

**Flashing lights**

by

Kaushal Odedra

FADE IN:

Black.

A small, thin, beam of light flashes from the bottom right to the top right of the screen.

Another identical beam of light flashes from the bottom to the top, just centimeters away from the first flash.

The flashes of light begin to increase in frequency until they seem like they are two consistent beams of light.

We then FADE IN a bit more to reveal:

An overhead time lapse shot of cars speeding across a highway. The beams of light FADE INTO the lights of each car.

The time lapse gradually slows down, and FADES INTO:

EXT. HIGHWAY-MORNING

We follow an MPV as it makes its way through the traffic on the curving roads outside in between skyscrapers.

The MPV then approaches the rush hour traffic heading into the city, and comes to an almost complete stop.

INT. MPV-MORNING

Inside the MPV, Sarah Carpenter, 34, dark haired, all natural beauty, anxiously waits for the traffic to get moving again.

SARAH

I'm gonna be late.

She then bangs the horn a few times to try to get the traffic moving.

It does.

Sarah then accelerates and makes her way into the city.

EXT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES-MORNING

A huge monolithic tower, dwarfing the buildings around it, extends into the sky.

Sarah's MPV screeches to a halt in front of the entrance to the building.

Sarah jumps out of the car, and painstakingly runs into the building in her heels.

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES-MORNING

Sarah runs across the lobby and makes her way to the reception.

She approaches the desk, trying desperately to catch her breath.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, how may I help you?

SARAH

I'm...

She then takes a deep breath, and calms herself down.

SARAH

Sorry. I'm here for my interview with Mr. Depkes.

RECEPTIONIST

And your name?

SARAH

Sarah Carpenter.

RECEPTIONIST

You're late. You were supposed to be here fifteen minutes ago.

SARAH

I'm sorry, I got caught in traffic.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Depkes' office is on the 34th floor. I suggest you hurry up.

SARAH

Ok, thanks.

Sarah runs over to an elevator, and manages to squeeze through at the last moment, just as the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR-MORNING

Sarah taps the button to the 34th floor of the building.

Sarah checks and corrects herself using the reflection on the elevator doors, at the discomfort of the other elevator passengers.

Cut to:

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES-MORNING

The doors of the elevator open to reveal the offices. Sun light shines in through the large windows, and illuminates the neat and organized metallic work spaces.

Sarah makes her way out of the elevator and into the large open space.

Arthur Depkes, mid 50's, tall and slender in a fine grey italian suit approaches Sarah.

ARTHUR

Hi. I'm Arthur Depkes. You must be Ms. Carpenter.

SARAH

Mrs.

ARTHUR

Sorry. Please, follow me to my office.

Sarah looks around the offices as she walks with Arthur to his office.

She sees the employees working together, peacefully and productively, and being happy and cheery. This is a place where she would want to work.

Arthur then opens the door to his office and lets Sarah in.

INT. ARTHUR DEPKES' OFFICE-MORNING

Arthur takes a seat in his fine italian leather chair, behind a huge glass table. Sarah sits opposite him on a small, rather uncomfortable chair.

Arthur then gets out a sheet of paper and a pen.

ARTHUR

I've taken the liberty to look over your resume, and I have to say that I'm somewhat impressed. You got your masters of advanced architectural design from Columbia, graduated with honors from USC and had a consistent 4.0 GPA from one of the top schools in the country. That being said, why do you want to be an architect and why do you want to work for Depkes Architecture?

SARAH

Until five years ago, architecture was my life. I was inspired by looking at pictures of various buildings from around the world, and how they help to define and give an identity to the city, like Salvadore Gaudi's buildings in Barcelona...and right now, I believe that Depkes Architectural is the best architectural consultancy that an architect could work for.

Arthur scribbles something on the piece of paper. Sarah tries to read it, but can't make out what it says.

ARTHUR

Ok. One thing that has me concerned with your resume is your lack of experience. Can you explain why you don't have any relevant experience?

SARAH

After I graduated from Columbia, I got married and we decided that I would stay at home and look after our son. His name's Elliot. He's now five.

ARTHUR

So why did you choose to start working now?

SARAH

Elliott has started school, and so I now have the time to start work.

Arthur scribbles something else on the piece of paper.

ARTHUR

The life of architect, especially one that works here, is very demanding and can put a lot of stress on you. Are you sure that you're ready for that kind of life?

SARAH

Yes...I think so.

ARTHUR

Ok. Now, tell me, have you ever been in a position where you've had to lead a team?

SARAH

No.

ARTHUR

You've never lead a team? In anything?

SARAH

No.

ARTHUR

Have you ever had to fight for something that you strongly believed in?

Sarah takes some time to think about an example. She can't.

SARAH

Can I get back to you on that?

ARTHUR

Umm sure...Ok, so have you ever had to motivate yourself to do something that you didn't want to do to benefit a greater purpose?

SARAH

Umm, no.

Sarah sinks into her chair. She knows that it's not going good.

ARTHUR

Okay. Let's try something else. Where do you see yourself in five years?

SARAH

I haven't really thought about it. I guess I would like to have done something in my life that I would be proud of.

ARTHUR

Ok, that's commendable I guess. So, I think we have enough information to make a decision. I'll have some-

one call you to let you know the outcome. Thank you for coming in.

SARAH

Thank you.

Sarah stands up and leaves the office.

Cut to:

EXT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICE-DAY

Sarah walks calmly out of the office building and makes her way to her MPV.

She approaches the car when she sees a ticket stuck to her windshield.

She tears it off, resisting the urge to say any swear words, and gets in her car.

Cut to:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND-DAY

Elliott Carpenter, 5, a little short for his age, punches another kid in the face.

The rest of the kids in the playground gather round, as the other kid wrestles with Elliott.

A teacher tries to get through the crowd to stop the kids from fighting.

Sarah drives up to the schoolyard and parks her car near the gates. She sees Elliott fighting with the other kid.

Sarah runs over and helps the teacher.

She reaches Elliott and tears him away from the other kid. She then pulls him away from the crowd. The teacher pulls the other kid into the school building.

SARAH

What the hell's the matter with you?

Elliott doesn't answer.

SARAH

Promise me you won't get into another fight again.

Elliott still doesn't respond.

SARAH  
PROMISE ME!

ELLIOTT  
I promise.

SARAH  
Now get in the car.

Elliott gets in the MPV.

Cut to:

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Sarah's MPV pulls into the driveway of an old 4 bedroom country manor house.

Sarah gets out of the car, and opens the back door to let her son out.

Elliott jumps out and runs past his mother into the house.

Sarah follows him carrying his backpack.

INT. HOUSE- DAY

Elliott runs upstairs, his mind focused only on his toys.

Sarah drops Elliott's things on the couch and moves into the kitchen.

Max Carpenter, 37, rugged and slightly portly, dressed in a t-shirt and torn jeans takes a bite out of a sandwich while reading the sports section of the daily newspaper.

SARAH  
Your son got into a fight today.

MAX  
He got into a fight?

SARAH  
Yeah, he punched another kid in the face.

MAX  
Why?

SARAH



I don't know. I haven't asked him yet.

MAX

That's what happens when kids are raised by their mothers.

SARAH

Yeah, you're right. He should be raised by his father. But he's obviously not up for the job.

Max doesn't respond. It's obvious that these two are not getting along.

Sarah walks out of the room, frustrated and angry.

INT. HOUSE-LATER

Sarah and Max sit opposite each other on the dinner table.

Sarah cuts herself a piece of a green bean. She focuses her stare on her plate, avoiding any eye contact with her husband.

MAX

The vegetables are undercooked...

Sarah replies passively.

SARAH

Sorry...would you like me to cook it again?

MAX

Don't bother...

Max is cut off by Sarah's cellphone.

SARAH

Excuse me.

Max looks annoyed as Sarah takes the call at the dinner table.

SARAH

(into phone)

Hello?

We hear the crackled voice coming from the other side of the line.

VOICE

Hi, this is Maggie calling from Depkes Architectural.

SARAH

Hi, Maggie.

VOICE

Mr. Depkes considered your application, and unfortunately at this time he regrets to inform you that you have been unsuccessful at this time.

Sarah doesn't respond. She really wanted the job.

VOICE

We thank you for meeting with us, and we will keep your details on file if an opportunity ever arises.

The line goes dead.

Sarah's in shock, and slowly shuts her phone.

SARAH

I didn't get it.

MAX

Didn't get what?

SARAH

The job.

MAX

I thought we agreed that you would stay home and look after Elliott.

SARAH

I've looked after Elliott for five years. What am I supposed to do while he's at school. Just sit here and rot?

MAX

We talked about this.

SARAH

I'm sorry Max. But I don't want to be that person anymore.

MAX

WHO CARES WHAT YOU WANT!

Sarah remains calm.

SARAH

I'm going to my mother's for a few days to figure things out...and I'm taking Elliott with me.

MAX

Fine.

Max stands up and leaves the room.

Sarah continues to eat.

Cut to:

EXT. PACIFIC COASTAL HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The busy pacific coastal highway lights up in bright whites and reds, forming a large colorful snake cascading through the cliffside.

Sarah races across the highway in her MPV, obviously angry at her husband.

Elliott sits in a small booster seat adjacent to Sarah.

SARAH

Did you remember to pack all your things?

ELLIOTT

Yes, mommy.

Elliott then turns his attention through the window at the cars whizzing past him.

A large slow moving oil tanker blocks Sarah's path through the traffic.

Sarah slows her MPV to avoid colliding into the tanker.

Beginning to lose patience, Sarah looks in the mirror, trying to find a way past the big rig.

No use, the lanes are completely full of cars, without a single space available.

Sarah decides to turn her indicator on, hoping that the car behind will let her through.

It doesn't.

Sarah tries to force her way in between, but there's not enough space.

The traffic begins to move quickly and a small gap opens up.

Sarah tries to force her way into the small gap by pushing down the accelerator. The car finds some speed and Sarah turns her car into the gap.

Still, the car behind pushes harder and faster, quickly closing the gap.

Sarah accelerates, foot completely to the floor.

A broken LED sign on the side of road flickers on and off.

SARAH'S P.O.V.: The sign flashes on and off in the corner of her eye. Suddenly, the lights of all the cars begin to blur and a small aura appears around the lights.

Sarah ignores it.

The cars in front begin moving quicker, and the gap opens again.

Sarah sees her opportunity and turns into the gap, the car's almost through.

One last turn.

A few horns blare off in the distance.

Sarah focuses on the gap, not noticing the stopping cars in front.

The tanker hits the brakes hard to avoid colliding with cars in front.

Sarah sees the tankers brake light in the corner of her eye, but cannot react to it.

