

IS IT WARM IN HERE  
OR IS IT JUST ME?

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3rd Draft

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**FADE IN**

**BEGIN DREAM**

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A nightlight illuminates the space with an eerie glow.

DUNCAN (56), balding and unshaven, lies in bed on his back. Asleep with a fever, he shivers and sweats profusely.

His wife DIANE (56), enters, sits on the bed next to him.

She holds in her hand a small, open jar. She undoes the buttons on his pajama top. He awakens but does not move.

She scoops out a generous sample of vapor rub from the jar, smears it across his chest.

The lotion starts to smolder. Fumes arise from his chest.

His eyes widen with fright. He cannot move or make a sound.

He chokes on the fumes. His eyes water and he struggles to breathe. She leaves him in the room alone, closes the door.

He sneezes. Two large, slimy slugs fly out of his nose onto his chest. They creep across his chest onto the bed.

They slide off the bed, onto the floor. They disappear into the tile like it's a pond.

He hears LAUGHTER and muffled, INDISCERNIBLE CONVERSATION between a man and a woman.

He sits up and slides his legs over the side of the bed. He places his feet on the floor. Like water, it ripples around his feet. He tries to stand and succeeds.

DUNCAN

So that's how Jesus does it.

His bathrobe hangs on the wall nearby. He walks to it and puts it on over his sweat-soaked pajamas.

He looks into a mirror. His reflection is that of a much younger Duncan. He nonchalantly runs his fingers through the non-existent hair he sees in the reflection. It falls out, sticks to his hands.

He gasps, tries to wipe his hands clean. He can't.

He opens the door and leaves the room. He proceeds to the --

**SITTING ROOM**

Frost coats the walls, Icicles hang from the ceiling.

Duncan walks stealthily but with a shiver, enters and stares. He is aghast at what he sees.

Diane and DUNCAN'S TWIN (56), sit on the sofa embraced in a kiss. They separate.

DIANE

I'm sure the spell I cast is working.  
He should be dead by now.

DUNCAN'S TWIN

We can finally be together.

DIANE

I have another surprise. I hit the  
Thunderball. Half a million pounds!

DUNCAN'S TWIN

Great. We can go away on a Bahamas  
holiday. Duncan always wanted to go  
there. We can do it in his memory,  
poor chap.

After they laugh, they pick up champaign glasses.

DIANE

A toast to Duncan.

DUNCAN'S TWIN

What do we do with the body?

DIANE

We'll worry about that in the  
morning.

Duncan returns to the --

**BEDROOM**

Duncan hangs up his robe and crawls into bed with a shiver.  
He whimpers into his pillow, heartbroken.

DUNCAN

Why? why? why?

TERRY (O.S.)

Why what?

Startled, he pulls his head out of his pillow. He looks into the eyes of TERRY (17), an attractive teenage woman.

DUNCAN  
Who are you?

TERRY  
Terry.

DUNCAN  
What are you doing here?

TERRY  
I'm getting cried on, it seems.

DUNCAN  
I mean, why? Why are you here?

TERRY  
I don't know. Why are you blubberin'?

DUNCAN  
I just caught my wife kissing my twin brother. Also, she just won a half a million pounds on Thunderball and she killed me. The two of them are going off to The Bahamas. So help me, I really want to do her in.

He gazes at her quizzically.

DUNCAN (cont'd)  
You look familiar. Do I know you from somewhere?

TERRY  
I sat next to you in Mr. Barrett's year twelve Humanities. Remember? You kept dropping your pencil to steal a peak up my skirt.

DUNCAN  
You were on to me? You didn't say anything.

TERRY  
I got a kick out of it.

She straddles his waist and kisses him.

Mid-kiss, she bursts into flames. He screams, pushes her off and jumps out of bed.

She points at him with a flaming hand.

He looks down and sees that he is covered in Tarantulas.

They bite him. He screams.

He withers as they nurse out his juices.

DUNCAN  
Get them off me!

