

**Worship of one**  
pieces of June's statement

Marteena Mendelssohn

To this day we will never know why the twins took their vow of silence against the world, which they believed failed to understand the intensity of their love hate relationship and mutual suffering.

No one has explained why they were kept in Broadmoor for eleven years for a teenage spree of vandalism and arson.

Most extraordinary of all no one has yet discovered why Jennifer died on the day they left Broadmoor. I still shiver at the memory, when visiting them ten days earlier, they told me of their decision that on the day of their release Jennifer would sacrifice her life to set June truly free.

- just as their silence and the brilliance of their writings is and will always remain one of the most profoundly disturbing and unsolved mysteries of our time.

If there is any lesson to be learned from their story, it is that we should never underestimate the sensitivities and intelligence of people who for one reason or another may find it hard to communicate.

Marjorie Wallace, London, 2011

**EXT. A Forest in the middle of Wales-- Around 11pm**

A sound of wind sweeping through leaves.

Quick Movement.

Shadows run across the schema, but we can never make out the figure. Perhaps this figure is being chased.

Running. Running. Running.

V.O

This is Jennifer. I can hardly recognize who I am anymore. Everyday is tormenting and I can't seem to beat my own reflection.

I tried to kill June yesterday.

I ripped the plug from my alarm. It was so bloody loud, but I have gotten used to it. June always tells me to shut it off. So I did. I went into the bathroom and I wrapped the cord around her neck. I would have dropped the alarm into the water, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to kill her right then, or if I should see how long it would take her to struggle out of my grip. This is a game my sister and I like to play, who can kill each other in the most torturous way possible. I'm not sure if we *really* try to kill each other, sometimes we do, other times I'm not so sure.

**EXT. Still in the forest -- Dawn**

A still scene of the sun rising.

Birds chirping.

In the distance, heavy breathing.

V.O

Neither light, nor darkness can save us. I once believed in a God, but now I am not so sure. Why would he make us so alike, yet so different? I want to believe that one day, we can both step out into the world, free of each other, of these shackles that bind us together. I used to dream, as a kid, that we would play at the park

with the other children, and we would all get along as kids should.  
It never happened. It won't ever happen.

We see JENNIFER laying on the ground, her eyes barely open.

V.O

We have become fatal enemies in each other's eyes. We feel the irritating deadly rays come out of our bodies, stinging each other's skin. I say to myself, can I get rid of my own shadow - impossible or not possible? Without my shadow, would I die? Without my shadow, would I gain life, be free or left to die? Without my shadow, which I identify with a face of misery, deception, murder.

June scares me. No. She terrifies me. I walk into the house everyday fearing for my life. It's become a game of survival between each other. When we go to therapy, we are silent. We have always been silent. There is fear between me and my sister, but at least she is always there. One day I will live a normal life. Without her. We can't live in this world at the same time. I never wanted to hurt my sister. But for one of us to go out into the outside world, to talk to people, to love, to dream, to shine,

one of us has to die.

TITLE CARD:

'Worship of One'

**EXT. A small house-- 8am**

Birds chirping

A garden.

White tulips.

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**INT. June and Jennifer's home-- 8am**

Hard boiled eggs cooking on the stove.

Earring on the kitchen table, just one, not a pair.

Leaky pipes.

Photo frame on the wall.

Material for what seems like arts and crafts are also on the table, perhaps a past time for the twins.

Elmer's glue, or at least the residue, seems permanently stuck to the right hand corner of the table.

The camera pans to a small bookshelf, on the very end is a book called " Parallel Universes: Secrets from the other Side"

## **Title Card: Chapter 1**

There are 7 billion people on Earth (less or more, given the hour).

Each person has a unique set of genomes and alleles that makes them different and distinguishable. A parent passes their genetics and DNA down their lineage, and their children has children and the complexities of their genomes become so different that a brown haired, browned skin, blue eyed person can be the great-great-great-great grandchild of a brown eyed, blonde haired, white skin person.

Suppose there is one person who gives birth to twins. Identical twins to be exact. These identical twins share the exact same DNA, but there may be some genetic differences.

However, what if a pair of identical twins shared the same DNA, genetics, and even thoughts? What if their subconscious was not their own, but one in the same? What if these identical twins were two divisions of the same soul, could they coexist in the same nature, or would one have to seize to exist.

**INT. June's bedroom-- 8:15am**

A white desk sits isolated in a room with no furniture.

Burning paper filled the air with a furtive odor.