The intensity of the light sparks off something in her brain, neurons come alive in a beehive of activity. The only thing her brain can do to cope is shut down.

Her foot lifts off the accelerator.

She loses consciousness and her head drops down onto the steering wheel.

As she does so, her foot smashes back onto the accelerator, and the car accelerates uncontrollably.

The car veers to the left and into the gap, but there's not enough space.

The car, now traveling at over 80mph, smashes into the stationary tanker.

The tanker rips through the entire right side of the MPV, smashing glass and crunching metal in the process.

The mpv comes to a catastrophic stop.

Other cars screech to a halt, narrowly avoiding the mpv.

The drivers airbag inflates in a puff, cushioning Sarah from any injury.

The passenger seat is completely crushed and torn apart, only the remains of the booster seat can be seen.

A tiny fist, covered in blood, extends from the wreckage.

Fade out:

Fade in:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD-NIGHT

A bright light fades in through the black.

The sound of ringing phones and hectic conversations grows louder and louder.

Sarah regains consciousness and awakens in a hospital bed.

A doctor approaches her and takes a seat next to the bed.

Sarah, in a calm manner, asks for her child.

SARAH

Where's my son?

The doctor deflects the question.

DOCTOR

You were involved in a car accident.  
Can you remember anything that happened during or before the accident?

She asks again, this time with more force.

SARAH

WHERE'S MY BABY?!

The doctor tries to calm her down.

It's no use, she's delirious. The doctor finally reveals what happened.

DOCTOR

Your son was found in the front passenger seat...his bones were completely crushed and he lost a lot of blood...we did everything we could...I'm sorry.

Sarah falls silent, shocked at the finality of the situation.

The silence is soon shattered as Sarah cries out for her son.

SARAH  
WHERE'S MY BABY... WHERE'S MY  
BABY... WHERE'S MY BABY!!!

The doctor signals to some orderlies. They rush in and hold Sarah down.

Cut to:

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Sarah wakes up in a bed at her home.

The sun shines in through the windows providing some light to the dark and messy room.

Sarah opens her bedside drawer and takes out some pills.

She swallows a white pill and drowns it with beer.

She then clambers into her shower.

Cut to:

INT. ELEVATOR-DAY

Sarah walks into an elevator, dressed in a black suit.

She punches one of the buttons on the console and the elevator doors close.

The elevator hums its way up to one of the top floors of the building.

INT. FINE, GAINES & JENNINGS LAW OFFICES-DAY

The doors open to reveal a large reception area, an area that seems to have been the primary cause of deforestation.

Sarah walks into one of the rooms where she is greeted by a man dressed in the sharpest of italian suits, with a goatee that could rival the devil's.

She sits down next to the man.

It is obvious by his demeanor that he is Sarah's lawyer.

LAWYER  
Good day, Mrs. Carpenter.

Another lawyer walks into the room. This lawyer is dressed almost identically as Sarah's lawyer.

The lawyer is followed by Max, who is dressed in a black suit.

LAWYER

Good morning, gentlemen. Please sit as we have urgent matters to discuss before this afternoon.

Max sits opposite Sarah, but doesn't make any eye contact.

The proceedings take place and both lawyers argue over who gets what.

LAWYER

Due to the nature of this case, and as there was no prenuptial agreement, my client requests the house, and is open to discussion about the remaining assets.

LAWYER #2

That is out of the question. My client has worked extremely hard to purchase that house.

LAWYER

My client would have been perfectly capable of contributing to the funds if she were employed. But as she was not, at the discretion of your client, it is unfair to say that Mr. Carpenter deserves the house any more than my client.

LAWYER #2

and what about the remaining assets?

LAWYER

My client is willing to compromise.

LAWYER #2

Good. My client wants the car, the remaining balance in their joint account and ownership of the investments made by my client on behalf of both parties.

Sarah sits quietly, feeling guilty, even though it wasn't her fault.

LAWYER

My client is prepared to settle for the house and the car, and let all other assets go to Mr. Carpenter.



LAWYER #2

You could've just said that in the first place, Dick.

LAWYER

I wanted to see whether or not you would fold. So do we have a deal?

LAWYER #2

I think my client is willing to accept those terms.

The two lawyers finally reach an agreement.

The lawyers hand over a form to each of their clients.

Sarah looks at her soon to be ex-husband.

SARAH

I'm sorry. I didn't want this.

MAX

YOU KILLED MY SON!

Sarah flinches from the impact of those words.

SARAH

It was an accident! I had a seizure for god's sake.

MAX

NO! IT'S YOUR FAULT! IT'S YOUR FAULT  
MY SON IS DEAD!

Sarah signs it as quickly as possible and leaves the room.

Cut to:

EXT. GRAVEYARD-DAY

Grey clouds gather on top of a graveyard. Rain pours over the ground, turning the dirt into a thick mud.

People gather around a small coffin, dressed in black suits.

Sarah stares at the coffin with an emotionless gaze. Inside, however, she is a mess of emotions.

She looks at her husband, who is slightly more calm and collected.

His family stands by him, on the other side of the coffin.

Sarah stands alone.

Max's mother looks at Sarah with an evil stare. Even she is blaming Sarah for the death of her grandson.

The priest indicates to the groundskeeper to start descending the coffin into the grave.

Sarah takes a ring out of her pocket.

She stares at the ring, remembering how she got it, and who gave it to her.

She throws the ring into the grave, and walks away.

Cut to:

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

The hospital lobby is full of people coughing, and crying out for help.

Sarah walks into the hospital building, still dressed in the same clothes from the funeral.

She approaches the reception.

SARAH

Hi, I have an appointment with Dr.  
Logan.

RECEPTIONIST

Your name?

SARAH

Sarah...Carpenter.

The receptionist slides her finger down an appointment sheet. Her finger stops when she reaches Sarah's name.

RECEPTIONIST

Ah, there you are. Yes, our techni-  
cian will be performing your EEG to-  
day.

The receptionist points to the waiting lobby. Sarah is confused.

SARAH

My what?

A man walks behind Sarah.

MAN

Your EEG. Didn't Dr. Logan tell you?

The man is dressed in a blue shirt, with extra thick glasses. He's the technician.

SARAH

No.

TECHNICIAN

Well, EEG stands for electro-encephalography. We do it for people who have recently suffered from a seizure to determine the cause of the seizure. We basically attach electrodes to your head and monitor the neurological activity that occurs under certain conditions.

Sarah doesn't understand.

SARAH

Ok.

TECHNICIAN

Please...come with me.

The technician guides her into another room.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

The room is fairly empty. In the centre of the room lies a treatment table with a large lamp hanging above it. On the other side of the room is a computer workstation. The technician guides Sarah to the table.

The technician takes out a tube from his pocket, and starts applying a cool gel on various parts of Sarah's head.

TECHNICIAN

Relax. Lie down...This shouldn't take long, and it should be relatively harmless.

The technician finishes applying the gel. He then walks over to the workstation and brings back some equipment. He takes out some electrodes and starts sticking them to the areas where he applied the gel.

The technician, passive and janitorial, walks back over to the computer station.

TECHNICIAN

Ok, I think we are ready to begin.

(beat)

Now, listen to me very carefully.  
Firstly, leave your eyes open and  
try not to blink. There will be some  
flashing lights from the lamp, but I  
want you to stay calm, OK?

Sarah nervously replies.

SARAH

OK.

The man pushes some buttons, and the light begins to flicker.

Sarah doesn't react to the light.

The technician then presses some other buttons and the lights  
stop.

TECHNICIAN

Ok, this time I want you to close  
your eyes. Are you ready?

Sarah hesitates, knowing that closing her eyes again will re-  
mind her of the accident, but she does so anyway.

SARAH

Yes.

The technician presses a button. The light continues to  
flicker.

Sarah begins to look more disturbed, as the flashes provoke  
more memories.

The man looks more intensely at the computer monitor, which  
displays a chart with some lines fluctuating lightly up and  
down.

The lines on the chart suddenly start becoming more erratic,  
with higher peaks and valleys.

The man tells Sarah to open her eyes, with the lights still  
flickering.

Sarah opens them.

The lines on the monitor become more violent, almost off the  
scale.

Sarah continues to keep her eyes open, yet the memories of the crash are still plaguing her mind.

She begins to shake violently on the bed.

The technician immediately turns off the light.

The lines on the monitor flat-line.

The technician looks over at Sarah.

She's not moving.

He moves over to check her pulse, it's still beating. A doctor rushes into the room and begins inspecting Sarah.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

Sarah wakes up in her room.

The sun shines brighter than ever through the small gaps between the curtains.

Sarah takes a look around her room.

It's still the same, although things look slightly different. The walls seem to have been painted recently, none of her clothes are scattered around the room, and everything seems clean.

Sarah notices she doesn't have any clothes on, and she doesn't even remember how she got home.

She wraps the sheets around herself and scuffles her way to the en suite bathroom.

She tries to open the door, but it's locked.

She tries again.

But the door won't open.

She readies herself to knock the door down. She is stopped however, when she notices the door opening.

She stares unflinchingly.

The door continues to open, and out steps a man, chiseled cut like a greek god, towel wrapped around his waist.

It's Sarah's husband, only better.

Sarah stares in disbelief.

SARAH

You! What are you doing here? And what happened to your body?

MAX

Why is there something wrong with it?

Max starts looking over his body to find out what Sarah is talking about.

Sarah continues to probe her husband.

SARAH

Forget that. What are you doing here?

MAX

Ummm...I live here.

SARAH

What?! No you don't! I got the house remember!

He looks at Sarah confused about what the woman is going on about.

MAX

I know you worked hard to pay for this house, but I thought we agreed it would be **our** house.

SARAH

It stopped being "our" house when we got a divorce!

He begins to get upset when Sarah mentions the divorce, but tries to comfort her by telling her it was just a dream.

MAX

Sarah, it was just a dream. I love you, you know that.

Sarah doesn't believe him.

SARAH

No! It was...real. I felt it. I felt it. It couldn't have been a dream. I felt the accident.

MAX

The accident?

Sarah begins to lose some of her composure.

SARAH

I killed our son.

MAX

What?

SARAH

I killed our son!

MAX

Our son is eating fruit loops in the kitchen downstairs. He is alive and well.

Sarah is shocked. She runs out of the room and heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN-MORNING

Sarah runs into the kitchen to find her son eating cereal and laughing at cartoons.

She tightly grabs her son, causing him to spill some of his fruit loops and almost stopping his blood circulation.

ELLIOTT

Mom...You're hurting me.

Sarah falls apart, crying all over her son.

SARAH

I'm sorry, baby.

She hesitantly lets go of her son, who then corrects his clothes and hair.

Sarah cannot believe what has happened. Was it a dream? Did she just imagine it? Before she could think about these questions, a cell phone begins to ring.

