

# **REUNION**

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**INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - DUSK**

ZACH (26), tousled light brown hair, five o'clock shadow. A man of average height with no athletic bone in his body. He stands in the middle of an empty floor hallway. Sweat drips from his brow, lip quivers. A scrapbook pressed firmly up against his chest.

His stare locked to an apartment door a few feet down.

ZACH  
(to himself)  
Come on. You're here. You can do  
this.  
(exhales)  
Go go power ranger.

He ambles to the door with apparent self-doubt. Breathes in deep, eyes the copper number 12-B screwed into the door.

He KNOCKS. Steps off to the side, gluing his back to the wall, next to the door frame. Out of the peephole's range of sight.

Knuckles hit wood. KNOCK, KNOCK.

He stretches out his hand. In it - a small circular mirror pointed directly at the peephole, anticipating someone looking through it. But... no one does.

Zach, perspiring, KNOCKS again - a shadow comes over the peephole.

ZACH  
(excitedly)  
Hi, hi... hello.  
(short beat)  
Ahhh... please do not step away  
from the door. I know all you can  
see is just a hand, a hand holding  
a mirror in which you can see your  
eye through glass looking right at  
it. And while it might appear  
strange, I can assure you it has  
meaning, both in a figurative and  
in a practical sense. This is not a  
prank and my visual absence from  
your line of sight through the  
peephole has a purpose.  
(beat)  
I... I know you're there. Could you  
please say something so we can  
establish a line of communication.  
I promise I will explain everything.

MASON (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Something.

ZACH  
Thank you.

Beat.

MASON (O.S.)  
Soooo?

ZACH  
I'm a bit nervous. Can I have a sec  
to gather myself. Not sure where to  
start.

MASON (O.S.)  
How about, who are you and why are  
you doing this?

ZACH  
Yes, good. My name is Zechariah  
Kendall. And this is a much more  
peculiar situation than it  
currently appears --

MASON (O.S.)  
I wouldn't know. All I see is a  
talking hand. That's still pretty  
darn peculiar.

ZACH  
Yes. At this point I would like to  
thank you for your willingness to  
cooperate with me, so far. Under  
these strange circumstances.

MASON (O.S.)  
Don't mention it.

ZACH  
The reason I'm here, like this,  
now, is because, you and I share  
something. Which will be revealed  
to you soon. I first noticed you  
four months ago at the train  
station in Pendington. I have been  
researching and occasionally  
following you ever since --

MASON (O.S.)  
You're a stalker?!

ZACH

Sorry to say, yes. But with good reason. Once I presented it to you, you'll understand. I promise.

MASON (O.S.)

Better hurry, I began recording this conversation 40 seconds ago and have you on tape confessing to a felony. Gonna call 911 in 30 if you don't give me a reason not to.

ZACH

Again, all perfectly reasonable. Like I said, we share something. I'm ready to show you what. Please do not remove your stare from my hand through the peephole, and do not panic at what you're about to see. Have you prepared yourself adequately? Are you ready?

MASON (O.S.)

(unenthusiastically)

Fully.

Zach breathes in, exhales and dramatically turns, stepping directly in front of the peephole. Line of sight. He stands there. Few seconds go by in silence. Silence grows into awkwardness.

ZACH

Hello? Did you faint? Are you still there?

MASON (O.S.)

I'm here.

ZACH

I thought I'd get a bigger reaction.

MASON (O.S.)

Should have managed your expectations.

CLANG. TUNG. Bolt locks, unlock. The door opens.

MASON (26) stands in the doorway. Better groomed, better dressed, appearing dapper and clean, but... otherwise IDENTICAL to Zach.

MASON

So, I guess we share a face, huh?

ZACH

A body, an identical life vessel. That's what I was getting at, yes.

Gotta say, I'm underwhelmed that you're underwhelmed. It's not everyday you find your carbon copy at your doorstep. Thought you'd be more surprised. Shocked even.

MASON

Neither. I am intrigued. And you're no copy, I would never wear that sweater.

ZACH

But, you understand why I'm here?

MASON

Yeah. So... are you gonna come in?

ZACH

Oh, I was gonna suggest we go out for a cup of coffee or something.

(lifts up the scrapbook)

I have a lot of things I wanna show you.

MASON

You can show me in here. I have both coffee and cups. And, I'm too lazy to go out right now.

ZACH

I'm a homebody as well.

(steps in)

Bit surprised you aren't more reserved about letting me in.

MASON

You seem to keep getting surprised. Anyway, you have a trustworthy face.

ZACH

Hah. I'll try to be concise.

**INT. APARTMENT/ HALLWAY #1 - CONTINUOUS**

Mason closes the front door. Zach inside. Both a coat and shoe rack to his right. Shiny wooden floor reflects everything.

MASON

Take your shoes off, please.

(Zach does)

Can I take your jacket?

ZACH  
 (surprised)  
 Oh, certainly.

MASON  
 (points down the hallway)  
 Through there's the living room. Take  
 a seat and make yourself comfortable.  
 And, I'll guess we'll try to get to  
 the bottom of this?  
 (Zach nods)  
 I've just baked a pumpkin pie. Would  
 you like a slice with your coffee?

