A DAY WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

by

Julia Bocharova

j_bocharova@rambler.ru

Copyright (c) 2012 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author
FADE IN:

INT. ANDREW AND MARINA’S FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A jolly party is in full swing. Loud sounds of music are deafening. Several GUYS and GIRLS, 18-25, are dancing in the middle of the room, some of them are drinking beer and talking.

ANDREW, a funny guy of 20-25, finishes his beer and shows the empty glass to MARINA, a nice girl of 18-22. She pours corn curls out of the pack onto a dish on the kitchen table.

ANDREW
Hey, Marina, darling!

Marina demonstrates a lot of empty beer bottles on the table and shakes her head.

ANDREW
Oh, shit. I wanna drink!

Marina smiles and turns on the water tap.

ANDREW
When it turns into beer, call me.

MARINA
Booby! You already have enough!

The Guys and Girls around Andrew laugh.

INT. ANDREW AND MARINA’S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

Marina is cleaning up the room: she wipes puddles of beer, picks up crisps and corn curls from the floor.

Andrew, swollen with a hangover, bursts into the room.

MARINA
Oh, surely it was enough. Headache?

Marina strokes Andrew’s head and kisses him.

ANDREW
I’d better have died...

Andrew shuffles to the kitchen table, takes one of the bottles and brings it to his mouth. There’s just one drop.

He puts the bottle back.
ANDREW
Honey, I need to be cured.

MARINA
We ran out of money.

ANDREW
Damned...

He turns on the tap of the sink, takes a sip from the tap and... recoils.

Andrew gains a handful of liquid and smells it.

ANDREW
What a bullshit?...

The stream from the tap is yellow. There’s some foam appearing in the sink.

ANDREW
Marina, what’s up with the water?

MARINA
What?

ANDREW
It’s... it’s beer. Fu...

"Be-ep!"

Andrew eagerly drinks from the tap and wipes his mouth with his hand. The stream goes on. Andrew stares in disbelief.

MARINA
Dreams come true?

Marina smiles mocking.

ANDREW
Taste it yourself! Oh, my God!

Andrew looks up.

MARINA
Andrew...

Andrew frowns.

ANDREW
Wait.

Andrew grabs a handset and dials.
ANDREW
Hi, buddy! Are you slipping?
Wake up and go to the
kitchen. Just do what I say!

Loud footfall. Andrew looks on the ceiling.

ANDREW
And don't stamp like an
elephant! Turn on the tap.
So?...

Wile he is talking Marina comes to the sink, fills her
cupped hands with liquid from the tap and tastes it.

MARINA
M-m...

Marina smacks her lips. Andrew gestures to her: now you see!

Marina nods and turns the beer off.

Andrew listens to the answer and pushes a button on the
handset. He looks shocked.

ANDREW
It's just here. I should
call guys! No one would
believe when I say.

While saying Andrew turns the beer on and fills a glass
with it. The beer foams and bubbles. Andrew pours it into
the sink.

The sink is full of appetizing foam.

MARINA
Oh no, please...

ANDREW
Why not? Did they bother
you? I can give parties
without buying drinks now!
And no headache in the
morning. Ha-ha!

Andrew splashes in the sink.

MARINA
Don't be silly...

ANDREW
You're right. I'll better
sell the beer and finally
pay the bills. Yeah?
MARINA
Andrew...

ANDREW
No! It can be a real business. I will become an owner of a pub, ah?!

Andrew embraces Marina.

ANDREW
Just imagine: we’ll got pots of money, and will buy a big house, and will go to a trip... No-o!!

Andrew takes the bottles and ranks them.

ANDREW
I will establish a factory to pack the beer into bottles and sell them all over the country and for export.

MARINA
It’s unbelievable!

ANDREW
Have you ever dreamed about a famous and rich boyfriend, baby? Here I am.

Andrew grins, takes a corn curl and “smokes” it like a cigar.

But what is it?

The beer stream becomes a trickle and shortly turns into some drops.

The tap hisses.

ANDREW
What’s the hell?

Andrew turns the valve, yanks it out, but there’s no beer anymore.

Andrew opens the door under the sink and sees a beer keg attached to the tap by a hose.

ANDREW
Marina?

Marina shrugs.
MARINA
I’ve tried to say... Happy birthday!

Andrew flops on a chair. He says something, but we can hear just “be-ep”.

FADE OUT: