

SLEEP IS A LITTLE DEATH

Written By

Jade Carmen

Phone Number: +44 7768 892 802
Email: jade.avf@zoho.com

1. **EXT. HOUSE - DAY** 00:00:15

The front door is yanked open.

JACKIE WILSON(28) is ejected through it, SUITCASE in hand.

A YOUNG WOMAN pops her head around the door.

WOMAN

(shouts)

Don't bother coming back!

Slams the door shut.

JACKIE'S on the path -- mouth open, pondering his situation.
Pulls up the collar of his GREY COAT -- looks at his watch
-- 12.50PM.

2. **EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY** 00:00:19

JACKIE on the move, lugging his SUITCASE, battling through
the squally weather.

3. **INT. CAFE - DAY** 00:04:00

OUTSIDE -- it's raining hard.

INSIDE -- business is brisk.

PUNTERS tucking into bangers & mash -- slurping tea.

Squabbling emanates from the kitchen.

JACKIE, melancholy, at a table, looks up momentarily from
his newspaper -- then he's back searching the '*FLATS FOR
RENT*' section.

His SUITCASE is on the seat opposite.

The WAITRESS plonks a mug of tea in front of him.

JACKIE barely acknowledges her, looks out at the rain
battering against the window, gets back to his paper.

A bedraggled, slinky, brunette enters carrying a SUITCASE
not dissimilar to JACKIE'S. This is RACHAEL(26). She seems
slightly agitated.

RACHAEL scans the room for a free seat -- stops in front of
JACKIE'S table.

RACHAEL

Sorry. Do you mind?

JACKIE
(in his paper)
No. Help yourself.

She coughs -- JACKIE lowers his paper. He's ensnared by her beauty.

JACKIE
I'm so sorry. Let me...

Jumps up -- grabs his SUITCASE -- places it under the table.

RACHAEL nods 'thanks' -- slides her SUITCASE under the table next to JACKIE'S.

She takes off her wet jacket -- then coyly sits opposite.

JACKIE squints around the side of his paper trying to get a glimpse of her.

RACHAEL roots through her FURLA HANDBAG in search of something. There's no way JACKIE can ignore her.

RACHAEL whips out a POSTCARD -- somewhere exotic -- looks at it.

RACHAEL
Don't you just hate this kinda
weather?

JACKIE smiles -- nods -- pretends to get back to his reading.

RACHAEL, desperate for a conversation, pulls JACKIE'S paper down.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
(shaking her wet hair)
When I was little, my mum told me
it was the angels crying. Since
then I've believed it to be true.

JACKIE
Angels of deception.

RACHAEL glares at him.

RACHAEL
It triggered something inside.
I have a real hatred for it; the
rain that is. I'm sure it makes me
bipolar.

JACKIE
Really? That's interesting.

RACHAEL
(melancholy)
I seem to lose my way when it's
raining. Figuratively speaking. I'm
quite good at directions. Well,
sometimes.

She stares down at the table.

JACKIE
(laughs out)
Maybe it's time to move to the Med.
Somewhere in the world where summer
means more than a few measly weeks.

RACHAEL
(lashing out)
Look mister. I didn't sit here so
you can take the piss out of my
condition. It really affects me.

JACKIE
(fazed)
I wasn't making fun of you. I know
how you feel. I think it affects
more people than we think. Myself
included.

RACHAEL
I'm sorry. It's the rain. Well, you
already know.

There's an uneasy silence - - then RACHAEL smiles.

RACHAEL
Forget it. You know what I find
helps.
(shows Jackie the
postcard)
Take it. I have others. It can save
your life on a day like this.

Hands him the POSTCARD.

JACKIE
(looking at the postcard)
Are you sure? Well, thanks. That's
really kind.

RACHAEL springs to her feet.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

(on the move)

Would you look after my things
while I'm in the loo?

(Jackie nods 'yes')

Be a love. Order me a cappuccino,
will you? No sugar. Ta. I didn't
get your name?

JACKIE

(shouts)

It's Jackie.

No name check from her -- she turns on her heels -- sashays
off towards the toilet.

JACKIE watches her as she makes her way.

He looks at the POSTCARD -- HAWAII -- a beach scene. He
smiles to himself, puts it in his coat pocket.

Through the outside window -- a man's face appears startling
JACKIE. This is THOMAS(33) hefty, shaven head.

THOMAS clocks RACHAEL entering the toilet.

He strides out of shot.

JACKIE checks his watch - 12.50PM. It's stopped. He shakes
it.

Seconds later THOMAS bursts in through the cafe door
brandishing a HANDGUN.

The CUSTOMERS gasp -- cowering in their seats -- holy shit!

The STAFF back up into the kitchen.

JACKIE, like everyone else, frozen with fear.

THOMAS strutting towards him -- looks down at the TWO
SUITCASE sticking out from under the table.

JACKIE, terror in his eyes, hasn't a clue what's happening.

THOMAS stares at RACHAEL'S FURLA HANDBAG on the table.

THOMAS

(to Jackie)

I bought her that bag.

JACKIE

Pardon?

