

12 Seconds  
by  
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An alarm clock blares.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A hand slams down on the alarm clock. Silence.

The bedroom is large and luxurious-looking.

A shirtless man in jeans, DAVID CARLISLE (39), sits up on the edge of the King-sized bed, yawns.

David stands, walks to the other side of the bed.

A beautiful brunette in light blue pajamas, HEATHER CARLISLE (36), lies asleep.

David stands right in front of her.

DAVID (V.O.)  
She's a lying, cheating whore and  
you know it.

David leans down to her ear.

DAVID  
(Whispers, singing)  
Good morning, starshine...

Heather chuckles as one of her eyes pops open then closes.

HEATHER  
(Sings)  
...the earth says hello.

DAVID  
Come on. Wakey wakey.

Heather yawns, acts as if she's a teenager being woken up to go to school.

HEATHER  
(Fake whines)  
No... Too early.

Heather breaks out of her act, opens her eyes, sits up. She smiles at him.

HEATHER  
I'm sorry, Dave. I can't do that.

DAVID  
 No. It's David. Dave makes me sound  
 so... old.

David reaches over and playfully tickles her ribs.

Heather squirms away, giggling.

HEATHER  
 Mercy!

David laughs.

Heather leans in, kisses him on the lips.

They embrace for a moment of silence.

DAVID (V.O.)  
 But... she's not. She's your wife.  
 You've been married--happily--for  
 two years plus a couple weeks and  
 you are absolutely devoted to her.

David stands up straight and turns to the bureau next to the bed. He opens it and grabs a white dress shirt.

DAVID  
 Come on, H. Let's go.

David buttons the shirt.

HEATHER  
 Oh, that's how it is, huh? I've  
 been reduced to a letter?

DAVID  
 Ok, all right, you got me.

David puts his hands together, as if praying.

DAVID  
 Pretty please with sugar on top,  
 Heather Maria Carlisle? Get up.

HEATHER  
 Wasn't so hard, was it?

DAVID  
 Was, too. H.

Heather sits up and kisses David on the cheek.

David walks to the door, looks back at Heather.

The bedroom changes. Now, it's a cheap apartment bedroom, complete with cracks in the walls and stains on the ceiling.

Heather, now naked, is having sex with a different MAN whose face is unseen.

Heather is on top. She climaxes.

Alcohol bottles line the table that the alarm clock sat on.

David shakes his head and walks out of the room. Behind him, the room changes to how it was before.

#### BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A spacious, picturesque bathroom with a Jacuzzi tub in the far corner.

David stands at the sink and stares at himself in the medicine cabinet mirror.

Out of nowhere, David's demeanor changes to fury as he punches the mirror, hard as he can. It spiderwebs.

David opens the medicine cabinet and looks inside.

The only thing in the cabinet is an S&W .45 ACP pistol with a silencer on the end.

David blinks then the cabinet changes back to being filled with medicine. He grabs a bottle of pills and shuts the cabinet.

The mirror is now fixed.

David lifts off the top and pours five pills out of it. He sets the bottle on the edge of the sink.

The pill bottle reads, "Fluanisone. Jason Houston. Take once before breakfast."

David tosses the pills in his mouth at once, swallows them. He opens the bathroom door and shuts off the light.

#### LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David admires the family pictures that line each wall.

## LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David stands in the middle of the room and stretches his arms out. He yawns loudly.

He looks ahead and sees himself falling backwards, but frozen in place, with a gun in his mouth.

He inspects the other David closely. David walks behind him, looks at a bullet behind his head, frozen in place.

David walks back in front of the other David. He looks at the ground, at several unfired bullets. He stands straight up.

He looks at the sofa. Heather's body, dressed in light blue pajamas, leans over the sofa, with blood coming from the back of her head.

David turns to his right and sees the word "WHORE" crudely spray painted across the wall in big letters.

DAVID

Yeah, that's about right.

David turns back around and faces the other David again.

David shrugs, walks between them. He stops at the entrance to another hallway.

## BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David walks down the hallway and stops in between two doors on opposite sides of the hallway.

DAVID (V.O.)

Decisions, decisions.

David opens the door on the left, walks in.

## VINCENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David coughs as he looks around and the room is thick with marijuana smoke.

He looks at the bed, sees VINCENT CARLISLE (15), sitting on the bed.

Vincent snorts a line of cocaine off a mini chess table. He glares at David.

VINCENT

What are you doing in my room?

DAVID  
I was just--

VINCENT  
Get the fuck out.

David can't believe what he's hearing. He backs up to the door, opens it.

Vincent throws the chess table at the door. It shatters just as David leaves.

BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David stands in the hallway, his hand on the doorknob to Vincent's room. He stares at the doorknob.

DAVID  
What the hell?

DAVID (V.O.)  
That's not your son. You're losin'  
it, David.

David turns, puts his hand on the doorknob of the other room.

DAVID (V.O.)  
This should be better.  
(Beat)  
Michelle. She's not perfect, but at  
least she knows she doesn't need  
drugs to be popular.

David smiles lightly.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Hell, she's got a date with some  
loser tonight, I think.

MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David opens the door and sees a girl, MICHELLE CARLISLE (18), sitting on the bed, leaning against the wall.

Michelle is cutting her upper left arm with a razor blade. Her arm bears the scars of dozens of other cuts.

She sits there in a black bra and blue jeans, dead-focused on her arm. She doesn't even look up and acknowledge David.

