

3 A.M.

By

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INT. BEDROOM - 3AM

ALEX SHERMAN - Man in his early 20's, witty tone.

Alex is laying on his bedroom floor, staring at the ceiling.

ALEX

Why is it always this bad at 3am?

Pause a beat as Alex waits for the air to answer his question.

ALEX

You know, I read somewhere that this is the witching hour...maybe that's what this is? Maybe there's some demon possessing me. Although, pretty sure if that were true, I'd be doing a lot more than just crying on my bedroom floor. If there is a demon in me, can you lighten up? Maybe do something fun? It would be nice if you could reply to one of my fifty unopened emails.

Alex gets out his phone and stares at it, then puts it away and laughs to himself.

ALEX

I guess you wouldn't do something nice like that, would you? Being a demon and all... You don't even let me go out anymore. At least not for fun, anyway. I mean, it's not like I went out a lot in the first place but I was never this much of a shut in. Now I just stay in bed and hang out with you. Is that what this is? Are you a lonely demon? You're certainly a clingy one, that's for sure.

Alex sits up, determined to get an answer.

ALEX

So what's the deal? If you really are possessing me, what do you want? What do you gain from making me sleep all day? Don't you have anything better to do? I thought demons were supernatural beings? Where's my super strength? All you've given me is fatigue. The

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)
only reputation you've lived up to
is your ability to control me. And
what do you make me do? You make me
cry in the shower. The worst you've
done is have me treat my friends
and family like garbage.

Alex hangs his head.

ALEX
That must have been you. I don't
think I could ignore my best friend
like this without your control. I
guess that's pretty evil. But if
you're gonna possess me, I demand
all the stereotypes! I wanna crawl
up the walls! I want my eyes to go
red, or whatever it is that happens
in the movies. I would rather have
that, than whatever this is. I
don't want this constant weight on
my chest. I don't wanna feel happy
one moment, then the saddest I've
ever felt, the next. I don't want
to wake up every morning and have
no reason in my head as to why I
should bother getting out of it.
And I can't remember the last time
I showered! What kind of demon
doesn't want a clean host? And what
kind of demon wants to sit in bed
all day thinking about everything
they could be doing? What are you
getting from all this?

Alex stands, a piece of himself breaking through.

ALEX
Just get out! Get out of my head!

He turns away and puts his head in his hands.

ALEX
I swear, I feel like I'm losing my
mind! Is that what you want demon?
You want to steal my sanity? You
want to suck all the motivation out
of me? You want to steal my
personality because yours sucks?
Well, I hope you have fun being me,
because I'm having no fun being
you.

Alex looks in his bedroom mirror.

ALEX

I don't know how to get rid of you.
Should I call an exorcist? Or a
doctor? Or maybe I should take my
fiends' advice and finally call
that therapist...