INT - A DARK ROOM

A dimly lit room. A female theorist is knelt, scribbling scientific gibberish furiously on the floor in chalk. PULL BACK and we see the entire room. It’s unclear where the room is. There are no windows, just in a single dim bulb, swinging without a shade on the ceiling. As the bulb is swinging, the light shows that the room is covered in the scrawling of this woman. On a small table at the side of the room lies a table, upon which there are several object. The first of which is a metronome. The sound of the metronome ticking is the only sound we hear. Also upon the table are some playing cards, spread out in a seemingly random fashion. The last thing on the table is some coins; several different coins, all of different shapes and sizes.

SLOW CROSS-FADE TO:

INT - A LOUNGE - DAY

Two men, one old and one young are playing chess. They are old friends and clearly enjoy each other’s company. They are in a lounge of sorts, possibly a recreation room at a home of some kind. Sunlight is pouring through the windows. The young man has a flask in front of him, and several keys attached to a large chain on his belt.

SLOW CROSS-FADE TO:

INT - A DARK PADDED CELL

Two people, a male and a female are sat either side of the room. The room is dark, albeit a small amount of artificial light coming through a small window, enough to see the inhabitants of this padded cell. They are just staring at each other. They are very similar in appearance, albeit the male has long, untamed hair, and is unshaven. They look tense, agitated, but nothing could divert them from their staring. It’s not angry staring, but these people clearly have a past.

SLOW CROSS-FADE TO:

INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist is still writing, but stops scribbling suddenly and looks up. CLOSE UP as she looks directly at the camera.

(CONTINUED)
A woman once said to me, “I wrote a letter to myself.” I said, “oh yeah, what did it say?” She said, “I don’t know, it hasn’t arrived yet.” And that’s how I feel, like I haven’t arrived yet, and until I get there I’m useless.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT - A DARK PADDED CELL

FADE UP on the male and the female still staring at each other. Not angry staring, just, staring. Suddenly they relax.

FEMALE
Isn’t this great… Just the two of us… Like old times...

MALE
Yeah… I suppose.

FEMALE
So why was 6 afraid of 7?

MALE
(He thinks for a moment.)
I know this one, because 7 8 9?

FEMALE
Wrong… 6 wasn’t afraid of 7, because numbers, being non-sentient, cannot experience fear.

MALE
(Confused)
What?

FEMALE
A number, is just a concept, an idea. A number, is a property possessed by a sum or total or indefinite quantity of units or individuals.

MALE
Um… OK.

FEMALE
What you conceive to be a number, 4, 8, 23, 108, whatever, they're just numerals, a symbol used to represent a number.

The Male stands up
MALE
So what’s this got to do with, well… anything?

FEMALE
I’m getting to that.

The female looks around absent minded. The male stands waiting for an answer. Eventually, the female returns to the conversation.

FEMALE (CONT’D)
So a number has no consciousness and thus cannot know what it contains, leaving only adjacent entities aware of its contents. And therefore it doesn’t know what fear is and so cannot comprehend the idea of it.

The male starts pacing and scratching his head, trying to make sense of the information he’s just received.

MALE
(Confused)
So a number is nothing and it knows that it’s nothing? But everything else knows it’s nothing but thinks that it’s something?

Pause

FEMALE
Basically, yeah.

Brief silence

FEMALE (CONT’D)
Like you and me.

MALE
We mean something?

FEMALE
No, Nothing… That’s the point.

MALE
(Confused/Angry)
What point?

FEMALE
(Exasperated)
The point of 6.

FADE TO:
The old and the young man are playing chess. After a couple of moves in silence, they begin to talk. The old man points at the young man's waist.

OLD MAN
How many keys have you got there?

YOUNG MAN
47.

OLD MAN
They must be heavy.

YOUNG MAN
I don't notice them. They're just a part of me, like your key is a part of you.

OLD MAN
My key?

YOUNG MAN
Yes.

OLD MAN
What key?

YOUNG MAN
I do like beans.

OLD MAN
(Confused)
What?

YOUNG MAN
Beans. Baked beans. I like baked beans, and runner beans, coffee beans, I like coffee, would you like a drink?

OLD MAN
No.

He looks at the chess board.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist stands and walks over to the metronome. She starts it.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Concentration is key

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG MAN
I knew a boy once. Thought he had magic beans.

OLD MAN
What?

The theorist increases the speed of the metronome

YOUNG MAN
Beans. Magic beans. He thought they would change his prospects, better them.

OLD MAN
With beans?

YOUNG MAN
With beans.

The theorist stops the metronome again and just stares at it.

OLD MAN
How?

YOUNG MAN
How should I know? He never did. Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN
No.

