

THE REACH

Written by

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SAMPLE

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INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WITH LARGE EARMUFFS on his ears and GOGGLES on his FOREHEAD, JOE (30s) sits on one of the dining room CHAIRS, which is DRILLED to the wall. All the WINDOWS are BOARDED UP and every loose object in his house is either boxed, tied, taped, drilled down, or all four.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on JOE as he pulls in deep breaths. He closes his eyes, trying to bring his anxiety under control.

Then, HE OPENS HIS EYES, looks toward CAMERA.

LOWERING the GOGGLES over his eyes and stuffing a GIANT WAD of GUM in his mouth for the altitude, JOE holds up the SWITCH to the TELEPORTATION DEVICE...

HE FLIPS THE SWITCH.

The TELEPORTATION DEVICE in the middle of the room begins to RATTLE and WHIR.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - YOUNG JOE

A YOUNG JOE (10s) PAINTS FIRE coming out of the bottom of a space ship in his picture.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The whole house QUAKES as the TELEPORTATION DEVICE begins its work. JOE GRIPS the sides of the chair, holding on for the life ahead of him.

EX CU OF A PIECE OF FRUIT WITH A SMILEY FACE DRAWN ON IT. The piece of fruit is TAPED securely to the counter top.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE DIPS his paint brush into WHITE PAINT.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

All around him, things begin FALLING OVER. GLASSES CRASH out of the cabinets and the TV STRETCHES against its restraints.

The MAGNETIZED ERASER on the whiteboard VIBRATES and MOVES across the board, ERASING the years of calculations that had brought him to this moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY - YOUNG JOE

YOUNG JOE FLICKS white paint over the paper, creating STARS.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Like leaves in the wind, things rip free from their restraints and scatter in the air.

JOE BEGINS TO SCREAM. Not a scream of fear, but of life. He's on his way. Finally, he's almost there.

AND THEN, a PAN SNAPS LOSE from the tape holding it down. IT FLIES ACROSS the room, SMASHING into JOE'S FOREHEAD.

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LATER

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES IN TO CU OF JOE.

Silence is too small a word to describe it. It is a swallower of sound, an anti-sound, looming in the darkness of the house.

JOE drifts slowly into consciousness, blood trickling down his forehead. He reaches up and touches the wound, HAND COMING AWAY BLOODY.

He stares at the blood spot on his fingers for a long, groggy second. Then, a SINGLE DROP FALLS from his fingertips. But it doesn't fall to the floor...it FLOATS.

Dropping slowly, the bubble of blood hovers to the floor as though in slow motion, scattering into smaller droplets, splattering in a circle. But these droplets also float, then disperse over the floor.

Confused only for a moment, and excited JOE unstraps himself from the chair and grabs the FLASHLIGHT he had taped to the wall beside him.

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Slowly moving through the darkness, JOE shines his flashlight over the DEBRIS of his old life--furniture, books, glass, pictures--and then, the TELEPORTATION DEVICE in the center of the room.

SMOKE rises from the device as we hear it POPPING like a warm engine switched off.

He moves past it, sees LIGHT SPILLING through one of the BOARDED WINDOWS. It's a hard light, but oddly pale.

He goes to the window, eager to see what lies beyond. SETTING DOWN the flashlight, JOE YANKS at the corner of the board, PULLING IT FREE.

IT SNAPS OUT OF PLACE and JOE FALLS to the floor. The room suddenly floods with light.

When JOE sits up and LOOKS through the window, an overwhelming awe dawns over his face...

EXT. MOON - CONTINUOUS

THE CAMERA pulls out from JOE, showing through the window reflection more of the sight before him.

THE EARTH DAWNS over the MOON'S horizon, and the SUN peaks through the corner, shedding a magnificent light over his face...

And as his old world dawns over the new, JOE'S slow breathes fog up the window. Now, he thinks of the fulfillment of his childhood dream...

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

But then, as this light spills through the glass, and he sees the wreckage of his old life all around him, JOE feels the solitude settling over him.