

Limbo

Written by

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INT.CELL-NIGHT

This tiny concrete cell, no more than 6 X 8 feet, is bathed in darkness; we can just make out the figure of someone lying on the floor.

The figure is of a suited man, lying inexplicably in the center of this cell . His eyes open for the first time as he takes in his unfamiliar surroundings.

He slowly climbs to his feet and dusts off his suit. He cranes his neck upwards.

The four walls that surround him stretch way into the impenetrable darkness above. Water droplets rain down on him.

Low, distant VOICES echo around the cell, their exact words inaudible.

MAN

Hello! Is there anyone there?

(beat)

Can anyone hear me?

No response.

Disorientated, he feels his way around the cell. His hands rest upon a huge STEEL door. He opens it into...

INT.CORRIDOR-NIGHT

He steps out into the dank, poorly lit corridor. WATER streams down the stone walls and fluorescent lights line the ceiling.

POV OF MAN

To his right the corridor stretches way off into the abyss; nothing but darkness. He turns to his left and sees a faint speck of light way off in the distance.

He starts towards the light but stops abruptly when the low pitched, indistinguishable SOUNDS again ECHO around him.

MAN

Can anyone here me?

No response...then: SIRENS, MUFFLED voices, SOBBING.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Hello!

The sound of SIRENS rise to a crescendo.

He now runs towards that speck of light that still flickers in the distance. His efforts seem futile as the light becomes dimmer and dimmer by the second.

As his breathing becomes more laboured, the man collapses in a heap, clutching his leg; his face contorts in pure agony as he howls in pain.

Again the sounds: CRYING, muffled voices-only this time we can make out a WOMANS voice...

WOMAN (OS)
(Sobbing)
Jack!

Through this inexplicable burst of pain, the man drags himself towards the dimming light. Pausing briefly to look behind him, he notices the fluorescent lights that lined the ceiling are switching off one by one. He clutches his right leg and drags his body across the floor.

The blackness moves in to encompass him; he now finds himself crawling through puddles, as water cascades down the brick walls.

MAN
Can anyone hear me?

His voices echoes into the encroaching darkness.

Another sound, but nothing like we've heard before. A high pitched WINE, what sounds like defibrillators charging up then the THUD as they are used. Again and again.

The man clambers to his feet, stumbling, writhing in pain as perspiration bursts from every pore.

The once tiny speck of light now begins to pulsate and grow in its luminosity. The man seems to thrive on this. With one hulking effort after another he drags his body towards it.

The sounds are now more distinguished.

WOMAN (OS)
(Sobbing)
Jack, can you hear me?

He pauses.

JACK

Stacey?

VOICE 1 (OS)

Ma'am, can you step back please.

The darkness continues to close in, but is countered somewhat by the sheer brightness and almost penetrating glow emitting from the once tiny speck of light.

JACK

Stacey!?

He falls to the floor, unable to struggle any longer; he's beat. The darkness closes in on him but the blinding glow of the light in front of him goes supernova, engulfing him and the whole corridor and saturating everything in a blinding white light.

Silence for a beat, then:

Sounds of MACHINERY, RAIN beating against a window and a VEHICLE hauling ass through traffic.

FADE IN:

POV OF JACK

He opens his eyes but everything's a blur. We can make out two figures standing over him, both clad in green. A third person enters frame and leans in, she's sobbing uncontrollably.

WOMAN

(Sobbing)

Jack?

THE END.