

## **Juxtaposition**

INT. FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY, YEAR 2010

FLYNN TYLER (33, Asian) looks like he hasn't slept in days. He is sitting at his desk, completely transfixed by the device in his hands. It's just a standard SMARTPHONE but he's staring at it like its the first time he's ever seen one.

LAURA (28) walks by, and absently knocks on his open door before walking in. She dresses smartly and her demeanor is quick and decisive. She is also FLYNN's closest friend at work.

LAURA  
Flynn, we've got --

LAURA notices that FLYNN hasn't moved.

LAURA  
Yo, Flynn!

FLYNN  
(groggily)  
Hunh?

LAURA  
Why are you staring at your phone?

It takes FLYNN a while to process the question. He thinks about it and then responds.

FLYNN  
It's so small. And there's, like, a little TV in here... And I can make phone calls with it, even though it doesn't have any wires. It's just the most amazing --

LAURA  
Yeah, maybe if you're from 1985.

FLYNN  
(bewildered)  
1985?

She stares at him for a moment.

LAURA  
Are you okay? Lately, you've been kinda  
...

FLYNN shakes his head as if to clear it. He looks like he's just woken up.

FLYNN  
Sorry, it's just these dreams.

LAURA  
Still having them?

FLYNN  
Yeah. They feel so real.

LAURA  
Maybe you should see someone about them.

FLYNN  
No, I'll be alright. I'm just a little tired.

LAURA  
Be that as it may, we still have to get--

FLYNN is not paying attention to what she is saying.

FLYNN  
Laura?

LAURA  
Yes?

FLYNN  
Do you ever feel like you're in someone else's dream?

LAURA looks at FLYNN with concern.

LAURA  
Maybe we should skip--

FLYNN passes out.

LAURA  
Flynn!

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - 3 AM, YEAR 1985

PETER LEE (33, Asian) looks exactly like FLYNN except that he is dressed in period clothing, circa 1985. He is wearing pajamas and he is asleep in bed. He bolts awake and turns on the light.

He attempts to jostle his wife awake. GRACE (31) steadfastly attempts to ignore him.

PETER  
Grace, wake up!

GRACE  
No. I am choosing not to.

PETER  
I just had the most amazing--

GRACE  
--dream. Yes, Peter, I was here yesterday, when you had the most amazing--

PETER  
But it happened again!

GRACE reluctantly gets up.

GRACE  
Yes, I was here yesterday, too.

PETER  
I think this means something.

GRACE  
It means I have to stop feeding you mushu right before bedtime.

PETER  
It was about the future again.

GRACE  
What year was it?

PETER  
It was the year 2010.

GRACE  
Did they have flying cars?

PETER  
No.

GRACE  
Did they have jet packs?

PETER  
No.

GRACE  
Doesn't sound like much of a future to me.

GRACE attempts to go back to sleep.

PETER  
But they had these phones!

GRACE  
We have phones.

PETER  
But these were futuristic phones!

GRACE  
What, like Star Trek?

PETER  
No, they didn't flip open or anything, they were ...

PETER struggles with a description looking at his hands.

PETER (CONT'D)  
They were shaped like a deck of cards.

GRACE  
Why would you want to call someone on a deck of cards?

PETER  
Well, they weren't actually a deck of cards. Oh, they had little TVs on them!

GRACE  
Why would you put a little TV on--

PETER  
(excitedly)  
I don't think I'm just dreaming about the future. I think I'm actually dreaming someone's life in the future.

GRACE

Sounds like a pretty boring future if you ask me.

PETER

But what if it's real? What if I'm seeing the future through some guy?

GRACE plops back into bed. Her eyes are already closed.

GRACE

Ask him for stock tips.

PETER

Good idea.

PETER starts talking to himself, as if to send himself a message.

PETER (CONT'D)

My name is Peter Lee of Alhambra, California from the year 1985 on Augu--

GRACE

You can ask him silently...

PETER

Ah, right...

PETER turns off the light and resumes his message silently.

INT. FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY, YEAR 2010

LAURA is on FLYNN'S office phone, in the middle of a call to 911. FLYNN starts to stir from being passed out on his desk. LAURA watches him and talks on the phone again.

LAURA

Uhh ... wait a second...

FLYNN sits up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Never mind, he's conscious again ...  
Yeah, I'll bring him to the ER if anything happens.

LAURA hangs up the phone, looks at FLYNN carefully. FLYNN seems somewhat dazed. He recites:

FLYNN  
"My name is Peter Lee of Alhambr--"

LAURA  
Maybe I should bring you in. Your name is "Flynn Tyler".

He blinks a couple times. He looks at his hands. He looks at her.

FLYNN  
Am I ... am I still Asian?

LAURA stares at him.

LAURA  
You were adopted ... that doesn't make you any less Asian.

FLYNN tries to process this.

FLYNN  
Sorry ... I remember now. I'm having a hard time ...

LAURA  
With the dreams?

FLYNN  
Yes. It really feels like 1985.

LAURA  
You feel like you're dreaming about 1985?

FLYNN  
No, it's like I'm living in 1985 and I'm dreaming about now.

LAURA  
So you think this is some kind of dream.

FLYNN  
Well, who's to say that it isn't? I mean, maybe this is all just a fig--

LAURA punches FLYNN in the arm, hard, startling him.

FLYNN

Ow! What was that for?

