

FADE IN:

EXT. MARK'S HOME - MORNING

It is a gloomy Monday morning. The dark grey clouds slowly loom over a royal blue house. Birds echo from a distance. Silence resonates within the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

MARK KLAUSSMAN (mid '30s). A MAN is running past Mark's home with a dog on a leash till they're no longer in the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S HOME- MORNING

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN (mid 30's) attempts to wipe a smudge off of ISABEL KLAUSSMAN'S (6 yrs old) shirt. Charlotte rushes back to the sink to apply more water to a dampened ripped rag and speed walks back to Isabel once again. She pauses and looks over at the clock hanging on the wall then throws the rag on the table. Charlotte walks up the stairs in a hurry. Approaching a door, she knocks on it rapidly.

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN

Mark!? What are you doing... you're  
going to be late for work once again!  
Ugh...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

Mark appears to be in deep sleep. He is snoring obnoxiously loud while occasionally twitching. The knocking from Charlotte gets louder.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

Charlotte's muffled voice can be heard in the background. Mark's eyes are closed, but his eyes are quickly moving under his eyelids back and forth. The knocking becomes louder leaving a roaring echo after each knock. Her voice transitions from muffled to clear. Mark slowly opens his eyes to a whirring ceiling fan.

Charlotte bursts through the door causing Mark to jolt. Both are staring at each other for a brief second.

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN  
What are you doing still in bed!? Do  
you not know what time it is-

MARK KLAUSSMAN  
My goodness, Charlotte! You nearly  
gave me a goddamn heart attack!

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN  
Not my problem right now! You won't  
Have enough time to eat breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. A HALLWAY - MORNING

Charlotte turns around and rushes back downstairs to attend  
to the kids.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

Mark slowly rolls out of bed, grunting as he stands up. He  
walks over to the bathroom and grabs a toothbrush and  
toothpaste. He squeezes the bottle of toothpaste and misses  
the actual toothbrush. The toothpaste lands in the sink.

MARK KLAUSSMAN  
Damn it...

He tries once again and properly applies the toothpaste to  
the toothbrush. He splashes his face with cold water.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

Mark ties his shoes, combs his hair, and fixes his necktie.  
He glances up and does a double-take. At first, he didn't  
look like himself. He brushes it off and resumes his routine.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN- MORNING

Charlotte kisses ANNIE KLAUSSMAN (8 yrs old) and Isabel on  
the forehead and leads them to the front door.

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN  
The bus should be here any minute, ok?

You two have an awesome day at school!  
Mommy loves you so much...

ANNIE KLAUSSMAN  
Love you too mommy.

ISABEL KLAUSSMAN  
Hey mama...where is dad? He didn't  
come down to eat breakfast with us!

CUT TO:

EXT. MARK'S HOME- MORNING

A bright yellow bus pulls over to the sidewalk. The front door of the house opens. Both girls exit and run across the front lawn to the bus. Isabel and Annie wave back at Charlotte and enter the bus. The bus eases its way back onto the road.

CUT TO:

INT. A HALLWAY - MORNING

Mark runs through the hallway. He rushes down the stairs and misses a step. He trips down a few more stairs on his way to the bottom. Charlotte rushes over to assist him.

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN  
Geez, Mark! Are you alright?

MARK KLAUSSMAN  
Y-yes...Did the girls already leave?

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN  
You just missed them... they were  
looking for you at breakfast.

MARK KLAUSSMAN  
Charlotte... I'm extremely sorry-

CHARLOTTE KLAUSSMAN  
Excuse me, but I think you have a job  
to get to... like asap!

MARK KLAUSSMAN  
Right...

Mark kisses Charlotte on the cheek. He grabs his hat from the rack and exits the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - MORNING

As he leaves his house, Mark bumps into the small step at the entrance. He manages not to fall and regains his balance, then takes a few steps until he reaches his car.

The car looks like it is from the '70s, except that it is full of dents, the paint in some areas does not seem to be the same as in others, and one of the doors has a large piece of tape covering part of the window.

Mark looks for his car keys in his pocket and they fall to the ground, when he picks them up he bumps against the front door of his car. Mark picks up his keys, gets in the car and buckles up, and heads out onto the highway.

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Mark walks into the office hurriedly, looking in various directions as he goes to his desk. Mark reaches his desk and looks both ways one last time before letting out a sigh of relief, he sets his briefcase on the table.

PHIL

Hey Mark.

Mark is surprised and turns around. Behind Mark is his boss PHIL (mid 30's).

MARK

Hey...Phil, how are you doing?

PHIL

You are late again, Mark.

MARK

I know, I know, but one of my girls had a last-minute school thing and-

PHIL

We all have families Mark, but you are the only one who always uses his family as an excuse to avoid his responsibilities.

Mark feels embarrassed and closes his mouth.

PHIL

You have to start being responsible, Mark. Since you are almost 40 minutes late, I'll need you to stay an extra half an hour today. Is it ok?

