

Unstuck

Written By

Kevin McIntyre

2371 Nottingham Rd, Columbus OH, 43221  
614.571.5085

OVER BLACK

A VOICE

Listen. Francis Walker has come  
unstuck in time.

INT. DESOLATE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A young man, 26, leans in and fills up our view. This is WALKER, at least that's the name written on his shoulder. The other shoulder proudly displays the bulls-eye of the RAF. He is dirty enough to be homeless, but too handsome.

He puts a hand on our shoulder and lifts us to our feet. Dust lifts off our uniform.

The room is dark in almost all directions save for one. We are surrounded by concrete debris.

Walker nods then turns. We watch him fade into the dark tunnel.

A VOICE

Somebody was playing the clocks.  
The second hand of my watch would  
twitch once.

We look at our old cracked wrist watch. Second hand twitching.

A VOICE (CONT)

And a year would pass.

We blink.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Before us is a long wheat field. Slow rolling hills are gobbled up by green monster mouths in the distance.

Before us is a barbed wire fence.

A tall SILHOUETTE walks toward us.

We blink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

We're in a cozy home. Tungsten light highlights the retro furnishings.

A WIFE in a house dress moves past the open kitchen threshold, like a ghost, or a dream.

We blink.

INT. SOMEWHERE DARK

We are struggling, moving side to side. A GERMAN SOLDIER in a gas mask is on top of us.

The soldier spits muffled words at us through the mask.

We reach up to push him off.

Blink.

INT. DESOLATE WAREHOUSE

We look up from the watch. Walker has just disappeared out of sight.

A VOICE

There was nothing I could do about  
it. I had to believe what the  
clocks said.

We run after him. Turn a corner just to see his back dip into black.

Heavy breaths and rattling gear break the sound of the darkness.

A VOICE

After all I was human.

We pause, lost. We scan the debris. Small lights highlight a maze of cement pillars in both directions.

An empty helmet sits in the rubble.

We breath heavy staring at it. Panic sets in. We blink.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

We are back in the field, our arms are tangled in a barbed wire fence.

The razors claw around our wristwatch, with second hand twitching.

The silhouette approaches.

We struggle, tearing our army jacket, and blink.

EXT. PATIO BY THE SEA

We look around the table, full of wine glasses and small

plates of food. A YOUNG MAN smiles, telling a story, cigarette in hand.

We look around the table, TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN are watching him. Laughing.

A breeze blows their hair, the young man blows his smoke.

We look to the west. A perfect gradient of pink to purple as the sun dips in the sea.

We blink

INT. LIVING ROOM

A LITTLE GIRL, 2, bounces into the room. The floor boards creak under her feet.

We scoop her up and she smiles at us.

Blink.

INT. BEDROOM

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sits on top of us. Dressed in a white A-Shirt, she holds a white bedsheet over us both. Her hair drapes down. Perfect symmetry.

Everything is soft. Everything is calm.

She smiles, her eyes scanning ours, as if she is reading our soul.

We blink.

INT. SOMEWHERE DARK

His weight is on us now, and our attempts are meager.

The german simply pushes our hands away with one arm. He doubles the pressure on our throat.

His rough voice lowers to a whisper, but we can't understand it.

We gasp and our view closes in.

We blink

INT. DESOLATE WAREHOUSE

We run.

Past rubble. Past debris. Past helmets. We Run.

Spears of light catch the dusk particles lifted from their resting places and hang in the air.

A VOICE

There is no beginning, no middle,  
no middle no end no suspense,  
no moral, no causes, no effects.

Walker is in front, he waves us forward.

A sudden thunderclap followed by a shock-wave throws us to the ground. A dark wall near us crumbles and smolders.

We look up, dirt in our face and our teeth.

Walker disappears again into the dark.

EXT. PATIO BY THE SEA

The women listen to the young man's story. He is animated, hands flapping. All laughs.

We watch as the sun is halfway submerged by the black ocean.

A waiter sets down a decanter of wine. The golden crisp drink frames the sunset on the ocean behind.

INT. BEDROOM

The woman put her hand on our face.

We breathe deep and close our eyes.

INT. SOMEWHERE DARK

We blink open: The German's breath is on us.

He grips tighter, gloves groaning.

The tunnel of light squeezes shut again.

Only thing left is a blurred figure and the sound of leather on leather.

Then, just before black, it releases.

Walker hit him with a slab of concrete and the German collapses to our side.

We see that we are in THE DESOLATE WAREHOUSE.

A VOICE

When a person dies, he only appears  
to die.

Walker leans in, just as he did before. He reaches down a hand.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

We twist and pull our arms.

The razor snare tightens.

The figure approaches.

INT. LIVING ROOM

We dance, spinning around the living room, the girl steady in our arm. The other stretched out.

She laughs, we dance.

EXT. FRONT YARD

We are spinning, the same girl holding our arms.

Round and round the green grass blurs under her laughter.

INT. DESOLATE WAREHOUSE

We stagger up from our fall. Our wrist and bleeding, our uniform tattered.

Another mortar shell hits. We run into the dark. Struggling and stumbling we run till a peak of light with Walker's silhouette appears.

We run until we reach the break in the wall. Light pours in like a waterfall.

Walker waits at the edge of a wide open field. In the distance is a barbed wire fence, and a scarecrow like man stuck in it.

A VOICE

It is just an illusion we have here  
-that one moment follows another  
one. That once a moment is gone it  
is gone forever.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

Blood pools around our wristwatch: the second hand twitching.

We blink.

INT. LIVING ROOM

On our couch, in our arms, with wristwatch twitching, we hold the girl.

We blink.

INT. BEDROOM

We trace the woman's soft face with our finger.

We blink.

EXT. PATIO BY THE SEA

The sun is gone now. We turn to the young man. He was talking to us.

He puts a hand on our shoulder and nods, as if we should respond.

Blink.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

We walk a step behind Walker, through the tall blanks of grass.

We pause our march. Walker turns, surprised. He speaks.

His voice is the same voice in our head.

WALKER

Where had he come from. Where  
should he go now?

We reach our arms out to the sky, tilt up to the sun, and blink.

A VOICE

All moments past present and future  
all have existed, always will  
exist.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The girl, the lady in the kitchen

INT. SOMEWHERE DARK

The dead german next to us and Walker

EXT. PATIO BY THE SEA

The Young Man is smiling at us, so are the women. Just smiling.

INT. BEDROOM

The beautiful eyes of the beautiful woman.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

The barbed wire in front of us and two tired soldiers. One with arms stretched out.

We Blink.

EXT. OPEN FIELD

We look down from the sky and see Walker. He is staring at us,

A VOICE

When scene all at once, they  
produce an image of life that is  
beautiful and surprising and deep.

And the man tangled in the wire, who is also Walker, stares. Same face, same name on his uniform.

We blink again and now we are back in the barbed wire. This time there is no Walker, no other soldier.

It's just us. Alone. Stuck in the fence.

A VOICE

Still, if I am going to spend  
eternity visiting this moment and  
that, I am grateful that so many  
moments are nice.

Our breathing slows. The sun swells in size. We smile.