

REALITY by Elisa Di Napoli

1

INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRCASE.

P.O.V THE END OF THE CORRIDOR FACING THE ENTRANCE DOOR.

Sound of keys. FRANK opens the door. Takes off his coat, hangs it on the rack. Goes to the kitchen, pours himself a glass of water, drinks it quite fast, rinses the glass and heads upstairs, as quietly as possible so as not to wake SARAH.

2

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM.

FRANK opens the door to the bedroom and quietly goes about getting undressed. The room is dark. Suddenly a loud male snort is heard from his side of the bed. FRANK stops unbuttoning his shirt and tries to focus his eyes in the dark. He sees a slightly fat naked man curled up in his bed beside SARAH, both sleeping peacefully amid a maze of linen sheets. Absolutely astonished he stands still and silent. He is taken aback, does not know what to do. He tries in his mind to find the best possible way of dealing with the situation. But then inevitably, a dull explosion of hurt takes place and he switches on the light.

CAMERA CLOSE UP ON SARAH.

After a couple of seconds SARAH moans, rubs her eyes and begins to sit up in bed. She looks confused. (The LOVER's body cannot be seen)

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER in the bed) .

FRANK waits a few seconds.

P.O.V LOOKING OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER. (There is no LOVER in the bed).

FRANK- You bitch. What the fuck do you call this?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER in the bed).

SARAH blinks to bring FRANK into focus.

SARAH- Frank?

SHE meets his eyes and sees an alien rage in them, over a red livid face.

CLOSE UP OF FRANK'S FACE

SARAH (V.O) - Frank? What's going on?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER in the bed snoring.)

FRANK gives a short bitter laugh and waits.

SARAH- Jesus Christ, Frank, what is it?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER. (There is no LOVER in the bed).

FRANK stabs a finger in the direction of the sleeping guest, thus pointing to the empty bed.

FRANK- Him , Sarah. He's the problem. Want to tell me his name?

SARAH looks across at FRANK's side of the bed.

P.O.V SARAH.(Only the sheets can be seen.)

SARAH- Who?

P.O.V LOOKING OVER SARAH'S SHOULDER.(There is no LOVER).

FRANK- Him!

P.O.V LOOKING OVER FRANK'S SHOULDER. (There is a LOVER).

SARAH's drowsiness is replaced by a more alert form of puzzlement. She looks again ,then again back to her husband.

SARAH- Honey, are you okay?

CAMERA ON FRANK.

FRANK- (sarcastic and gesticulating) Yeah! Oh, yes I'm just fine ,thanks. And him? Is he fine too? 'cause otherwise you know I can always lend him my pyjamas so he can feel more at home... (smiling sarcastically) and can fuck you better in the morning...

FRANK's sarcasm suddenly disintegrates. His words are finding no purchase on SARAH. Her face is innocent, confused. She even looks as if she's getting angry.

A car passes their house in the street outside.

FRANK- There is a man in the bed

SARAH checks one last time.

SARAH- No Frank, there isn't.

FRANK- Shut the fuck up Sarah. I'm looking at him right now, he's in the bed with you.-

SARAH- (looking puzzled and annoyed now) Hey- first you don't talk to me like that. Second there is no man in the bed. I don't know what 's wrong with you tonight but (syllabizing) there-is-no-man-in-the-bed.

FRANK- Oh yeah? Right. So what's that then? A figment of my imagination?

SARAH- Yeah. You got it. Now if you don't mind

FRANK- (interrupting her) A figment of my imagination uh? What is it? Do you think I am stupid? Well sorry to disappoint you *darling* but I'm not quite as stupid as you think. A fuckin' revolting guy snoring in my fuckin' bedroom is not exactly what I call a figment of my imagination!

SARAH throws him a glacial look.

SARAH- Been drinking then, Frank?

FRANK- (astounded) What?

SARAH- That's it huh? You've gone to the pub and had a few pints right? Well, that's fine ,but don't come in here and lay your shit on me. I'm tired .

FRANK- I haven't had a single fucking thing to drink all night!

SARAH- Yeah sure.

SARAH goes back to sleep.

FRANK is out of himself with frustration and impatience. He almost talks to himself

FRANK- This is fuckin' crazy. She's been shagging a bloody ugly bastard in *my* bed and *she* calls *me* drunk. Sure. I'm the one who's drunk 'cause I'm the one who came home from work to find *her* in my bed with some fuckin' snoring bastard... Fuckin' hilarious. (faking calm now) Now, do I have to kick him out of there or will you do it for me?

SARAH- Go to bed Frank. You'll feel better tomorrow morning.

FRANK- That's enough ! Stop playing this sick game right now!

Frank tries to get nearer to the bed to touch the man but SARAH rises again, very annoyed, as if to stop him.