MARK

But Phil I-

PHIL

(slowly)

Is it ok, Mark?

Mark sighs and looks down at the floor.

MARK

Yes...Phil

PHIL

That's what I thought.

Phil turns and leaves. Mark sighs again and quietly sits up, turns on his computer, and begins to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mark opens the fridge door and reaches for the water bottle in the back. He slightly closes the fridge door and walks over to a small, round-like table. Mark pulls a flip-out chair towards the table and takes a seat. He opens a container with two sandwiches inside and picks up one to take a bite. The silence in the room eases Mark and he sits back into his chair.

DRAKE MIDLAND (mid 30's) and JOSH PIPER (mid '30s) enter the room laughing hysterically, which disrupts the silence. Mark gets annoyed and glances at the two angrily.

DRAKE MIDLAND

That's hilarious, Josh!

JOSH PIPER

I know right! I can't make this stuff up!

Drake and Josh pause and look over at Mark briefly. Josh clears his throat to break the awkward silence.

JOSH PIPER

Mark...

MARK

Josh...

JOSH PIPER

How are you doing?

Mark Fine...

JOSH PIPER

Right... Um... Tasty sandwich ya got there?

Mark nods but doesn't respond. He takes another bite of his sandwich to indicate that he's done talking.

DRAKE MIDLAND

Yeah, so... any plans for the weekend Josh?

JOSH PIPER

Actually, I'm taking my family on a weekend getaway trip!

DRAKE MIDLAND

Really? Where are y'all heading?

JOSH PIPER

The Florida Keys! We rented this beautiful

Airbnb for the weekend, my wife is so excited. The kids are always looking forward to another trip too.

DRAKE MIDLAND

Oh, I bet they are! That sounds amazing!

Josh grabs a can of sprite out of the fridge. Drake and Josh exit the break room continuing their conversation. Drake shuts the door.

Mark sighs heavily and finishes his lunch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark gets through the door just as Charlotte starts cleaning

up dinner.

ANNIE AND ISABEL  
Daddy!!! You're home!!

Charlotte looks up from what she is doing but doesn't acknowledge Mark.

MARK  
Hi, girls...

Mark, disappointed, knows he is late.

MARK  
Charlotte, I know I'm late. Phil wanted me to stay late today since I was late to work again.

CHARLOTTE  
I figured...

MARK  
I'm sorry, I just can't seem to get a hold of things. I just keep fucking up.

ANNIE  
(singing)  
Daddy said a curse word!

CHARLOTTE  
Mark! Language! You know the girls pick up everything we say.

MARK  
I'm sorry. Girls, don't repeat what Daddy just said.

Charlotte is clearly annoyed at Mark.

MARK  
I can clean up dinner.

CHARLOTTE  
(annoyed)  
Great. Really appreciate all your help. Your plate is in the microwave.

She takes the girls upstairs to give them a bath. Mark can hear the water running through the rusty pipes of the house and sighs. He looks up and sees a water stain growing on the

ceiling.

MARK

(under his breath)

Shit, not another leak.

MARK

(yells upstairs)

Charlotte! There's another fuckin leak  
in the pipes!!

CHARLOTTE

(yelling back down)

Language!!! Do I have to do  
everything? You call the plumber!

Mark begins clearing the girl's plates and washing the  
dishes.

MARK

(still yelling)

Sorry but I've been a little busy  
working my ass off to keep food on the  
table!!

Charlotte leaves the girls upstairs and rushes down the  
stairs to the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE

Mark, I'm so sick of this. I feel like  
I'm doing everything by myself. It's  
exhausting keeping up with your  
excuses.

Mark leans over the sink.

MARK

Yeah, I'm exhausted too.

CHARLOTTE

I can't keep doing this. Let me know  
when you're ready to act like an adult  
and able to start acting like you're a  
part of this family. The girls miss  
you, I miss you. I feel like we never  
talk anymore.

Mark continues to face away from her not sure what to say to  
her.



MARK

I don't know what you want me to say to you.

CHARLOTTE

You're ridiculous. I need space. You can sleep on the couch tonight.

Charlotte pauses for a second hoping he will prove to her he is still the man she married, but he doesn't. Tears well in her eyes as she returns to the girls.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark sighs and looks at the ground.

MARK

(Whispering)

It's not my fault that I'm late...

Mark looks around the living room. There really isn't much to see, it looks like a motel room, there is an old television on a shelf and in the center, there is a synthetic leather couch, the holes and tears suggest that it is very old, and next to the couch is a lamp that appears to be as old as the couch. However, it fulfills its function of lighting the room in an excellent way. Mark goes to the couch and rests his hand on the backrest.

MARK

Looks like it's you and me again old pal.

Mark takes off his shoes, leans back on the couch, and places both hands behind his head. Mark stares at the ceiling for a few seconds, then finds a comfortable position and prepares for sleep. When he closes his eyes, Mark lets out a smile full of calm and happiness.

