

Repetition

by
Me

One Week Challenge Exercise

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INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

A man lays in the bottom bunk of the bunk beds, his eyes closed. He has short hair and a goatee, and is fairly skinny. This is NYLON (33).

NYLON (V.O.)

Every day is the same for me. To a lot of people, they'd say it'd be extremely boring. They'd say that they'd want change in their lives, that they hate following the same schedule every fucking day of their lives.

Nylon opens his eyes and reveals the gray-blue eyes that he possesses.

NYLON (V.O.)

I, on the other hand, don't mind it. I'm a simple guy. I don't mind no change and I don't mind change. I mean, it's hard to do something different when you're stuck here in prison...

He rolls onto his left side and faces the wall opposite of him.

NYLON (V.O.)

The first thing that happens every morning when I wake up is finding Caine.

A man sits on the toilet on the other side of the cell, dressed in a prison jump suit. He slumps over, his head is against the wall. A thick liquid drips from his face. This is CAINE (38).

Caine turns around. His face is a bloody pulp. His nose is broken, blood pours from his nostrils. He's missing many teeth, blood flows from his mouth.

He twitches and snaps to a standing position. Suddenly, he teleports over to the bed in a blur. Caine comes face-to-face with Nylon, who looks as if he's in a trance.

Blood spews from Caine's mouth as he talks, and he twitches every once in a while.

CAINE

I found you.

NYLON
You told me to.

CAINE
I followed you.

NYLON
You told me to.

CAINE
I controlled you.

NYLON
You told me to.

CAINE
And you killed them.

NYLON
You told me to.

RAYNE (O.S.)
Oh, leave him alone, Caine!

In the corner of the cell is RAYNE, a tall, skinny man who faces inside the corner, dressed in a tuxedo. He talks in a British accent.

The sounds of clanking gears emit from Rayne as his head turns to face Caine and Nylon, but his body remains in place. His eyes are closed.

Rayne's face is painted completely white, his lips painted black with a read outline that stretches across his cheeks. Painted on his eyelids are eyes.

The rest of his body snaps around, his back now facing the corner. Rayne's hands are large, sharp knives that glimmer in even the faintest light.

CAINE
I have an idea! Let's go over what happened that night! Do you want to tell, Nylon? Or do you want me to tell?

Nylon remains quiet.

CAINE
Well, then, I guess I have the floor. You remember it, don't you? You remember when you finally opened the doors and I took over? I don't remember you fighting at all.
(MORE)

CAINE (CONT'D)

You just let me in. And once I was inside you, you and I both got inside your wife. Best fucking night of my life.

RAYNE

Just leave, now! We don't want you here!

CAINE

(To Rayne)

Do you mind? I'm not finished yet.

(To Nylon)

And then afterwards was when the real fun began.

FLASHBACK

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nylon lays on his wife, SYLVIA (32), pretty, brunette, each limb tied up to each bed post by a line of stretchable nylon rope in a kinky fashion. They're making love.

Nylon thrusts himself back and forth while on top of her. They both breathe heavily. Sylvia grips around the rope tied around her wrists.

Nylon finishes up and gets off of her. He walks into the bathroom as Sylvia lays there, satisfied.

SYLVIA

(Calling off to Nylon)

That was amazing.

She looks over on the bed desk and eyes a glass of water. She attempts to grab it, but her tied up hand can barely reach it.

SYLVIA

Honey, can you untie me. I need to get a drink.

She looks back over and sees the naked Nylon standing at the doorway of the bathroom. He holds a short piece of thick nylon rope.

Sylvia smiles seductively.

SYLVIA

Oh, what's this for?

Nylon climbs onto the bed and sits over Sylvia.

NYLON

This is where the real fun
begins...

He moves fast, wraps the rope around her neck and begins to pull. Her legs kick, her arms flail, but it does nothing.

Nylon tightens the rope. Sylvia attempts to scream, but only a weak whimper escapes. Her eyes go bloodshot. She begins to cough and gag, gasp for air, but soon becomes still.

INT. HOUSE - CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nylon, still naked, opens the door. He stares at the bed where a tiny lump lays. It's PRESTON (7) who sleeps, the blankets kicked off. He sucks on his thumb.