On the left side of the desk, a glass of orange juice.

On the right side of the desk, there are two books.

One of the books is a rusted orange, while the other is a dark grey  
Like charcoal.

The title of the rusted orange: The Stranger in the Mirror

The second title: No one belongs here more than you

Sitting at the desk is June.

Her dark curly hair casts a shadow as 3 large white candles burn  
before her.

The second to last candle on the right side is completely burned out  
already.

June is writing.

What she is writing is not clear, but she works with a smile on her  
face.

This is the first time the camera has seen June happy.

Slowly, the camera zooms out of  
the room.

Very slowly

Every 60 seconds

10 rounds of this occurs.

Until we see the room,

Perhaps only 3 inches on a  
fairly large screen.

Sitting at the desk is June, still writing, still smiling.  
Solitary, yet not lonely

Hopeless, but optimistic

Scared, but not terrified

The room itself is an epitaph to a woman who is not yet dead.

Writing

For nearly 6 mins.

The camera zooms completely  
back in, focusing on the candle.

This happens in .60 seconds

When we are only zoomed on the candle flame.

**INT. June's bedroom-- 8:30am**

An obnoxious alarm bounces off the walls of June's tiny bedroom.

June wakes up, but does not shut off the alarm.

INT. The twins's kitchen - 10am

The alarm is still blaring.

It is faint throughout the house, but moving closer to June's bedroom, it is almost unbearable.

As the alarm blares, between each alarm beat, there is a knocking sound.

The camera pans around the corner from the hallway.

The camera peers into Jennifer's room.

Jennifer is knocking June's head into the wall.

Jennifer

Turn. the. bloody. alarm. Off. You. Stupid. Brat

June is silent. This is a normal occurrence for them.

Flashback to:

INT. The same home of the twins-- 11 years ago

The same scene. The twins are only younger this time. The alarm is blaring. Between the alarm beats, Jennifer knocks June's head into the wall.

June is silent.

There is blood. Not a lot, but just enough to stain the wall.

After a while, Jennifer gets up, yells

jeson fèmen mala ou pwochen waf

(remember to turn off your alarm next

time)

We are left with June. Completely dissociated. Repeating







The girls are digging.

And digging.

And digging.

And digging.

They find a small children's toy with the initial 'J' and 'J'.

They smile at each other.

Perhaps this is the first and only time they have smiled at each other in this film.

the building burns, then concaves entirely.

Sirens wail as the girls walk off property, same leg, same pace.

CUT TO:

**Ext: The Twin's house -- Early Afternoon**

A small suburban house.

A wind garden spinner.

A toy with the initials 'J' and 'J'

**INT: The Twin's House-- Early Afternoon**

June in a bathtub, laying down. Creole music plays.

This is her safe space.

She enjoys the music as she soaks in the tub.

**INT. The Bathroom - Afternoon**

More music.

There is some pacing above the ceiling that makes June look up, slightly annoyed. She goes back to getting comfortable and listening to music.

The pacing turns into heavy footsteps.

**INT. Hallway - Afternoon**

Jennifer is running.

**INT. Bathroom - Afternoon**

June's face is completely relaxed, she has let her guard down.

Jennifer enters the bathroom, running at full speed.

Her hands push June's face into the water.

June manages to fight her way back up.

She gets out of the tub finally, after a few minutes of wrestling with Jennifer.

June looks at Jennifer angrily.

Jennifer looks at her sister terrifyingly.

Jennifer runs away.

**EXT. Police Precinct- Night ---- 15 years later**

A siren.

A police car pulls into the police parking lot with its lights on.

**INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY- NIGHT**

Walking through the corridor of the police precinct are two police officers.

Officer #1

Those twins are at it again, we can never catch a break from them.

Officer #2

You've seen them before?

Officer #1

Listen Todd, I've been here nearly 20 years and I've never seen anything like it.

Todd

What do you mean?

Officer #1

Don't worry, once you see them in action, your scarred for life

**INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT**

Outside the interrogation room, the two officers stand and look at JUNE through the room window. She is completely catatonic. Hands at her side, sitting limp in her chair, she resembles a complete vegetable.

**INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT**

Officer #1

Well hot shot, go in there and try to get some info.

Todd

ME?!?!?!?

Officer #1

Just ask the questions.

Todd moves into the room, hesitant, afraid, fearful.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Todd

So June Goodwin, this isn't your first rodeo isn't it?

Silence.

Todd hesitates to continue.