CUT TO:

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

Mark is dreaming. He is in a glorious meadow filled with wildflowers and green grass. He can hear birds chirping in the distance.

MARK  
(to himself)  
Wow, this is so peaceful.

In the distance, Mark can see what seems to look like a huddle of girls. He can hear them making noise, unsure if it is laughing or crying, and unable to make out what it is they are saying. He approaches them and sees two smaller girls kneeling over a woman's body.

When he gets closer he recognizes the noise. It is not laughing at all, it is the sound of his two girls screaming. He starts to run to them but doesn't get there any faster.

ISABEL  
(screaming and crying)

MOMMY! MOMMY, NO!

He gets to them and stops. The girls are still crying and Mark can see why. Charlotte lays beneath the girls, blood pouring out of a wound from her neck. She is dead. Mark covers his mouth and tears start welling in his eyes.

MARK  
Charlotte... No...

He kneels down to be at the same level as the girls. Tears begin to roll down his cheeks as he reaches down to touch Charlotte's corpse. The girls are still crying.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mark wakes up in a sweat. His heart is racing and he is uneasy. He grabs his chest.

MARK  
(breathing heavily)  
Oh, thank God that was just a dream.  
Jesus.

He checks the clock on the wall. It reads, 3:06.

MARK  
Great, maybe I can still get some  
sleep.

He tries to brush off the memory of the nightmare and puts his mind elsewhere.

He situates himself again to get comfortable and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

He is in the same field. Basking in the sun lying comfortably on the grass. This time he is alone.

He looks up at the sky as a bird passes overhead. He watches it admiringly.

MARK

I wish I could do something so freeing  
like that.

He keeps his eyes on the bird until it disappears into the distance. He turns his head over and sees wildflowers amongst the fine blades of grass. He stares at them. He looks at all the different colors and notices how simply flowers live and grow. He becomes envious of the flowers and cannot understand why his life is so difficult.

Amidst all the flowers he spots a ladybug crawling on one of the petals. He smiles at it and watches as it crawls through the grass.

MARK

Hi, little guy.

He watches it crawl away deep into the grass. He sighs and returns back to gazing at the sky and soft clouds above him.

The sky is a magnificent blue and the clouds are thick and wispy, they slowly move across the sky. He notices one cloud in particular. It is in the shape of a dinosaur. He points at it and grins.

MARK

Hahaha!

His face softens and he remains gazing upwards. He feels at peace and serene, surrounded by all the wildflowers and ladybugs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Mark scrolls through his emails carelessly, with his head

resting heavily on his fist.

MARK

(quietly to himself)

I don't care, I don't care, I don't  
care...

He closes his eyes for a moment and can't help but think back to last night in his dream. It felt so good to be in that field allowing himself to just be there and not think of anything else.

Just when he felt that serenity again for a brief moment Josh loudly slaps the side of Mark's cubical.

JOSH

(loudly)

Hey Mark! Did you catch the game last night? We kicked those motherfuckers asses!!

Mark didn't even know what game Josh was talking about and he didn't care to find out.

MARK

Yeah, sure Josh. It was great.

JOSH

Hahaha yeah... Hey, do you mind sending over those quotas to corporate for me?

Mark didn't have time to give Josh an answer, he was already leaving Mark's desk.

JOSH

(over his shoulder)

Thanks, Mark, you're the best!

MARK

Great. More work.

Mark continued to browse through his emails counting down the minutes until his break.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

A steaming hot cup of coffee sits on a countertop. In a rush, Mark looks all over the room for a packet of sugar and cream

for the drink. He spots a small bowl near a few other condiments. The bowl is filled with packets of sugar. He quickly grabs two packets and dumps the sugar into his cup of coffee. His manic stirring causes him to make a mess.

MARK  
Shit..shit..shit!

Mark rushes over to the napkins and grabs a handful. He cleans up the area and throws away the napkins in a trashcan near the door. Mark returns to the cup of coffee and picks it up, he then heads to the door.

MARK  
(To himself)  
Hopefully, I didn't miss too much  
information

As he exits the break room, another employee enters at the same time causing Mark to lose grip of his coffee. He spills the drink on his shirt and lets out a blaring scream.

WIPE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Several people converse amongst each other at a table. Phil stands up from his center seat and all attention now leads to him.

PHIL  
Alright everyone, I greatly appreciate  
everyone's participation in this  
meeting. All of the feedback received  
today-

Mark enters the room and Phil goes silent. All eyes direct towards Mark and his massive coffee-stained shirt. Phil rolls his eyes and continues

PHIL  
As I was saying... the feedback will be  
taken into consideration. You guys are  
free to leave and thank you again.

Everyone stands up and gathers their belongings. Some converse amongst each other whilst others exit the conference room. Mark sighs to himself and turns around.

PHIL

(shouts)

Mark! May I talk to you for a second?