It's hers.

Her husband picks it up.

Her husband signals to her to take the call.

MAX

It's your work.

SARAH

My work?

MAX

Your assistant's on the phone. She wants to know if you're coming in early to work on the new project today.

Sarah takes the phone from Max.

Max grabs a backpack and puts a blazer on Elliott. The two of them then begin to leave the house.

Sarah covers the mouthpiece of the telephone with her hand.

SARAH

Where are you going?

MAX

I'm dropping Elliott off at school.

SARAH

I'll do it.

MAX

But it's out of your way.

SARAH

I don't mind.

(into the phone)

I'll be there in twenty minutes.

Sarah closes the phone.

MAX

Will you be picking him up as well?

SARAH

Sure...oh by the way, where do I work?

MAX

Depkes Architectural.

SARAH

I got the job?

MAX

You've had that job for the past five years.



SARAH

Oh.

Sarah then takes Elliott's backpack and leaves the house.

Cut to:

INT. SUV- MORNING

Sarah looks really confused and tries to navigate her way through the streets. Elliott waits impatiently in the child seat next to her.

ELLIOTT

Mommy, I'm going to be late.

SARAH

I'm sorry, sweetie. Mommy doesn't remember the roads as well as she used to.

ELLIOTT

Maybe you should call dad.

Sarah rejects the idea out of pride.

SARAH

We're almost there.

Cut to:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND-MORNING

The entire playground is empty.

Sarah's SUV comes to a halt just in front of the school gates.

Elliott jumps out without saying anything to his mother.

He runs across the playground to the entrance into the school, where he is met by his teacher.

Sarah watches her son being told off from the SUV.

Elliott then runs into the school, followed by his teacher.

Sarah drives off.

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES-DAY

Sarah walks into her office, a large open space with blue-prints covering tables and chairs that are scattered throughout the room.

Some of the staff frantically run from desk to desk.

Sarah is confused and doesn't know what is going on, so she grabs one of the assistants.

SARAH

Hi there...can you tell me why everybody is...

Another employee lightly bumps into Sarah carrying stacks of paper. The employee continues on her mission.

SARAH (CONT'D)

...so busy?

The assistant looks confused.

ASSISTANT

We have a presentation with the mayor of L.A. in two days.

The assistant continues to panic and rushes off.

Sarah has no idea what to do.

The assistant comes back again.

Sarah tries to get some more information, but before she can say anything, the assistant grabs her arm and drags her into her office.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

The office is full of architectural drawings flowing out of the cabinets that line the walls. The assistant drags Sarah into the office and leaves Sarah at the door.

SARAH

Is this my office?

ASSISTANT

You hit your head when you woke up this morning? Yes, this is your office.

SARAH

How did I get this job?

ASSISTANT

I wasn't around back then, but I heard that you blew away Mr. Depkes in your interview.

SARAH

Back then?

ASSITANT

Yes, you've been working here for five years.

SARAH

Five years huh? I haven't had a promotion in five years?

The assistant doesn't reply. Instead she rushes around the room grouping together a bunch of papers from the cabinets and throws them onto Sarah, who just manages to catch them all.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry you haven't got your promotion yet. But these are your notes, and we have a presentation in two days. If you want that promotion, then now's the time to earn it.

SARAH

Yes, but I can't give a presentation on a project that I have no idea what it's about.

The assistant laughs nervously, thinking that it's a joke, and leaves the office.

Sarah sits in her chair, overwhelmed by the amount of catching up she has to do.

INT. OFFICE- LATER

The sun begins to set, and the light coming in through the windows begins to fade.

Sarah is still in the office trying hard to get up to speed with the project.

It's no use.

She always wanted to be an architect, but she doesn't know anything about the project because she never learned anything about it in the old universe.

The rest of the employees begin to leave.

Sarah's phone begins to vibrate, shaking the entire table in the process.

She looks at the phone. It's a text message.

It tells her to meet at an expensive restaurant in Beverly Hills. She grabs her stuff and leaves the office.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Sarah arrives at the restaurant, still dressed in her work clothes, but considering she looked stunning in those clothes anyway, that wasn't a bad thing.

She sees her husband, dressed in a smart casual suit, waving to her at a table, so she joins him.

MAX

So, what happened today?

SARAH

What do you mean?

MAX

Elliott told me you dropped him off late this morning...and you forgot to pick him up.

SARAH

Oh my god, I totally forgot. Why didn't he call me?

MAX

Because five year olds don't carry cellphones.

SARAH

Is he ok?

MAX

Yeah, he's fine. He's mad at you though. Nothing an apology or a shiny new toy won't fix. (beat). Here, I've got something for you.

Max slides out a black velvet case from under the table.

Sarah opens it.

It's a diamond necklace.

Sarah looks at Max.

SARAH

It's...wonderful.

Sarah begins to shake her head, but before she can ask...

MAX  
Happy anniversary.

Sarah thinks to herself, "Oh!"

SARAH  
Happy...anniversary.

MAX  
So what did you get me?

Sarah is in deep trouble. She had no idea it was their anniversary. A waitress interrupts the conversation, saving Sarah from her husband finding out that she forgot.

WAITRESS  
(heavy italian accent)  
Ciao, can I take your drink orders?

Sarah jumps at the chance of deflecting the conversation.

SARAH  
Yes!

(beat)  
Sorry...yes.

Max looks at Sarah, almost suspecting that she didn't know, but forgets about it and concentrates on what type of wine he wants instead.

MAX  
I'll have the finest wine on the menu, and the same for the lady.

Sarah looks at the menu.

SARAH  
That's over a thousand dollars!!

Some of the patrons look over their shoulders at Sarah.

The waitress takes the orders and walks away.

MAX  
What's the matter, you used to be o.k. with buying expensive things.

SARAH

Are you kidding...that costs more than my first car.

MAX

I thought your first car was a Ferrari, I mean I remember you and I breaking it in on prom night.

The waitress comes back with the drinks.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order your main course?

MAX

I think we are...

Sarah looks at the menu.

SARAH

Sure...I'll have the risotto con funghi porcini.

MAX

Same.

An overwhelming sensation pulls over Sarah's body. She is finally happy.

Everything seems perfect.

The mood is interrupted, however when Sarah's awkward ringtone breaks the silence.

Sarah answers the phone. Her facial expressions changes into one of horror.

Her mother has died.

Cut to:

EXT. MOUNTAINS-DAY

Sarah drives her SUV through the mountain pass and through the forest.

Torrential rain falls through trees, making the road extremely dangerous.

Sarah still drives on.

The memories of the accident still occupy her mind.

She eventually arrives at an old cabin situated off the mountain pass.

It was her mothers.

She had not been there in a long time, but she still remembers coming there as a child as if it were yesterday.

She knocks on the door.

Creaky footsteps begin to approach and an old man opens the door.

Sarah doesn't recognize him.

SARAH

Hi, I'm sorry to bother you, but my mother used to live in this house. Recently...actually. In fact, I'm kind of confused as to who you are and what you're doing here.

The old man looks confused, and then he smiles.

OLD MAN

Look, I know this must be hard for you, but you're taking this a bit too far.

SARAH

What?

OLD MAN

It's me...your father. Don't tell me you've forgotten about me since last week.

SARAH

Last week?

OLD MAN

I think you better come inside.

Sarah doesn't know what to say, according to her, her father died just after she was born, and she doesn't even remember what he looks like.

She takes a deep breath, and walks into the cabin.

INT. CABIN-DAY

The cabin seems fairly new, and seems to have all the luxuries that a regular house would have.

OLD MAN

Do you remember why me and your mother bought this house?

SARAH

I thought you grew up in this house?

The old man seems really confused by Sarah's question.

OLD MAN

What gave you that i...

(beat)

Oh I think I know what's going on. Your mother had this same problem after her first seizure...took a while before she knew where she was again. Actually, that's why we moved here. She really wanted to buy this house. I don't know why, she's never been in this part of the state before and there's plenty of better houses near the city.

SARAH

Maybe it felt like home...to her.

OLD MAN

You know, that is exactly what she used to say. I never understood it. I always preferred living in Bel-Air. But I guess she let me have a piece of it, by allowing me to decorate this place.

The old man shrugs it off as coincidence and moves into the kitchen.

OLD MAN

Here, take a seat. I'll go make some coffee. I just got a new espresso machine.

He puts ground coffee beans into a funnel and places the funnel into the machine. He then flicks a switch, and joins Sarah at the table.

Sarah sits on a contemporary glass table, something that would look out of place in a regular cabin, but matches perfectly with the rest of the furnishings. She looks around the cabin, noticing everything that is different from what she remembers.



SARAH

I like what you've done with the place.

OLD MAN

No you don't. I know it doesn't fit with the place. It doesn't fit with the surroundings, but I feel like it's me. Once you get to my age, you need to start reminding yourself of who you are. This is my way of doing that. I think your mom understood that...you used to tell me that you hated this place, that's why you barely used to visit. I'm surprised you don't remember...are you ok?

SARAH

Yes, I'm fine.

OLD MAN

Then why don't you remember any of this?

SARAH

I don't know. I've just been under a lot of stress lately...so what happened to mom?

OLD MAN

Well, after the first seizure, I was pretty scared...I didn't know what to do. I come home from the firm to see my wife, on the floor shaking violently. You were still a baby, so you probably won't remember. After that, we spent the next year trying to find out what had happened. The doctors couldn't find out what was happening. They kept saying that it was a one off. A once in a lifetime event that could be caused by anything. But then it happened again. Nobody knew why it was happening. She stopped having the seizure's after the late sixties, but it was pretty scary during those periods.

SARAH

So what happened? Why did she die?

OLD MAN

The doctor said her heart gave out.  
They say she had a seizure just  
before...her blood pressure was too  
high and her heart couldn't take  
it...and she died.

Sarah doesn't know what to say.

SARAH

I know this might sound strange, but  
did mom ever have amnesia, or act  
really strangely.

The old man nods.

OLD MAN

She had moments where she would com-  
pletely freak out and then she would  
be her old self again. This happened  
a few times, and I couldn't figure  
out what was causing her to act like  
that. The doctors said she had a mi-  
nor case of schizophrenia, which was  
probably due to the stress induced  
at childbirth. They started giving  
her a new drug, and after that eve-  
rything was fine.

He struggles out of his chair, and slowly walks into an old  
closet.

Sarah sits patiently, trying to locate pictures of her and her  
mother, but can't find any.

The old man returns to his chair, carrying a file of her  
mother's medical records.

OLD MAN

I kept a file of her medical re-  
cords, in case anybody would want to  
know what happened to her.

SARAH

Who would want to know about this?

OLD MAN

Well, I thought doctors might. And  
you.

