

WAKE UP CALL

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SLOW FADE FROM
BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Blankets and pillows are strewn across a bedroom floor of a studio apartment.

SARAH, a petite blonde in her mid-twenties, stares blankly at TYLER, a shaggy-haired guy in his mid-twenties with a little more than 5 o'clock shadow. Sarah is on top of Tyler, wearing nothing but silky lingerie.

Tyler's eyes begin to flutter awake, and we see Sarah's face from Tyler's POV. Her expression shifts between confusion, worry and dissatisfaction.

SARAH
Again Tyler?

Tyler, still in the process of waking up, yawns and looks around the room.

TYLER
What happened?

SARAH
You've gotta be kidding me.

Tyler attempts to make light of the situation, and cracks a half-smile.

TYLER
Ah...I'm sorry babe. Just a long day.

SARAH
It's 1 P.M.

Sarah lifts her body off of Tyler's and dresses herself slowly.

TYLER
I sense a bit of disappointment.
How long was I out for this time?

Sarah ignores his question and continues about the room.

SARAH
I'm just worried about you, Ty.
This is the third time this week.

Tyler gets up off the bed and embraces Sarah in a bear hug. He rocks her back and forth, kissing her on the forehead.

TYLER

I promise you, Sarah, I'm fine.
Work's been tough lately, I'm just
tired. Really tired.

Sarah finishes getting dressed, and takes her car keys from the night stand.

SARAH

I know, but you're just making me
nervous. I'm going to the store, do
you need anything? A 5 Hour Energy?
Or at the rate you're going, maybe
a defibrillator?

Sarah and Tyler both chuckle. She kisses him goodbye and leaves the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah sets the table for dinner, and Tyler strolls into the room, yawning. Sarah sees him, and shakes her head in disbelief.

SARAH

Another nap?

TYLER

I plead the fifth.

SARAH

You're a narcoleptic, Tyler.

TYLER

A narcoleptic?

SARAH

One too many bong rips on the roof-
top of Delta Nu Zeta back in the
good ol' da-

TYLER

Alright, alright lets not Shit-On-
Tyler's-Poor-College-Decisions
okay?

SARAH

All I'm saying is that I think you
need to see a doctor, or something.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I mean, with the wedding coming up and all.

TYLER

Is that what you're worried about? For crying out loud Sarah I'm not gonna fall asleep at my own wedding! What kind of person does that?

SARAH

The kind of person who can go into their R.E.M cycle mid blow j-

Tyler tries to suppress his laughter, and interrupts.

TYLER

Okay, okay, you've got a point. If it will make you happy, I'll call Sean tomorrow. We'll see what's going on with me.

Sarah flashes a smile, and they sit down to eat their meal contently.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Tyler, horrified, sits on the edge an examination table in the middle of a bright white, modern-looking office. SEAN, a tall lanky blonde with a flawless crew cut, dons a doctor's coat and holds a clipboard.

TYLER

A WHAT?

Tyler begins to hyperventilate.

SEAN

A Hypocretin test.

TYLER

Can I get a definition? Use it in a sentence maybe?

Sean laughs.

SEAN

Alright, calm down. Well, your symptoms point to narcolepsy, but we can't be sure until we measure the level of Hypocretin that surrounds your spinal cord.

TYLER

Again, a definition maybe? A sentence? Part of speech?

SEAN

Hypocretin is a chemical that promotes wakefulness. Therefore determining the levels can properly diagnose you and therefore we will be able to treat accordingly.

Tyler's expression shifts from perplexed at the medical jargon, to absolute horror.

TYLER

Did you say spinal cord?

SEAN

Yeah, see, that's the thing. I know your whole "thing" with needl-

Tyler practically jumps out of his skin.

TYLER

Gah! Stop! I was five years old! It was fucking traumatizing!

SEAN

Listen, Tyler. As your friend, I'm just trying to do what's best for you. I'd hate to see this impact you or Sarah, you know, considering the wed-

Tyler shakes his head, laughing to himself.

TYLER

Yes, my wedding. How come everyone talks to me as if I've forgotten that I'm about to wed another human being in a few weeks? I may be a narcoleptic but I'm not braindead.

Sean reaches out to Tyler and grips his shoulder.

