MAN WATCHER

By

ANTHONY HUDSON

(alffy)

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buckrogers_10@hotmail.com
FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Bland decor with grey walls. A double bed and night stand, on which sits a pen in a puddle of water.

A single door entrance with key card lock. Opposite, a further door indicated as ‘Bathroom’.

A slither of light penetrates a gap in the curtains.

Male and female clothes strewn the carpet.

MICHAEL (28) sleeps alone in the bed. The bed sheet only half covers his wiry frame.

DAVIDSON (52) occupies a chair in the corner, with accompanying table. He wears a dark suit. A hat and mobile phone sit on the table.

Michael stirs, yawns and rolls over. He bolts up at the sight of Davidson and rubs the sleep from his eyes.

MICHAEL
What, who, who are you?

Davidson casually rolls up his sleeve and checks his watch.

MICHAEL
Do you hear me, who are you and what the hell are you doing in my house?

Davidson looks across to Michael and meets his eyes for the first time. Clearly shaken, Michael struggles to control his twitching nerves.

DAVIDSON
Take a look around, Michael.

MICHAEL
What, how do you know me?

Michael forces his eyes to focus on his surroundings.

MICHAEL
Where am I?
He looks down at his semi naked body.

MICHAEL
What have you done to me?

Davidson waves his hands.

DAVIDSON
Too many questions, Michael. Calm down and I’ll do my best to answer them.

Michael slows his heart rate with a few deep breaths.

MICHAEL
Who are you?

DAVIDSON
My name’s Davidson, but that’s irrelevant.

Michael runs a hand through his bed hair.

MICHAEL
My wife, where’s my wife?

DAVIDSON
Bethany’s fine, Michael. She’ll be right where you left her, at home.

Michael swings his legs from beneath the covers. An outstretched hand from Davidson stops him before he stands.

DAVIDSON
I’d prefer it if you stayed in bed, please. For the time being.

Davidson glances at his watch again and then at the phone. Michael notices the interest.

MICHAEL
Who are you waiting for, who’s going to call? Is it about Beth, have you got her too?

DAVIDSON
Michael please, I’ve told you, she’s fine and nobody’s got you. You came here yourself.

A shake of the head shows Michael disagrees.
DAVIDSON
You checked in at seventeen minutes past ten with your acquaintance.

MICHAEL
Acquaintance?

Michael looks to the empty side of the bed.

MICHAEL
What’s going on?

His eyes dart back and forth as panic sets in again.

MICHAEL
I’m out of here, you can’t keep me here.

He stands free of the bedsheet to reveal only a pair of boxer shorts.

Davidson straightens in the chair and checks his watch. He reaches into his inside jacket pocket.

DAVIDSON
Please, Michael.

Michael slides his trousers on at speed. His eyes catch sight of Davidson’s hidden hand. His knees buckle and he drops back on to the bed.

MICHAEL
Jesus, don’t do anything stupid, I won’t leave, I won’t leave.

Davidson slowly ejects his empty hand from his jacket.

DAVIDSON
Thank you. If you stay calm I’ll tell you what I can.

Michael nods.

DAVIDSON
I know who you are, Michael John Livingstone, and I know who you were, John Fullerton, because we’ve been watching you for over twenty years.

MICHAEL
Who, what?
He rubs his head.

DAVIDSON
In nineteen ninety, John Fullerton attended the Saint Anthony Secondary School.

Michael rubs his brow.

MICHAEL
What...who?

DAVIDSON
You didn’t finish the school year though did you? In fact it was the last time you went to school?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL
I was home schooled.

DAVIDSON
That’s right, do you know why?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL
My parents preference?

DAVIDSON
Not exactly, Michael. You suffer from anger problems don’t you? You actually suffer from a form of BPD...

MICHAEL
What?

DAVIDSON
Borderline personality disorder.

Michael slowly nods.

MICHAEL
As I was saying, on the second of October nineteen ninety you had a severe episode. An episode which resulted in Dissociative amnesia.

A blank stare from Michael.
DAVIDSON
Meaning your memory immediately repressed the incident.

Michael slowly stands and walks to the foot of the bed.

Davidson tracks his every move. His hand itches toward his jacket.

MICHAEL
That’s why I don’t know what you’re talking about?

DAVIDSON
Yes, Michael, but perhaps it’s time you were reminded.

MICHAEL
Reminded?

DAVIDSON
You were six years old. You had a disagreement with a school friend, and you had an episode. Last night, I think it happened again?

Michael looks at the clothes on the floor. His toes toy with a bra.

DAVIDSON
When the teacher found you, you’d cleaned yourself up and even drawn her a picture.

Anger builds on Davidson’s face.

DAVIDSON
You’d already banished the memory of your actions.

MICHAEL
What actions?

DAVIDSON
You killed her, Michael.

Michael’s focus wanders to the bathroom door.

MICHAEL
Rubbish, I’d remember something like that. I mean, I would have been locked up.
DAVIDSON
You were a minor, and had recently been through a trauma. Their verdict, not mine.

Michael looks at Davidson.

DAVIDSON
You witnessed your father’s savage beating of your mother. You underwent physiological checks of course, but you were still a child. After your release you were put on the Man Watcher’s program.

Michael returns his eyes to the bathroom door. He shakes the thoughts around his head.

MICHAEL
No, you’re wrong. You’re wrong about it all. I’m not John Fullerton and I’m not on any program.

DAVIDSON
But you are, Michael. You just don’t remember.

MICHAEL
And you watch me?

DAVIDSON
We do, yes.

MICHAEL
We, the program?

DAVIDSON
I can’t watch you twenty four seven by myself.

MICHAEL
Twenty four seven?

Davidson nods.

MICHAEL
So you know everything about me, my marriage, my kids?
DAVIDSON
Yes. We know you’ve been struggling at home and at work. Your depression. We also know your routine. We know you’ve been driving out to the red light district for company. Tonight though you changed your routine, you took a passenger.

Michael looks down, ashamed.

DAVIDSON
Unfortunately we can’t follow you everywhere, we’re not the Police. Most don’t even know of us, only those who need to. It took me sometime to get a room key.

Davidson looks at the bathroom door.

DAVIDSON
That’s why I fear I failed tonight.

Michael stands gingerly and rests his hand on the door handle.

MICHAEL
Why did I do it?

He looks to Davidson.

MICHAEL
Why did I kill my school friend?

DAVIDSON
She wouldn’t let you touch her the way you wanted to.

His hand slowly twists the handle.

DAVIDSON
Please, Michael, wait.

Davidson glances to the exit and quickly reaches into his jacket.

A siren (O.S.)

Michael freezes.
Davidson looks to the curtained window, then to his phone. The screen lights up and begins to vibrate. His hand retreats from his jacket again.

MICHAELE How did I do it? How?

Davidson slowly stands.

DAVIDSON Michael, please, step back from the door.

He shuffles back toward the exit.

MICHAELE How?

A commotion (O.S.)

A bang on the door.

POLICEMAN (O.S.) Police, open up.

Michael looks at Davidson with daggers.

MICHAELE (mouths) How?

Davidson reaches in his jacket and pulls out a photograph.

Michael turns the bathroom door handle and swings it open. His eyes almost burst from their sockets with shock.

FADE TO BLACK

DAVIDSON (V.O.) You gouged out my daughters eyes with a pencil, Michael.