SARAH

Why would you keep this for me?

OLD MAN

I was hoping your mom would tell you about what happened to her...I guess she never got around to it. I thought it might be helpful to know who she was. She has some old friends that she occasionally got in contact with. I don't know how they met. One of them lives in downtown L.A. I think. The address is in one of the files I gave you.

SARAH

Why would I look for mom's friends?

OLD MAN

They may help you find out who your mother was.

SARAH

Listen...dad...don't worry about the funeral arrangements. I will sort everything out.

OLD MAN

Ok, sweetie.

Cut to:

EXT. CABIN-DAY

Sarah leaves the cabin and returns to the SUV.

She doesn't start the car, however.

Instead she waits, and stares at the cabin.

Sarah comes to the realization that her mother was going through the same thing as her, and that only she could provide answers.

The only problem is that she is dead.

Sarah needs to find a way of seeing her again.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Sarah returns home, trying to understand just what is going on. She needs answers, but she doesn't know where to find them.

Elliott sits two feet in front of the television, watching his favorite cartoon.

Sarah, almost ignoring Elliott completely, begins to look through the file that her father gave her.

She flicks through the pages, and skims through the medical reports from the 60's.

Sarah is amazed at her mother's life, she only wonders why she has never known about this.

The medical reports reveal that her mother's first seizure occurred just after Sarah was born. She was later diagnosed with post traumatic stress disorder and schizophrenia.

She was put under some experimental drug tests, which often caused her to be dyslexic and to forget some simple things.

The thoughts of her mother are soon replaced by the anxiety of preparing for her funeral.

Sarah notices some addresses of some of her mothers friends, and decides that she must go to see them if she is to figure out what is going on.

She grabs her keys and rushes to the door, but is stopped by her husband.

MAX

Hey, where you going?

She lies.

SARAH

I'm going to the store. I need to get some things for the...wake.

MAX

Listen, I've been taking care of Elliott while you weren't here for the past few days. I know you're going through a tough time right now, but he still needs his mother. Just don't neglect him and I want you to know that I'm here for you, and you can talk to me...about anything.

SARAH

OK, I will...later.

She leaves the house, almost feeling guilty about lying to him.

EXT. SUBURB-DAY

Sarah arrives at an old run down house, somewhere in the LA suburbs. It is hotter than usual for the time of the year.

Sarah steps out of the car and walks onto the porch. She stands there wondering to herself why she is doing this. Why is she giving up her life now, when everything is perfect, to look for answers that may amount to nothing.

But it is the answers, the truth, that really only means anything. More than her husband, her child, and her life. The only thing that matters to her is the truth, and until she finds out what happened to her, to her mother, she won't be happy.

She knocks on the door. Nobody answers.

Sarah walks to the side of the house.

A 1969 Ford Mustang, kept in a pretty good condition, levitates above the ground.

A pair of legs stick out from under it.

Sarah moves toward the car to investigate.

She tries to get the attention of the legs by lightly nudging them, but nothing happens.

The screeching sound of blaring headphones are heard coming from under the car.

Sarah lightly kicks one of the legs.

Nothing happens.

She kicks harder.

This time the legs react and a thud is heard from under the car.

MAN

Oww!

The man pushes himself out from beneath the car. He then caresses his head trying to heal the pain.

The man, mid 60's, has a withered grey goatee and matching long grey dreadlocks wearing mechanics overalls and has grease stains all over his face.

He takes his headphones off, and stares at Sarah, almost recognizing her, but still wondering who she is.

MAN

Who are you?

SARAH

Hi, my name is Sarah Carpenter. Your name's Zack Peterson right?

ZACK

Yeah, do I know you?

SARAH

I think you may have known my mother.

INT. ZACK'S HOUSE-DAY

Zack slides a cold beer across the kitchen work-top.

Sarah just manages to catch it before it falls off the edge. She looks around the house, not really impressed by anything.

Instead her mind is set on who this guy is, and what the hell an ex-hippy is doing repairing mustangs.

Sarah tries to get a conversation going.

SARAH

Nice place you've got here.

ZACK

What do you want to know?

SARAH

How did you know my mother?

ZACK

The last time I saw her was forty years ago.

SARAH

How did you guys meet?

ZACK

It's complicated...

SARAH

Look just tell me, how did you know my mother?

ZACK

Why do you want to know?

Sarah is furious. She breaks out.

SARAH

IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S DEAD...OK. SHE'S DEAD...AND I NEED TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT HER LIFE SO I CAN MAKE SENSE OF MINE.

Silence.

Zack stares at Sarah, feeling her pain.

ZACK

I'm sorry...I didn't...

SARAH

know...right.

(beat)

Please just tell me.

ZACK

Ok...alright...so your mother comes to me, says she knows me, I've never met her in my entire life. She explains to me that we were friends and starts making up this whole story about how we knew each other...I thought she was crazy.

SARAH

So what happened?

ZACK

She revealed some interesting things, things about me. I'm not sure how it happened, but she did know a lot about me. She was a very intriguing and intelligent woman. But after a while, I didn't hear from her again.

SARAH

You know she had a husband...

Zack nods.

ZACK

Yeah, she told me.

SARAH

Did something happen between you and my mother?

ZACK

No.

Sarah stops talking.

Sarah wonders if he is any help.

ZACK

You said that you needed to make sense of your life...what did you mean by that?

SARAH

I think I've been going through the same thing as my mother.

ZACK

Did something happen to you?

SARAH

Yes...I had a seizure while I was driving...My son was in the passenger in the passenger seat...He died. I know he did. I felt it.

Zack doesn't respond.

SARAH(CONT'D)

...After the accident, a doctor did some tests on me.

ZACK

What kind of tests?

SARAH

An EEG. He told me to stare into this flickering lamp and to close my eyes...The next thing I remember is waking up in my bed, with my husband...and my son.

ZACK

(beat)

Did you see any other of your mother's friends before you came to see me?



SARAH

No...why?

Zack then looks like a fire has been lit under his ass.

He looks at his watch.

ZACK

I have an appointment that I need to get to. I'm sorry, but you have to leave.

Sarah knows he is lying, but she is forced out of the house.

ZACK

I'll be at the funeral, and I'll get everybody together. Don't worry.

Zack shuts the door, inches away from Sarah's face.

Sarah is stunned at what just happened, but continues back to her car, wondering about what he could be hiding.

She gets in her car and drives off.

Cut to:

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

An alarm buzzes like a air-horn, pulsing through the dark room.

Sarah throws her hand at the alarm clock, in an attempt to turn it off.

The alarm falls to the floor, but doesn't turn off.

Sarah groans.

She lays in bed, eyes barely open, trying to find a way of gathering her strength for the day ahead.

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL-MORNING

Sarah yawns as she gets out of the elevator.

She slowly makes her way to her office when she sees her boss approaching.

ARTHUR

I need to see you in my office immediately.

SARAH

I'll be right there, sir.

Sarah throws her coat onto her assistants desk, and then navigates her way to her boss's office.

INT. ARTHUR DEPKES' OFFICE-MORNING

Arthur's office is full of furniture of different shapes and sizes, an obvious presentation of his eccentric tastes.

Arthur sits on his desk, typing up various documents on his computer.

We then hear a knock at the door.

ARTHUR

Come in.

Sarah opens the door and takes a seat opposite Arthur.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry to hear about your mother. I know this must be an extremely hard time for you, and I offer you my condolences.

SARAH

Thank you.

ARTHUR

I've also rescheduled the presentation for tomorrow.

SARAH

But tomorrow's my mothers funeral.

ARTHUR

I know, and I'm sorry. After reviewing your work, I feel that you are not prepared to give this presentation. I have therefore taken you off the project.

SARAH

I don't even get a warning? I can do better.

ARTHUR

There is not enough time for you to make up for your mistakes, the presentation is tomorrow, that's the only time that the mayor is

available...look, just take the time off from work to take care of your family. They'll need you more than ever during this time.

SARAH

Sir, you can't do this to me! Not now.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry.

Sarah leaves the office a destroyed woman.

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES-DAY

Sarah slowly walks back to the elevator, picking her coat up on the way.

The rest of the employees stare at her, obviously eavesdropping on her conversation with her boss.

Cut to:

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Sarah walks into the house, still broken, but a bit relieved.

Max is on the phone, calling up different caterers.

Sarah makes her way to the living room and jumps onto the couch, face first.

Max passes by the living room carrying a basket, not noticing Sarah. He then backtracks after seeing something that catches his eye.

MAX

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

Sarah mumbles.

MAX

What?

Sarah removes her face from the cushion, and turns around.

SARAH

I got fired.

MAX

You got fired?

SARAH

Well, not in so many words. I got taken off the project because my work wasn't good enough. I worked my...

Suddenly Max interrupts Sarah.

MAX

I have to go pick up Elliott. I'll be back soon to meet the caterers.

SARAH

It's ok. You stay and wait for the caterers. I'll pick him up.

MAX

Are you sure?

SARAH

It's not like I have any idea on organizing these things.

Sarah grabs her jacket and leaves the house.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND-DAY

Elliott exits the playground with his friends, laughing and saying goodbye in the process.

He stops in his tracks, almost in shock, when he sees his mother standing in front of her SUV.

He walks slowly to the SUV.

SARAH

Hey, kiddo.

ELLIOTT

Where's dad?

SARAH

He's at home.

ELLIOTT

He didn't want to pick me up today.

SARAH

No, he did. I just thought I'd pick you up today.

ELLIOTT

So you didn't feel like picking me up the other day when you said you would?

SARAH

Just get in the car, smarty pants.

Elliott obliges.

INT. SUV-DAY

Sarah tries to find her back home, still finding the streets confusing.

ELLIOTT

It's the next right, mommy.

Sarah takes the right.

SARAH

Thanks, sweetie. (beat) Listen, honey. Your grandmother passed away this week. There's going to be a few people coming to our house tomorrow to say goodbye...Do you remember ever meeting your grandmother?

ELLIOTT

No.

SARAH

You never met my mom?

ELLIOTT

No.

SARAH

I'm so sorry, sweetie. I'm so sorry. I should've taken you to see her. I know I've let you down so many times, but I won't let you down again. I promise.

Cut to:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Max is fast asleep as Sarah walks into the room.

Sarah takes off her clothes and puts on her PJ's. She then climbs into bed.

She stares out of the window, looking at the bright street lamps and the dim stars behind them.

She shuffles her body around the bed, trying to find a comfortable position so that she can finally fall asleep.

But she doesn't.

She continues to do this all night, until she gives up and stays in one position and continues to stare out of the window.

We see a time lapse shot of the night passing into dawn.

Sarah's still awake, and we hear the sounds of birds chirping and cars passing by the house.

