

AWAKE

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bed sits in the middle of an empty, bleak room. A chair sits in the corner of the room. A clock is on the wall, its hands not moving.

ONE (22) is sitting up in bed, dozing. His eyes move under their lids.

We begin to hear, very softly, incoherent voices and strange sounds, as if slowly moving into One's dream. The sound becomes louder, before -

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

A knock at the door immediately brings One back to reality.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO (23) stands at the door. He is tall and confident, yet average-looking. He inserts a key into the lock, and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The bedroom door is slightly ajar.

TWO (O.S.)
(behind the door)
You awake, buddy?

ONE
Am now.

TWO pushes the door open and enters the room, closing the door behind him. He sits on the chair.

TWO
How have you been?

ONE
Not bad.

TWO
Spoken to the doctor lately?

ONE
Nah.

Pause.

TWO

When did he say he wanted to see you again?

ONE

Don't know, don't care.

(beat)

Anyway, he's a doctor. Useless tossers, the lot of them.

TWO

This is half the problem, buddy: we need to find a someone you actually get along with.

ONE

This is the fifth one! They're all the same: make too much money, don't give a fuck what you gotta say. They get you in, throw a whole bunch of drugs across the room - Zoloft, Lexapro, Valium ... Tic Tacs - then it's "fuck off, see you next time."

TWO

Have you been taking them?

ONE

Ran out. Last week.

TWO

You know they help.

ONE

They helped with - I did have a pimple last week, but that could have just been -

Two stands up and interrupts One.

TWO

Jesus Christ. Where are your scripts? You just can't stop taking this shit!

Two moves to the dressing. He starts rifling through shit strewn on the table.

ONE

Will you chill out!
This whole thing is a pointless exercise. I mean, just look at me.

TWO

And that's exactly the reason you can't stop taking your meds.

Two walks up to One, bring his face close to One's.

TWO (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

One moves closer to Two.

TWO (CONT'D)

I am too.

Two stares deep into One's eyes. One widens his eyes.

Two sighs and pulls back, stands up straight.

TWO (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I can't do this forever.

ONE

What was that?

Two sighs.

TWO

Nothing.

(beat)

All I'm asking is you pop a few pills in your mouth a day, okay? Just do that, push through, and you will be back to normal in no time.

ONE

Normal? Really? Come on. Look at it like this. You: beautiful wife, kids, earning two hundred K. You got it all. And you're fucking 23. And me? No girlfriend, no job -

TWO

(interrupts)

You graduated from Monash with Honours! You've got plenty of opportunity to get a job!

ONE

I still got 12 months to serve! Stuck in this house, day-in, day-out.

TWO

You're lucky the judge didn't give you more, buddy. We've been over this a million times.

ONE

How was I gonna know the guy was a cop?! "Just wait till you get there, then you can get paid your 15 grand." Bullshit. Judge might as well have put me away. Another year of this shit!

TWO

For fuck's sake.

Two turns back to the dresser and continues looking for the script.

TWO (CONT'D)

You gotta start helping yourself!
(beat)
Where's your script?

One ignores the question.

ONE

Why should I?

Two stops rifling. Turns to face One.

TWO

Same reason I'm trying to! Why do you think I come round three times a week?

Two turns to continue rifling.

ONE

(grimacing)
Because you're the perfect brother?

Two ignores this quip.

TWO

You got the whole family worried. Mum's been trying to call -

ONE

(sarcastically)
Dad's been stressed at work, and grandma, don't even get me started on -

Two turns to face One.

TWO

Maybe you could stop being a prick and answer the phone once in a while. Mum's trying to be -

ONE

Here we go! Maybe I don't want to talk to the bitch because all she wants to talk about is you!

Two continues to ignore One. He pulls out some paperwork. He turns around.

TWO

(looking through
paperwork)

Is this the script?

Two rifles through, slowly mouthing words as he reads.

ONE

She's made it perfectly clear you're the favorite.

Two looks up.

TWO

I'm going to get these filled.

ONE

And to be honest, I can pretty much see why. I mean, I have nothing. I'm just a worthless piece of shit. Living in a decrepit old bed... Living! This isn't living -

TWO

(interrupts)

Would you shut up! I've heard all this before! I'm really not in the mood for it today. I know it's just the withdrawals.

Two starts walks toward the door.

ONE

Maybe I should end it. What do you think?

TWO

(still walking)

Yeah, maybe you should. Put us all out of our misery.

ONE

Glad you agree.

(beat)

Would you like to watch?

Two stops walking.

TWO

What?

One reaches under the pillow. He pulls out a CZ 75BD nine millimeter pistol.

Two steps back.

TWO (CONT'D)

Where the fuck did you get that?

One is calm. He fondles the pistol, almost lovingly.

ONE

I've had it for a while now. CZ seventy-five. Classic pistol. I think James Bond used it at one point. Or was that the Taurus...?

One looks up, thinking. Two looks horrified. He drops the script.

One looks back to Two.

ONE (CONT'D)

Thought it might come in handy one day, I guess.

TWO

Is that loaded? Tell me this is a wind-up. You're not serious are you?

ONE

It's so cool to the touch.

One sniffs the pistol.

ONE (CONT'D)

Still has that day-one, outta-the-box scent.

Two looks worried. He remains in the corner of the room.

TWO

Does anyone else know you have that?

ONE

Just me.
(beat)
And you.
(beat)
And the pillow.

One chuckles at his little quip. Two attempts to compose himself.

TWO

Come on, buddy. Put it away. This shit isn't funny. Is that loaded?

One removes the magazine from the pistol. He inspects it quickly, then reinserts it. He clicks the safety off.

ONE
(contemplatively)
Looks like it.

TWO
Put it the fuck down. You don't even know what you're doing.

One lifts the gun with two hands. He points it directly at Two's chest. He clicks the safety off, then on again, for effect.

Two raises his hands in surrender.

TWO (CONT'D)
Jesus!

ONE
We could soon find out.

One laughs.

TWO
This isn't funny anymore. PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN!

One puts the gun down on the bedside table.

ONE
Sorry, buddy. Just having a bit of fun.

Two strides across the room, reaching for the gun.

TWO
I'm taking this.

One reaches to grab Two's arm.

ONE
No, you're fucking not!

TWO
You're going to end up hurting someone with this shit -

ONE
It's got nothing to do with you!

One and Two wrestle over the gun. One doesn't let Two pull it free.

TWO
It's got everything to do with me when you kill yourself with it!

One clicks the safety off.

ONE

Let go!

TWO

Did you just take the safety -

BANG

The pistol fires. Two dies instantly. One starts to shake. Blood starts to seep from Two's shirt, as he slowly falls to his knees, then onto his face. He lays face-down on the floor, blood still seeping from his chest, pooling around him.

One continues to shake, horror-struck. He falls back onto the bed, seemingly unable to move.

CUT TO:

EXT. ONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two stands at the door. He inserts a key into the lock, and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

One lies on the bed, blood staining the sheets. Two is no longer laying on the floor.

The door to the room is ajar.

TWO (O.S.)
(behind the door)
You awake, buddy?

CUT TO:

BLACK -