

The Man in the White Room

By:

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FADE IN:

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

There is a small white room. Everything in the room is white except for a pile of lunch trays in the corner of the room. Everything is neat.

There is a MAN, aged about 30, laying by the door looking under the crack. He is wearing a white jumpsuit. His eyes are scanning under the door.

THE MAN:

Come on...come on you fucker
(beat)

There is the sound of footsteps walking towards the door, and the footsteps stop right outside of the door.

The man tries to grab one of the feet of the guard and starts to pull in.

THE MAN:

Get me out of here! Tell me where I'm
at! What fucking time is it?! *Please?!*

The guard is able to evade the grasp of the man and stomps on his hand, making the man sit up and gasp in pain.

The man stares at the food that just came in.

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

The man is looking down at his bed, it's perfectly made, and only has a small crinkle of where he was sitting previously.

The man rips all the sheets and pillows off and throws them to the floor. He picks them back up and steadily remakes the bed.

The man lets out a sigh. He is standing in the middle of his room between his desk and bed, he falls onto the floor into a push-up position.

THE MAN:

One, two, three, four, five...

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME CONT.

The man is sitting with his legs criss-cross on the floor, staring at the wall.

THE MAN:
Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen...
(beat)

The words drift off as he stares at the wall. He is unmoving, and his eyes are not blinking. The sound of his breath is the only thing in the room. This seems to last for way too long as if the man is lost.

Snowfall starts to come down from the ceiling, snowflakes fall onto his hair and his face, the man doesn't move.

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME CONT.

The snowfall continues but starts to fade away. The man is sitting on his bed, a thousand-yard stare.

THE MAN:
I hate being outside.

He lifts a piece of bread to his mouth. He has the previous food tray in his lap, he's not very far into his meal.

There is another small slam at the door, the man looks. There is more food at the door.

The man kneels and examines both of them. They are the same exact meal, there is nothing discernible between the two.

There is a sudden sound of static. The man jumps and quickly turns around, there is a PHANTOM standing behind him.

THE MAN:
Oh, it's you.

The phantom is standing in the middle of the room, staring back at the man. The phantom looks like a person, but the face and clothes are all blurred out. There is no way to tell who this is or was.

THE PHANTOM:
(whatever the phantom says, will
not be heard, it will sound like
a drowned-out voice)
drowned out voice

THE MAN:
It's locked. If I could just leave, I
would.

The man walks back to the bed and sits on it.

THE MAN:
So why are you here this time?
(beat)

The phantom stares back at him and says nothing.

THE MAN:
Listen, I...I don't know what you want
from me. I don't even know who you
are, why you're here?...

The phantom slowly moves closer, but not too close, and
continues his/her long silence.

The man stares back, and they exchange silences. The man
looks away and stares at the food.

THE MAN:
...It's my fault you're in here, isn't
it?

The phantom slowly dissipates. Leaving the man alone.

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME (MORNING?)

There's the sound of the food hatch opening and closing. The
man's eyes spring open, he's laying in his bed, staring up at
a buzzing fluorescent light. He stares at the light, sits up,
and looks at the door, there is another food tray.

THE MAN:
What...time is it?

He gets up and walks towards the door, and slowly touches it.
He puts his head against it.

Another food tray slides under the door, and to the man's feet. He sighs, and picks up the tray, and walks over to his desk to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME (MORNING?) CONT.

The man is sitting at his desk, with an empty tray of food on the table. He's staring at the wall again, for all too long.

The man erupts laughing and stops quickly. He looks towards the stack of trays in the corner.

THE MAN:

Well...They have to pick up the trays eventually.

The man brings his empty trays to the others and goes to place his empty tray on top. He stops and stares for a moment.

THE MAN:

Hm.

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME (MORNING?) CONT.

The man is stacking all of the trays on top of one another, in the middle of the room. He's making a city.

He grabs sporks and puts them in the middle, and starts moving them up and down the "roads"

The man gets up and starts looking at the little city he made, the man sits down in his desk chair and crosses his arms, and bounces his leg.

THE MAN:

I wish my brother could see this.

He kicks one of the towers. Making the trays fly everywhere.

THE MAN:

I wonder what He thinks about this?

He looks for several moments, at the partially destroyed city. He walks over to his bed and kneels before it. Clasp

his hands together and staring at the white wall.

THE MAN:
Listen...I...uh...
(beat)

THE MAN:
...I don't really know how to talk to
you...but I really need you to help me
with something...I can't even remember
why I'm here...

There is then the sound of static, the man looks over his
shoulder towards the phantom.

THE MAN:
Hey.

THE PHANTOM:
drowned out voice

THE MAN:
Well, there's really no point in
keeping it up if I'm the only one
enjoying it, right?

