

**FLIPPED
OUT**

**FLIPPED
OUT**

WRITTEN BY
M. LATHROM

FLIPPED OUT

Written by

Matt Lathrom

OVER BLACK

A deep yawn. The shuffling of blankets. Bare feet touch the ground. Lazy steps across the hard floor. Then.

A loud smack against a hard surface. A crack. Then a falling to the floor.

MAN

Ow.

(whiny)

Oww. The hell is happening.

A light blinks on:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

RORY (34), in only her panties, stands at the light switch. She quints. On the floor beneath the shattered closet door mirror is:

ADAM (36), lanky with messy brown hair, butt-naked rubbing his forehead.

She rushes over to him.

RORY

Oh my god, babe.

She checks his face, A bit of blood on his forehead. His eyes are barely open.

ADAM

(slurring)

I'm fine. It's just... a bump my head. Okay. I'm feeling a-all-right, I am.

She lifts under his arm, helps him to his feet. She leads him toward the bathroom on the other side of the room.

RORY

Were you sleep-walking or some--

He freezes, a freaked look on his face

ADAM

Hoh! Wait, no. What?

He looks at the mirror. Then back at the bathroom. Back and forth.

ADAM

No. The bathroom... Is... on that side of the room though.

Points to the mirror.

Rory shakes her head in annoyance.

RORY

Not this toilet-normative culture thing again, babe. You pee in a bath--

ADAM

No, I mean... The bathroom is on that side of the room. It's always been on that--

He grabs his face.

ADAM

Oh my god. I'm having a stroke.

His legs get wobbly. Rory stares at him.

RORY

I'm going back to bed.

Adam straightens up. Grabs Rory's shoulders.

ADAM

Wait, babe. I'm not kidding. The bathroom has always been on that side. I swear. At least that's what my brain thinks right now.

RORY

Your brain is tired. You hit your head. Just, go wipe your forehead and let's figure this out in the morning.

Adam takes a deep breath. Fakes chillness.

ADAM

Yeah. Yeah, you're probably right. I'll just, clean up and go to bed.

He looks down at Rory's breast. Tweaks his head to the side with a confused look. Points.

ADAM

What's the mole doing there?

Rory rolls her eyes. Heads to bed.

Adam looks around as if in a new environment. Treads carefully toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adam scans the bathroom. Leans over to the side of the counter near the toilet.

Slowly reaches for toilet paper. Pulls some off. Dabs his head. Winces.

He opens the cabinet. Grabs a bottle of alcohol.

Pours some on the toilet paper. Then freezes.

ON THE ALCOHOL BOTTLE

"%59 LOHOCLA GNIBBUR"

He eyes it. Looks into the mirror. Angles the bottle toward the mirror. In the reflection "RUBBING ALCOHOL 95%"

His eyes go wide.

He sets the bottle down in a hurry. Opens his boxers. Reaches down and looks in.

Then at himself in the mirror.

ADAM
Sweet Jesus.

SMASH TO BLACK.

DNE EHT