

12 Seconds

by
Sean Chipman

lamborghini@yahoo.com

DAVID (V.O.)
This is a dream.
 (Beat)
Do not forget, no matter what you
are told.

The blaring sound of an alarm clock goes off.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A hand slams down on the alarm clock, killing the alarm.

A man, DAVID CARLISLE (39), sits up on the edge of the bed
and yawns for a moment.

The bedroom is large and luxurious-looking.

He stands up and walks around to the other side of the bed.
Laying there is HEATHER CARLISLE (36).

 DAVID (V.O.)
She's a lying, cheating whore and
you know it.

David reaches over and playfully tickles her ribs. She
squirms around giggling, trying to move his hands away.

 DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But... she isn't.
 (Beat)
She's your wife. You've been
happily married for seven years and
she is absolutely devoted to you.

Heather sits up and kisses David on the cheek.

David walks over to the door of the room and looks back at
Heather.

The bedroom changes. Heather is having sex with a different
MAN. She is on top and climaxing. Alcohol bottles line the
table that the alarm clock is sitting on.

David shakes his head and walks out of the room. In the
background, the room changed back to how it was before.

BATHROOM

A wide, gaping bathroom, headlined by a Jacuzzi in the far corner.

David stands at the sink and stares at himself in the medicine cabinet mirror.

All of a sudden, David punches the mirror and smashes it.

He opens the medicine cabinet and looks inside. The only thing in the cabinet is an S&W .45 ACP pistol.

David blinks. The cabinet changes back to being filled with medicine. He grabs a bottle of pills and shuts the cabinet. The mirror is now fixed.

David lifts off the top and pours five pills out of it. He sets the bottle on the edge of the sink.

INSERT -- The pill bottle reads, "Fluanisone. Jason Houston. Take one pill before breakfast."

He tosses the pills into his mouth at once and swallows them together.

David opens the bathroom door and shuts off the light.

HALLWAY

David walks down the hallway, admiring the family pictures that line each wall.

LIVING ROOM

David stands in the middle of the room and stretches his arms out and yawns loudly.

He looks ahead and sees himself falling backwards, but frozen in place, with a gun in his mouth.

David looks at himself, then over at the sofa. Leaning over the sofa is Heather with a bullet hole in her head.

David turns around and sees the word "SLUT" spray painted across the wall in big letters.

DAVID

Yeah, that's about right.

David turns back around and faces himself again.

David shrugs his shoulders and walks between them and stops at the entrance to another hallway.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Decisions, decisions.

HALLWAY

David walks down the hallway and stops in between two doors on opposite sides of the hallway.

VINCENT'S BEDROOM

He opens the door on the left and walks in. David coughs as he looks around and the room is thick with marijuana smoke.

He looks at the bed and sees VINCENT CARLISLE (15) sitting on the bed, snorting cocaine off of a glass, miniature chess table.

Vincent looks up and just glares at David.

VINCENT
Get the fuck out of my room!

David shakes his head and starts shutting the door.

Vincent throws the chess table at the door and it shatters just as the door closes.

HALLWAY

DAVID (V.O.)
That isn't your son. Your son
hasn't even touched drugs.
(Beat)
He's a straight-A student. Ok,
every now and then, he gets a "B"
but we don't give him shit because
of that.

David turns and puts his hand on the door knob of the other room.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This should be better.

(Beat)

Michelle. She may have a cigarette every now and again, but at least she knows she doesn't need drugs to be popular.

David smiles lightly.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Hell, she's got a date tonight with some kid.

MICHELLE'S BEDROOM

David opens the door and sees a girl, MICHELLE CARLISLE (18), sitting on the bed, leaning against the wall, cutting her upper left arm.

Michelle just sits there without a shirt on, but she is wearing a bra. She's just dead-focused on her arm.

Michelle doesn't even look up and acknowledge him.

MICHELLE

What do you want?

David just stares ahead, watching the steak knife cut into her arm and the blood dribble down.

DAVID

God. What are you doing?

He steps forward and grabs the knife out of her hand.

Michelle sighs in a frustrated tone and stares up at him.

MICHELLE

Is this your new parenting technique? Because, if it is, that's pretty damn pathetic.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a pocket knife and starts cutting her arm again.

DAVID

What the hell is wrong with you?
You never did this before.

