Rooms

bу

PK

INT. THE WHITE ROOM OF THE LOVERS

A stark white room. Walls, ceiling, floor. Everything is white, the entire thing bathed in glowing white light. Is it a square, rectangular, round. The shape of the room is impossible to decipher from looking.

On the floor lie two people. THE MAN, stubble on his face, mid 30s, wearing an entirely white outfit. Like a jump suit, seamless, no zippers. Looks like he was sewn into it.

A few meters away lies THE WOMAN, same age, wearing much the same thing. The same stark white, seamless outfit. Except for their hands and heads everything is white, almost blinding.

The Man's eyes open wide, he inhales deeply. He stands, looks around. A moment of panic followed by a moment of calm. He stops worrying about where he is, instead worrying about The Woman lying on the floor.

He touches her, shakes her. She stirs, slowly, then awakens. She sits upright in an instant, backs towards what must be a wall. He tries to calm her, she slowly settles. They embrace, calm each other.

The two stand, looking around them. Two floating heads revolving in nothing, eyes darting trying to find something, anything to focus on but failing.

From the nearby wall a sound. A panel of white slides up, or perhaps just ceases to be where it is. Revealed is another room, same as this. The Man runs to it, reaches out.

His hand touches glass. Not glass, but a mirror, one way. He looks through it, sees two men standing in the opposite room. In a moment of panic he hits it, shouts, tries to get their attention.

He realizes they don't hear or see him. He gives up, takes a step back.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM OF THE FRIENDS

The two men, friends, pace back and forth. Suddenly they freeze. To the right of them a door slides open, revealing a blackness devoid of light. They both pause for a minute, waiting. Does something come through.

Nothing. They both move towards it.

It starts to slide shut. They freeze, it stops closing. The realization is quick, they both remain motionless. One man stands in an awkward position, trying to retain his balance.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM OF THE LOVERS

The two stand near the mirror, watching, concerned. Fearful. Two hands become one.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM OF THE FRIENDS

The awkward man stumbles, the other instinctively reaches out to grab him even though he's nowhere near. They both look at the door.

It remains open.

They look at each other, at the door. The man takes another step. The door remains motionless.

The other takes a step, it begins to close. They both remain in place, staring at the door. It stops.

The awkward man runs forward, reaching up to the top of the frame. He braces himself, turns to the other and nods. The other man starts to run forward.

In an instant the door has crippled the awkward man, his arms bending in violent ways, crimson staining the white environment like neon.

The door continues to close.

The awkward man falls, rolling away from it, crying out in agony as he bleeds. The other slips on the slick blood covered surface, falling. He crawls in a panic towards the opening. His hand, his arm, his upper torso pass through the door.

And then it closes. He writhes in agony, legs twisting and kicking. He kicks the awkward man hard in the face, knocking him down, blood streaming from his broken nose.

The kicking stops.

The blood flows.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM OF THE LOVERS

The panel that once hid the mirror slides down, once again sealing the room in its utter whiteness. The pair stand motionless, staring at the wall.

A sliding sound behind them. They turn, a panel has opened in the wall. A door. Their door.

Neither of them move for it. They wait, watch it. Nothing happens.

The Man takes a step forward. The door slides down half a foot. He freezes, remains perfectly motionless. He looks over at The Woman, fear on her face.

She takes a step.

The door remains open. The two look at each other. Tears begin to form. The Man nods, remains fixed in place. The Woman takes another step forward, the door remains open.

One last look, she looks at him, a silent kiss, she walks through the door.

The door slides shut.

A moment passes, The Man waits. Utter silence. He takes a step forward, then another. Control fails him, he throws himself at the spot the door used to occupy. There is nothing, only a blank white wall. No handles, no cracks, no lines, nothing.

He turns. Presses his back against the wall, sliding down. His head in his hands, he openly begins to cry.

INT. THE WHITE ROOM OF THE BROTHERS

The panel slides down, blocking our view of the man left, perhaps to die.

Two men stand in the room, staring at the wall. A sound behind them. They turn to each other, then behind.

Their door, standing open. Neither of them move.

The final moment, the stark blinding white room, ceiling walls and floor. In the center the door, a gaping black maw, nothing to be seen on the other side.

The two brothers look at one another, then back at the door. They do not move.

The door remains open.

BLACK.