

The Cycle
by
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FADE IN:

Blinding white light, and then...

ADAM (8) stands in the midst of two lines of people racing forward into the distant whiteness at a blurring speed, both going in the same direction.

Lying in a hospital bed in front of Adam is a bald woman, around forty years of age, obviously dying.

This is SANDRA (45), Adam's mother.

Behind her is a giant, black clock. Both of the hands have stopped moving.

Adam slowly approaches her, scared and sad. He puts his hand in hers. She looks up at his face with tears in her eyes.

She glances at the clock.

SANDRA

It's funny; the only two things that could stop that clock from ticking were childhood and death.

He looks up at it, almost angry that it has just now decided to stop - here at her end.

SANDRA
Childhood and death...

She rests her head back, staring into distance. Slowly, she takes a final breath, and the light leaves her eyes.

Adam takes her necklace and puts it around his neck, and then looks away, crying.

The clock hands begin to tick again with a giant "click!".

Adam backs away from it, scared.

It gradually picks up speed until finally the clock hands are just a blur and everything goes out of focus and into darkness, until suddenly...

Everything is blinding white again.

The two lines of people from before are blazing past on either side.

Between them stands a ten-year-old little girl.

This is ANNA.

Before her is a hospital bed like before, only this time there is a sickly OLD MAN.

He's delirious, looking off into space and mumbling to himself.

MAN
Childhood and death...

Anna walks over and puts her hand in his.

ANNA
Grandpa?

He suddenly becomes aware that he's not alone, and looks at the clock. It isn't moving anymore. Regret and sadness wash over his face as he turns to look at his granddaughter.

Around his neck is the familiar necklace. This is Adam.

FADE TO BLACK.