

TWINNING SAMPLE #4

DAISY & FINNEGAN

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TWINNING

PREFACE: INT. DARK EMPTY GARAGE

OUR SHOT PLAYS IN *REVERSE-SLOW-MOTION*.

Large blades of an exhaust fan spin in frame - a strobe effect cast unto two characters beyond it. Inside a large room, two dark figures each dance alone to Vivaldi's Four Seasons. They move in slo motion, actions played out - backwards. Big arms, big shapes, big movements. A beam of light, peaking through the fan, occasionally catches their bright purple faces; faces messily covered in thick purple paint. Their hands too, are caked in the stuff. The pair radiates from inside the dark room, smiling ear to ear, sharing a cigarette. Eventually finding center frame, their cigarette now is unsmoked & unlit. Their smiles fade. We pull out as a third soul is revealed. Betwixt them sits a limp body - a purple pillowcase over it's head.

The voice of a 10 year old child with an Irish brogue, speaks just above a whisper:

VOICE OVER

When we were 6,7 years old - we would take the subway to and from school everyday. Downtown Chicago. Redline. Just me and my sister. And it was always an adventure you know - we loved it. But a little too often some creepy dirtbag would wander into our train car. Sometimes smiling at us - and askin' questions. Sometimes just staring in silence.

If we could, we would get up at the next stop to switch cars. But - if there wasn't a stop for a real, real long time...well, we'd have to wait it out.

And as we'd sit there terrified, hands clasped around our sharpened *TICONDEROGA* pencils, we'd squint our eyes, and take turns telling a certain story to eachother; keeping calm until the doors opened again. The story goes like this.

(MORE)

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

There was once a little old woman - who lived on a rocky, barren wasteland with no plants, no trees, no birds and no bees. This was a place where snakes had slithered-there-way deep into the soil; eating up anything that tried to take root - until all that was left was barren rock.

One day, the little old woman had laid down to eat little cookies, by a little fire, warming up her little toes, when - SNAP! A vile snake bit her right on her big toe. Her favorite toe. She took a breath, and stared at her foot, aware of her fate. Death, she knew, would find her within a year's time. As the same snake, in the same manner, had taken from her, her sister, her mother, her father, and her brother. "Grow upward and outward Daisy!". Their words she carried with her years beyond their corporeal time.

It was at that moment, as the poison set in, that Daisy stood up, and set out on a walk that would change the world.

She traveled with only her wooden staff, a bag of acorns, and her loyal four legged friend, Finnegan. She walked the rocky land, stepping over snakes, and tossing acorns in front of her. One by one, with a PLOP, she would smash her staff on top of seeds, forcing them down - into the rocky ground. For a full year, without a single rest, Daisy & Finnegan planted acorns, until one day, a tiny family of trees sprung up from the rocks.

GROWING TOGETHER AND ALL AT ONCE, the might of the trees overwhelmed the snakes! The roots grew and grew until...alas, the cunning creatures were *driven* out of the ground. Those who fought to stay were *CHOKED* - by the sheer strength of the roots beneath the trees.

(MORE)

VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Those lucky snakes who found the surface...were WACKED, and SMASHED and SLICED down, beneath the weight of Daisy's wooden staff.

With the death of the last serpent, Daisy fell to the ground, finally succumbing to the poison in her big toe. Her year had come and gone. An eternal companion, her protector, Finnegan, lied down to depart beside his master. He faced death willingly, refusing to let his Daisy pass into the unknown, alone.

Never would they witness what came next.

The old woman's body brought fungus; and the fungus brought mushrooms, and the mushrooms brought moss, and the moss brought soil.

And the soil brought worms, and the worms brought birds, and the birds brought seeds.

And the seeds brought flowers, and the flowers brought bees, and the bees brought bears; who came for their honey.

And the bears cleared paths, and the paths caught water, and the water filled ponds, and the ponds ran rivers.

And the rivers brought fish, and the fish brought hawks, and the hawks they were followed; by curious little peoples on curious little quests.

And the curious little peoples built little homes, with little chimneys, with little fires where they laid to eat little cookies, and warm their-little-toes.

INT. Dark Garage

The voice of the child, has grown into it's new body. A man speaks - Irish brogue faint now, colliding with an inner city Chicago tongue:

V.O.

Now Adam, tell me if this makes sense. And this time, I *WANT* you to answer me honestly, but I *dont NEED* you to answer me honestly. I think *YOU NEED YOU* - to answer me honestly; 'cuz I could give a fuck about your other thumb.

So i'm gunna give ya one last shot here. Ok bud? You've got no fingers left. That *sucks*. We're down to one thumb. You remind me, of one of Mr Floops thumb-thumbs, from spy kids. 2012?

Anyways, *i'm sorry* about that - But one outta ten is better than none! Cuz' atleast with that thumb, you'll still be able to use your phone! Which is crazy right(?) - 'Cuz thats how we met!

Isn't that perfect?

And, and and, and, and! Atleast with that one last thumb; you'll still have something to stick into somebody's mouth.

Or are you not into that, anymore?

Im sorry I dont mean to scare you! Im just trying to figure out who's who - between the staff, the acorn, the dog, and the snake - 'cuz im so confused! See my sister here is clearly the staff. She does all the heavy lifting, and she's tough as a treetrunk. I know im the acorn because she puts me into positions like this, where I'm forced - to grow.

(MORE)

V.O. (CONT'D)

And I know who the dog is 'cuz hes
at home waiting for me right now
probably lickin' his nuts. So that
leaves you Adam.

Look at me (Adam).

Face to face with bloody Adam; Dylan runs his tongue across
his own teeth - like he's looking for something.

(a long beat)

DYLAN

Are you a snake?

END OF FUCKING PREFACE