

BLACK SCREEN

The SOUND of papers and pens being intensely rifled through fades up slowly.

LYNN  
Gotta be here. I know I left them here.

More rustling. Something metallic crashes to the ground.

LYNN (CONT'D)  
Ah, crap.

FADE IN:

INT. LYNN AND JOHN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Slightly haggard-looking, LYNN lifts the stacks of papers on a chest-of-drawers. Morning sunlight streams through the half-opened blinds, providing some atmosphere in an otherwise dark room.

LYNN  
This is so stupid.

She drops to her knees peering under the furniture, lifting the quilt to reach under the bed.

LYNN (CONT'D)  
John? John! Have you seen my keys?

JOHN (O.S.)  
Yeah.

Lynn waits for more. And waits.

LYNN  
And?

JOHN (O.S.)  
And they're little metal things on a circular ring that you really should keep better track of.

Lynn throws a towel offscreen.

LYNN  
I'm going to be late!

JOHN enters, slightly wet and wrapping himself in the oversized towel recently thrown in his direction. He looks at the clock on the nightstand.

JOHN  
You're already late. Where did you have them last?

LYNN

If I could remember that I would  
already be at work.

John proceeds to the closet.

JOHN

OK ... the usual order of inquiry?  
Yesterday's pants pockets? Jacket?  
Chest of drawers? On Zoa's drawing  
table? With Eli's soccer gear? On  
the kitchen table? On the bar? By  
the front door?

His voice fades out as Lynn follows the time-tried litany of possible key locations. We see each location as he mentions it, holding on the edge of the kitchen bar, where a set of car keys sits in plain view, albeit slightly behind a coffee cup.