LAURA

You know ... when someone says, "I think I'm dreaming --"

FLYNN

They say "pinch me". "Pinch me because I think I'm dreaming."

LAURA

I thought this would be more effective.

FLYNN looks skeptical.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Well, it worked, didn't it?

FLYNN concedes the point.

FLYNN

Okay... I'm convinced that this isn't a dream.

LAURA

Thank you.

FLYNN

But maybe the other thing isn't a dream, either.

LAURA

That's crazy.

FLYNN

Yeah, I suppose you're--

LAURA reconsiders.

LAURA

What's his name?

FLYNN

"Peter Lee"

LAURA



Let's look him up.

FLYNN

Are you kidding? Do you know how many "Peter Lee"s there are in this world? I probably went to high school with a couple.

LAURA

Do you know anything else about him?

FLYNN

He lives in Alhambra, where I grew up.

LAURA looks at him questioningly.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

That doesn't really narrow it down.

LAURA

Anything else?

FLYNN

I think his wife's name is "Grace".

LAURA

Yeah, that's not going to be much help either.

FLYNN

Well, he did tell me the date.

LAURA shrugs.

LAURA

Sure. Why not? Just type it all in. Maybe we'll get lucky.

FLYNN types it all into the computer. He clicks a few times. Then they both stare silently at it.

FLYNN

Oh. My. God.

INT. PETER'S KITCHEN - 6 AM, YEAR 1985

PETER is sitting alone in his kitchen. There is a cup of coffee in front of him. He hasn't touched it.

GRACE walks in a bathrobe. She sees him sitting there.

GRACE  
What's gotten you up so early?

PETER doesn't answer.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Is it that stupid dream again?

PETER  
Grace, I'm going to die today.

GRACE  
That's not funny.

PETER  
I saw the obituary and everything. "Peter Lee, 33, of Alhambra, died on Monday of injuries sustained from an auto--"

GRACE  
Peter, stop.

PETER sees that he's upsetting his wife. He stops.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I ... it's just a dream, but ... maybe you should stay home today. You're in no condition to drive.

PETER  
I can't. Today is the one day I can't. The clients are flying in today from Germany. I have to be there.

GRACE  
Then let me dr--

PETER  
No!

GRACE is taken aback by PETER's vehemence. He regrets yelling at her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, it's just that ... I know it's stupid, getting scared by a dream,

but just in case ... I don't want you  
anywhere near me.

GRACE  
It's not stupid.

PETER shakes his head. He starts to get up.

PETER  
No, it is. It's just nerves. I'm sure  
it is. I'll be alright. I'll just--

GRACE grabs his sleeve.

GRACE  
Wait.

PETER stops.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Take the bus.

The thought had not occurred to him. He silently thanks his wife  
for being such a genius and smiles wanly.

EXT. INSIDE A BUS - DAY, YEAR 1985

PETER is seated in the middle of the stopped bus next to a win-  
dow, staring outside. In the background, the other passengers  
can be seen ogling out their windows as well. Indistinct bits of  
conversation indicate that a car crash was witnessed in the dis-  
tance. PETER is breathing heavily, but also with a sense of as-  
tonished relief.

The bus starts moving as passengers start filing to the seats.  
Over the chatter of the crowd, a child's voice rings out.

CHILD  
Mommy, look!

PETER doesn't react, assuming the child is just talking about  
the crash they have just witnessed.

MOTHER  
Flynn! Don't point, it's rude.

To this, PETER does react. He knows the name. He turns to see a  
CHILD (8, Asian) wearing a bald cap. The CHILD is getting into

the bus seat across from PETER, next to his MOTHER (45, Caucasian). She is carrying a pile of FLYERS.

CHILD  
But he's Asian!

MOTHER  
(embarrassed)  
Yes, Honey, he is. So are a lot of other people. That doesn't make it okay to point.

PETER smiles at the CHILD. The CHILD smiles back. PETER turns to mollify the MOTHER.

PETER  
Cute kid.

MOTHER  
I'm so sorry. He's usually very polite. But it's been a very difficult week. We just...

She has a hard time continuing. Her facade of control starts to crumble. But the CHILD looks at his MOTHER and jumps in.

CHILD  
We need to find somebody Asian!

MOTHER  
Yes, Flynn, that's right. We need to find somebody just like you.

The MOTHER chokes up a bit as she realizes the odds against it all. She tries to put on a brave face.

MOTHER (CONT'D)  
And we will! We'll find you a perfect match.

PETER notices the FLYERS that the MOTHER has in her hands. PETER gestures to the FLYERS.

PETER  
Are those...?

The MOTHER nods.

MOTHER

Flyers, looking for bone marrow donors.

PETER

May I have a look?

The MOTHER passes one to PETER. PETER reads it over. His eyes widen as he recognizes the full name written on it, "Flynn Tyler". The bus stops again. He turns to the MOTHER as he gets up.

PETER (CONT'D)

(to MOTHER)

Do you mind if I keep this, Mrs. Tyler?  
I can make some copies at work and put  
them up in a few places.

MOTHER

Oh! That would be so wonderful. Thank  
you.

PETER turns to the CHILD as he walks to the exit.

PETER

You know, you look a lot like I did  
when I was your age. I might even be a  
match.

CHILD

I bet you are. See, Mommy! I told you!

PETER walks off the bus, smiling.

THE END