

Shock

written by

Jake Williams

jake.williams77@gmail.com
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DAY ONE**1 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

1

It's pitch black. A door opens and a slither of light slips in, broken up by the silhouette of two figures, DR. MICHAELS (57) and Jonathan (19).

Dr. Michaels flicks a switch and fluorescent lights stutter on one by one.

It's a blindingly white sterile room. In the centre sits a large wooden chair, arm straps on the arm rests. Four electrodes dangle off the backrest, the wires seem to lead off forever. A TV sits in front of the chair.

A table flanks the set up. On it: a bottle of bleach, and with it, a funnel with a tube attachment coming off of the end; beside that, a small vial and a syringe. Layed out and labelled, like exhibits at a museum.

Jonathan sheepishly follows Dr. Michaels over to the chair, glancing at the other 'cures' on the table. He takes a seat and gets strapped in.

Watching from the gallery, looking down onto the hospital room, is Jonathan's mother MARY (50) and THE REVEREND (65).

Dr. Michaels gestures and Jonathan unbuttons his shirt. He places two electrodes to Jonathan's chest, and two to his temple.

Then he turns on the TV, and leaves. Jonathan sits alone.

2 INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

2

The gallery is illuminated by two big TV screens, one shows the feed of a camera focused on Jonathan, the other shows the same as the TV on the floor.

Mary is stood calmly, but with a false face of confidence. The Reverend looks on self-righteously, stubbornly, holding a bracelet of prayer beads.

Dr. Michaels joins them in front of the control board. His face is covered by a shadow, dark enough we can't see his features. A faceless representation.

He press a button and speaks into the microphone.

DR. MICHAELS
Are you ready?

Jonathan nods.

Dr. Michaels presses another button and the lights on the floor flicker off. He presses another and a spotlight above Jonathan turns on.

DR. MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Starting feed...

Another button and the TV blinks to life.

DR. MICHAELS (CONT'D)
Charging...

He pushes a lever to "10%", the whirr of electricity building fills the silence.

Another press of a button and the slideshow begins. The treatment begins.

Mary takes in a deep breath as the reality settles in around her.

The Reverend bows his head and begins muttering repeatedly under his breath.

REVEREND
(English)
Lord Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, we pray for your servant and commend him to your mercy. For his sake you came down from heaven; receive him now into the joy of your kingdom. For though he has sinned, he has not denied the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, but has believed in God and has worshipped his Creator. Amen.

REVEREND
(Latin)
Domine Iesu Christe, Salvator mundi: et nos servi tui, et ora pro misericordiae tuae commendo eum. Propter descendisti de coelo himnow receperit regnum in gaudium. Nam etsi jnfernum peccaverunt, et non negavit jnfernum Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus sancti: sed cr dedit, et Deum qui fecit  mnia, creator. Amen.

3 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

3

Images slowly flash up on the screen, one by one. A picture of a woman, Jonathan gets nothing. A picture of a man, an electric shock. The pictures are appropriate, nothing indecent. They range from drawings to paintings to real photographs.

Jonathan stares at the screen, concentrating on every photo. Every shock makes him tense, makes him jump. He forces himself to recover and focuses back on the screen. He's determined.

Every shock triggers a flash of a strobe light, quickly washing out the frame.

One final zap, *one final strobe flash*, and we-

CUT TO:

4 **SEQUENCE - HOSPITAL ROOM**

4

A) We flicker-cut with the strobe light between Jonathan in the chair on the first of treatment and the last. Each time we cut from the last day, Jonathan has advanced a day in his treatment. Day one to day seven to day two to day seven etc...

B) The images on the TV start to get more and more graphic, we start to see historic queer figures, paintings by queer artists, historic queer archive footage. Ambiguous clips from queer films fill us in on Jonathan's past.

C) Some clips on the TV screen come into the hospital room with Jonathan. A riot, the protesters almost shouting into his ear; a dancing man and woman, both in underwear, stand either side of him, the devil and angel on his shoulders.

Throughout the sequence Jonathan is getting progressively worse.

LAST DAY

5 **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM**

5

Jonathan is slumped in the chair. He's heavily bruised around the electrodes, saliva drips from his mouth, his shirt drenched in sweat. He's barely concious, barely himself.

The lights flicker on. The humm of electricity fade out to nothing as everything is switched off.

The TV blinks to nothing.

6 **INT. GALLERY**

6

Mary is stood staring blankly ahead. Emotionless tears run down her cheeks. She has the same bruises on her temple as Jonathan.

The Reverend has stopped praying. His head slightly bowed, his hands cover his face.

Dr. Michaels is still faceless. He's shaking with shame, and worry, and a nervous rejection of duty.

Jonathan looks so tiny to them. So alone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Back to Jonathan. He's staring directly at us. Pleading for his life, pleading for hope.

WE SLOWLY DOLLY TOWARDS THE CHAIR.

We quickly cut between real queer people in the chair, no special makeup, just their pure selves. Our final cut brings us back to Jonathan.

The lights flicker off.

THE END