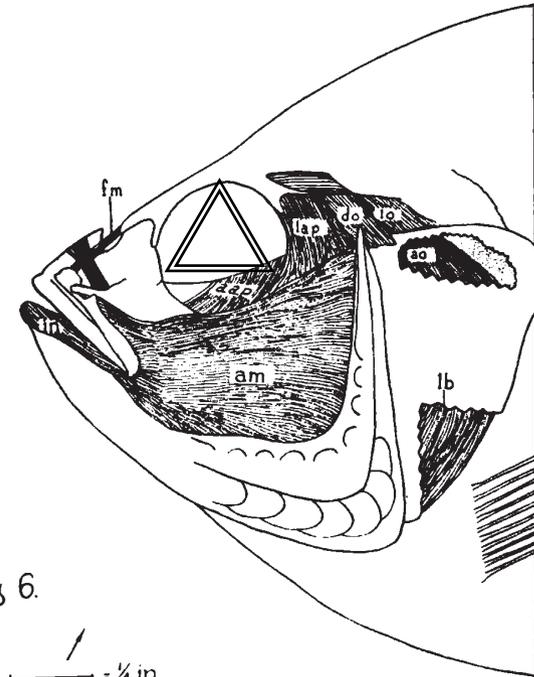


Fig 6.

1/4 in.

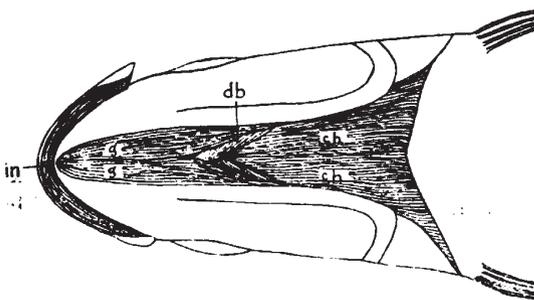


Fig. 7.

TK: Um—anyway, what was the question?

ACT ONE

SCENE II

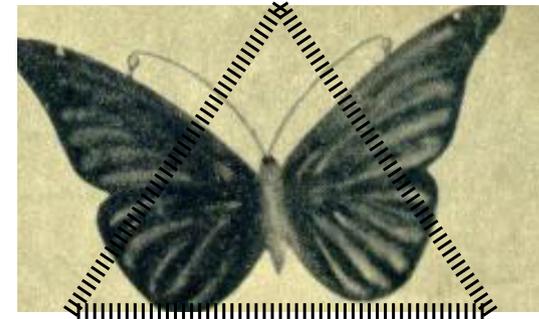
[SOUND: GAME SHOW INTRO MUSIC]

TK: Hello and welcome to another episode of “Guess That Hallucination!” I’m your host, TK, and joining me today is our lovely contestant, my best friend Joanna!

JOANNA: (AWKWARDLY) Hey

TK: If you’ve never caught an episode of GTH, listener, fear not, the game is very simple! We have three secret figments of my imagination backstage that will present themselves one by one. Joanna will have an opportunity to ask them one question each and at the end she must guess which of my recurring hallucinations they are and test her merits as my friend! If she guesses all three correctly, she wins TEN THOUSAND...hugs from her best pal, which, as already established, is me.

TK: If she gets any of them wrong...(FULL DRAMA) She is dead to me.



TK: (BACK TO CHEERFUL) Anyway, let’s bring out those fakes!

***[SOUND: GAME SHOW INTERSTITIAL MUSIC.
SQUEAKING WHEELS OF CARTS AND PROPS
BEING TOSSED AROUND]***



TK: Our first hallucination is a bit of a lightweight, if you know what I mean

[SOUND: CANNED LAUGHTER]

TK: Joanna, what is your first question?

JOANNA: Um, can you fly?

HALLUCINATION 1: (BIRD NOISES)

TK: Our next hallucination is glad to FIN-ally be on this show! Your question, Joanna?

JOANNA: Do you live underwater?

HALLUCINATION 2: (BUBBLE UNDERWATER SPLASHING NOISES)

TK: And finally, our third hallucination is ROARING to go! Let that question fly!