THOMAS'S FINGER on the TRIGGER -- FIRES -- shoots JACKIE in

the chest. Everyone screams.

THOMAS swings the HANDGUN around the room -- everyone cowers.

THOMAS
(address the crowd)
I bought her lots of things.

JACKIE'S in great pain, adrenaline pumping, trying hard to focus.

THOMAS is clumping towards the toilets -- barges in.

STAFF and PUNTERS scramble out the door into the street leaving poor JACKIE on his own.

The sound of RACHAEL screaming, then silence.

THOMAS exits the toilet, HANDGUN in his belt, a BLOODY KNIFE is his hand.

Strolls towards JACKIE.

JACKIE squints at him.

THOMAS wipes the blood from the KNIFE on the tablecloth.

Tucks the FURLA HANDBAG under his arm, grins, then casually strolls towards the door.

He whips a sausage from a vacated diner's plate, before exiting.

4. **EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

00:06:01

ON THE MOVE.

Muted SOUND of the SIREN.

JACKIE'S on the stretcher. Eyes shut. Still.

TWO PARAMEDICS and a NURSE frantically keeping him alive, holler medical details, blood groups, cardio.

The NURSE administers morphine into JACKIE'S left arm.

She glances back at the HEART-RATE MONITOR, stable, for the moment.

CLOSE on JACKIE'S face.

JACKIE (V.O.)
I don't think I'm dead. I'm trying
to open my eyes. They are SO heavy.
I feel sore, but I can't work out
(MORE)

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
where the pain is coming from. Wait
a minute the pain has gone, just
like that.

(beat)
Hey, I wouldn't mind being dead if
it feels like this. NO, I have to
try to open my eyes. Come on. Don't
give up.

CLOSE on JACKIE'S EYES fluttering slightly.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What's that ringing sound? Is it my
burglar alarm? Am I in my house?

(beat)
Oh no! What did I do? I was
wondering what that burning smell
was. It's flesh: mine. See, I'm
still alive at least. Some of my
senses are working. Not unless you
need your sense of smell in the
afterlife. But that's silly. I
can't imagine why.

CLOSE on JACKIE'S RIGHT EYELID.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Come on! Open.

No movement.

The NURSE jabs another needle into his arm.

JACKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ah!! I definitely felt something
there. What happened to the girl?

RACHAEL (V.O.)
Sorry, it was my fault.

The camera pans around to the stretcher opposite, finds
RACHAEL laying there, eyes closed, still.

PARAMEDIC #2 trying to stabilize her.

JACKIE (V.O.)
What? Who's that? You can hear me?

RACHAEL (V.O.)
I said it was my fault Jackie. I
was the girl in the cafe. Hello,
again. We are in an ambulance on
the way to the hospital. I was

(MORE)

RACHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
conscious up to a minute ago. You
have been shot in the chest. He
stuck one in me. The bastard!

JACKIE (V.O.)
Wait a minute. I can hear you. But
you say you are unconscious. How
does that work?

RACHAEL (V.O.)
I don't know! Maybe that's what
happens just before you go. It
isn't going to be in any book. Is
it? We must have connected. They
say that 'sleep is a little death.'
You'd think we would be more adept
at it. After all, it's the one sure
thing in life. Death I mean.

JACKIE (V.O.)
It's a weird way of looking at it.

RACHAEL (V.O.)
Jackie, all the lights are shining.
(beat)
I haven't too long to go. I feel I
owe you an explanation.

JACKIE (V.O.)
I think you bloody well do.
Whatever your name is?

RACHAEL (V.O.)
It's Rachael. If I hadn't sat at
your table, you'd still be... The
guy was Thomas, Thomas Hamilton.

5. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

00:06:23

RACHAEL is at the dressing table applying her make up.

THOMAS -- in the background -- searching in the wardrobe.

He picks out a DRESS -- throws it at RACHAEL, bullying her
to wear it. RACHAEL has other ideas. They start to argue.

THOMAS stomps over to her -- slaps her hard across the face
-- RACHAEL is propelled from the chair -- hits the deck.

THOMAS storms out of the room.

RACHAEL (V.O.)
We were an item for years, but he
got old and let himself go.

(MORE)

RACHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Any spark of kindness fizzled out.
As you probably guessed he was the
jealous type. I was leaving him;
trading him in for a younger model.
He must have mistaken you for he.

6. INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

00:07:27

JACKIE (V.O.)

Oh, great. I've had shit days, but
this one takes the biscuit.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

I'm sorry...

RACHAEL lets out a yelp. For all we know she could have
drawn her last breath.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(anxious)

Rachael? Rachael..? Rachael?

JACKIE'S eyes flutter -- still they won't open.

JACKIE'S head sinks into the pillow.

RACHAEL sparks back to life.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

I was just thinking how unjust life
was.

JACKIE (V.O.)

(sigh of relief)

IS! Thomas sounds like a right
charmer?

RACHAEL (V.O.)

(upset)

Your heart tells you which way to
turn, but I left it far too late.
He was a bad boy, alright. I always
fell for them. It was one of my
traits. That and lying.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Please stop referring to things in
the past tense. We're going to make
it. Rachael I can't do this on my
own... I'm scared.