Mark sighs once again and turns back towards Phil

MARK

Yes, sir?

PHIL

Once again, you're late. In Fact... you missed an entire meeting! What happened to you?

Phil points to Mark's shirt

MARK

I uhm... well you see... I was making a cup of coffee to keep myself focused and well-

PHIL

Coffee? So apparently that is more important I see.

MARK

No! No, of course not! Things haven't been going too well for me lately and-

PHIL

Let me ask you something. Do you really want this job Mark?

MARK

Of course, sir!

PHIL

That's not what I'm seeing from you. It appears to me that you aren't taking this seriously.

MARK

Sir... I promise you that's not the case.

PHIL

And I don't want to hear any more excuses... this is the last time. Mark, this is your last warning.

Mark responds in a low tone

MARK

Yes sir.

Mark exits the conference room to find both Drake and Josh conversing amongst themselves around the corner. Mark glances over at the two of them and walks in the opposite direction in order to avoid them.

DRAKE

(shouts)

That was quite the entrance you made there!

Mark rolls his eyes as the two laugh.

MARK

Fuck off, Drake. I'm not in the mood.

JOSH

Are you ever in the mood?

MARK

Will you two ever find something better to do than to pester me?

DRAKE

It's all jokes and fun, Mark. Lighten up!

Mark tries to keep his composure as he enters the elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARK'S HOME- NIGHT

Mark pulls into the driveway. The porch lights turn on as he steps foot onto the front lawn. Mark reaches in his pockets for the car keys. He presses the "lock" button continuously until the car emits a sound. Charlotte opens the front door.

MARK

Hey...

Mark yawns to himself.

CHARLOTTE

Evening...

As Mark enters the house, he looks over to his left to see his two girls asleep on the couch. The tv screen displays the ending credits for a movie. Charlotte closes and locks the

door then heads towards the kitchen.

CHARLOTTE

The girls were hoping to do a family movie night. I think we all knew that wasn't going to happen.

Charlotte and Mark look over at the girls then back at each other.

MARK

Charlotte, please don't give me a hard time. Work was hell and I don't feel like dealing with this right now.

CHARLOTTE

Oh, that's funny! I didn't think you were in the mood to do anything anymore.

MARK

Charlotte, please! You just don't understand.

Mark walks over towards the couch and picks up both girls carefully.

CHARLOTTE

Be careful... the last thing I need is you tripping on a step with my babies in your hand.

MARK

I got this.

Mark then begins to walk up the stairs slowly. Charlotte watches him from the bottom to ensure he makes it up safely. He successfully makes it to the top and looks down at her. She walks back towards the kitchen once again.

CUT TO:

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark gently tucks both girls into bed. He leans down and kisses Annie's forehead. He then walks over to Isabel and kneels down to her level. He caresses her forehead and whispers to himself.

MARK

Your dad is trying his best, Izzy. He



loves you two very much...

Mark stands up and tries to find his balance. He leaves the room and slowly closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

Mark exits the bathroom to find Charlotte already asleep. He walks towards the bed and takes a seat. He begins to get comfortable as he adjusts his pillow. Now lying down, he stares at the ceiling fan until his eyes slowly close.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARK- DAY

Mark is dreaming. He finds himself in an empty park. From afar, he spots a family. Two girls run towards his direction.

MARK

What the...are those my girls?

He squints his eyes to get a clear view as they run faster. The two girls are unrecognizable to Mark. One younger girl tugs on his left hand.

YOUNG GIRL

You made it! You made it!

The two girls pull both his hands and lead him towards a woman setting up a beautifully decorated picnic. Mark looks around the area in confusion. He locks eyes with the woman.

WOMAN

You made it honey!

MARK

What is all of this?

The woman stands up and walks towards Mark giving him a kiss on the cheek. She gestures to him to sit down.

WOMAN

Well... it's a celebration of course!  
(grins)

MARK

A... celebration? For who?

OLDER GIRL  
For you, dad!

The younger girl giggled to herself.

YOUNG GIRL  
Daddy is so silly mama!

The four enjoy the appetizing meal together. For once Mark feels appreciated and he smiles to himself.

WIPE TO:

EXT. PARK - EVENING

The girls can be seen swinging on the swings together on the playground. Mark and the young woman enjoy the gleaming sunset to themselves as they sip champagne together. The two chat amongst themselves.

MARK  
I've got to admit... this is probably  
the nicest thing anyone has ever done  
for me. It feels great!

WOMAN  
The girls and I did this to show you  
just how proud we are. We love you and  
you work so hard for us. It's the  
least we can do.

MARK  
Thank you, honestly. I love you guys  
too.

The two share a kiss and continue to watch the sunset. The girls run back over to them and they all watch the scenic view as a family. Mark smiles to himself.

WOMAN  
Mark?

MARK  
Ah, yes, honey?

WOMAN  
Mark?

MARK  
Yes, it's me, Mario, I mean Mark,  
haha.