ZACH  
 You're too generous.

MASON  
 Even when you host by happenstance,  
 you should host well.

Zach nods, walks down the hallway to the living room.

Mason hangs Zach's jacket and goes into the kitchen.

#### **LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zach enters. The room's modern, decorated with abstract art and minimalist geometric furniture. A painting of a huge penis hangs above a lit fireplace.

Zach sits down on the orange couch. Rests the scrapbook on the glass table before him.

MASON (O.S.)  
 So, you live in the city?

ZACH  
 Yes, downtown. Yanker alley, it's a  
 bad neighbourhood. Nothing like  
 your quarter of the city here.

MASON (O.S.)  
 I'm sorry. I hope you don't resent  
 me for it. But at least when you  
 look at me you can picture yourself  
 living here.

ZACH  
 Ha! Good one.

MASON (O.S.)

I only have one type of coffee.  
Panama's own Hacienda La Esmeralda.  
It's the only one I drink, hope  
that's okay?

ZACH

Never heard of it. But it sure  
sounds fancy. Thank you.

MASON (O.S.)

You can start talking, I'm listening.

ZACH

Well, like I mentioned before. I saw  
you four months ago on my way to  
work. I've gotta say, unlike you I  
was floored when I saw me, I mean  
you, standing a few feet away. Barely  
remained vertical. We rode the train  
together, I couldn't look away. I  
gawked the whole way. People were  
giving me looks because I was burning  
a hole in you with mine.

MASON (O.S.)

That happens to me more than you'd  
think.

ZACH

Then I followed you to the modern  
art museum, you met up with some  
guy, I waited three hours for you  
to come out --

Mason comes in with a tray. Coffee and pie.

MASON

Yes, yes I get it. You're very  
dedicated. You also said you'd be  
concise. Here are your treats.

Zach takes his plate. Looks up and sees the penis painting right  
above Mason's head.

ZACH

Thank...  
(swallows)  
You.

MASON

I guess the piece of art behind me  
speaks to my life choices?

ZACH

Didn't even cross my mind.

MASON

Don't worry. I won't seduce you.  
Already made love to myself this  
morning.

Mason does a masturbating gesture with his right hand. He sits on a chair opposite Zach.

ZACH

You're just chock-full of puns,  
aren't you?

MASON

They seem soooo appropriate.  
(picks up his coffee mug)  
What's in the book?

ZACH

(flips the scrapbook open)  
A lot. Photos of you... and me.  
Comparison shots. I've drawn  
symmetry lines. My own analysis of  
both our individual bone structure.  
Mole placement, mole patterns. Hair  
color, shade analysis. A bit of  
both of our history, what ever I  
could dig up on you online.  
(turns the book halfway through)  
Then we have double theories.  
Mentions of exact human replicas in  
religious texts, literature,  
historical books, the science of  
cloning and so on. Do you know what  
a doppelganger is?

MASON

Wasn't that a bad Drew Barrymore  
flick?

ZACH

Yes, it was. Pretty bad actually.  
It's also a German world deriving  
from folklore --

MASON

Coffee's getting cold.

ZACH

Ah, yes.

Zach picks up his mug. Takes a sip.



ZACH  
Mmm. Delicious.

MASON  
And the pie?

Zach rests the coffee and picks up his plate of pumpkin pie. He digs into it with a fork and places a piece in his mouth.

Mason eagerly awaits a review.

ZACH  
(chewing)  
Scrumptious.  
(beat)  
Anyway, pushing mythology, folklore aside, I thought the most reasonable place to start, or the most plausible theory is... that we're twins, separated at birth. Which may mean we're both special and we share a deeper bond than what appears on the outside.

MASON  
Oh, aren't you sweet.

ZACH  
I googled you. And while there wasn't an abundance of info to be found I did manage to dig up something --

Out of nowhere, Zach grimaces, like he just felt a sharp pain. Composes himself, playing it off like it was nothing.

ZACH  
Hmmm. What year were you born.?

MASON  
19 --

ZACH  
89?

Zach grabs his stomach. Another sharp pain.

MASON  
Yes.

ZACH  
October?

MASON

Yes.

ZACH

Same.

Zach smiles, leans back on the couch. He picks up his plate and confidently takes another bite of the pie.

MASON

In South Africa.

Zach's face drops. He grips his stomach. Frowns and grunts a bit.

ZACH

W-w-what?

MASON

I was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. I moved here when I was fifteen.

(takes a sip of coffee)

And you?

ZACH

(confused)

Born and raised.

(beat)

Were you adopted?

MASON

No. My mother was a college professor, she taught, I don't know how to word it, mysticism, cryptozoology, that kind of stuff at the Johannesburg college of history.

Zach gets dizzy, begins to sweat.

MASON

(takes a sip of coffee)

Father was a diplomat. He worked at the American consulate from 1986 to 1994. How about you? Were you adopted? What did your parents do?

ZACH

(room starts spinning)

Yes, yes I was. Dad was a carpenter.