Sarah can't take lying on the bed anymore, and finds her robe.

Cut to:

INT. HOUSE-MORNING

Sarah walks down the flight of stairs, robe tightly wrapped around her.

She walks around looking at the empty rooms filled with tables full of food, covered in tin foil. Her husband's done a good job with the catering.

She looks out through the window at the street, and watches the autumn leaves fall and the paper boy delivering papers on his bmx.

She thinks to herself that life is good, time still passes in a consistent manner, and life goes on.

Only she misses her mother.

EXT. GRAVEYARD-DAY

The sun shines brighter than ever on top of the graveyard.

A group of people, all dressed in black, gather on both sides of a coffin.

Sarah stands with her husband, who holds their son, and her father.

She is reminded of the day of her sons funeral, and what she went through. It couldn't have been a dream, and she needs to know what happened.

Sarah picks up some dirt and throws it into the grave, and walks to her car. Others follow.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

The once empty rooms of Sarah's house, are now filled with people all eating and drinking and telling stories about her mom.

Among the crowd is Zack, who approaches Sarah, along with a group of other people who don't seem to fit in with the rest of the crowd.

Sarah looks over at her husband, trying to get his attention, but notices that he is preoccupied with her son.

ZACK

Hi, I'm sorry for your loss.

SARAH

Thank you for coming. I know she would have wanted you to be here.

ZACK

These are my friends. We all knew your mother.

SARAH

Oh, well thank you all for coming.

ZACK

I told them what you were going through.

SARAH

Why did you do that?

ZACK

I think we can help you. Look, meet me at my house later, I think we may be able to help you get through this...and I really am sorry for your mother. Wherever she is...she's in a better place now.

Zack and his group then make their way past the other people in the house and leave.

Sarah looks at her husband, wondering what he would make of what's going on.

INT. HOUSE-LATER

The wake comes to a close and people begin to leave the house.

Sarah looks around at the tin foils, the spilt sauces and drinks on the carpets, feeling overwhelmed by the clean up job.

She looks to her husband, and tries to convince him to do the clean up.

SARAH

Hey, honey.

MAX

Hey.

SARAH

You did a good job with the caterers.

MAX

Yeah, it was pretty short notice, had to pay them extra.

SARAH

Listen, you know I love you right?

MAX

Yeah?

SARAH

I have to go somewhere.

MAX

Ok...Where?

SARAH

I can't tell you...Please just trust me.

MAX

I'm kinda getting the impression that you're trying to push me away.

SARAH

Well, I'm not. I just need some time by myself. I promise that when I get back, I will tell you everything.

MAX

Fine. Just come home soon, ok.



Sarah leaves the house, pausing at the door, staying just long enough to say...

SARAH

Thank you.

EXT. ZACK'S HOUSE-DAY

Sarah arrives at Zack's house.

The mustang is gone, and all that remains are the oil stains on the driveway.

Sarah knocks on the door.

Zack opens and leads her into the living room where the misfit ensemble await her.

INT. ZACK'S HOUSE-DAY

Zack opens and leads her into the living room where the ensemble await her.

She glances at each of the people:

The first one is a stockbroker who used to be a hippy, but made a lot of money from the dot com boom in the late 80's.

The second one, a dominatrix, leans against the wall, eyeing Sarah up.

The last one, a doctor and professor, sits in the chair next to an old fireplace.

Zack brings out a seat and puts it in the centre of the room.

ZACK

Here. Sit.

Sarah cringes.

She has no idea what she is doing there, and feels like a guinea pig to some unsafe and crazy idea that these loonies will come up with.

The misfits intensely stare at Sarah as she sits.

A moment of very, very uncomfortable silence.

Finally, the silence is interrupted by the professor.

PROFESSOR

Zack told me about your dream. I would actually prefer to hear it from you...hear your description of what happened, and please do not leave anything out.

Everybody listens closely as Sarah tells them, somewhat hesitantly.

SARAH

Well, I can remember...everything. I can remember my first birthday, my first kiss, and my wedding day. It couldn't have been a dream, because I still remember everything before it. But everything is different now...

PROFESSOR

Zack told me about an accident.

SARAH

I was on my way to see my mother. My son was with me in the front passenger seat and I was being held up by a truck. I tried to get past...but before I could I blacked out.

PROFESSOR

Do you remember what caused you to blackout?

SARAH

No...

PROFESSOR

What happened after that?

SARAH

I woke up in the hospital. The doctor told me that I had lost my son in the accident...and when my husband found out, he blamed me for killing our son...so he divorced me...I didn't fight back, I didn't fight for our marriage, I didn't try to make him understand what I was going through, I just gave up. After that...I went back to see my doctor, but met this technician who did an EEG on me...I can't remember any-

thing after that...just waking up in my house, finding my husband and my son sleeping his crib.

Everybody seems stunned, but you can tell that their brains are overloading with activity.

Zack and the dominatrix go into another room.

Sarah gets suspicious but tries not to think about what's going on in there.

The professor begins looking through his bag, scrambling through pill bottles and medical equipment.

He leans in toward Sarah, and takes out a pen light and examines each of Sarah's eyes.

He begins flashing the lights, and notices the slight jerks that Sarah makes during each flash.

He then takes out a matchbox and slides it open.

He takes out a little white pill with a capital E on it.

Sarah looks in shock.

SARAH

Are you crazy?! There's no way I'm going to take that! Why would you even offer that to me?

PROFESSOR

You are not the first person who has been through something like this. I have had a few cases like yours, including your mother's. Do you believe in a multi-verse?

SARAH

A what?

PROFESSOR

A multi-verse. Multiple universes that exist in parallel with each other. Each one has a lot of similarities to the other. Entities that exist in one universe may exist in another, while others may not...And some scientists believe that it may even be possible to move from one universe to another.

SARAH

Ok...but what has that got to do with me?

PROFESSOR

I believe that your mother...traveled from another universe during her first seizure.

SARAH

You believe that my mother "travelled from another universe"...And you want me to take that pill? Are you insane? Do you even listen to yourself when you talk?

PROFESSOR

Listen, I know this does sound insane, and it probably is. I'm just trying to make sense of this just like you.

(beat)

You know Zack told me about your mother. He was worried about her seizures, so he brought her to me.

SARAH

You saw my mother?

PROFESSOR

For a brief period. I met her after her first seizure. At first I thought she was very disturbed. One moment she would be all crazy and not know where she was, and all of a sudden she would be fine. I initially thought that she was schizophrenic with multiple personalities. The problem was that her personalities used to change with every seizure that she had...I then realized that I needed to do some tests to see what was happening to her, so I did an EEG. I tried to induce a controlled seizure, but nothing happened. Her seizures seemed to happen at random. I then decided to document her brain activity before and after her reported seizures. The scans showed that her brain activity

was completely different before and after the scans...as if she was a completely different person. I didn't understand what was happening. I spent some time doing research, but during that time your mother stopped coming to see me and I never heard from her again.

SARAH

What did you find in your research?

PROFESSOR

I found a book that theorized the existence of multiple parallel universes, and string theory. Back then it was still in it's infancy, and many scientists didn't really believe in it...but I thought that it provided an answer to binding together the various forces that exist in our universe, including gravity and electromagnetism. The book also wrote about traveling to these different universes through wormholes.

Sarah stares blankly, trying to figure out exactly what the professor is saying.

PROFESSOR

At the time I was working for the Aerospace Research Labs. I was part of team that were investigating ways of manipulating gravity to create new types of propulsion systems. I was one of the doctors in charge of assessing whether or not these devices would be safe for manned flight. And one of the methods we were experimenting with was by using electromagnetism to create small gravitational forces in the surrounding areas. The experiment failed, but I was convinced the theory could work. I wasn't allowed to research alternate methods, however, as the labs decided to go in a totally different direction.

Before Sarah can barely take any of that in, Zack and the dominatrix return with a turntable and vibrantly colored sheet of plastic with holes cut through it.

They place the equipment near the fireplace.

DOMINATRIX

Has she taken the pill yet?

The professor shakes his head.

The professor continues his story.

PROFESSOR

Look, I want you to take this pill, it tends to make people for susceptible to flashing lights and can be dangerous for people suffering from photosensitive epilepsy...because I'm going to try to induce a seizure in you.

He points to the equipment near the fireplace.

PROFESSOR

I call it the "dream machine."

Sarah is shocked.

She rises up instantly and heads for the door, she thinks they are all crazy.

The dominatrix gets in the way of the door.

SARAH

Get out of my way or I am going to knock every one of your teeth out.

The dominatrix smirks, almost turned on by the threat.

The professor tries to talk her into it.

PROFESSOR

Stop...please.

Sarah is confused, so she turns around, hoping that he would elaborate.

PROFESSOR

Please...I know you miss your mother. But she isn't dead.

SARAH  
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I BURIED  
HER THIS MORNING!

PROFESSOR  
In this universe...yes...but your  
mother may still be alive...in the  
universe where you came from.

SARAH  
THIS IS INSANE...GET OUT OF MY WAY!

A brief period of silence, the professor looks at Zack.

ZACK  
You need to return to your universe.

Sarah doesn't like it.

SARAH  
THIS IS MY UNIVERSE!

ZACK  
You are not even supposed to be in  
this universe. What happened to you  
was an accident, and shouldn't have  
happened. You do not belong here.

SARAH  
Like hell I don't. I am happy here.  
This is where I belong.

ZACK  
Sarah, you have to listen to us. I  
know you have everything you ever  
wanted here, but you have to  
leave...

SARAH  
WHY?

ZACK  
Because you're throwing everything  
off balance. You're causing things  
that people have worked hard for to  
fall apart.

SARAH  
What are you talking about?

ZACK

Your job...Sarah was good at her job. She knew it like the back of her hand, she wouldn't get fired so easily...little by little your life will fall apart. And not just yours, but everyone else's.

SARAH

I am not going to leave my son! Not again...

ZACK

If you don't go back...then things could get a lot worse...for everyone, even your son. Don't put him through that!

SARAH

You don't know what will happen to him, or to me...

ZACK

Yes...I do.

SARAH

I know I have made mistakes...but this provides me an opportunity to start over and make things right...I'm not going to just give up and let it go...You don't know what you're talking about...and I'm going to prove it right now...

Zack stares Sarah straight in the eyes. He can see that she is determined to save everything that she has.

Sarah turns her attention back onto the dominatrix. She moves out of the way.

Sarah rushes out of the house, leaving behind a room full of people doubting their own future.

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURE OFFICE-DAY

Sarah strides into the office, headed straight for her old office.

The rest of the office stares at Sarah, wondering what she's still doing at the office after being fired.



Arthur sees Sarah trying to get to her office, and approaches her.

ARTHUR

What are you doing here?

