

SAM, THE REINCARNATED BOY
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START RE-ENACTMENT

INT. LIVING ROOM

MR. and MRS. TAYLOR, a young couple in their mid 30s, sit sorting through a box of pictures. No other pictures adorn the room.

Just then SAM, their haughty 5 year-old, runs into the room with a toy plane. While making zooming noises, he flies the plane close to his mom and sees the picture of an old 1949 Pontiac she is holding.

SAM: Mommy, where did those come from?

MRS. TAYLOR: These are pictures Daddy brought back from Grandma's funeral.

SAM: That's my car!

Mrs. Taylor looks up in interest.

MRS TAYLOR: Your car?

SAM: Yeah. That's mine.

Sam runs on. Mrs. Taylor looks to her husband. She shows him the picture.

MR TAYLOR: That was Dad's first car he ever owned. He used to talk about it all the time.

Mrs. Taylor looks at him bemused and surprised.

MRS TAYLOR: Sammy, come talk to Mommy.

MR TAYLOR : It's just a coincidence.

MRS TAYLOR : I just want to ask a few questions.

Sam runs into the room and climbs on his mom's lap. He looks down at the pictures. Mrs. Taylor grabs a picture of a middle-school class and puts it in front of her son.

MRS. TAYLOR: (testing him) Do you recognize anyone in this photo?

Sam scans the picture for a second before his finger shoots out again.

SAM: That's me!

The photo is worn, black and white and from a different era. He points to a young boy in the middle of the picture.

MRS TAYLOR: Sammy, that's your grandpa when he was a boy.

Sam points again.

SAM: (emphatic) That's me!

Mr. Taylor is tired of this silliness.

MR TAYLOR: Sam, you are not Grandpa. Grandpa is dead.

SAM: I know. I died and I shot up to heaven. God gave me a ticket that let me come back down to earth.

MRS TAYLOR: God gave you a ticket?

SAM: Yep!

His parents look at each other perplexed.

Sam jumps off his mom's lap and runs back into the kitchen. Mrs. Taylor gets up to follow Sam.

MR TAYLOR: Don't encourage him.

MRS TAYLOR: Your father died a year before Sam was even born! How could he have picked him out of that picture?

MR TAYLOR: My dad is dead, that is that.

MRS TAYLOR: I just think we should try to find out more.

Mr. Taylor gets off the couch and trails behind her re-examining the photograph.

INT. KITCHEN

Sam is in his PJs eating cereal. Mr. Taylor sits near Sam. Mrs. Taylor is setting down plates of food on the kitchen table, walking back and forth between the table and the kitchen sink.

MR TAYLOR: Sam, tell me something.

SAM: Can I go play outside now?

MR TAYLOR: In a bit. When Grandpa was sick, back before you were born, there was only one thing he could eat. What was it?

SAM: Milk-shakes!

MRS TAYLOR: That was it! Your mom used to make him those milk-shakes to help him take his medication.

MR TAYLOR: you make him milk-shakes too, he's just confused.

SAM: Grandma used to make them with that!

Sam points across the room at the Food Processor.

MRS TAYLOR: No honey, we make milk-shakes with the blender.

She points to the blender.

SAM: Nope. Not grandma.

MR TAYLOR: He's right! My mom didn't have a blender. She used to make milk-shakes in a food processor.

They both look at Sam who is happily eating. Mrs. Taylor takes a seat at the table.

MRS TAYLOR: Sammy, can you remember anything about your family when you were grandpa?

SAM: What do you mean?

MRS TAYLOR: Do you remember you mom or your dad or your brothers or sisters?

SAM: They turned my sister into a fish!

MRS TAYLOR: Who did?

SAM: Some bad guys. She died.

Mrs. Taylor is shocked and perturbed.

SAM: Can I be excused now! PLEASE!

MRS. TAYLOR: Sure honey, go ahead.

Mrs Taylor looks at her husband. Mr. Taylor is shifting uncomfortably.

MRS. TAYLOR: Well?

Sam runs around them and then runs out of the room with his airplane.

MRS TAYLOR: Did your dad have a sister?

MR TAYLOR: No, no sisters.

MRS TAYLOR: (disappointed) Oh.

MR TAYLOR: No wait, He did have a sister. She died young.

MRS TAYLOR: Died young?

MR TAYLOR: Her husband killed her after they were married just a few years.

MRS TAYLOR: That's awful.

MR TAYLOR: You don't know the half of it. He rolled her body up in a rug, threw it in the ocean.

MRS TAYLOR: Like a fish?

They give each other a concerned look, as Mr. Taylor grabs her hand.

END RE-CREATION