

THE OTHER ME

written by

Tyler Washburn

A Drawing Apples Production

ZHURA
18 Tremont St, Suite 310
Boston, MA 02108
www.zhura.com

REVISION 350

May 12, 2009
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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

A hand toggles a light switch on.

EXT. OUTSIDE- NIGHT

A lit cigarette with all twelve months written on it.
January burns off.

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

A bare counter except for a blue toothbrush in a cup.
TYLER, 26, gaunt, balding, scruffy face, examines his
receding hair line in mirror.

WISE MAN (V.O.)

Forty-two years.

TYLER (V.O.)

Wow...that's a while.

WISE MAN (V.O.)

It sounds longer than it feels. In
the end...it's a blink.

Tyler handles tiny scissors removing traces of uni-brow.

Closes eyes.

Opens eyes. He notices the counter now covered with make-up
and perfume.

A pink toothbrush joins the blue one.

TYLER (V.O.)

I wish I could find someone to put
up with me for forty-two years.

WISE MAN (V.O.)

Now that's the tricky part. It's a
tough one. It's not enough to just
love a person, you have to like
them too.

A WOMAN wraps Her arms around Him from behind.

She nuzzles Her face in His neck.

He closes his eyes in comfort. He opens his eyes.

She is gone and the counter is bare again.

INT. LOBBY-DAY

Tyler and a Woman pass by each other.

He looks at ground as She passes.

EXT. BUS STOP-DAY

Tyler is slumped next to Wise man on bench.

Bus creaks to a stop.

Tyler rises.

TYLER

This is my bus, it was nice to meet you.

WISE MAN

Nice to meet you too. Good luck with your acting and writing and things.

TYLER

Yeah, thanks, good luck with dying soon.

WISE MAN

Thanks, have a good day.

He boards. Commuter shrinks down the street.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

Tyler enters holding script sides.

A CASTING AGENT shoots up from a desk.

TYLER

I'm, Tyler, I'm here for-

CASTING AGENT

-I'm sorry, I have to cut you off right there. You're far too ugly for this part or any part for that matter and you should probably quit acting altogether. As a matter of fact, if I were you, I would seriously think about getting a job changing oil or maybe coal mining. Something underground.

TYLER

Sorry?

CASTING AGENT

I said I'm sorry but we've already finished casting for this production. Your agent really should have called you.

TYLER

Oh.

CASTING AGENT

Better luck next time.

TYLER

Yeah...

EXT. OUTSIDE-NIGHT

The cigarette burns off february and march.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Tyler pennies scratch tickets. One after another come up "better luck next time."

He listens to his voicemail on speaker phone.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Tiggs it's jordy man where you been? You don't love me any more or what? Quit being a weirdo and come to the bar you little bitch. You're not that ugly. Come on I'm getting married!

Beep! Next message.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)

Hey Tyler, it's Linda. Sorry I forgot to tell you earlier, but you probably figured it out by now that the audition has been cancelled because your face is ugly they finished casting. Um, yeah, sorry it's been a zoo over here today. Justin booked another movie and He's flying out to New York to shoot. Paper work, paper work. Anyways, better luck next time hun.

Beep! Next message.

VOICEMAIL (V.O.)
 Repugnant, disgusting, repulsive,
 shame, failure, alone, forever,
 single, one-

Tyler's thumb sharply ends the call.

TYLER
 Jesus.

Tyler glances to his right. Curled up beside him is ABIGAIL, 20's. They gaze at each other.

TYLER
 Hi.

ABIGAIL
 Hi.

TYLER
 Something's wrong with my
 voicemail.

ABIGAIL
 Yeah.

TYLER
 Wow.

He stares deep into Her eyes.

ABIGAIL
 What?

TYLER
 You're...

ABIGAIL
 What?

TYLER
 You're...so...

ABIGAIL
 What?

TYLER
 Beautiful.

ABIGAIL
 Thank you.

TYLER
 What's your name?

ABIGAIL
What is my name?

TYLER
Abigail.

ABIGAIL
Abigail. That's a pretty name.

TYLER
Yeah.

ABIGAIL
Are you ugly to me?

TYLER
Am I?

She examines his face.

ABIGAIL
No.

He sighs.

TYLER
I'm glad you're here.

ABIGAIL
I've run out of things to say.
What would I say next?

TYLER
You'd say...

ABIGAIL
That I wish I was real...And then
you'd say?

TYLER
So do I...So do I.

EXT. OUTSIDE- NIGHT

The cigarette burns through to July.

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

Tyler fight's tears in mirror.

Sneers at lone blue toothbrush.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Montage/Tyler's daily routine.

A)Alphabetizing DVD collection.

B)Writing screenplay.

C)Ordering DVD collection by genre.

D)Facebook friends status are all married or in a relationship.

