MAN WATCHER By ANTHONY HUDSON (alffy)

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Bland decor with grey walls. A double bed and night stand, on which sits a pen in a puddle of water.

A single door entrance with key card lock. Opposite, a further door indicated as '*Bathroom*'.

A slither of light penetrates a gap in the curtains.

Male and female clothes strewn the carpet.

MICHAEL (28) sleeps alone in the bed. The bed sheet only half covers his wiry frame.

DAVIDSON (52) occupies a chair in the corner, with accompanying table. He wears a dark suit. A hat and mobile phone sit on the table.

Michael stirs, yawns and rolls over. He bolts up at the sight of Davidson and rubs the sleep from his eyes.

MICHAEL What, who, who are you?

Davidson casually rolls up his sleeve and checks his watch.

MICHAEL Do you hear me, who are you and what the hell are you doing in my house?

Davidson looks across to Michael and meets his eyes for the first time. Clearly shaken, Michael struggles to control his twitching nerves.

DAVIDSON Take a look around, Michael.

MICHAEL What, how do you know me?

Michael forces his eyes to focus on his surroundings.

MICHAEL Where am I? He looks down at his semi naked body.

MICHAEL What have you done to me?

Davidson waves his hands.

DAVIDSON Too many questions, Michael. Calm down and I'll do my best to answer them.

Michael slows his heart rate with a few deep breaths.

MICHAEL

Who are you?

DAVIDSON My name's Davidson, but that's irrelevant.

Michael runs a hand through his bed hair.

MICHAEL My wife, where's my wife?

DAVIDSON Bethany's fine, Michael. She'll be right where you left her, at home.

Michael swings his legs from beneath the covers. An outstretched hand from Davidson stops him before he stands.

DAVIDSON I'd prefer it if you stayed in bed, please. For the time being.

Davidson glances at his watch again and then at the phone.

Michael notices the interest.

MICHAEL Who are you waiting for, who's going to call? Is it about Beth, have you got her too?

DAVIDSON Michael please, I've told you, she's fine and nobody's got you. You came here yourself.

A shake of the head shows Michael disagrees.

DAVIDSON You checked in at seventeen minutes past ten with your acquaintance.

MICHAEL

Acquaintance?

Michael looks to the empty side of the bed.

MICHAEL What's going on?

His eyes dart back and forth as panic sets in again.

MICHAEL I'm out of here, you can't keep me here.

He stands free of the bedsheet to reveal only a pair of boxer shorts.

Davidson straightens in the chair and checks his watch. He reaches into his inside jacket pocket.

DAVIDSON Please, Michael.

Michael slides his trousers on at speed. His eyes catch sight of Davidson's hidden hand. His knees buckle and he drops back on to the bed.

> MICHAEL Jesus, don't do anything stupid, I won't leave, I won't leave.

Davidson slowly ejects his empty hand from his jacket.

DAVIDSON Thank you. If you stay calm I'll tell you what I can.

Michael nods.

DAVIDSON

I know who you are, Michael John Livingstone, and I know who you were, John Fullerton, because we've been watching you for over twenty years.

MICHAEL Who, what?

He rubs his head.

DAVIDSON In nineteen ninety, John Fullerton attended the Saint Anthony Secondary School.

Michael rubs his brow.

MICHAEL What...who?

DAVIDSON You didn't finish the school year though did you? In fact it was the last time you went to school?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL I was home schooled.

DAVIDSON That's right, do you know why?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL My parents preference?

DAVIDSON Not exactly, Michael. You suffer from anger problems don't you? You actually suffer from a form of BPD...

MICHAEL

What?

DAVIDSON Borderline personality disorder.

Michael slowly nods.

MICHAEL

As I was saying, on the second of October nineteen ninety you had a severe episode. An episode which resulted in Dissociative amnesia.

A blank stare from Michael.

DAVIDSON Meaning your memory immediately repressed the incident.

Michael slowly stands and walks to the foot of the bed.

Davidson tracks his every move. His hand itches toward his jacket.

MICHAEL That's why I don't know what you're talking about?

DAVIDSON Yes, Michael, but perhaps it's time you were reminded.

MICHAEL

Reminded?

DAVIDSON

You were six years old. You had a disagreement with a school friend, and you had an episode. Last night, I think it happened again?

Michael looks at the clothes on the floor. His toes toy with a bra.

DAVIDSON When the teacher found you, you'd cleaned yourself up and even drawn her a picture.

Anger builds on Davidson's face.

DAVIDSON You'd already banished the memory of your actions.

MICHAEL What actions?

DAVIDSON You killed her, Michael.

Michael's focus wanders to the bathroom door.

MICHAEL Rubbish, I'd remember something like that. I mean, I would have been locked up.

DAVIDSON You were a minor, and had recently been through a trauma. Their verdict, not mine.

Michael looks at Davidson.

DAVIDSON

You witnessed your father's savage beating of your mother. You underwent physiological checks of course, but you were still a child. After your release you were put on the Man Watcher's program.

Michael returns his eyes to the bathroom door. He shakes the thoughts around his head.

MICHAEL No, you're wrong. You're wrong about it all. I'm not John Fullerton and I'm not on any program.

DAVIDSON But you are, Michael. You just don't remember.

MICHAEL And you watch me?

DAVIDSON

We do, yes.

MICHAEL We, the program?

DAVIDSON I can't watch you twenty four seven by myself.

MICHAEL Twenty four seven?

Davidson nods.

MICHAEL So you know everything about me, my marriage, my kids?

DAVIDSON

Yes. We know you've been struggling at home and at work. Your depression. We also know your routine. We know you've been driving out to the red light district for company. Tonight though you changed your routine, you took a passenger.

Michael looks down, ashamed.

DAVIDSON

Unfortunately we can't follow you everywhere, we're not the Police. Most don't even know of us, only those who need to. It took me sometime to get a room key.

Davidson looks at the bathroom door.

DAVIDSON That's why I fear I failed tonight.

Michael stands gingerly and rests his hand on the door handle.

MICHAEL Why did I do it?

He looks to Davidson.

MICHAEL Why did I kill my school friend?

DAVIDSON She wouldn't let you touch her the way you wanted to.

His hand slowly twists the handle.

DAVIDSON Please, Michael, wait.

Davidson glances to the exit and quickly reaches into his jacket.

A siren (O.S.)

Michael freezes.

Davidson looks to the curtained window, then to his phone. The screen lights up and begins to vibrate. His hand retreats from his jacket again.

> MICHAEL How did I do it? How?

Davidson slowly stands.

DAVIDSON Michael, please, step back from the door.

He shuffles back toward the exit.

MICHAEL

How?

A commotion (0.S.)

A bang on the door.

POLICEMAN (O.S.) Police, open up.

Michael looks at Davidson with daggers.

MICHAEL (mouths) How?

Davidson reaches in his jacket and pulls out a photograph.

Michael turns the bathroom door handle and swings it open. His eyes almost burst from their sockets with shock.

FADE TO BLACK

DAVIDSON (V.O.) You gouged out my daughters eyes with a pencil, Michael.