SARAH

I want to do the presentation.

ARTHUR

I put Marci on that project. She's the project manager, so she will do that presentation.

SARAH

Look, I can get the mayor to sign off on the plan...

ARTHUR

What makes you think you can get him to agree to the plans?

SARAH

I don't know...but I will, and you know me, you know I can pull this off better than Marci.

ARTHUR

Ok...fine. If you can convince the mayor to accept the plans then you can keep your job...but if you can't then don't bother coming back...do we have an understanding?

SARAH

Yes.

Sarah walks into her office.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE-DAY

Sarah hangs up her coat and rolls up her sleeves, ready for the long night ahead.

She sits down at her desk analyzing every blueprint and rendered drawings, trying to make sense of every detail.

She suddenly begins to understand each drawing. She then rotates her chair to face a shelf full of books. She takes one of the books out and rotates back to her desk.

She flicks through the pages, reading individual pages as she does so. As she reads, she makes notes and sketches on an adjacent sheet of paper.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE-LATER

Drawings and sketches are scattered across the table. Sarah continues to furiously draw her sketches, trying to get her ideas onto paper as quick as possible.

Sarah finishes and then storms out of the room.

INT. DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICE-NIGHT

Sarah approaches her assistant.

SARAH

Get me the mayor immediately.

ASSISTANT

Ummm...it's ten o'clock at night.

Sarah looks at her watch.

SARAH

Oh...well then can you arrange a meeting with him as soon as possible.

ASSISTANT

Yes, ma'am.

Sarah walks away.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Sarah returns to her home, exhausted.

Her husband sits with a bottle of wine in the kitchen, illuminated by the only light that's on in the entire house.

Sarah joins him and pours herself a glass of wine.

SARAH

It's been one crazy day...

MAX

So tell me about it...where did you go?

SARAH

I went to see some of mom's friends.

MAX

Why?

SARAH

Because they could tell more about  
mom...

MAX

I thought you hated your mother?

SARAH

What? No I didn't...

MAX

You guys were always fighting, I  
mean you didn't even speak to her  
before she died.

Sarah realizes that the relationship with her mother wasn't  
the same as it was in her old universe. She tries to make up a  
response.

SARAH

I don't need to be reminded of that.  
I just needed to know more about who  
my mother was, that's all.

MAX

So, did you find out anything inter-  
esting?

SARAH

No...not really. But things need to  
change...I can't be the same person  
as I was before...or I'm going to  
end up like my mother.

MAX

What is wrong with that?

SARAH

I can't lose everything like she  
did...I don't think I can go through  
the pain that she went  
through...which is why I can't lose  
you or Elliott again...

MAX

...again?

Sarah remains silent.

Cut to:

INT.DEPKES ARCHITECTURAL OFFICE-DAY

Sarah strides into the boardroom a new woman, calm, confident and master of her own destiny.

The rest of the firm watch Sarah, anticipating her to fail after she let everyone down from the previous presentation.

INT.DEPKES BOARDROOM-DAY

Sarah walks into the room and places her notes on the table.

She looks up to her audience--the mayor of Los angeles and her boss.

SARAH

Thank you, gentlemen, for giving me this opportunity to present to you why Depkes Architecture is the ideal candidate to help redesign the Los Angeles skyline.

Sarah presses a button on her presenter remote. On the back of her a video starts to play--

--the video shows a birds eye view from the mountains and then fades to an birds eye view of the beach.

SARAH

When an architect designs a new building, they look for how the new building will interact with its surrounding environment...

--the video then tilts up to see downtown L.A.

SARAH

...Los Angeles is one of the most unique cities in the world. Nowhere else in the world can you find a city located within the vicinity of a mountain range and the beaches. So, gentlemen, I would like to show you the future of Los Angeles...

Sarah clicks on her remote.

--the video fades to a revolutionary redesign of the L.A. skyline.

SARAH

...The new designs will highlight the uniqueness and diversity of Los Angeles, while maintaining its history and traditions. It will show the world that Los Angeles is a city for the people...

Sarah clicks again on her remote.

--the video returns to its birds eye view, this time showing the different areas around the new buildings.

SARAH

...the bar districts will help the already thriving nightlife to expand into different parts of the city, while the park and recreation areas will bring more natural beauty into the city.

--the video the starts panning and tilting around the new buildings.

SARAH

...And finally the buildings themselves. The buildings will feature state of the art technologies and manufacturing techniques that will allow the buildings to be as environmentally friendly as possible, while maintaining their resistance to external damages such as earthquakes and fires...and the designs of the buildings themselves will attract tourists from around the world, making Los Angeles a city that you would want to live in...Thank you, gentlemen.

The room remains silent. The mayor stares intensely at Sarah.

MAYOR

I'm sorry, if you had shown me this before then I would probably have accepted your bid. But I have decided to go with your competitors.

Sarah begins to get angry.

SARAH

May I ask why?

MAYOR

Well, your competitors have a better cost model and can have the building built much sooner.

SARAH

You know what, fine! I don't care what you go with!

Sarah whacks some papers of the desk and storms out of the room.

Sarah's looks at the mayor, trying to find some way of reconciling the situation.

cut to:

EXT. HIGHWAY-DAY

Sarah's SUV weaves in and out of traffic across the highway.

INT. SUV-DAY

Inside, Sarah is more determined than ever. She pushes harder on the accelerator in an attempt to get to her destination quicker. She remember what happened on the day that she lost her son, but it doesn't stop her, and she continues to drive fast.

She flicks open her phone with one hand, while the other hand steers, trying to avoid the cars in front of her.

SARAH

(on phone)

Zack, it's me, Sarah...meet me at my house...and bring the dream machine.

Sarah closes her phone.

Cut to:

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM-DAY

Zack looks over Sarah, who looks at the dream machine in front of her.

ZACK

So what changed your mind?

SARAH

I looked into my husbands eyes yesterday...and I realized that he wasn't the same man that I loved.

ZACK

What about your son?

SARAH

He's...not my real son. He's just an image, a painful memory of what my son was...I've disappointed him too many times. He's better off this way.

ZACK

Is that the only reason why you want to leave?

SARAH

No...you were right. I wasn't supposed to keep my job. But that doesn't mean I'm not supposed to keep my family.

Zack smiles.

ZACK

Whenever you're ready.

Zack opens his hand to reveal an ecstasy pill.

SARAH

I don't need it...turn the machine on.

Tears fall from her eyes, knowing that she needs to return to her universe.

She reluctantly sits on the chair in the middle of the room.

Zack moves the equipment in front of Sarah. He flicks a switch on a turntable.

As the turntable reaches its full speed, an incoherent sound begins to emit from the turntable.

A spinning cylinder, with lights emanating from its centre, sits on top of the turntable.

Sarah stares at the spinning cylinder, and closes her eyes.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Max opens the door to the house, carrying bags of groceries.

MAX

Sarah? Are you home?

No reply. Max hears the music coming from upstairs, and so he puts down the grocery bags to find out.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM-DAY

The flashing lights begin to grow in intensity on Sarah's eyelids.

The blurs of lights begin to turn to images.

Images, memories, of Sarah's previous life.

The binaural sounds coming out of the turntable become louder, and to Sarah, are almost completely synchronized.

Her brain feels like it is being massaged from either side.

Zack sees Max coming up the stairs, and rushes over to the door.

INT.HOUSE-DAY

Max runs over to the bedroom, but before he makes Zack slams the door. The sound of a locking mechanism is heard.

Max tries to open the door. It's locked.

MAX

What are you doing?! OPEN THIS  
DOOR...NOW!

Max tries to force the door open by barging into it.

INT. BABY'S ROOM-DAY

Sarah's son, Jake, sleeps peacefully in his crib. Loud thumping and shouting penetrate into the room.

Jake begins to get irritated. He wakes up from his slumber, annoyed, and starts crying his eyes out.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Max thumps the door harder, trying to get Zack to open the door. He doesn't even notice the baby's crying.

MAX

OPEN THE DOOR!!!

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM-DAY

Zack pushes himself against the door, trying desperately to keep Max from stopping Sarah.



But Sarah can't hear the noises. Instead her mind is preoccupied by the dream machine, and she continues to stare at it.

The lights from the machine begin to flash quicker and quicker, and memories begin flooding her mind.

Sarah's brain is reaching a climax, every neuron working overtime.

Then all of a sudden...nothing.

Her brain activity seizes and Sarah's body collapses onto the floor, just before Max smashes into the room.

Fade to:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD-DAY

Sarah wakes up in a hospital bed.

She looks slightly disappointed.

There is nobody there to ask whether she is ok.

She still doesn't know if it worked, or if she ended up in hospital after losing consciousness.

A doctor walks up to Sarah and sits on a chair beside her bed.

DOCTOR

Hello, Mrs. Carpenter. I'm glad to see you're awake. Can you tell me what happened to you?

Sarah shakes her head, "No."

DOCTOR

Well, this is the second time we've had you in this hospital in just a week. I believe that what's happened to you recently...the death of your son, your divorce...that you have a form of post traumatic stress disorder, and that is what is causing you to faint.

SARAH

I fainted?

DOCTOR

Yes...your neighbour found you on your front lawn. You don't remember?

SARAH

No...

DOCTOR

What was the last thing you remember?

SARAH

I'm a little hazy...

DOCTOR

Well...we thought you had a seizure during the EEG. But after a brief period, you recovered. After that you were fine...we checked up on you last thursday and you seemed fine...

(beat)

I know you're going through a tough time right now...but this is very serious. We're going to need to a series of tests to determine your mental health. We're going to do an MRI scan. The nurses will taking you into the MRI room in a little while.

The doctor stands up and attends to another patient.

Sarah seems a little happier, knowing that she is back in her old universe.

Cut to:

INT. MRI ROOM-DAY

Sarah lies on a cold plastic table wearing nothing but her hospital gown.

The table begins to move into a large plastic tunnel, with extremely bright lights glowing at the end.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

A doctor sits behind a computer console, looking at the MRI room through a glass window. He pushes a button on the console and leans into a mic.

DOCTOR

Don't worry...the lights aren't flashing at a high enough frequency to induce a seizure...just try to stay calm.

INT. MRI ROOM-DAY

Sarah hears the doctor through the speakers located on the walls. She isn't comforted by his words though, and nervously looks at the machine around her.

The machine begins to flash lights from different angles around Sarah's head. Sarah stares directly into the light in front of her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-DAY

The doctor stirs a spoon through a coffee cup. He glances at the monitor, while taking a sip from the cup.

Something catches his eye. He puts the coffee cup back on the table. He leans in closer to the monitor.

He sees it again...and again.

DOCTOR

That is not good.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD-DAY

The doctor closes the curtain around Sarah's bed.