WOMAN

Mark?!

MARK

I'm sorry, was my joke really that bad?

WOMAN

Mark for the love of God, wake up!

MARK

Huh?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Charlotte is shaking Mark sharply. However, he appears to be asleep very soundly.

CHARLOTTE

Holy Jesus Mark, can you wake up?!

MARK

Huh?

Charlotte stops waving to dial when she hears her voice. She puts both hands on her hips and keeps yelling at him.

CHARLOTTE

Holy fuck Mark, if it wasn't that you snore like a fucking pig every morning that I have to wake you up, I'd think you were dead.

MARK

Wha-what? Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE

Ugh, no Mark, it's the tooth fairy. Yes, it is me, Mark. Now, please move your ass, you're late...again.

Mark yawns and slowly goes from lying to sitting. He rubs his eyes and still can't quite open them.

MARK

What time is it?

CHARLOTTE

Ugh...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Mark walks into the office and sees Phil in the corner going through some papers. Phil seeing Mark come in just looks up as he sighs and shakes his head in disapproval. He then takes the papers from him and walks the other way.

Mark sees Phil leave without saying anything, he lets out a sigh of relief. Suddenly, he feels someone hug him by the shoulder.

DRAKE

Holy shit Mark, it's like Phil doesn't even care anymore dude.

Mark turns to his right and when he sees Drake he makes a face of disgust. Josh comes in from Mark's left and surprises him.

JOSH

I really think your days are numbered friend, if he no longer worries about you being late, he means that he is already finding a replacement for you haha.

DRAKE

Yea, haha, I hope your replacement is a hot babe with wuah wuah wuah wuah.

Mark looks dumbfounded at Drake. Drake's mouth seems to formulate different words, but all he can hear is a low, meaningless noise.

JOSH

Wuah wuah wuah wuah?

DRAKE

Wuah wuah.

DRAKE &amp; JOSH

Wuah wuah wuah wuah!

Drake and Josh seem to be laughing together, but only nonsensical noises are heard. Mark keeps looking, lets out a little laugh, and separates from the duo.

MARK

Alright, ok guys, I mean, seriously?

Drake and Josh stop smiling and look at Mark in confusion.

MARK

This is possibly the silliest and childish joke they have ever made. I mean, what is this?

DRAKE

Wuah wuah what the fuck are you talking about Mark?

Mark is surprised to hear Drake again and looks back at him in confusion.

JOSH

Yeah Mark, what do you mean? We are not joking dude literally you come here late every day, you are going to get fired at some point.

MARK

Wha-what?

DRAKE

Ok, old man, I think you got lost in the nebula of thoughts. Let's go, dude, I think he's about to have a stroke or something.

JOSH

Yeah...let's go.

Drake and Josh walk away from Mark. He keeps looking at the duo completely confused.

MARK

B-But...what the fuck was that.

WORKER

(V.O.)

Jesus Mark, language.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark walks into the kitchen, and he goes straight to the microwave, turns it on, and heats whatever is inside. Mark takes out a fork and knife from one of the drawers. The microwave beeps and Mark takes out a hot plate of liver onions and bell peppers.

MARK  
(as he looks on in disgust)  
Ugh ... liver.

Mark puts the plate on the table and opens the refrigerator, there is a plate with strawberry jello.

MARK  
Oh yea, lucky me.

Mark takes out the gelatin and puts it on the table. When Mark eats the first piece of jello, he has an expression of pure happiness. He closes his eyes and rejoices with every bite he takes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A ROOM - DAY

Mark opens his eyes, there is nothing around him. It is as if he is in a room in which the floor is made of a bluish crystal, the sky, on the other hand, is greenish, and there seem to be some pink clouds that resemble cotton candy. Mark looks strangely at the place where he is, but no matter where he looks, it seems that it is simply an empty space. However, a female voice breaks the silence of the strange empty room.

JELLO CHARLOTTE  
There you are.

Mark turns around hearing that female voice. Mark is surprised when he sees a figure very similar to Charlotte, but whatever he is seeing is not Charlotte, her skin is reflective and crystalline, and she does not stop shaking, as if she were a creature made of jello.

Mark looks closely at JELLO CHARLOTTE, but she stares at him and starts yelling at him.

JELLO CHARLOTTE  
When were you planning to come, Mark?

MARK  
What? What do you mean?

JELLO CHARLOTTE  
Don't be an idiot Mark, you were late for dinner again.

MARK  
I don't want to have to explain

everything again Charlotte.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

Oh ok, that seems right to me.

MARK

Thank you, that's what I wanted to  
hea-

Jello Charlotte punches Mark then lifts him off the floor, Mark flies through the air and falls again, breaking the crystalline floor. Mark stands up and rubs his head with one of his hands.

MARK

Ugh ... huh?

