

TITLE  
Ascent Into Sanity

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

WILSON is sitting on the couch reading a book. Present appears.

PRESENT  
Hey, what's up?

WILSON looks up from his book.

WILSON  
Oh no, not you again.

PRESENT  
Oh come on, did I make such a bad impression last time?

WILSON  
Yeah, actually. I'm pretty sure other people's consciousness don't physically appear.

PRESENT  
That just means you're special.

WILSON  
You know special can be both a good thing and mean that someone is mentally deficient, right?

PRESENT  
Yes. Yes, I am aware of that. I know that quite well, yes. And I chose my wording very carefully. Very intentionally. Very specifically. Yes, I certainly intended it just the way it sounded.

Beat.

WILSON  
Go away.

Future appears.

FUTURE  
Hey, what's up?

WILSON stands up.

WILSON

No, no, what are you doing here?  
You're my conscious from the  
future, and while I'm not overly  
fond of my present conscious,  
you're even worse.

Wilson sits down.

PRESENT

That hurts, man.

WILSON

You cheat at UNO.

FUTURE

What, can't I travel back in time  
every now and then to speak to an  
old buddy?

WILSON

I am not your buddy.

PRESENT

I think he was talking to me.

FUTURE

Neither of you, actually. I have  
some friends in this time period  
who aren't exactly around in the  
future.

PRESENT

Wait, backup, who?

WILSON

And are they the conscious's of  
people I know?

FUTURE

Whoa, guys, I can't tell you who  
dies, future knowledge isn't  
allowed. Unless it's convenient for  
the plot.

WILSON

Dies, who said anything about  
dying?

FUTURE

I did.

PRESENT

Okay, I'm starting to see why  
Wilson doesn't like you.

FUTURE

Who's Wilson?

WILSON

Me.

FUTURE

Oh. I thought you had a different  
name for some reason. So, watcha  
reading?

WILSON

A book.

PRESENT

Hey, Future, how about instead of  
trying to make small talk, you go  
back to where you came from.

FUTURE

Well, technically I came from here,

PRESENT

You know what I meant. Go back to  
future Wilson.

FUTURE

But I don't want to, future Wilson  
is really winy, lazy and annoying.

WILSON

Wow. That hurts.

PRESENT

To be fair, that does sound like  
where you're heading.

WILSON

Oh, you're taking his side now?  
Well I guess you would.

PRESENT

What's that supposed to mean?

WILSON

You're the same person, conscious,  
whatever, of course you'd side with  
him.

FUTURE

Look, it's not your fault that you become a complete loser. No wait, it might actually be.

WILSON

See, this is why I don't like seeing your ugly mug,

FUTURE

We look the same.

WILSON

All you have to say is doom and gloom, gloom and doom, gloom on a winters day,

(Wilson stands up)

when life turns to gloom, what is left, but to forsake what remains of your miserable existence, to forsake this mortal coil upon which we stand. For what is life, if not worth living? What is love, when not worth giving? Can any man withstand the onslaught of madness when it surrounds him in a valley of sadness?

FUTURE and PRESENT are sitting on a couch watching WILSON on TV.

PRESENT

You know what, I think you're wrong about him. He'll be just fine.

FUTURE looks over at PRESENT.

FUTURE

Are you kidding? This is how it begins.

THE END