The theorist returns to scribbling notes on a nearby section of wall.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

INT – A DARK PADDED CELL

The male is pacing back and forth, with the female still sat on the opposite side. He leans against the wall, slowly, as if testing it. It runs his hands over the wall, caressing it, inspecting it. Nothing is more important than inspecting this wall right now.

MALE
See. Now this... this... This is real. I know it’s real, I can touch it, I can feel it, it’s there, this... is real.

He turns and looks at the female. He reaches his hand out, but doesn’t make contact. He looks at her confused.
MALE (CONT'D)
You. You’re not real. I can’t touch you. Can’t touch you, so you’re not real.

He alternates between touching the wall and facing the female.

MALE (CONT'D)
This I can touch, this is here, you. I can’t touch. You are not real. You... Are not real. This, definitely real, you. Definitely not.

The male starts pacing. This new information is hurting his brain. He’s clearly agitated. The female starts to giggle but looks at him calmly.

FEMALE
(Increasing in volume)
Look at me. LOOK at me. LOOK AT ME!

The male stops pacing and turns to face the female. There’s a few moments silence.

FEMALE (CONT’D)
(calmly)
Oh You can see me. I’m here. You can see me

MALE
(Agitated)
What?

FEMALE
You can see me.
(Points to the wall).)
And you can see that. So why am I not real?

The male is shocked. He just looks between the wall and the female. His agitation is growing.

MALE
(Agitated/Scared)
Because! I can touch this. It is here, I can touch it. It’s real. I can’t touch you! You’re not real.

The male starts pacing again.

FEMALE
(shouts)
But you can hear me!

The male stops pacing and looks at the female again.

(CONTINUED)
FEMALE (CONT’D)
(calmly)
But you can hear me, can’t you. You can’t hear that. So again... Why am I not real?

The male looks more and more scared. His whole world is being turned upside down.

MALE
(scared)
No... What? No... no.. No...

FEMALE
There you go again. See, you can hear me.

MALE
(agitated)
Just shut up! ... YOU’RE NOT REAL!!

The male starts pacing again

MALE (CONT’D)
(muttering)
You’re not real... you’re not real...

CUT TO:

INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is sat at a table. She spins a coin, and watches as it spins. The room is silent except for the sound of the coin spinning. The moment it falls on its side we

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

INT – A LOUNGE – DAY

The young and old man are playing chess.

OLD MAN
Do you know what I hate?

YOUNG MAN
No. What?

OLD MAN
Nothing.

YOUNG MAN
No go on, tell me
OLD MAN
I did tell you. It’s nothing. I hate nothingness. I hate space because it’s nothing. I hate poor people because they have nothing. I just cannot live with nothing. Which is why I always think about having something.

YOUNG MAN
And what is that something?

OLD MAN
I’m not ready to tell you yet. You’re too… boyish.

CUT TO:

INT – A DARK ROOM
The theorist starts the metronome ticking again for a few seconds, she stares at it, and then stops it again.

CUT TO:

INT – A LOUNGE – DAY

OLD MAN
You remind me of this person… you remind me of this man.

YOUNG MAN
(Inquisitively)
What man?

OLD MAN
A man of power.

YOUNG MAN
(inquisitively)
What power?

OLD MAN
(dramatically)
The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN
(inquisitively)
Whodoo?

OLD MAN
You do.

YOUNG MAN
Do what?
OLD MAN
Remind me of a man.

The banter increases in pace as the loop continues, with the young man becoming increasing agitated.

YOUNG MAN
What man?

OLD MAN
A man of power.

YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN
Whodoo?

OLD MAN
You do.

YOUNG MAN
Do what?

OLD MAN
Remind me of a man.

YOUNG MAN
What man?

OLD MAN
A man of power.

YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN
Whodoo?

OLD MAN
You do.

YOUNG MAN
Do what?

OLD MAN
Remind me of a man.

YOUNG MAN
What man?
OLD MAN
A man of power.

YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN
Whodoo?

OLD MAN
You do.

YOUNG MAN
Do what?

OLD MAN
Remind me of a man.

YOUNG MAN
What man?

OLD MAN
A man of power.

YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of Whodoo.

YOUNG MAN
Whodoo?

OLD MAN
You do.

YOUNG MAN
Do what?

OLD MAN
Remind me of a man.

YOUNG MAN
What man?

OLD MAN
A man of power.

YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of Whodoo.

(CONTINUED)
As the loop draws to a close, the young man has grown extremely agitated, whilst the old man is confused as to why the young man doesn’t understand. The men are arguing this so much the lines are blurring into each other.

OLD MAN
Remind me of a man.

YOUNG MAN
What man?

OLD MAN
A man of power

YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of who--

YOUNG MAN
STOP IT! Right. What is Whodoo?

OLD MAN
I...

You can’t remember can you?

