

If Only

By

Dana Olita

WGA Registered and Copywrited Danaolita@gmail.com

EXT. OUTSIDE NEXT TO AN ICY SWIFT RIVER

A group of young boys about 4-6 years old are playing Cowboys and Indians along a river bank. The youngest boy, a dark haired skinny boy is being pushed around by the older kids.

BULLY

I am the greatest Cowboy ever and
you can't touch me BANG BANG

(Holds up fingers in the shape of
gun and keeps shooting kids)

All the kids are running around being Indians except The Bully. He is taller and bigger than all the rest of the kids.

BULLY

I can kill every Indian and you
guys can't touch me. BANG! BANG!
BANG! Your all dead. DEAD I
SAID!!!!

All the kids run away banging their hands on their mouth shouting OH-WOO-WOO-WOO, OH-WOO-WOO-WOO except the scrawny child. He remains transfixed by the Bully.

The Bully approaches the scrawny child and grabs him by the hair.

BULLY

How about if I scalp this puny
little Indian? Want a taste of
your own medicine? Cowboys always
win. We are stronger and smarter
than you worthless Indians!!

(Puts fingers in the shape of a gun
and pretends to shoot the scrawny
kid point blank in the head)

The Bully whirls around and pushes the boy knocking him off balance. The Bully walks away and never looks back as the boy screams. The boy loses his footing and staggers close to the water. He tries to regain his footing but fails and falls into the swift moving river. The boy desperately tries to hold onto the seawall but the current is too strong and he is carried down river. In the background we can see very Baroque style structures. The boy fights to stay above water but after a few minutes he can no longer fight and he goes under.

(CONTINUED)

In the Distance we hear a screaming woman who is running down along the river wailing and screaming and running. She comes to the boy floating in the river and pulls him out. She rolls him over and sees it is her son.

She is wailing and screaming and is totally inconsolable. The screen slowly fades into white but we hear her sobbing and wailing the entire time. While everything is completely white the Mother cradling her lifeless son on her lap comes into focus. She continues to sob hysterically. The sobs echo into the whiteness.

INT. A WHITE ROOM

MOTHER

If Only, (sobbing) If Only
(wailing) IF ONLY (gasping for
breath) IF ONLY I were there.

A woman appears. She has harsh features and looks stern, she softly places her hand on the Mothers shoulder.

LACHESIS

If Only are the two most useless
words a mortal can ever speak.
They should be stricken from your
vocabulary.

Mother continues to wail and sob and hug her son.

LACHESIS

Do you know who I am?

Mother shakes her head no in between sobs

LACHESIS

I am Lachesis one of the three
sisters of the fates. I have taken
pity on you. It is my job to
determine how long a mortal gets to
live.

MOTHER

PLEASE!!! PLEASE!!!! PLEASE!!! I
beg of you spare my boy. This is
my fault. My son can change the
world. He is so smart and so
bright. I know he will achieve
greatness!! You will see!! Please I
beg you. Save my boy.

(CONTINUED)

LACHESIS

You must understand when my sisters and I spin the threads of life we do so with reason. Retying your sons thread will come with consequences. If I retie a thread it can not be undone no matter what. I lose the power to alter the outcome. You alone become responsible for the outcome.

Suddenly another woman appears. She is younger a more vibrant looking woman.

CLOTHO

SISTER! Don't you dare retie that thread. We chose the lengths for a reason and retying a thread has CONSEQUENCES!! This is a mistake. Do not take pity on this mortal. We chose the lengths we do..... for a very good reason and you know that.

MOTHER

So it is you who wanted my boy to die today?? How can you?

LACHESIS

When a child is born we visit every house and we determine how long a mortal will live and how a person will die. Clotho spins the thread which gives life. It is I who determines how long that life will be and my Sister Atropos who determines how a person will die. Only I can change how long a person will live.

Mother drops to her knees and clasps her hands in prayer

MOTHER

I beg of you, please my boy. He is so good and pure of heart. He is SPECIAL. I promise you he will change the world! Let him live!

CLOTHO

Sister do not make this mistake. I beg of you. You KNOW we can not do this!

LACHESIS

I warn you I can not change
anything if I retie this string.
This is not something you should
chose lightly. You must know that
we can not know what the future
will be once we alter his thread.

Lachesis produces a large cut bright yellow piece of yarn.
It is cut in two. The yarn says January 1894 in red
letters. Lachesis begins to tie the yarn together.

The camera pans down and we see the river again and the boy
is struggling to stay afloat. Suddenly a priest jumps in
the water.

MOTHER

OH ADOLF, My SWEET, SWEET ADOLF!!!
you will live!!! You must not waste
this second chance! You must CHANGE
THE WORLD!

The priest reaches the boy and grabs him and begins to swim
to shore.

Lachesis puts her hand on the Mothers shoulder.

LACHESIS

Fräulein you must return now.