

A Twist of Fate

by
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Short Inspired by
Chris Nolan's Inception

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EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Diner.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

ALICIA, 13, sits at a booth in the diner, with her coffee, staring down at the table.

ALICIA (V.O.)
I have a special gift.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Alicia walks with her backpack along a residential street, she stops at a house.

On the lawn a "Sold" Sign. Alicia walks right passed it, up to the house, and looks through the window on the door.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A husband and wife sit across from one another arguing. Mother is crying.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia sits down on the porch step, and drops her backpack next to her.

A mysterious man, GRAYSON (41). Dressed in a business suit, with top hat and cane approaches from the sidewalk.

He walks up the walkway, passes Alicia and looks through the window on the door.

GRAYSON
To painful to confront them?

ALICIA
I ran away from home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson turns his head gently towards Alicia.

GRAYSON

Then the answer is yes?

ALICIA

Not like they'd care anyway.

GRAYSON

Why's that?

ALICIA

It's been five years.

Alicia gets up grabs the backpack, and looks through window on the door.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Five years and they still don't give a rats ass about me. Still arguing. You know they were my foster parents.

Alicia, heads back down the walkway and into the street.

Grayson looks momentarily at the couple. Then leaves and catches up to Alicia.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

GRAYSON

You ever consider using the sidewalk?

ALICIA

I've thought about it.

Grayson stops as Alicia continues.

GRAYSON

And?

Alicia turns around.

ALICIA

And what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson confused.

INT. DINER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia sits in a back booth with coffee. The diner is completely empty except for one worker and Alicia.

Grayson walks in. Spots Alicia and goes and sits down at her booth across from her.

ALICIA

Who are you?

GRAYSON

You tell me.

ALICIA

What?

GRAYSON

If you were going to call me something, what would it be?

Alicia fidgets with her cup on the table with one hand.

ALICIA

Weirdo.

GRAYSON

No, I mean if you had to give me a name, what would it be?

ALICIA

I don't know. Grayson?

GRAYSON

OK. Then my name is Grayson.

(Whispering)

Lucky guess.

ALICIA

What do you want?

GRAYSON

I don't know, what do you want?

ALICIA

Would you stop that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

Stop what?

ALICIA

Oh my god, turning everything into a question.

GRAYSON

Sorry, force of habit. Kind of a special talent of mine.

ALICIA

Do you want some coffee?

GRAYSON

No, no, I can't drink that stuff. I get... well, never mind.

ALICIA

Water?

GRAYSON

No, no. Thank you. But I actually just came to ask you a question.

ALICIA

What a surprise! What?

GRAYSON

How do you know your parents don't give a rat's ass about you?

ALICIA

You saw them, they were arguing. That's exactly how they were when I left five years ago.

GRAYSON

How do you know they were arguing?

ALICIA

Because...

Alicia stops to think...

GRAYSON

Maybe they were just having a conversation. Sure, a heated one, but nonetheless, a conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICIA

I never thought about it like that.

GRAYSON

So if you don't want go home, where are you going to go?

ALICIA

I don't know.

(Chuckles)

They always say the grass is always greener on the other side.

GRAYSON

They do, but what if you're already on the other side?

Alicia ponders. Realizing... Gets up and runs out of the diner.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Alicia on the front porch, has key in hand, and peers through the window on the door. Her parents still in the exact position as earlier.

Alicia turns the key and the door opens, but her parents are nowhere to be found. Alicia searches for her parents.

Front door still wide open.

ALICIA

Mom? Dad?

Going down the hall, kitchen, etc.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad?

Alicia returns to the living room and stares at the place where she saw them last

PAN around to front door behind Alicia--revealing--

GRAYSON, leaning against the frame in the doorway. Alicia realizing turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICIA (CONT'D)

You! You, what did you do?

GRAYSON

I didn't do anything.

ALICIA

Liar! Where are my parents?

GRAYSON

There out of your life, because you don't believe. Fate has been altered.

ALICIA

I do too believe in them.

GRAYSON

Not belief in them, you don't believe in yourself. You don't have faith in yourself!

ALICIA

Yes I do.

