

Transparent

By

Kevin McDaniel

Copyright (c) 2019

[kmcdaniel805@gmail.com](mailto:kmcdaniel805@gmail.com)

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

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT:

of MILO STARTLING awake, PANTING from a nightmare.

Across the room sits RICK, indifferent, engrossed in study by lamplight at his desk. The room is crowded with the beds on opposite sides, and a desk for each of the roommates.

Rick looks up briefly, annoyed.

Milo looks at him, catching his BREATH. He finally manages to get himself together.

MILO

You ever have nightmares of being alone in the world?

RICK

No.

MILO

Like, you wake up to find that nobody but you exists anymore? In your dream?

RICK

No.

Milo ponders this, then rolls over in his bed to go back to sleep.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Rick is brushing his teeth.

ON MIRROR:

as Milo walks up to the door and watches Rick brush. Rick stops brushing.

RICK

What?

MILO

Is this a dream?

RICK

*What?*

MILO

You ever have trouble separating  
dreams from reality?

Rick goes back to brushing.

RICK

No.

MILO

Good. Is this a dream then?

Rick doesn't answer, just stares at Milo. Milo gets the message, walks away. Rick shakes his head, confounded, then SPITS and WASHES.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rick and Milo are both studying at their desks by lamplight. Milo looks up at Rick, curious.

MILO

Do you exist?

Rick doesn't even look up.

RICK

Could you shut up?

MILO

I hope you do. Exist.

Milo stands up, climbs into bed.

MILO

'Night.

Milo turns off his lamp.

INT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Both Milo and Rick are at their desks, but this time they're facing each other, LAUGHING, feeling liberated from their studies.

MILO

--and then she woke up, and we were  
all just laughing, cuz she doesn't

(MORE)

MILO (cont'd)  
 know she has a, like a French  
 mustache you know--

RICK  
 (laughing)  
 That's hilarious. Hilarious, man.

SINGLE:

of Milo as he stands up and heads over to his drawers.

MILO  
 Hang on, I have a picture.

HOLD ON

Milo as he begins RUMMAGING through his drawers. He glances over his shoulder, smiling, but he freezes and his smile slowly fades.

REVEAL:

where Rick was sitting, except he's not there anymore.

Milo turns around, his face oddly blank.

MILO  
 Rick?  
 (silence)  
 Rick?

Milo finally gets his legs to move, eases toward Rick's desk. He investigates Rick's chair suspiciously.

MILO  
 (to the chair, plainly)  
 That's not funny, man.

He pokes at the space where Rick should be sitting, but his finger doesn't touch anything. He pokes again. His face remains furrowed and inexpressive.

He waves his hand in front of where Rick's face should be. He catches himself, shakes his head at himself. Then he begins waving his hand in front of his own face. Playing peek-a-boo.

Rick's still not there.

Slowly, Milo sits in the chair. He swivels, looks around at the rest of the room. Nothing.

He stands up, walks over to the bathroom.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door PUSHES open, revealing Milo's shadowy figure. Milo reaches over and FLICKS the light on, revealing his features.

OVER THE SHOULDER:

of Milo as he looks around at the bathroom.

He takes one tentative step into the bathroom, looks around. The shower curtain is open, nobody's there.

He leans around to look behind the door, nobody's there.

He steps back out of the bathroom, confused. He FLICKS the light OFF and then ON again.

Nothing.

OFF, ON.

Nothing.

OFF, ON.

Same story.

OFF.

Milo steps backward, shell-shocked. Frozen.

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

It's too dark to see clearly. We hear BREATHING, sheets RUSTLING. Then a light COMES ON.

It's Milo. He sees Rick asleep in his bed, and a wave of relief hits him. He falls back in his bed, calming himself.

INT. APARTMENT - SUNRISE

Milo is at his desk, trying to distract himself in his studies.

Rick AWAKENS, YAWNS.

He glances over to where Milo's working, squints confusedly.

RICK

Milo?

Milo looks up immediately, happy to talk to Rick.

MILO

Yeah?

Rick doesn't say anything, just looks around in a morning daze.

RICK

(loudly)

Milo!

MILO

(frowning)

Yeah, what?

Rick sits up in bed, still not acknowledging Milo. They both look equally confused. Finally, Rick stands up and walks over to Milo. Shuts Milo's light off. Walks back and sits down on the edge of his bed.

Milo is frowning, confused and a little upset. He reaches over and TURNS his lamp back ON.

Rick's head snaps to. He's immediately awakened, fear crossing his eyes. He stares at the lamp.

Milo stares at Rick.

RICK

Milo?

MILO

Uh, yeah, I'm right here.

RICK

(not hearing)

Huh.

Milo scowls, realizes Rick's probably playing a joke.

MILO

Oh, yeah, very funny Rick.

Rick stands up and walks into the bathroom. He turns the light on. Milo sits still, trying to figure out what's going on.

Finally he stands up, looking determined. He walks toward the bathroom.

MILO  
Okay, stop it, Rick. I don't know  
what you're--

OVER THE SHOULDER:

of Milo as he shuts up, having arrived at the bathroom door. Rick is standing at the sink, BRUSHING. But Milo's reflection doesn't show in the mirror.

Milo stands frozen, eyes wide in shock.

Rick SPITS and WASHES it down the sink, then turns around and starts to walk out. Milo DODGES at the last second, watches Rick pass by, oblivious to Milo.

He turns back to the mirror, tentatively walks into the bathroom. He comes to a stop. He still doesn't have a reflection.

LATER

Milo is lying in his bed, his face blank, watching Rick PACK his school material. Rick gets everything together, heads out the door.

MILO  
Bye.

MEDIUM:

of Milo sitting up in his bed, his face unmoving. The alarm clock beside him reads 7:57.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SHOT,

Milo sitting in the exact same position, but the clock now reads 12:00.

There's a KNOCK, and Milo's eyes bolt to the door as he comes out of his stupor.

He gets out of bed and walks over to the door. Reluctantly, he OPENS it.

In the doorway stands a WOMAN in her 50s. Her eyes go wide. She doesn't see Milo. She peers in.

Milo SWINGS the door gently back-and-forth, causing the woman to jump. She backs off, eyes wide, before turning and walking away as fast as possible.

Milo gently SWINGS the door shut. He stands still.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

ON:

the door. We can hear someone UNLOCKING the door from the other side. The door swings open and in walks Rick. He beelines for his desk.

REVEAL:

Milo, lying on the floor, unmoving.

Rick sits down, then glances over to Milo's side of the room. Does a double take.

ON:

an empty pharmaceutical bottle on Milo's desk.

Slowly, Rick's eyes shift to where Milo lay, on the floor next to the desk. He stands up, walks up to Milo's body. Toes it. Kicks it. Milo's body remains unresponsive. Rick stands still for a moment, hands on his hips. Then he walks back to his desk and sits down.

FADE OUT.