

(Based on the play by Kalli Cheatle, Rob Landin, Jason Parrish, Mark Taylor and Abby Warne)

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A dimly lit room. A female theorist is knelt, scribbling scientific gibberish furiously on the floor in chalk. PULL BACK and we see the entire room. It's unclear where the room is. There are no windows, just in a single dim bulb, swinging without a shade on the ceiling. As the bulb is swinging, the light shows that the room is covered in the scrawling of this woman. On a small table at the side of the room lies a table, upon which there are several object. The first of which is a metronome. The sound of the metronome ticking is the only sound we hear. Also upon the table are some playing cards, spread out in a seemingly random fashion. The last thing on the table is some coins; several different coins, all of different shapes and sizes.

SLOW CROSS-FADE TO:

2 INT - A LOUNGE - DAY

Two men, one old and one young are playing chess. They are old friends and clearly enjoy each other's company. They are in a lounge of sorts, possibly a recreation room at a home of some kind. Sunlight is pouring through the windows. The young man has a flask in front of him, and several keys attached to a large chain on his belt.

SLOW CROSS-FADE TO:

INT – A DARK PADDED CELL

Two people, a male and a female are sat either side of the room. The room is dark, albeit a small amount of artificial light coming through a small window, enough to see the inhabitants of this padded cell. They are just staring at each other. They are very similar in appearance, albeit the male has long, untamed hair, and is unshaven. They look tense, agitated, but nothing could divert them from their staring. It's not angry staring, but these people clearly have a past.

SLOW CROSS-FADE TO:

4 INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is still writing, but stops scribbling suddenly and looks up. CLOSE UP as she looks directly at the camera.

2

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THEORIST

A woman once said to me, "I wrote a letter to myself." I said, "oh yeah, what did it say?" She said, "I don't know, it hasn't arrived yet." And that's how I feel, like I haven't arrived yet, and until I get there I'm useless.

FADE TO BLACK:

5 INT - A DARK PADDED CELL

FADE UP on the male and the female still staring at each other. Not angry staring, just, staring. Suddenly they relax.

FEMALE Isn't this great... Just the two of us... Like old times...

MALE

Yeah... I suppose.

FEMALE

So why was 6 afraid of 7?

MALE (He thinks for a moment.) I know this one, because 7 8 9?

FEMALE

Wrong... 6 wasn't afraid of 7, because numbers, being nonsentient, cannot experience fear.

MALE

(Confused) What?

FEMALE

A number, is just a concept, an idea. A number, is a property possessed by a sum or total or indefinite quantity of units or individuals.

MALE

Um... OK.

FEMALE

What you conceive to be a number, 4, 8, 23, 108, whatever, they're just numerals, a symbol used to represent a number.

The Male stands up

2. 4

MALE So what's this got to do with, well... anything?

FEMALE I'm getting to that.

The female looks around absent minded. The male stands waiting for an answer. Eventually, the female returns to the conversation.

FEMALE (CONT'D) So a number has no consciousness and thus cannot know what it contains, leaving only adjacent entities aware of its contents. And therefore it doesn't know what fear is and so cannot comprehend the idea of it.

The male starts pacing and scratching his head, trying to make sense of the information he's just received.

MALE (Confused) So a number is nothing and it knows that it's nothing? But everything else knows it's nothing but thinks that it's something?

Pause

FEMALE Basically, yeah.

Brief silence

FEMALE (CONT'D) Like you and me.

MALE We mean something?

FEMALE No, Nothing... That's the point.

MALE (Confused/Angry) What point?

FEMALE (Exasperated) The point of 6.

FADE TO:

The old and the young man are playing chess. After a couple of moves in silence, they begin to talk. The old man points at the young man's waist.

> OLD MAN How many keys have you got there?

> > YOUNG MAN

47.

OLD MAN They must be heavy.

YOUNG MAN I don't notice them. They're just a part of me, like your key is a part of you.

OLD MAN

My key?

YOUNG MAN

Yes.

OLD MAN

What key?

YOUNG MAN I do like beans.

> OLD MAN (Confused)

What?

YOUNG MAN Beans. Baked beans. I like baked beans, and runner beans, coffee beans, I like coffee, would you like a drink?

OLD MAN

No.

He looks at the chess board.

INTERCUT WITH:

7 INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist stands and walks over to the metronome. She starts it.

OLD MAN (CONT'D) Concentration is key 6

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN I knew a boy once. Thought he had magic beans.

OLD MAN

What?

The theorist increases the speed of the metronome

YOUNG MAN Beans. Magic beans. He thought they would change his prospects, better them.

OLD MAN

With beans?

YOUNG MAN

With beans.

The theorist stops the metronome again and just stares at it.

OLD MAN

How?

YOUNG MAN How should I know? He never did. Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN

No.

