

SLEEP TIGHT, DON'T LET THE EXISTENTIAL CRISIS BITE!

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is pitch black.

GARY (V.O.)
(whispering)
Meg?

Beat.

GARY (V.O.)
Meg, you awake?

MEG lets out an incomprehensible groan.

GARY (25) turns the table-lamp on. He sits up in bed. MEG (26) is laid beside him whining and wincing at the light, she buries her head into the pillow.

MEG
I'm trying not to be.

GARY
I think I'm having a crisis.

MEG
What.

GARY
I think I'm having a crisis.

Beat.

GARY (CONT'D)
An existential crisis.

MEG
Can't it wait till morning?

GARY
No really. I think I just had an
epiphany.

She lifts her face from the pillow, but keeps her eyes closed.

MEG
An epiphany? I thought it was an
existential crisis.

GARY
It's both!

MEG
Gary, that's not possible. Get back
to sleep.

GARY

But I *am*! (beat) What's the difference?

MEG

(monotonous, still trying to sleep)

An existential crisis is the questioning of life's purpose. An epiphany is a moment of sudden realisation.

GARY

Exactly! I'm *realising* that I'm starting to question the purpose of life.

MEG

Ugh, can't you *realise* it at eight o'clock? Eight thirty?

GARY

No look. I was thinking about Mr Ferriby--

MEG

--Not again...

GARY

I know I know, but hear me out. I was thinking about all the things I have to do tomorrow to meet the deadline and - I didn't even tell you about this one - but we were arguing for like, *three* hours over what kind of biscuits should be in the jar.

MEG

What biscuits?

GARY

Oh, in one of the shots there's a jar on the--

Meg turns onto her side, facing Gary.

MEG

--No no, I mean, what kind of biscuits?

GARY

Bourbons. *He* wanted bourbons.

MEG

(encouraging)
Bourbons are good!

GARY

Well yeah, but I wanted cookies.

MEG

Oh in that case I see your point.
You don't open up a biscuit tin and
not grab the cookie first.

GARY

Precisely. But also, it makes way
more sense to animate something
that actually looks like a biscuit.
You draw a cookie - everyone knows
it's a cookie. You draw a bourbon,
what do you think that's going to
look like?

MEG

Pooooo..

GARY (CONT'D)

A poop.

Meg snickers.

GARY (CONT'D)

Anyways. So I'm lying here thinking
about that, and it just hit me
how..how *absurd* it is. It's so
stupid that it's almost funny. I
finally understand what Sart meant--

MEG

--Sartre

GARY

--Sartre.

(beat)

I am some random speck of dust in
an infinite universe and endless
time. Thirteen billion years ago
there was the big bang, and
thirteen billion years forward a 25
year old man argues with a 55 year
old man about biscuits that don't
even exist, to be in the background
of an advert it has nothing to do
with, to try and sell some freakin'
CLEANING SPRAY.

Gary lets out a cathartic sigh.

MEG

To be fair, it's damn good cleaning
spray.

GARY

But what's the purpose?

MEG
It's multi-purpose, it says it
right on the bottle--

GARY
--of *life*, Meg! Why do I do this
for a living?

Meg sits up.

MEG
So what are you saying, you want to
change your career?

GARY
Maybe. No. I don't know. I mean,
why do anything? Whatever I do is
pointless anyways. Like, why do I
spend so many hours washing and
ironing my clothes?

He points at a neatly folded pile of clothes on the chair by
the window.

GARY (CONT'D)
Or... or why do I organise my iPod
to have album artwork on every
single song?

He points to the mp3 player on his bedside table.

GARY (CONT'D)
And why do we have extra decorative
pillows when we just throw them off
of the bed before we sleep
anyways?!

He points at the pretty pillows strewn on the floor beside
them.

Beat.

MEG
Okay, um, hun, I know you're having
a crisis and all but can you not
take this out on the pillows?.

Gary turns to her.

GARY
Fine, I take that one back.

Gary rests his head on Meg's lap like a child. She strokes
his hair.

MEG

Okay well, the three hour
BiscuitGate debate *is* ridiculous
but you do it because it's your
job. You do your job to make money,
and you make money so that you can
enjoy all these nice things.

Meg gestures to the room around them.

Gary considers this. Then changes his mind.