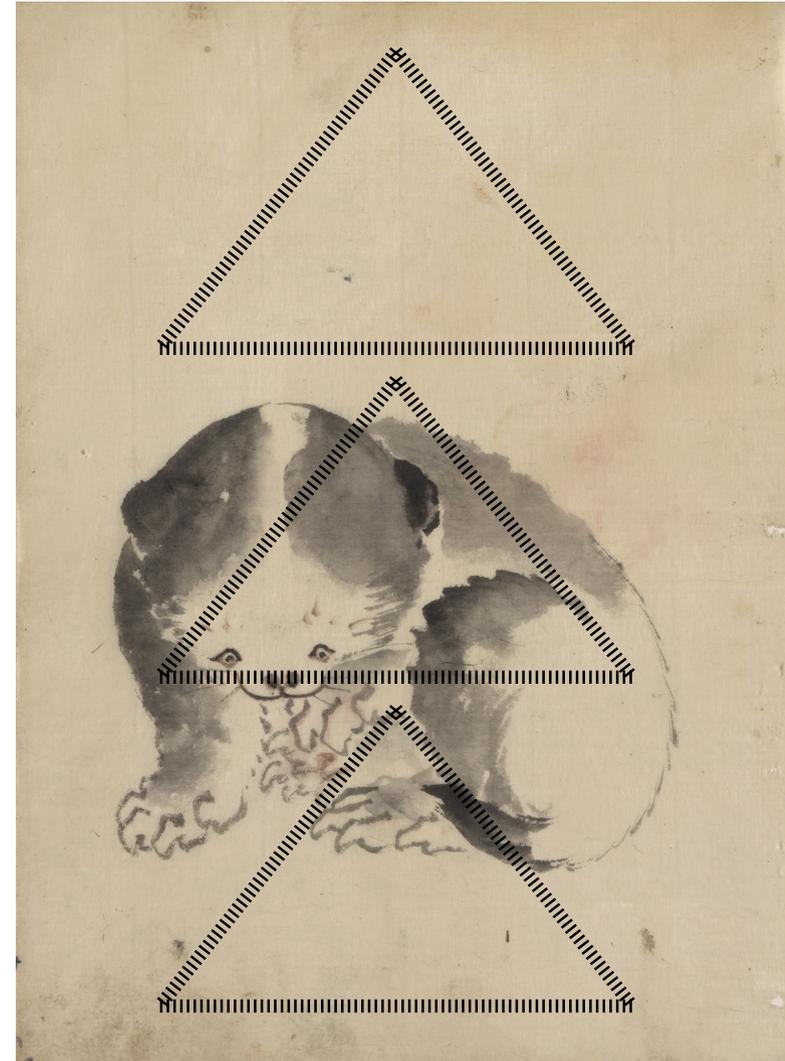
JOANNA: How long is your hair?

HALLUCINATION 3: (LION ROAR)



TK: Well, Joanna, are you ready to submit your guesses?

JOANNA: Yes. I think Hallucination 1 was the bluebird with human teeth that likes to fly around and tweet at you when you're tired.



[SOUND: DING DING DING]

TK: One down, two to go! What is your next guess?

JOANNA: Um, Hallucination 2 was the beautiful mermaid woman that flirts with you during inopportune moments



