

INT. GENES APARTMENT - NIGHT

A shadowy figure rummages around the kitchen. Plates, silverware, and food are all over the place.

INT. GENES APARTMENT - MORNING

Gene (30s, lengthy but athletic, buzz cut) eyes open wide. He silences his alarm and gets out of bed.

Gene goes into the kitchen to start making breakfast. He slides away some of the random utensils and food to make some space.

GENE
(To himself)
What the heck?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
(From Down Stares)
Gene, is that you?

GENE
Ya, what do you want?

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
You can be f***ing quiet for a start. All that racket you made last night was provoking my pretties.

GENE
What are you talking about? I haven't made any noise. I take the rules of this apartment very seriously. Unlike you. Don't you know there's a no-pets policy?

Gene's phone rings. He pulls it out and talks into it while continuing to make breakfast.

GENE (CONT'D)
One second.

POLICE CHIEF(V.O.)
(From Phone)
Gene, where were you last night?

GENE
Respectfully, Chief, that's none of your business.

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)
 Reports say that after dark, you
 were hanging out in the South
 Bronx.

GENE
 Were those reports credible?
 Because I did no such thing.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Lier, I heard you bumping around
 all night.

Gene holds up an apple with some bite marks on it as he
 pushes miscellaneous food into the garbage.

GENE
 (To Neighbor) It was Rats.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Is that so? My pretty's love rats.

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)
 Someone ratted you out?

GENE
 No, I'm talking to my neighbor. My
 apartment's been swarmed by rats.
 They made a mess out of my kitchen.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
 Na, couldn't have been rats. To
 big.

GENE
 Give me a second.
 (To the Neighbor)
 Can you shut up, lady? I'm talking
 to my boss here. I was asleep in my
 bed all night.

CHIEF (V.O.)
 Is that your official position on
 the matter?

GENE
 Yes, it is. I've done nothing
 wrong. Why do you want to know so
 badly, anyway? I'm a free man; I
 can go anywhere I want.

CHIEF (V.O.)

Listen, Gene, I'm worried about you. You're a good cop, but ever since...

GENE

I'm doing fine.

Gene hangs up the phone and slams it on the kitchen counter. He finishes cleaning up the kitchen and making breakfast, then puts on his cop uniform, turns off the lights, and walks out his apartment door.

INT. GENES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gene walks into his apartment, tired and battered. He takes off his uniform and flops into his bed without a word. After a few moments, he falls asleep.

With his eyes still closed, Gene gets out of bed. He walks into the kitchen and lazily pulls out a bunch of food. He puts some in his pockets and eats the rest, getting out plates to put the food on.

As he gets out plates in his lucid sleeping state, he fumbles with one of them, and a stack falls down, crashing to the floor. Gene jumps back in fright. One story below, a bunch of cats begin yowling at the noise.

Sleepwalking Gene then grabs a trench coat and prances out the door, into the hall, heading towards the stairs.

NEIGHBOR (V.O.)

My Pretty's, no! Gene, you Hooligan.

When he enters the stairwell, he excitedly slides down the guard rails, hands up in the air.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Sleeping Gene wanders around New York. Street Vendors call out from all sides, selling everything from hot dogs to crystals.

Every time a vendor calls out their sails pitch, sleeping Gene walks over and buys what they're selling in cash. He bounces from vendor to vendor, accumulating a pile of New York merch and random street food.

When Sleeping Gene tries to cross the street, a car nearly hits him.

He slams the hood of the car and looks at the driver, outraged, as if to say, "Hey, I'm sleepwalking over here. What's wrong with you?"

The car honks its horn, and Sleeping Gene panics and runs the rest of the way across the street into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

In the subway, Sleeping Gene stumbles into a seat. He sits there and eats a hot dog from his pocket. A kid across from Gene sticks his tongue out at him. Sleeping Gene sticks his tongue back.

When the subway comes to a stop, Sleeping Gene stumbles out.

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - NIGHT

Sleeping Gene stumbles out into the poorest, tightest pack reign of New York. As he walks along, a beggar reaches out his hat. Sleeping Gene looks at him sympathetically and pops in a box of nachos.

Sleeping Gene then wanders along into a flower store.

INT. BRONX FLOWER STORE - NIGHT

As the bell connected to the door rings, the tired-looking CLERK (a young woman in overalls) looks at her phone and then up at Gene entering.

CLERK

Oh hey, your back.

Sleeping Gene uses his eyebrows to give a flirtatious look.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Just pick what you're going to buy, please.

Sleeping Gene points at some Roses behind the Clerk. She rolls her eyes and grabs the roses for him, handing them over.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Ugg.

Sleeping Gene grabs the roses from the clerk. His finger gets pricked by a thorn as he does so, and his eyes open, waking Gene is back.

CLERK (CONT'D)
That will be \$84.99, sir.

Gene looks around, bewildered for a second. He puts the flowers back on the cashier's desk.

GENE
Wow, that's way too much. Forget it.

CLERK
Hey, you talked.

GENE
Yes, I talked. Why wouldn't I talk?

CLERK
You just never talked before. I assumed you were mute or something.

GENE
I was only in here a few seconds.

CLERK
I mean this time, but the other times.

GENE
What do you mean? This is just a late-night stroll to clear my head.

CLERK
Well, you've come here many times before; you're a nighttime regular.

GENE
You must be mistaking me for someone else. I would have never bought anything from this overpriced scam of a place.

Gene try's to walk away, but as he does, his eyes drift shut, and Sleeping Gene goes back in control, reaching out to buy the flowers. Waking Gene wrenches himself back to consciousness and pulls away. He tries to walk away again, but the same thing happens again.