He sits down next to Sarah, trying to find the courage to say what he needs to say.

SARAH

What did the scans show?

DOCTOR

It's hard for me to say...even after years of practice.

(beat).

The scans showed that you have extensive scarring in your brain that could leave you paralyzed if you have another seizure...and the chances of you having another seizure is extremely likely.

Sarah doesn't know what to say, except

SARAH

What can I do to stop them from happening?

DOCTOR

Normally, we would prescribe medication that would reduce brain activity so that the brain could heal the scars naturally...unfortunately, the amount of scarring in your brain would mean your brain will not be able to function normally.

SARAH

Is there nothing you can do?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry...this a very unique case, and I've never seen anything like this...do you have anyone you could contact that could take care of you?

Sarah thinks of her mother.

SARAH

Yes.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Sarah arrives home, after taking a cab from the hospital.

She sees her old MPV, still wrecked from the accident.

She then continues her way into the house.

INT. HOUSE-DAY

Sarah walks into her home.

It's the same as when she left it, broken and empty.

Sarah hangs her coat on the bannister. She notices a picture of her and her mother when they were younger on a small table. Next to the picture are the keys to her SUV.

She grabs them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS-DAY

Sarah drives up to the cabin in the woods.

The SUV manages to make it up the hill.

Sarah changes to a lower gear and throttles the accelerator.

The SUV manages to just make it up the hill, and makes its way to the cabin.

She knocks on the door to the cabin.

Nobody answers.

The door to the cabin is unlocked, however, and Sarah walks into the cabin.

INT. CABIN-DAY

There's nobody there.

Sarah looks around the house, and notices that her mothers bedroom door is open. She walks in.

Her mother sits on an old rocking chair, with a blanket wrapped around her, staring out of the window. This is depressing.

Sarah tries to small talk her.

SARAH

Hi, mom...how are you?

She doesn't reply, only continues staring out the window.

SARAH

I need you to listen to me,  
please...I know about the  
seizures...I know what you went  
through...I know about Zack and I  
know what happened to you...because  
i've been going through the same  
thing.

Suddenly, a small amount of life surfaces in her mothers eyes.

She looks straight into Sarah's eyes.

MOTHER

I'm...sorry. I never meant for any  
of this to happen, least of all to  
you. I'm sorry for all the pain and  
suffering I've put you  
through...this should never have  
happened.

SARAH

What shouldn't have happened?

MOTHER

The first time I had my seizure...I  
was scared. Everything I had around  
me was different...Everything had

changed in an instant...My friends didn't recognize me, I didn't live in the same home, and I didn't even know my own husband...and that was just the beginning...

SARAH  
the beginning?

MOTHER  
After a few weeks, I had another seizure...and it happened again...I was somewhere...somewhere else...I had nothing, I was living in the streets with only the memories of you to keep me company.

SARAH  
How did you get back?

MOTHER  
Am I really back? Am I the same person who left? No, I'm not back...I've lost the ones I've loved too many times for me to be the same person.

SARAH  
Look, I know what you went through was difficult...but it's happening to me, and I need to stop it...

MOTHER  
I need to stop it...

SARAH  
Do you still have seizures?

MOTHER  
No...but I know it will happen again.

SARAH  
So, help me stop it.

MOTHER  
How?

Sarah tries to come up with a possible solution, but can't think of one.

SARAH

Zack...he'll know how to stop it.

MOTHER

How do you know about Zack?

SARAH

I met him...at your funeral.

MOTHER

I died?

SARAH

Yes...

A small teardrop falls from Sarah's mothers eye.

MOTHER

I should've died...

SARAH

No! You were meant to live! You were meant to live a life with your family, not locked up in some dark room by yourself...you're not helping yourself by hiding here.

MOTHER

I can't hurt anyone if I'm alone.

SARAH

But you can't love anyone either...

Sarah's mom doesn't reply.

SARAH

Please...I want to help you, but I need to find Zack...only he can help us.

Sarah's mom takes a card out of her wallet and gives it to Sarah.

The card reads: "The Incredible Mr.Spengler."

SARAH

He's a magician...

A piece of writing written in a small font below the title catches Sarah's eye. It's an address.

MOTHER

We're not the same people anymore, Sarah.

Sarah wonders what she meant by that, but leaves the room anyway.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A.-DAY

Sarah parks her SUV outside the house with same address as on the card.

She steps out of the car and looks at the house. It's Zack's house, the same as she had seen earlier, only there's a sign posted outside with big red arrow pointing into the house.

The sign reads: "This way to the magnificent Mr. Spengler"

Sarah notices that it's getting dark and looks up at the dimly lit street-lamp above her.

She moves to the door, and prepares to knock, but before she does...

...the door opens and a slightly younger looking Zack, now with short straight white hair and no goatee, invites Sarah into the house.

ZACK

Sarah, welcome...please come in.

Sarah walks into the house.

INT. ZACK'S HOUSE-DAY

Zack's house seems completely different. Everything seems clean and contemporary. Large framed posters of 19th century magicians and illusionists cover most of the walls, while houses built of playing cards are scattered across the tables.

SARAH

So how did you know I was coming...is it one of your magic tricks?

ZACK

No...I don't really believe in magic.

SARAH

You certainly chose the right profession.

ZACK

I used to practice magic because I was good at it. I knew all the tricks, and I knew how to manipulate



my audience. But now, I can't seem to do any tricks anymore.

SARAH  
What happened?

ZACK  
I just can't do it anymore. I just can't fool people into believing my tricks when I know that there is something in me that could be real and unexplained.

A moment of silence.

SARAH  
How did you know that I would come to see you?

ZACK  
I remember you coming to see me. I remember having this conversation.

SARAH  
But it just happened.

ZACK  
Look, I can't explain it. It just happens.

SARAH  
How long has this been happening to you?

ZACK  
For a little over a week.

Sarah realizes that her seizures must have something to do with it.

SARAH  
Did you have a seizure when it first happened?

ZACK  
No. They just appeared as flashes. As if these memories just appeared in my head. I can remember people that I've never met, and places that I have never been to. And for some reason...I remember things that haven't even happened yet.

SARAH

Do you remember what happened to me?

ZACK

Yes...and I know why you're here...but I can't tell you where he is.

SARAH

Why not?

ZACK

Because...of what happened to you. Do you really want to go back to that life? That life before you had your seizure, the one that made you so unhappy.

SARAH

I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO GO BACK TO THAT LIFE...SO TELL ME WHERE HE IS!

Zack caves in, overpowered by Sarah's determination to find her husband.

ZACK

He's at your house.

SARAH

What's he doing there?

ZACK

I don't know. But you have to get to him quickly.

Sarah grabs her things and leaves the house.

EXT.ZACK'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Sarah steps out of the house, noticing the street-lamp is fully lit. Sarah looks back at the house to find Zack, standing at the doorway to his house.

Cut to:

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A thick fog emanates from the ground, reducing visibility to a few feet. Only the glows from street lamps and car lights illuminate the highway.

Sarah's SUV drives at some considerable speed across the highway.

INT. SUV-NIGHT

Zack's in the driving seat, piloting the SUV across the highway. Sarah's in the front passenger seat paying attention to any road signs going to her house.

SARAH

Thank you for driving me.

ZACK

It was the responsible thing to do.

SARAH

Have you always been responsible?

ZACK

What are you implying?

SARAH

Well, you look like the guy who would know his way around a garden, if you know what I mean.

ZACK

No...I don't.

SARAH

Ok.

An uncomfortable silence.

SARAH

Did you ever meet my mom?

ZACK

Yes. We used to be friends. She called me a few times over the years. (beat). Listen, do you think that your husband...I mean ex-husband...will mind that you're with me.

Sarah doesn't know what to make of the comment.

SARAH

Considering you're more than twenty years older than me, I would say that it's not likely.

ZACK

Stranger things have happened.

Sarah continues to look out of her window.

She sees a road sign that will get them to her house quicker.

SARAH

Get off at the next exit.

Zack notices the sign, slows down and exits the highway.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

A bright orange glow illuminates the skyline. Sarah's SUV speeds down the suburban street, as Sarah fears the worst.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Flames ravage through Sarah's house, burning anything and everything into the night sky.

Sarah's SUV comes to a sudden stop outside the house.

Sarah jumps out of the SUV and runs into the house, leaving Zack behind.

Zack gets out of the car to try and stop Sarah.

ZACK

Sarah, wait! It's too dangerous!

Sarah doesn't listen and continues to make her way into the house.

Zack gets out his phone and dials 911.

We follow Sarah as she kicks the door open and moves into the house.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Plumes of black smoke snake their way on the ceilings.

Sarah can't see a thing, and tries to cover her mouth with her jacket.

A small clearing appears in the thick smog.

Sarah rushes through it, and tries to catch her breath.

SARAH

MAX!

No answer.

Sarah tries to find the origin of the smoke, but can only see the black smog all around her.

But something catches Sarah's eye.

Flashes of orange light blink through the smog at the top of the stairs.

Sarah hesitates. She doesn't want to risk having another seizure, but she still has to save her husband.

Fuck it. She goes up the steps heading to the first floor.

The steps are decomposing and creak under Sarah's feet.

Sarah begins to feel the heat, and the flashes of light begin to appear more frequently.

Sarah tries hard to ignore the flashes, and tries to rush up the stairs as quickly as possible.

As she does so, she pushes too hard on one of the steps.

The step collapses and Sarah's body drops towards the ground.

Sarah, in a last ditch effort, grabs the top step with her right hand.

She manages to get a grip on the step and pulls herself up.

The step begins to creak as she does so, but this time it holds.

Sarah moves further toward the fire, trying to desperately ignore the flashes.

The heat from the flames begins to intensify as Sarah walks toward her bedroom.

The doors to her bedroom are shut, and only the light and smog from the fire flash through the bottom of the door.

Sarah tries to call out.

SARAH

MAX!

But the roars from the fire drown out her voice.

Sarah tries to kick down the door, but the door won't budge.

She tries harder, this time putting her entire body behind her kick.

The door slams open, and a huge fireball heads toward Sarah.

Sarah dives for cover, as the fireball passes above her.

The flames, now more intense than ever, burn a bright orange and flicker violently.

Sarah crawls into her scorching bedroom. The flickering flames affecting her more than ever.

The room begins to feel extremely bright and blurry. This is it, Sarah's last seizure.

Sarah pushes harder, fighting the heat as well as her head.

SARAH

MAX!

Sarah sees Max on the floor surrounded by flames.

The flames burn hotter and hotter, and begin to destroy the house.

Sarah gets up and runs over to her husband.

She tries to wake him up, but he's out cold.

A huge chunk of the ceiling collapses just inches away from Sarah.

