

Wet Dream

By Michael Cornetto

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FADE IN:

INT. HOME/OFFICE - NIGHT

A desk calendar indicates September 30th, a digital clock, 6:00.

Dressed in jeans and a tee shirt that states 'I write therefore I am', a paunchy MAN(32) sits at his computer desk. He places his fingers on 'asdf' and 'jkl;'.

MAN

Alright -- one person.

But his fingers remain still. He closes his eyes, then inspiration.

He types FADE IN, then INT. He furrows his brow in intense concentration.

MAN

Need coffee.

He stands and exits.

INT. HOME/OFFICE - LATER

A rousing score of classical music accompanies his furious typing.

He stops, thinks, and then smiles.

Type type type.

Not into a document, but an internet forum thread that seems to be a discussion about Stanley Kubrick.

Type. 'There is no question about it, Barry Lyndon was by far his best film. Not only was the entire film a masterpiece but each and every FRAME of the film was a masterpiece.' Submit.

A glance at the clock shows 7:00.

MAN

Shit!

A window containing a document with the words FADE IN and the letters INT.

A thoughtful pause. He deletes INT, replacing it with EXT. He nods.

Ring! Ring! The phone. Curious. Ring! He answers.

MAN

Hello? -- WHAT? -- HANG ON.

He stands and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He lies on the couch, the handset is pressed to his ear and he doesn't look pleased.

MAN

He gave you the option?! On the spot? What's the producer's name? -- Oh. Yeah. I do know him. -- That's great. Great news. I'm so happy for you. You seem -- What have I been up to?!

He sits up, alarmed.

MAN

Entering contests, lots of them. -- Uh, no not yet but I got really close a couple of times. -- I was working on my entry when you called, I really should -- What's it about?!

He stands, panicked.

MAN

It's a short with, uh, with a cast of one. -- Yep, right, THAT contest. -- I can't tell you, it's supposed to be a secret.

He paces, combs his hair with his fingers.

MAN

It doesn't matter if you aren't going to -- Ok! Ok already! I'm thinking it might be about a man on a life raft, you know, about survival, sucking buttons and --

He smiles, caught in his imagination. Then he frowns.

MAN

You think? Everyone?!

He slumps into a nearby chair.

MAN

Well then how about a man in a room having a deep metaphysical discussion about existence with clones -- Why won't it fly?! -- Well you can't just say it won't fly and then not give me a -- Oh. I see. You're right. Shit! What the hell am I going to write about?

He rubs his face with his open hand.

INT. HOME/OFFICE - LATER

8:00, according to the clock.

Rigid back, palms raised, fingers poised and a bead of sweat that drips down the side of his face, he stares at the document containing the words FADE IN and the letters EXT.

He deletes EXT.

A rumbling growl then the man slumps.

MAN

Dinner.

He stands and exits.

INT. BEDROOM

A thick white fog roils in along the floor.

He stands before two full length mirrors that meet at one corner of the room. One mirror reflects his RIGHT-SIDE, the other his LEFT-SIDE.

He is undressed, his furry belly hangs over the top of his underwear. He lifts his arm to inspect his overly hairy armpit, sniffing it first.

VOICE (O.S.)

Psst! Over here.

He looks around but sees no one.

VOICE (O.S.)

In the mirror.

Incredulous, he looks anyway.

RIGHT-SIDE

You should be writing our contest entry?

Shock.

MAN

I, uh, how, uh, I, uh

Left-side glares.

LEFT-SIDE

Out of ideas? Washed up before we've even wet our ears? People read the crap we churn out and think. Oh my god! What a fuckin' loser.

Man snaps his head toward Left-side, angry.

RIGHT-SIDE

That's not true! We are a wonderful writer, chock full of creativity. We're going to be the next Charlie Kauf --

Man smiles proudly.

LEFT-SIDE
 Bullocks! We're going to be the
 next 7-11 clerk.

Man slumps.

RIGHT-SIDE
 What about that script we wrote,
 the one about the chemical dump,
 that was brilliant --

LEFT-SIDE
 Only an IDIOT would like that
 script.

Right-side gasps.

RIGHT-SIDE
 You son of a bitch!

Right-side hops into left mirror, throws a punch at Left-
 side, but misses.

LEFT-SIDE
 You fight like a girl.

Left-side jabs Right-side's stomach, knocking Right-side
 back to his own mirror. Right-side's head hits the edge
 and he is knocked out.

Left-side laughs evilly. He leers at Man who cowers before
 him.

LEFT-SIDE
 And you're next, fuckin' useless
 wimp.

MAN
 Please, no, don't hurt me --

LEFT-SIDE
 (mocking)
 Please, no, don't hurt me.
 Christ! Be a fuckin' man. You
 got no reason to be pleadin'
 because I'm gonna do us a big
 favour.

Man looks up at Left-side, wary but hopeful.

MAN
 You are?

LEFT-SIDE
 Yep. I'm gonna make us useful.

Man braves a smile.

MAN
 How?

Left-side's hand reaches out from the mirror and grabs Man
 tightly by the throat. Man shakes with fear as he gasps
 for air.

LEFT-SIDE
I'm gonna turn you into dog food.

A wet stain appears on the front of Man's underwear.

INT. HOME/OFFICE - NIGHT

With a loud audible breath, Man lifts his head from the keyboard. He trembles as he wakes.

A fully typed document comes into focus before him. Excited, he blinks his eyes a few times.

At the top of the document are the words FADE IN. They are followed by the letter X repeated continuously over the entire page.

Disappointment followed quickly by a brilliant idea.

He glances at the clock which is covered by an empty dinner plate. He pushes the plate aside.

11:59.

He sighs. Tears well in his eyes. Wiping them away, he shrugs.

The mouse pointer clicks the corner X and a dialog appears. 'Would you like to save your changes?'. He chuckles.

MAN
No.

A forum appears. It contains a list of threads that seem to relate to the subject of screenwriting.

The mouse pointer clicks the thread titled 'One'.

He scrolls to the bottom of the posts.

He types. 'Hey everybody. Couldn't find time to get an entry in this month. Too busy. Maybe next month.' Submit.

He turns off the monitor, then pulls the top page off his desk calendar. October 1st.

He drops his hands into his lap. But something isn't right. He feels around his lap then he hops up.

MAN
God DAMMIT!

He brushes away at the wet stain on the front of his jeans.

FADE OUT.