

SWEET DREAMS

"Pilot"

Cold Open by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG ROAD - DAY

A paved road stretches clear with an occasional lush tree on either side. Birds transfer with purpose in this bright, Disney-esque paradise. Everything moves with an off-color effect. This can't be reality.

SUMMER (30s), a woman with a bohemian-like beauty, speeds down on a cruiser bicycle. Her long hair glistens and trails in the wind behind her.

A bird lands on Summer's handlebars and she laughs. She peddles on.

The road curves and follows along a bustling river.

Summer stops and leans her bicycle against a tree. The bird moves to her shoulder.

The two approach the river and pause to admire its beauty. The bird chirps.

A finger taps Summer on the other shoulder from behind. She turns with surprise. The bird flies off.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

BRIAN (28), a smart yet content man with a permanent expression of just remembering something, motions to a COURIER (30s) in a wrinkled pizza delivery polo and ball cap carrying a flat box, just behind him.

BRIAN

This guy insisted on personally  
delivering your order.

MATT (32), an average-looking artist worn down by years of working in the wrong industry, glances at the odd Courier from his chair.

MATT

Pizza order?

Matt retrieves a five from his wallet and hands it to the Courier who accepts it quickly.

COURIER  
Matthew Sandman?

MATT  
Yes?

COURIER  
You've been served.

The Courier drops a thick manila envelope on Matt's desk and turns on his heel.

Matt sighs.

BRIAN  
What was that about?

Matt moves the envelope to the side and swivels back around to his desk.

MATT  
Jenn's lawyer moves fast.

Brian leans over the cubicle partition.

BRIAN  
She's divorcing you?!

MATT  
Yep.

BRIAN  
Oh, man. I'm sorry.

MATT  
Yeah, me too. I'm really hungry and that was my last five.

Brian shifts uncomfortably.

BRIAN  
Em... do you wanna talk about it?

MATT  
Nothing to talk about. The real pizza guy just won't get a tip.

BRIAN  
I meant about your wife.

MATT  
Oh, that? Jennifer hasn't been happy for a while.

BRIAN

Yeah, but... are you okay?

Matt produces an unconvincing smile.

MATT

Peachy.

Brian nods slowly and returns to his cubicle.

INT. SUMMER'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Summer jolts awake from her bed. Breathing hard, she sits up deep in thought.

Her alarm clock changes to: "7:40AM" and crushes the silence with an annoying demand.

Summer bangs the snooze button in a quick reflex and scoots out of bed.

The Chordettes' "Mr. Sandman" PLAYS while...

MONTAGE - SUMMER GETS READY FOR WORK

-- Summer brushes her teeth.

-- Summer searches through hanging clothes in her closet.

-- Dressed, Summer applies makeup in the mirror.

-- Summer grabs her purse and keys and exits.

END MONTAGE

Summer's bed remains unmade and neglected.

The fitted sheet curls slightly at a corner revealing part of the bare mattress.

A ray of light from the dawning sun shines through the window onto the bare corner of the mattress. Shimmering magic dust floats from the mattress into the air.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

The tiny shop almost hidden from the street makes you wonder how it's still in business with its dingy appearance and unidentifiable slight odor.

MANNY (40), a muscular man with a hard face you'd likely find in a prison but actually attends his daughter's dance recitals, smiles at the sight of his friend and regular customer walking in.

MANNY

Matthew! How's it goin' my friend?

MATT

Hey Manny. I'm okay. How're the kids?

MANNY

Ana won first place in her dance competition!

MATT

I know you're proud.

MANNY

(beaming)

The proudest.

Matt places a dusty soda bottle and a wrinkled bag of chips on the counter. Manny punches keys on an old cash register.

Matt produces a twenty dollar bill.

MANNY (CONT'D)

Oi Matthew! You know no big bills here.

MATT

Sorry Manny but the delivery guy stole my last five today.

MANNY

He took the five and left the twenty?

MATT

I gave it to him because I thought he was delivering my pizza, but he served me divorce papers instead.

MANNY

You and the misses aren't gonna work it out?

MATT

She doesn't want to. I let her down.

MANNY

Cheer up my friend. She's gonna  
realize what she lost.

Matt tilts his head in a gracious gesture and exits.

FADE OUT.