

# Physics

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DIXIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A girl's bedroom. Pride of place, a vanity desk and mirror covered with makeup and brushes. A pink beanbag alongside.

On a bedside table, an EGG TIMER ticks.

DIXIE (15) teenage chic, bit too much makeup, walks forward with a look of intent.

She pushes TROY (15), definitely not trendy, and somewhat terrified, back into her--

CLOSET

Walk in style, full with clothes. Shuts the door.

TROY

I'm not sure, Dixie.

DIXIE

Troy! You live next door, no one will know. Hey, when your dad visits mom, he brings you along anyway. We can be together. Let's start now, in here. You know the rules, it's just seven minutes--

TROY

(to self)  
420 seconds.

DIXIE

--in the closet, you and me. But remember, what goes on in here, stays in here. OK?

Troy, reluctantly nods agreement, as Dixie leans in and kisses him. She pulls away fast, grimaces.

DIXIE

Arrg! It's like licking a balloon.

Troy, follows suit, wipes his mouth.

TROY

Hey! That's...you lick balloons? I want to be alone--

BANG a bright FLASH. The kids drop to their knees as--

All the clothes vanish, bright lights shine, and four doors, No 1,2,3,4 appear - one each side. It's like a white box.

DIXIE  
Wait, what?

TROY  
This is not a normal house.

Dixie does a 360, confused.

TROY  
You pranking me?

THUMP - His head is slammed against the wall. Got his answer.

TROY  
Ouch. I'm don't know what you're  
doing, but I'm out of here.

He charges through door 1--

INT. BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT

Stops dead, confused. Ahead, a large, tidy room. An en-suite  
bathroom to the side.

Loud DISCO music plays. A candle burns.

TROY  
This isn't your room.

Dixie, charges in after him. They stand like spectators.

DIXIE  
Wait, this is mom's. How...?

The toilet flushes and out appears MOM (40), in red lacy  
knickers and bra. She dances to the music - sexy.

DIXIE  
Mum?!

TROY  
Mrs Jones?

Mom carries on.

DIXIE  
What's happening? She can't hear  
us. Mom! What you wearing? And...  
(mum squats down)  
...remember your bad knee.

TROY  
That's a sick move.

SLAP - Dixie delivers a blow.

DIXIE  
Christ, we must be drugged.

Mom drops to her knees, arches her back.

DIXIE  
Please be drugs.

Troy stares ahead - drools.

SLAP - another lands.

TROY  
Ouch! Hey, you always say she's boring. Why can't she have fun? It's cool. She's on her own.

Desperate to get away from her dancing Mom, she grabs Troy and they disappear through the closet door. Until--

Dixie's head slowly peers around the door - cautious.

DIXIE  
It's ok, Mom. I respect your decision to...

Mom now lies on her back, legs akimbo in the air.

DIXIE  
(takes in the scene)  
...oh, I feel sick.

Troy's hand pulls her back, into the--

CLOSET

Catch their breath. Somewhat resigned to it, they move on to--

INT. BEDROOM 2 - NIGHT

Another bedroom, less colorful, less tidy. Clothes draped over a chair. A used mug on the side.

Troy, freezes.

TROY  
Oh no! This is Dad's, before we moved. Before we tried to have a fresh start.

The light goes off in the bathroom, someone approaches.

DIXIE  
(looks through fingers)  
Please be dressed.

TROY  
Please be dressed.

DAD (50) exits, wearing boxers. He's middle aged but in ok shape. Doesn't sense the kids.

Dad arranges some cuddly TOYS on the bed.

DIXIE  
Toys! That's your male role model.

Troy sighs.

TROY  
They were my Mom's, before...

DIXIE  
Oh, I'm really sorry. That's sweet.  
But...

Dad touches his toes - his butt facing Dixie.

DIXIE  
...sweet has fled scene.

Dad FARTS loudly.

DIXIE  
And snatched my childhood.

TROY  
It was probably Indian curry night.  
It goes through us both. We joke  
about who's affected the most.

Dixie stares at Troy shell shocked.

DIXIE  
I don't get boys. Men. People. Or  
fucking life really.

She storms back through the door into the--

CLOSET

Troy follows. They gaze at door 3.

TROY  
Three is a lucky number?

INT. BEDROOM 3 - NIGHT

A boys room, messy, sci-fi posters on the walls. A Lego statue of CHEWBACCA by the bed.

TROY  
I hate door three.

DIXIE  
Now it's getting weird.

The bedroom DOOR opens, in walks NEW TROY, slightly younger.

DIXIE  
That explains it.

New Troy heads to the desk, past a meccanno statue of DNA, and rolls out a POSTER: Buffy the Vampire Slayer.

DIXIE  
You jerk off to Buffy?

Troy, puffs out his chest, not taking that.

TROY  
Stop it! I'm allowed a crush.

DIXIE  
She's 47 now!

TROY  
So? And...how do you know?

Dixie sheepishly looks away.

DIXIE  
I...well, I heard, I think.

TROY  
So what! I like gadgets, sci-fi. I love Physics. Ok? It explains life, why everything happens, even us.  
(points at the DNA)  
People keep putting me down, so I'm learning...to be..proud of...

New Troy begins to gently stroke the face of Buffy.

Troy considers his other self with growing concern.

TROY  
Err...door four awaits. Exciting!

He grabs Dixie's arm and forces her back from the embarrassing scene into the--

CLOSET

They pause, look at each other.

TROY  
Ok, I'm a loner. It's been hard without Mom. Dad's struggled. But hey, things are getting better.

DIXIE  
You're trapped in a time portal.

TROY  
Oh shit. But hey, I did get to see  
your mom shake her--

He ducks as a hand swishes over his head - dodged one.

