

REMINDER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

A darkened room. The LED alarm clock reads 6:14 AM.

A hand reaches out—hovering just above the alarm.

6:15 AM.

CLICK. The alarm is silenced before it even sounds.

LUKE (mid-30s, weary but focused) sits up in bed. His movements are precise, like a man running on muscle memory. He rubs his face, exhales sharply.

He stares at the wall blankly.

Luke's hand swipes a watch from the dresser.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Luke sweats as he performs push ups like a man possessed.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Luke is taking a hot shower. Steam everywhere. Water splashes. A normal scene.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - LATER

Luke stands before his steam-covered mirror.

Unknown to him, in the reflection, a fuzzy silhouette of a figure stands ominously behind Luke.

It disappears once Luke wipes a streak of steamy condensation from the mirror. He pauses. Looks over his shoulder.

Luke turns back to his reflection, shakes his head.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

A coffee machine drips. Luke stands by the counter, eyes fixed on nothing in particular.

His hand moves automatically to the fridge.

A post-it note is stuck there. Handwritten.

ON POST-IT NOTE:

"X Eggs

X Milk

X Bread"

Luke barely notices it as he reaches for the fridge handle—
His eyes shift.

Beside the first note, another post-it. Same handwriting. But in black sharpie, circled what seems like a dozen times in red:

ON SECOND NOTE:

"X CALL KRISTEN BEFORE 1:03 PM"

Luke pauses, staring at it. His brow furrows. He reaches out, peels it off, flips it over. Blank on the back.

He re-sticks it to the fridge. Takes a sip of black coffee.

Luke's eyes flick to the microwave clock:

7:30 AM.

The note lingers.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Luke casually drives down the bustling morning streets with unconscious precision. He eyes the dashboard clock:

7:45 AM

He stops at an intersection in the financial district. Through one of the bank mirrors, reflections of a CYCLIST IN A BLUE HELMET WITH A RECYCLE sticker tacked on casually crossing an intersection flash by.

He taps the LED touchscreen on his dashboard that reveals past text messages.

ON LUKE'S TOUCHSCREEN:

FROM KRISTEN

"Can't wait to see you tonight!"

Luke half-smiles.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A keyboard clacks. Luke types an email, eyes flicking to the clock on his desk:

10:30 AM.

A movement in the reflection of his computer screen: A COLLEAGUE walking toward his desk.

Luke blinks. The reflection is gone.

A moment later—

The actual Colleague appears. The same angle. The same pace.

COLLEAGUE
(grinning)
What's up, Luke...?

LUKE
(instinctively)
Hey. Yeah, tonight's gonna be fun.

A moment. The Colleague curls his lips.

COLLEAGUE
...I mean, I WAS gonna ask if you
were looking forward to your night
with Kristen.

LUKE
Oh, I thought you did ask. Sorry,
man. My head has been buried in
these emails all day already.

The Colleague nods, notices Luke's intensity.

COLLEAGUE
Yeah—it's good, man. I'll leave you
to it. We still hitting up Clancy's
tomorrow?

LUKE
(flat)
Gin and Tonics for everyone.

The Colleague nods approvingly.

COLLEAGUE
Like you're reading my mind, dude.
We'll catch up later.

Luke barely reacts. Once the Colleague exits, Luke hovers his fingers over the keyboard-eyes flicking back to his computer screen, staring at his reflection.

EXT. PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Rows of cars are lined up in the parking lot outside an office building.

Luke sits in his car.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

A quiet car interior.

ON THE DASHBOARD CLOCK:

12:45 PM

Luke sits in the driver's seat, scrolling through the bluetooth touchscreen on his dashboard.

Through the side view mirror, a WOMAN IN A BLUE COAT bumps into someone, causing her to drop her coffee on the ground. SPLAT.

WOMAN IN BLUE COAT

Ah, dammit!

Luke is unfazed. His thumb hovers over Kristen's name in his call history.

ON TOUCHSCREEN:

"LAST CALL - KRISTEN - 9:45 PM"

He impatiently taps a finger on the steering wheel. An exhale before tapping her name.

RING. Once.

CLICK.

KRISTEN (V.O.)

(happily)

Hey, charming! You're early....

Luke stiffens.

LUKE

(low, urgent)

For wha...? Hey-where are you?

He is met with ominous silence.

A STRANGE STATIC SOUND. BEEP.

ON TOUCHSCREEN:

"DROPPED CALL"

Luke squints at the screen. An exasperated sigh escapes his lips.

Luke immediately goes to his call history, but he cocks his head.

ON TOUCHSCREEN:

"LAST CALL - KRISTEN - 9:45 PM"

Luke's eyes rise up quizzically.

As he hovers his finger back over her name to dial once more, Luke's phone PINGS from the passenger side seat.

He picks it up to see a breaking news notification from a local news app.

ON PHONE:

"BREAKING - PEDESTRIAN STRUCK - WESTON & KING - 1:03 PM"

Luke's eyes slowly crawl to glance at the dashboard.

ON THE DASHBOARD CLOCK:

12:47 PM

Luke's chest rises and falls with slow, deliberate breaths. He eyes the road ahead of him with a knowing determination.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(to GPS)

How long will it take to get to
Weston and King?

GPS (V.O.)

*Weston and King is approximately
fifteen minutes away.*

Luke doesn't hesitate. He slams the car in drive and PEELS OFF into the street.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Luke's car weaves through traffic, his eyes scanning every street sign, every pedestrian.

GPS (V.O.)
*Your destination is twelve minutes
away...*

At a red light, Luke glances at a digital bank clock across the street.

ON DIGITAL CLOCK:

12:50 PM.

A flicker.

ON DIGITAL CLOCK:

12:49 PM.

His breath catches.

LUKE
What the--?

A horn BLASTS behind him. The light is green. Luke snaps out of it.

As Luke drives off, he eyes the clock.

ON DIGITAL CLOCK:

12:50 PM.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

A wide-eyed Luke turns a corner.

GPS (V.O.)
*Your destination is nine minutes
away...*

He peers at the city which now appears...wrong.

The flow of pedestrians on the sidewalks are off beat, a living glitching video catching up.

Humanity moves too fast...then too slow.

Once the world returns to a normal tempo, a cyclist crosses in front of Luke, who pumps the brakes.

...A cyclist with a BLUE HELMET AND RECYCLE sticker.

Frustration, confusion, annoyance and terror flicker in Luke's eyes.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Luke's car stops idle beside a cafe.

GPS (V.O.)
*Your destination is five minutes
away...*

A WOMAN IN A BLUE COAT bumps into someone, causing her to drop her coffee on the ground. SPLAT.

WOMAN IN BLUE COAT
Ah, dammit!

Droplets of sweat form and slide down Luke's forehead as he observes.

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

Luke's car weaves through traffic, his mild recklessness inspiring HORNS from other drivers.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Luke responds in kind, HONKS.

GPS (V.O.)
*Your destination is three minutes
away...*

Luke selects Kristen's number from the touchscreen to dial once more. RINGING through the speakers.

LUKE
(concern)
Dammit, pickup...

ON DASHBOARD CLOCK:

1:00 PM

Luke's hand tightens around the steering wheel as he SLAMS the gas.

EXT. WESTON & KING - AFTERNOON

Luke's car WHIPS around a corner, eliciting a few gasps from nearby pedestrians.

INT. LUKE'S CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

ON DASHBOARD CLOCK

1:02 PM

Luke's wide-eyed, peers out the windshield.

EXT. WESTON & KING - CONTINUOUS

Luke's car SCREECHES to a stop at a nearby curb. He hops out, chest rising and dropping sharply, sweat glimmering from his forehead.

He frantically scans the area for Kristen.

Luke locates her on the opposite side of the street.

Kristen stands at the edge of the crosswalk, her expression urgent. Something is off.

She's not in any danger.

Instead, staring directly at Luke, waving him towards her.

KRISTEN
(shouting, pressing)
Luke! Come on—HURRY!

Luke freezes.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
(frustrated, sharp)
C'MON, LUKE!

His breath catches. Luke steps forward.

A HORN BLARES.

BAM!

A bus SLAMS into him.

The world tilts. Glass SHATTERS. The impact is brutal.

The entire street ERUPTS into screams.

Luke's body crumples onto the pavement, blood pooling beneath him.

Pedestrians gasp, cover their mouths, some turn away, some rush with foolish hopes to aid. A man frantically dials 911.

But Kristen just stands there. Her hands tremble, but her face remains eerily still.

She approaches calmly, her breath tight—but her eyes say it all.

A shaky Kristen kneels, cradling Luke's broken body. Tears roll down.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
(softly, breaking apart)
No, no, no...*not again.*

Luke, blood filled within his eyes and choking on crimson, widens his eyes to give Kristen a knowing glance.

SMASH CUT: FLASHBACKS

- It was Kristen's silhouette in Luke's bathroom mirror.
- It was Kristen who wrote both post-it notes, the grocery list being there previously. Kristen marks the note with an "X", similar to the "X's" on the grocery list.

BACK TO WESTON & KING

Kristen, with softness and regret glances down, gently and helplessly rocking Luke as life drains from his eyes.

Kristen then closes hers.

A low hum fills the air.

The world around them begins to blur.

WHITE LIGHT ENGULFS EVERYTHING.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

A darkened room. The alarm clock reads 6:14 AM.

A hand reaches out—hovering just above the alarm.

6:15 AM.

CLICK. The alarm is silenced before it even sounds.

Luke's eyes snap open. He sits up in bed, blinking rapidly.

For a moment, he lingers. A slow glance over his shoulder, aware of an unknown cosmic force.

But not sure of what that is.

Luke's hand swipes a watch from the dresser.

FADE TO BLACK.