GRAYSON

No you don't.

ALICIA

Yes, I do.

GRAYSON

Then prove it!

ALICIA

You! You know what I can do and you're controlling them. You're controlling my thoughts!

GRAYSON

No. Only you can control your thoughts. I'm simply... enforcing them.

ALICIA

How do I prove I believe in myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GRAYSON

See, that's the question with an impossible answer.

Alicia thinking... Grayson sits and then Alicia finally sits down.

ALICIA

(Realizing)

My parents weren't arguing. They were having a discussion.

GRAYSON

Pardon?

ALICIA

My parents were not arguing, they were having a discussion.

Grayson flashes a wry smile.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Full of people, customers. Waitress hovers over Alicia's table. Alicia starring at the table head down.

WAITRESS

Sweetie, you okay?

Alicia flinches, looks up.

ALICIA

What?

WAITRESS

You okay?

ALICIA

Yeah, why do you ask?

WAITRESS

You seem to be dozing off.

ALICIA

Yeah, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

Did you ever find the person you
were looking for?

Alicia notices Grayson is nowhere to be found.

ALICIA

What? Oh, no.

WAITRESS

That's too bad. Well, I'm sorry
about your parents.

ALICIA

Yeah, thanks I guess. Actually
you didn't happen to see a guy
wearing a business suit with a top
hat, and cane sitting with me?

WAITRESS

No, you've been buy yourself since
you arrived here, a little over an
hour ago.

ALICIA

Really?

Waitress nods.

ALICA

Huh. Thanks.

Alicia can't find her backpack.

ALICIA

Where's my backpack? Backpack!

She gets up and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alicia from across the street sees a man, waking up the
walkway to the house. He notices a backpack.

Alicia moves closer from across the street.

She notices a man in the street clothes. It's Grayson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson walks inside.

Alicia walks up to the door.

Rings doorbell. Grayson answers.

GRAYSON

Can I help you?

Awkward silence.

ALICIA

Hi... I think I left my backpack
on this porch.

GRAYSON

Hold on a second.

Grayson shuts the door partially. Alicia peers through.

Grayson returns with the backpack.

Grayson opens the door.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Is this the backpack your looking
for?

Hands backpack to Alicia.

ALICIA

Yeah. Thanks.

GRAYSON

Sure.

ALICIA

(Sees wedding ring)
Your married? Where's your wife?

GRAYSON

Oh, the ring? Actually my wife
passed away five years ago. Killed
by a couple driving looking for
their daughter. I wear it as a
reminder. I had a daughter once,
but we had to give her up for
adoption. About thirteen,
fourteen years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alicia's stuff falls out of her backpack.

ALICIA

Great. Not again. I'm sorry. I'm
such a klutz.

Grayson kneels to help Alicia pick up her belongings.

GRAYSON

Don't worry about it. I'm always
dropping stuff, another klutz
right.

ALICIA

Tell me about it. They've linked
being klutzy to possibly being
hereditary.

GRAYSON

Really? I didn't know that.

ALICIA

Yeah, I always thought maybe I got
it from my mother.

GRAYSON

Yeah, I probably did from my
mother too.

ALICIA

Thank you.

GRAYSON

Sure. Are you okay to get where
you need to go?

ALICIA

Yeah. Thanks again.

GRAYSON

You're welcome.

Alicia turns walking away, forgetting a piece of paper.

Grayson pauses, contemplating, sees the piece of paper
and picks it up which reads:

Alicia Grace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Grayson doesn't read the paper though. Alicia walks down the walkway.

Grayson shuts the door.

Phone rings.

MAN #1 (V.O.)

(Answering Machine)

Hey, Grayson. Good news, perhaps a *Twist of Fate*, but I think we've found your daughter, Alicia. Took a little digging, apparently she ran away from her foster parents the same day your wife passed away.

(Pause)

Anyway give me a call when you get this, otherwise I'll give you a call in the morning and fill you in.

Alicia stops at the end of the walkway, turns around and looks at the front door.

A Beep indicating the end of the message sounds.

ALICIA (V.O.)

My name is Alicia, and I have a special gift.

Kock on the door.

FADE TO BLACK.