

Lucid Dream

By

Ravi Edara

Version 2

FADE IN:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

A phone on the bed side table is making an occasional Whatsapp message ring tone, and a call with a display 'Jon calling'.

A small twitch in the legs of the person sleeping with full blanket on.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. NOON

Jon, 30, small, lean, half turned to his driving friend, is listening the dial tone of the call he is making and when it got disconnected, gave a big sigh. With the speed of the car, a distinctive red necklace is hanging around the rear-view mirror of that car. Their both mobiles were blinking with a WhatsApp message light. Marc, 30, lean, hair undone, wiping out his uncried tears, rashly driving, often looking at his friend Jon.

JON

Its not your fault Marc ! Don't ...

MARC

(interrupting)

(shouting)

It's all my fault, god dammit, its all my fault ... I didnt even realised when did i became at-risk gambler, i just thought it was all under control..

JON

Marc .. please ... don't press yourself on this ...

MARC

i have a gambling addiction, and i didnt even realised ...

JON

(interrupting)

that accident is nothing to do with your gambling ...

Marc with a sudden break stopped the car and got out and started walking towards a cemetery.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

There were three rows of chairs aligned properly and a altar with a photo of the deceased.

Christina, 25, calm, wearing a black dress and with a red necklace around her neck, walking with in her deep thoughts. Mark seeing her from far starts walking towards her, in the middle he sees his friend Jon with his phone at his ear looking at him.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

The phone on the bedside is ringing again. A close-up of the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Marc is walking along with Christina.

MARC

Chrissy, please, listen to me, we are not the prey when we are strong, I was weak, very very weak, so i became the prey of these gambling addiction. I became strong, believe me.

CHRISTINA

I know but its already ...

MARC

Not too late Chrissy, may be we can push this whole thing aside and make a fresh start

CHRISTINA

(smiling)

Fresh start

MARC

Yeah, like old times.

(CONTINUED)

A guest at the funeral had seen an empty chair with a brown leather jacket at the end, while wondering looking around whose that one is, Christina, went there and picked it and placed that one her right hand.

Marc looks at that jacket and looks at Christina. Camera slowly zooms at the jacket.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR. DAY

A speedy car came to an halt with a screeching sound made with a sudden brake hitting the curb. With a very jerky moment Christina, now wearing a brown leather jacket, held her seat belt to balance her.

CHRISTINA
can you ever brake slowly ?

Looks her face in the mirror and removes a distinctive red necklace from her neck and hangs it over the rear view mirror. She sees another car stops at the back. Marc's Whatsapp message ring tone beep.

CHRISTINA
wow! your both addictions are
here!!!

Christina gets down walks to the other side of the car. Marc also got down and walks with her to the door.

MARC
why do you call them addictions?
they are just ...

Marc looks back and turns to Christina, meanwhile many Whatsapp message ring tones. Marc looks at his phone, it displays 1k:20k, IN / OUT, followed by many IN's by many people. Its a group 'GOLD DIGGERS'.

CHRISTINA
Latest, last week, you lost all
your monthly earnings and you are
living on my money

MARC
oh come on ... I have Job, Car

MARC
(looking back)
many friends ...

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINA
who didn't come to your rescue,
when you needed the most...

Marc laughs. Christina stands next to her main door opened slightly, went inside, turned to Marc

CHRISTINA
Are you serious ?

MARC
No I am not!

Christina looks at him with a deep concern in her eyes

MARC
oh,

Sighing with his finger as we both, meanwhile his phone keep on buzzing.

MARC
(smiling)
this one, come on, With my life
sweetheart !!!

Christina folding her hands into one another, looking at his eyes, pause for moment, removes her brown Jacket, throws inside, stands with a deep cut T-shirt, pointing his phone

CHRISTINA
Say OUT there, I will cook, we will
spend a night here

Marc looks at her T-shirt, at his phone, turns back, looks at his friends, looks at Christina again, now he can see very determined Christina with a challenge look in her eyes.

Marc, in a slight dilemma, hesitates, looks to his mobile, still messages popping IN by many members, back to his friends, friends laughing with beer bottles in their hands sitting at the bonnet of the car, as they know what's happening at the door. Looks back, now the door is already closed.

Marc for a split second hesitates to leave but turns back walks back typing IN and half walk through dilly dallying falls on to the floor, friends made a big-laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Christina, Marc is walking slowly, Marc sees his friend Jon again with his phone next to his ear looking into Marc's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

The phone on the bedside is ringing again. A small moment within the blanket as if somebody is moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Jon and Marc were crossing paths while Marc places his right hand on left hand of Jon. A close on Marc's hand, there a sun tattoo on his wrist. Both looks at each other, Jon still at his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

The phone on the bedside is still ringing. A hand from the blanket comes out to silence the mobile and before reaching the mobile, the call got disconnected. The wrist of that hand has a sun tattoo.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Christina, Marc is walking slowly, when somebody comes and hugs him and before he reacts they were gone out of his sight. Next to him is Christina walking at the same pace as him looking at him peacefully.

MARC

I sold my car, next week I will
give your money to your brother for
the college fee.

CHRISTINA

Thanks, he is very much in need of
that, please don't delay that as he
will loose the seat in the Uni.

(CONTINUED)

MARC
 you should have been this much of
 patient with me, I should have
 listened to you ...

CHRISTINA
 I do trust you, even if I disagree
 with you on this...

