

Mimencholy

about 450 words

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I Think I've Been Rip Van Winkled

Concept: James wakes up, the room is dusty, dirty, no light shines in from the world outside— my God! He's been Rip Van Winkled.

Characters:

**James** - male, tired, but wired wide awake. A man experiencing a special form of rude awakening. He's naïve in many ways and quite excitable, but he isn't quick to embrace that excitability completely.

**Reggie** - male, tired, just tired. Jame's friend who often wakes up because of James. He is a skeptical sort, outwardly unamused by his roommate's antics, but he can't help but appreciate them too.

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*(In a pitch-black room, **James** is lying flat on his back, his eyes open tacitly. He feels deeply that he has just slept 20 years, like Rip Van Winkle. Very slowly, he peeks out into the darkness past, his eyes tracing the blinds covering his window, then beyond that. He sees nothing. He takes a deep breath, almost bursting from a realization.*

*But he quiets.)*

**James:** (Tone: Whispering, astounded, groggy.) What year is it? I... where... have I been? No, that... that can't be. But what if it is. I really think it is. I could check— I should. I will check.

*(James sits up, totally out of it, preparing himself to check the blinds, but he hesitates)*

**James:** (Tone: Nervous, curious, a bit too loud) I can't take this! I don't want to know that. That would be awful... but what if... I couldn't have slept 20 years? Could I? A day, yeah, two— I've done it before... but...

*(Looking from the midnight blinds to the wall of his room, James has a brilliant idea. Almost without thinking it over, he rushes over, hits the wall with two strikes from a balled fist and he yells.)*

**James:** (Tone: A little embarrassed, but genuine.) Reggie! Are you out there Reggie?

*(There is no response from Reggie. The wall stares back at James. He blinks, then he sighs, scratches his head, and sits back on his bed. It seems as if he has become self-conscious. That isn't the whole truth.)*

**James:** (Tone: To himself, then to the world, without holding back.) My God. I'm a regular Rip Van Winkle. I've got to go shopping; and, I think this means my brother is older than me now... I've been Rip Van Winkled! I'm Mister Winkle!

**Reggie:** (Tone: Through the door, tired, eyes rolling into the back of his head.) No. No. I'm awake. You're not the Winkler.

**James:** (Tone: Embarrassed and relieved) O...K. Reggie?

**Reggie:** (Tone: Stil through the door.) Go to bed dude; I'll catch you in the morning.

**James:** (Tone: Embarrassed, vulnerable) You know what I mean, right, like when I thought I'd been asleep so long?

**Reggie:** (Tone: Thoughtful, smiling to himself.) Yeah. I think I've been Rip Van Winkled too. Sleep tight bro.

**James:** (Tone: Relieved, relaxed, ready to rest.) Goodnight Reggie Van Winkle.

(**Reggie** leaves to bed. **James** tucks himself in to sleeps. He looks up at the pitch black of the roof, but he imagines it is the midnight sky.)

**James:** (Tone: awake but comfortable.) I don't mind being Rip Van Winkled, but I wish his name was less silly. Winkle. Winky. Winkle Dink. Dink Van Rip. Rip Man... (Etc.)

(**James** continues to think deeply, but only speak silly little names riffing on a silly character from almost a century ago.)