Terry stops burning. She pulls a cricket bat from under the bed. She beats him feverishly.

DUNCAN  
Holy Hell! What are you doing?

She chases him about the room, swings the bat at every opportunity.

She continues to hit him until all the spiders look like steel wool pads embedded into his pajamas.

He stops running, looks himself over.

DUNCAN  
Wow these things are itchy. Where did you get that?

TERRY  
Under the bed. Why?

DUNCAN  
I could use that to get revenge on my wife.

TERRY  
I wouldn't do that. You'll catch the rap for the murder.

DUNCAN  
What do you suggest?

TERRY  
Well, she likes to sit by the fireplace all the time, doesn't she?

DUNCAN  
Yes. How did you know?

TERRY  
Everybody knows.

DUNCAN  
Oh, right. Go on.

TERRY

You could place a bomb in the back of the fireplace. The next time she makes a fire and sets next to it...  
Boom!

DUNCAN

That's a crackin' idea! I know exactly how to do it. I'll use a couple of aerosol cans. It'll look like an accident. I'll cash in the insurance. That's what she gets for killing me and running off with my twin. So... How do I mine the fireplace without them knowing?

TERRY

Easy. I'll put sleeping drops in their wine. I'll come back and let you know you're clear. In the meantime, try and stay out of Hell.

DUNCAN

Why should I be concerned with Hell?

TERRY

You're dead. Where do you think you go with what you're planning? A demon will try to nab you.

DUNCAN

You're right. I'll be careful.

Terry leaves.

The wall before him opens, revealing the fiery landscape of Hell. It looks like the Grand Canyon but with flaming cliffs, molten rivers and screaming souls all around.

A giant, flaming hand reaches into the room, aims for Duncan. It grabs him. He struggles. He cannot scream or break free. It shakes him back-and-forth violently.

With a flinch, it crushes him. His bloody innards burst out of his mouth, down his shirt.

Terry returns. She reaches for the cricket bat, hammers the the giant hand. It releases Duncan as it vanishes into thin air. Hell disappears with the return of the wall.

She seems to not notice his scorched, blood-soaked shirt, nor the missing steel wool pads.

TERRY

That was close. Anyway, you're all set. I'll meet you back at my place.

DUNCAN

Understood. Where do you live?

TERRY

In town. I have a flat above the shops. You know that.

DUNCAN

Of course.

She leaves.

He pulls a couple of cans of air freshener from the linen cabinet. He dons his robe and walks to the --

#### **SITTING ROOM**

Completely dark, no longer frozen and frosty. Diane sleeps on the sofa alone.

Duncan enters, bumbles into the sofa. He approaches the fireplace.

Embers glow in the hearth. Duncan pulls down his pajama bottom, urinates onto the coals.

Fire races up his urine stream like it's petrol. He keeps the fire at bay with a frantic side-to-side pivot.

He sneezes. The sneeze puts out the fire.

He kneels before the fireplace, places the cans inside. He pushes them to the back behind a log with a poker.

He leaves for the --

#### **GRARAGE / CAR**

Duncan opens the driver's door of his Citroen, sits behind the wheel. After he fastens his seat belt, he turns a glowing key in the ignition. It starts the car. He backs it out the garage, passes through the closed door like a ghost.

#### **EXT. DRIVEWAY**

The entire world is engulfed in flames. The car backs onto the street.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Duncan drives through town. Every building is ablaze. Burning structures crumble around him. He cowers behind the steering wheel and navigates the car through the debris.

A tornado of fire appears before him. The car spins, becomes airborne. He screams as it hurls through fiery clouds.

The car lands in another driveway, another house. He looks around. The fire is gone. The garage door opens. He drives in and parks. The garage door closes.

**DIFFERENT GARAGE**

Similar in design, different in decor and colour.

MUM (60), enters, opens his door. She reaches in and unfastens his safety belt. With a start, he recognizes her.

DUNCAN

Mum! You look beautiful today.

MUM

(same voice as Diane)

Why thank you! You look a little knackered. Let me put you back to bed.

