

Sam I Am Not

Written By

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Based on the Short Story

"From There To Here"

By

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TEXT ON SCREEN

"Just as a man steps upon a serpent and shudders in fear but then looks down and notices that it's only a rope, so it was that one day I realized that what I was calling 'I' cannot be found, and all fear and anxiety vanished with my mistake."

-The Buddha.

FADE IN

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The sun shines, pouring in through the window above the sink of Sam's small cottage home. SAM is in his mid to late 20's, average height and somewhat skinny with dark short cut hair. He is peaceful and easy going, calm, innocent and wise.

Coffee brews into a single cup. The kitchen is painted a light earthy green. His house is very warm and accepting, giving off a very homey and comfortable feel.

SAM (V.O.)

A great Zen master once said "We are nothing in particular."

Sam takes his cup of coffee off of the brewer and pours some cream inside. Sam stirs his coffee.

SAM (V.O.)

Nothing but thorough going flux and flow. I'm not the same person I was 10 years ago. Hell, I'm not the same person I was yesterday. Yesterday. Today...Ever changing.

Sam picks up his coffee cup then stares out the front window in a peaceful state watching the world outside his home. He takes a drink.

Sam breathes deeply.

Sam walks into the living room which is wide and open. The room is full of light colors - The walls, the couch, the carpet - making the room seem bright in accordance with the morning sunlight that floods in.

The left corner of the room is made of two pairs of all glass double doors covered by off-white curtains.

Sam stares at the couch.

SAM (V.O.)  
(hypothetically)  
A good time to meditate.

Sam walks towards the couch.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sam enters his bedroom. Two large windows on the far wall with dark blue curtains pulled to the side allow the sun to peacefully flow in. The room's not large, but it's not small.

A bed, small desk and dresser the only furniture. The walls are painted light blue and a dark blue comforter covers his bed.

Sam walks across the room.

SAM (V.O.)  
I mean, it's not like on my 24th  
birthday I all of sudden click and  
become a year older.

Sam picks up a picture of him as a baby from his dresser and lightly runs his finger across it.

SAM (V.O.)  
That's not me anymore.

Sam sets down the picture then looks up and runs his fingers along his guitar that hangs on the wall.

SAM (V.O.)  
Where does the change take  
place?...Thoughts, emotions, mental  
constructions, realizations and  
desires - they're always in flux.

Sam picks up the Xbox controller underneath his guitar on his dresser.

SAM (V.O.)  
Even my physical body. Cells and  
atoms constantly being reborn. Who  
am I exactly? What am I exactly? I  
can't put my finger on it.

Sam sets down the controller and walks back toward his door. Sam pauses and looks at the computer atop his desk.

SAM (V.O.)  
In complete silence. In pure  
(MORE)

SAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
awareness...lies the answer.

Sam exits his room and walks down the hall toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sam enters the living room and sees a dirty homeless man, HOBO, along the far wall in front of the glass doors. The Hobo sits amid several trash bags and torn up blankets.

Hobo is in his mid 30's to mid 40's with a scruffy beard and scraggly hair. He is frantic, disturbed and very depressed. The Hobo is always on edge and easily angered. He wears a winter hat and winter gloves with his fingers exposed.

Hobo is startled and suddenly points a hand gun at Sam.

HOBO  
Hey!

SAM  
Whoa. Who... Who are you? What are you doing in my home?

HOBO  
Just stop! Don't come any closer.

SAM  
Please. Please don't shoot.

HOBO  
You can't stop me.

SAM  
Stop you from what?

HOBO  
Shut up! I'm gonna do it.

The homeless man turns the gun towards himself and puts the barrel up to the side of his head.

SAM  
No!

Sam runs at the homeless man and grabs his hand before he can shoot the gun. The two wrestle back and forth for a moment. Sam gets possession of the gun.

Sam slowly backs away with the gun pointed at the Hobo.

SAM  
Don't do that. You don't, you don't  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

want to do that.

HOBO

Give it back!

The Hobo begins to crawl toward Sam.

SAM

Stop! Don't. Don't come any closer.  
Oh my God. What do I do?

The Hobo calms down a little and stops. He seems very depressed.

HOBO

I just want to die. Exist no more.  
The end of suffering is possible.

SAM

Killing yourself isn't the answer.  
Everything will be okay.

The Hobo gets angry again.

HOBO

We're not going to die! Now give it  
back!

The Hobo moves to get up.

SAM

Stop! I don't want to do this!

