Good Morning

by Shawn D. Kelley INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MICHELLE lies, sleeping soundly in a tangle of bedsheets. She wears an oversized football jersey shirt.

The room is messy and moderately dim. Filtered sunlight shines through the cracks of the blinds.

The clock at her bedside reads "5:59". After a moment it changes to "6:00"

"Good Morning" from "Singin' In The Rain" starts to play excruciatingly loud from the clock radio.

Michelle stirs, twisting her legs.

The CREAK of a door opening.

She moans at the noise. She slowly opens her eyes. She flips over onto her stomach. She reaches out an arm, paws at the clock radio.

MICHELLE

Shut the hell up, Gene Kelly!!

She hits a button and the music stops.

She flips over again...lets out a wide yawn...followed by a sigh.

The floor croaks in the space in front of her. She looks up, squinting at where the sound came from.

She sits up slightly - lets her eyes adjust and focus on-

A figure stands, unmoving at the foot of the bed. It's her boyfriend, ALEX.

He stands directly in a beam of sunlight that shines through the window, making his features nearly indistinguishable.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Alex? What are you doing up?

He doesn't respond.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I was gonna make you breakfast. I figured you'd have a nasty hangover after last night.

He doesn't move.

She runs her hand through her hair. She pats the empty space beside her on the bed.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Come on, man! Get in bed. Let's watch cartoons.

He finally moves forward, revealing his face. Blank. Emotionless. Serene.

He climbs into bed with her but remains standing on his knees. He looks down at her awkwardly. No expression.

Michelle sits up.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Alex. What's wrong?

A beam of sunlight shines through the blinds.

A glint of silver as-

A sharp butcher knife is raised into the air.

ALEX

Good morning.

Alex calmly drags the knife across her forehead, slashing it open. Blood flows free down her face. She screams! Paralyzed in shock.

She wipes her face and stares at the blood on her hand.

He calmly slashes her face again....and again.

She panics - thrusts herself into him, tackling him onto his back.

They flop off the side of the bed.

Michelle scrambles madly, kicking and punching to get away from him. She crawls - frantic - toward the bathroom.

Alex grabs her by the leg and pulls her back. She kicks him in the face. He falls backward.

Michelle stands and scurries into the bathroom, slamming and locking the door.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michelle spins around, distraught. The bathroom is closed in, no escape.

MICHELLE

Shit!

Michelle sits in a corner and curls up. She cries, holds a towel to her wounds.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alex stands up and walks to the bathroom door. He tries to open it. It's locked. He presses his palm to the door - then brings his ear to the door...listening.

ALEX

(flat)

I will wait for you.

Alex shoves the knife into the crack of the door. It stays there.

Alex moves and simply sits at the edge of the bed. He does not move. He does not even blink.

BATHROOM

Michelle sobs. Her hand over her mouth.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The clock at the bedside now reads "8:00 AM".

Alex lays out on the bed. Asleep, his eyes shut tight. They SNAP OPEN....dart around. Orientating.

He spots the blood on the bed; the trail leading to the door.

ALEX

Oh my god! Michelle?

He leaps up and hurries to the door – sees the bloodied knife sitting on the dresser.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He knocks hard on the door frantically.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Michelle? Are you in there? Are you okay?

MICHELLE

Go away you fucking psycho!

ALEX

What are you talking about? Are you okay? What happened?

She doesn't respond.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Michelle, open the door!

No answer.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Michelle, open the fucking door.

Don't do this again!

Alex slams his body into the door. It doesn't budge.

He slams against it again...repeatedly. Once more...but with a running start.

The door flies open.

Alex cautiously steps inside.

BATHROOM

Michelle sits in the tub, a blood soaked towel pressed to her forehead. She shivers in fear.

Alex marches in. He recoils at the sight of her.

He kneels at the tub. Michelle shrinks away from him.

ALEX

Oh my god, Michelle! What happened? Jesus Christ, we need to get you to a hospital.

He reaches for her. She screams.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Michelle, I promise I'm not going to hurt you. I would never hurt you. Please, let me help you.

Alex reaches for her again. She whimpers but allows him to help her out of the tub. He supports her along. Together they move back into the

BEDROOM

Alex helps Michelle onto the bed.

ALEX

I'll be right back...I'm gonna get the phone.

As Alex exits the room he steps on the remote control. The TV pops on.

It's GOOD DAY LA. The morning weather report. Michelle watches, entranced.

REPORTER

...beautiful and sunny this Monday morning. Cloudless blue skies...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex picks up the phone - dials 911.

ALEX

(on phone)

Hello, operator? My girlfriend, I think...she hurt herself again...we need an ambulance.

Alex nervously glances into the bedroom.

Michelle is barely visible sitting on the bed.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(on phone)

No...she was committed before...but I think she's having delusions again.

BEDROOM

Michelle gets up and moves to the window. She clenches the bloody towel in her hands.

She peers through the blinds. Filtered light shines in on her.

She pulls up the blinds. She stares into the sunlight...

Her features become relaxed. Calm. Serene.

Alex enters.

ALEX

Michelle, you shouldn't be standing...sit back down on the bed.

MICHELLE

(softly)
Good...morning.

He moves briskly right up behind her.

ALEX

What?

She grabs her arm. She swings around and SINKS the butcher knife - concealed in the towel - DEEP into his stomach.

MICHELLE

Good morning.

Alex yells out in pain and drops to the ground.

He groans. Holding onto his stomach. He pulls out the knife.

Bleeds out. He coughs up blood. Gurgles.

After a moment...he is completely silent. Dead.

Michelle turns back to the window. Gazing deep.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It surely is a lovely day.

She smiles, beaming from ear to ear.

FADE OUT.