Sarah's vision is almost completely gone, everything's a blur, and her brain is beginning to work against her.

Flashbacks of her old life begin to merge into the room.

Sarah doesn't know what's going on. She throws her husband's arm over her shoulder and lifts him up.

A wooden beam, as well as most of the roof, drops right in front of Sarah.

She needs to move. Quick.

Almost overwhelmed by the heat and the lights, Sarah drops her husband on the floor.

Sarah looks around the room, seeing a completely different room to what is actually happening.

SARAH'S P.O.V.: A quiet, serene room with birds chirping outside.

Max begins to come around. He sees that Sarah is oblivious to what's going on around her.

Sarah begins to lose her footing, she's losing consciousness.

Max grabs her as she falls, and pulls her into his body.

He looks into her eyes, and remembers just how much he loves her, and how much he missed her.

He tries to wake her up...but she doesn't.

Afraid that she's going to die, Max tries to come up with an alternative solution.

He kisses her.

Sarah's brain, which was overloading with neural activity, begins to calm down as if it found what it was missing.

Sarah begins to regain some of her consciousness, and begins to kiss back.

Suddenly, the intense overloading of her brain begins to decrease dramatically, almost focussed by the kiss. Sarah's fears, doubts and painful memories begin to disappear.

Sarah opens her eyes and hugs her husband. She's back, and she has what she wants...just one problem remains. How do they get out of the burning building alive?

Sarah looks around the burning house, trying desperately to find an escape plan.

Another roof beam collapses near the window. This time however the beam causes the floor to cave in.

The fires begin to grow around Max and Sarah, revitalized by the newly available oxygen.

Max and Sarah hold each other in their arms, prepared to die.

Sarah, finally happy, doesn't want to lose what she has again. She looks into the chasm.

SARAH

Follow me.

Sarah jumps into the chasm, shortly followed by Max.

They land on a burnt table that smashes to pieces upon their impact.

Soot and ash crash down on top of them.

The flames begin to die down, but the entire house is still covered in smog making it impossible to see anything.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The fires begin to gradually fade out. Large plumes of black smoke and debris fly out into the night sky.

A fire engine and a squad of police cars screech to a halt outside the house.

Several firemen jump out of the engine, and begin unwinding hoses from.

A fire chief walks over to Zack.

CHIEF

Is there anyone in the building?

ZACK

Yeah, there's two people in there.

The fire chief then commands some of his officers into the building, as the other officers try to drown out the fire by hosing it down.

We then follow a fireman as he makes his way into the building.

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

We continue to follow the fireman as he tries to get his bearings in the thick smog.

FIREMAN

IS ANYONE HERE?

No response.

The officer then makes his way into the dining room, smashing through furniture and debris with an axe in the process.

He looks up through the gigantic hole in the ceiling seeing the fires raging and destroying the room above him.

Something draws his attention back into the room, however, as he sees the debris begin to move on the floor.

It's Sarah.

The fireman rushes over to help her get out of the building.

Sarah frantically tries to find Max.

The fireman tries to pull her out of the building.



FIREMAN  
MISS, THE ROOF COULD COLLAPSE AT ANY  
MOMENT. I GOTTA GET YOU OUTTA HERE!

SARAH  
NO! I HAVE TO FIND MY HUSBAND!

FIREMAN  
WHERE IS HE?

SARAH  
I DON'T KNOW.

FIREMAN  
I'LL FIND HIM! JUST GET OUTTA HERE!

Sarah hesitates, but she does so.

We follow her as she makes her way past the debris and black smoke onto the front lawn, where another fireman wraps a blanket around her and attaches a mouthpiece around her head.

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

The fireman guides her to an ambulance parked on the street.

Zack watches as a paramedic checks Sarah's vitals.

ZACK  
Are you ok?

Sarah coughs. She then nods her head "yes".

Sarah then looks back at the house.

A huge crashing sound shocks through the entire street.

The house vibrates violently as part of the roof collapses into the house. Smoke and debris evacuate through the open doors and windows.

Sarah stares unflinchingly. She can't lose her husband forever. Not now.

At the grace of god, the fireman fades in through the smoke carrying Max.

Sarah drops the mouthpiece and runs over to Max and throws her arms around him.

They continue to hug as the firemen around them continue to battle the fire.

EXT. STREET-LATER

The fire begins to wither away as the firemen continue to douse the flames with water.

Sarah and Max sit inside an ambulance, watching the firemen fight the flames through the open doors.

SARAH

What were you doing here?

MAX

I...I came to see you.

SARAH

How did you get in the house?

MAX

I still have a key.

SARAH

Max...did you start the fire?

MAX

No. Listen, I have to apologize to how I've treated you these past few weeks. It wasn't fair to you or Elliott. But I did not start this fire.

SARAH

Then what happened?

MAX

I...

Zack interrupts the conversation.

ZACK

I'm sorry, am I interrupting?

MAX

(to Sarah)

Who's this guy?

ZACK

My name's Zack Peterson.

Zack shakes Max's hand.

SARAH

Zack is a friend of mom's. He drove me down today.

MAX

Why couldn't you drive yourself?

SARAH

It's a long story...Would you excuse me for a minute.

Sarah exits the ambulance so that she can be alone with Zack.

ZACK

I'm sorry about your house.

SARAH

I'm just glad I got here on time...thanks to you.

ZACK

I should be thanking you.

SARAH

For what?

ZACK

For making sense of things. I know how this sounds, but before I met you, when I started having these memories, I thought I was going crazy. I thought I had Alzheimer's or something. But now I know what these memories mean...and maybe I can even return to the way my life was before.

SARAH

So what are you going to do now?

ZACK

I'll see how the magician gig goes. What else am I going to do at my age?

SARAH

Well good luck with that...Hey if you wait a while, I'm sure we can drop you off at home.

ZACK

No, it's ok. I'll get a cab or catch the bus.

SARAH

At this time of the night?

ZACK

Yeah, I'll be okay.

The fire chief interrupts before Sarah can say goodbye.

Zack walks away.

SARAH

Did you find out what caused the fire?

CHIEF

We think it was electrical. Old houses like these usually have bad wiring somewhere in the house. But because most of the house is burned down, it's hard to say for certain. Who was in the house when the fire started?

Max steps out of the ambulance.

MAX

I was.

CHIEF

Did you see any sparks or any flashing lights around you while you were in the house?

MAX

Yeah, I saw some flashing lights coming from upstairs. By the time I got to the bedroom, the whole place was on fire.

CHIEF

Ok, well, there's too much damage done to the house for you to stay here. Do you have anywhere else where you can stay for the time being?

SARAH

I think I know of a place.

We then flash cut to:

EXT. CABIN-MORNING

The sun begins to peak out from the horizon, bringing with it a warm glow that illuminates through the forest.

Sarah's SUV steadily drives across the mountain paths.

INT. SUV-MORNING

Sarah sleeps on the door, supported by a wrapped up jacket which she uses as a cushion.

Max yawns, as he steers the SUV across the windy roads.

He then turns off into an isolated part of the mountains.

MAX

We're here...honey...wake up...we're here.

Sarah slowly gets up. She looks out of the window to see her mother's cabin.

EXT. CABIN-MORNING

The SUV comes to a stop outside the cabin porch. Max and Sarah get out of the car.

SARAH

Wait here.

Sarah goes into the cabin alone, as Max waits outside.

INT. CABIN-DAY

Sarah walks into the cold empty cabin. She looks around the cabin to find chairs knocked over and the fridge completely raided.

She walks over to the bedroom to find her mother.

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

A curtain flickers in and out of the room with the wind, allowing small amounts of light into the room.

Sarah opens the door to the bedroom to find her mother, sitting still in the same rocking chair.

Sarah moves closer to her mother. Her mother lies fast asleep on the chair, only...

She's not breathing.

A teardrop falls from Sarah's eye.

SARAH

I'm sorry, mom. I'm sorry I couldn't help you.

Cut to:

INT. MRI ROOM-DAY

An overhead shot of Sarah, as she lays on the plastic MRI table. The table then begins to move into the MRI chamber.

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

The lights inside the MRI machine begin to flash around her head.

A VOICE is heard coming from speakers located at the corner of the room.

VOICE

Try and relax Mrs. Carpenter. It may help if you close your eyes.

Sarah panics. She doesn't want to close her eyes.

VOICE

Mrs. Carpenter, you need to relax. Please, close your eyes.

Sarah does so.

The flashing lights begin to spark off memories in Sarah's mind.

She remembers her son dying.

She remembers her mom dying.

Her brain activity begins to increase dramatically. She's about to have another seizure.

She then remembers the fire.

She remembers Max's kiss.

Suddenly, her brain activity begins to calm down. She begins to relax, almost comforted by the memory.

The flashing lights then stop, and the MRI table begins to move out of the machine.

A doctor enters into the room carrying a file.

Sarah sits up.

DOCTOR

I have your results from the MRI test that we just did.

SARAH

Has the scarring got any worse?

DOCTOR

No. In fact, quite the opposite. The extensive amount of scarring that you showed the last time you were here has healed drastically. You're a lot better off than you were a few weeks ago. So keep up whatever it is you're doing.

SARAH

I will doctor.

DOCTOR

Oh and I have some other news for you. It's still a bit early to tell, but a sample of your blood revealed that you're pregnant. Congratulations.

The doctor smiles and leaves the room.

Sarah is shocked. She can't believe it.

EXT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Sarah walks out of the hospital with a big smile on her face.

She sees her husband waiting for her. Her husband looks different, a lot more like the guy from the other universe.

SARAH

Guess what?

MAX

I'm pregnant.

Max hugs Sarah, lifting her into the air in the process.

Cut to:

INT. SUV-DAY

Rain pours heavily over the windshield of Sarah's SUV.

Max lightly applies the brakes and keeps a certain distance away from the car in front.

A mellow song plays over the radio.

MAX

Do you think we're going to make it?

SARAH

Why wouldn't we?

MAX

Because we didn't before.

SARAH

We're different people now.

MAX

Are we?

SARAH

I know I am.

MAX

What makes you so sure?

SARAH

Because of what I've been through. I know what I have to do now, who I have to be.

MAX

Will it make you any happier?

SARAH

I don't know. But at least I know I'm going to fight for what I love.

MAX

And what is that?

SARAH

You.

Max smiles.

MAX

I love you too.

We then pull out of the car to an overhead shot of the highway.

We see the drops of rain fall on to the road, gradually increasing in speed.



As the droplets fall quicker, we see a time lapse of the highway as day turns into night.

The cars turn on their lights as it gets darker.

We then fade out until all we can see is the lights from the cars whizzing across the screen.

The lights then become brighter, now engulfing the entire screen,

and we...

FADE OUT.

THE END