The theorist returns to scribbling notes on a nearby section of wall.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

8

INT – A DARK PADDED CELL

The male is pacing back and forth, with the female still sat on the opposite side. He leans against the wall, slowly, as if testing it. It runs his hands over the wall, caressing it, inspecting it. Nothing is more important than inspecting this wall right now.

> MALE See. Now this… this… This is real. I know it's real, I can touch it, I can feel it, it's there, this… is real.

He turns and looks at the female. He reaches his hand out, but doesn't make contact. He looks at her confused.

7

MALE (CONT'D) You. You're not real. I can't touch you. Can't touch you, so you're not real.

He alternates between touching the wall and facing the female.

MALE (CONT'D) This I can touch, this is here, you I can't touch. You are not real. You... Are not real. This, definitely real, you.. Definitely not.

The male starts pacing. This new information is hurting his brain. He's clearly agitated. The female starts to giggle but looks at him calmly.

FEMALE (Increasing in volume) Look at me. LOOK at me. LOOK AT ME!

The male stops pacing and turns to face the female. There's a few moments silence.

FEMALE (CONT'D) (calmly) Oh You can see me. I'm here. You can see me

MALE (Agitated) What?

FEMALE

You can see me. (Points to the wall).) And you can see that. So why am I not real?

The male is shocked. He just looks between the wall and the female. His agitation is growing.

MALE (Agitated/Scared) Because! I can touch this. It is here, I can touch it. It's real. I can't touch you! You're not real.

The male starts pacing again.

FEMALE (shouts) But you can hear me!

The male stops pacing and looks at the female again.

FEMALE (CONT'D) (calmly) But you can hear me, can't you. You can't hear that. So again... Why am I not real?

The male looks more and more scared. His whole world is being turned upside down.

MALE (scared) No... What? No... no.. No...

FEMALE There you go again. See, you can hear me.

MALE (agitated) Just shut up! ... YOU'RE NOT REAL!!

The male starts pacing again

MALE (CONT'D) (muttering) You're not real... you're not real...

CUT TO:

9 INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist is sat at a table. She spins a coin, and watches as it spins. The room is silent except for the sound of the coin spinning. The moment it falls on its side we

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

10 INT - A LOUNGE - DAY

The young and old man are playing chess.

OLD MAN Do you know what I hate?

YOUNG MAN

No. What?

OLD MAN

Nothing.

YOUNG MAN No go on, tell me

OLD MAN

I did tell you. It's nothing. I hate nothingness. I hate space because it's nothing. I hate poor people because they have nothing. I just cannot live with nothing. Which is why I always think about having something.

YOUNG MAN And what is that something?

OLD MAN I'm not ready to tell you yet. You're too… boyish.

CUT TO:

11 INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist starts the metronome ticking again for a few seconds, she stares at it, and then stops it again.

CUT TO:

12 INT - A LOUNGE - DAY

OLD MAN You remind me of this person... you remind me of this man.

YOUNG MAN (Inquisitively) What man?

OLD MAN A man of power.

YOUNG MAN (inquisitively) What power?

OLD MAN (dramatically) The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN (inquisitively) Whodoo?

OLD MAN

You do.

YOUNG MAN

Do what?

11

OLD MAN Remind me of a man.

The banter increases in pace as the loop continues, with the young man becoming increasing agitated.

YOUNG MAN What man? OLD MAN A man of power. YOUNG MAN What power? OLD MAN The power of Whodoo. YOUNG MAN Whodoo? OLD MAN You do. YOUNG MAN Do what? OLD MAN Remind me of a man. YOUNG MAN What man? OLD MAN A man of power. YOUNG MAN What power? OLD MAN The power of Whodoo. YOUNG MAN Whodoo? OLD MAN You do. YOUNG MAN Do what? OLD MAN Remind me of a man. YOUNG MAN What man?

OLD MAN A man of power. YOUNG MAN What power? OLD MAN The power of Whodoo. YOUNG MAN Whodoo? OLD MAN You do. YOUNG MAN Do what? OLD MAN Remind me of a man. YOUNG MAN What man? OLD MAN A man of power. YOUNG MAN What power? OLD MAN The power of Whodoo. YOUNG MAN Whodoo? OLD MAN You do. YOUNG MAN Do what? OLD MAN Remind me of a man. YOUNG MAN What man? OLD MAN A man of power. YOUNG MAN What power? OLD MAN

The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN

Whodoo?

OLD MAN

You do.

YOUNG MAN

Do what?

As the loop draws to a close, the young man has grown extremely agitated, whilst the old man is confused as to why the young man doesn't understand. The men are arguing this so much the lines are blurring into each other.