E)Cell phone shows no missed calls or messages.

F)Typing then deleting his script which is this script.

G)Emptying DVD shelf.

H)Abigail locked outside, he closes blinds.

End of montage.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Heavy eyed, Tyler slouches in front of TV. He peeks at closed blinds.

He opens blinds. Abigail shivers outside.

His eyes close. They open again.

She is still there.

He lets Her inside.

ABIGAIL

What did I do?

TYLER

How could you do anything?

ABIGAIL

I don't know, should I leave then?

TYLER

No, I don't know...No?

ABIGAIL

I'll hurt you?

TYLER

This is sick. I'm sick, I...What am I doing?

ABIGAIL

I should go.

Abby turns to leave. He stops Her.

TYLER

No wait just...just wait...let me,
be crazy for a while.

She turns back smiling.

ABIGAIL

I'd like that.

He smiles.

INT. BATHROOM-DAY

Using a measuring tape, Tyler checks his hairline.

The Lone Toothbrush steals his focus.

Tyler tosses a face cloth over it.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Tyler zoned out on TV.

ON SCREEN-Tyler dressed like a news caster.

TYLER

New research shows that single men
are twice as likely to die early
than married men. How's the
weather out there Tom?

TOM, 30's, weatherman responds.

TOM

It's pretty shitty.

OFF SCREEN

He races to the patio door. Opens blinds. Nothing.

He closes eyes. Opens them.

Still nothing. He opens and closes the blinds frantically.

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

Tyler flicks the light on and off anxiously. Nothing happens.

WISE MAN (V.O.)

Yep...and then she was just gone.
That was the worst day of my life.

EXT. PATIO-NIGHT

Tyler smokes a cigarette shuddering.

Cigarette bares markings that read "-10 min, -20 min, -30 min." It burns to the filter.

TYLER (V.O.)

I geuss I'm lucky that I'll never
have to feel like that.

EXT. BUS STOP-DAY

Tyler hunched next to Wise Man on bench.

WISE MAN

Maybe, but I got forty-two great
years of memories to keep me
company. And that's all you really
are anyways. What you remember.
And what you don't.

TYLER

I'm so young in the good ones.

WISE MAN

Yep...That's how she goes.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

A prescription bottle stares at Tyler from coffee table.
Tyler pens a notepad jittering.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! At the door.

Tyler eye in peep hole.

Abigail in peep hole.

Tyler lurks around His door.

TYLER

What do you want Abby, you're too
late.

ABIGAIL
I'm scared Tyler.

TYLER
Please just go away.

ABIGAIL
let me in we can-

TYLER
-Leave me alone!

Tyler fills palm with pills. Glares at his palm.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! At the door again.

Tyler opens the door staring at the ground.

NICOLA, 20's, greets him.

TYLER
What?

NICOLA
Sorry to bother you-

TYLER
-What do you want?

NICOLA
Oh, um, hi, my name's Nicola um...

Tyler makes eye contact.

TYLER
I'm...Tyler.

He discretely stuffs his handful of pills into his back pocket.

NICOLA
It is you, I thought so, we passed in the lobby a while ago. Hey listen this is sort of weird I know but could I possibly use your shower?

TYLER
Ah, ah, um-

NICOLA
-I don't have any hot water, please? I won't make a mess I promise.

TYLER

Ah, yeah, course, sure, um-

NICOLA

You're a life saver thanks. I'll just grab my stuff, be right back.

She leaves. Tyler bottles the pills and hides them. Straightens up the room.

Tyler, ear to bathroom door, hears the shower turn on.

Tyler watches bathroom door suspiciously from sofa.

Nicola exits the bathroom with wet hair and different clothes.

Tyler jumps up conspicuously.

NICOLA

Oh, I feel so much better, thanks so much.

TYLER

Um, no, yeah, that's no problem at all. It's, it's good yeah.

NICOLA

When I get all unpacked I'll have to have you...over for a drink or something.

TYLER

Right, yeah, sure, you'll have to.

NICOLA

Well um, have a good night. Nice to meet you.

TYLER

Nice to meet you too.

She leaves.

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

He pokes his head in.

Everything is tidy.

A Pink Toothbrush joins his Blue one.

He toggles light off.

He toggles light back on and enters.

Two Toothbrushes in the cup. He picks up the Pink one.

Tyler studies the Pink Toothbrush in his hand.

Leaves with it.

He enters again.

Tyler places the Pink Toothbrush back in the cup.

Smiles at the Toothbrush cup from the doorway.

Toggles light switch off.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Tyler sits at computer writing screenplay.

Looks up.

Abigail, Wiseman, Casting Agent are sitting on his couch.

Closes his eyes.

Opens them. They are gone.

ON SCREEN

He types "THE BEGINNING."

THE END