(grips his stomach)

Mom, a housewife. Can I use your bathroom real quick?

MASON  
 Sure. Down the hallway, second door  
 to your left.

ZACH  
 Thanks.

Zach stands up, appearing nauseous, he toddles to the hallway.

**APARTMENT/ HALLWAY #2 - CONTINUOUS**

In search of the bathroom, Zach sways side to side as he approaches its door. Reaches it, grabs the doorhandle, leans on the door, opening it with his body pushing forward.

**APARTMENT/ BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zach inside, closes the door behind him. Locks it.

He grabs his face, closes his now severely bloodshot eyes. Skin as red as fire. Water pouring out from every pore. The room spirals. He manages to sit on the toilet, lid down. Holds his head in his hands.

Lifts it up, opens his eyes and... looks out the small bathroom window - A FULL MOON fills up the window frame. His face grows pale.

ZACH  
 Oh... shit.

He stands. Growls - RRRRRGGGGHHHH!

ZACH  
 Shit. Shit. Shit.

MASON (O.S.)  
 (through the door)  
 Having a good one?  
 (no response)  
 Okay in there? I heard some noises.

Zach slightly grunts.

ZACH  
 Yeah, I'm...  
 (growls)  
 F... fine.

MASON (O.S.)  
 I have a confession to make,  
 Zachary. Pardon, Zechariah.

Zach moves around the small bathroom, fidgets, knocks over a bottle of shampoo. He looks at his arm. It's way hairier than before.

MASON (O.S.)

You know, you caught me at a special time. I... I used you. You were my guinea-pig. This is my first time... baking a pie. Anything really.

Zach stiffens up, like something ran across his spine. He puts his hands over his mouth as he tries to let out a roar. Doing his best to contain it, not being able fully - ARGGGGGGHHHHHH.

MASON (O.S.)

Oh, come on! It wasn't that bad!

ZACH

No, no. It, it... was f-f-fine.

MASON (O.S.)

I apologize if it got you the drizzles and has you all bulimic in there. But I followed the recipe to a T... I think.

Zach looks in the mirror, his face now super hairy.

ZACH

It's not an issue. I'll be out in a few.

MASON (O.S.)

Alright.

Zach groans as more changes happen. His werewolf transformation is already halfway through. He turns violently, hits his head on the shower door and falls, unconscious. KO'd.

## LATER

Zach awakes on the floor. Head rested in a puddle of his own spit. He lifts himself up, groggy. Looks into the mirror to see his reflection - a teen wolf look-alike. A hairy beast in human clothing.

ZACH

(to himself)

Why didn't you check the lunar calendar?! Dumbass!

(looks around)

How am I gonna get out?

Looks at the small bathroom window. Shakes his head.

Puts his ear to the bathroom door. Listens - hears nothing.

Grabs the doorknob, turns...

**APARTMENT/ HALLWAY #2 - CONTINUOUS**

Werewolf Zach peeks out from the partially opened door. No one in sight. He looks left, right, up and down the hallway. Nothing.

Tiptoes out into it. Slowly, carefully, silently, he walks down. His beastly face begs the wooden floor not to squeal on him.

**APARTMENT/ LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zach peeks in - no Mason. Turns his head - front door in sight. Straight ahead, through the hallway forward. He continues his ballerina routine to it.

**APARTMENT/ HALLWAY #1- CONTINUOUS**

Zach tiptoes, tiptoes. Not a peep. All good. He looks left and double takes, startled by his own reflection staring back. Chest up.

Zach looks at it, studies it.

ZACH  
(to himself)  
God, I've grown even more hideous.

Suddenly, Zach's reflection lifts up a brandy glass, takes a sip.

MASON  
Yeah, thanks.

Zach realizes that he's not looking into a mirror but through a window-like opening in the wall into the kitchen at Werewolf Mason.

Beat.

ZACH  
Hmm. AWKWARD. I guess we are related.

MASON  
Yeah, no shit, Sherlock.

ZACH  
Again. You don't look surprised.

MASON  
I started to turn, so, I wanted to get you out of here. You didn't respond when I knocked, so I unlocked the door, and... there you were.

After all these years, I keep  
forgetting these full moon cycles.  
Idiot.

(beat)  
I've got to call my mom.

Mason goes into the living room, drink in hand.

**LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Zach walks in. Mason sits, back turned to Zach, crying, dialing.

ZACH  
Maybe I should leave. I can see  
that this has you quite upset.

MASON  
(crying)  
Whatever.

ZACH  
Just curious. Did it start in puberty?

MASON  
Yes.

ZACH  
Same. Thanks.

Zach turns to go, he stops when he sees a bunch of photos on a dresser. He looks at them, picks one up.

ZACH  
(stares at the photo)  
Is this you with your mom, at the  
beach? This photo.

MASON  
(turns)  
Yes.

Zach lifts the photo frame and shows it to Mason.

ZACH  
Dude, she's pretty tanned.

It's a black and white photo of a young Mason hugging a large black woman at the beach. It's signed in a silver sharpie - "LOVE, MOM".

**THE END**