Todd

In my file it states that you, June Goodwin, and your sister, Jennifer have set fire to 2 warehouses and plotted to set fire to the local technical college, can you confirm this.

Silence.

Todd

Ma'am can you please indicate that you hear me.

Silence.

Todd (CONT'D)

Ma'am. Can you hear me? Can you respond to me?

Officer #1 (V.O)

Officer, come on out.

Todd exits, confused, startled. This is completely uncharted territory for him.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT

Todd

Officer Scott, what the hell was that?

Officer Scott

You just met a silent twin.

Todd

Silent twin? What do you mean? There's another crazy bitch that goes around setting buildings on fire and refusing to say anything after?

Officer

It's been like that since they were kids. Only speaking to each other, completely isolating themselves from the world and all that. Once they graduated high school, which they barely did in the first place, they started setting things on fire.

Todd

Why? Don't they have like a caretaker or something? They shouldn't be allowed to just say nothing and get away with it.

Officer

There's a woman who's known them since they were children. She is practically their guardian angel. She comes in after every altercation or crime they commit and tries to undo it. She says they aren't mentally well. I say we shoot them out back and pretend they never existed, it's for their own damn good.

Todd

Geez, that's a little harsh. But true I guess.

Officer

There's the woman now.

**INT. PRECINCT FOYER- NIGHT**

A woman, dressed in all yellow appears in the lobby of the precinct. She seems bright. She's quite petite and doesn't seem inconvenienced in the slightest way.

Woman

Hello there officer Scott, nice to see you again. Sorry I got here a bit late, sometimes the traffic really is quite congested. Anyways--

She notices Officer Todd next to Scott

Woman

Why, I apologize officer, I don't believe we met. You must be new. Well, my name is Clara Wallace. I'm June and Jennifer's psychiatrist. I've been working with them for nearly 12 years now. I'm aware of

their bizarre behavior, but I can get them to respond for a short amount of time. They are a work in progress. Of course this behavior can not be tolerated, but these girls are a special case. I'll walk you through my process.

Todd, feeling completely out of the loop, is eager to hear Clara's explanation of, well everything.

Clara and Scott turn and walk toward the interrogation rooms.

Todd, getting over his shock, runs after them a second later.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT**

Clara

As I was saying, these twins are a special case. You interviewed June first? Yeah, she hardly gives any response in this environment. Her stress levels go up and she can barely tell where she is or what she has done.

Todd

What do you mean? Like they are completely dissociated from reality?

Clara

Kind of. Well, it's complicated.

She thinks for a minute, choosing her words carefully so as to not say anything offensive.

Clara (CONT'D)

They are dissociated from the entire world except for each other. It's like they are the same person experiencing the same type of dissociation from the world at the same time. Almost as if their brains are completely in sync. It's eerie at first. But then you start to realize they do have personalities. Sometimes I get a chuckle, or a wink. If I'm lucky, I get a wave. It just takes time for them to open up. I personally think Jennifer is a bit more open. Shall we take a look.

Todd, not convinced at all, knows what she's doing.

Todd

After you, madame.

**INT. SECOND INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

Clara enters the room calmly, while Todd is once again shocked at the girl's position.

Jennifer sits upright. Hands at her side. Eyes wide. She is in the exact same position as her sister.

Clara

Hi sweetie, it's Clara. It seems like you got into some trouble tonight here.

Pause. Both Clara and Todd wait for a response

Clara (CONT'D)

You did a bad thing tonight, but it's okay. We'll get you cleaned up and out here in no time.

Todd tries to interject, Clara ignores him.

Clara

This nice man just wants to talk with you tonight. No pressure! Just a quick chat to make sure you understand what happened tonight and to make sure you know better than to do a bad thing again.

Todd, gets annoyed.

Todd

Why are we treating them like children? They are grown adults. Honestly Doc, i'm not sure what kind of relationship you have with these women, but they need to respect the law and **learn how to be normal.**

Clara is startled at Todd's quick change in demeanor, but she's not surprised.

Clara

Officer, I understand your frustration, but the fact is--

Todd cuts her off.

Todd

Mrs. Wallace, they have priors, they are not cooperating, you've known them for over a decade and it still hasn't changed. Give it up, your method does not work. I'll do something myself.

Todd gets up and pulls out a file. A photo of 2 burned buildings are displayed.

Todd

Jennifer Goodwin, can you see these photos?

Silence.

He repeats himself again.

Todd

JENNIFER I said can you see these pictures?

Clara

Officer I really think that's enough, they can't be shouted at like this.

