

12th (FINAL)

by

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Logline: In a world where people are born knowing the day they'll die, but not the year, a man in denial must come to terms with his past.

The short film has been produced and can be watched on Youtube:

<https://youtu.be/wUA6yOgbQ4I>

EXT. CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK:

A car swerves down a road. Tires screech.

CHARLIE (OS)
Watch out!

CUT TO PRESENT:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY - PRESENT

WILL(40s) leans against his headboard. Neat hair, plain T-shirt, face as tidy as his room. From above, a computer-like VOICE, female:

SPEAKER (OS)
Good morning, Will. Today's date,
January 12th. Time, 10:30-

His HAND moves up to swipe the sound off. Along the side of the hand, a **black TATTOO "01/12"**

SPEAKER
You have one message from Marc.

MARC (VO)
Hey you wanna do something this year? I know you got the day off work so I thought we could-

Will swipes in the air and shuffles out of bed.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Will washes his hands- his thumb rubs over the tattoo until it begins to **wash off**, like pen, dark ink swirling down the drain... He blinks. The tattoo is still there. Real, unaffected.

From his room, a phone has been RINGING, then stops.

SPEAKER (OS)
1 missed call.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Will sits at a small table, crunching on cereal. His apartment is modern and minimalist, organized and neat.

SPEAKER (OS)
Listen to message?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

No.

SPEAKER

Okay, playing message-

MARC (VO)

Hey, I tried calling last night.
You alright?

Will tries to wave it away.

MARC (VO) (CONT'D)

I just... Repetition isn't always
the best, you know? Let me guess,
cereal?

Will glares at the cereal box in front of him.

MARC (VO) (CONT'D)

I mean, even if you don't wanna see
anyone, at least get out for a bit?
Love you.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - DAY - LATER

Now outside, Will stares at all the people passing by **as if it's a normal day**. Across the street, he sees a MAN and a KID walking together. The kid's hand, feet, smile. Everything he looks at is a **quick jab**. People's hands with tattoos. People walking. Cars passing. Suddenly-

BIKER (OS)

Watch out!

CHARLIE (VO)

Watch out!

A BIKER, young male, swerves around him and stops.

BIKER

Oh god, I'm so sorry. You alright?

Will doesn't answer. **Face like he's seen a ghost**. Ignoring him, he keeps walking.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A POSTER in a coffee shop: "Your special day? Enjoy a free drink!" **Eye roll**.

At the counter, the BARISTA, young female(25), hands him a coffee. He pulls out his wallet and she sees his hand.

(CONTINUED)

BARISTA
Oh, it's on us today!

WILL
No thanks.

He hands her the money and sits.

JACK (OS)
Ha, you too? I'm Jack!

Will looks up. A hand extended to him, the **SAME TATTOO**.

Will shakes it. JACK(35) sits down next to him, hipster glasses and oddly outgoing. Will shifts uncomfortably.

JACK
The odds are greater than you think.

Will just looks at him confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
Meeting someone with the same date. Take a group of 23 people, there's a 50% chance two will match.

WILL
The birthday paradox.

JACK
Essentially, but flopped.

WILL
You're pretty relaxed for someone who might die today.

JACK
Maybe.
(beat)
What do you usually do?

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACKS:

4 different years, Will sits on his couch, same spot.

BACK TO PRESENT.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
I used to get out.

JACK
Sure.
(beat)
Wanna grab a drink?

Will raises his coffee.

JACK (CONT'D)
An actual drink.

WILL
It's two in the afternoon.

JACK
And you're celebrating this day
alone.

Phone beeps. He swipes away a text.

WILL
I don't celebrate.

JACK
Come on.

Jack jumps up. Will hesitates, then follows.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - LATER

Jack and Will both sit in Jack's living room. Empty drink
glasses on the coffee table.

WILL (OS)
You never said what you do. About
today.

Will's phone goes off. Ding.

JACK
Ignoring your family?

WILL
Don't have family.

JACK
Friends, then.

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK:

(CONTINUED)

Will and his boyfriend MARC(late 30s) sit on a couch close, facing each other. It's calm.

MARC

One of these days you'll have to
let me inside your head.

Will tries to smile but says nothing.

BACK TO PRESENT.

WILL

I don't talk about it. Dates and,
whatever.

JACK

You are with me.

WILL

You're a stranger.

Jack grabs their two glasses and walks over to his small bar. He pulls out a bottle of whisky to fill them again.

JACK

So what about you.

WILL

What about me?

Will's hands, again, unconsciously rubbing at the mark.

JACK

Denial.

His hands stop. A share of glances. Will: "What?" Jack: "You heard what I said."

JACK (CONT'D)

(preparing drinks)

Ice in yours?

WILL

Yeah.

Jack adds a couple ice-cubes in **one** of the glasses, and begins to fill them.

WILL (CONT'D)

(breaking the silence)

I don't believe in "destiny".

(CONTINUED)

JACK
That a choice?

WILL
It seems fake. The idea that no
matter what you do, it's all
planned? How luck is nothing, and
you really have no control over-

His voice stops.

JACK
I mean, maybe people are supposed
to die when they do.

Will shakes his head. Gives a look "That's bullshit."

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY - FLASHBACK:

Time and date on phone: **May 12**. Will is driving. In the back
seat, his son, CHARLIE. On Charlie's hand: **05/12**.

CHARLIE (VO)
Dad!

Car horn, screech. Will looks back. Before the crash-

BACK TO PRESENT.

Silence. Will blinks. Jack is back sitting next to him.

JACK
I don't know.
(hands Will his glass)
I just focus on the stuff I can
control.

WILL
Sounds like an excuse to just let
things happen to you.

JACK
You remind me of my brother.

Will **almost** takes a sip but then looks over. "How so."

JACK (CONT'D)
He was crazy paranoid. Couldn't
handle the stress of each year.
Full out panicked.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
How's he now?

JACK
(casual)
Oh, no, he offed himself.

Beat. Jack takes a sip.

WILL
Sorry.

Finally, **Will takes a sip** too. **Jack notices.**

JACK
It was on his date, though. So I mean it makes sense.

Sound: Car horn.

CHARLIE (VO)
Dad?

Will tries to focus back to their conversation.

JACK
But I think, some people have to die, you know. Maybe it saves everyone else. I mean, better them than us.
(beat)
At least we don't have anyone to worry about though, right?

CUT TO:

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACKS:

Marc and Will on the couch from before.

MARC
You know I'm here. Whatever it is. Talk to me.

BACK TO PRESENT.

A moment of realization.

WILL
I should go.

Will rushes out. Jack looks at Will's empty glass.

EXT. STREET - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Walking down the street, Will pulls out his phone.

SPEAKER (OS)

Date, **January 12th**. Time, 6:28-

WILL

Call Marc.

Phone dials and beeps.

MARC (VO)

Will?

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - LATER

Will sits on his couch, the same framing as before, but now Marc by his side. Marc holds Will's hand.

WILL

I want to tell you something.

But before he can say anything else, Will starts **coughing**. They both stare at the **blood** now on Will's hand.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

Jack sips on his drink alone, it's quiet and calm.

FLASHBACKS: Jack adding **drops** to Will's glass. Will **drinking** from the glass.

Then- several different people, on different years, drinking on Jack's couch where Will did. Their bodies move through, almost transparent.

BACK TO PRESENT: Jack sits peacefully. The camera moves out, up, flying above him. Music swells until--

Large title SUPERIMPOSED over screen: 12TH

CUT TO BLACK.