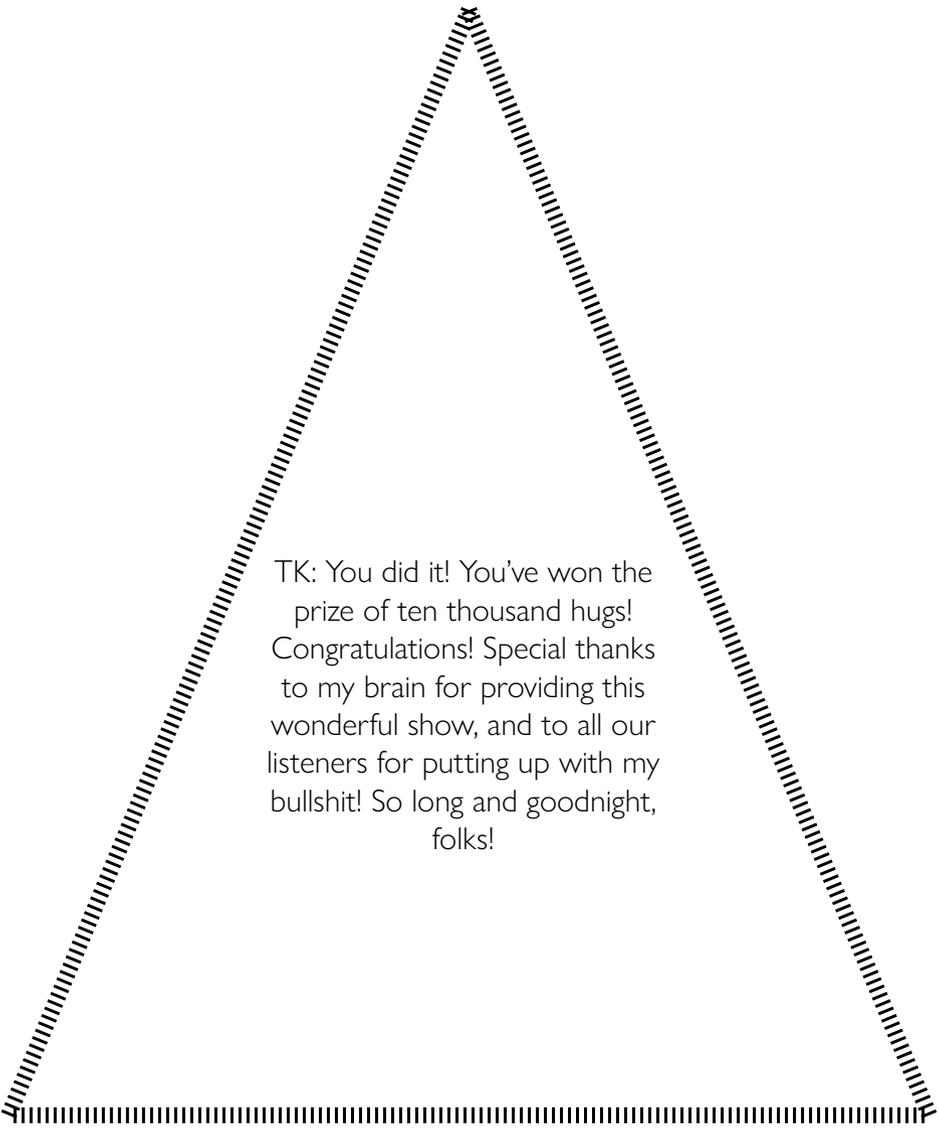
[SOUND: DING DING DING]

TK: Right again! Only one more left, can Joanna do it, listeners? Let's find out!

JOANNA: And Hallucination 3 was the lion with a fiery mane that you claim looks just like an extra from the Lion King musical!



[SOUND: DING DING DING. CONFETTI CANNONS BLOW, NOISE MAKERS GO OFF. CELEBRATORY NOISES ALL AROUND]



TK: You did it! You've won the
prize of ten thousand hugs!
Congratulations! Special thanks
to my brain for providing this
wonderful show, and to all our
listeners for putting up with my
bullshit! So long and goodnight,
folks!

ACT ONE

SCENE III

SOUND: PARTY NOISES. FAINT PARTY MUSIC PLAYING. DRINKS SLOSHING]

JOANNA: Ugh, this party is so lame. We should totally just leave, right, TK?

TK: (SOUNDS KIND OF LIKE SHAGGY FROM SCOOBY DOO) Uh, maybe, but who knows what could be lurking outside in the dark?

JOANNA: You mean like a sexy vampire like the ones that are part of the secret brood that lives in the sewers that we discovered freshman year?

TK: Well, no—

JOANNA: Or maybe a sexy werewolf like the pack that makes up the football team that we discovered sophomore year?

TK: I mean—

JOANNA: Oh! Or maybe a sexy alien like the ones that abducted me junior year but turned out to be super chill?