GARY

(childishly wailing)
But the pilloows--

MEG

--Shush. You have clean clothes,
organised music, and pretty pillows
because they look *nice*. And things
looking nice make you feel good and
happy. Is that not right?

Beat.

GARY

(still a bit sulky)
I guess...

MEG

I mean, isn't that all that
matters? That you're happy?

Gary acknowledges this, convinced maybe.

Beat.

GARY

BUT WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Or not.

MEG

Oh for crying out loud.

Gary rises from her lap and gets out of bed.

Meg sighs.

Gary walks over to the chair. Stops. Then picks up a shirt
from the pile of neat clothes.

MEG (CONT'D)

What are you--

Gary looks at Meg, and then suddenly scrunches the shirt
violently between his hands, and throws it on the floor.

Beat.

MEG (CONT'D)
Great. What did that achieve?

Gary looks at Meg.

Meg shrugs her shoulders to imply "Well?".

GARY
I thought it would make me *feel* something.

MEG
And?

GARY
(mumbling)
I *feel* like my favourite shirt is wrinkled now.

Gary sighs and picks up his shirt, putting it to the side.

He sits on the side of the bed in defeat and groans, head in his hands.

GARY (CONT'D)
I mean, this was bound to happen. I took a test to determine my philosophy once and--

MEG
--By test do you mean Buzzfeed Quiz?

GARY
I took a Buzzfeed Quiz once to determine who my dream philosopher crush was - and it was 'Kam-us'.

MEG
Camus.

GARY
What?

MEG
Albert *Camus*, Gary. Did you even university?

Gary sighs and falls backwards onto Meg's legs.

GARY
What do I dooooo?

MEG
There's loads of short courses you can sign up for--

GARY
--in life, Meg. Always in life!

MEG
 Sorry, I don't know how I can help.
 You are *actually* a lost cause.

GARY
 Everything is pointlessssss.

He brings his knees up to his chest, a fetal position.

Gary tilts his head, looking at Meg with big eyes.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Don't you see?

MEG
 Yeah, I guess.

GARY
 Does it not scare you?

Meg shrugs.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Does it not freak you out that
 nothing we do matters at all? That
 we are just a tiny, tiny fragment
 of a bigger thing, and that
 eventually nobody will remember who
 we were or anything we did?

Meg shrugs.

MEG
 Meh. No, not really.

GARY
 Okay now I can't even tell which
 one of us is the crazy one.

MEG
 Look, if all of what you are saying
 is right and all of this is
pointless, then who cares? All that
 matters is that I love what I'm
 doing right now; I have a good job,
 family, friends, hobbies, and most
 of all I have you, despite the 2AM
 existential epiphanies'. Is it
 meaningless? Maybe it is, yeah. But
 if any of those things don't have
 "meaning", then I have no interest
 in pursuing "meaning", because it
 doesn't sound fun to me. I'll go
 ahead and create my own meaning.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)
My meaning is to enjoy my life, and
I do! Done.

Beat.

Meg sighs.

MEG (CONT'D)
Did *any* of that--

GARY
--shh!

Gary lifts his finger and presses Meg's lips in a shushing motion. Meg blows a disapproving raspberry.

Gary concentrates very hard on the empty ceiling for a moment.

Suddenly, he rises.

GARY (CONT'D)
By Gods, you're RIGHT!

He leaps up off of the bed, hands to his hips. Then turns towards Meg.

He hugs Meg tightly, swaying her around, her arms limp by her sides. She pats his back weakly.

GARY (CONT'D)
Thank you for loving me despite my
existential dread.

MEG
Just save it until a reasonable
hour next time.

Gary releases her. Meg grins.

They tuck themselves back into bed, and spoon each other - Meg is the bigger spoon, of course. Gary reaches for the light.

GARY
Night.

He switches it off.

It's pitch black.

Long beat.

GARY (CONT'D)
Damn it.

Shuffling is heard.

MEG

Oh for Christ's sake, what now?!

Gary turns the light on.

GARY

I can't sleep knowing that my
favourite shirt is all crumpled up.

Gary jumps out of bed.

MEG

You're gonna iron it right now?!

GARY

Absolutely.

He quickly pecks her forehead, and flips the duvet over,
jumping out of bed.

THE END