

W H Y C A N T I S L E E P ?

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A still start.

CLOSE on desolate window whose glass is **painted black**.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(on her own verbal heels)
Why can't I sleep? It's not like
I'm not tired. I'm so tired...

A hand enters frame to draw the blinds close. The sounds of FOOTSTEPS moves us left, finally revealing--

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Where we move in close toward a small kitchen. Specifically, a stovetop where we halt on a rusty kettle.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(not letting up)
Is it something I've done?
Something I *didn't* do? What didn't
I do?

The hand returns to click on the gas stove before resting itself on the nearby counter.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
They say "Oh man, I WISH I could
fall asleep at 3:30--

CLOSE on a nearby clock: 3:29AM

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
--"...I usually pull all-nighters."
This isn't a contest I just...

The hand starts to clench, and we move up, finally getting to see that it belongs to a YOUNG and very, very tired WOMAN.

She stares for a thousand yards into her hand. Clenches *harder: the only thing she truly knows that she can do.*

FEMALE VOICE/YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
...I just wanna know why can't I sl-

-

THUD!

CLOSE on the woman, who's head WHIPS around to the dark hallway behind her.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

Hello?

HOLD CLOSE on the kettle.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where the room's door opens to a blackness from which the woman emerges.

As she enters through the doorway, we dart left to find a *knocked over*, plain-white box on the tile floor.

She walks over and hurriedly picks up the box, looking left to another SMALL WINDOW.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

Why can't I sleep? Who's there?
Nobody obvi--

When she interrupts herself by frantically drawing the window's blinds, climbing over her perfectly-made bed to do so.

A slight WHINE fills the air...

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

It's my fault, obviously. Well.
Actually? Is it? They say it's not.
That's it's perfectly human. But
(chuckles)
I don't even know what that means.

Her head rises, and we see her go...somewhere.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

(*How would you describe it?*)
Still.
(*Is that a problem?*)
It's the stillness that hurts the most.

And we sit in the stillness for quite sometime. Nothing but that faint *WHINE*...

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)

(*What's happening to you?*)
I don't know what that means.
(*Why cant you sl--*)
Just quiet for now.

She begins to breathe heavier. Laboured. She looks left to:
 A TALL MIRROR resting on her wall.
 Almost sprinting towards it...

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*(Fuck. Look at you. The
 bags. Is that--)*
 The young woman touches her head.
*(Is...is that a grey
 hair?)*

She SHUTS her eyes.

The WHINE grows louder.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
*(What time is it? Am I
 gonna pull an all-
 nighter? Why is this so
 hard? When did I put the
 kettle on?)*
Increasing pace. Just go to sleep?
 Why can't I sleep? What's the
 point?
*(Why even try? Why keep
 going?)*
 You tell me./Shut up!/Everyone
 just...

And her eyes SPRING AWAKE.

When a nearby CLOSET door gently glides open. Golden light
 spills into the room.

She turns around. Carefully approaches the open doorway.

IN THE CLOSET

A single grey tie.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
(grabbing the tie)
 Wouldn't that be nice? If it were
 so simple? Reality gets to be my
 alibi? The end an empirical fact.
(How pretentious...)

BACK IN THE BEDROOM

CLOSE on the woman's neck as she begins to tie it's fabric.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
(It could fill pits.)
 Maybe it *should* be a race. It would
 give cause to valleys. Deeeeeeeep
 crevices, just...full of all the
 losers.

CLOSE on the woman's feet, now in HEELS.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
(lighter, slowing down)
 When *did* I put on the kettle? I'm
 sure it's done by now. What time is
 it?
(looks to the window)
 Maybe I'll see it rise.

CLOSE on the woman's feet, now BAREFOOT and STANDING ON THE
 WHITE BOX.

The WHINE is now all we hear. Sharp. Angry.

INT. KITCHEN

CLOSE on the boiling KETTLE.

CLOSE on the same clenched hand from before.

As the young woman snuffs the flame, and the WHINE dies down.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
 I just wanna know why ca--

THUD!

CLOSE on the woman, who's head WHIPS around to the dark
 hallway behind her.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
 Hello?

A beat before returning her gaze to the clock.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)	YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)
<i>(Why can't I sleep?)</i>	Why can't I sleep?

And back CLOSE on her, before finally, aloud...

YOUNG WOMAN
 Did you hear that?
*(beat, then with slight
 concern)*
 You didn't hear anything?

When she sharply turns her head to toward the window, where our gaze falls back to, whose blinds are un-drawn, and glass is **painted black**.

And everything falls...

Still.

CRASH TO **BLACK**.

End Credits.