TK: No, dude, I mean the kind of thing that goes bump in the night that we won't be able to bump back! We've been High School Teenage Monster Slayers™ for almost four years now. Eventually we're gonna meet a creature we can't just hit over the head with a baseball bat!



JOANNA: Why did you say™ out loud?

TK: That is not the point!

JOANNA: Look, TK, I get that you're worried, but you've gotta relax. We've already met basically every kind of monster out there and they've either been really nice or we decapitated them with swords we bought off Ebay. What else could be out there?

TK: I don't know, maybe demons! Or zombies! Or demon zombies!



[SOUND: SOME KIND OF AUDIO CUE TO INDICATE THAT WE ARE NOW IN TK'S HEAD. THE AMBIANCE SHIFTS AND MUTES AND THE PARTY ATMOSHERE AROUND THEM DIALS BACK]

JOANNA: What are the odds of that?

TK, NARR: Turns out the odds were pretty high, because right as Joanna said that, a giant demon zombie burst through the wall!...Is what I wish I could say. Being a teen monster hunter when you're clinically paranoid means you can't always trust your instincts. Honestly, I really should've just googled if demon zombies were even a thing, because I'm pretty sure that was just the ol' banana nut noggin talking.

[SOUND: WE'RE BACK IN THE ACTION. THE PARTY NOISES RESUME. SOMEONE IN THE BACKGROUND IS LAUGHING AT A JOKE SOMEONE ELSE MADE. NICE ATMOSPHERE]

TK: I think I'm gonna go home...

JOANNA: Don't leave without taking me with you.

TK: I want to never wanted
Why do you

JOANNA:
can't imagine
through high
without my
best friend?

TK: Yeah, fair

(A BEAT)

TK: Okay,
But I'm not
edge of my
safely in my



leave. I've
to stay.
care?

Because I
going
school
fucked up

point.

fine, I'll stay.
leaving the
seat until I'm
bed.

JOANNA: Whatever you say...

ACT ONE

SCENE IV

**[SOUND: WILDERNESS SURVIVAL
SHOW INTRO. SOMETHING
EARTHY AND HEAVY]**

NARRATOR: (IN A BAD ACCENT) It is day 28 here in the tumultuous wilderness of TK's brain. They have been stranded in the desert for a full 48 hours with no sign of viable food nor water. Of course, that's not really something they care about right now, what with the apathy coursing through their veins, the one thing trapped in their body that could be used as fuel if only they weren't so damn tired. Unaware of the time of day or not caring, TK sleeps through sunrise and sunset and moonrise and moonset as if burdened by powerful fatigue. They haven't smiled in seven days. The desert heat paints a target on their pounding skull as TK makes no attempt to fight back their dehydration. Wilted from their lack of resources and left to rot by an uncaring public, our TK must somehow find the strength to continue when there is nothing left.

NARRATOR, CONT: (SLOWLY LOSING SILLY ACCENT AND BACK IN A NORMAL VOICE) There is no pleasure here. There is no light here. There is no food, no water, and no happiness here. There is just the desert and there is just the weight and there is just.

(A BEAT) (A BREATH)

NARRATOR: There is just this.

**[SOUND: MUSIC OF SOME KIND.
WIND WHISTLING. A HUGE
EMPTINESS IS FELT. THE MOOD
IS SOMBER AND STAYS THAT
WAY FOR A FEW MOMENTS]**

TK: (BREAKS THE MOOD) (THIS SHOULDN'T SOUND LIKE THEIR USUAL VOICE THOUGH, THIS SHOULD BE MUCH MORE FLAT AND MONOTONOUS): This place is hot

TK: It'd be nice if I could feel anything but the sun

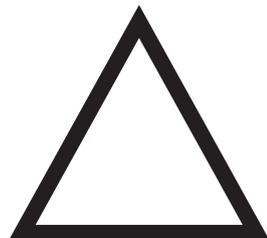
TK: Anything at all.



