

And then she woke up, and she realised it had all been a dream.

a short film by

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SCENE 1

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Warm light shines off wine glasses as Flo and Clay sit at a table for two. Her eyes glow with laughter as his teeth flash a smile. Boy meets girl, a tale as old as time.

Both are young adults in their early twenties. Flo wears natural yet vivid colours and her hair falls messily across her face. Clay looks put together yet with blank, neutral colours, twitching with excited nerves.

FLO
And that really happened?

CLAY
No word of a lie.

FLO
(laughing)
Wow.

CLAY
It gets better, after we took the pinball machine, we find this hidden room, right. This guy has hand written the coding for every single Nintendo game released since 1983.

FLO
Thats insane.

CLAY
I know right, I copied one and it runs perfectly... except Bowser was replaced by a gif of John Cena that I now cannot delete.

He laughs. Flo's hands cradle her wine with a tight grip as she breathes out.

CLAY (CONT'D)
Are you alright? Sorry if I'm talking too much, I'm not making you uncomfortable am I?

FLO
(distracted)
Yeah.

She realises she's distant and overcorrects.

FLO (CONT'D)
Sorry! Yeah you're absolutely fine.
Its just...

She trails off again as her eyes glaze over, drifting more and more closed. Clay's jaw furrows with concern.

FLO (CONT'D)
(trying to refocus)
I'm a little tired.

The warm light fades bluer as the background bustle of the restaurant fades away.

CLAY
We can do this another time if you
want, I don't mind.

FLO
(firmly)
No. I want to do this now.

A silent beat as Clay sips his white wine. (Wasn't it red a second ago?) A warm pink light glows between them.

CLAY
It is getting kinda late.

FLO
Yeah.

CLAY
I know this place near my office
with some good views, you wanna
take a walk and see the sunset?

She looks at him with a sense of stomach-churning excitement she hasn't felt before. It's scary.

FLO
Go on.

Clay stands up and starts walking. Flo catches up.

SCENE 2**EXT. A STREET - EVENING**

As we cut back to Clay, he's walking outside up a barely populated street lined with shops. His ruffled hair cuts through the sky. Flo's shots cut to join him outdoors.

CLAY

Sorry I never asked, what do you do for work?

FLO

Just this boring office thing I guess. Answer 3 emails a day, change a spreadsheet and clock out. Try not to lose it.

CLAY

What do you want to do then?

FLO

I don't know. Something different. Everything just feels the same, you know? Like I'm in Groundhog Day or something.

CLAY

Yeah you do have something of Bill Murray about you.

FLO

(Laughing)

What is that supposed to mean?!

CLAY

I don't know, forget I said anything.

FLO

Okay Mr. Smooth.

They both smile.

FLO (CONT'D)

I have always loved movies. Maybe I'll be a director one day.

On 'director one day', her eyes dart down the camera's lens. She pauses in a moment of thought, and some of her anxiety creeps back in.

FLO (CONT'D)
I have quite vivid dreams that I'd
like to show other people. Or
something.

EXT. VIEWPOINT - SUNSET

Clay slows down his walk. That was a quick journey.

CLAY
No, can see you being so good. You
could make films that look as
beautiful as *that*.

He turns to show her the picturesque golden skies. A pause as
they stand together.

CLAY (CONT'D)
...or as beautiful as you.

She giggles. As we cut back and forth, they are sat down on a
bench.

FLO
Now that was smooth.
(beat)
You think I'm beautiful then?

CLAY
I mean- I didn't want to-

FLO
Cause I think you are.

Clay goes quiet and blushes. Hold on Flo as she smiles and
looks out at the sky.

Then the silence becomes too long. She turns to him and his
face is hidden by an impossibly bright light, shining with
the same colours of the sky. But it's too bright. It's too
close. It's too much. He's too... No. Flo shields her eyes
until:

SCENE 3**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

She pulls her hand from her face and the light she's hiding from is just the glare off a tv screen as Clay, matching her in comfy pyjamas, closes the curtains.

CLAY

I'm looking forward to this. I know it's weird to be that excited about it, but y'know.

FLO

Don't worry.

Clay walks over and sits next to her. Flo pulls out her phone to take a picture.

CLAY

I just want you to be able to pay attention, not get distracted by anything.

Clay gestures to her phone with his head.

FLO

Just thought this was a cute moment.

She takes her phone away from her vision and clay is gone. Looking at the screen, she sees him staring back at her. He looks menacing, growing ever closer to the screen as if he's about to burst out of it. The audio crackles as he talks.

CLAY

(on tv)

I don't want you to get distracted.

She pulls back in horror. A pink light starts to flash as the TV broadcast gets more intense.

CLAY (CONT'D)

(on tv)

Please Flo. Don't look through your phone.

FLO

What?

CLAY

(on tv)

Am I boring you?

SCENE 4**INT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

We see Flo slumped in her chair in the restaurant, phone in hand. She catches her reflection in the screen and jolts upright.

The restaurant is noticeably less inviting than before, colder and greyer.