Nylon walks over to the bed and looks over Preston. Nylon lifts up the rope. The ends are tied around his fists, and he stretches the rope out.

Nylon jumps at Preston with great speed and force. Preston's legs kick and thrash about, but quickly become still. Nylon shushes Preston (O.S.).

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

Caine laughs maniacally. Blood pours from his mouth like a waterfall. Nylon glares at Caine.

NYLON

You bastard!

Nylon tackles Caine to the floor and begins to punch him. Caine continues to laugh.

CAINE

That's right! Let all your anger
out on me! I'm loving it!

NYLON

You made me kill my family! You
made me lose everything I loved!

Nylon is thrown off of Caine and pushed against the wall. An invisible body begins to appear from the feet to the head.

It's a woman, dressed in large leather boots with a pistol in a gun holder strapped to her leg. She's in a skirt and tank-top, with a machete in a pouch around her waist. She has long, brown hair and bright, green eyes.

This is GINGER (30s).

GINGER

Hey!

Nylon stares at her, frightened.

GINGER

I have to deal with this every day.
Now, are you going to stop, or am I
going to have to make you stop?

Nylon nods. Ginger turns to Caine.

GINGER

And you...As much as both you and I
would love kicking the shit out of
you, you'll have to wait. These
boots are new.

CAINE

Well, you can always take them off,
along with everything else you're
wearing.

Caine smiles devilishly. Ginger sighs and turns back to
Nylon.

GINGER

Go sit down.

Nylon makes his way towards the bed, but Rayne stops him.
Their faces come inches away from each other.

RAYNE

Hey...Don't worry...

Rayne opens his eyes. The painted eyes disappear behind the
eyelids, and his real eyes are shown, which are completely
black.

RAYNE

...Everything's going to be
alright.

Nylon sits down on the bunk. Ginger sits next to him.

GINGER

So...Will you like to tell me
what's wrong?

Nylon takes a deep breath.

GINGER

It's okay. We're all here for you.
Well, except for Caine.

Caine smiles a toothless smile.

NYLON

I remember his fifth birthday. God,
I...I've never seen him so happy.
When he opened up the present of
the remote controlled car...his
eyes were so wide.

RAYNE

I remember that moment. Brought
tears to my eyes.

He pretends to wipe tears away, but only ends up cutting his
cheeks open. He doesn't even react. Nylon becomes teary-eyed.

NYLON

And when she told me that she was
pregnant...At first I didn't know
what to think but then I was
overcome with joy...I've never been
so happy in my life. I jumped onto
the couch, laughing.

Ginger slides her hand onto his.

NYLON

I have so many memories of them
that haunt me. I don't want to
remember. Every time I think of
them, the pain just gets worse. I
don't want to remember! Every
morning, I wake up to you...!

He points at Caine.

NYLON

...And every morning, I'm reminded
of why I'm here! Every morning, I
awaken to those awful images of
them dying. I can see my hands with
the rope around their neck, and I'm
reminded that I'm the one that did
it, and I took all the blame, when
it was really your fucking fault!

Nylon jumps up from the bed and stomps towards Caine, who
backs away, actually frightened.

Ginger snaps at Nylon and grabs his arm.

GINGER

Calm down—!

Nylon pulls away from Ginger and flies against the bars.

NYLON

Don't you fucking touch me, bitch!

GINGER

You need to calm down, and you need to sit here and rest.

NYLON

You can't tell me what to do!
You're just part of my imagination!
You can't do anything to me because
you are me! You're all me,
remember! Some times I think I'm
losing my sanity and, who knows?
Even I could be a figment of my
imagination!

RAYNE

Like that makes sense...

CAINE

Oh, so now the talking pair of
scissors is going to preach to us!

RAYNE

If you're saying you're just a
figment of your imagination, then
that means you don't exist! And if
you don't exist, you can't be
imagining us or yourself! And if
you aren't imagining us or
yourself...Then who is?

Nylon falls to his knees. He grips the bars and cries. Caine silently crawls over towards Ginger's feet. He reaches for a gun and carefully pulls it out.