SARAH- Look, if you've been drinking and now you're completely out of your mind it's not my problem. But don't come near me until you sober up. And if you want to get at me for some reason I don't know then get it out now and let's get it over with quickly. If you are frustrated about something I've done or you're angry at me for something there's no reason to shout and put up this farse. You can talk about it now and get it off your chest or we can go to sleep and sort it out tomorrow.

SARAH tries to go back to sleep, angry now, beating her pillow into shape.

FRANK- your little tricks won't work with me
SARAH- Ok then. (and switches the light off)

FRANK looks at her with hatred. He stands still for a few seconds and gets adjusted to the dark. Then he walks in front of the window and stands there looking at the street lamp outside. Then he has a sudden intuition. He comes back to the bed and switches on the light.

FRANK- (thoughtful and ironic) So that's why you did it. You went to bed with another man to get revenge from me. So what is it that that you want to punish me for? What horrible crime did I commit that made you do this to me? Whatever it is, let me tell you, whatever you imagined I did wrong or whatever I did wrong it is not an excuse for fuckin' another man Sarah... It is pathetic, it's childish, and I'm not gonna accept it.

SARAH looks at him with her elbows on the pillow, wondering what to think. A long pause follows, while they look into each other eyes trying to understand what's going on.

SARAH- Frank... has something happened to you tonight? Something is seriously wrong...
FRANK- (ironically) Oh, it sure is
SARAH- Maybe if you tried to sit down...

FRANK interrupts her.

FRANK- (firmly) Stop lying. No more games now, please.
SARAH- (calmly) The only game there is, is in your mind Frank.

FRANK looks at her for quite a long time.

FRANK- Are you really in denial? You must be... sick...
SARAH- (getting worried) You don't know what you're saying...

*FRANK moves toward the bed.
HE touches the body of the LOVER to see if it is real but the LOVER only snorts louder. HE tries to wake him without success. Then he looks at SARAH, who follows the movements of his hand only to see it touch the bed. SHE looks at him in disbelief. HE looks at her looking at him*

SARAH- What on earth are you doing now..?

FRANK grabs HER by the shoulders

FRANK- In all truth, now, I want you to look into my eyes and say to me that you don't remember what you've done to me tonight.
SARAH- (genuinely worried now) Oh god...
FRANK- Sarah, please, I just want you to tell me, do you or do you not remember what you've done tonight in this room?
SARAH- Frank...you...
FRANK- yes?
SARAH- I have been with you tonight in this room and that's what I've done tonight in this room.

FRANK lowers his eyes, convinced now that she's talking in good faith. After a while he takes a grip on himself to change attitude.

FRANK- (caring) I am not sure I really understand this... I just can't understand how you really could not... anyway, if you really can't remember, well then it's not your're fault, and... I mean, then you are not well and I... well I guess I must help you. I will try. I, no, we will find a way. Together. Yeah. Together we will sort it out. I'm gonna do my best, yeah and well... it'll be all right... eventually...

SARAH- What the hell are you talking about?

FRANK- Nothing. It's ok.

SARAH- Are you...implying that I am insane or something? Jesus Frank! This is so fucked up! If there someone who is crazy it's you! It's unbelievable...

FRANK- It's fine Sarah, let's sleep and forget this all thing c'mon-

*SARAH cannot believe what's happening. She refuses to go back to sleep.
FRANK tries to get her to sleep while awkwardly trying to avoid the body of the snoring LOVER in every way.*

FRANK- C'mon, get to sleep. For tonight I'll sleep downstairs..

SARAH refuses decisively any help puzzled as she is. Finally she blurts:

SARAH- Frank stop it!

*They stare at each other over the body of the naked LOVER. (the LOVER is seen only in P.O.V FRANK)
After a while they simultaneously say while still looking each other in the eyes:*

SARAH /FRANK- You are crazy.

After a pause of astonishment:

SARAH \ FRANK- You're saying I'm crazy?!?!
FRANK- Oh shut up!
SARAH- No you shut up!

*SARAH turns her back to him and FRANK slowly sits on the edge of the bed turning his back to her. They stay silent for a long time. Then he slowly lies down.
and awkwardly tries to give her a hug while trying to avoid the LOVER's body.
P.O.V FRANK*

FRANK- Come here...

While he is trying to reach for her the LOVER in the middle wakes up, pushes away the sheet and walks out of the door completely naked. FRANK sees him as the man leaves the bed and walks to the door. He stares at him.

FRANK- What the hell...

*SARAH turns to face the doorway.
CAMERA SHOWS EMPTY DOORWAY
Then SHE turns to FRANK with an questioning face.
FRANK turns to her and shrugs his shoulders.*

FRANK- Nothing.

FADE OUT