DUNCAN

It's so good to be home. It feels so much nicer here. So cool. No fire.

They enter the house.

**DIFFERENT BEDROOM**

Duncan and his mum enter, approach the bed.

DUNCAN

Mum? I never noticed before but you smell just like Diane.

MUM

That's nice dear. Let me help you with your robe, get you cleaned up.

After taking off his robe, she helps him sit on the bed. She removes his blood-soaked top, dresses him with clean. She picks up his feet and swivels them onto the bed.

She tucks him in.



**DREAM ENDS****INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Duncan wakes in his own bed, his own bedroom. The bright morning sunlight shines through the curtains.

He reaches for a water bottle on the bedside table, knocks it off. It lands with a CLATTER.

Diane enters.

DIANE  
I thought I heard you stirring. How are you feeling?

DUNCAN  
Much better. My fever broke.

DIANE  
Good. Maybe I can get off the sofa tonight and sleep in a proper bed.

DUNCAN  
I really appreciate what you did.

**SITTING ROOM**

Duncan enters and approaches the sofa with Diane's help.

DIANE  
Have a seat. After I fix you some tea, I'll build us a nice fire.

She leaves and returns with the tea, sets it for him on the low table. She sits beside the fireplace, builds a fire. She opens a newspaper.

DIANE (cont'd)  
(while reading)  
You must have had some night last night. Rather restless, I'd say. I bet you had some wild dream.

DUNCAN  
I can't recall, really. I think I dreamt that you killed me and you were running off with my twin brother to The Bahamas.

DIANE  
Your twin brother? You don't have a twin brother.

DUNCAN

I did in the dream. Anyway, I was pretty cross over that, especially since you won Thunderball and you were keeping it from me.

DIANE

Really, now. I bet you were cross.

She GASPS. After a beat she stands and SCREAMS.

DIANE

Duncan! I won Thunderball!

DUNCAN

It was only a dream.

DIANE

No, really! Look! All five numbers and the ball!

He joins her and confirms the winning ticket.

DUNCAN

We need to celebrate. I know it's morning and I'm sick and all, but this is a time for a toast! Fetch us some wine, please.

Diane sets the newspaper and ticket on the floor. She leaves and returns with a bottle and two glasses.

She pours the wine, hands him a glass. They CLINK glasses.

DIANE

To Thunderball!

They each take a sip.

DUNCAN

So, how did you know I had a wild dream? I didn't talk, did I?

DIANE

Not much, but you were sleep walking. I saw you peeking in on me when I was watching "A Discovery of Witches".

DUNCAN

Really?

DIANE

Really. Then you came back later when I was asleep.

(MORE)

DIANE (cont'd)  
Your stumbling woke me up. I watched you piss into the fireplace in a rather frantic way and put out what was left of the fire. I think you were trying to get it started again because you threw in a log or something and stirred it around. Then you left for the garage.

DUNCAN  
I did? Really? The garage?

DIANE  
Aye. I came in and you were just sitting in your car staring straight ahead. You had vomit all down the front of you. I got you out, took you to our room, changed your shirt, and put you to bed. You kept calling me, "Mum".

A look of concern crosses Duncan's face.

DUNCAN  
I played in the fireplace?

After a beat, Duncan erupts into pure panic. He screams.

DUNCAN (cont'd)  
Get away from the fire!

Duncan pushes Diane away from the fireplace.

A fireball explodes from the fireplace. Glowing embers drop from the air. An archipelago of small fires burn on the carpet. Duncan's bathrobe is in flames.

He throws off his robe. The two of them stamp out that fire, attend to the many others.

The smoke alarm sounds. He stands on a chair, removes the alarm and silences it. He steps down and looks about.

DUNCAN (cont'd)  
Well, that's a fine mess, isn't it. We needed new carpeting, I suppose. By the way, where's the ticket?

DIANE  
I set it on top of the news.

She points to a newspaper-sized ash pile in the carpet.

**FADE OUT**