



**THE  
OTHER  
SHADO**

THE OTHER SHADOW

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FADE IN:

**INT. MEAT PACKING FACTORY - NIGHT**

Grime and rust coats the broken down machinery. Bits of trash scatter the abandoned plant. Darkness, save for the work light that hangs from a pipe.

CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE

JOHN TREYBURN (37). An inner resilience in his eyes fights the nervousness and panic of his expression. His strong face framed by messy, dark hair. He doesn't move much. His head leans over to a straw-like tube in front of him.

A hand comes in, moves the tube out of mouth's reach. John glares at the figure above him.

GEORGE LORNE (42) looms over John. A chubby man dressed like a therapist. Sweater vest and pleated pants. Balding.

John sits in a motorized wheelchair. His skeletal legs bound by zip ties to the chair. His thin arms bound in his lap. His head crooked in the chair. He wears a business suit.

JOHN

Are those really necessary.

George taps John on the shoulder. No response. George smirks, wanders to the seat 10 feet in front of John. He sits, crosses his legs.

GEORGE

Never can be too careful.

George scrutinizes John with his eyes. John gazes around.

GEORGE

How did you do it?

JOHN

Oh, you know, I just gave up this quadriplegic charade I've kept up for the past twenty years and strangled the life out of him with my big, strong arms.

GEORGE

I'm not playing games with you anymore, John. You tell me, or I leave you here.

John huffs.

JOHN

I've told you. Your brother was an ass hole, but even if I could get up out of this chair, I wouldn't waste that precious energy on... Look, kill me or let me go, but don't take away my dignity.

John reaches his mouth toward the tube. Glares at George.

GEORGE

I can sit here all night.

JOHN

Yeah, well I can sit here forever.

George smiles, reaches into vest pocket. Pulls out a cigarette. He lights it, takes a long drag. The tip glows bright red.

He holds it for a moment.

He tosses it onto John's lap, right on his crotch.

John coughs as smoke rises into his face. His eyes move frantic.

JOHN

I didn't kill your brother, George. Or have him killed, or even know that he was killed until you started blaming me for it.

George's calm cracks.

GEORGE

There was video. I saw you walk out of that building. How did you do it.

JOHN

I don't know who you saw, but it wasn't me!

GEORGE

You're lying!

George jumps up from his seat, steps in front of John.

CLOSE ON THE CIGARETTE

A hold burns into the lap of his pant. Smoke rises. The fringes of the pant hole glows red.

CLOSE ON GEORGE

He clenches his jaw, furious.

JOHN

Get up! Walk! Show me you can--

Suited arms reach out from behind George, wrap around his neck. George reaches up, tries to pry them off.

CLOSE ON JOHN

His eyes bounce between George and his almost burning lap.

Off screen, we hear a tussle. George gurgles. The stillness and silence.

CLOSE ON THE CIGARETTE

A hand bats it away. Taps out the ash.

Above John stands... JOHN TWO.

JOHN

Thank you. Another minute and I might have been rendered useless down there.

John Two smirks.

JOHN TWO

We aren't going to be able to keep this up forever. I don't like being your shadow.

JOHN

Then you shouldn't have followed me out of the womb.

John Two moves the tube to John's face.

He undoes the zip ties.

John blows into the tube, the chair moves forward.

John Two watches for a moment. Shakes his head. Grins.

FADE OUT.

THE END