

22:22

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A door sits at the end of a dimly lit hallway. Nothing else is in focus but the door. As we get closer to the door, the formally faint background noise, An endless, low-pitch tone, gets louder. The closer we get the noise gets deafening. As we nearly reach the door...

CUT TO:

INT. KEATON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Focusing on his face, Keaton (15) quickly opens his eyes and struggles for deep breaths. He seems to have had a bad dream as some sweat slowly dribbles down the side of his face. After a moment of thought, he turns his head to his left to look at the green-lit digital clock. It shows '22:15'. The area around his eyes are dark, obviously tired but a sense of frustration looms through his deep breaths.

He closes his eyes again, trying to get back to sleep, but is interrupted by a ticking sound, erupting from an unknown source. After trying to ignore it, Keaton opens his eyes and sits up to look out of his door, which is slightly to the left of his desk directly in front of his bed. The room is cramped, almost looking like a prison cell. His anger overflows inside him as he removes the covers off himself, exposing his fully clothed body: a long-sleeve top, long trousers and socks. He exits the room, stumbling slightly in the dark.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

He walks down the same hallway from earlier, only better lit now. The lights are dull as the cast onto the dull beige wallpaper down the corridor. Just before reaching the door from earlier, Keaton turns left through a wide open door, where the ticking seems to be coming from.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Keaton slowly enters the dark room, only lit by a small lamp on the desk in the middle of the square room. Through the light he makes out a figure and with thought he can see that the figure has it's back to both Keaton and the door. Keaton hesitantly walks around the the desk, slowly revealing the figure's face. The ticking gets louder. The flimsy, wooden desk is decorated with multiple clocks, both

digital and analogue. All show the time '22:22', apart from one which shows '22:16'.

The only other item on the desk is a name plaque, which says 'James'. It's placed right in the middle of the desk. Although it's covered with multiple clocks, the desk seems to be very tidy, supported by his clean suit and well groomed hair. His attitude, on the other hand, is anything but tidy to Keaton. Although they live in the same chamber, they never acknowledge each other. James (30) is strange to Keaton. He always seems to be on another planet.

Keaton keeps approaching the other side of the desk, until he reaches an already pulled out chair. He hesitantly sits down in the chair. The ticking stops. He waits for James to speak, but he doesn't. They stare straight at each other. Their faces are well-lit but nothing else is, like a portrait photo. After a moment, Keaton takes a blink and speaks.

KEATON

You said there's only time. What does that mean?

James lifts his head slightly but doesn't answer.

KEATON (CONT'D)

What do you do here everyday?

James takes a deep breath.

JAMES

Work.

KEATON

What type of work?

No answer.

KEATON (CONT'D)

Why all the clocks?

JAMES

To keep time.

Behind James, the lights in the corridor start to change colour. From a dull colour to a more dominant neon red. The light on the desk dims until no light emerges from it. The neon red lights create a silhouette of James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Careful now. We can't lose you now.

Keaton's face is lit with the red lights. His mouth starts to tremble, as if he's about to cry. His face is shaking slightly. The ticking noise comes back and gets louder and louder. It transforms into flat-line tone and

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A bright, clean hospital room is filled with a small family. They're all crying and slightly turned away from the hospital bed. All but Keaton, who stares blankly, obviously lost for words.

INT. KEATON'S REAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Keaton's crying in his bed, wearing the same clothes as he was at the beginning but this room is different. Windows are present behind him. His crying doesn't stop. It's constant. It's obvious the death has clearly affected him. He looks at his clock, '22:16'. The ticking returns and continues through to the end, gradually getting louder and faster.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Keaton still struggling not to cry and still lit with the red lights.

JAMES

Time defines us all.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A light starts to emerge from the other side of the door. A bright, white light which contrasts the dark shadows caused by the red.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

JAMES

Everything we do is based around time. An intangible thing. But yet it defines us.

Keaton gets increasingly nervous. Tears start to form in his eyes. He's shaking but he can't move out of the seat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

22:17.

INT. KEATON'S REAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shadows of his parents fighting project onto a white screen, acting like his door.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Keaton continues to struggle. He makes his hands into two fists.

JAMES

22:18.

INT. KEATON'S REAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

A flash of light through the curtain. Blood splatters on the white screen. Keaton stares at the blind, frozen in fear.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Tears roll down Keaton's cheeks. He's struggling to breathe, as if something is wrapped around his neck.

KEATON

What are you doing?

JAMES

22:19.

INT. REAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Keaton moves the screen and goes out into the hallway. A pool of blood is surrounding his socked feet. He looks down the hallway to see a trail of smeared blood leading to the closed door at the end of it. The door opens and reveals a tall shadow figure. Keaton runs back into his room out of fear.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

KEATON

Please stop.

JAMES

22:20.

INT. KEATON'S REAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Panicking, he grabs his phone and goes underneath his bed. He dials the police and puts the phone to his ear. The figure enters the room. Keaton holds his breath. The figure looks in the wardrobe before bending down to look under the bed. He sees Keaton immediately and covers his mouth with a cloth, making him unconscious.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

KEATON
Why are you doing this?

JAMES
22:21.

INT. REAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Keaton wakes up to being dragged across the blood soaked floor. His ankles are tied together. He's pulled by a rope tied around his wrists. He tries to struggle but it's not effecting the figure pulling him. The foot of the figure stomps on his face.

Everything goes dark.

JAMES
22:22.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The neon red lights gradually fade in, lighting up the hallway again. The door starts to bang.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Keaton's stopped crying. The tension around his neck has been released. He sits with his head slightly forward, still recovering. He doesn't look at James or the banging door in the hallway. He keeps looking down, trying to avoid the reality.

JAMES
Time defines us all. The longer we
ignore it the stronger it pulls us
into its endless pit.

The banging gets louder.

KEATON
Make it stop.

JAMES
We don't feel in control but we
tell ourselves that we are. For
comfort.

KEATON
Please stop it.

The banging gets louder.

JAMES
We can't avoid it.

KEATON
Stop it!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The last bang send the door flying open, releasing the bright, white light into the red-lit hallway. It's blinding but adds a sense of light to the darkness.

INT. ROOM BEHIND THE DOOR - NIGHT

Keaton sits tied against a pipe. His dead Mom is moaning slightly. A slight pounding sound is heard. Keaton realises what's going on but is too scared to admit it. He closes his eyes and waits for it to end. After a moment, the figure comes over to Keaton and gets uncomfortably close to his face. The figure touches Keaton leg but is quickly stopped by a flying bullet through the figure's head, spraying blood over his face.

Keaton doesn't react. His Mom comes over to him crying and holds his head in her arms.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The lamp has turned on again. The red lighting has gone. Everything is how it was before.

JAMES
There's only one physical way to
escape it but even then, it stays
with us.

Keaton looks down to see a piece of glass in his chest, sending blood oozing out of his clothes.

KEATON
What did you do?

The lamp dims.

JAMES
Careful now. The clocks are
changing.

FADE OUT:

THE END