

FADE OUT:

by  
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(with a little help from my friends)

FADE IN:

INT. SIMON'S WORKING ROOM - DAY

SIMON, late 40's, sits in front of his laptop. He's about to type. He hesitates, sighs.

On the screen, the page of Final Draft is desperately blank, except for two words on the top left. "FADE IN:"

The clock on the desk reads: 10:11.

Simon's eyes wander around the room. On a shelf above his desk, a whole row of Classic DVDs.

He scratches his ear.

On the floor, by the door, a pile of books with some evocative titles: "How to Write a Script", "How to Write a Selling Screenplay" and "Write + Sell the Hot Screenplay".

Simon stretches.

A large George Lucas poster completely covers one of the walls.

Simon puts a pencil above his upper lip as a mustache.

The clock on the desk reads: 11:58.

His hands behind his head, Simon stares out the window. Outside, a sunny day with birds that chirp.

Suddenly he snaps his fingers. He rushes to type, but hesitates again.

SIMON

(under his breath)

F --

The sound of a door slammed shut. A woman's voice resounds.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Honey! I'm home!

Simons looks more depressed than ever.

LOUISE, mid thirties and radiant appears at the door. She smiles.

LOUISE

How was your morning?

SIMON

I wrote around ten pages but I forgot to save my file and, pfff -- it's all gone.

LOUISE

(doubtfully)

Simon.

SIMON

(elusive)

Yes?

LOUISE

You didn't write a single line. Did you?

Simon nods in shame.

SIMON

But Louise, that's what I told you the other day. I have my best ideas during my sleep. But when I wake up in the morning, I've forgotten everything.

Louise sits by him, takes his hand.

LOUISE

I thought about it. Next time you wake up, at that precise moment, take a pen, and write down your idea?

SIMON

(brightly)

That's not a bad idea!

LOUISE

Hey, don't you forget why you married me?

She opens one of the desk drawers.

LOUISE

And by the same occasion -- At  
last, you'll use my last wedding  
anniversary present.

She takes out a tiny Maglight, hands it to Simon. He takes  
it then kisses her on the forehead.

SIMON

You're my angel.

LOUISE

(over modest)

I know.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon sleeps in his bed next to Louise. She lies on her  
belly.

Close-up on Simon's face. He opens his eyes and smiles.

On the bedside table lies the Maglight, a notebook and a  
pen.

Excited, Simon takes the Maglight, switches it on, clenches  
it between his teeth. He takes the pen and starts to write  
on the notebook.

SIMON

(whispers and chuckles)

Very good. Oh yeah, excellent.

He puts the pen and the notebook back on the table and  
switches off the light.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Simon faces a mirror, shaving. He's still excited.

In the mirror, beyond the door behind him, Louise wakes up  
and yawns. Simons notices it.

SIMON

You were right, sweetheart. Last night, I had the best idea I've had in years.

LOUISE

(drowsy)

Did you? Great.

SIMON

I haven't look at it, but as soon as I've finished, I'll get on my laptop. I feel like Antonioni and Hitchcock meeting.

As he splashes his face to get rid of the shaving cream, Louise turns to Simon's sidetable.

LOUISE

Mind if I take a look?

SIMON

(wiping his face)

Not at all. I'm so proud of my chef d'oeuvre.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

As Simon comes back in the bedroom with a towel around his neck, he notices Louise's disappointed face.

LOUISE

Sure it'll be unforgettable.

She faces Simon and hands him the notebook where he can read:

"boy meets girl"

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