She looks at him with a look of complete distaste.

MICHELLE

You know, maybe if you attempted to notice me before now, you'd know I've been doing this since middle school.

(Beat)

Of course, between you and that cunt you married, you barely have time for anyone else, huh?

David slowly backs up and a look of fear overcomes him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Don't let the door hit you on the ass on the way out.

He turns around and grabs the doorknob but looks over his shoulder one more time.

David sees Michelle sitting there, leaning against the wall, talking on the phone.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Well, he's taking me to the movies tonight. Then, after that, I figure we'll hang at the mall for a bit.

(Beat)

See what happens.

DAVID

I love you.

Michelle waves at him to leave and he closes the door behind him.

HALLWAY

David walks back through the hallway, into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

DAVID

No. This is all wrong.

(Beat)

This isn't how it's supposed to be.

BEDROOM

David walks in and Heather isn't there anymore.

He sits on the edge of the bed and lays down.

 DAVID (V.O.)
It's all wrong.
 (Beat)
When I wake up, it will be all
right.

David shuts his eyes but as soon as they close, they re-open again.

David slams his hand down on the table to stop the alarm, but there is no alarm because there's no clock anymore.

The room is different. Rather than a beautiful estate, it's a sleazy apartment.

 DAVID (CONT'D)
Yeah, this is it.

David sits up on the edge of the bed and rubs his hand through his hair.

 DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That was a dream.
 (Beat)
Despite what I told you.

BATHROOM

David opens up the medicine cabinet and pulls out a cheap arm bandage. He unrolls it and looks down at the .45 ACP that was hidden inside.

David grabs a can of spray paint from a rack just outside the bathroom and stuffs it in the back of his pants.

 DAVID (V.O.)
This is not a dream... Anymore.

LIVING ROOM

David looks on the sofa and sees Heather lying on it, in a cheap spaghetti strap nightgown.

HALLWAY

David slowly opens Michelle's bedroom door.

MICHELLE'S BEDROOM

David creeps in slowly and sits on the edge of her bed. He runs his hands through her hair and it slowly wakes her up.

MICHELLE

Dad?

DAVID

Yeah, it's me.

MICHELLE

What are you doing here?

DAVID

Nothing. I was just worried and wanted to check on you.

(Beat)

Are you still going on that date tomorrow?

MICHELLE

Yeah... Why wouldn't I be?

David shrugs his shoulders.

He extends his left arm and they hug each other.

DAVID

(Whispering)

I love you.

He shoots her in the chest and she takes quick, panicked breaths.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

A tear runs down David's cheek as Michelle settles back into bed and finally stops breathing.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All she needed was love.

HALLWAY

David kicks open Vincent's bedroom door.

Before Vincent even has a chance to react, David fires off a shot, hitting Vincent square in the head.

DAVID (V.O.)
All Vincent wanted was for someone
to notice him.

HALLWAY

DAVID (V.O.)
And, Heather? She needed someone
other than me.

Heather comes running up to him but David stops her before
she gets to the bedroom doors.

David covers her mouth and lifts her up, carrying her into
the living room.

LIVING ROOM

David lets her down and pushes her up against the back of the
sofa.

DAVID
You. You cheated on me all the
time.

HEATHER
What? Never.

DAVID
Don't you lie to me.
(Beat)
You don't want to make this more
painful than it already is.
(Beat)
Please turn around.

HEATHER
No.

David puts his hand on her head and turns it away from him.
He lifts up the gun to her head.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
David, ple--

David shoots her mid-sentence and she falls part of the way
over the sofa.

David walks over to the wall and quickly spray paints "SLUT"
in large letters.

He walks back around to where he shot Heather and stands there.

He ejects the clip and flicks each bullet out of the clip. David, then, empties the chamber.

He leans down to the ground and picks up one of the bullets he dropped and puts it back into the clip and loads the gun.

David puts the gun in his mouth and holds it there.

 DAVID
 (Muffled)
One.
 (Beat)
Two.
 (Beat)
Three.

FADE OUT.

David fires the bullet.

 DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They say that in the final moment
before you die, your life flashes
before your eyes.

The sound of a body hitting the ground echoes.

 DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But, what happens in the twelve
seconds between when your body dies
and your brain dies?

The blaring sound of an alarm clock goes off.

 DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I hope it's different for everyone.

THE END.