

Whiskey Dreams

By

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

The locale is dark, lit only by pools of light from the lamps above the tables and bar.

We take a trip around the scene and introduce our protagonists JOHN, JANE, JACK, and YVETTE. And the BARTENDER.

John sits in a booth with his friends. Everyone around him chats animatedly, but John stares blankly ahead.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

JOHN'S DREAM

Establishing shot: exterior of First National Bank.

John is crouched in front of a small safe.

He takes a bottle of baby powder from his bag and shakes some into his hand. He takes a deep breath and blows it towards the safe, revealing the laser security system.

He plugs a cable from his laptop computer to the electronic keypad of the safe, careful to avoid the lasers.

He runs a program on the laptop, his hand on the lever, watching the screen, waiting for the right timing. The computer beeps and he snaps the lever down, opening the safe.

Inside the safe is a black velvet tray covered in diamonds.

He shakes them into a bag and packs up his equipment.

He exits through a rear door to the alley where Jane is waiting with the getaway vehicle.

They drive away.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

John blinks and returns to earth. He turns and begins to chat with his friends.

Jane is sitting at a nearby table, alone. She stares at Jack, who sits at the bar. She bites her lip.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

JANE'S DREAM

Jane and Jack stumble through the door. They are dressed as for a night out, second-date level of fancy. They are a bit tipsy and laughing. Jane is barefoot, her shoes in her hands.

They pause in the hall and face each other, steadying themselves against the wall.

For a moment they do nothing but look at each other. Suddenly they are in each other's arms, kissing.

He pushes her against the wall. She drops her shoes.

His hand on her face, he pulls her lower lip down with his thumb. There is a scar on his wrist.

She kisses his hand.

She puts her hands in his hair as he kisses her neck.

He slides a hand inside her blouse and tears it open.

They stumble to the couch and begin stripping off clothes.

She goes for his belt.

They fall into bed.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jane returns from her reverie, and looks around sheepishly. She gets up and heads to the bathroom, trying hard to pass through Jack's field of vision.

Jack doesn't notice her. He's looking into his drink.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

JACK'S DREAM

A studio apartment, spare yet messy.

A table bears bank statements, showing a horribly overdrawn account, and past due bills.

A framed picture of Jack and Yvette lies on its side.

Through a doorway into the bathroom.

Jack looks at himself in the mirror. His expression is on the sad side of blank.

The tub faucet is running. He shuts it off and gets into his bath.

His tools are all laid out beside him: sleeping pills, vodka, surgical scalpel.

He washes down the pills with a swig of vodka straight from the bottle.

He picks up the scalpel, nervously. His hand is shaking.

He waits a moment to let the drugs take effect.

On his next attempt his hand is steady. He lifts the scalpel and opens a long slash in his wrist.

He gasps from the pain and drops the scalpel.

Blood flows from his wound and clouds the water.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack continues to stare into his whiskey.

Down the bar Yvette is sitting with a couple of friends. She too is zoning out.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

YVETTE'S DREAM

It's Christmas morning. The living room is gaudily decorated and filled with a massive Christmas tree under which countless brightly colored boxes are stuffed.

Yvette emerges from the kitchen bearing a tray of milk and cookies.

John, in the role of her husband, is sitting in an armchair, smoking a pipe. The two perfect children sit patiently at his feet. The entire family is in pajamas and fuzzy slippers.

Yvette sets down the tray and nods indulgently at her expectant children. With joyful faces, they begin to tear the wrapping paper off their gifts.

Yvette smiles and takes a bite of a big chocolate chip cookie.

While the children gleefully tear open presents, her husband hands her a small box.

She opens it to find a diamond necklace.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The bar is empty, except for the bartender, drying a glass with a towel, wiping away all the dreams.

He pauses, looks about at the empty seats, then sighs and returns to wiping glasses.