Mark begins to feel something strange in his mouth and spits 3 of his teeth on the floor, staining it with blood. Seeing the blood Mark touches his lips with his fingers. The blood looks exaggeratedly real and runs through Mark's fingers, he freaks out and tries to stand up, however, something seems to stop him. Mark turns his head to see what is preventing him from standing up.

MARK

Holy shit ... Holy shit!

Mark makes an expression of pure terror. Mark's legs are broken, and even some bones sticking out of the flesh, thus creating a pool of blood.

MARK

Oh my god, oh my fucking ... Oh shit!

Mark begins to squirm on the floor, closes his eyes tightly and a few tears begin to fall to the floor.

MARK

Oh my god, this hurts, this actually  
hurts so fucking much.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

Yes Mark, of course it hurts.

Mark catches a glimpse of Jello Charlotte approaching him from behind.

MARK

(angry)

You bitch, oh Jesus, look what you

did.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

Ha! What I did? Please, Mark, you talk like it's all my fault, but ...

Jello Charlotte extends one of her arms like it is made of rubber and picks up the wounded Mark. He is now terrified of Jello Charlotte.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

It's always someone else's fault, isn't it Mark? And you are the only one who gets hurt right? Just like now.

Mark continues to wriggle in pain as blood continues to gush from his shattered legs. Mark starts crying.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

Oh, now that's adorable. I always knew that you were a loser, but this? c'mon.

MARK

(while he gasps in pain)  
Shut ... the fuck up.

Jello Charlotte's expression changes from being a mocking and arrogant expression to an angry expression.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

What did you just say?

MARK

Shut ... the ... fu-

Jello Charlotte smashes Mark's head against the crystalline ground, smashing it once more. Mark screams in pain.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

Now, you are going to listen to me little piece of shit.

Jello Charlotte begins to grow larger and loses her human shape. It's like her perfectly molded jelly shape of hers turns into a bunch of shapeless purple lumps. Jello Charlotte's teeth begin to take on a reddish whole and become sharp to the point of looking like shark fangs. Her eyes still full of fury, Jello Charlotte takes Mark again and pulls him closer to her. Mark upon seeing the new form of



Jello Charlotte just goes catatonic.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

(in a voice much deeper than  
before)

You are what you are Mark, a big  
loser. Literally, every moment that I  
spend with you is a moment in which I  
have to hold back the urge to vomit  
that I feel when I see your stupid  
face.

MARK

Ah-ah-ah.

JELLO CHARLOTTE

Pathetic, but I guess it was what I  
expected from someone like you.

Jello Charlotte raises her arm while she has Mark by the head. Mark starts to moan and cry, but Jello Charlotte does not stop. Mark screams desperately when he sees that his head is about to be smashed back to the ground. Mark looks at the crystalline floor in which he sees the reflection of him bloody and severely injured, but before he collides with it, everything turns dark, and Mark hears a plate break.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark jolts and immediately opens his eyes to a kitchen floor covered in pieces of what used to be a plate. He frantically panics while trying to avoid stepping on anything.

MARK

Damn it! What the hell has gotten into  
me?!

He walks towards the laundry room to quickly retrieve a broom with a dustpan. He returns to the kitchen and begins to clean up the mess. The room is very silent which gives Mark a second to process. He sweeps cautiously.

MARK

Does she really feel that way about  
me?

ISABEL

Daddy... who are you talking to?

Mark lets out a slight scream to the surprise of Isabel's presence. He tries to catch his breath.

MARK

Shit! Isabel... you scared me!

ISABEL

You cursed again!

She frowns and crosses her arms together to show disappointment

MARK

I-I'm sorry sweetie. I didn't mean to.  
What are you doing up and out of bed?

ISABEL

I had a scary dream and I was looking  
for you but couldn't find you!

MARK

Awe, Izzy...

Mark sets the broom down against the countertop. He tiptoes around the shattered plate pieces and makes his way towards Isabel's direction. He picks her up and sways side to side for comfort.

MARK

You know what?

Isabel slowly bats her eyes trying to stay awake

ISABEL

Hm?

MARK

I had a scary dream too.

She raises her head.

ISABEL

Really?! Daddy, you get scary dreams  
too?

MARK

Of course, I do!

ISABEL

I thought you liked sleeping!

Mark smiles and begins to walk towards the staircase. He holds Isabel tight as the two make their way upstairs.

MARK

Don't get me wrong, your dad's  
favorite time IS nap time!

Isabel chuckles.

MARK

But everyone gets scary dreams  
sometimes.

ISABEL

Even mommy?

MARK

Yes, even mommy.

Mark makes it up the rustic stairs and tiptoes through the hallway.

ISABEL

(whispers)

Even Annie?

MARK

(whispers)

Yes... even your big sister.

Mark gently tucks Isabel back into bed placing her favorite teddy bear next to her. He kisses her on the forehead.

MARK

(soft tone)

I love you, Izzy.

Isabel responds as she slowly dozes off.

ISABEL

Love...you too.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM- MORNING

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Mark wakes up to the banging on a door and the sound of an alarm. He lets out a devastating sigh.

