

OVER BLACK:

We hear the sound of a bath being drawn. Cork of a bottle being pulled out. Booze being poured into a glass. Faucet being turned off.

1 INT. BEDROOM-DAY

1

Fade in on what seems to be a pile of glass shards, daggers coming up from an unseen ground. Then, the pile slowly rotates. Pull back to reveal a chandelier on the ceiling. We slowly float down and gain some perspective: a painting, an unmade bed, all the while we float down. Dirty clothes strewn about the floor, crumpled paper, a pen or two. We close in on what seems to be a hand-written note of some sort, we float back up the bed frame to a side table night-stand, on which are several prescription pill bottles, and empty low-ball glass, bottle of whisky, a couple of straight edge razor blades. Moving down the side table we notice a bookshelf close by, trying to make out the title when we hear off screen:

*
*

(TOM O.S)

To be or not to be, that is the question.

We whip around to find TOM. Disheveled, distraught, hasn't slept for hours, days possibly. A low-ball glass of whiskey sits beside him on the floor. A martini table sits beside him, on which lies a straight edge razor, open and ready.

TOM

Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing, end them.

TOM turns towards the razor. Turns back.

To die, to sleep--no more--and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to...tis a consummation devoutly to be wished: to die, to sleep...to sleep perchance to dream--Aye...there's the rub: for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal

coil must give us pause.

TOM stands and paces the floor.

There's the respect that makes
calamity of so long life. For who
would bear the whips and scorns of
time: The oppressor's wrong, the proud
man's contumely, the pangs of
dispriz'd love, the law's delay, the
insolence of office, and the spurns
that patient merit of th'unworthy
takes, when he himself might his
quietus make with a bare bodkin.

TOM stares at the razor. An off-screen VOICE interrupts, an off-screen voice that stays off-screen for the duration, as it resides in Tom's head.

*
*
*

WILL

Dagger.

Everything stops. Tom looks around. Nothing there. Except, a light, on the ceiling is now on that wasn't before. Emptiness.

A long beat. Is TOM really going crazy? Was that his own voice?

TOM starts again.

TOM

Who would fardels bear to grunt and
sweat under a weary life, but that the
dread of something after death--

*
*

Again, the voice interrupts.

WILL

Dagger.

Tom stares intently. Peeks around to see where the voice is coming froce is coming from. Waits. Nothing.

TOM

Sorry?

WILL

Dagger.

TOM
Who...(whispers)no--

WILL
Bodkin. It means--

TOM
I know what bodkin means--I know what
a bodkin is. *
(Long beat.)

WILL
(sotto voce) It means dagger.

TOM
Jesus.

WILL
Jesus yourself. We won't even get into
why you're saying this out loud.
Contemplate all you want. Be as
dramatic as you like. Just don't use
my words to do it!

TOM searches for where the voice might be coming from.

I get it. People love me, no I'm
quoted constantly, ad infinitum,
"still such wisdom in his words"
etcetera etcetera. But give me a
fucking break! Don't...-I'm just
saying don't use me--my words to make
it seem...Don't give it all this
weight because the way I wrote it or
said it makes it more...(searching for
the word)... *

TOM notices the chandelier is on. It wasn't before. Is the
voice coming from the light? *

Jesus--it was drama, the theatre. We
didn't actually go about speaking like
that. That would have
been...hilarious, but...I'm just
saying: as much as I love to hear that
I'm still beloved, blah blah blah,
don't use that speech to make your
problem seem more...what's the word... *

TOM
Jesus--Eloquent?! Or poignant? Can you
really not find a word?! Heavy?
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Impassioned? Vivid? Articulate? I mean--
"fardels" you know, but...you can't
find a word for--Nevermind.

(beat)

(to himself) I'm not even gonna ask
where he is...

WILL

I can--still--hear you.

TOM

May I ask...why you care?

WILL

I don't really. And believe me, I hear
this speech a lot. A whole lot! But
you seem so bloody lost and...sad. Sad
sack. Felt like I needed to intervene,
doomed as I am for a certain term to
walk at night.

(Beat)

Too on the nose?

TOM

Possibly.

WILL

Listen. There's too much to live for.

TOM

Sorry?

WILL

Too much to live for!

TOM

Jesus.

Starts to pour a whiskey.

WILL

Put down the bottle.

TOM continues to pour.

Suddenly thunder cracks. A moment of darkness. And just as
soon, day again.

Put down the bottle!

TOM, startled, puts the bottle down. *

Come on.

TOM

Come on?

WILL

Come on. Let's get out of here.

TOM

I don't--

Thunder cracks again. No darkness this time.

Ok,ok!

TOM looks around the room. Is Will still there? Looks down the hallway. Nothing. Then.

WILL

(from down the hall) Come on!

Through the window we...

