

The Waiting Room

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FADE IN

INT. ROOM - DAY

JACK looks out the room's only window. MARK sits on the floor opposite of Jack.

MARK

The more you look out there, the worse you're gonna feel.

Jack remains fixed on the window.

JACK

There's gotta be a way outta this.

Mark looks from Jack down to his hands as he picks at his fingernail.

We get our first look through the window. A long hallway with a door at the end. (green screen)

Jack tries to put his hand through to the hallway, but he can't reach through.

JACK (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like it.

MARK

You think it's real?

JACK

I'm looking right through it. I can see a door at the end. I don't know though.

Jack turns around to face Mark. We see all sides of the room now. There's a single door on the other side of the room. There are marks etched in charcoal onto one of the walls.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's go back. You said you woke up in here, same as me?

MARK

Yup. Same as you.

JACK

First, you tried the window right?

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Yup.

JACK

Then I woke up.

MARK

You're gettin' it.

JACK

I'm missing something.

MARK

No, that's just about it.

JACK

Whoever put us here, put us here
for a purpose.

MARK

Or just to fuck with us. You got
any reason someone would be out to
get you?

JACK

(beat)

No. Not that I can think of. You?

MARK

Plenty, honestly.

JACK

Then why not just put you in here.
What do I have to do with it?

MARK

Beats me.

Jack slumps against the wall opposite of Mark.

JACK

I got it.

Mark's eyebrows raise.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is like one of those games.
Those elaborate puzzles that people
sign up for.

MARK

I didn't sign up for shit.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Don't you want to know what's going on? You seem very unconcerned.

MARK

No, I'm concerned. But as I told you, before I got up, I already checked the window. And of course, the door's locked.

JACK

Ahhh. This is bullshit, man.
(pointing to the marks on the wall)
These! What do these mean?

MARK

Who knows. I say wait it out. Weird stuff like this happens more often than you'd think.

JACK

Give me ONE other example.

MARK

I don't know, like in movies and shit.

JACK

Yeah, not in real life!

MARK

Look. Wait it out. I don't think whoever did this wants to actually hurt us. As I see it, there are two doors out of here. One is simply locked, while the other can be seen but not accessed. It's their move as to show us which one to use.

JACK

That window thing is some kind of illusion though right?

MARK

Is it? That hallway looks pretty real to me.

JACK

Then why can't we just step on in and walk down it?

(CONTINUED)

MARK
Again, I don't know.

A few beats of silence. Then, the window changes its projection to that of the walls of the room. It's gone.

JACK
Wait it out, huh? What now!?
(motioning toward where the window was) How is that even possible!?

Mark's gaze stays fixed on where the window was. A few beats, then the image of the hallway morphs back onto the window.

JACK (CONT'D)
So that's some kind of sign right?

Mark walks over to the window. (beat) He slowly reaches his hand inside. His hand clears the window and enters the hallway. He quickly pulls it back.

JACK (CONT'D)
(amazed)
You. You went through! Holy shit!

MARK
By my guess, our only way out is through the door at the end of that hallway. I want you to go first.

JACK
Why me?

MARK
Because we don't know what happens once someone enters. There may only be a chance for one of us to get out.

JACK
You were in this room before I was. You deserve to go.

MARK
That has nothing to do with it. We were both placed inside this room. As equals. Now I'm telling you. You're going through.

Jack ponders for a few beats.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Why don't we both go? At the same time.

MARK

I'm not going through until I've seen you go through that door. Until I know you're safe.

JACK

Why are you being so kind to me. You don't even know me.

MARK

We're equal. As humans. We are all the same. And in order to perpetuate that sentiment, I'm telling you to go.

JACK

(beat) Okay. I'll go.

Jack puts his hand on Mark's shoulder. Mark looks down Jack's arm, up to his face.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't know how to thank you.

MARK

You can thank me after I go through and see you on the other side.

Jack smiles at Mark.

He takes a few beats to muster up his courage, then steps through the window. He morphs past the threshold and slowly walks down the hallway.

As he gets near the door, he looks back at Mark. He smiles. Mark waves back.

Jack opens the door, slowly. He steps through, and we hear horrific noises, as if he's being physically torn apart.

CLOSE ON Mark's face. A subtle smirk.

Mark pulls out a piece of charcoal from his pocket. He walks over to where the marks are on the wall. He etches a new mark.

He then takes out a key and unlocks the door. He opens it and steps through.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sleeping bodies line the floor. Mark leans over and picks one up. He throws it over his shoulder and walks out of the room.

INT. ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Mark sits back in his same position against the wall. NICK wakes up.

NICK
Who are you?

CLOSE ON Mark's face.

FADE TO BLACK