NYLON

I just wish I could go back in time
and start everything over...

Caine stands up with the gun in his hand.

CAINE

(As Nylon)

Oh boo-hoo! Look at me! I'm Nylon!

(MORE)

CAINE (CONT'D)

I killed my wife and son with nylon rope, which was also used for kinky sex which I, also Caine, thoroughly enjoyed! I can't handle life anymore because I've lost everything I loved and I'll never get them back because of you, Caine!

(As himself)

Oh, but I am oh so sorry Nylon. Will you ever forgive me?

(As Nylon)

Forgive you? You fucking killed my family you bastard! You've ruined my life!

(As himself)

But I never meant to hurt you in any fashion, sir! You practically forced me to take control over you, but you always have to remember... You were the one who killed your family.

NYLON

That's not true...!

CAINE

(As Nylon)

That's not true...! I can't live anymore! I've lost everything I loved!

(As himself)

But it's okay. We're here to help!

(As Nylon)

No! Nobody can help me! Now I'm going to go cry in the corner like a little baby until I die!

(As himself)

Is that what you want, Nylon? Do you want to see yourself die? Well here's your chance!

Nylon looks away.

CAINE

Look at me! You don't want to miss it!

Nylon forces himself to look at Caine.

CAINE

Here's the grand finale! You ready? I'm Nylon! And if you really think about it, I'm already dead!

Caine shoves the barrel of the gun in his mouth and pulls the trigger. Blood and brains spray on the wall behind him. A flood of blood sprays from his mouth and nose, and Caine falls to the ground.

Nylon is in shock. He stares at Caine's body, and then at Ginger. She stares out in front of her. She pulls her machete out of the pouch, holds it in front of her stomach, and stabs herself.

Ginger continues to stab herself. Blood flows from her mouth.

Nylon stares at Rayne. He lifts up his knife-hand to his neck and smoothly slides it deeply across his skin. A red line follows.

Ginger has opened up a huge hole in her stomach. Her organs begin to spill out and splatter on the ground. Nylon gags.

The red line on Rayne's neck opens up and blood flows out like a waterfall. It soaks into his tuxedo. He falls to the floor and closes his eyes, revealing the painted on eyes.

Ginger stabs herself one more time. She leaves the machete in her abdomen and falls to her knees. She lands on the machete and it cuts right through her. The tip of the machete pierces through her back.

Nylon sits there. He stares at the bodies as if in a trance.

NYLON

It's a sign. Should I stay? Or
should I follow?

Nylon walks over to his bed and pulls the sheets off. He walks over to the toilet, steps up on it, and wraps the sheet around a large pipe at the ceiling.

He ties the other end of the sheet around his neck. Nylon closes his eyes and jumps off the toilet.

His feet come inches from the ground. They struggle and strain, but soon become still.

Everything is still. After a moment, the bodies begin to twitch.

The blood and brain on the wall begin to sliver down to the ground. It slithers its way towards Caine's head and seeps into the wound. The wound begins to close up.

The slice on Rayne's neck begins to heal itself as the blood makes its way back into the cut.

Ginger's blood and organs get back into the wound that she's made. Her body tips onto her side and the machete falls out as the wound heals up.

The machete organizes itself back into the pouch as if moved with invisible hands. Same goes for the gun, which escapes Caine's hand and stuffs itself back in the gun holder.

Ginger's body goes invisible again. Caine's body is thrown up onto the toilet. He faces the wall. Rayne's body stands up and faces the corner. His black tuxedo morphs into shadow, and he becomes part of the shadows in the corner.

CLOSE UP: Nylon's eyes. He opens them.

Nylon is now in bed in the same position as he was at the beginning.

NYLON (V.O.)

Every day is the same for me.
That's what happens when you're
dead. You're on a repeated
schedule. But that's fine with me,
since I don't mind no change.
Heaven won't accept me, and I don't
want to go to Hell. So I'm stuck
here, between the living and the
dead. And at the end of every day,
I die, just like when it first
happened.

CUT TO BLACK.

NYLON

And then the day starts anew.

THE END