

The Ninety Second Project

by

Prahaas Oldman

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Prahaas Oldman
prahaasoldman@gmail.com

INT. MESS - MORNING

One makes his way down the stairs that lead him to the mess. It's too early in the morning and the mess is completely devoid of people.

He picks up a plate, a spoon and a glass and makes his way to the food section.

There he pours some warm milk in his glass, settles a couple of loafs of bread in his plate and returns back to the dining area to take his place, surrounded by nothing but silence and emptiness.

He begins to eat.

The camera floats away back to the stairs from where One had climbed down from.

Two and Three are climbing down the stairs making their way to the mess.

They come to stop at the very place where One sits.

He's gone.

All that sits there is half eaten breakfast, that catches the notice of Two and Three.

They look around. No one's to be seen.

Clueless and kind of uninterested they look at each other and shake their head in confusion.

They make their way towards the food section, along with the necessary utensils.

Upon arriving at the food section, they start filling their plates with what's kept for them.

During this;

THREE

Less crowd at breakfast today eh?

Two mimics to look around, then;

TWO

No crowd today, to tell you the truth. Everybody sleeps late on holidays. No one gives a damn about

this crappy breakfast.

THREE

Sad that someone had to die in order for the others to enjoy a holiday. You know he was from our hostel? What happened to him, any idea?

TWO

Food poisoning.
(lifts and swings a loaf
of bread)
Bless this crappy food, it was the last meal he had.

The duo shake their head in disappointment and make their way to the dining area.

CUT TO:

THE END.