

9:23PM  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

From the darkness comes the grand spectacle of the blue marble that is our earth.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Typical middle class furnishings as a couple, JEB & JAN are watching TV. Slouched into a sofa, they are snacking on junk food. Both are somewhat overweight, unkempt and messy. A pair of zombies fixed on the program.

ON A CLOCK

The time reads: 8:02PM

JEB  
We got any more dip?

JEN  
Fresh out. Get some tomorrow. What kind you want?

JEB  
French onion.

JEN  
Had that already. Let's try dill pickle. I got a coupon.

JEB  
Sure thing.

EXT. SPACE

Still cold and dark, full of stars etc.

SUPER: 8:13PM

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeb BURPS and scratches his stomach.

JEB  
Car needs gas.

JEN  
Get it tomorrow.

JEB  
Gotta check that left rear tire.  
Low on air.

JEN  
Will do.

ON JEB'S FACE

Jeb's eyes dart about the coffee table.

SUPER: ON HIS FACE 8:25PM

Jeb's hand brushes the numbers off his face.

JEB  
Where's the remote?

JEN  
Don't know? You had it last.

Jeb's hands reach around his back, on a side table.

JEB  
Well, it's not here.

JEN  
When's the last time you got up?

JEB  
Commercial, about ten minutes ago.  
Went to the bathroom...

JEN  
Then go check.

JEB (CONT'D)  
Then the kitchen. Refill the bowl.  
By the way we're out of crinkle  
cut.

JEN  
Get some tomorrow.

JEB  
I think I know where the remote is.

JEN  
That's good. Where?

JEB'S POV

The chip bowl sitting in between him and Jen.

JEB  
Dropped it in the bowl.

JEN  
So, get it.

JEB  
Can you?

Jen sighs and reaches into the bowl, pulling out the remote covered in potato chip debris.

JEN  
You want the channel changed?

JEB  
No - this might get interesting.

EXT. SPACE

Falling towards the earth, a SHADOW overtakes.

SUPER: 8:47PM

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeb YAWNS and reads the TV guide.

JEB  
What time is it?

Jen looks at her watch.

JEN  
Eight-forty-seven.

Jen shoves some chips into her mouth.

FROM INSIDE JEN'S MOUTH

SUPER: 9:03PM

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS

Moving along the sidewalk, look over the rows of houses into the sky. Clear as the air the stars twinkle a million fold.

An eerie wind FLOWS through the trees and along the street.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeb is drinking back a soda from a can. It's a one gulp attempt which fails. Soda runs down his shirt. Jen gives him a scornful frown.

JEN  
You already drank yours. That was mine.

JEB  
Fridge is full of them.

JEN  
Well go get me one then.

JEB  
Can't.  
(points to the TV)  
Miss my show.

Jen crosses her arms and gives a grunt.

JEB  
What?

JEN  
It's a commercial.

JEB  
So.

JEN  
So, you won't miss a thing.

JEB  
I might.

JEN  
Jesus - you're a pig sometimes.

Jen gets up from the sofa and heads towards the kitchen.

JEB  
(over the headrest)  
While you're in there could you get  
me a drumstick.

JEN (O.S.)  
Say please!

JEB  
Thank you.  
(beat)  
Don't forget to take off the  
wrapper. And don't steal any of the  
chocolate!

KITCHEN

Closing the fridge door, Jen places her soda on the counter  
and proceeds to unwrap the drumstick. The lights FLICKER.

JEB (O.S.)  
What was that?

JEN  
Temporal displacement?

JEB (O.S.)  
What?

Jen steals some chocolate off the top of the drumstick.

JEN  
I don't know?

She looks at a CLOCK on a wall.

It reads: "9:18PM"... Then: "9:17PM"... Then: "9:18PM"

She looks closer, puzzling a scratch on the cheek.

SUDDENLY

The house RUMBLES and SHAKES.

JEB (O.S.)  
What the hell was that?!

EXT. SPACE

ZOOMING down towards the earth, a GREAT FIREBALL.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jen walks out of the kitchen, hands Jeb his drumstick and sits down on the sofa.

JEN  
I expect it was a truck. The again,  
I did sort of see this flash coming  
through the window.

Jeb busy gorging on the drumstick.

JEB  
Quiet. Shh.

Jeb turns up the volume on the remote.

JEB  
(smiles)  
Look what's on.

FROM THE TV

A laugh track.

Jeb LAUGHS along. Jen cracks open her soda and takes a sip.

The lights FLICKER. As does the TV.

JEB  
Damn thing. Come on.

Jeb HITS the remote.

JEB  
Did you remember to pay the cable?

JEN  
Did it last week.

ON THE WALL

A coo-coo clock CHIMES.

JEB & JEN'S POV

The hands click to 9:23.

JEB  
Piece of junk.

JEN  
You bought it not me.

JEB  
Did not. That was your sister that  
gave us that. Don't you remember -  
it was three Christmases ago. Came  
in that dumb box too.

JEN  
Well, maybe it needs rewinding.

Beat as both look at each other. No one moves.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS

In the distance, we hear: SIRENS getting closer.

In the street, neighbours running out of their houses. They  
stand in awe looking at something GLOWING and lighting up the  
entire neighbourhood.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeb takes his eyes off the TV and looks at the window.

JEB  
You hear something?

JEN  
Don't know? You hear something?

JEB  
Could be the wind.

JEN  
I expect so.

JEB  
Go take a look-see.

JEN  
Why don't you?

JEB  
Because...

JEN  
(cuts him off)  
You might miss something - I know.

Jen gets up from the sofa, grunting as she does and heads towards the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

Opens, Jen gazes outside, looking from one side to the next.

JEB (O.S.)

Well?

JEN'S POV

The street and the neighbourhood are quiet; devoid of interest. Just a slight breeze and the night sky overhead.

Jen closes the front door. Stay on the front door for a moment then turn around to see

The entire neighbourhood alight with POLICE CARS, FIRE ENGINES, NEWS TRUCKS and HELICOPTERS overhead.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jen sits back down on the sofa, picks up her can of soda.

JEB

What was it?

JEN

Just the wind.

JEB

Stupid wind.

JEN

What'd I miss?

JEB

Nothing. Commercial.

ON THE WALL

The clocks hands click to 9:23. Then to 9:22 and continue back and forth from 9:22 to 9:23...

JEB

Piece of junk.

EXT. NEIGHBOURHOOD STREETS

From the crowd of onlookers, one of the neighbours, a LADY, edges up to police tape.

LADY  
Who were they?

Another BYSTANDER shakes his head in disbelief.

BYSTANDER  
Couple. Lived there for about ten years. Don't think they had any kids. Usually keep to themselves.

LADY  
(mulls)  
Shame. A meteorite landing right on top of them.

BYSTANDER  
(shrugs)  
Yeah. Makes you wonder though, eh? One minute you're watching TV, the next: you're dead - squashed under a gigantic moon boulder.

From there, rise up and over to the

IMPACT SITE

Where a LARGE, fifty foot high METEORITE sits atop the rubble that was once a house. Still GLOWING, steam from the water hoses and smoke from the debris rise over the area.

