

Waiting Room

By

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Darkness. We Hear a voice, muffled and tired.

NARRATOR O.S

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.

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

NARRATOR O.S

Sorry. Like I said, 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

TITLE SEQUENCE : WAITING ROOM, A FILM BY JOEL DAVIDSON

INT. DAY : WAITING ROOM

Some time has passed. We see a ticking clock.

NARRATOR O.S

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

(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.

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.

He gradually comes around, his squinting eyes slowly panning the room. We see his perspective, a mass of blurry shapes. He takes a pair of wire frame glasses from his pocket, placing them on the bridge of his nose.

He looks around, tapping a FRAGILE GIRL next to him on the shoulder.

NARRATOR O.S

It's these interactions that keep me sane here. I know her type. She'll get all hysterical and accuse the OLD MAN of something. Let's call her the HYSTERICAL GIRL.

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

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.

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.

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!

(CONTINUED)

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 a small montage sequence of each of the characters waiting.

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. The OLD
MAN should go soon.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. DAY : WAITING ROOM

It is the next morning.