Flashes
By: Andrew M. Henderson
FADE IN:

A bright flash of white light is seen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOHN ROTIT, a young man in his mid-twenties, blinks as he breathes heavily. He sits up in bed as he wipes his perspiring brow.

JOHN
(mumbling)
Thank God, I'm back.

CLARE WEENA, a young woman in her mid-twenties, rolls over as she groggily kisses John on the cheek.

CLARE
Back from where baby?

John looks over at her and smiles as he tenderly kisses her on the neck. He looks at the alarm clock. It reads 8:15 A.M.

JOHN
Nowhere. Just a dream.

Clare touches his forehead with the back of her hand. Her engagement ring is visible. She turns on a lamp by the night table.

CLARE
You're soaked again baby. I'm worried about you. It's not normal to wake up every night covered in sweat. You feel like you've been running around for hours. What does Brian think?

John rolls back to his side of the bed.

JOHN
(hesitating)
He says it's normal. People have bad dreams.

John reaches across her and turns off the lamp.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Go back to sleep Clare.

CLARE
I love you, that's why I worry.

JOHN
I love you too.
INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

John sits on a couch in a small room as he speaks to DOCTOR BRIAN GREENE, a grizzled, middle-aged psychiatrist.

JOHN
I just want it to stop. I can't deal with it anymore. You think over time you'd get used to it. But you don't. You never do.

Doctor Greene jots down notes in his leather-bound notebook.

DOCTOR GREENE
These dreams-

John interrupts.

JOHN
They aren't dreams Doctor. They're flashes. Dreams don't happen when you're wide awake.

DOCTOR GREENE
You've been seeing me for almost a year now John. And I really don't feel as though we're making any progress. Does she know about the things that you tell me?

John looks up and shakes his head.

JOHN
No. Of course not. And I'd like to keep it that way.

Doctor Greene sighs heavily as he looks over at the clock. It reads 5:16 P.M.

DOCTOR GREENE
Do you think any of this could be related to the acci-

John blinks as Doctor Greene is speaking mid-sentence.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

John plays the guitar and sings as punk rock music is blasted on stage. John and his band continue to perform in front of a packed audience of sweaty, screaming fans in a dark, crowded club.

JOHN
(singing)
And then you're gone! And then you're gone! And then you're gone!
The crowd goes wild in a fervor as John and his band bow to their raucous applause as they walk off-stage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Another band member, CHARLIE HUDSON, a British drummer covered in tattoos, walks behind John as he playfully rubs his friend's head.

CHARLIE
Good crowd tonight, eh Johnny?

John rolls up his right sleeve, sweat glistening on his forehead.

JOHN
Yeah, whatever. It was fine. You got my stuff?

Charlie takes out a bag of heroin and dangles it in front of John's face. John lunges at the bag as Charlie pulls it away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Give me the fucking bag!

Charlie sighs as he closes his eyes. He looks John square in the eye.

CHARLIE
You know, you hesitated for a second on the finale tonight.

John squirms about impatiently.

JOHN
Yeah, so what? It's one time.

CHARLIE
It's not just one time Johnny boy. It seems to happen every show these days. You zone out mid-song. Like you went somewhere else.

John lunges for the bag of heroine as Charlie retracts it again, watching John fall flat on his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Look at you John, it's pathetic.

JOHN
Fuck off. Just give me the shit!

CHARLIE
Maybe you should start to think about laying off this stuff Johnny.

Charlie places his hand on John's shoulder.
CHARLIE (CONT'D)
It's not good for you, take a look in the mirror. You're a mess. I've been there Johnny, trust me, it's not a good place to be.

John snatches the bag, as this time Charlie doesn't resist. He tears it open with his teeth. John systematically shoots up the heroin. His eyes roll back in his head as he sighs a sigh of relief. Charlie gets up and walks away.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Think about what I said Johnny.
Think about it.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

John stands at the bar as he pounds back a shot and motions the BARTENDER for another.

JOHN
Another shot of Jack. And keep em' coming.

BARTENDER
All right. But I'd take it easy there friendo. You look like you're headed down the wrong path tonight.

John looks up from his empty glass. He looks at the bartender. His shirt has a tag on it. It reads "Brian".