CLERK
Um, sir, are you ok?

GENE
Completely.

This time as Gene try's to walk away the battle happens quickly and more furiously with his body switching quickly between the reaching out sleeping Gene and the walking away waking Gene. This quick scuffle for control makes Gene collapse.

CLERK

Holly S***, are you having a stroke?

GENE

What the heck? No, I'm not having a stroke. I think I'm just tired.

CLERK

Are you sure?

GENE

Of course I'm sure. I'm fine.

CLERK

Ok. Well, maybe try calling someone. You can have the flowers for free if you want.

GENE

Sure.

Gene grabs the flowers and starts walking out the door.

CLERK

Do you want a receipt for that?

Sleeping, Gene snaps back in control, wanting to get what was just offered to him. This quick switch makes him trip, however, making him fall out the door and down into an alleyway.

EXT. SOUTH BRONX - NIGHT

Gene rolls into the alleyway, waking up immediately. He is faced by a MUGGER holding a knife toward him.

MUGGER

All right, I'll make this quick.
Give me all your money.

Gene looks up at the man with authority. He goes into a fighting stance.

GENE

No way. I'm a polic...

Sleeping Gene takes back control and tries to run away terrified. He bumps into a wall as waking Gene takes back control.

GENE (CONT'D)
No, I could have taken that guy.
What's wrong with me?

A dog barks from a nearby gate. Sleeping Gene takes back control to stumble backward in fear.

Waking and sleeping Gene bounce back and forth down the street. Each flashing in and out of control.

GENE (CONT'D)
What's going on?... I shouldn't be here...What am I wearing?... Who's doing this?...

ROSIA
Hey Gene.

Waking Gene snaps to attention, looking at ROSIA (a middle-aged woman, smoking) up on an apartment balcony.

GENE
What?

Sleeping Gene gets back control for a brief moment to wave at Rosia, then waking Gene is back.

GENE (CONT'D)
How do you know my name?

ROSIA
It was on your uniform the first time you came through.

GENE
Wait, I came through here with my police uniform?

ROSIA
Ya, you did, but you weren't talking then. What happened?

GENE
What did I look like exactly? What was I doing?

ROSIA
Well, you were in a police uniform, and you had a lot of junk on you like you have now.

Gene looks at all the merch he's wearing and throws it off.

ROSIA (CONT'D)

And your eyes were kind of droopy, almost shut. As for what you were doing, you were going to Sara's place like you always do.

Gene clutches his head and looks dazed at hearing that name.

GENE

Ok, I'm going to be honest with you. I don't remember any of that.

ROSIA

You don't yikes. Well, what do you remember?

GENE

I went to bed tonight. Then I took a leisurely stroll over here, but now that I think about it, I don't really remember that super well until the flower shop.

ROSIA

And the past month?

GENE

Well I worked during the day, and slept during the night, or at least I thought I did... Give me a second.

Gene walks into a nearby alley.

GENE (CONT'D)

Ok, other me, whoever you are. I don't know what you're trying to do, but your going to have to stop it. Your messing up everything. My boss is worried about me going out like this.

Gene throws a half-eaten hotdog out of his pockets.

GENE (CONT'D)

And considering all this stuff, what ever your doing on these late night excursions can't be good. So just stop it and give me back my life.

Gene tries to walk away, but his sleeping self takes control and stops him, standing there and shaking his head. Gene gets back control.

GENE (CONT'D)

No. You can't stay now. It's my life. Why would you do this to me?

Sleeping Gene takes control and points at an apartment door down the street. Waking Gene returns.

GENE (CONT'D)

Do you want to go there? That must be where that Sara person lives. Listen, whatever love affair you are having behind my back, I want no part of it.

Sleeping Gene shakes his head.

GENE (CONT'D)

It's not that? Then what?

Sleeping Gene looks like he gets an epiphany and runs down the street. He runs until he reaches a splotch of blood on the sidewalk.

GENE (CONT'D)

What's this supposed to be?

Sleeping Gene pantomimes shooting a guy and that guy then falling over dead.

GENE (CONT'D)

Someone got shot? By who?

Sleeping Gene points at himself with regret.

GENE (CONT'D)

I did? No, I couldn't have. Why would I do that?

Sleeping Gene pantomimes a robber, a gunfight, and then a bullet missing and hitting someone.

GENE (CONT'D)

No, that can't be right. I couldn't have killed someone. I don't even remember ever being here. If I killed someone, wouldn't my boss tell me? Wouldn't I remember? No, we're leaving.

Sleeping Gene tries to take control but punches himself in the face hard due to waking Gene trying to keep control. Blood runs from his nose.

GENE (CONT'D)

No!

Gene walks down the street trying to get back to the subway. One the way he passes by the house sleeping Gene had pointed to earlier.

Sleeping Gene stops him, pleading.

GENE (CONT'D)

Ok fine. I'll let you see Sara or whatever, but only on one condition. You never take control again. Got that.

Sleeping Gene takes control, and shakes his head vigorously. He goes up to the door and puts all the food and stuff he had bought from the venders on the door step including the rose. He stand there for a moment hanging his head. Then Sleeping Gene Knocks on the door. Waking Gene takes control.

GENE (CONT'D)

No, wait, what are you doing?

The door opens, and there stands SARA(a widow in her 30s).

SARA

Hello... Oh god, it's you. You're the one who shot... Were you the one leaving all the weird stuff?

Sara starts to cry. Some kids come creeping up to listen from behind Sara.

Gene takes in the situation. A look of anger comes to his face, then sadness, and finally.

GENE

I'm sorry. I'm so so Sorry.

Gene walks away, tears in his eyes.