Todd

I don't think it's enough at all.

He is furious at this point.

Todd (CONT'D)

Jennifer, look at these pictures. We know what you did so give up the act. LOOK AT THEM.

Todd grabs Jennifer's hand to put on the photos. He thinks maybe getting physical will trigger a response. It does.

Jennifer, and June, who is in the next room, scream simultaneously.

It is a high pitched screech that makes Clare and Todd instinctively cover their ears. The screams last approximately 18 seconds. They both fall limp in their chairs.



**EXT. White space, somewhere, nowhere, the space between one's  
conscious and another-- timeless**

Jennifer and June standing next to each other. Their dialogue is  
simultaneous

**June**

**We have to stop. I don't like  
doing this anymore.**

**I don't want to kill you, but  
you make me do it to you.**

**I love you Jennifer.**

**But the more we continue to pass  
through life as two individuals,  
the more we will lose ourselves.**

**I want to be me, and you should  
be you.**

**But I am not myself when you are  
living, and neither are you.**

**Let's agree to end this. Between  
us two.**

**Whoever is strong enough to  
live, will be an individual,  
strong enough to break through.**

**Let's agree to end this.**

**We will not submit to the  
darkness of being two bodies  
split into one soul.**

**We will end this, for good.**

*Jennifer*

*June.*

*June.*

*Shut up.*

*June.*

*June.*

*June, I don't care.*

*Fine.*

*What if I don't want to?*

*No we won't*

*June*

*There is no use in fighting with  
me, so why aren't you listening?*

*We have to do this.*

*Don't you want a future?*

*We can't be two people.*

*One of us has to die.*

*Okay.*

*Jennifer*

Margaret's voice rings out from the unknown

Margaret:

Girls, time to get up! Don't leave Detective Todd here waiting too long.

June:

It's time to go. We shouldn't make them wait for us while you figure out our next move.

Jennifer

Okay fine.

They interlock their fingers together.

June breathes in, her inhale is shaky.

Jennifer seems comfortable, yet seemingly nervous about returning to the real world.

They both slowly fade into the white light.

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- DAWN**

Jennifer is lying on the ground in her interrogation room.

June, brought into her sister's interrogation room by Detective Todd, is also lying on the floor.

Clara is in Jennifer's room

Clara

Jenny, June, time to wake up.

The girls slowly open their eyes, but silent.

Clara

Would you girls like a glass of water? I think you might need it, I'll go grab some cups of water.

Todd

I can't believe this shit. Absolute insanity.

Todd leaves.

Does he leave the interrogation room? Or leave the precinct altogether?

We do not know.

June rises and sits at the interrogation table.

She takes the piece of paper with the burning building and says one word

June

Fire.

*June's next steps.*

1. *Write my own book*
2. *Move out of my house*
3. *Reframe the photo of my parents*
4. *Buy a closet that reflects my personality,  
really*
5. *Take a trip by myself to London.*
6. *Get married*
- 7.

## Chapter 7:

Say, for instance, the 'you' from a parallel universe came to your universe and entered the same coffee shop that you were sitting at (perhaps studying for a quiz on quantum mechanics). Could it be that the two 'you's' could rip a whole in the time and space continuum. You both are in fact you, but you are not you when the other you is there. Nature can only exist when 'you' are in it. But at this point, with your parallel universe doppelganger, Nature can not decide which one is 'you' so perhaps one of 'you' must dissipate.

Jennifer V.O

My sister must live, I suppose. We were never meant to share this same soul. Divided into two, but never truly whole, I want to believe in another world we will both be able to live a normal life. But that is not possible. We are the same person. We can't live in the same world at the same time. It is not possible. I read somewhere that in time travel, one can not go back into the past and touch their past body, otherwise it will create a time travel paradox. Two of the same people can not exist at the same time. A copy, with the same DNA, atoms, and molecules, that vibrate at the same syncopation will never be able to coexist because the other half should have never occupied that space. For a long time, I believed that I was the original. The one who was supposed to be put on this Earth, to live a beautiful life. I imagined myself being a writer, growing old, getting married, maybe having kids. I would have 1 boy, and maybe a girl. Maybe born 5 years apart- to give them space. I would name the boy Kente and the girl Cecilia. I would be happy. But I guess I will not grow old, or have my children, or dance in the rain, or go to my secret hideout in the forest anymore. I am a copy, not the original. I will die when it is my time, it is my fate. I let go of any power I thought I had over my destiny and have decided to be the one who dies.