

Waiting Room

By

Joel Davidson

Darkness. We Hear a voice, muffled and tired.

NARRATOR O.S

Day 55. I've been here for some time now. 55 days of waiting. I've seen it all. People wake. People go. But, mostly people wait. I-

The voice begins to cough for some time. He seems weak.

NARRATOR O.S (CONT.)

I've seen it all. I know the way it works: the screen, the doors, the flow of pale, anguished faces, the look of hope diminished.

There is a long pause.

INT. DAY : WAITING ROOM

We see a waiting room, white walled and bland. It looks like an average hospital waiting room, littered with potted plants and cheap art.

A powerful ceiling light gives the room an unnatural brightness. Strangely, there are no windows.

We see two opposing doors, split by a television screen.

NARRATOR O.S

But you ask me what's behind those doors? Now that's something I don't know. I'll just have to wait. Wait till it's my turn. Wait like everyone else.

FADE TO BLACK

WAITING ROOM

A FILM BY JOEL DAVIDSON

INT. DAY : WAITING ROOM

We see a ticking clock. The room remains the same as before, silent.

In the corner of the room sits a pile of blankets. Something under the blanket twitches.

(CONTINUED)

Our focus turns to a well dressed OLD MAN sitting in the waiting area. His blue suit seems oddly formal considering his surroundings. He is asleep, his head propped against his shoulder, his mouth slightly ajar.

NARRATOR O.S

Day 56. The OLD MAN awakes. I've been watching him for a while. He seems the cenile type, friendly face but Blank. I'm guessing right door, although I've been wrong lately.

There is a small badge on his suit pocket which has a picture of the man and a number on it.

We pan backwards to reveal a group of people sleeping on small plastic chairs, the old man one of them.

NARRATOR O.S

People wake up here, usually calm, and just wait. Wait till they're called. Sometimes it's hours, sometimes days. Nobody knows why. Nobody questions it. It just seems natural to wait.

He gradually comes around, his squinting eyes slowly panning the room. We watch from a distance as he takes a pair of wire frame glasses from his pocket, placing them on the bridge of his nose.

He looks around, tapping the woman in the chair next to him. She is small and fragile,

She awakes violently, throwing the OLD MAN's outstretched arm aside. She is screaming, falling onto the floor in pain.

NARRATOR O.S

Of course you'll get the occasional hysterical one.

Our OLD MAN is taken aback, slowly reaching out his arm once more with paternal instinct.

NARRATOR O.S

See, what did I tell you. I've been here for too long. There's no variation anymore.

She looks at him confused, instantly snapping out of her hysterical state.

(CONTINUED)

The OLD MAN stares blankly at her, as she clutches her arm, sleeves torn.

The pair exchange glances of confusion. The man, takes a deep breath, his eyes widening.

It seems to take him a long time to talk. The girl looks impatient.

The fragile girl begins to cry, tugging at her hair. She looks around her, her head darting around the room. Gradually, her body language tightens and she becomes hysterical once more.

NARRATOR O.S

And there it is. The moment of realisation.

The NARRATOR clears his throat. The girl is screaming at the OLD MAN throwing her arms into his chest.

NARRATOR O.S (CONT.)

(Mockingly)

Where are we? How did we get here? Always the same.

She winces in pain, looking down at her arm once more. She slams her fists against the floor in frustration.

FLASH CUT

INT. DAY WAITING ROOM

We see another perspective, further back from the old man and the girl. We can see their conversation, but not hear it.

We hear the girl running, small rapid footsteps.

NARRATOR O.S

Maybe I should do something. I haven't spoken to them yet. Wouldn't want things to get out of hand.

We see a small bearded man appear from the corner of the room. His hunched frame is curled in a blanket. Upon noticing the hysterical girl, he runs to her suddenly appearing behind her.

We see the trio talking together.

(CONTINUED)

There are two opposing doors, split between a large flat screen television. It reads a scrolling message ' Please remain seated until your picture appears'.

The girl begins to scream, banging against the left door. It is locked.

She descends into a whimper, falling against the door. The bearded man grabs her by the shoulders, shaking her into sense.

BEARDED MAN

It's no good! Listen to me! Listen to me!

The bearded man's voice is the same as the narrator.

He shakes her again, this time succeeding in calming her down. Her make up runs down her eyes. She is broken. The old man hovers in the background, concerned.

BEARDED MAN (CONT.)

(Pointing at the screen)

Look, when your face appears, you'll go through one of those doors. Until then you've got to wait it out. I've been here a long time, but it might not be the same for you. I've seen people leave.

The old man still looks relatively solemn. The girl, now drops from the man's grasp and into a heap on the floor.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. NIGHT : WAITING ROOM

Some time has passed. We see the FRAGILE GIRL, the OLD MAN, and the BEARDED MAN.

The old man sits in the same seat as before, occasionally checking a watch he does not have.

The girl, lays on the floor. She is still, as though asleep, although her eyes are open.

NARRATOR O.S

Day 58. We wait. Like yesterday. And the day before that. Time goes by and we stare blankly at the screen. It's new for them,

(CONTINUED)

The screen continue to scroll the same message. The NARRATOR coughs again.

NARRATOR O.S (CONT.)  
(Mockingly dull)  
'Please remain seated until your  
picture appears'. Please remain  
seated until your picture appears.  
Please remain seated until-

The NARRATOR begins to fade out.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. NIGHT : WAITING ROOM

It is nearly pitch black accept for the brightness from the screen.

We see the OLD MAN, he is awake in his chair, a sudden expression of shock on his face.

He is looking at the screen, which is flashing a picture of the BEARDED MAN. Beneath it, reads 'RIGHT'.

The BEARDED MAN, wiping his face in disbelief, jumps from his blanket and begins to sprint towards the door.

As he opens it, a bright white light extrudes from the corners, lighting up the OLD MAN's face. A new voice over is heard.

OLD MAN (VOICE OVER)  
Day 5. The door opened today. It  
was the bearded guy. Just like  
that, he gets up and goes, into the  
light. I don't know why we're here,  
why the screen or the doors. I  
guess whoever is controlling this  
knows, judging.

The OLD MAN clears his throat, just like the previous narrator.

OLD MAN VOICEOVER CONT.  
I guess I'll just have to wait.  
Wait till it's my turn. Wait like  
everyone else.

CUT TO BLACK.