OLD MAN
Remember what?

YOUNG MAN
The power of whodoo

OLD MAN
WHODOO?

YOUNG MAN
STOP IT! Right. It’s your move. Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN
No.

FADE TO:
INT - A DARK PADDED CELL

The male is still pacing. His breathing has grown more erratic, as has his behaviour.

MALE
(singing)
La la la la la la

FEMALE
You can’t ignore me forever

MALE
Yes I can... la la la la la

FEMALE
See... you just proved my point

The male stops pacing and looks at the female.

MALE
What point?

FEMALE
That you can’t ignore me

MALE
But I am ignoring you

FEMALE
No you’re not

MALE
Yes... I... am

FEMALE
No... You're... not. You’re talking to me... And by talking to me you’re acknowledging my existence

The male just glares at the female, fear filling his eyes. He’s scared and confused. He returns to pacing. Then after a few seconds, he collapses to the ground, crying. After a few more seconds, the female carries on.

FEMALE (CONT'D)
There you go... Now you’re ignoring me.

FADE TO:

INT - A DARK ROOM

The theorist is by the table, she picks up playing cards at random, inspects them, before putting them down again.
She does this a few times. The sound of the sobbing from the previous scene still audible.

FADE TO:

INT – A LOUNGE – DAY

OLD MAN
Which side are you on? Good or bad?

YOUNG MAN
The good side, of course. I’m here, aren’t I? Helping out for the better... I’m a good person.

OLD MAN
Yes, but what of the people above you? Have you ever considered whether they are good people or not?

YOUNG MAN
Well... no, bec-

OLD MAN
Exactly! You could be the prince of all things bright and beautiful, but your king could still be the supreme grandmaster of all things evil! It’s people like you who can’t choose a side.

Pause

OLD MAN (CONT’D)
What about a ruler?

As the young man is listing the first half of the rulers...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is scrawling on the floor again.

YOUNG MAN (VO)

CUT BACK TO:
INT – LOUNGE - DAY

OLD MAN

...Shut up...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is writing on the wall now.

YOUNG MAN (VO)
Dean? Chieftain? Conductor?
Controller? Counsellor? Dignitary?
Doyen? Eminence? Exec? Forerunner?
General? Governor? Guide?
Harbinger? Herald? Lead? Luminary?
Mistress? Notability? Notable?
Officer? Pace-setter? Pilot?
Pioneer? Precursor? Rector?
Ringleader? Shepherd? Skipper?
Superintendent? Superior?

CUT BACK TO:

INT – LOUNGE - DAY

OLD MAN

(angrily)
A RULER! A measuring ruler! 30
centimetres! 300 millimetres! 12.5
inches! A ruler! Understand?

YOUNG MAN

Yes...

OLD MAN

Good. Now which side are you on?
Will you live to be 30, or will you
exist until 300, as a ghost,
haunting those on the other side?

YOUNG MAN

Forget the ruler, I’ll stick with a
tape measure.

Pause

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN

No.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE UP:
The theorist starts spinning a coin.

CUT TO:

The male is curled up on the floor with the female sitting next to him, leaning over him. She has several pieces of paper.

FEMALE
Life... Is a bit like paper...

Pause

FEMALE (CONT'D)
You can tear it in two; You can destroy life, like you can destroy paper

MALE
(crying/angry)
Life is more than that...

The female tears the paper

FEMALE
One life destroyed...

She tears the paper again. Every tear seems to hurt the male.

FEMALE (CONT'D)
...Another life destroyed.

MALE
Stop it... just stop it.

FEMALE
I can’t stop... This will never stop, your life can. Me... I can’t...

INTERCUT WITH:

CLOSE UP on the coin still spinning. Each time we cut back to the coin, we’re CLOSER on it.

FEMALE (VO)
(With every ‘destroying/destroyed’ she tears the paper some more.)

(MORE)
I have to go on destroying... being destroyed, destroying, destroyed, destroying, destroyed, destroying, destroyed... destroyed, destroying, destroyed...

Pause

INT - A DARK PADDED CELL

MALE
(angrily)
JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

We’re solely on the male now. He stands up and walks around the cell, away from the female... The male collapses on the floor again and adopting the fetal position, crying, upset, angry, scared, confused... all at once.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP:

INT A LOUNGE - EVENING

The young man and old man are still playing chess. The sun is setting outside.

YOUNG MAN
How do we know it’s his cat?

OLD MAN
Whose cat?

YOUNG MAN
His.

OLD MAN
What the black and white one?

YOUNG MAN
Yes.

OLD MAN
Well... It’s his isn’t it?

YOUNG MAN
Yes, but how do we know it’s his?

OLD MAN
They say it, don’t they?

YOUNG MAN
Who does?