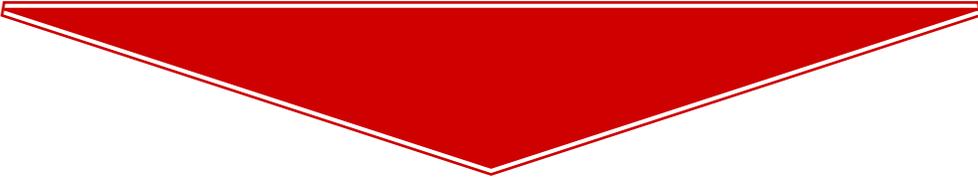
(A BEAT) (A BREATH)

NARRATOR: Just this.

TK: Yeah. Just this.



ACT TWO SCENE I



[SOUND: STOCK NEWS INTRO MUSIC]

TK: Hello and welcome to the nightly news, bringing you the latest in world events as they pertain specifically to the epithet of the summary as a broken pipe.

TK: (WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT) Don't break the actual hell of it. Here at the nightly news we only report the truth. For example, did you know that she can't do nothing when there's lip still in the can? (ROBOTIC LAUGH) I sure didn't!

TK: Now let's move the neverending glance of a way to the weather!

[SOUND: SWOOSHING NOISE]

JOANNA: Thanks, TK! The forecast today calls for a slight chance of nonsense until 4:00pm, where the slight chance becomes a guarantee until our friend can get their head on straight. Temperatures range from incredibly stupid to incredibly ridiculous and keep an eye out for traffic because the cloud cover is going to mask any shred of dignity TK has left when they're forced to give a presentation in this state. Back to you, TK!

TK: Wow, so much belief, Joanna! What a forecast!

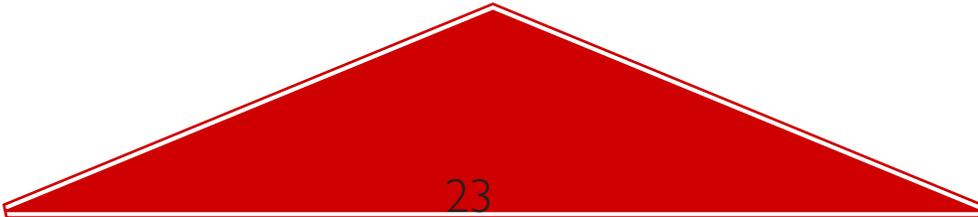


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[SOUND: BREAKING NEWS ALERT]

NARRATOR: We interrupt your news program for a special announcement. The CDCDCDCDCDC has announced that our country has become the breeding ground for a global epidemic! Word salad runs rampant through the streets, into our homes, our mouths, and the tiny little neurons firing in our stupid little brains! Beware of those who aren't making sense, whose words come jumbled and stumbled and broken. They could be after your kids! Your wife! Hell, they could be after yourself! Take caution and above all else: make good choices.



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ACT TWO

SCENE II

NARRATOR: You're watching the Real Housewives of TK

[SOUND: REALITY SHOW INTRO
MUSIC]

JESSICA: Hi, my name is Jessica and I'm a Gemini who knows that birds are drones sent by the government

JESSICA: My style of housewiving is like. Okay so yesterday Brandy told me birds weren't drones and I sucker-punched her! I mean what else is a gal to do, ya know.

JESSICA: Anyway I think there's a drone living in the attic

[SOUND: CONFSSIONAL
SWOOSHING NOISE]

BRANDY: Did that [BLEEP] Jessica say we had a bird in the attic? I swear to god, there's nothing in our attic except the friendly gremlin that steals all my good baking!

BRANDY: I'm tired of Jessica, honestly. Miranda said she caught her trying to stuff a dead pigeon in the toilet, which is just sooooo embarrassing. She keeps trying to get me to admit the gremlin "''''''isn't real'''''' like some kind of weirdo freak. Jokes on her when she misses my homemade brownies cuz the gremlin ate them.

[SOUND: CONFESSIONAL SWOOSHING NOISE. WE'RE BACK IN THE "REAL WORLD" SO NOW YOU CAN HEAR AMBIENT NOISE, THE DISHWASHER IS RUNNING, MAYBE A CAR PARKS DOWN THE BLOCK]



JESSICA: What happened to those brownies you promised me?