JOHN
Brian? What's your last name?

The Bartender pours a shot of Jack for John, and another for himself.

BARTENDER
Greene. Brian Greene.

John laughs hysterically.

JOHN
Brian Greene huh? I thought you looked familiar. A little less clean cut though. I like this look better.

BARTENDER
Do I know you friend?

John toys with his shot glass as he smirks.

JOHN
Tell me Brian, you ever think about becoming a doctor?

The Bartender shakes his head and smiles.
BARTENDER
No, never have. Maybe in another life.

John closes his eyes and bites his tongue, half smiling as he raises his glass.

JOHN
I'll drink to that Brian.

They slam shot glasses and pound back their drinks.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John blinks several times as he looks around. He lies in a messy bed, fully clothed. He feels the other side of his bed. It's empty. He sits up in panic.

JOHN
Clare?

Charlie walks into the room, holding a pill and a glass of water.

CHARLIE
Who the fuck is Clare?

John sits in bed sweating.

JOHN
Why am I still here?

Charlie sets the pill and glass of water on the nightstand by the bed.

CHARLIE
Why do you think you're here? The same damn reason you always end up here.

John looks at Charlie with a confused expression.

JOHN
You mean-

Charlie interrupts him.

CHARLIE
I mean you got fucked up and passed out like you always do. Leaving me to clean up your mess and drag you home.

John sighs in relief as he wipes his brow.

JOHN
I thought I was stuck here this time.
Charlie looks at John as he shakes his head.

CHARLIE
You're not even making sense anymore Johnny.

Charlie gets up and walks toward the door.

JOHN
Charlie. I'm sorry.

Charlie turns around.

CHARLIE
Yeah John, you are. You're really fucking sorry aren't you? So sorry that you go out every night and kill yourself with the drugs and the alcohol. You don't care about the band, you don't care about me. You know how many times I've defended you to the guys? They want to kick you out, and I vouch for you. Time and time again. And what do you do? You make us both look like idiots. Jesus Johnny, the only thing sorry about you is your life.

Charlie walks out of the bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

JOHN
(mumbling)
Well, I guess one out of three ain't bad.

John rolls over in bed as a tear slowly wafts its way down his cheek. Sleep overcomes him. John blinks.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR GREENE
-dent?

John lays on a couch as he looks around for several seconds.

DOCTOR GREENE (CONT'D)
Were you even listening to me John?

John looks up at Doctor Greene.

JOHN
It happened again.

DOCTOR GREENE
Just now? You flashed?
JOHN

Yes.

Doctor Greene looks at the clock, it reads 5:16 P.M.

DOCTOR GREENE

John, you've been sitting here the whole time.

JOHN

I was there for at least twelve hours.

DOCTOR GREENE

So you're telling me, in a split-second time here, you were gone some twelve hours somewhere else? Do you see the problem with that John?

John brushes his hair back as he looks away from the Doctor.

JOHN

I can't explain it either Doctor. I never claimed I could. I just want it to stop.

Doctor Greene continues to write down notes.

DOCTOR GREENE

Which timeline were you in this time?

JOHN

The one where I'm a junkie Rock Star.

He looks up at Doctor Greene.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I met you there. You're a bartender in that reality.

DOCTOR GREENE

A bartender? So how come that version of me didn't recognize you?

John sighs.

JOHN

It doesn't work that way I guess. There's a version of everyone in all three timelines. But I'm the only one that travels between all three.

DOCTOR GREENE

How do you know you're the only one that does?

John pauses.
JOHN
Well, I don't know. But I've yet to meet anyone else that does.

Doctor Greene scratches at his beard as he looks at John.

DOCTOR GREENE
And your third reality. It might help if you told me what you do in that one.

John looks down at his feet.

JOHN
Bad things. I'm not a good person there.

DOCTOR GREENE
Well you don't sound like such a great guy in your second life either. How much worse can you be than a self-loathing, hedonistic, indulgent, alcoholic drug abuser?

JOHN
I told you, I don't want to talk about it. It doesn't matter anyway.

Doctor Greene writes something on a sheet of paper as he rips it out of his notebook.

DOCTOR GREENE
John, are you still taking the Cortexifan I prescribed you?

