

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Deep within the bowels of a building, a place where night and day does not exist.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS from down the corridor get louder with each step until a female face comes into view.

She is...

GERTRUDE JAMES early 30's. Smartly dressed she marches forcefully in front of three males and one female.

They are...

ADAM mid 20's, bright eyed American boy.

BARNABAS 50's, unkept, unshaven and whose clothes look slept in.

CHARITY late 30's. Dressed expensively but looks like mutton dressed as lamb

And finally DANIEL 40's, haircut and clothes give the look of a man in his 60's.

Each have wounds consistent with being shot. Round holes and dark red blobs of coagulated blood on their clothes confirm gunshot wounds.

All try to keep up with the leader, but look confused as to where the are or going. They catch up with Gertrude just as they reach an open door.

As they pass all heads turn, look inside the door, stopping them in their tracks. Gertrude keeps going and stops five paces further on.

On the door the number 665. Looking in from outside the room is full of elderly people. All look as if they been dead for years and just dug up. They sit side by side on cream fabric seats that are filthy and worn.

Gertrude coughs.

GERTRUDE

Please come along. It's been such a  
stressful day.

She turns, continues on her way but at a slower pace. The four outside the door, exchange blank looks for two beats. Then follow their leader.

They reach door number 667 and as outside 665, the same four heads turn, look into the room.

Inside, a multitude of people, all in military dress. Palestinians, Israelis, Ukrainians and Russians with horrific injuries and missing limbs crammed inside the room.

GERTRUDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Can we move on please. Time is  
tight.

Gertrude turns, walks off down the corridor. All four hurry along after her.

At the next open door the exact same thing happens. Gertrude passes door number 667, shakes head and rolls eyes. Stops five paces past. The rest stop, look in.

Sitting on four chairs a quartet of people who display various signs of being deceased. All have clipboards, pens, are writing, or paused in thought.

One of them raises their clipboard and begins to write. A sticker on the back of the clipboard in large bold letters reads...

APPEALS.

Gertrude's heels kick into action and all four obey the drill and follow.

Camera stays and moves inside room 667.

INT. ROOM 667 - DAY

CLOSE ON the wall above the door, a box with two bulbs inside. One green, one red. Green flashes three times, turns off. Red light flashes three times and comes on.

Door closes slowly, reveals a notice in bright red letters...

THE MANAGEMENT DECISION IS FINAL - REJECTED APPEALS WILL RESULT IN DISQUALIFICATION FOR ETERNITY.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Gertrude and her band of followers arrive at door 669. A carbon copy of the previous rooms.

She ushers her clutch inside akin to a mother hen. Stands in the door frame.

GERTRUDE  
If you could all please take a seat. It's been an awfully busy day but I will try and process you as soon as is possible.

Barney sits, oblivious to the dirt and grime on the furnishings.

Gertrude doesn't wait for an answer and exits.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Three stand in shock while Barney relaxes, like a pig in shite.

BARNEY

Might as well relax. I've a feeling in my water we'll be here for a while.

CHARITY

Where exactly is here?

BARNEY

Well judging by the hole above your left eye we're either at a surprise Halloween Party or...

DANIEL

We're all dead and on the other side.

Charity cocks her nose. Adam looks the others up and down. Penny drops.

He takes Charity by the shoulders, turns her ninety degrees. Through the hole above her eye we can clearly see Daniel who stands behind her.

ADAM

Hate to say but I think dozey Dan might be right.

Daniel turns, looks back through the hole in Charity's head, at Adam. His legs go and he flops on to a chair beside Barney.

Green light above the door flashes, stops and the red light comes on. Door closes slowly much to the horror of those inside.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Door of room 669 shuts, leaves the corridor in darkness. After two beats the sound of footsteps. From down the hall a beam of light, which draws us towards it.

Outside room 665 behind the light, a face appears. JUNIOR a small man in a janitors uniform, checks the handle of the door. Moves on.

Junior stops, checks door handle of room number 667. Moves on. Stops at 668, checks in exact same fashion.

He arrives at room number 669, carries out the same task.

Satisfied he turns, prepares to leave, stops suddenly. Shines his light on the door. Using his other hand, turns the nine on the door anti clockwise, one hundred and eighty degrees.

Light leaves the door and illuminates the corridor in front. Junior continues on his way and fades into darkness.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Adam, Barney, Charity and Daniel seated. Charity paces the room, much to the annoyance of the men.

DANIEL

Not looking good.

