Written by Anonymous
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FADE IN:

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

MICHAEL, mid fifties, sits at his desk facing the picture window of his home office.

Moonlight illuminates the treetops in the back yard.

The lights of homes across the valley outline the horizon in the distance.

Michael smiles. He pours a bit more Scotch into his glass and turns his attention back to his laptop.

A CREAKING of the floorboards.

A look of concern crosses Michael’s face.

Michael swivels his chair to look toward the door, behind him.

A man stands in the doorway. This is MIKE. He is the spitting image of Michael but fifteen, possibly twenty years younger.

    MIKE
    Hello Michael.

    MICHAEL
    What the hell? Who the --

    MIKE
    How are you?

    MICHAEL
    How am . . . ? What do you want? Please, just take whatever --

    MIKE
    I’m not here to rob you. Or to hurt you.

Michael picks up his cell phone.

    MICHAEL
    I’m calling the police.

    MIKE
    There really won’t be time for that.

Michael freezes.
MICHAEL
You’re not here to hurt me but there won’t be time?

Mike motions toward the window.

MIKE
Look outside.

Michael hesitates.

MIKE (CONT’D)
I’ll stay right here.

Michael swivels back toward the window.

Far over the horizon there is a red-orange flash. A burst. It brightens the sky like a neon light. Lasting less than a second.

MICHAEL
What the hell?

MIKE
There is something I need you to understand. But first I need to explain.

MICHAEL
(Yelling)
Janet? JANET! GET THE GUN!

MIKE
Michael, Janet has been dead for almost two years.

MICHAEL
My son will be --

MIKE
Seth lives three hours from here. Emily is in Seattle. You’re alone here.

MICHAEL
Who the hell are you? How do you know?

MIKE
I’m sort of your twin.

MICHAEL
My twin? You’re a little young to be my twin.
MIKE
Not a biological twin.

MICHAEL
What? A primordial twin?

MIKE
Not sure that makes any sense. More like a parallel universe twin.

MICHAEL
A parallel? And that makes sense?

The lights in the house flicker.

MIKE
Do you remember when you were young? Your bicycle accident?

Michael looks around the room.

MICHAEL
What was that?

MIKE
There isn’t time, Michael. Do you remember?

MICHAEL
My bike? I broke my wrist and my collar bone.

MIKE
No, before that.

MICHAEL
What? Get the hell out of my house!

Another blue flash brightens the sky outside. A second and it’s gone.

MIKE
Broadview Street. You were ten.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

A TEN YEAR OLD MICHAEL pedals hard down a tree-lined street in an older neighborhood.

He’d riding a gold bike with butterfly handlebars and a banana seat.
MICHAEL (V.O.)
My stingray?

MIKE (V.O.)
You tried to beat the car at the corner.

Ten year old Michael cuts a hard right turn at the intersection of the two narrow streets.

Behind him a car enters the intersection.

Ten year old Michael loses control of the bike and slides sideways, laying the bike down, sliding on the pavement.

Car tires SQUEAL loudly.

Ten year old Michael curls into a ball on the concrete.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
He stopped. He didn’t hit me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE – NIGHT

MIKE
That’s not quite how it happened.

Michael glares at Mike.

MICHAEL
You’re out of your mind.

MIKE
The bumper shattered your spine. The tire went over your head.

Michael stands, enraged.

MICHAEL
Get out! Get the hell out.

MIKE
You don’t have to accept it. But if you could, if you could, it would make the next step easier.

Michael takes a couple of steps toward Mike.

MICHAEL
You’re not going to hurt me? Then back off. Back off!
Mikes backs into the hallway.

Michael walks quickly out of the office, across the hall and immediately into the bedroom on the other side of the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Mike steps to the bedroom door. A dim light comes from the master bathroom.

The bedroom is a bit larger than the office. The same style of picture window overlooks the back yard.

Michael moves quickly around the bed to the night stand.

Michael opens the drawer of the night stand. He pulls out a small Snub-Nose handgun.

MIKE
That really won’t make any difference.