> OLD MAN Remind me of a man. YOUNG MAN What man? OLD MAN A man of power YOUNG MAN What power? OLD MAN The power of who--YOUNG MAN STOP IT! Right. What is Whodoo? OLD MAN I... YOUNG MAN You can't remember can you? OLD MAN Remember what? YOUNG MAN The power of whodoo OLD MAN WHODOO? YOUNG MAN STOP IT! Right. It's your move. Would you like a drink? OLD MAN No.

> > FADE TO:

The male is still pacing. His breathing has grown more erratic, as has his behaviour.

MALE (singing) La la la la la la la la

FEMALE You can't ignore me forever

MALE Yes I can... la la la la la

FEMALE See... you just proved my point

The male stops pacing and looks at the female.

MALE What point?

FEMALE That you can't ignore me

MALE But I am ignoring you

FEMALE No you're not

MALE

Yes... I... am

FEMALE

No... You're... not. You're talking to me... And by talking to me you're acknowledging my existence

The male just glares at the female, fear filling his eyes. He's scared and confused. He returns to pacing. Then after a few seconds, he collapses to the ground, crying. After a few more seconds, the female carries on.

> FEMALE (CONT'D) There you go... Now you're ignoring me.

> > FADE TO:

14 INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is by the table, she picks up playing cards at random, inspects them, before putting them down again.

13

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

She does this a few times. The sound of the sobbing from the previous scene still audible.

FADE TO:

15 INT - A LOUNGE - DAY

OLD MAN Which side are you on? Good or bad?

YOUNG MAN The good side, of course. I'm here, aren't I? Helping out for the better... I'm a good person.

OLD MAN Yes, but what of the people above you? Have you ever considered whether they are good people or not?

YOUNG MAN Well... no, bec-

OLD MAN Exactly! You could be the prince of all things bright and beautiful, but your king could still be the supreme grandmaster of all things evil! It's people like you who can't choose a side.

Pause

OLD MAN (CONT'D) What about a ruler?

As the young man is listing the first half of the rulers ...

INTERCUT WITH:

16 INT – A DARK ROOM

16

The theorist is scrawling on the floor again.

YOUNG MAN (VO) A ruler...? What, a King? Queen? Emperor? Sultan? Master? Dictator? Leader? Head? Principal? Chief? Commander? Shaman? Boss? Manager? Captain? Director? Admiral? Lord? Sir? Chancellor? Senator? Figure head? Sensei? ...

CUT BACK TO:

18

INT - LOUNGE - DAY

OLD MAN

...Shut up...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT - A DARK ROOM 18

The theorist is writing on the wall now.

YOUNG MAN (VO) Dean? Chieftain? Conductor? Controller? Counsellor? Dignitary? Doyen? Eminence? Exec? Forerunner? General? Governor? Guide? Harbinger? Herald? Lead? Luminary? Mistress? Notability? Notable? Officer? Pace-setter? Pilot? Pioneer? Precursor? Rector? Ringleader? Shepherd? Skipper? Superintendent? Superior?

CUT BACK TO:

19 INT - LOUNGE - DAY

> OLD MAN (angrily) A RULER! A measuring ruler! 30 centimetres! 300 millimetres! 12.5 inches! A ruler! Understand?

> > YOUNG MAN

Yes...

OLD MAN Good. Now which side are you on? Will you live to be 30, or will you exist until 300, as a ghost, haunting those on the other side?

YOUNG MAN Forget the ruler, I'll stick with a tape measure.

Pause

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D) Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN

No.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

19

20

21

20 INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist starts spinning a coin.

CUT TO:

21 INT - A DARK PADDED CELL

The male is curled up on the floor with the female sitting next to him, leaning over him. She has several pieces of paper.

FEMALE Life... Is a bit like paper...

Pause

FEMALE (CONT'D) You can tear it in two; You can destroy life, like you can destroy paper

MALE (crying/angry) Life is more than that...

The female tears the paper

FEMALE One life destroyed...

She tears the paper again. Every tear seems to hurt the male.

FEMALE (CONT'D) ...Another life destroyed.

MALE Stop it... just stop it.

FEMALE I can't stop... This will never stop, your life can. Me... I can't...

INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT – A DARK ROOM

CLOSE UP on the coin still spinning. Each time we cut back to the coin, we're CLOSER on it.

FEMALE (VO) (With every 'destroying/destroyed' she tears the paper some more.) (MORE) FEMALE (VO) (CONT'D) I have to go on destroying... being destroyed, destroying, destroyed, destroying, destroyed, destroying, destroyed, destroying, destroyed...

Pause

23 INT – A DARK PADDED CELL

MALE

(angrily) JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

We're solely on the male now. He stands up and walks around the cell, away from the female... The male collapses on the floor again and adopting the fetal position, crying, upset, angry, scared, confused... all at once.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

24 INT A LOUNGE - EVENING

The young man and old man are still playing chess. The sun is setting outside.