CHARITY

No shit Sherlielock!

Barney saves Daniel's blushes.

BARNEY

That the way people speak to each other in those big city banks?

Charity pulls in her horns. Look of relief to Daniel's face.

DANIEL

Last thing I remember is at the bar.

ADAM

Me too.

Both Charity and Barney nod in agreement.

CHARITY

That Gertrude is a bit up herself.

Incredulous look from three men.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

Nurse Ratchett's twin sister.

Barney laughs.

CHARITY (CONT'D)

She's having a bad day. Mine hasn't exactly been a walk in the park.

Daniel swallows hard, composes.

DANIEL  
For any of us.

He bows his head in embarrassment and reverts to type. Adam stands, surveys the room.

ADAM  
Are we in heaven or hell though?

BARNEY  
From what I've seen, feels like  
we're in Limbo.

Charity sneers.

CHARITY  
Don't see many dancers, do you?

Barney tries hard to maintain a straight face.

DANIEL  
He means, in a spiritual sense.

Charity goes red.

BARNEY  
Like Purgatory?

The penny drops, hits Charity like a freight train. She feels faint. Sits down.

BARNEY (CONT'D)  
My mother was a Catholic. Every  
bedtime she would ask me to say a  
prayer for the poor souls in  
Purgatory.

Charity feels faint. Sits.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Room bare save for a beautifully crafted desk. Behind it a chair to match. An ordinary chair facing.

AUGUSTUS FISTER age unknown sits like royalty behind his desk. He has a Blake Carrington look and could be anywhere from late 40's to 90's.

He gazes into space, stoic and chiselled faced. A knock on the door does little to interrupt his train of thought.

A louder knock. Fister smiles.

FISTER  
Come in Miss James.

Door opens. Gertrude in tears, enters. Fister immediately notices her state of distress.

FISTER (CONT'D)  
Is everything okay Gertrude? Please sit.

Gertrude looks flustered. She composes, takes a deep breath.

FISTER (CONT'D)  
Tell me what the problem is? We'll sort it out. Together.

Silent two beats. Gertrude takes a seat.

GERTRUDE  
In all my years here it's something that's never happened before. I'm so sorry.

FISTER  
Sorry for what? Please. Tell me.

GERTRUDE  
And if I'm here for the rest of my years, will never happen again.

FISTER  
Everyone makes mistakes.

Fister points to a picture on the wall of The Last Supper.

FISTER (CONT'D)  
Sure look at what happened to HIMSELF and Judas.

That does the trick. Old Gertrude is back in the room.

GERTRUDE  
Well... it seems there has been an error in intake. We have one too many. I've never had to deal with this situation before and I don't know what to do.

FISTER  
The first thing is to stop worrying. I'll have a word with the man upstairs. He can fix anything.

The colour in Gertrudes begins to drain back in.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Charity sits on the floor, atop her jacket. Adam stands, Daniel remains seated while Barney lays across three seats. His feet a bit too close for Daniel's comfort.

BARNEY

There's one thing I still don't  
get.

CHARITY

What's that Confucius?

Barney doesn't even bother sitting up.

BARNEY

How did we end up here?

ADAM

Last thing I remember is going to  
get two barrels from the cellar.

CHARITY

All a blank to me.

DANIEL

Me too.

All eyes on Barney.

BARNEY

Last thing I remember, is walking  
in the bar door. Same as every  
night.

Red light above the door flashes three times, goes off. Green  
light same and comes on. Door opens. Gertrude slips in and  
the door closes behind her.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Focus on the door number. The last six turns clockwise one  
hundred and eighty degrees in front of our eyes, back to the  
number nine.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Gertrude towers above her seated audience.

GERTRUDE

There has been an unforeseen  
development.

CHARITY

Tell us this is all just a bad  
dream?

GERTRUDE

Not quite.

Gertrude blushes somewhat.

DANIEL

What does that mean?

GERTRUDE

In simple terms it's all been a bad dream for one of you?

All four answer in unison.

ADAM/BARNEY/CHARITY/DANIEL

Who?

Gertrude squirms.

GERTRUDE

That's the unforeseen development. At this time we don't know.

All seated look at each other for an explanation. Nothing comes.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

We have however, come up with a solution.

BARNEY

That's alright then. For one of us at least.

Gertrude ignores, brushes aside the comment.

GERTRUDE

I have tabled each of you a meeting with our Managing Director. He will assess and make the decision along with guidance from those above.

Silence for two beats. Gertrude raises her clipboard.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Interviews will be conducted in alphabetical order.

BARNEY

Can you answer one question?

Gertrude perturbed.

GERTRUDE

If I can.

BARNEY

How did we get here?

ADAM

We can't remember.

GERTRUDE

Side effect I'm afraid. Until we discover who shouldn't be here your memories have been put on hold.

DANIEL

But where is here?

GERTRUDE

Why this is Purgatory. You all died last night I'm afraid.

All four recoil in shock.

GERTRUDE (CONT'D)

Sorry I'll rephrase that. Three of you died last night.

Gertrude turns on her heels, exits. Door closes.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As Gertrude walks away something catches her eye. She stops, raises her hand and touches the third digit on the door. It moves freely.

Angry look and shake of the head from Gertrude. She takes off down the corridor.

Without breaking stride she pulls a walkie-talkie from under her jacket. Places it to her mouth and presses.

GERTRUDE

Maintenance please, room 666.  
Situation nine. Again! Your assistance is required.

Gertrude lowers her hand, marches down the corridor.

INT. ROOM 666 - DAY

Barney paces, hands in pockets. Adam sits on the floor. Charity braves the stained chair, sits next to Daniel.

BARNEY

What sort of questions you think he'll ask?

CHARITY

Never died before so I wouldn't know.

Loud siren sounds emanate from outside. Conversation ends.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Gertrude huffs and puffs, races down the corridor. Comes to an abrupt stop outside Fister's office.

She gasps for breath for two beats, turns, composes. Knocks. Waits.

FISTER (O.S.)  
Come in Mrs. James

Gertrude enters.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Fister takes the phone from his ear. Hangs up.

FISTER  
Haven't seen anything like this  
since World War One.

Gertrude ready to faint.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Pandemonium outside room 667. Dead Russian, Ukrainian, Israeli and Palestinian soldiers, packed like sardines along the corridor, far as the eye can see.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Fister studies a spreadsheet.

GERTRUDE  
We're running out of room.  
Something needs to be done.

Gertrude fans herself with her clipboard.

Fister contemplates.

FISTER  
Desperate times, desperate measures  
Gertrude.

INT. ROOM 666 - DAY

Green light flashes. Door opens. Gertrude enters. All four stand.

GERTRUDE  
We're experiencing unprecedented  
levels of incoming, so there's been  
a change of plan.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Gertrude stands beside a sitting Fister. She shifts nervously from foot to foot.

Adam, Barney, Charity and Daniel face them from across the desk.

FISTER

Not the best solution but I'm left with no choice I'm afraid.

BARNEY

Fair a way as any if you ask me.

CHARITY

Suits me. Never give my best at interviews.

FISTER

Gives everyone an equal chance.

Agreed?

Slowly, one by one Adam, Barney, Charity and Daniel nod in agreement.

Gertrude releases a huge sigh of relief.

FISTER (CONT'D)

Excellent.

Fister opens the black bag.

FISTER (CONT'D)

Four marbles. Three black, one white. Pick one and hold it until everyone has chosen. Then all reveal together. Whoever has the white marble, goes home.

Fister holds up the bag in front of Charity.

FISTER (CONT'D)

Ladies first.

Charity places her hand inside the bag, takes a marble. He turns to Barney and Daniel.

FISTER (CONT'D)

Alphabetical order okay gentlemen?

Men nod. Fister holds the bag in front of Adam. He nonchalantly sticks his hand inside, pulls out a marble.

Barney and then Daniel take their turn. Fister places the empty bag on the table.

FISTER (CONT'D)  
On the count of three. One, two,  
three...

In reverse order we CLOSE ON each hand as it opens.

Daniel reveals a black marble, Barney reveals a black marble, Adam reveals a white marble and Charity, a black marble.

Charity fires hers to the ground in a huff. Barney rolls eyes and Daniel shakes his head. Adam nonplussed.

Fister turns to Gertrude.

FISTER (CONT'D)  
Ms. James, sort the paperwork  
please.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Adam dressed in a long coat walks towards the entrance of the bar.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Full of customers. Doors burst open. Adam enters. He stops three feet inside the door. Opens his coat and pulls out an AR-15 semi-automatic rifle.

Adam sprays the bar with bullets shooting anything that moves. The dust settles, reveals the carnage. Adam walks to the bar, shoots anything that's still moving.

Satisfied, he sits on a bar stool, sticks the barrel of the AR-15 in his mouth. Pulls the trigger.

FADE OUT.