

WAGER

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Over black we hear the rhythmic ticking of a clock.

Fade in:

INT.GARAGE-NIGHT.

C.U of clock. The second hands ticks around: 5, 6, 7, 8...

O.S. We hear the muffled moans of someone struggling as we-

CUT TO:

Wide shot of garage. Situated in the middle of this dingy, desolate garage is a figure tied and gagged to a chair. To the right of the figure, standing on a table, is the ticking clock.

CUT TO:

C.U of the figures face. It's a man, MARK (mid-20's), although due to the darkness its hard to tell. What is certain though is his desire to escape from the situation he finds himself in.

He wriggles furiously in the chair, almost toppling over as he does so.

CU of hands. They are tied behind the chair in the most elaborate of knots; if he's going to escape it's going to take some effort.

CUT TO:

C.U of clock as the second hand continues to tick around: 18, 19, 20, 21...

Beads of sweat trickle down his face as he continues his struggle; his moans and cries muffled by the gag in his mouth.

He RUBS his wrists together trying to wear down the rope, but to no avail.

He tries PULLING one of his hands free. With one FURIOUS yanking movement after another it becomes clear that if he is going to escape he's going to have to come up with a better plan.

34, 35, 36...

E.C.U of Mark's face. The desperation is clear to see, even in this light. He shakes back and forth, trying to

free both his HANDS and FEET. His struggle is more desperate and furious now than ever.

He pauses for a second as we hear a noise outside...

CUT TO:

P.O.V of Mark. He looks at the DOUBLE WOODEN doors in front of him. The shaft of light under the door DISAPPEARS for a second as someone WALKS by.

CUT TO:

E.C.U of Marks eyes. They dart in the direction of the clock. The second hand stops ticking, causing the clock to shake violently on the table as the alarm emits a deafening, high pitched wine that reverberates around the garage.

He quickly look's back at the door's as they-

Swing open to reveal a silhouette of someone standing outside.

Mark STRUGGLES again, but his attempt to break free is futile. The figure walks in slowly and deliberately, brushing past Mark and SILENCING the clock before walking out of frame.

After a few seconds the garage is FILLED with light, revealing the sweaty, heavy breathing face of Mark.

We here footsteps behind him.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON hand as it reaches into a trouser pocket and takes out a FLICK KNIFE. With a flick of the wrist, they EXTEND the knife to reveal the SHARP BLADE.

With minimal effort, they cut through the rope that was binding Mark's hands together. They move around to the side and take out the gag.

We see the figures face for the first time. It's a man (mid-20's). He speaks:

MAN
(Casually)
Said you wouldn't do it.

MARK
(breathless)
Fifteen more seconds and i would have.

MAN
Fifteen more seconds and you
would have passed out.

The man puts his hand in Mark's face and rubs his thumb
against his index finger and middle finger.

MAN (CONT'D)
Now pay up.

FADE OUT.