THE PHANTOM:
drowned out voice

THE MAN:
My brother?...
(beat)
How do you know about him?... We just
used to build Lego cities together, I
thought he would like what I built.

The phantom then moves around the room, looking at the partly
destroyed city. The phantom gestures towards a part of the
town that was destroyed.

THE PHANTOM:
drowned out voice

THE MAN:
That's where I used to work...I
think...

THE PHANTOM:
drowned out voice

The man starts to clean up his mess, holding one of the plastic knives in his hands.

THE MAN:

Anywhere is better than here. I would literally rather go blind, staring at my computer than be here for one more second.

THE PHANTOM:

drowned out voice

THE MAN:

I'm not actually going to go blind,
it's a figure of speech.
(beat)

The man puts down all the dirty trays and cutlery except for the knife, which he has in his hand very obviously.

THE PHANTOM:

drowned out voice

THE MAN:

What did you say about him? What did
you say about *my* brother?

The man slowly walks forward with the knife in hand towards the phantom.

THE MAN:

...he was a good person, he couldn't
do anything wrong...

The man sits down on the bed, looking at the knife and suddenly dropping it onto the floor.

THE MAN:

...not that he could do anything wrong
even if he tried. He's gone,
for...however long it's been...and
it's my fault.

THE PHANTOM:

drowned out voice

THE MAN:

What the fuck did you just say to me?
I don't deserve to be here...you
understand?! I have a future outside

of this fucking white box! I have to
have a future, for him.

The man destroys another small tray tower he made, and the
phantom disappears.

He sits on his bed and stares at the city he created and
destroyed.

THE MAN:
(beat)
I wish he could see this.

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME (NIGHT?)

The man's eyes spring open and he sits up and grabs one of
the full trays of food that are by the door, and he goes and
sits down criss-cross on the floor and stares at the wall.

THE MAN: (V.O.)
"How much does our environment shape
who we are?"
(beat)

CUT TO:

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME (NIGHT?) CONT.

The man's eyes spring open and he sits up and grabs one of
the full trays of food that are by the door, and he goes and
sits down criss-cross on the floor and stares at the wall.

THE MAN: (V.O.)
I bet it's not a lot, seeing as how
I'm still here and doing just fine...
(beat)

CUT TO:

INT. A SOLITARY CONFINED ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME (NIGHT?) CONT.

The man's eyes spring open and he sits up and grabs one of
the full trays of food that are by the door, and he goes and
sits down criss-cross on the floor and stares at the wall.

He hears static. He continues to stare at the wall,
completely silent.

The phantom is standing in the middle of the sparse room.
Staring back at the man.

THE MAN:
"Leave me the fuck alone."

The phantom doesn't move.

THE MAN:
(beat)
...How do you know about my brother?

The phantom doesn't respond.

THE MAN:
I can't stand being in here anymore, I
can't stand you anymore.

The Man gets up and is now facing the phantom.

THE MAN:
Do you know what it's like to be
completely by yourself?! Do you know
how long I've been in here?!

He crosses the room and goes towards the corner with all the
trays.

THE MAN:
They feed me the same shit every
single day!

He picks up a handful of trays and throws them at the
phantom, the trays phase through it.

THE MAN:
I'm losing my fucking mind, and no one
but you is here to see it.

At that moment a food tray slides under the door.

THE MAN:
You and this fucking food!

The man kicks the full tray of food against the wall.

THE PHANTOM:
indistinguishable voices

THE MAN:
You are the reason I'm here! Not me!
You did all of this to me! And I'm the
one suffering for it! If I could leave

this room...this god damn box...I
would! Out there I could be free! I
could have a future!

The man goes up to the door and starts pounding on the flat surface.

THE MAN:

And it's all behind this fucking door!

The man reaches for the door handle, and it opens. The man is holding open a cracked door. All the sound in the room that seemed to be there before, has fallen into silence. The man holds the door open, for far too long, not moving, just staring at the slightly open door.

The man slowly shuts the door, and quickly walks back to his bed, and sits down. He's breathing heavy, his fingers are fidgeting, and his right knee is bobbing wildly up and down. Moments go by, and he's still staring at this once opened door, which is now unlocked.

The man slowly stops fidgeting and calms his breathing, and his leg begins to rest.

The man looks away from the door, and towards the camera.

THE MAN: TO THE CAMERA

Why should I leave...when this is the
only place I've known. What happens if
I go out that door?...everything that
happened in here, to me...will be lost
on everyone...

The man pauses.

THE MAN: TO THE CAMERA

The question is, is that what I want?
For no one to know what happened in
here. To us?
(beat)

The man continues looking at the camera, staring blankly.

FADE OUT:

