



INT. ALLY AND TYLER'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

The room is a mess; a shame since it clearly had been lovely and bright once.

A large POSTER of ADELE hangs over the bed with a corner peeling off the wall.

It falls. Onto the bed and onto the woman sleeping there, knocking over a picture of TYLER and ALLY.

ALLY, 26 — not slender, not rested, not functioning; a shame since she clearly had been lovely and happy once — languishes under the covers and poster for a moment. Awake, barely.

From under the covers there's the distinct click of high heels on wood; the swish of fluttering clothes, a glimpse of black fabric, an impeccable up-do and pearls.

It's ADELE. In the flesh, straight from the poster. Brilliant, gleaming, elegant, perfect.

She is four inches tall.

ADELE  
This place is a sty, Ally. Wake up.

Ally peeks out from under the poster to confirm her suspicions. Adele is indeed standing on her nightstand. Ally stares for a moment before shutting her eyes.

She groans.

ALLY  
Go away.

ADELE  
Tyler's going to be back soon. Hop in the shower so you don't scare him off.

ALLY  
I don't need to shower.

ADELE  
It's been two days since your last one.

ALLY  
Why are you keeping count?

Ally swats at Adele on the nightstand, but doesn't hit her.

ADELE  
I'm thinking tonight you should try the chiffon knot with your hair. It looks so much nicer. Looks more like it's supposed to when you're performing as me. I mean, what's the point if you don't look the part?

ALLY

No. The chiffon knot takes too long.  
And it needs too much hairspray and I  
don't have anymore.

ADELE  
It does not. You've done it a hundred  
times. You can do it without hairspray  
even.

ALLY  
No, I can't.

ADELE  
Hairspray is just being lazy. And you  
can just borrow one of the girls'  
bottles.

ALLY  
I'm not doing it tonight. Drop it.

ADELE  
Ugh. Fine.

Ally rolls over, the poster slithers off of her and crumples to  
the floor.

Outside the room a door opens and shuts.

TYLER (O.S.)  
Ally? I'm back.

ADELE  
You hear that? Tyler's back. At least  
go rinse with some mouthwash. He  
deserves at least that much.

ALLY  
No.

ADELE  
You kiss that boy with that breath  
he'll leave you.

ALLY  
Leave me alone.

She swats at Adele again, just as successful as the first time.

TYLER — late 20's, good-humored, handsome — springs into the  
bedroom. He is sweaty, in running clothes. He gives Ally a quick  
kiss. He shucks off his shoes, energized, filling the room with  
his presence.

He leans closely over Ally to grab his phone from the nightstand  
and kisses her again.

The four inch Adele sitting on a book right next to where his  
phone just was goes unnoticed. Only Ally can see her.

TYLER  
Your poster fell, babe.

ALLY  
No kidding.

TYLER  
Want me to get it? I can put it back  
up if you want?

ALLY  
No. It's alright. I'll get to it.

TYLER  
Okay. You interested in some coffee?

ALLY  
Yes... God yes.

TYLER  
(laughs)  
You're an addict. I'll make some.

He leaves, spritely and chipper as when he had entered.

Adele watches him go. Ally peaks out to watch as well.

ADELE  
He's a good one that boy.

ALLY  
Yeah... he is.

The coffee grinder CRUNCHES from the kitchen. Ally flinches at  
the sound.

ADELE  
You ought to get up and help... At  
least keep him company or something,  
luv.

ALLY  
I can't. I'm tired.

ADELE  
You just woke up.

ALLY  
I know. I just— I'm tired.

Tyler delivers a mug of coffee on the nightstand for Ally.

He picks up the knocked over photo and gently rights it. He  
kisses her temple for a final time.

In a few moments, he's gone, out the door to his day-job, leaving  
Ally alone once more.

ADELE  
What is wrong with you?

Ally curls deeper under the covers.