

YONDERWINDOW BREAKS

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

A modest apartment bedroom. It isn't furnished with much beyond a bed, a dresser, and a computer desk.

An ALARM CLOCK goes to town. It reads 9:00.

Its owner, clearly regretting his purchase, reaches out from under the bed covers to blindly slap the snooze button.

The nine extra minutes pass almost instantly. The alarm resumes its incessant bleeting.

ALARM CLOCK
Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

It's a bathroom, complete with toilet, sink, and shower.

The alarm clock must have been victorious, because the man from the bed is now the man in the bathroom. His name doesn't matter, so we'll call him MERCUTIO. He's in his early twenties and is clad in a damp towel.

He spits a mouthful of toothpaste into the sink and shuts off the FAUCET. It drips.

FAUCET
Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip.

The dripping is gradually replaced by the sound of an alarm with the same tempo.

ALARM CLOCK (O.S.)
Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

A modest apartment bedroom, and so on.

ALARM CLOCK
Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

Under the covers, Mercutio slowly brings himself up to a sitting position. He turns the alarm off.

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio brushes his teeth.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

This is the kind of place that smells even on film. A college apartment through and through.

Mercutio's roommate, BEN, is sitting on the couch. He's using a laptop computer with headphones.

Mercutio stumbles into the room.

MERCUTIO

No class?

Ben removes his headphones.

BEN

What's that?

MERCUTIO

Don't you have class now?

BEN

Not on Thursday.

MERCUTIO

Is it...?

BEN

Wednesday. Just didn't feel it.

Mercutio digs into a pile of dirty clothes and produces his bookbag.

MERCUTIO

You ever have that dream where you wake up and start going through your whole morning routine?

BEN

So then it's like you have to do it all again when you really wake up?

MERCUTIO

That's the one.

BEN

Yeah, those're bullshit. You could be fucking Wonder Woman and instead you waste your dream on brushing your goddamn teeth.

Mercutio digs into a different pile of clutter and produces a textbook. Ben pulls the headphone jack out of his laptop, allowing his music to blare.

The music goes: Sing with me, if its just for today. Maybe tomorrow the good lord will take you away.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

ALARM CLOCK

(singing)

Dream on, dream on. Dream yourself
a dream come true.

Mercutio shoots up from under the covers. He turns the alarm off and stares at it suspiciously.

MERCUTIO

(to the alarm clock)

I never use the music setting.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

ALARM CLOCK

Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

Mercutio throws the covers off of himself and swings his legs out to the side of the bed. He eyes the alarm clock as if to say, 'Well played.'

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio, wearing just a pair of shorts, peaks into the room. His roommate isn't there.

INT. BATHROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio splashes his face with water and shakes his head back and forth, trying to wake himself. He closes his eyes and grits his teeth, then opens his eyes dramatically, like he expects to be back in bed.

He isn't.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS -- MORNING

Mercutio shuffles down a walkway. He has his bookbag thrown over one shoulder.

In the not-so-distant distance, a bell tower CHIMES. Once, twice, thrice, and so on because I've run out of words in that sequence. Long story, it chimes more than twelve times.

Mercutio looks at his watch, puzzled. The puzzlement quickly gives way to annoyance as the chimes perform an accelerando. He recognizes the cadence.

ALARM CLOCK (O.S.)
Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

ALARM CLOCK
Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

Mercutio is lying in bed, flat on his back, staring at the ceiling with wide eyes. The alarm continues bleeting.

MERCUTIO
Shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio bounds into the room. He's the only person there.

MERCUTIO
(to himself)
Today he goes to class.

BEN (O.C.)
Who did what now?

Ben is sitting on the couch. He was definitely not there a few seconds earlier.

MERCUTIO
It's another one, then.

BEN
Sure looks that way.

MERCUTIO
Wait, what do you think I'm talking about?

BEN

No idea. Just looked like you wanted someone to agree with you.

Mercutio takes a seat on a recliner across from the couch.

MERCUTIO

You know those dreams we were talking about earlier?

BEN

Not even a little.

MERCUTIO

But why would you?

BEN

Because I should remember things we were talking about. This's an intervention, isn't it?

MERCUTIO

I'm dreaming.

BEN

And I've been supportive even though I think you should consider something with a more stable future, I have.

MERCUTIO

I mean right now, I'm dreaming. Like I'm asleep.

BEN

Is there a term for that?

MERCUTIO

Not asleep like I'm sitting here sleeping while I talk to you.

BEN

Don't you have class soon?

MERCUTIO

What I'm saying is that I'm asleep in my bed and dreaming this whole conversation.

BEN

(imitating Criswell)

Can you prove it didn't happen?

MERCUTIO

Look, where were you just a few minutes ago, when I first came into the room?

BEN

I've been sitting here for the last hour, at least.

MERCUTIO

Just sitting there? The TV isn't on and you don't have your laptop.

BEN

Yeah, that's weird.

Ben reaches for the television remote, but Mercutio swats his hand away and jumps to his feet.

MERCUTIO

Heel.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio is sleeping soundly in his bed. He is also standing in the doorway with Ben.

Ben looks back and forth between the two Mercutios.

BEN

Okay, who is that?

Ben yanks the covers off of the sleeping Mercutio.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio bolts out of bed with a gasp. He's alone.

The alarm clock changes from 8:59 to 9:00.

ALARM CLOCK

Bleet! Bleet! Bleet! Bleet!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Mercutio storms into the room, where Ben is watching television.

MERCUTIO

Goddamnit!

Copyright 2007 Nick Miller -- All Rights Reserved

For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
info@filmmakers.com