SEAN

I'm here when you need. You've got some time to handle this before the big day. Give me a call if and when you're ready to move forward.

Tyler looks up at Sean and half-smiles.

TYLER

Thanks bro. I mean, "Doc". Still feels weird saying that. Anyways. See you at the rehearsal.

SEAN

As your best man, I wouldn't miss it.

Tyler and Sean hug. Tyler walks out of the office and into his car.

INT. CAR - DAYTIME

Tyler drives down a highway. He glances out the window when his gaze lands on a STARBUCKS.

Tyler suddenly cuts the wheel and pulls into the drive-thru.

INT./EXT. CAR AT STARBUCKS - DAYTIME

Tyler stares at the extensive menu, beyond perplexed, when his deep thought is interrupted by the muffled voice of the annoyed EMPLOYEE through the glass window.

EMPLOYEE

Sir! Can I help you?

TYLER

Uh. Um. Yeah. Sorry. Can I have...um-

EMPLOYEE

A what?

TYLER

I'm just...uh...new to this. Just like, something with caffeine in it?

EMPLOYEE

So, everything on the menu?

Tyler squints and continues to read down the menu.

TYLER

Ugh, I don't know. Give me a triple...large...I mean venti...mocha...caramel...espresso. ..frappuccino...?

EMPLOYEE
 (under her breath)
 White people.

INT./EXT. CAR AT STARBUCKS WINDOW - DAY

Tyler pulls up to the window and receives his masterpiece. He shakes his head in disbelief.

TYLER
 Well alright.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Tyler walks into his workplace, wincing as he sips his concoction and greets his various co-workers. He sits at his cubicle and begins to type on his desktop computer.

MONTAGE

-Tyler pulls up Google on his screen and types away

-Googles "How to stay awake?"

-Adds "for long periods of time?"

-Googles "Narcolepsy?"

-Googles "Falling asleep during
 s...e...*backspaces*...intercourse?"

-Googles "Natural remedies for narcolepsy"

-Googles "Can you die from *backspaces*"

-Googles "How to order a drink at Starbucks?"

BACK TO SCENE

Tyler, visibly exhausted from his grueling Google searches, looks around aimlessly. He sucks down the rest of his drink and slaps himself to stay awake.

Tyler gets up, and walks to the nearby fountain to splash himself vigorously in the face with water.

Coworkers around him begin to exchange subtle whispers and concerned glances at Tyler.

TYLER
(nervously laughing)
Nothin' to see here folks!
Weddings' keeping me up at night!

Tyler walks back to his cubicle, and anxiously taps his feet.

INT. PARKED CAR IN LOT OF WORK - EVENING

Tyler gets in his car as he is about to leave work. He yawns, then looks a bit startled.

Tyler looks around frantically, looking in all glove compartments and under seats. He reaches into the right glove compartment and pulls out a roll of tape. He peels off four small pieces and pulls down his visor.

Tyler stares into the mirror, slowly arranging the tape to hold his eyelids open.

TYLER
Here goes nothing.

INT. CAR DRIVING DOWN A HIGHWAY - EVENING

Tyler is visibly uncomfortable, but endures driving, letting out a few aggravated grunts here and there.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Tyler stumbles into the house, peeling the tape off his eyelids and letting out a yell as each one tears off. Sarah is watching television on the couch.

SARAH
What the hell are you doing?

TYLER
Oh. Nothing. Just staying awake.
I'm fine.

SARAH
I talked to Sean earlier, he told me what happened.

TYLER
What happened?

SARAH

Oh, come on Tyler. This is all because of a needle? You were five years o-

TYLER

Stop! Why does everyone feel the need to keep bringing that up?

SARAH

Everyone gets a flu shot Tyler! Not the end of the world.

Tyler sits on the couch next to her, and Sarah grabs his hand in hers.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Listen, do what you want. Just keep our special day in mind, please? I'd hope that you don't want to be asleep for that.

TYLER

I'm fine. It's fine, I promise. I've been fine all day. Our wedding will be fine. It will be perfect. I promise.

Tyler gives her a kiss on the head.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'll go change then we'll get dinner, okay?

Tyler walks out of the room.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Tyler walks into his bedroom when suddenly his eyes cross and knees buckle.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Sarah stares, blank expression, once again from Tyler's POV.