BRANDY: I think you know what happened

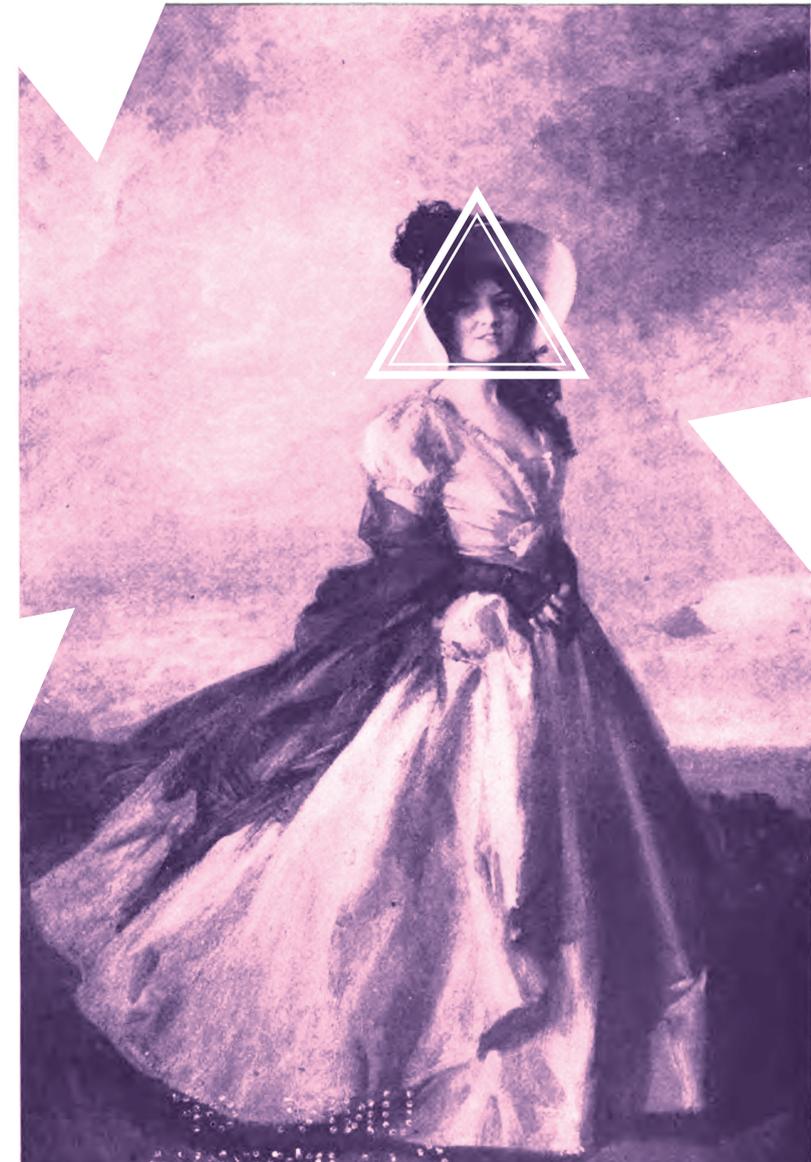
JESSICA: Ugh stop talking about the gremlin, no one cares about the gremlin!

BRANDY: Well I don't care about the birds!

MIRANDA: Quiet, both of you. The really important thing is that my body is filled with sand

[SOUND: BACK IN THE CONFESSIONAL]

MIRANDA: Hiiii, my name is Miranda, and my body is filled with sand, like, all the time. No big.



ACT TWO

SCENE III

TK: And yeah, that's basically what it's like living with schizophrenia. It's not really all bad, which sounds weird to say to some people? Like out loud? Especially people who don't Get It, ya know.

TK: But it's true. It's not all bad. Some of it is really cool, honestly. And I always have a fun fact to drop if I need it. Like "hey, what's up, my name's TK, no it doesn't stand for anything, also I'm Honey Nut Cheerios, like in my head? It's all messed up!" (LAUGHS)

TK: I wouldn't do that... probably. Not really a great conversation starter, that one. But I do mean it. I don't think it's all bad, I think it's just a part of how I live my life, and that can be horrible and that can be beautiful and that can be everything in between because that's life!