JANET, in her bathrobe, appears in the doorway of the bathroom. She is in her early fifties, petite, shoulder-length hair.

MICHAEL
Janet!

JANET
Michael, listen --

MICHAEL
Janet?

Michael wheels the gun toward Mike.

JANET
Michael, Please listen to him.

MICHAEL
What the hell is this? Sick prank!

He pulls the trigger. BAM! The muzzle flash cracks through the room.

MIKE
I thought she could help to explain.

Michael pulls the trigger again. BAM! And again. BAM.
MIKE (CONT’D)
That’s really not necessary.

A bright red-orange light illuminates the trees outside. The light is brighter, lasting longer than before.

MICHAEL
That’s not my wife.

Michael looks back at the bathroom door.

The woman is gone.

MIKE
Actually, it was.

MICHAEL
Is she dead? Is she?

MIKE
She just . . . moved.

MICHAEL
You’re insane! She’s --

Michael points outside.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
What the hell is going on?

MIKE
You know what’s going on.

MICHAEL
I guess it doesn’t matter because I’m dead. I’ve been dead for forty-eight years.

MIKE
It’s just, ten year old Michael changed. He moved.

MICHAEL
I moved? And then I had children? I had a wife!

MIKE
Yes.

A steady, strong WIND blows through the trees outside. It continues.
MICHAEL
Yes? Just, yes? Make some God damn sense.

MIKE
We move. From parallel to parallel.

MICHAEL
So I haven’t been dead?

MIKE
You moved from that other parallel when you were ten.

MICHAEL
So I am alive in this parallel? Are you dead?

MIKE
It really doesn’t matter.

MICHAEL
It doesn’t matter?

Michael puts the barrel of the gun to his temple.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Does this matter?

MIKE
It, it might make things more difficult.

MICHAEL
More difficult?

MIKE
We have to move now.

Michael lowers the gun.

MICHAEL
Move? Where? Why? Aren’t we going to die right here?

MIKE
It’s a change.

MICHAEL
A change? A fucking change! Like, no big deal?

MIKE
No. This is a very big deal.
MICHAEL
So you’re not dead? You’re twenty
years younger than me but you know
I died twenty-eight years before
you were born?

MIKE
My time line runs a bit different
from yours.

MICHAEL
Oh? Really? And what the hell is
Janet’s time line?

MIKE
She had to move.

MICHAEL
Move?

MIKE
Yes. Seth has moved.

MICHAEL
Seth?

MIKE
Yes. The first flash you saw.
That’s when Seth moved.

Michael turns. He stares out the window.

MICHAEL
The flash was Seth.

MIKE
No. You know what the flash was.

MICHAEL
I know.

MIKE
This entire parallel is going to
cease. It was a mistake.

The WIND outside slowly dies down.

MICHAEL
A mistake? This? This entire
universe is just going to cease?
Just, fucking, poof?

Michael raises the gun to his temple again.
MIKE
Please don’t. It would be a mistake.

MICHAEL
Like the self destruction.

MIKE
Yes.

MICHAEL
So there are rules.

MIKE
Of course there are.

Michael drops the gun.

MICHAEL
Seth moved. And Emily?

MIKE
Yes.

MICHAEL
And Janet?

MIKE
Yes.

MICHAEL
When I was hit by the car, I moved then?

MIKE
Yes.

MICHAEL
But I didn’t know it.

MIKE
No.

MICHAEL
Will I know it this time?

MIKE
Yes. That’s why I came here. To explain. You are going to know. This time.

MICHAEL
Will I see Janet? Or the kids?
MIKE
It’s possible.

MICHAEL
It’s possible? How soon?

MIKE
In a few seconds.

Michael, weakened, defeated, gazes out the window.
He smirks.

MICHAEL
Will I be alive then?

MIKE
Are you dead now?

MICHAEL
I have no idea.

MIKE
You’ll understand. Soon enough.

MICHAEL
I guess . . . we just watch?

Michael turns to face out the window.
Mike walks over and stands next to him.
A bright red-orange flash.
The light becomes brighter and brighter.
The world turns blinding white.

FADE OUT.