

Second Chance

written by

Eduard Reinhardt

1. INT. - AFTERNOON

PATRICK (26) walks down a deep and dark hallway and looks confused around wondering where he is. At the end of the hallway the door seems to be open. Bright light shines through it. As Patrick gets close he hears footsteps from behind the door frame. Curious he becomes faster to reach the other room.

2. INT. - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

An OLD MAN (59) investigates a huge tree in an inner courtyard. The courtyard is roundly shaped and spacious enclosed by a large glass capsule. There is a lounge, some smaller plants, a pond and a Foosball table underneath the huge tree. The tree looks a little bit unreal. Its shade of greens are darker than a usual tree. Patrick enters the inner courtyard and heads to the tree.

PATRICK

What is this.. Where am I?

The old man gets bit scared by him and turns around.

OLD MAN

(chuckles)

I didn't know someone else was here.. But to be honest, I am just as confused as you are. However, this tree caught my curiosity.

The old man gets closer to the tree and as he is about to touch it, footsteps approach, which catches both men's attention. A woman (NAYA,23) dressed in a suit wearing high heels walks towards them. Her facial expression stays neutral. She stops.

NAYA

Welcome gentlemen. We are surely glad you could make it. It was..

PATRICK

(interrupts)

Wait a moment, you must be mistaken! I don't even know how I came here!

NAYA

I understand, you might be wondering. But, I am not allowed to share information on how the two of you have been brought here.

(pause)

(MORE)

NAYA (CONT'D)

Anyway, we brought you here to give you the opportunity for a second chance. You can't leave this place before the judge has been decided.

Both men look surprised.

OLD MAN

A judge, hm?

Patrick gets increasingly nervous.

PATRICK

(to old man)

Do you have any idea what that could mean?

The old man shakes his head. Patrick turns to Naya.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(slightly aggressive)

What do you mean?! Second chance? ... Judge? I don't understand!

NAYA

As already mentioned. I am not permitted to reveal this information. I can only say that I am not the judge. So, gentlemen. If you would be so kind and take positions at the Foosball table here.

With a gesture, Naya invites them for a game of Foosball. The men follow her instructions and take each a side at the table. They investigate the Foosball table.

NAYA (CONT'D)

This is the game on which the decision by the judge will be made. In case the general rules of the game should be unfamiliar. It's a best of three match. Just score twice in your opponent's goal and you win. And as you may have already noticed, the balls carry icons of different body parts. These are in sync with both of your own bodies. Depending on which side the ball gets in, the opponent, receives a handicap on the corresponding body part.

Patrick swallows in fear, hesitates reaching out for the handles but pulls his hands away in last moment whilst the opponent grabs the handles and waits for the game to start. Naya sighs.

NAYA (CONT'D)

You can refuse to play, but there  
is no other way to get out of here.  
Now come on the judge is waiting.

Patrick looks around, but can't see anyone else besides them. A rapid slimy moving sound comes from above. Patrick and the old man look up. Both are shocked what they see, but Patrick can't hold himself anymore on his legs out of fright. The Tree's leaves have eyes in the center, which observe the situation as it was waiting for something to happen.

PATRICK

(shocked)  
Wha... What is THIS thing?!

NAYA

(calmly)  
The judge.

Patrick lost his words out of intimidation.

OLD MAN

(gulping)  
Take it slow, young man. That's  
quite a shock, I agree. But it  
seems like we have not much of a  
choice than to play.

The old man walks towards him and offers him his hand. Hence, Patrick looks at him, takes a deep breath and grabs his hand to get up on his feet. They nod at each other confirming they are ready to play. Both get back to their sides and bring themselves in position. Patrick glimpses at the tree and makes eye contact with it and turns back to the table.

BEAT

3. INT. (AT FOOSBALL TABLE) - AFTERNOON

The old man takes the first ball out of the box. The ball has the icon of a hand on it. He shows it to Patrick. Patrick nods and the old man throws the ball in the field. The game starts slow and clumsy out of nervousness from both sides. The game gets smoother, the old man leads the ball to Patrick's goal line and scores the first goal.

Patrick lets the handles off and looks immediately at his hands waiting for something to happen. Nothing happens. He looks surprised up. He gets more confident by the fact nothing happens.

OLD MAN  
(laughs)  
It's been a while that I have  
played the game.

The old man takes the second ball out. This time it shows a lung. He hands it over to Patrick for him to throw it in this time. Patrick starts the game and immediately starts of strong but missing his shot at the goal. The ball bounces back and into the old man's control.

Beat.

Patrick screams out of pain. His left hand turns purple and yellow. With every movement it gets worse.

PATRICK  
(screams)  
STOP! MAKE IT STOP!!

His opponent gets intimidated by that and loses focus of the game. Patrick removes his left hand from the table. Takes the ball in his control and scores one goal. Tie. He grabs his left hand with his right one and raises it up. It turned dark purple. Almost looks dead by its color. The old man is shocked.

4. INT. - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick's hand starts slowly turning back into its normal color and the relieving pain calms him down again. Patrick takes the last game ball.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(in pain)  
Sorry, old man. I can't let you win  
another time.

The hand of Patrick is still somewhat yellowish. His opponent nods affirmative accepting the challenge. He takes the third and last ball. It represents a heart. As the old man throws the ball in his breath gets slowly heavier. Patrick's look is focused and fierce, he takes control over the ball rushes, passes it forward. Block. The old man still is in game and leads the ball back to his attacking front. He shoots at Patrick's goal. Missed. The ball gets back to the old man, he sets up and aligns his attackers, outplays Patrick's defense.

Break.

The old man starts to choke, loosing grip of his attacker's handle and therefore the looses control of the ball. Patrick does not care. He takes the initiative. Leads the ball to the his front of the field and smacks in the old man's box. He checks his left hand again. It's still hurting. But in euphoria, he celebrates his win. The old man struggles to stay up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I win, old man! Get me out of here!

His opponent falls to the ground. He barely breathes. Until he gets unconscious.

FADE TO WHITE (ACCOMPANIED BY HIGH PITCH TONE)

5. INT. (HOSPITAL ROOM) - EVENING

An ECG stabilizes its values. The rapid beeping slows down until it hits the normal rhythm. The old man lies in the bed. He wakes up.

NURSE

Hello, welcome Mr. Marsh.  
Everything's ok. Take it easy. We  
will call your family and give them  
notice.

Mr. Marsh, still dizzy and confused, looks at the nurse. The NURSE (34) smiles comforting back. He leans back again and puts a little comforting smile on his face whilst the nurse speaks in her radio.

NURSE (CONT'D)

(fade out)

Diana, can you please call Mr.  
Marsh's family and tell him that  
his values have stabilized and that  
he woke up again.

FADE OUT - THE END