

PLAYBACK

Marooned on the recesses of his memory, Jonathan learns there are much more dangerous things hidden away.

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAYBREAK

Waves CRASH onto the surf. JONATHAN PARKER (mid 40s) is thrown onto the sand, water lapping his face. He stirs.

Deserted. Not a living soul in sight, human or other. Fog rolls off the water, shrouding whatever's beyond. He is truly alone.

JONATHAN

Hello?

Silence.

EXT. CRASHING SURF - SOON LATER

SHIPWRECK DEBRIS floats at the edge. Jonathan wades through the water, collecting junk as he goes - the remaining part of the HULL, ROPE, a BUNDLE OF BANANAS.

EXT. TREELINE - AFTERNOON

The sun sits high, its light cutting through the trees. Jonathan secures the frame of his shelter with rope. He heaves a bundle of leaves on top for the roof. Sweat drips down his face.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Jonathan tends to a small fire. The firelight flickers across his face. He peels and takes a bite from one of his precious bananas.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CRASHING SURF/BEACH - MORNING

Jonathan heaves a large METAL BOX out of the water and onto shore. He picks up a rock and smashes it into the padlock.

CAMERA'S POV FROM THE TREELINE

Jonathan continues beating the lock.

BACK WITH JONATHAN - one final smash - the lock busts. He dumps out its contents.

Water spills out along with soggy first aid supplies. He shakes it empty. A FLARE GUN falls out, soaked.

A CRASH from the treeline. Jonathan spins around.

CAMERA'S POV FROM THE TREELINE

Jonathan peers, searching for the cause of the crash. The CAMERA'S POV ducks down - hiding from Jonathan's sight.

BACK WITH JONATHAN - he sticks the flare gun in his waistband and ventures past the treeline, into unknown territory.

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - LATER

A tiny wooden shack tucked in the forest. Rain barrels sit against the north side. An overgrown pathway leads to the sandy beach in front.

Jonathan approaches from behind. He spots the cottage and picks up a sprint toward it.

He raps on the front door.

JONATHAN

Hello? Anyone there? I'm not there to hurt you.

(pause)

Please? I need help.

He tests the knob. It turns. He steps inside.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The main room is in complete disarray. It looks like a hurricane came through - the couch overturned and kitchenware scattered across the floor. He crosses to the other door, careful where he steps.

He pushes on the door - stuck. He pushes with more force. It doesn't budge. He shoves it with his shoulder. It moves the slightest.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door budes, slowly. The opening's big enough for him to just barely slip through.

The bed had been pushed against the door - a barricade. What happened here?

A RADIO SET sits on a desk under an open window, its curtains billowing. Jonathan rushes over and fumbles with the radio's knobs and buttons. Static.

INT. BEACH COTTAGE - LATER

Jonathan rifles through the cabinets. He finds a box of crackers - pulls one out - eats it. Then...

Bullets pierce the window above the sink. Jonathan ducks down and shuffles behind the couch for cover.

FOOTSTEPS on the porch outside the front door. The door CREAKS as it opens.

Jonathan blindly fires the flare gun at the door. It doesn't shoot - ruined from the water. He sneaks into the bedroom as the MAN (mid 40s) steps into the doorway, face hidden.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Glass CRUNCHES under the Man's step outside the room. Jonathan's starting to panic, eyes darting looking for a way out. He spots the window and pulls himself through.

EXT. BEACH COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Mud SPLASHES under his feet as he lands. The footsteps halt inside the bedroom, listening.

Jonathan creeps backward. His foot catches and he falls. He looks down to see what tripped him. The lifeless eyes of a WOMAN (early 40s) peer up at him. He covers his mouth to keep himself from screaming.

Her skin is wilted and pruny, hair wet. Face swollen and unrecognizable. Drowned. She's been dead a while.

Jonathan scrambles to his feet. He peeks around the corner of the house, checking to see if the coast is clear.

In the rain water's reflection, the Man stalks up behind Jonathan.

He takes Jonathan by surprise, shoving his head into the rain barrel. Jonathan thrashes but he's no match for his attacker. Jonathan SCREAMS under the water. He can't breathe. He falls unconscious and...

EXT. BEACH - DAYBREAK

Waves CRASH onto the surf. Jonathan is thrown onto the sand, water lapping his face. He stirs.

Camera pulls back until...

INT. LAB

White walls. Bright florescent lights. Sterilized. A large television is on - debris floating in the water - Jonathan wading through, collecting spare wood and a bundle of bananas.

LAB TECHNICIAN (O.S)
Sir, we've reached our maximum today. It's against the law to run it again.

The LAB TECHNICIAN (late 20s) stares at his superior for an answer. The DOCTOR is a short man (60s, glasses, receding hairline).

DOCTOR
Weren't you watching the monitor?
We're this close to getting the answer.
(he gestures a small amount with his hand)
Run it again.

LAB TECHNICIAN
But sir, the law.

DOCTOR
Doesn't protect criminals like him!

Cords run from the television to the back of a chair where he sits - Jonathan Parker, in prison orange. He's strapped to the chair, fitted into a headset, lights blinking rapidly along the band.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sure you don't want a murderer walking the streets now do you? No? Then run it again.

The Doctor marches into the viewing room, DETECTIVE HUMMEL (50s) trailing after.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Doctor takes a seat at a desk and begins signing forms.

DETECTIVE HUMMEL

So this is what you lab rats do all day? Pick through people's minds?

DOCTOR

When there's no witnesses it's necessary in order to move forward with a conviction.

DETECTIVE HUMMEL

Impressive. Let them convict themselves.

(pause)

But there was another man that last time. He wasn't alone.

DOCTOR

Except he was. Our program is specially designed to trigger memories, even those that have been purposely forgotten or hidden by trauma. For Mr. Parker here, we're looking for confirmation that he did in fact murder his wife, Emily. The program places him in a setting with specific triggers, Emily's body for instance, and his memories populate it. Even if they have pushed it to the recess of their mind, our program is able to invoke the truth. This is the closest we've been to Mr. Parker revealing himself, so we must run it again immediately.

Detective Hummel stares through the one-way glass at Jonathan. On the television, Jonathan fires the flare gun. It doesn't shoot - ruined from the water.

SLOW PUSH toward Jonathan, mindless. Stop on his eyes, glassy.

FADE OUT.