RACHAEL (V.O.)

I've done some wicked things...
And, I am sorry... very...

She peters out. Silence.

JACKIE (V.O.)
Rachael? Rachael?

The sound of the chaos inside the ambulance is now FULL ON.

Raised voices -- the PARAMEDICS frantically work on RACHAEL, administering the defibrillator, desperately trying to jolt her back to life.

ON JACKIE

He's there, silent -- HE BOLTS UPRIGHT.

7. **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 00:07:38

JACKIE'S no longer in the ambulance -- HE'S BOLT UPRIGHT fixed stare -- in bed.

He glances down at his hands -- covered in blood. But whose?

He turns to his right -- sees RACHAEL lying next to him, drenched in blood, lifeless.

JACKIE, horrified, springs out of bed -- grabs his trousers from the chair -- pulls them on.

8. **INT. LOO - NIGHT** 00:07:49

JACKIE enters -- looks in the cabinet mirror -- stares at the reflection of RACHAEL'S SLAIN BODY on the bed.

He runs the tap -- frantically scrubbing the blood from his hands. Drying them now.

He whips open the cabinet door -- brings out a bottle of pills -- takes the lid off -- pops a large handful.

JACKIE turns back towards the room and the bloody mess.

9. **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 00:08:43

JACKIE enters -- over to the bed -- sees a bloody KNIFE on the floor -- picks it up, examines it.

He gabs the blade into his finger -- winces in pain -- blood spurting.

Puzzled, JACKIE stares at the blood. After a moment he snaps out of it -- makes his way to the bed -- crouches over RACHAEL'S BODY -- stares at her cold expressionless face.

JACKIE
When has pain ever entered your
(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

dream?

(beat)

Maybe it has, and you can't remember, due to the fact you were asleep, dreaming, or maybe something worse. No.

Grabs RACHAEL'S limp wrist.

JACKIE

Rationally, why would I do such a thing to you? I hardly even know you. There's no motive. Is there? It's okay for all those visionaries out there that say just rouse yourself, jog yourself awake, find out.

(to camera)

You try. It's one of the hardest things you'll ever do.

Checks himself in the wardrobe mirror.

He feels his chest -- there's something there -- notices a round scare resembling a bullet entry wound -- moves his hand towards his shoulder blade -- another scare -- a bullet exit wound.

His mind is whirring, taking it in.

He flops down on the CHAIR next to the bed. Shuts his eyes.

JACKIE

So tired.

CUT TO:

10. **INT. AMBULANCE - DAY** 00:08:50

PARAMEDIC #1 standing over JACKIE -- heart defibrillator pressed hard into his chest.

WHACK -- the shock rattles JACKIE'S body.

CUT TO:

11. **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 00:09:18

JACKIE on the CHAIR -- his eyes flash open.

RACHAEL is standing at the edge of the bed clutching the KNIFE.

JACKIE shrieks -- jumps to his feet.

RACHAEL
We're all born to die, Jackie.

She rushes towards him -- gabs the KNIFE -- JACKIE dodges her.

RACHAEL
Our secret selves fear it.

RACHAEL lashes out again -- catches him on the arm.

JACKIE winces, not liking this. He grabs the BED SHEET -- wraps it around his bloody arm.

RACHAEL
There's another thing to everything
we do. You have to come with me.
We're friends now. If I'm going,
you are too.

Springs at him again -- misses.

12. **INT. AMBULANCE - DAY** 00:09:20

PARAMEDIC #1 zaps JACKIE with the heart defibrillator.

13. **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 00:09:24

RACHAEL thrusting the KNIFE at JACKIE -- him shuffling back.
The door handle rattles -- someone's outside.

14. **EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY** 00:09:34

HEART-RATE MONITOR -- the GREEN SPIKES flash slower and slower.

NURSE
We're losing him.

PARAMEDIC #1 zaps JACKIE again.

15. **INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT** 00:10:01

JACKIE stumbles -- RACHAEL swinging the knife at him.

RACHAEL
Your number's up, Jackie. Borrowed
time is all that's left.

JACKIE
Don't wait on me. I have other
plans.

JACKIE, grey coat, no shoes -- sprinting out the door.

He's out the gate now -- into the street -- searching for THOMAS. No sign.

After a moment JACKIE puts his hand into his coat pocket -- finds something -- it's the POSTCARD of HAWAII RACHAEL gave him.

JACKIE'S staring at it. Oblivious of the traffic he steps off the pavement -- THUMP -- a BLACK MERCEDES hits him FULL ON.

The BLACK MERCEDES screeches to a halt -- JACKIE'S body is thrown from the bonnet -- splats on the ground.

RACHAEL gets out of the BLACK MERCEDES -- strolls around to the front of the car.

She bends down -- picks up the POSTCARD from the gutter -- -- walks over to JACKIE'S snuffed out body.

RACHAEL

(lays the postcard on his chest)

We're all born to die, Jackie.

She plonks herself down on the pavement -- just sits there staring into space.

ON THE POSTCARD -- A gust of wind blows the POSTCARD over -- on the back '*Sleep is a little death.*' is scrawled in blood.

THE END