

Fallen Sloppy Dead

By

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INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - DAY

A huge knife comes at us. There's nothing else to look at. It is only the knife; we hear the metallic click as it slides open. The edges of the blade don't really look that sharp and yet somehow the thing still looks frightening even though in the end it's not a particularly great knife. It's ominous to watch.

Then we see the knife meet its mate--an apple, bright green, the kind that looks so ridiculously tart it couldn't possibly be actually eaten, but it will be. ALICE, a 20-something in black and red pajamas, is trying to cut the thing with the knife, but it's too much of a pain in the ass to do so she gives up on it after a couple of tries in which the blade slips and she nearly stabs herself. Irritated, she grips the knife in her hand more to stab than to cut and she spears the apple on the edge of the knife vigorously and completely destroys the apple. She's so frustrated with it she doesn't care.

It's hard to get a good glimpse of Alice's room when all the shots are so close and groggy like you might expect to feel when you've just awoken rather earlier than you'd normally prefer.

She places the speared apple on the table she keeps near her door and storms out in a bit of a huff; from the other room we can hear sounds of the water faucet, the toothbrush, random clicks and bangs from the usual mourning routine. We can even hear coffee brewing.

CUT TO:

INT. - ALICE & EM'S KITCHEN - DAY

Alice is not the one brewing the coffee. Turns out it's her roommate EM, a 20-something girl you might expect to be extremely nice and constantly dress in pinks and feminine tones. They greet each other with head nods and gestures more than with words; Em seems more relaxed, probably because she has more time than Alice does before she has to leave. Alice is always the type to wake up about 15 minutes before she has to be someplace 20 minutes away and, as such, cannot remember a moment in her life when she wasn't in a hurry. It must have happened, some time, long ago, but the point is that she can't remember it.

All this time Alice is cooking a frozen waffle in the microwave, which she grabs in a hurry and stuffs in her mouth so both her hands are free as she waves goodbye and attempts a muffled farewell to Em and departs.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ALICE &amp; EM'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Alice hurries out the front door and to her bicycle, which she doesn't ride particularly well but tries. She has a brief conflict where she tries to decide whether to ditch the waffle or ditch the bike; she forfeits the waffle sadly, jumps off the bike, and takes off down the road. She grows smaller and smaller as she moves further and further away, until we can't even really see her anymore.

FADE TO:

EXT. - ALICE &amp; EM'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

We see Alice arriving the same way that she left, looking somewhat more exhausted. She slowly parks her bike and heads toward the front door, which she unlocks and throws open.

CUT TO:

INT. - ALICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Em is sprawled out awkwardly on the rug in the middle of the room, dead. Blood drips from her onto the rug; this is the only motion we see, and the only sound we can really hear very well above the whir of the ceiling fan. Outside cars pass and even a couple of birds chirp, bizarre considering the hour as we look around the room.

For some reason something seems wrong with this picture. Em doesn't look as if she really belongs here; her lighter clothes and feminine look contrast sharply with the darker and deeper tones of the room, heavy burgundies and crisp blacks, almost like blood in and of itself.

As we look around we see the relics of some terrible crime--blood staining the walls in all kinds of patterns, red yarn tracing the source of the spatter. It almost looks like a crime scene until we zoom out and see what it really is--bizarre decor, red paint-spatter on canvas, a Dexter poster to match it, the adoration of a darker and strangely humorous theme that almost amounts to Dexter idolatry.

All the while there are footsteps approaching as ALICE makes her way through the house--the door opens and she calls out a greeting, weaving around various objects blocking her path to her room. We see her walk in and out of sight as she

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circles a counter blocking the direct path to her bedroom from the front door.

Em just does not look like the kind of girl who would idolize Dexter, her heels and pink shirt and skirt flowing...no, as we look back and forth, we see this girl doesn't really belong here at all.

Enter Alice.

At first Alice doesn't notice. She drops her bag on the floor and her keys on the table she keeps by the door and flips the light switch. Finally she sees Em and, in shock, drops the only other thing she was carrying--her battered copy of *Dearly Devoted Dexter*. Just like her room, she is wearing a bolder red and black, a coat and boots, looking more like she's preparing herself to slay vampires than study. Yes, this is definitely where Alice belongs, and so why is someone else dead in her bedroom?

Petrified, Alice can't really figure out how to react. She waits for her heart to re-adjust and go back to its normal speed and as the immediate terror subsides she starts to look more curious than concerned. She kneels to the ground and examines Em closely in some kind of wonder. She sees a red ribbon tied in a bow around Em's wrist and puts her hand over her lips, rubbing and tapping them anxiously as she tries to put something together.

Finally whatever it was clicks. She turns around and sees that, next to where she dropped her keys, is the apple with the knife down the middle from this morning. It too has a red ribbon tied to it. Folded unceremoniously next to it is a note with two very brief words: "Your turn."

When she finally takes her hand away from her mouth, we see her smiling dazedly, like she's suddenly developed a schoolgirl crush. She giggles like she can't believe what's happening, because she can't, really.

CUT TO BLACK.