

Speaking of Quinn
by
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A script with a WHOLE PAGE written!

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

It is a dark, clear night, free of chill or heat. Waves lazily crash on the shore, then retreat back into the serene bay. Just past the water line, there sits, with a saxophone in his lap, a man in his mid-twenties named QUINN. The cigarette between his lips burns brightly, its ember fueled by the evening's gentle breeze. Quinn looks out to the horizon, smelling the salt-scented air. He takes a long, slow drag off his cigarette and, exhaling slowly, flicks it into the night. Slowly, he picks up his saxophone, puts it to his lips and plays.

The MUSIC comes out in a slow, sorrowful tune. As Quinn plays, the SQUAWKING of seagulls stops. The gentle WHISTLE of the wind stops. Eventually, even the steady LAPPING of waves stops. There is only Quinn and his music.

There is a sudden SQUEAK from the sax as Quinn sees, walking out of the bay, a beautiful BLONDE WOMAN. She walks out slowly, the shallowing of the bay exposing first head, then shoulders and on down as she walks slowly into the night air. Quinn continues to play, his once-slow melody gaining in pitch and fervor the closer the woman comes to him. He can now see that this mysterious woman is completely naked as the water she is in becomes a mere wading depth. Still, his music gains pitch, becoming faster and more rhythmic. The woman is now standing right before him, looking down at him where he sits, still playing his sax, sweat now standing out from his brow. The music he produces is now just one reedy note, repeating over and over. She smiles and the music becomes the sound of an ALARM CLOCK BLARING.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Quinn opens his eyes, the sweat on his brow from the dream echoed in his waking moments. With a groan, he reaches over and turns off the still-blaring alarm clock. He sits up and, looking around for a second, grabs a pack of cigarettes. He lights one and takes a long, deep drag. He releases a shuddering, smoke filled sigh. After a moment, he gets up and walks out of the room, wearing only a pair of boxer-briefs.