John shakes his head.

JOHN
It didn't help.

Doctor Greene hands him the sheet of paper.

DOCTOR GREENE
That's because you stopped taking it. I want you to continue taking it. It should help with the nightmares.

JOHN
They aren't nightmares.

DOCTOR GREENE
John, we can talk about whatever you want. But if you really believe these things you say to be true, then what can I possibly do to help you?
John looks up at the clock. It reads 5:30 P.M.

    JOHN
Nothing apparently.

John gets up to walk away.

    DOCTOR GREENE
John, where are you going?

    JOHN
It's time to go.

    DOCTOR GREENE
It doesn't matter what time it is John.

John walks out the door as Doctor Greene is left reading his notes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John sits at his desk while he writes in a journal. Clare walks into the bedroom.

    CLARE
What are you doing?

John looks up, startled as he quickly shuts the journal and places it under a stack of papers in a desk drawer.

    JOHN
Just finishing some work.

Clare smiles as she walks up behind him and begins to gently massage his shoulders. She kisses him softly on the cheek.

    CLARE
You're always writing in that little book. You work too hard baby, come to bed.

John caresses her face as he kisses her on the forehead. He looks her up and down.

    JOHN
Someone's got to pay for those sexy little outfits.

Clare smiles.

    CLARE
You know I'd love you no matter what you do.

John pauses as he walks toward the bed, his back turned to her.
JOHN
What if I were a Rock Star?

Clare laughs as she gets under the covers.

CLARE
Baby, I love you, but you could never be a rock star.

John slides under the covers as well.

JOHN
But what if I were?

CLARE
Of course. You know I'd love you no matter what.

JOHN
What if I did things...bad things.
What if I were a bad person?

Clare looks confused as she touches John's shoulder.

CLARE
But you're not a bad person John.
What's wrong? Did something happen?

JOHN
No, forget it. I'm just tired.
It's been a long day. Sometimes I just wonder if I really deserve you.

Clare leans over and kisses him on the lips.

CLARE
I love you John. No matter who you are or what you do. I'll always love you.

JOHN
I love you too.

John turns off the lamp and rolls over. A small tear rolls down his cheek as he drifts into sleep. He blinks.

INT. DIMLY LIT LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

John sits on a chair, legs crossed, clad in black as he reads a sheet of paper. Opera music is heard in the background. On the paper are a series of names. The names all have a pen mark running through them, sans the last one. John looks at the name on the bottom. It reads "Brian Greene". John picks up a black pen and draws a line through his name. He gets up and puts on a pair of black gloves. He walks out the door.
INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

John pulls his car into a driveway. He looks at his watch. It reads 7:15 A.M., August 9th. He turns the car off and walks outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John walks up a gravel path to the door of a house. He knocks on the door. As he waits, John tightens his gloves. Brian Greene cracks the door open.

BRIAN GREENE
Do I know you?

EXT. OUTSIDE OF HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

John walks slowly and deliberately away from the house and enters his car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

John turns the car engine on. The car clock reads 7:29 A.M. He pulls out of the driveway and disappears.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John blinks. He wakes up sweating as he looks to his right and sees Clare. He looks at his alarm clock, it reads 11:42 P.M. He slowly creeps out of bed and leaves the bedroom, walking downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John picks up the house phone and dials a number, 1815162342. It rings three times until a woman answers.

JOHN
Doctor Greene?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Who is this?

JOHN
I'm sorry. This is John Rotit, I'm a patient of Doctor Greene's, could I please speak to him?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Do you have any idea what time it is?

John paces about the living room impatiently.

JOHN
Yes mam, and I'm very sorry. If I could just speak to him for one moment.
WOMAN (V.O.)
(sighing heavily)
One second. Brian, wake up. One of your crazy patients is calling for you. Get up Brian.

John grabs at his neck nervously.

JOHN
Hello?

DOCTOR GREENE (V.O.)
John? Why are you calling me at this hour at my house? You know you can't do that.

John breathes a sigh of relief.

JOHN
It works.

DOCTOR GREENE (V.O.)
What works? What are you talking about John?

JOHN
Nothing. Sorry for calling you so late. I'll see you tomorrow Doctor.