CLAY

(in restaurant irl)

Am I boring you? If thats why
you're taking out your phone-

FLO

Oh, I'm so sorry I should have told
you, I-

CLAY

What?

FLO

I have this thing, this condition,
where I fall asleep suddenly with
no warning.

There's an awkward silence as they stare at each other.
Something of the charm and whimsy is gone.

Flo is visibly panicking, frantically garbling her words.
Pink light creeps into the shadows.

FLO (CONT'D)

It's not because you're boring, I
just- It's just a medical thing. I
should have told you, I'm sorry.

CLAY

(standing up)

I'm gonna get us another round of
drinks.

He walks off and his footsteps echo out.

[BREAK POINT FOR FORMS SUBMISSION]

The restaurant begins to get louder and louder, Flo sinks back into her seat lit by a stark white spotlight, staring vacantly at the empty chair in front of her.

Noise builds and builds and she winces from it until- bing!

A microwave goes off in the distance.

SCENE 5

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clay walks into the room with a overflowing bowl of fresh popcorn. It's movie night again. He's dressed less cosily though, sharper and darker.

CLAY
Snack on this.

He hands her the bowl and she places it on the table in front of them

FLO
I'm sorry if I pissed you off
before it's just-

CLAY
Let's just watch. That's a new
flavour you've got there.

Flo throws a piece into her mouth and chews. Clay grabs a rather large handful.

FLO
Hey, don't take it all.

Flo reaches her hand into the bowl for a large handful of her own. Popcorn spills out of the sides.

FLO (CONT'D)
What have you done to it?

CLAY
Are you stupid? Just take some and
eat it. It's fucking popcorn.

She reaches further and further into the bowl. But... she still can't find the bottom. Further and further until most of her arm has disappeared down.

FLO
Clay-

Further and further as she starts to panic. She sinks down so far she loses balance and collapses forwards, landing in a dark & cold night. Popcorn spilling in the air front of her.

SCENE 6

EXT. A SHORELINE - NIGHT (BLUE HOUR)

Flo comes to with waves lapping over her face. The post-sunset blue glow provides just enough light to work out where she is. She coughs up seawater in a sweat.

She rolls over, sits up and brushes sand out of her face. There's a tense silence only broken by the violent crashing of water. In the distance, she notices the silhouette of Clay. No light reaches his usually appealing features.

FLO

Hello?

Step by step, the figure moves closer and Flo's heart pounds harder. What does this... *thing* want. What will it do to her when it arrives.

The shadow of Clay fills the screen as it closes in.

Flo braces. Pink light creeps into the shadows.

FLO (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

Please.

Clay kneels down, and his face is finally lit. He smiles empathetically.

CLAY

Are you okay? I saw you fall.

Flo wipes anxious tears from her face.

FLO

I'm scared of you. Of this.

Clay pauses. Waves crash. He looks at her.

CLAY

Why?

FLO

Because, I want it to be... good.

CLAY

It could be.

He reaches out his hand to help her up. Flo watches the light fall from his fingertips into her eyes. She takes it and sits up, the beach being replaced by:

SCENE 7

EXT. FLOWER FIELD - DAY

A field of colourful wild flowers. The sun's golden rays light them up like hope. Flo blinks in the light.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What does good mean?

She smiles.

FLO

This, I suppose.

We see that they're alone in an idyllic expanse of green and colour.

CLAY

Did you know that these flowers have been here for over 250 years?

FLO

Almost as old as that popcorn was.

CLAY

Hey, I thought that was perfect.

FLO

Suit yourself but I'd rather eat something that expires after we were born.

They laugh. Clay picks out a flower from the ground and hands it to her. Their palms lock together for a fleeting moment as she takes it from him.

She puts the flower behind her ear, yellow petals poking through her hair like a turtle coming out of its shell.

FLO (CONT'D)

If any of these dreams were real, I hope it'd be this one.

While clay talks, we mostly stay on Flo gazing over the sea of colours.

CLAY

This reminds you of Monday mornings doesn't it. Sneaking out and sitting somewhere like this. Hiding from your mum until it was time to go to school. The sun just peeking out over the windows of the maths block. The whole week stretched out ahead with more possibilities than they'd taught you to count to.

FLO

Good days.

CLAY

I know.

Flo pauses, as if she can stretch out time through sheer hope. She takes her gaze from the view to Clay's kind eyes.

FLO

I don't want to wake up now. I don't want to do it all over again.

CLAY

You can choose what happens next for us. He's waiting to meet you.

Flo jumps and buries her head in his shoulder. She can't stay stoic any more.

FLO

Please don't go away.

SCENE 8

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Flo blinks as she finds herself back in the restaurant. She wipes her eyes, pulls her head up off the table and adjusts her hair. She rubs her hand against a small yellow flower behind her ear. Clay sits in front of her, looking like a trillion possibilities.

CREDITS

Title card to start, large font with tight kerning that takes up the whole screen. Soft orangey-pink colour.