MICHELLE  
What?

David stares ahead. He watches the razor blade cut into her arm and the blood dribble down.

DAVID  
Michelle, what are you doing?

David steps forward and grabs the razor out of her hand.  
Michelle sighs in a frustrated tone and stares up at him.

MICHELLE  
Do you mind?

DAVID  
What the hell is wrong with you?  
You never did this before.

Michelle looks at him with a look of complete distaste.

MICHELLE  
You know, maybe if you attempted to  
notice me a little bit before now,  
you'd know I've been doing this  
since sixth grade.

(Beat)  
Of course, between you and that  
cunt you married, you barely have  
time for anyone else, huh?

David slowly backs up and a look of fear overcomes him.

MICHELLE  
Don't let the door hit you on the  
way out.

David turns around, grabs the doorknob.

MICHELLE  
You mind giving my razor back  
before you leave?

David looks over his shoulder one last time.

Michelle is on the bed, on her stomach, talking on the phone.

MICHELLE  
Well, he's taking me to the movies  
tonight. Then, after that, I figure  
we'll hang at the mall for a bit.  
(Beat)  
See what happens, you know?

DAVID  
I love you.

MICHELLE  
(Covers the receiver)  
Love you, too.

Michelle motions for David to leave.

BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David walks back through the hallway, into the living room.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The other David and Heather's body are gone but David doesn't even notice.

DAVID  
This is all wrong.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David walks in and Heather isn't there anymore. He sits on the edge of the bed and lays down.

DAVID  
When I wake up, it'll be all right.

David shuts his eyes then pop open.

He slams his hand down on the table to stop the alarm, but there's no alarm because there's no clock.

The room is different. Rather than a beautiful estate, it's a sleazy apartment. The same one Michelle was having sex in.

DAVID  
Yeah, this is it.

David sits on the edge of the bed, runs his hand through his hair.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David opens the medicine cabinet, pulls out an arm bandage.

He unrolls it and looks down at the silenced .45 ACP that was hidden inside.

## LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David grabs a can of spray paint from a rack just outside the bathroom and stuffs it in the back of his pants.

## LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David looks at the sofa.

Heather lies on it, asleep, in a cheap see-through spaghetti strap top.

## BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David slowly opens Michelle's bedroom door.

## MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David creeps in slowly, sits on the edge of her bed. He runs his hands through her hair which wakes her up.

MICHELLE

Dad?

DAVID

Yeah, it's me.

MICHELLE

What are you doing?

DAVID

Nothing. I was just worried and wanted to check on you.

(Beat)

Are you still going on that date tonight?

MICHELLE

Yeah... Why wouldn't I be?

David shrugs as he extends his left arm.

They hug each other.

DAVID

(Whispers)

I love you.

David shoots her in the chest.

Michelle takes quick, panicked breaths as David continues to hold her close.

DAVID

I'm sorry.

A tear runs down David's cheek as Michelle settles back into bed, her breathing stopped.

David holds her for a moment after she dies. He leans down and kisses her forehead.

He stands, looks down at Michelle's body. He looks away and opens the door.

BEDROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

David kicks Vincent's bedroom door off its hinges.

VINCENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vincent is asleep, but the sound wakes him up instantly. He looks towards the door as David bursts in.

Before he even has a chance to react, David fires off a shot that hits Vincent square in the head.

David walks over to Vincent's body.

His body is still underneath his blanket.

David looks down at the bed; open schoolbooks and notepads.

He looks closer at the books as they turn into porn magazines and drug paraphernalia.

David looks at the ceiling, grips his forehead with both hands then looks back at the bed. Schoolbooks.

Behind David, Heather runs to the door. She's dressed in the blue pajamas she was in earlier.

HEATHER

Oh, my god! Vincent?!

Heather runs up to Vincent but David stops her before she gets to the bed.

David covers her mouth and lifts her over his shoulder.

HEATHER  
(Muffled, screams)  
David, what are you doing?! What  
the fuck are you doing?! Oh, my  
god!

David carries her into the living room.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sets her down, pushes her against the back of the sofa.

DAVID  
You. You cheated on me all the  
time! DIDN'T YOU, YOU FUCKIN'  
WHORE?!

HEATHER  
I didn't! David, please, you've  
gotta believe me.

DAVID  
Don't you lie to me! You don't want  
to make this more painful than it  
already is.

HEATHER  
I didn't. I swear!

DAVID  
Turn around. Now!

HEATHER  
No.

David puts his hand on her head and turns it away from him.  
He lifts up the gun to her head.

HEATHER  
David, ple--

David shoots her mid-sentence as she falls halfway over the  
sofa. He stands for a moment, staring at her lifeless body.

He walks over to the right wall, crudely spray paints "WHORE"  
in large letters, not acknowledging what he just did.

He walks back to where he shot Heather, ejects the clip,  
flicks each bullet out of the clip, empties the chamber.

He bends down, picks up one of the bullets. He puts it in the  
chamber, cocks the gun.

He puts the gun in his mouth. Emotionless. Nearly robotic.

CUT TO BLACK.

Gunshot.

DAVID (V.O.)  
They say that in the final moment  
before you die, your life flashes  
before your eyes.

The thud of a body hitting the ground.

DAVID (V.O.)  
But, what happens in the twelve  
seconds between when your body dies  
and your brain dies?

An alarm clock blares.

DAVID (V.O.)  
I hope it's different for everyone.

THE END.