The Hobo backs off and falls back to his butt in a sitting position. We can see the stress and turmoil on Sam's face - unsure of how to proceed.

The Hobo speaks but his voice is instantly transformed into a females.

HOBO/ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

(a sad chuckle)

Aww I'm going to miss these.

The Hobo is gone completely. An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN - early 30's, brunette hair and luscious features with a very dominating and seductive personality - sits on the floor in a flowing sun dress in front of Sam. She looks down at herself as she grabs her own chest.

SAM

Wha...What? What just happened?

The woman is no longer depressed and has become very sexual and seductive-like.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

You want these? You want these  
don't you? Just come take a feel.

Sam looks mesmerized and confused.

SAM

Yes... I...

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

I'm all yours... Take me.

SUITED MAN

Understanding lies in the  
intellect!

Suddenly a mans voice appears to the right side of Sam. Sam turns and sees a SUITED MAN enter the room from the back glass doors.

Suited Man is tall, handsome and elegant looking. He wears a suit and tie with his hair combed back. He is a very intelligent, confident and strong man. He walks right in front of Sam.

SUITED MAN

The human mind! Intelligence!

Sam looks to where the Attractive Woman was sitting, but she is no longer there.

The Suited Man walks right up to Sam and pokes his chest.

SUITED MAN

We *can* understand! Logic! Reason!  
There is an explanation for  
everything! Fearing the unknown is  
not an issue!

Sam grabs his head - gun still in hand - and squeezes his eyes shut.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam opens his eyes and comes face to face with the Grim Reaper. He's tall, dark and ominous with nothing but darkness for a face. He's dressed in all black and holding his weapon of choice - the scythe.

SAM

No.

All at once, numerous overlapping voices fill Sam's head. All the while, the Grim Reaper slowly reaches his hand toward Sam. Flashes of the previous people come and go.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

You are so amazing. At everything you do. You are the best. You can have so much power.

SUITED MAN

You can have so much power. We can bring the answers to the world. We can understand through our human intelligence.

HOBO

Logic. Reason. They don't explain everything. Things make us sad. There has to be a way to end it all!

The Hobo slams his fist on the ground and suddenly they all disappear and all voices fall away. Sam breathes heavily and looks around. The room is empty, but only for a moment.

The Attractive Woman appears on the ground before Sam.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Well you can't have me. You can't. You want me but you can't have me!

SAM

I...

The Hobo appears on the ground amidst his trash and blankets.

HOBO

The world is not to our liking. We can't arrange the world to make us happy...

The Hobo disappears and the Suited Man appears.

SUITED MAN

We can and we will!

The Hobo, Attractive Woman and Suited Man voices start to blend together and sound more demonic.

HOBO  
Give me the gun!

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN  
Physical desire. Sensual desire!

SUITED MAN  
We'll figure it out! We can arrange  
the world to make us happy!

A collaboration of voices is heard, but nothing is audible.  
Sam closes his eyes.

SAM  
No! No this is not real!

Silence.

Sam slowly opens his eyes. When he does, he sees himself  
staring back at him. His mirror image is clean cut and  
dressed in a black button up dress shirt and dark grey dress  
pants.

Sam's mirror image stays motionless and still. After a  
moment:

MIRROR SAM  
(very calmly)  
See yourself.

Mirror Sam reaches up and gently closes Sam's eyes.

Images of the universe: space, planets, suns and galaxies  
fly by. Sam sees children at play and families from around  
the world. Men at war and deprived citizens. Leaves falling  
from a tree and snow covering a mountain top.

Sam has a slightly amazed and peaceful grin on his face.  
Eyes unblinking and looking straight ahead into nothing.

MIRROR SAM  
There is no question to be  
answered... The question does not  
exist.

After a moment, Mirror Sam points the gun at Sam and pulls  
the trigger.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - DAY

Sam sits in meditation on the living room couch, his eyes  
are closed.



Slow zoom in to Sam's face.

SAM (V.O.)

A great Zen master once said, "We are nothing in particular." He's right. To be something in particular would be to limit ourselves. Why do we live as though this illusion is real? The illusion of a separate enduring self... an unchanging self. We can't live separate from this world. We grow together... I know now. All ideas of understanding have fallen away. I now realize what I am.

Sam slowly opens his eyes and looks into the camera.

SAM (V.O.)

I am no I.... I am, the universe.

FADE OUT.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"The only barrier between one and enlightenment is the ego... The only way to get rid of the ego is to look at it."

-OSHO