-- He brushes his teeth, combs his hair, adjusts his necktie while looking at the mirror

-- He cautiously walks down the stairs and kisses the girls goodbye

-- Mark gets stuck in traffic. Cars are honking from left to right.

-- Drake and Josh laugh directly across from Mark's cubical. Marks types on his keyboard furiously out of rage.

-- Mark gets home and Charlotte yells at him.

--Mark is sleeping on the couch, he closes his eyes while smiling.

Mark wakes up to the banging on a door and the sound of an alarm. He lets out a devastating sigh.

-- He looks confused around him, he is in his living room.

-- He brushes his teeth, combs his hair, adjusts his necktie while looking at the mirror

-- He cautiously walks down the stairs and kisses the girls goodbye

-- Mark gets stuck in traffic. Cars are honking from left to right. -- Drake and Josh laugh directly across from Mark's cubical. Marks types on his keyboard furiously out of rage. -- Mark gets home and Charlotte yells at him.

--Mark is sleeping on the couch.

This sequence happens 10 more times, each time faster. The only thing that changes is Mark's appearance, each time his dark circles become more evident and he looks more disheveled, The beard begins to grow and his hair is simply messy. The voices of other characters such as Charlotte, Drake or Josh, are transformed into simple nonsensical noises.

The montage stops with Mark going to sleep one last time, but this time before going to sleep he sees a sad face, almost as if he were going to cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE OFFICE - DAY

Mark walks into the office, he looks terrible. His hair is messy and greasy, his beard has already become more prominent, his eyes are reddish, and his dark circles are practically blue. Mark walks bowed and slowly crosses the office while he attracts the glances of different workers who seem to murmur things.

Drake stands in front of Mark blocking his way.

DRAKE

Wuah wuah wuah?

Drake seems to be laughing, but only unintelligible noises come out of his mouth. Mark looks at Drake, and with each noise that comes out of Drake's mouth everything seems to slow down, Mark's expression goes from being an expression of confusion and nonchalance to an expression of pure hatred.

Mark grabs the keyboard from one of the workers' tables and with both hands smashes the keyboard into Drake's face. One of Drake's teeth flies out of his mouth like a spit of blue blood. Blue blood splatters on Mark's face. Drake falls to the floor as blue blood from his mouth spills onto the office carpet.

MARK

Ha ... Haha ... HA HA HA HA, YES YES  
YES, THIS IS THE DREAM, THIS IS THE  
DREAM.

The workers begin to scream. Suddenly Josh appears and pushes Mark as he runs to Drake's aid.

JOSH

HOLY SHIT, DRAKE, DRAKE ARE YOU OK?

Mark looks surprised to hear Josh. Josh turns to look at Mark with hatred.

JOSH

WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?! YOU  
FUCKING PSYCHO!

MARK

Wha-what?

PHIL

MARK, WHAT DID YOU DO?!

Mark looks up and sees Phil approaching the scene. Phil puts his hands to his head as he looks surprised at Drake lying on the floor. Phil runs to help Josh rescue Drake.

Mark watches the scene and starts laughing again. Josh and Phil turn to see Mark terrified.

MARK

Nah Nah Nah, nice try but no, I mean  
look at the blood, is-

Mark stops and looks at Drake again, the blood spilled on the floor is now red. Mark begins to shake and gulps, the shouts of the workers begin to fade and only a high-pitched hiss can be heard.

The noise of a pumping heart begins to sound louder and louder as the high-pitched hiss continues to play in the background.

Mark looks at his hands and with one of them caresses his face. Mark sees his hand again; it is covered with a few drops of blood.

The noise of the pumping heart gets louder and faster.

Mark begins to gasp, and his hands begin to shake roughly.

The screen goes dark, and someone can be heard vomiting.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

Ambulance trucks and police cars surround the entrance of the building. An EMT (mid '40s) converses with Josh as Drake is being aided by other medics. Employees gossip amongst each other about the bizarre encounter everyone witnessed.

JOSH

The guy literally attack him with a  
keyboard! I'll tell ya what... that man  
belongs in a Mental hospital!

EMT

I understand your frustration, sir.  
Our team is trying to get down to the  
bottom of this as best we can.

The two look over towards Drake's direction.

EMT

As for the state of your friend over there, he's in critical condition and we are set to take him to the ER now.

Do you have his family's contact information?

Josh immediately reaches into his pocket. He aggressively searches through his jeans for his phone.

JOSH

Yes, I do sir.

EMT

Right, follow me this way

The two walk over to Drake and the other medics. Drake sits there motionless and distraught. Medics wrap his face in layers of thick bandages to stop the excessive bleeding. Employees gather at a distance whilst watching.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S CUBICAL- DAY

Mark sits on the ground completely terrified of what he just committed. He rubs his hands through his head manically, wiping the sweat dripping from his forehead. The look in his eyes gave the appearance of a true psycho. He talks to himself in a monotone voice.