DISSOLVE INTO:

MONTAGE:

2	EXT. CAR DRIVING	2	*
	<i>Tom driving and listening to Will.</i>		*
3	EXT. PARKED CAR	3	*
	<i>Tom eats a sandwich and listens, and talks, to Will.</i>		*
4	EXT. PARK	4	*
	<i>Tom walks along, listening, contemplating. Is it starting to sink in?</i>		*
5	EXT. CAFE	5	*
	<i>Tom sits alone, taking in the day, processing, at peace.</i>		*

CUT TO:

6 INT. TOM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY - DUSK

6

Tom comes in the front door. Puts car keys on the entry table. Peers down the hall to the bedroom. No Will. Takes off his shoes and heads into the bedroom. (All from the hallway POV). Tom flips on the light.

WILL

Also, aren't you middle-aged?

TOM

Jesus!

WILL

A little late to be ruminating on this, don't you think? I mean...why now? You know? Just--...I'm just saying the Prince of Denmark, the character, is young. Life ahead of him, but no real patience or wisdom yet. He's still idealistic. And those ideals get shattered. So he wants to, you know, end it all, blah blah blah.

Tom starts to tidy up the room, picking up the dirty clothes off the floor.

But you...a bit long in the tooth to be--ohhh, and don't even get me started on the knackered actors who've played him over the last 400 years! Some of them in their 40s and 50s?! Jesus...

TOM

Middle-aged, long-in-the-tooth, knackered...thanks.

CONINUED:

7 INT. BEDROOM - SAME

7

From inside the bedroom.

WILL

What I mean is: you've lived. You've figured it out thus far. Over and over and over, you've figured it out. So figure it out again. Not diminishing whatever it is you're dealing with and not pretending it's easy, just...I

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

live one day at a time. One day at a time. Yesterday's gone and tomorrow is blind, so I live one day at a time.

TOM

Did you just...That's a Willie Nelson song, right? Honestly...

As he finishes picking up, he notices the suicide note on the floor and picks it up.

WILL

Breathe. Breathe! Take in this moment. It is scary. And it is real. We don't know what happens after. "What dreams may come" and all that, it must give us pause. So...Pause.

*

Tom moves to the bed.

*

All we do know: is this, right here, right now...is happening. And you are in control.

*

Tom lays back, clutching the note to his chest.

Nothing else. No outside force. But that doesn't mean don't believe in something. Belief is everything!

(then)

The highest manifestation of life consists in this: that a being governs its own actions. A thing which is always subject to the direction of another, is somewhat of a dead thing. We can't have full knowledge all at once. We must start by believing: then afterwards we may be led on to master the evidence for ourselves.

TOM just stares. A beat.

TOM

Sorry. That's Thomas Aquinas?

Silence.

WILL

Possibly. But...sorrow can be alleviated by a good sleep, a bath,

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)
and glass of wine!

TOM
That's still Aquinas--

WILL
Oh, for fucks sake...
(Beat.)
Listen,--

TOM
I get it.

WILL
What?

Tom sits up.

TOM
I said: I get it. I understand.

WILL
Oh you do?

TOM
I mean...enough to get through today
at least.
(Long beat.)

WILL
Well?

TOM
I don't have answers. But I have some
ideas. And it begins and ends with me.
But it does begin again. Every day. A
new beginning. I mean--...You're
right, it isn't easy. And a lot of it
isn't even my fault or in my control.
But some is. I can be...impatient
and...selfish? Sometimes I feel like
I'm at the end of the road, it's like
all the good things, they seem to fall
apart, but I know...that not *all* the
good things fall apart. Not even most.
Just some. And that has to be enough.

(Beat.)
(mantra-like) Take me or leave me,
I'll never be perfect. Believe me, I'm
worth it.

*
*
*
*

WILL
Nice couplet. Nicki Minaj?

TOM
(smiling) Yeh.

WILL
Alas. Well. Good.
(Long Beat)
"Whether we shall meet again I know
not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell
take:

For ever, and for ever, farewell,

If we do meet again, why, we shall
smile;

If not, why then, this parting was
well made."

Much better speech.

TOM
Much better play.

TOM and WILL share a laugh. The moment settles. *

TOM (CONT'D) *
You know-- *

As TOM starts to speak, the ceiling light, just as soon, *
turns off. TOM takes in the moment, takes in the room. He *
notices the note and picks it up. One last scan of how his *
day started. *He wads up the note and tosses it.* A moment of *
calm and knowing. A smile. *

Sound of bath being drawn/faucet off (PRE-LAP SOUND)

8 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

8

Tom relaxing in the bath . Takes in his surroundings.
Breathes deeply.

TOM
Our doubts are traitors. And make us
lose the good we oft might win...by
fearing. No more. *

With a breath and a smile from Tom, we pull slowly out of the bathroom, and slower still out of the bedroom towards the hallway. The ceiling light flickers a smile. Then out.

SLOWLY FADE OUT: