

Tim, Lloyd, and the Door

written by Pedro & Shreyas

FADE IN

TITLECARD - TIM, LLOYD, AND THE DOOR

We see flashes of a city, a door, people walking, a door, a dog barking, a door, an old man, a door. Growing soundscape. Sound culminates and mutes.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S ROOM - MORNING

A dark messy room, piles of books, papers pinned to the wall.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - TIM'S EYES OPENING

TIM WAKES UP, JUMPS UP, HE'S SWEATING AND PANTING. HE SITS UP ON HIS BED AND REACHES FOR HIS PHONE.

CLOSE UP ON THE PHONE.

We see who he's calling. LLOYD.

CUT TO:

INT. LLOYD'S ROOM - MORNING

An organized room, things are tidy, it's not as dark as Tim's room, light shines through the window. Lloyd sleeps in his bed.

BIRD-EYE OF HIS NIGHTSTAND

On it one book, a watch, his phone; vibrating. Someone is calling him.

Lloyd wakes up slowly, stretches, yawns, rubs his eyes. Picks up the phone.

CLOSE UP ON THE PHONE

It's TIM.

LLOYD
(to himself)
What now?

He picks up the call.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
 (still waking up)
 Yeah?

TIM
 (energized, talking
 fast, rambling)
 Listen dude, I've been having
 this dream, like for the past
 weeks, but it isn't just a normal
 dream, it's something special,
 and there was this door, and for
 some reason I feel like it means
 something, it feels more real
 than reality, but I don't know
 how to explain it, you know, so
 I'm calling you 'cause I need to
 talk to you, but not on the
 phone, can you meet me at the
 coffee shop in ten?

LLOYD
 (trying to process)
 Uhhmm
 (rubs his eyes again)
 A dream, meet you at the coffee
 shop... sure, I'll be there in
 fifteen minutes or something.

TIM
 Don't be late.

CAMERA WHIPS TO
 THE RIGHT

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

CAMERA WHIPS LEFT AND STOPS AT

A table, TIM sitting alone with a coffee, doodling something
 on a napkin. LLOYD walks into frame.

LLOYD sits, TIM doesn't look up from his drawing.

LLOYD
 (tired)
 Morning.

TIM

(without looking up)
Yeah hi. You're late. You tired?
Have my coffee.
(he slides it over,
birds eye)
I don't know why I ordered one. I
don't do caffeine.

LLOYD

(slight chuckle)
Thanks.
(beat)
So, what about that dream?

TIM

(he looks up)
The dream. Right. I know it
sounds crazy but hear me out.

LLOYD

Go ahead dude.

TIM

Ok, so we have these talks all
the time, right. What does it all
mean, what's the point to it all,
humanity, the universe, us,
what's the punchline?

LLOYD

(after sipping his
coffee)
Yeah, questions that have been
asked for milenia. Plato, Camus,
Nietzsche...

TIM

(interrupting Lloyd)
I know, I know. the thing is,
this dream I had, I feel like I'm
close to those answers, I feel
like I'm on the threshold of
great knowledge, I feel like I'm
abo...

LLOYD

(interrupting Tim,
sarcastically)

So you're telling me, that "you"
just figured out the answers to
humanity's biggest questions just
because you had this one dream?

TIM

I'm telling you that I feel like
I'm very close to finding the
answers. And it wasn't just one
dream, I have it almost every
night.

LLOYD

(serious)

You should be talking to a
shrink, not me.

TIM

(a bit mad)

Listen if you don't wanna help
just go, I ca...

LLOYD

(interrupting)

Oh stop it. I wanna help,

(jokingly)

I don't have anything better to
do anyways.

TITLECARD - TIM'S DREAM

We now watch scenes from Tim's dream as he narrates it in
V.O. with no background noise. (tighter aspect ratio,
vignetted with white)

TIM (V.O.)

In my dream everything was right.
It all became so simple and easy.

As he talks, wind/white noise gets louder

There would be no more longing or
doubt. No more pain, only glory.

(CONT'D)

These feelings washed over me. As
I saw the city and its people.

The white noise keeps growing. The frame slowly begins fading to white.

(CONT'D)

And as the feeling grew stronger,
I sensed I was approaching
something.
The source of it all.

(CONT'D)

That's when I saw the door.
I knew that some great thing
waited for me beyond it.

The white noise becomes overpowering. You can barely see anything, as if inside a cloud.

(CONT'D)

And when I was about to open it,
The dream ended.

The screen turns black and the soundtrack is muted.

J-CUT, WE HEAR THE COFFEE SHOP'S BACKGROUND NOISE

TIM (V.O.)

I need to find that door. I know
I've seen it before, here in the
city.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

TIM pulls up the napkin he was doodling on. The drawing of a door. It's a really bad drawing.

(CONT'D)

This door.

LLOYD

You really can't draw, you know

TIM

Oh shut up.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Tim and Lloyd walk around the city having a conversation.

There is no spacial continuity, whenever the camera cuts we are transported to another part of the city. Time flies by, the day turns into night, every cut breaks time and space.

LLOYD

So you're curious about what's behind the door?

TIM

It's not about curiosity, I just have to find it. I can't stop thinking about it.

LLOYD

Ok, but you need to acknowledge how irrational your search is. You're projecting your dreams onto reality.

TIM

So what? What even differentiates one from the other?

LLOYD

One's real and the other is not. Reality, that's all we have. Nothing beyond it, nothing to wake up to.

TIM

Well, a dreamer can't know he's asleep until he wakes up. We can never know true reality, all we have is our perception.

They are both getting worked up.

LLOYD

Well, sure. But even if that is true, so what? What difference does it make if it is all a dream.

TIM

So you're saying that all we have is reality but don't bother to actually make sure its real?

LLOYD

And you're saying that everything is a dream but still look for a way to wake up?

Cut to TIM, he's speechless.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Reality, perception, whatever
this is that we're living in. It
doesn't matter if it's real or
fake, it is what it is. You have
no choice but to live it; forget
about the real, this is the
present and that's all that
matters. You shouldn't waste your
time searching for something
beyond; that door, and wherever
it leads.

LLOYD was consumed by the conversation and lost track of his surroundings, after stating this final point he stands there coming back to reality. The shot is tight at first but the camera moves back to include Tim in the frame, it also reveals more of the background.

LLOYD realizes that TIM is not looking at him, he is looking beyond. LLOYD turns to see what TIM is looking at. (cut on action - to a wide)

TIM and LLOYD stand in front of The Door (the theme song creeps in). TIM starts to walk towards The Door, his hand reaches for the doorknob/handle. TIM looks at LLOYD, LLOYD looks back, (C.U. Tim's face, camera moves down, his hand floating next to the doorknob, it moves) cut to (EXTREME C.U. Lloyd's eyes, light shines on them for a quick moment as the frame rapidly fades to white).

BLACK SCREEN

CREDITS (alternate between black background/white letters and white background/black letters)