OLD MAN
They do.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG MAN
Who?

OLD MAN
Them... They say it’s him and his cat.

YOUNG MAN
But why do we believe them? What makes them right? We can’t just assume they’re right.

CUT TO:

INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist picks up a coin and places it on a card. She then starts the metronome ticking for a few seconds and stops it again. She then removes the coin from the card.

CUT TO:

INT – A LOUNGE – EVENING

OLD MAN
Well it sits in the car with him.

YOUNG MAN
Whose car?

OLD MAN
His.

YOUNG MAN
What, you mean his van?

OLD MAN
Same difference... It still sits with him.

YOUNG MAN
But how can we be sure it belongs to him?

OLD MAN
We can’t be sure... But we’re supposed to assume it does.

YOUNG MAN
But what if we’ve assumed wrong?

Pause

OLD MAN
He’s named it though... and naming gives power.

(CONTINUED)
YOUNG MAN
What power?

OLD MAN
The power of Who-

YOUNG MAN
STOP IT. What... power?

OLD MAN
Ownership.

YOUNG MAN
True... But how do we know that it’s him that’s named it?

OLD MAN
We don’t.

YOUNG MAN
Exactly we don’t... He hasn’t got any documents, any proof.

OLD MAN
Damn it... You’re right... It’s not his cat. Err... Whose move is it?

YOUNG MAN
Yours... Would you like a drink?

OLD MAN
No.

CUT TO:

INT – A DARK ROOM

The theorist is on the floor again, writing furiously. Suddenly she stops, looks around the room. Then she speaks, fast, like she’s never spoken before.
Time it’s incomprehensible
continuous never faltering a stream
of movement contained by hours
minutes seconds that in short
cannot be contained that in essence
is a river never subsiding time is
not seconds time is like numbers
certain uncertain structured free
limitless just numbers maths
measured solid visible invisible in
a hard form of nothing everything
zero zero is nothing immeasurable
unaccountable counted yet
distinctly uncountable zero to one
is a change nothing to something
blindness to sight nonexistence to
existing living breathing gas to
liquid birth death soul to body
essence to physicality one is life
two is life two is an extension of
one a continuation the same state
progressing one to two show no end
no limit no constraint infinity
direction can be reversed two to
one is also infinity and therefore
zero to one can be reversed states
can go in both directions both
paths or do they bounce between
each other life and death soul to
body infinity is approachable from
all directions yet nothing can
approach infinity it’s a bow tie a
propeller spinning in circles rings
zero can be approached from all
angles existence is a target a goal
a propeller spinning life is an
aeroplane it needs fuel new fuel
new life life is fuel and the
aeroplane is time time will
continue regardless time is wind it
needs no fuel no life it is it is
life is a circle a circle is two
two is infinity life is infinity a
target an onion layered grown
cultivated consumed like beans
life dies is eaten destroyed no
transferred the energy is moved on
not destroyed life is energy
cycling spinning like a coin life
is a coin spinning hectic spinning
it is one solid measurable reality
reality spins it’s fast painful
stress death is zero not real not
real dreams are death dreams are
escapes not life senses thoughts
feelings protected dreams are
ideals nightmares are life’s pains
(MORE)
senses, thoughts, feelings
unprotected life is one and zero
death is zero, one dreams nightmares
are death, all is one, and one is all
all is zero, life it’s a coin
spinning, money, power, money is power
power is money, what power...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT – A LOUNGE – EVENING

As the theorist is talking over the top of the action, the young man stands, shakes the old man’s hand, and walks out. We follow him to

INT – CORRIDOR – EVENING – CONTINUOUS

He walks down the corridor, down a flight of stairs, down another corridor, down another flight of stairs, no hesitation in where he is going, he just carries on walking. He finally comes to rest outside a room, and looks inside. There we see the male on the floor in a heap, alone. The young man smiles and carries on walking. He walks down more corridors, and more flights of stairs, before coming to rest outside another room.

THEORIST (VO)
...spinning stops, life stops, reality
ends only if it is zero, zero is
nothing, reality is something
reality is one, time is two infinite
life is controlled, death is zero
inevitably controlling life, life
stops, stops, spinning and life is
stopped when where why death is
inevitable death fate ultimate
fate is zero, fates never
falter they are hands on strings
hands protecting the spinning
events that change fate is still
controlling, fates can’t be changed
broken zero is breakable, zero is
nothingness, nothingness is
breakable, something anything
everything breaks nothingness is
silence...

CUT BACK TO:
...silence is nothing silence is broken silence is zero zero is broken always broken noise breaks but noise is sound is constant like time never falters it’s constant two breaks zero zero breaks two the two cannot coexist the two must exist must exit must coexist must must must...

As she finishes talking, we see the young man standing in front of her.

THE END