

Two Suns  
by  
Steven Clark

© 2014

Email [SAClark69@verizon.net](mailto:SAClark69@verizon.net)  
Cell 631.456.2752

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Overcast sky, buds on tree branches signal the arrival of spring. It's cold, yet several people are out. On a park bench --

LLOYD (73), wool flat cap, thick glasses, neat salt and pepper moustache, tosses crumbs to awaiting pigeons from a brown paper bag.

DARNELL (74), sits next to him, wears a baseball cap with the words I LOVE BENJAMIN across the front.

LLOYD

I had this dream once.

DARNELL

Oh yeah?

LLOYD

I dreamed I was in a forest, see? And there were these two paths, one going left, the other right. Then this angel appeared to me, and she said I had to choose one.

A crumb hits the ground, numerous pigeons vie for it.

A car horn *HONKS* in the distance, a child laughs.

DARNELL

What happened then?

LLOYD

I kissed her.

DARNELL

You dog. Then what?

LLOYD

Well, this man comes along. He's walking towards me, dressed all in black.

(MORE)

LLOYD (cont'd)

I can't see his face, but he just keeps on coming. And this fear rises up inside me like you wouldn't believe.

DARNELL

What'd you do then?

LLOYD

I ran.

DARNELL

Get very far?

LLOYD

Well, next thing you know I'm flying. I mean, like, really flying. Way up high above the trees. It was the most peaceful feeling I'd ever had. Then I pick up my head and look out in the distance, and there, climbing the horizon, are two bright suns.

DARNELL

Two suns?

LLOYD

Yeah. Crazy, right?

A ball rolls to the old men's feet. Darnell picks it up, throws it to a YOUNG BOY with a baseball glove, a high lob of a throw that hits its mark.

DARNELL

How old were you?

LLOYD

Hmm?

DARNELL

When you had that dream--how old were you?

LLOYD

Oh, I couldn't have been more than  
seventeen...eighteen.

DARNELL

Well, that explains why you put the  
moves on that angel.

LLOYD

(chuckles)

Yeah, I guess so.

Silence for a beat, then --

DARNELL

So, did you ever go back and choose  
one of the paths?

Lloyd goes to throw another crumb, but stops.

LLOYD

No, I never did.

Darnell glances at his friend, nods, looks ahead.

DARNELL

Hmm. How long's Janice been gone now?

LLOYD

Oh, jeez.

(sighs)

Coming up on fourteen years.

DARNELL

You ever regret it?

LLOYD

You mean--What? Taking her off life  
support?

Darnell nods.

LLOYD

Sometimes. But she was in a lot of pain, you know? It seemed like the... humane thing to do at the time.

DARNELL

You loved her.

LLOYD

I married her.

DARNELL

And you don't regret it?

LLOYD

There's a lot of things I regret, Darnell. That's not one of 'em. She looked peaceful in the end, but...

FLASHBACK:

INT. CAR - DAY

A much younger Lloyd drives. JANICE (59), next to him. In the backseat is KIM (19), flipping through the pages of a college catalogue.

LLOYD (V.O.)

Every now and then I could see her in that bed, eyes rolling around under her eyelids. I knew better. And when the thing happened...

Kim looks up.

KIM

I think it's up over this hill, dad. On the left. County road nineteen.

EXT. CAR

The surrounding landscape is covered with a thin layer of snow. The warmth of the late day sun melts what it can.

The car labors up an incline, reaches the apex, then quickly gathers speed as it descends.

INT. CAR

Lloyd flips the visor down. Janice shields her eyes.

LLOYD  
Man, that sun's wicked.

JANICE  
Be careful, Lloyd.

LLOYD  
I will, I will.

He taps the brake. The car slides, and he lets off. Taps again. The brakes lock. They've hit a patch of ice.

LLOYD  
Shit.

KIM  
Dad?

They careen down the hill, twisting left, then right, unable to gain control.

Lloyd furiously turns the wheel to no effect.

JANICE  
Take your foot off the brake!

A horn *HONKS*, but not the kind that comes from a car.

The sun's rays stream in through the windshield, making it impossible to see.

More *HONKING*.

KIM  
Daddy!

LLOYD (V.O.)

My daughter cried out in a voice I'll never forget. It was like a child's voice. A voice I'd heard countless times when I'd push her on the swing, or when she opened gifts on her birthday. In that moment, she was eight again.

The light slowly fades...

KIM

Daddy, daddy..!

Darkness.

An oncoming truck horn trumpets its insistent warning.

*CRASH!*

Light.

Lloyd's car has stopped, the endless blaring of the horn the only sound. Through the cracked windshield, an optical illusion: the sun has split into two.

A lone shard of glass falls on the dash. *CLINK.*

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PARK - DAY

The sun peeks out. The overcast day thankfully brightens.

Lloyd crumples his bag, and drops it in a trash can next to the bench.

LLOYD

I think Janice would have wanted me to end it the way I did. I wasn't going to let life, or God or whatever, decide for me.

DARNELL

Well, it's good that you don't regret it, Lloyd.

LLOYD

I've lived a lot of years, Darnell. You know? I have many regrets I still live with. Things I would've done different, places I should have gone.

Darnell shakes his head.

DARNELL

See, I don't know if I'd be able to live with that. Something like that, I think, would just...eat me up inside.

A MAN and WOMAN walk past with a BOY, 4, in tow. When they get further down the concrete path, the boy turns and waves.

The old men watch. Lloyd waves back, smiles politely.

DARNELL

Ever wish you could go back--to that dream? Choose a path?

Lloyd laughs to himself, rubs his thighs, shivers, zippers his jacket.

The remaining pigeons scatter.

LLOYD

Maybe it was sun dogs.

DARNELL

Hmm?

FADE OUT.