MARC
 (smiling)
 No, I should have listened to you
 ... for sure ... def'ly ... at the
 last time before the acci ...

CUT TO:

INT. CHRISTINA HOUSE. DAY

Christina was so furious and with rage moving fast from one room to another arguing with Marc, but Marc is getting repeatedly calls from Jon which he is disconnecting.

CHRISTINA
 How dare you Marc? How dare you
 spent my money

MARC
 I said I am sorry, with in no time
 I put it in.

Marc places the wine bottle next to the sofa at the bottom which he brought while coming in.

CHRISTINA
 you PUT it in , you PUT it in ...
 how addictive you are into, do you
 realise that ...

MARC
 I can make it up, I have few ...

CHRISTINA
 That was my brother's fee money I
 was saving from a long time, for
 his uni, next week he has to pay
 god dammit ...

MARC
 like I said I have few other
 sources, I thought I could win 20k
 with that I would have bought your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARC (cont'd)
 brother a car as well along with
 his fees

CHRISTINA
 a car, seriously Marc, are you
 listening what you are talking, are
 you looking at yourself, where you
 are falling into and dragging all
 of us into ...

Christina gasps, takes her time, looks and picks up the wine
 bottle and places it at the top of a magazine at the side
 table. Meanwhile Marc picks up the call from Jon

MARC(V.O)
 Jon, this is not the right time...
 WHAT ... WHEN ... oh I am so sorry
 mate .. yeah sure .. I will come
 soon ..

Christina gives a look to Marc, and Marc understood that
 hateful look.

MARC
 No, that was from Jon, his granny
 died, he needs me...

MARC
 (sighing)
 Anyway, Please don't make it as a
 big issue, I can give back your
 money when you need ...

CHRISTINA
 (interrupting)
 How dare you touch my money in the
 first place? That's what my more
 concern was !!!

Marc keeps walking and picks up the magazine and keeps the
 wine bottle down.

MARC
 Chrissy, I am not here to pick a
 fight with you, I am here to let
 you know, I will give your money
 before you needed at the most!!!

CHRISTINA
 Its part of your genetic makeup,
 you can't loose that

Marc face turns to a slight anger

(CONTINUED)

MARC

come on ..why you are bringing my
father into this, he was not
anybody's concern, he repaid all
dues before he died

CHRISTINA

yeah, great suicide history !!!

Marc yells and throws the magazine back and walks into
another room, Christina follows him

CHRISTINA

Did you ever think about your mom

Marc is in another room now, and he can hear her yelling
clearly until now and a big thud sound, runs back to the
room where Christina has fallen on to wine bottle which was
placed at the floor next to the sofa, stepping on the
magazine thrown by him. Her right hand was there twitching
with lots of blood / wine and her whole body was hidden next
to the sofa. Marc eyes bloated out, a shock, genuine shock
of his life and reels back every slight happy moment with
her, a new realised moments when she did supported through
out their journey together in these last four years, times
when he discarded her for his friends, times when she took
care of him when no one was there, along with her own
brother she financially supported him as well, small or big
doesn't matter now, time is closing in, the one loop of life
for her is about to close with his addiction, unrealised,
petty small unconcerned to anybody which he thought until
now has become and monstrously big which is changing his and
her life permanently, she has become the prey even she is
strong, just because of his unrealised addiction ...

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

A big gasp made with in the blanket, his heart beat sound is
pounding with a loud sound with in the whole room, a tension
built environment surrounded the whole room, a momentary
pause, and then a ringing sound of the mobile again.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Marc is alone now standing a little far from Christina, and his friend Jon standing far looking into his eye with his mobile at his ear. A complete silence has occupied the vacuum, a vacuum he created in his own life, but silence came from an external entity, and external being, Christina. Marc slowly walking back to his car, Christina, twisting her red necklace with her right hand, sat at the high rise step before the entrance of cemetery, his friend Jon walking towards the altar with his phone at his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

A deep movement with in the blanket, phone still ringing

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Marc turned back for the last time to see Christina from far and picks up his mobile, saw 148 message count, went to Whats App messages, 'Sorry for loss messages pouring in, and in the 'GOLD DIGGERS' group all IN's and a few OUT's and admin requesting all to participate as this is huge this time 1k:33k, shivering hands of Marc slowly scrolling all messages, occasionally looking through the red necklace trembling his hand not with indecisiveness but with guilt of not doing it before ...

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

The same trembling movement with in the blanket at the hand position

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Jon walks to another lady and they both went to the other side of the altar, where the photo of deceased was visible, took some rose flowers

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Close of Marc's face with the same trembling and started typing something very short, throws his mobile

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Jon mobile beeped with a Whatsapp message, opens and looks at the message, top few 'OUT, ...c left, IN, and then there is a highlighted message as IN'. He looks at it, disgusts face, types OUT, EXIT from group and deleted the whole group from his mobile. Slowly moving towards the altar

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Marc with a relieved face, reversing his car

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

Somebody moving in towards the bed

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Jon and his girl friend pouring the red roses before the photo of the deceased

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Marc's car getting reversed completely and with a buzzing sound ready to go forward

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

Somebody with a dreamy hand with a band moving in towards the bed

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY. NOON

Jon dropped the last red rose petal, Marc's moved forward ... Jon's phone Whatsapp message was highlighted as 'OUT, Marc left, IN, IN, and his OUT message'

CUT TO:

INT. MARC BEDROOM. NOON

Band hand touched the phone.

FADE OUT.