John hangs up the phone excitedly and grins a broad smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)
It works. It actually works.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

John sits at the kitchen table as he writes in his journal and reads the paper over a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee. The front page of the paper is shown. It reads August 9th. Clare walks into the kitchen and rubs his hair playfully.

CLARE
Someone's up early. Usually I have to drag you out of bed.

John smiles as he closes his journal and casually slides it under the newspaper.

JOHN
I'm in a good mood today. I feel like it's the beginning of a new life.

He gets up from the table and picks up Clare. He kisses her on the head.
CLARE
Well, I don't know where this happy, positive John came from. But it's a nice change of pace.

JOHN
Well get used to it baby, you're going to be seeing a lot more of it from now on.

John places Clare back down as he returns to his seat to finish his cereal.

CLARE
Well, I don't want to ruin the coming of the newfound John, but you're going to be late for work if you don't leave soo-

John blinks as Clare speaks mid-sentence.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

John rolls over in bed. He moans as he grasps at his pounding head. He looks over at the alarm clock, it reads 8:00 A.M., August 9th. John grabs a bottle of champagne laying by the bed and places it on his dresser. He pulls a bottle of pills out from the dresser. The label reads "Rohypnol". John picks up a picture laying on the dresser. It is of Clare and an unknown man, embracing happily. John tenderly strokes her face.

JOHN
I'll see you soon Clare.

John pours a handful of pills out of the container and swallows, chasing them down with a deep swig of champagne. He looks over at a picture of he and Charlie, arms around each other.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Forgive me Charlie. I wish you knew me in another life.

A tear rolls down John's cheek as he downs another handful of pills, chasing it again with a long gulp of champagne. Eternal sleep begins to dawn on John as he darts in and out of consciousness laying in bed. He looks at his alarm clock. It reads 8:15 A.M. John closes his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

John sits at a chair in his kitchen. He takes off his pair of black gloves and places them on the table. He pours himself a glass of scotch and picks up the phone. He dials 911.
OPERATOR (V.O.)
This is 911, what's your emergency?

JOHN
(hesitating)
My name is John Rotit. This morning
I killed a man named Brian Greene.
I've killed other men too. My address
is 10050 Cielo Drive.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir, pl-

John hangs up the phone. He sits back in his chair, facing
the front door of his apartment. He takes a long sip of
scotch. He picks a gun up from the table and places it on
his lap. He waits in silence and darkness.

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

John sits as a loud KNOCK on the door is heard.

AGENT RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)
This is Agent Rodriguez with the
Police, open the door immediately!

John calmly raises his gun and fires at the door.

AGENT RODRIGUEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Drop your weapon at once or we will
be forced to open fire!

Agent Rodriguez BUSTS down the door as he and two other
officers enter the apartment. John FIRES his gun at one
officer, hitting him in the leg. Agent Rodriguez and the
other two officers UNLOAD their firearms into John's chest.
He is hit half a dozen times. John slowly drops his gun.
He sags in his chair. Blood trickles down his hand as his
head tilts to the side. Agent Rodriguez walks up to John.
He places his fingers against his neck.

AGENT RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
He's dead.

Agent Rodriguez looks at his watch.

AGENT RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Time of death, 8:15 A.M.

John closes his eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

CLARE

N.

John breathes deeply as he wipes his brow.
CLARE (CONT'D)
John? Did you hear me baby?

John pauses momentarily, then looks at his watch. It reads 7:05 A.M. He hops up in a hurry.

JOHN
You're right, I better get going.

He kisses Clare on the cheek.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I love you.

CLARE
Are you okay?

John smiles as he looks deeply into her eyes.

JOHN
I am now.

John walks out the door to go to work. Clare smiles. She then glances down at the kitchen table and notices John's journal sticking out from beneath the newspaper. She picks it up, then places it back down and starts to walk away.

CLARE
I shouldn't.

She quickly turns back and picks up the journal again. She looks around as she opens the notebook as she grins.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I'll just see if there's anything about me.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Doctor Greene drives along the road on his way to work. His cell phone rings. He picks it up.

DOCTOR GREENE
Hello?

CLARE (V.O.)
(panic stricken)
Is this Doctor Brian Greene?