Tyler stirs on the floor of his bedroom as his eyes flutter open. Sarah reaches out a hand to pull him up.

SARAH
Come on Ty, wake up. I'm hungry.

TYLER
Shit. I'm sorry babe. It's been a long day. Lots of wor-

SARAH
Right. Let's go.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Tyler is dressed and ready for work, and he rummages through his pantry. He finally pulls out a glass bottle of apple cider vinegar.

Tyler looks perplexed as he reads the label and looks around again, seemingly for something else. He comes up with a red-solo-cup-shot-glass.

TYLER
This shit fixes everything, right?

Tyler pours the vinegar into the shot glass and takes 3 consecutive shots. He cringes and grips the countertop as he dry heaves into the sink.

Sarah comes downstairs still in her pajamas, rubbing her eyes.

SARAH
Is everything okay down here?

TYLER
Yep. Yeah. Fine. All good here. Off to work. See you later babe.

Tyler kisses his fiancé and proceeds out the front door.

INT. HOT YOGA STUDIO LOBBY - DAY

Tyler nervously walks into the studio, where a bunch of hipster-teens greet him. The FRONT DESK WORKER checks him in.

FRONT DESK WORKER
You must be Tyler! You're new to today's class.

TYLER

Yep. That's me. Tyler. That's, uh, my name.

FRONT DESK LADY

Ok! Go get changed and we'll start your session.

INT. HOT YOGA STUDIO ROOM - DAY

Tyler, in tight yoga leggings, a sweatband around his head and a cropped sweatshirt, walks into the studio where a yoga instructor leads a class. He is visibly self-conscious and adjusts his outfit uncomfortably. A YOGA INSTRUCTOR leads the class, already in session.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Alright ladies, let's perform a sun salutation. Then we will go into today's routine.

MONTAGE:

- Tyler glancing around, unsure as to what to do next
- Tyler in a downward dog position
- Tyler attempting a handstand
- Tyler laying in the floor in defeat
- Tyler dripping sweat
- Tyler attempting a handstand again
- Tyler with his legs twisted together, struggling to untangle himself

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CAR DRIVING DOWN A HIGHWAY - DAY

Tyler pulls up to a Starbucks once again.

EMPLOYEE

Welcome to Starbucks, how can I help you?

TYLER

Yes. Can I have a double-spiked-espresso-mocha-hazlenut-cappucino-iced-uh-coffee?

EMPLOYEE
(under her breath)
This guy again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah and Tyler sit in their living room, watching an old movie and cuddling.

SARAH
Are you nervous?

TYLER
Me? Nervous? No. Never.

SARAH
Well, with the rehearsal and the wedding coming up so soon, I'm concerned. I don't know, you're whole falling-asleep-standing-up thing hasn't gotten much better.

TYLER
Babe, please don't worry. I would never jeopardize our wedding.

INT. PARTY HALL - EVENING

Tyler and Sarah mingle with guests at their wedding rehearsal. There is a giant banner that reads "#SarahTysTheKnot". Tyler and Sean are drinking at the bar.

SEAN
So how have you been feeling, bud?
Any progress?

Tyler nervously gulps down his drink.

TYLER
Yep. All good. Everything's been real-

Tyler is interrupted by Sarah.

SARAH
Ty! Come over here. I want you to meet my Great Half-Aunt Mary.

Tyler rolls his eyes sarcastically.

TYLER
(to Sean)
Be right back.

Tyler gets up from his chair and begins the walk towards Sarah and the rest of her family.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

INT. PARTY HALL - EVENING

We see Sarah, once again, from Tyler's POV. Her eyes begin to well.

SARAH
One time. All I wanted was one
time.

Sarah breaks into tears. Tyler's eyes had begun to flutter open, but nobody noticed. Many guests hurry over to witness the spectacle and to console Sarah. Sarah's friend JAMIE is at her side.

SARAH (CONT'D)
This was just supposed to be my
special day. I want everything to
go perfect, and it's already not.
I've been waiting my whole life for
a special day. You know I've never
even had a birthday party?

JAIME
Four foster families and you never
got a birthday party?

Tyler slams his eyes shut.

JAIME (CONT'D)
As your best friend I just want to
be honest with you.

