

THEORY

Written by

CARLOS

EXT. WOODED ROAD-NIGHT

We see a quiet street. It is dark, vague lights from sleepy homes are all to indicate that there is any life in this quiet neighborhood.

We close in on a simple, small, single story home. The flicker from the television may be seen, a beat up pick up truck sits idle on the small driveway, a gust of wind picks up, and leaves swirl around the truck. A bit of localized lightening zips next to the truck and the mailbox sitting on a wooden pole. The name S. Black can be read on the box.

The wind picks up, the lightening intensifies, and then it happens.

The fabric of the scene tears like a piece of cloth, first a little bit, then a we see a pair of powder grey hands pop through the rip in the universe. The hands have red symbols on them and a few numbers. They rip the hole larger and out steps a nude man, powder grey skin, and covered in red numbers one through eleven and ancient symbols. He is tall and slender, every muscle can be seen as if he stepped out of the bodies exhibition. His face is gaunt and he has red cornrowed hair.

Lightening zips through the rip in the fabric of time closing it and the nude man moves toward the home. On his back the largest symbol that we can make out is an Omega. He knocks over the mail box as he moves past it, incidentally, as if it were not even there. The box goes flying and we follow it as it lands reading the name on it.

INT. HOME-NIGHT

We see an elderly man slumped in his favorite chair. He stares at the TV mouth a bit agape.

We scan around the room. It is filled with bric-a-brac, old newspapers, some old black and white photos. There is little on the walls except for an antique mirror. We see the room through the reflection. The door shoots open and the powder skinned red cornrowed man steps in. The old man turns to the door and stares curiously.

We see the mans POV. There is no one there.

OLD MAN

Damn Wind!

But someone IS there. Bric-a-brac is getting knocked over despite the fact that whatever the force that is doing it is unseen, until we pan to the mirror and look through it.

The reflection returns us to the red corn rowed, powder grey skinned man covered in red numbers and symbols, this is a STRINGER.

The elderly man turns to the mirror, by accident, but then sees the STRINGER in the reflection. He cannot move. The fear is paralyzing.

The STRINGER is right in front of him. The elderly man looks in front of him, away from the mirror. There is nothing there, but he knows, whatever he saw in the reflection IS there.

The man clutches his chest.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Please..

We pan to the mirror and see the STRINGER before the man. The STRINGER opens the old man's mouth wide enough for him to slither, like a snake, inside the man. The STRINGER fully disappears into the man's mouth.

The old man convulses as clearly something is moving through him, this happens for some time and finally we pan away from the mirror, but we still hear the sound of what can only be described as consumption.

Finally we can back to the mirror. We see STRINGER come to the mirror. He has a quizzical expression on his face as if he cannot quite grasp his own reflection.

Then as if it is second nature he jumps into the mirror as if it is a pool of water, and he his gone.

We stay on the mirror and see what is left of the old man. He looks like a discarded piece of clothing slumped, almost devoid of anything inside him. There is nothing but the flesh of the man, crumpled and gone. Like a tired suit that has worn out it's welcome.

INT. THEORY'S FLAT-BEDROOM DAY

A man, shock of long, white hair matted with sweat shoots up out of bed. He gasps for air as if he had been held underwater in his dreams.

Despite the white hair, the man seems relatively young, mid thirties. He is slender, with bony cheeks and medium build. He throws the black sheets of the bed off him, and moves to the bathroom. He is nude. Meet Elysium Theory.

We move away from Theory's bare ass and scan the room.

It is clearly one of a man that has no loss for material things. Everything is modern and pristine. The walls are adorned with posters depicting a long-haired man in silhouette. He is speaking into a microphone. They advertise different conspiracy topics. "Government Secrets," "Alien's are here!" "New World Order is happening!" "Trans-dimensional events" Are some of the various poster's topics.

We hear the spurt of a shower start. It runs.

INT. THEORY'S FLAT-BATHROOM DAY-

We see Theory in the shower. He has his head bowed and lets the hot water pour over him like rain from the ceiling mounted shower head. There is a certain unsettling solitude to it until he isn't alone.

Female hands wrap slowly around him like a warm blanket. He raises his head wearing a smile that could very well span his entire face.

THEORY
(sighs)
I've missed you so.

We see the woman who's hands we had previously seen. She is very beautiful, raven haired with a wisp of white hair, late 20's, early 30's. This is Selena Black.

SELENA
You have?

Theory nods.

THEORY
Desperately.

Theory tries to turn but Selena doesn't allow him to turn.

SELENA
We only have precious seconds,
love. To deviate from how it must
be for now might mean less time for
us together.

Theory closes his eyes, distraught, he turns ever so briefly, and as he does, Selena's hands rapidly fall away. Theory turns and looks at the back wall of the shower.

We see Theory from above, he is alone. He crumples to the floor of the shower as if his soul has been stolen. The despair is so evident it hurts to watch.