MARK

W-What have I done... I don't... understand.

He immediately pinches his arm extremely hard.

MARK

Wake up... wake up... WAKE UP DAMN IT!

Mark manically starts screaming and repeatedly shouts to himself. Phil bursts through the room in a furious rage.

MARK

WAKE...UP-

PHIL

KLAUSSMAN!

Mark is startled. He turns around immediately to meet Phil face to face. Phil locks eyes on the intense bruises around Mark's arm. Phil retracts from fear. Tears begin to shed from Mark's face.

PHIL

I want you to pack your belongings  
now, Mr.Klaussmann.

MARK

S-Sir! Please... I don't understand what  
is happening!?

Phil watches him in disgust as Mark lays there on the floor still crying.

MARK

This feels too real... I want to wake  
up.

MARK

(shouts)

I JUST WANT TO WAKE UP, PLEASE!

PHIL

You need serious help.

Phil violently grabs Mark from off the floor. Mark falls back a little but regains his balance. Phil speaks in a stern tone.

PHIL

Box your things, now. Get out of my  
sight.

MARK

Sir...

PHIL

NOW!

Phil's final shout echoes through the long hall of cubicles. Mark stares at him for a brief moment then starts to make his way to his cubicle. WE zoom out and see him slowly walk from a birds-eye view. He pinches his arm once again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARK'S CUBICAL- EVENING

Mark places his final intel into a box. The box is filled to



the brim with binders, family photos, and other supplies. He leans over for the roll of tape and seals the box. Mark places the box on a cart full of other boxes. His hands start to shake as he begins to experience rage.

MARK

WAKE UP!

He fiercely kicks the tower of boxes off of the car hoping to trigger anything. He sporadically takes deep breaths as he stares at the boxes that now lay across the floor. His body gravitates towards the flat side of his cubicle. He slides down till he reaches the bottom of the floor and curls up. Mark cries to himself in a silent room full of cubicles.

FADE TO BLACK:

A muffled voice mutters a sound repeatedly until it transitions to clear.

MARK

(V.O Muffled)

Dreams...Dreams... Dreams.

MARK

(clear)

You used to be my form of escape, the one place I felt truly alive. At times, it felt too real. Was it real? Where is my true reality? How do I find it?

A pulsing vibration noise interrupts.

CUT TO:

INT. MARK'S CUBICLE- EVENING

Mark immediately opens his eyes and breathes heavily. He is alert and irritated as he searches for the sound. His phone sits upon his desk shaking. The screen reads "New Voicemail". He grabs the phone and types in the passcode. Mark touches the message and the voicemail begins to play.

CHARLOTTE

(V.O)

MARK KLAUSSMAN. Stay away from me and the kids! I can't believe you would do something like this!?

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - EVENING

Mark makes his way up a stairwell as the message continues to play in the background. He sluggishly grabs the rail as he slowly makes his way higher and higher up the stairs.

CHARLOTTE

(V.O)

Do you think our girls want to see this!? You're on the fucking news! Videos are going viral! I can't believe you, PATHETIC. You are absolutely insane!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

Mark bursts through the double doors and walks towards the center of the rooftop.

CHARLOTTE

(V.O)

I'm disappointed in you.

The voicemail ends. Mark drops his phone onto the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - EVENING

Mark looks up, the sky is all dark blue and orange, it is already dusk. Mark closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, then opens his eyes and stares at his hands for a long time, seeing every hair and pore on his skin. Mark pinches the skin on his hand tightly and then bites one of his fingers until he makes it bleed. Mark tastes his own blood, tastes the blood, and then looks at the wound on his finger. Mark looks at the floor and sighs.

MARK

Ha...I don't know why I thought that would help.

Mark lies down on the floor and looks at the sky again, there is a cloud shaped like a dinosaur. Mark laughs and looks next to him, observes the dust particles on the floor, and manages to distinguish an ant from the dust.

MARK

Hey...Did you come here to watch the sunset?

Mark continues to watch the ant as it walks away while carrying a piece of something.

MARK

Haha... look at you... talking to ants...

Mark's expression changes from a slight smile to a serious look. Mark stands up and walks to the edge of the roof, then climbs the ledge and sits down. Mark looks at his feet and sees how far they are from the ground. Mark at no time changes his expression, observes the city with the sunset in the background, then stands up, understands both hands, and begins to walk while he sways with his arms. After a while, Mark looks straight ahead and puts his hands in his pockets, a gust of wind refreshes his face and shakes his hair. Mark smiles but also looks sad.

MARK

Option one, I wake up and I can finally get my life back on track.  
Option two ... an eternal dream ...  
Wow, I don't know why I've never thought about it before, this is almost like a win-win for me.

Mark laughs, looks at the floor, and gulps. He takes one last breath.

MARK

Well...It's time.

Mark closes his eyes and jumps.

FADE OUT: