

DEAD DREAM

by

Barry John Terblanche

(+27) 079 6469 246 (South Africa)
scriptwriter.barryjohn@gmail.com
secondary email; opm7bjt@gmail.com

All rights reserved.

This screenplay/script may not be used or reproduced
for any purpose including educational purpose without
the expressed written permission of the author.

INT. BEDROOM OF MIKE & SHARON - NIGHT

SHARON stands by the open window gazing sadly at the moonlit sky as it streams thru her long blond hair. A SILHOUETTE stands in the background, at the doorway. The figure steps into the light - -

Wearing a business suit, MIKE stares at her ruefully while loosely gripping a revolver by his side, wisps of smoke still rising from its barrel.

She continues to gaze out the window, not even turning to him.

SHARON

You can't keep coming here like this.

A pregnant silence as Mike stares at her longingly.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Why can't you just let me sleep?

Mike takes a deep, anguished breath.

MIKE

I'm sorry.

Sharon turns away from the window, to Mike - - half of her head is blown off.

SHARON

Sorry doesn't change what you did.

Mike slightly tilts his head down, in not to look at her.

MIKE

A fit of rage.. I come home from a business trip to find you in our bed with another man.

He lifts his head to look at the motionless body laying on the bed. Then hesitantly to look at her.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I did not know.

Please. This is as hard for me as it for you. Forgive me, then we can both be set free.

She slowly shakes her head.

SHARON

You shot me in the head and you want forgiveness.. No Mike, and don't be coming around into my dreams no more.

She turns to gaze out the window.

MIKE

Sharon. This is not your dream..
IT'S MY DREAM.

FLASH SCENES:

* Year end office party - festive dancing and drinking. A co-worker (male) standing at the bar staring at Sharon on the dance floor.

* Co-worker arm around Sharon's waist walking her out, keys raised high in one hand he gestures to the others he's driving DRUNK Sharon home.

* Sharon on her sofa, rubbing her temple. Co-worker in the kitchen drops a PILL (it dissolves) into a glass of water.

* Sharon laying naked, motionless on her bed, the co-worker standing before the bed, undressing. A sinister grin on his face.

END OF FLASH SCENES.

INT. PRISON - NIGHT

Down a long dim lit passage. A double bed-deck cell, Mike laying on his back, bottom bed. His eyes wide open.

MIKE (V.O)

Sharon.. Please forgive me this time.

FADE OUT