SARAH
Yeah?

JAIME
If he really doesn't care enough
about your wedding to get
his..."situation"...handled, I
think it's time for you to
reconsider your relationship. I
can't take seeing you hurt like
this.

SARAH

I know. But, I just love him. I love him so much. He's the first person I've ever loved and the first person that has ever loved me. I can't let that go. I'm just upset. I don't know how to help him. How to help us. Me.

Tyler opens his eyes, and Sarah kneels down next to him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Honey! Are you alright?

Tyler slowly gets up with the assistance of the nearby guests. He is visibly embarrassed.

TYLER

Nothing to see here everyone. All good.

The crowd disperses, awkwardly getting back to their cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. Tyler gives Sarah a hug, and whispers in her ear.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna fix this. For us.

Tyler breaks from their embrace and searches frantically for Sean. He spots Sean across the room, consoling a startled little kid.

SEAN

Looks like someone's feeling...alive?

TYLER

I'm ready.

SEAN

Ready? Ready for what?

TYLER

I'm ready. Ready to be a man. Let's do this thing.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tyler lies in a hospital bed after his procedure. Sarah hovers over him. Sean knocks, and strolls into the room.

SEAN

How you doing?

Tyler winces as he adjusts his seated position.

TYLER

Just in mind-numbing pain. All good here. No big deal.

Sean chuckles and hands Tyler a few more pills.

SEAN

Those should hold you over. So, I have the results.

Tyler and Sarah's heads snap up simultaneously.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Test results indicate that Tyler does, in fact, have narcolepsy. Definitely went untreated for way too long, too. Probably explains that thing that happened when you were a lit-

TYLER

Enough with that! Christ.

SEAN

Alright, alright. So, here's some prescriptions to help you manage your sleep spells. Ritalin to keep you awake, and a small dose of Prozac in the morning to help suppress you falling into your REM cycle during the day. Other than that, exercise regularly, which I know you won't do. Avoid alcohol, which you also won't do... ah, fuck it. You won't do anything I tell you to. Just take the meds. You'll be fine.

Tyler and Sarah smile.

SARAH

Proud of you, Ty.

SEAN

Proud of you too, bro.

Sean and Tyler exchange an choreographed handshake. Sarah rolls her eyes.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sarah drives Tyler home after his procedure. She suddenly cuts the wheel, sending Tyler slamming into the passenger door.

TYLER

Ah! Watch it, I'm still nauseous from the anesthesia.

Tyler frantically looks around to see what Sarah swerved so hard for, and a smile creeps across his face.

INT. CAR AT STARBUCKS- DAY

Again, the miserable employee greets them at the window.

EMPLOYEE

How can I help you today?

SARAH

Hi. Can I have a grande iced vanilla latte with Stevia? And...

Sarah motions at Tyler to order.

TYLER

Um. Can I have...uh....a...large...

SARAH

Don't you come here all the time?

EMPLOYEE

Oh this clown? He's here every other day for crying out loud. Don't worry, I've got his order.

TYLER

You do?

Before Tyler completes his question, Sarah rolls up to the next window to pay.

INT./EXT. CAR AT STARBUCKS WINDOW - DAY

Sarah rolls down her window as the employee hands her two drinks. One drink is a basic iced coffee, the other is a drink triple the size and of bizarre colors with a pile of whipped cream on top.

Sarah, mouth agape, looks disgusted at what is presented to her.

SARAH
You're kidding. This is what you
order?

Tyler stares at the drink.

TYLER
I don't even know.

The employee shakes her head in disgust.

EMPLOYEE
Disgraceful.

Sarah and Tyler begin to laugh harder and harder.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
\$10.87.

Tyler reaches for his wallet, but Sarah stops him.

SARAH
My treat.

Sarah hands the employee her card. Tyler smiles at her.

INT. CAR DRIVING DOWN A HIGHWAY - DAY

Sarah reaches for Tyler's hand, as they both sip on their
drinks.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The pews are filled to the max. Tyler stands at the alter
along with the rest of the bridal party. "Wedding March"
plays.

Sarah makes her way down the aisle, escorted by Sean. She is
beaming ear to ear.

The PRIEST reads the vows.

TYLER
I do.

SARAH
I do.

FADE TO BLACK.