TROY  
And I also found out you're a  
secret Buffy lover.

Dixie balls a fist.

DIXIE  
Don't you tell anyone.

Troy nods agreement. Dixie sighs, turns to Door 4.

DIXIE  
Why does this one worry me?

TROY  
Because you're a rational human  
being?

She slowly opens the door and they head into--

INT. BEDROOM 4 - NIGHT

Dixie's bedroom, but different. She frowns, unsure of the  
situation as--

NEW DIXIE charges in the room - a festering ball of energy.  
She stops, SCREAMS.

TROY  
Wow...that's some rage.

Looking on, Dixie winces, as though she's being tasered.

New Dixie kicks over a chair, throws down some clothes and  
starts punching a pillow.

TROY  
Oh god...I live next door.

New Dixie stamps on the Pillow.

TROY  
No one's safe.

New Dixie now strangles the Pillow.

TROY  
I could run away.

DIXIE  
 (points at other self)  
 Look at me! I'm a psycho. Who wants  
 to know that, or even like it?

TROY  
 Could be worse.

New Dixie bites the pillow like a Vampire.

TROY  
 Err...

DIXIE  
 I find it so hard to calm down.  
 Small things really get to me.  
 Everyone runs away like I'm nuts. I  
 don't know...what to do.

TROY  
 Anybody help you?

DIXIE  
 No. Everyone just says I'm weird.  
 Mom has to work long hours, she's  
 stressed. I can't tell her  
 I'm...losing it.

TROY  
 So, you're all alone. I get that.  
 You need to talk.

DIXIE  
 I don't know how. I suppose I am  
 lucky in a way.

Troy points at New Dixie.

TROY  
 That's lucky!

DIXIE  
 Well, we don't have guns.

Troy accepts the point, and beckons her back into the--

CLOSET

Dixie enters, head down - forlorn.

DIXIE  
 Where do we go now? We're lost, all  
 of us. Didn't you see? It's a mess.

Troy considers the downbeat Dixie, looks around the sparse  
 room with its four identical doors. He thinks.



DIXIE  
What are we missing?

Dixie curls up on the floor, knees to chin. Vulnerable.

Troy takes in the broken Dixie - her fire's gone out. He paces around room, challenging himself to work it out.

TROY  
(reflects to self)  
In here, we've travelled, time has altered. That's physics. If it was answered, we'd be out. So it hasn't, a variable...is missing.  
(gazes at Dixie)  
But what? We've had four doors, four stories, each one was...

Troy stops pacing, a simple truth hitting him.

TROY  
Dixie, maybe we can get back. Just trust me. All we need is this.

He kneels down, hugs her shoulders from behind. She nestles in, doesn't fight. As he holds her--

THE CLOTHES...sweep back around them, like another hug. They jump up, find the door, and charge out into--

INT. DIXIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dixie gasps at the sight of her room.

DIXIE  
YES!! We're back...oh god, my room.

TROY  
It's ok, it's ok. I think this is now. Real now. Look, the egg timer. And 'crazy you' isn't here.

Dixie throws him a: 'You're right, but I don't like it' look.

DIXIE  
Good! Crazy Me needs a break. Hey, Buffy Boy, you got us back.

She gives Troy a big 'thank you' hug. A KNOCK on the door.

MOM (OS)  
Guys, you in there?

Dixie and Troy glance at each other - panic.

Troy jumps drops onto the beanbag. Dixie jumps on the bed, as if she's been there all the time.

THE DOOR OPENS

In comes Mom and Troy's Dad.

MOM  
There you are. All Ok?

DIXIE  
Yup, been...looking for clothes.

Troy struggles to make eye contact.

TROY  
Clothes on, yes, Mrs Jones, good to see...all of you, umm.

Dixie, rolls her eyes.

DAD  
We wanted to share some news.

DIXIE  
Please not curry night?

Mom glances at Dad, both unsure - it's not that.

TROY  
I couldn't. Long day.

MOM  
Well the news is, Troy, you're getting a sister, and Dixie you're getting a brother.

Mom and Dad hold hands, smile at the kids.

Troy and Dixie look at each trying to do the Math. LIGHTBULB moment - they get it. Point at each other.

DIXIE AND TROY  
You!

MOM  
Yes, we're getting married.

Dixie and Troy, peer back at the closet - another lightbulb.

DIXIE AND TROY  
Balloons!

Troy turns to the parents, keen to share his revelation.

TROY  
Sister! Of course, makes sense  
...it's not meant to...be...ya.

Mom and Dad stare - utterly confused.

TROY  
 (trying to distract)  
 Oh, one question. Please may I have  
 my own room?

DIXIE  
 And do you keep guns?

DAD  
 Err, no, no guns.

DIXIE  
 Chainsaws?

DAD  
 No. And you'll have your own space.

MOM  
 So, how do you feel?

Dixie and Troy share a gentle look.

TROY  
 That's really cool, I like being  
 with Dixie. She's straight talking.  
 No sides. Not had a sister before.

Dixie melts.

DIXIE  
 Not had anyone before. It's really  
 good, for all of us, a new family.  
 I like Troy, he's kind. And we both  
 like Buffy.

Mom and Dad hug - pleased with how it was received. They turn  
 to leave as the EGG TIMER rings - they jump.

MOM  
 Whoa. Where did that...

Then around the room, another, and another, and another -  
 four timers sound off. The family share 15 painful seconds of  
 noise - one second at a time.

Mom crosses her arms - got questions.

MOM  
 If this family is going to work, we  
 need honesty. So, why are there  
 four egg timers? Explain that?

Dixie and Troy squirm - where to go?

TROY  
 Err...Physics?

FADE OUT: