

The Fourth Wall

By

Jordan Roman

(719)433-2858
jroman3@elon.edu
2910 Bonne Vista Dr.
Colorado Springs, CO 80906

FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A long hallway appears. A mirror comes into view and we see that the long hallway is simply a series of reflections of the elevator.

CON (V.O.)

Trapped in between mirrors and elevators. A separate reality away from our own.

The doors of the elevator open to reveal a handsome young man standing in the elevator thoughtfully gazing at his own reflection. This is CON GAVIN (23), a confident college grad.

CON (V.O.)

I'm the one standing in the elevator but a dozen of my own reflections gaze back at me and as I stare at them I keep wondering one thing: Are any of the other reflections of me any less real than the person standing in the elevator?

We move towards Con's reflection. The doors of the elevator slowly slide shut.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - EARLIER

Con holds a brief case and confidently walks toward the massive building. He passes an attractive female and flashes her a charming smile as he heads through the door.

INT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Con scans the intricate office building and glimpses the elevators at the far end of the office.

Con strolls through the tangled web of cubicles with confident grace. He passes tables, computers, telephones, employees glued to their chairs. The employees strangely resemble robots.

INT. ELEVATOR HALL - DAY

Con approaches the massive elevator doors and studies the collection of buttons. He presses the up button then stands back and faces the massive mirror of the elevator doors. He studies his reflection and smiles.

DING! The elevator light illuminates. The elevator doors open slowly, as if inviting Con to step inside. Con steps into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Con looks at the list of buttons and notices there is no button for floor 13. He scoffs and then presses the button that reads 80.

Con watches his reflection as the doors slide shut. Con turns his head and jumps in shock when he sees a man in a suit standing in the corner.

CON

Sorry. Didn't see you there.

The man remains in the corner looking down. Con offers his hand.

CON

Connor Gavin.

The man doesn't shake it or look up.

CON

How's it working here? (Beat) Any advice for the interview?

Con shoots the man an odd look. Con motions to the list of buttons on the wall and laughs. There is no button for 13.

CON

You guys that superstitious here?

The elevator comes to a stop on floor 14. The doors slide open and the man exits the elevator. He turns and faces Con.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I suggest you believe in something.

The man's eyes are completely white, no pupils. Con looks closer. The man's pupils are there. The elevator doors slide shut. Con pants heavily in fear and stares at his own reflection again.

(CONTINUED)

He nervously glances around the elevator before smashing the lit-up 80 button a few times.

The elevator makes it's slow descent making a soft bing as each floor passes. Bing!19...Bing!20...Bing!21. A light flickers.

Con stares at his reflection. He soon closes his eyes to avoid the reflection that begins to feel more alien to him. The elevator makes its slow ascent as an eerie and tense feeling of suspense creeps into the door.

The sound of the bings fades into the distance. The electronic monitor above the doors displays the floors. 50...51...52. Con slinks to the floor.

LOOMING WHITE EYES. Con's eyes flick open and a horrified expression accompanies the fear in his eyes. He jolts to his feet and looks up. 70...71...72.

Con takes a deep breath and closes his eyes to conjure a comforting memory.

EXT. GAVIN YARD - DAY - 14 YEARS AGO

A tall handsome man stands in the yard. This is Con's father, DAVID GAVIN (40). He stoops down and faces a young CON (10).

DAVID

Did you steal this from the supermarket?

David holds out a piece of candy. Con nervously nods awaiting his punishment.

DAVID

You can't steal things buddy. That's called being a thief and it's against the law to steal OK?

CON

OK, I'm sorry dad.

David smiles and hugs Con.

DAVID

It's OK son, just don't do it again. I guess we will have to call you Con from now on you little thief.

David runs with Con in his arms. Con laughs joyfully.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The cold mirrors of the elevator are still there. Con opens his eyes and breathes a momentary sigh of relief. 78, 79, 80. Ding!

Con looks down at the floor. The elevator comes to a stop and Con approaches the doors.

The doors remain shut. The lights erratically flicker. The numbers on the monitor go haywire.

Con looks around in nervous agitation. He slams his fist against the door. Bang, bang, BANG!

Con gives up and slides to the floor.

CON

Open. Please open.

A soft voice whispers.

WHISPERED VOICE (O.C.)

Open.

Con hears the voice and his eyes grow wide in fear.

A cold wind appears to blow in the elevator. The sound of wind whistling deafens all sound.

WHISPERED VOICE (O.C.)

Open.

The voice resounds through the elevator.

Con desperately looks up toward the ceiling. His expression grows blank.

All sound fades away. Silence fills the elevator.

Ding! The silence is broken after a moment by the bell. 80 reads on the electronic monitor.

Con stands and faces his reflection in the mirror. Something seems different, an unexplainable nuance.

The elevator doors slide open to reveal an immaculate white marble floor. Con steps out of the doors.

INT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING/80TH FLOOR - DAY

The marble white walls and floor are blinding.

Con walks forward apprehensively. White shrouds everything in view.

A long hallway stretches down the floor. At the end of the long hall rests a door.

Con moves slowly down the hall. The door grows taller. Everything is silent. No sounds are heard.

Con eventually approaches the white door. He opens the door and a bright white light shrouds everything around. We hear the sound of the door close.

INT. CEO OFFICE - DAY

A large desk is the only object in the tall room. A man sits in an office swivel chair with his back turned. He wears a white suite.

Con takes a step forward.

CEO
Right on time Connor.

Con nervously approaches the desk.

CEO
Take a seat.

Con sits down in the chair.

CON
Are you the CEO sir?

The CEO remains with his back turned to Con.

CEO
That's what they call me. Others call me different things.

Con's eyes dart around the pristine office.

CON
This is a beautiful office sir.

CEO
Lovely isn't it. Not a bad place to spend all of your time.

(CONTINUED)

A moment of silence passes.

CON

Sir, aren't I supposed to be here
for an interview?

The CEO chuckles.

CEO

The interview started the day you
were born.

Con shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

CON

What do you mean?

The CEO finally turns his chair in a slow circle to face
Con.

The CEO appears in his 60's. He has white hair, gentle eyes,
and a white beard.

CEO

Today was the second time you
opened up and looked up to
something other than your own self.
Believed in something.

The CEO sits back in his chair.

CEO

The first time was when you were
ten and your old man held you in
his arms.

Con processes this information.

CEO

What's happened to you Connor? What
has changed over the years?

CON

A sense of self.

The CEO smiles.

CON

How did this happen?

CEO

How can you create a civilization
and not expect it to evolve? The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CEO (cont'd)
created will begin to think for
themselves, that is to be expected
and foreseen.

CON
Even with all the detriment that
accompanies existence?

The CEO scans his office.

CEO
Existence is progress. Existence is
purpose. Existence is evolution.

CON
And that's it?

The CEO offers a smile to Con.

CEO
It's all it is and all it ever will
be.

Con nods and smiles.

CON
So did I get the job?

CEO
Can you look into the mirror and
see someone different in the
reflection than who came in today
for the interview?

The CEO watches Con curiously.

Con sits in reflective silence. After a moment he looks up.

INT. MODERN OFFICE BUILDING/80TH FLOOR - DAY

We move down the flawless hall of white. Con walks in front
of us and we follow him through the hall toward the
elevator.

CON (V.O.)
Something exists between the
mirrors and elevators. A place
all its own. Some might not call
it reality, but it's there.

Con hits the button marked with a down arrow.

(CONTINUED)

DING! The overhead light illuminates. The elevator doors slide open and Con walks into the elevator.

He turns around as the doors slide shut.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Con hits the button that reads "L". The elevator starts to move.

Con looks up at his own reflection in the mirrors.

CON (V.O.)

A dozen reflections gaze back at me
and even though I'm but one of the
images existing among the walls of
the elevator, I know that I alone
am the one that exists.

We move into Con's reflection in the mirror as he looks up toward the ceiling.

FADE TO BLACK.