

The Next Time Round

Second Draft

By

Charlie Borchard

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A bright red light engulfs the screen as we hear a long computerized BEEP.

INT. WHITE ROOM.

The room is small and has no doors or windows, almost glowing from the powerful fluorescent lights shining brightly from the low ceiling.

A red button in a glass case fills the left of our view.

Built into the wall opposite our fixed position we can see a digital screen counting down from ten minutes.

09:59, 58, 57, 56...

In the center of the room a MAN lies on his back, seemingly unconscious, wearing a plain-white boiler suit, the number **94** written on the back in bold lettering. 94 stirs awake, lurching to a sitting position as he raises his right arm to shield his eyes from the unforgiving light. He idly takes in the room for a moment...

94

What the fuck?

Jumping to a standing position he scans the room, hands balled into fists, ready for some sort of confrontation.

None comes as he holds his fighting stance, moments pass by as silence engulfs the room, he lets his arms go limp.

94 explores the room, discovering that there is no way in or out.

He examines the timer, unable to decipher it's meaning.

He analyzes and tries to open the glass case, but is unable.

94 strikes the glass case in frustration, breaking his hand in the process, it still firmly intact.

Holding his hand in agony he sits with his back against the wall, for a length of time he cries, utterly alone.

Text appears on the screen below the timer.

It reads: **The Truth Will Not Set Him Free.**

94 sees the text and tries to make sense of it, again he cannot decipher it's meaning.

More text appears: **Do You Wish To Know The Truth?**

(CONTINUED)

94

Yes!

The glass case pops open, the word TRUTH is embedded on to it.

94 is at first wary of pressing the button, but upon seeing the timer ticking by behind him, he gives into temptation.

The instant he presses the button he changes, his eyes widen as a great thought dawns upon him. He is stricken by it, falling to the ground with the immensity of the knowledge bestowed upon him. Slowly he stands, looking directly into camera.

94

What? No... it can't be. You've been watching me the whole time? Just sitting there and enjoying my pain. You think this is all just pretend? Just some performance? Well no, no! I am real! I am a real person! I'm a real fucking person and I want to get out of here! Help me get out of here! Don't just sit there and watch, get up and help!

More text appears behind him: **What Is Your Name?**

94 reads the text.

94

My name. My name. Of course I know what my name is I just can't...remember. (getting angry)
It's, it's...oh for fuck's sake why the hell can't I remember?!

The anger that has built inside him dies away, leaving behind a cold shell of a man who's accepted his fate.

94

(to camera)

I guess that's it then, there's nothing you or I can do. But don't worry, this isn't the end...we'll see each other again real soon. Be seeing you the next time round.

94 turns to the timer.

00:05, 4, 3, 2, 1...

A flash of red light combined with a BEEP engulfs the screen. 94 is back where he started, hand unbroken and laying still, seemingly unconscious in the middle of the room. The timer has reset and has begun again.

09:59, 58, 57, 56...

He stirs awake, lurching into a sitting position as he raises his right arm to shield his eyes from the unforgiving light.

He idly takes in the room for a moment...

94

What the fuck?

THE END.