

Procrastination

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The AUTHOR sleeps peacefully, bundled tight under her covers until...

The numbers on her alarm clock switch to 7:00 a.m.

Her hand DARTS out from under the covers and gropes for the snooze.

Her feet dangle off the edge of the bed and she sits up, blinking sleepily. She glances at the calendar announcing that today is the due date for her script.

INT. STAIRS - MORNING

The Author's feet wander clumsily down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The Author pours coffee and cereal. Then she sits at the table, blearily trying to stay awake while eating.

When she finishes, she dumps her dishes in the sink.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The Author sits down at her desk and opens her computer. She brings up her script and poises her fingers over the keyboard.

The page says: FADE IN.

Her fingers stay frozen over the keyboard.

Her eyes search the room and then lock onto the dirty laundry in the corner. She gets up and hefts the laundry out the door.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

The Author's feet quickly step down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Author opens up her washing machine only to find it full. She opens the dryer to find it also occupied.

She looks around and then moves the clean clothes to a chair. She switches over the clothes and pours hers in, not bothering to separate colors.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The Author sits back down and opens her laptop again. This time, she starts TAPPING away.

The screen is revealed to find her on Facebook. A friend messages her asking how her project is going.

The Author bites her lip and pulls up the script which now has one scene heading.

She checks her watch. 12:30. She looks down and places her hand on her stomach.

She messages her friend back: "Great! Stopping for lunch."

INT. STAIRS - DAY

The Author's feet hurry down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

She FLOUNCES into the kitchen and pulls open the refrigerator. She frowns and opens the freezer. She glances at her watch.

She grabs her keys from the counter.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Author's car pulls out of the parking lot.

INT. AUTHOR'S CAR - DAY

The clock on the radio reads 12:35 and then...

The clock reads 3:30.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The Author's car pulls into the parking lot and parks.

The Author, overburdened with groceries and carrying a fast food milkshake and bag, hobbles into her apartment.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Author puts away the last grocery item and grabs the fast food and milkshake.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The Author settles into her chair, opens her fast food bag, and pulls out her hamburger. She slurps from her milkshake.

The cursor on her screen blinks. Her fingers hover over the keyboard.

Her phone lights up on her desk, and she picks it up. Her sister has texted her asking, "got a minute?"

MONTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Author paces her room on the phone.

The Author looks out the window on the phone.

The Author sits on the floor on the phone. She discovers a stray sock under the bed.

The Author sits on the bed on the phone.

The Author hangs upside down on the bed on the phone.

ANGLE - CONTINUOUS

The Author hangs up her phone and sits down at the computer. She checks her watch. 5:14.

She opens up Netflix and settles in.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Author gets a Facebook message from the friend as earlier: "Done with the script?"

The Author looks at the time on the computer. 11:02 p.m.

She PANICS, shuts off Facebook and Netflix, and turns out the lights.

Her fingers type furiously, lit only by the laptop screen. Her face shows frustration and determination. SWEAT forms on her forehead.

She types FADE OUT.

The clock reads 11:55. She hurriedly attaches the document and then hits SUBMIT.

She breathes a sigh of relief, gets up, and then FALLS into bed.

FADE OUT