YOUNG MAN How do we know it's his cat?

OLD MAN

Whose cat?

YOUNG MAN

His.

OLD MAN What the black and white one?

YOUNG MAN

Yes.

OLD MAN Well... It's his isn't it?

YOUNG MAN Yes, but how do we know it's his?

OLD MAN They say it, don't they?

YOUNG MAN

Who does?

OLD MAN

They do.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN

Who?

OLD MAN Them... They say it's him and his cat.

YOUNG MAN But why do we believe them? What makes them right? We can't just assume they're right.

CUT TO:

25 INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist picks up a coin and places it on a card. She then starts the metronome ticking for a few seconds and stops it again. She then removes the coin from the card.

CUT TO:

26 INT - A LOUNGE - EVENING

OLD MAN Well it sits in the car with him.

YOUNG MAN

Whose car?

OLD MAN

His.

YOUNG MAN What, you mean his van?

OLD MAN Same difference... It still sits with him.

YOUNG MAN But how can we be sure it belongs to him?

OLD MAN We can't be sure... But we're supposed to assume it does.

YOUNG MAN But what if we've assumed wrong?

Pause

OLD MAN He's named it though... and naming gives power. 17. 24

25

YOUNG MAN

What power?

OLD MAN The power of Who-

YOUNG MAN STOP IT. What... power?

OLD MAN

Ownership.

YOUNG MAN True... But how do we know that it's him that's named it?

OLD MAN

We don't.

YOUNG MAN Exactly we don't... He hasn't got any documents, any proof.

OLD MAN Damn it... You're right... It's not his cat. Err... Whose move is it?

YOUNG MAN Yours... Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN

No.

CUT TO:

27 INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is on the floor again, writing furiously. Suddenly she stops, looks around the room. Then she speaks, fast, like she's never spoken before.

18. 26

(CONTINUED)

THEORIST

Time it's incomprehensible continuous never faltering a stream of movement contained by hours minutes seconds that in short cannot be contained that in essence is a river never subsiding time is not seconds time is like numbers certain uncertain structured free limitless just numbers maths measured solid visible invisible in a hard form of nothing everything zero zero is nothing immeasurable unaccountable counted yet distinctly uncountable zero to one is a change nothing to something blindness to sight nonexistence to existing living breathing gas to liquid birth death soul to body essence to physicality one is life two is life two is an extension of one a continuation the same state progressing one to two show no end no limit no constraint infinity direction can be reversed two to one is also infinity and therefore zero to one can be reversed states can go in both directions both paths or do they bounce between each other life and death soul to body infinity is approachable from all directions yet nothing can approach infinity it's a bow tie a propeller spinning in circles rings zero can be approached from all angles existence is a target a goal a propeller spinning life is an aeroplane it needs fuel new fuel new life life is fuel and the aeroplane is time time will continue regardless time is wind it needs no fuel no life it is it is life is a circle a circle is two two is infinity life is infinity a target an onion layered grown cultivated consumed like beans life dies is eaten destroyed no transferred the energy is moved on not destroyed life is energy cycling spinning like a coin life is a coin spinning hectic spinning it is one solid measurable reality reality spins it's fast painful stress death is zero not real not real dreams are death dreams are escapes not life senses thoughts feelings protected dreams are ideals nightmares are life's pains (MORE)

THEORIST (CONT'D) senses thoughts feelings unprotected life is one and zero death is zero one dreams nightmares are death all is one and one is all all is zero life it's a coin spinning money power money is power power is money what power...

INTERCUT WITH:

28 INT - A LOUNGE - EVENING

As the theorist is talking over the top of the action, the young man stands, shakes the old man's hand, and walks out. We follow him to

29 INT - CORRIDOR - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

He walks down the corridor, down a flight of stairs, down another corridor, down another flight of stairs, no hesitation in where he is going, he just carries on walking. He finally comes to rest outside a room, and looks inside. There we see the male on the floor in a heap, alone. The young man smiles and carries on walking. He walks down more corridors, and more flights of stairs, before coming to rest outside another room.

> THEORIST (VO) ...spinning stops life stops reality ends only if it is zero zero is nothing reality is something reality is one time is two infinite life is controlled death is zero inevitably controlling life life stops stops spinning and life is stopped when where why death is inevitable death is fate ultimate fate fate is zero fates never falter they are hands on strings hands protecting the spinning events that change fate is still controlling fates can't be changed broken zero is breakable zero is nothingness nothingness is breakable something anything everything breaks nothingness is silence...

28

29

CUT BACK TO:

THEORIST

...silence is nothing silence is broken silence is zero zero is broken always broken noise breaks but noise is sound is constant like time never falters it's constant two breaks zero zero breaks two the two cannot coexist the two must exist must exit must coexist must must must...

As she finishes talking, we see the young man standing in front of her.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END