**NARRATOR: Horrible, beautiful, and
everything in between?**

TK: Yeah, you get it!

TK: So in this life, this is my lot, this is what I've got going on, and I gotta say, it could be worse!

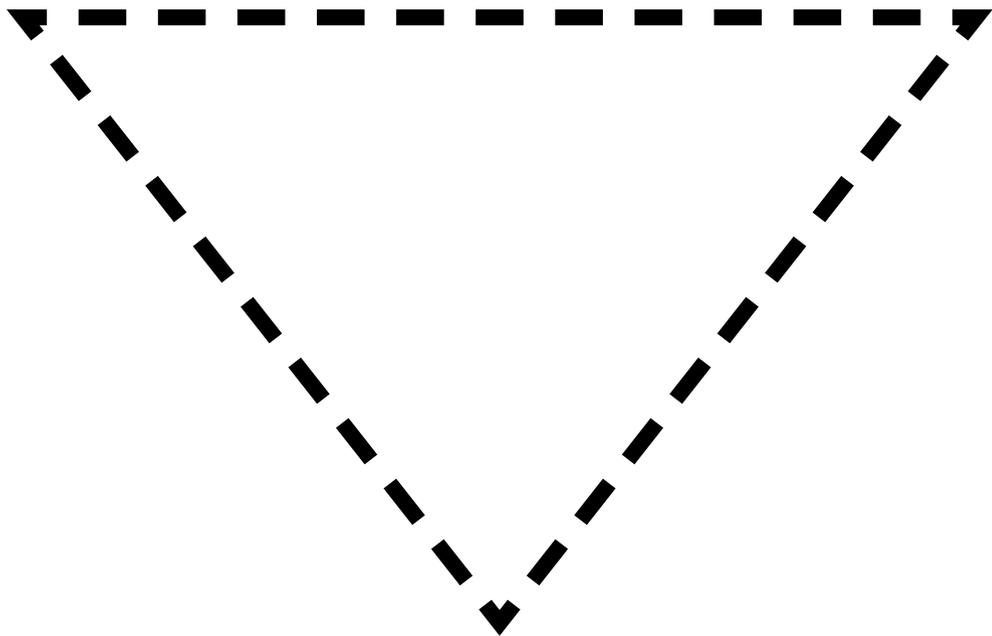
TK: (A LITTLE QUIETLY) It could definitely be worse...

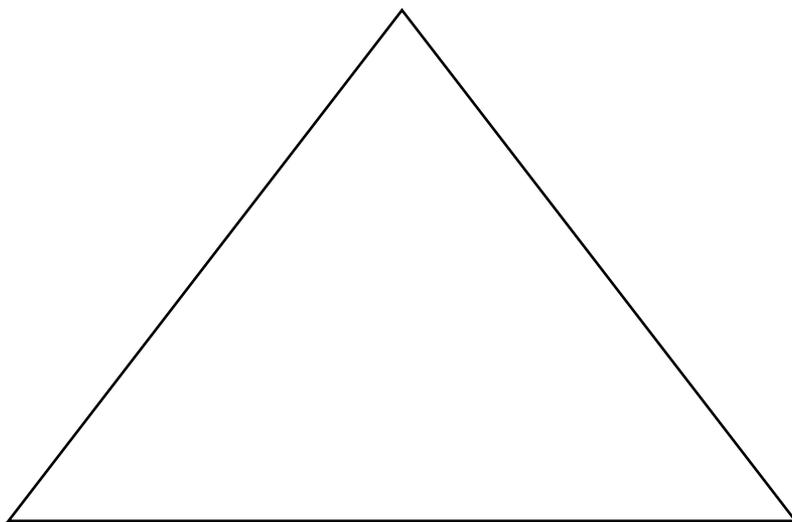
TK: But that's life. Beautiful, horrible, and not always as bad as it could be.



TK: Did you get all that?

[SOUND: TAPE RECORDER STOPS]





An audio/zine by a.c.d

Find my work online at

acd.works

