

4D Extract

Written By

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INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A fair haired man with a pale complexion stands beside a chalkboard, appearing almost indistinguishable from his white lab coat.

His observer stands gracefully in a black suit. A large folder sits comfortably between her arms as she watches the man begin to illustrate something on the board.

He first draws a line from left to right, then marks one side with the word 'birth' and the other side with the word 'death'.

MAN

(ecstatic)

You see, in the fourth dimension,
time functions as a direction like
this...

As he speaks, it appears his hand gestures are doing most of the talking for him.

MAN (CONT'D)

You travel from left to right,
observing yourself getting older
and older and older until you die,
right.

The woman looks skeptical. The man puts down the chalk.

MAN (CONT'D)

Now what if you could travel, as we
do, backwards in time by simply
moving backwards to the left.

WOMAN

That's impossible.

MAN

Is it? Why?... Why is it
impossible?

WOMAN

Because the laws of nature prohibit
it... Trust me, if I could go back
and change half the things I've
done in my life I would, but I
can't... So why dwell on it?

The man still retains the excitement in his face. Now he's smirking at her.

WOMAN
(weirded out)
What?

MAN
I need to show you something.

LATER IN THE SCRIPT

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The man washes his hands and face in the sink, nervously. He's breathing heavily. In the mirror above, he glares at himself. He swallows hard and starts patting his face with a cloth, taking a moment to regain his composure.

He then turns off the tap, and his breathing starts to die down in sync with the depletion of the water droplets.

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

The man puts on a pair of black rubber gloves as he stands up straight in total blackness. His clothing is also fully black from head to toe, making his blonde hair and face the perfect cut out for a decapitated head on a stamp.

Only one light remains switched on in the room (that only just reaches him from this distance) - A light above the roof of another, much smaller circular room in the far corner of this one.

The man then fits in a pair of ear plugs and steps forward, approaching the circular room. He presses a button on its black wall and a high pitched screeching sound cries out in all directions as the door swings open.

He takes a deep breath, cracks his knuckles, then enters the room.

INT. ROOM OF MIRRORS - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, he hears a click - the light from outside the room has just switched off. In here, there's total darkness.

CLICK. A much brighter light then fills the room and, in every direction, mirrors mirrors and more mirrors are all

that surround him. His reflection is all he can see... to his left, to his right, above his head, below his feet... Just his reflection.

His eyes glare at the man in front of him. As he begins to turn his body, the other men in the room all do the same.

He walks forward. The other men walk towards him. He looks up, he looks down, he swirls around again and then he takes a step back.

It appears there's only him here - the men in the mirror are all exact matches. He looks disappointed.

The man stares at himself one more time - the man in the mirror smiles back. The man GASPS and steps back - he's definitely not smiling... yet.

Nevertheless, it seems his faith is restored. Now the man really is smiling. He even chuckles.

As the man looks down at his feet, a LITTLE BOY looks up. In a heartbeat, he falls to the floor - again, chuckling - and both of their faces meet. Their breathing is in sync. Their finger tips are touching one another in perfect asymmetry.

The man rolls over and they lay back to back. From above, an OLDER MAN smiles back down at him.

Unlike the boy, this man's face is covered in lines. Patches of grey seem to be showing and his hands look frail like an old widow's.

The man gets back on his feet, grinning like a cheeky little boy.

MAN
(under breath)
It worked.

Now, from afar, three distinctive figures are present in the room - and the past, present and future are intertwined.

CUT TO BLACK.