

# **WATCHER ' S   P A R A N O I A**

**EXT. HOUSE – DUSK**

A small house sits exposed in an empty field about 500 metres from the road. The yard barely hanging on to life. An old car is in the driveway. Dark clouds gather with the occasional squally burst of wind driven rain. It's cold.

**INT. HOUSE – SAME TIME**

Inside, a simple living room with a basic kitchen off to one side. Closed doors lead to a bedroom and bathroom, another to the front porch. A large work table takes up most of the room, with a worn couch sitting at one end. On the table there are a few rolls of fabric, dressmaker's patterns, a sewing machine and a couple of large scissors.

Joe is sitting on the lounge, eyes closed, a phone held to his ear. He takes a moment, opens his eyes and dials. We hear the tone ringing.

**SOPHIE**

Hello?

**JOE**

Hi Soph. Its dad.

**SOPHIE**

Dad. You know you're not supposed to call me like this.

**JOE**

I know. I miss you. I needed to hear your voice.

**SOPHIE**

Dad... It's late. I have to go...

**JOE**

I should have been a better father for you and your brother.

**SOPHIE**

You were dad. You're not well.

**JOE**

I should have been stronger. Held it together.

**SOPHIE**

Oh, how's the dressmaking?

**JOE**

A struggle...hard to keep my ends met...Not much call for custom couture these days.

**SOPHIE**

Mum thinks you're a bit of a girl...

**JOE**

Yeah. She never really understood dreams...

I wish...

**SOPHIE**

Dad, I have to go now.

The phone hangs up.

**JOE**

Soph? Soph? I love you...

Joe gets up, making his way over to the kitchen. He stands over the sink looking at a large knife on the benchtop. Picking it up, studying it. He places it against his wrist making a slight cutting motion, frowns and moves the knife to his throat in one swift motion.

He's about to cut, Joe's muscles tense. The phone rings.

Joe's thoughts are disturbed and he stops. The knife is now back with the washing up. Joe moves toward the lounge, past the table taking up most of the room and sits down, picking up the phone.

**JOE**

Hello?

**WATCHER**

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

**JOE**

What? Who is this?

**WATCHER**

Somebody you know. I've been watching you for some time Joe.

Waiting to strike. But you moved faster than I anticipated.

I wish to kill you. Don't deny me that pleasure.

**JOE**

What the hell? Not if I kill you first you son of a bitch. Who is this?

**WATCHER**

It's almost full.

**JOE**

What?

**WATCHER**

My diary, Joe. And you're currently top of my list.

Sound of the phone disconnecting.

Joe puts down the phone, shaking his head. He closes his eyes, leans back into the couch and...

Bang! With a gut wrenching twist all reality falls away and Joe is now standing on a beach in bright daylight.

**EXT. BEACH – DAY**

An idyllic tropical beach, not a cloud in the sky. Empty. Joe's feet are lapped by gentle waves. With a look of bemusement he can't quite grasp what has happened.

A thunderclap in the distance. Joe looks up and sees a dark speck on the horizon, suddenly realising it's a man, walking on water towards him. Darkness resonates from behind this man, with the image of all reality itself being pulled into the darkness.

The man is closer. Dark clouds have formed around him. Lightning sparks all around. The clear day is turning into a violent storm.

Joe's courage leaves him. He tries to turn and run but can't move. His legs are anchored in place and won't obey him.

The voice from the phone booms across the landscape.

**WATCHER**

We could be a million years past.

Or a million yet to come.

**JOE**

No. We are here.

Now.

**WATCHER**

Very good.

You are starting to see reality.

Joe closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Bang! With another gut wrenching twist he's back on his lounge at home.

**INT. HOUSE – NIGHT**

The phone is ringing.

**JOE**

Yes?

**WATCHER**

Why did you run Joe?

I was almost upon you.

You were dripping with fear.

**JOE**

I don't have any hope surviving your onslaught.

What are you playing at?

**WATCHER**

Looks can be deceiving.

Are you sure you saw reality or just what I wanted you to see? A mere projection.

**JOE**

Stop playing games.

**WATCHER**

No more tricks.

Meet me face to face.

Man to man.

**JOE**

You're a man?

**WATCHER**

Very much so.

I'm just like you.

Go through the door.

A plain looking door in a frame now stands bizarrely in the middle of the room beside the work table. He gets up and goes through.

**EXT. FOREST – NIGHT**

Joe is now standing in a forest. Its night but he can see his surroundings. There's another door like the one he came through about 50 metres away, glowing with some unearthly light.

**JOE**

Shit.

Wolves are circling. Coming into view and quickly darting back. His exit is no longer there.

The circling wolves are getting closer. He can hear their deep growling and snarling. Joe quickly looks around. Judging distance to the other door, calculating his chances of making it.

He makes a dash for the door.

Wolves dart in, snapping at his heels. Joe is quick for an old dressmaker, he gets to the door and hurls himself through.

**INT – DARKENED ROOM. UNKNOWN TIME**

A darkened room without any features. Joe stands up.

There's a person here. He's now face to face with the voice on the phone. The darkness from the beach. He's face to face with himself.

**WATCHER**

Surprised?

**JOE**

A little.

How?

**WATCHER**

I don't really know how it started. But I was in the same position you are now. Many years ago.

The universe is an amazing place, Joe. Actually, it's a multiverse. It divides, like cells.

Infinite new realities peeling off at every moment and the same thing happening to them. Creating time itself. All moving faster than light to occupy its own space in the continuum.

We exist across all these realities.

One of the universal constants of nature.

Once you see the truth of it, anything is possible, using only the mind and pure thought.

**JOE**

And you just happened to think of me?

**WATCHER**

Granted, there is some chance due to the plethora of realities. It could have been any one of your, our, shadows.

**JOE**

You're hunting yourself?

**WATCHER**

Yes. It's my thing.

I'm a little paranoid. If not me, then another me will find me...

There is good and bad in all of us. I'm a bad one. I hunt. I kill. I like it.

**JOE**

A little paranoid? And what about my reality?

**WATCHER**

Very good Joe. You're getting it!

You're not just a simple dressmaker.

Your reality has now changed irreversibly.

There's no going back for you. You're already dead.

**JOE**

What? Why not? Give me a door and I'll be right back from where I started.

**WATCHER**

You cut your throat Joe. Good job too. You nearly cut off your own head.

You're on the floor in your home universe, dead and in a puddle of blood.

On the upside Joe, I get to kill you here. I'll take my time. I quite enjoy the suffering I can cause.

Watcher now has the knife in his hand that Joe used to kill himself.

**JOE**

How did you get that? Is this some kind of trick?

**WATCHER**

No magic Joe, keep up. Simple relativity. Time, space, mass, energy. Crossing all of time and space with only the mind. All it takes is will.

I willed the knife into being for my immediate use. Now the time has come for me to end you. Delicious!

**JOE**

You forgot one thing.

**WATCHER**

Which is?

**JOE**

I'm you!

Joe has willed a large pair of scissors into being and plunges them into Watchers heart killing him instantly.

Bang! With a gut wrenching twist his eyes fly open and he's back on his lounge at home.

**INT. HOUSE – NIGHT**

Joe is sitting on his familiar couch.

The front door opens.

**SOPHIE**

Hi Dad. Just been into town.

Got these great juicy pears. Want one?

**JOE**

Soph!

I feel like a new man.

I love you.