DOCTOR GREENE
Yes. Who is this?

CLARE (V.O.)
We haven't met. My name is Clare Weena. My fiancee is a patient of yours, John Rotit.

Doctor Greene continues to drive as he interrupts.
DOCTOR GREENE
Ah yes. So you're Clare. John calle-

Clare interrupts.

CLARE (V.O.)
Doctor Greene, please listen to me!
Have you seen John today?

DOCTOR GREENE
No, but I have an appointment with
him later. What's this all about?

Doctor Greene mumbles as traffic comes to a halt.

CLARE (V.O.)
I read his journal this morning.
Look, I think John might be planning
to do something. Something bad.

DOCTOR GREENE
I'm sorry, I'm not sure I understand.

Doctor Greene drives under a tunnel and the signal weakens
with static.

CLARE (V.O.)
(staticky)
H....mi...hur...you...he
as...illed..ou..but..alive.

DOCTOR GREENE
I'm sorry Clare, who's alive?

Doctor Greene looks over at his car clock. It reads 7:29
A.M. He pauses as he stares at the clock momentarily. He
looks back up at the road. He's ran a red light. A car
SLAMS into his on the driver's side.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

John crawls out of his car, coughing up blood. He limps his
way to the car he just ran into. He opens the passenger
door. Much to his dismay, he see's Doctor Greene sprawled
over the steering wheel.

JOHN
Doctor Greene?

Doctor Greene gargles up blood as he tries to speak.

DOCTOR GREENE
You...you...killed me.

John feebly tries to drag Doctor Greene out of the smashed
car. He is covered in blood. Ambulance sirens SCREECH in
the background. John looks at his watch.
It reads 7:29 A.M.

INT. CAR - MORNING

John looks at his watch over his black glove. It reads 7:29 A.M., August 9th.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

John looks at the paper, it reads August 9th.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

John holds Doctor Greene's limp, lifeless body, sitting against the car.

JOHN
I was a day off. I was a day ahead when I...

John sits on the pavement, bleeding and stunned.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

John looks at the clock as he slowly drifts away, champagne bottle in hand. The clock reads 8:15 A.M.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Agent Rodriguez leans over John's dying corpse.

AGENT RODRIGUEZ
Time of death, 8:15 A.M.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

John sits, slumped against the car, holding Doctor Greene's corpse. He looks at his watch, it reads 7:35 A.M. He gulps as tears run down his face.

JOHN
It never worked.

An ambulance crew rushes over to John and places him on a stretcher.
INT. AMBULANCE - MORNING

The medics attend to John as Doctor Greene lays lifeless beside him.

MEDIC
We got one alive. But he's losing a lot of blood.

JOHN
(mumbling)
It's too late.

MEDIC
You're going to make it sir. Just hang in there, the hospital is only five minutes away.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

John lays on a hospital bed, hooked up to electrical equipment, breathing heavily. He looks over at the clock. It reads 8:11 A.M. He sees Clare speaking to a doctor outside his room. She walks into the room, tears streaming down her face.

CLARE
I came as soon as I heard.

JOHN
I don't have much time Clare.

CLARE
Don't say that John, you're going to be ok.

She kneels beside John, kissing his hand.

CLARE (CONT'D)
And I don't care what you've done, or what's wrong with you, we'll get through this together.

JOHN
(confused)
What are you talking about?

CLARE
John, I read your journal. I don't understand what's going on with you, but it's okay, we'll get through this. I love you.

John looks over at the clock. It reads 8:14 A.M. He sighs deeply.
JOHN
I'm so sorry Clare. I tried to fix things. I thought it would work. I was wrong. I should have just kept suffering, you're worth a thousand lives of suffering.

Clare holds John's hand, crying profusely. John's eyes begin to flicker. She squeezes his hand harder.

CLARE
Stay with me baby, don't go. Stay with me.

JOHN
(faintly)
I love you. Maybe I'll see you...in another life.

Clare leans closer.

CLARE
(whimpering)
What John? John, can you hear me? John!

The clock reads 8:15 A.M. John's eyes flicker faintly. A bright white flash of light is seen.

John blinks.

FADE OUT:

THE END