

Monday morning

written by

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INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM - MORNING

A sleepy KEN shuffles towards the bathroom in the dim morning light.

He opens the door and takes a step into the darkness.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Though there is no floor.

His foot continues down.

He loses his balance and somehow manages to get hold of the threshold with both hands.

Ken hangs there in the darkness, only hands visible, holding on to the wood for dear life.

With an effort of muscles and work of pure panic he manages to climb out.

Ken reaches with a hand inside and turns the LIGHT ON.

There it is. An ordinary bathroom. With a floor.

Ken stares.

Tries the floor. It holds.

Did it even happen?

He washes his face.

Watches himself in the mirror.

Yawns.

The light flickers and Ken's eyes go wide.

Then the LIGHT goes out.

INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM - MORNING

TOM too moves towards the bathroom.

He fumbles with his hand to turn the LIGHT ON.

Tom stares into the bathroom,

where Ken sits in the basin.