

WIND TO RELEASE

Written by

B.C. Pope

3842 Deborah Ln. Anchorage, AK 99504
907-244-0771

INT. DARK ROOM - UNKNOWN

The room is dark. A single light shows a man, naked and bound to a standing medical examiner's table.

The man is RAMSES "RAM" DEARMOND (43), he has dark black hair. He is unconscious. He is nude and his skin is ashen white lacking color. His body is shackled to the table with metal clamps.

A second man moves into view from behind Ramses. He is wearing a black suit. He makes no sound as he watches Ramses.

RAMSES
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ramses' head shoots up and his eyes open wide. They close again blinded by the bright light.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
W..wh..at is going on? Ahhhhhhhh,
why...why....what Is going on?

Ramses opens his eyes again, slowly in effort to acclimate to the light.

Ramses looks forward to gain his bearings. He sees the man in the dark suit and his body becomes ridged.

The SUITED MAN (?), matches Ramses' stair. The suited man smiles wide at Ramses.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
What is going on? Who, who are you?

SUITED MAN
...

Ramses tries to move his arms finding that they are bound at the wrist.

Ramses pushes against the restraints thrashing mildly with both his legs and arms.

RAMSES
JESUS CHRIST! What the hell is
going on? Why am I tied up like
this? Who the hell are you?

The suited man conitnues to smile at Ramses. He turns and walks away form Ram. A wooden table comes into view.

On the table is a black metal box. On top of the box is a dial reading the number 12.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
Good gods man what the hell is
going on? What the in the hell is
that?

The suited man reaches down and pushes a button on the side of the box. The metal sides fall away exposing twelve racks of ball bearings.

Each rack holds 60 one quarter inch ball bearings. Each rack is connected to a metal slide that leads to the bottom of the box.

Ram watches the man and the box.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

Ramses thrashes again, harder with more fervor.

The suited man pushes a bottom on top of the box and a ticking starts to echo in the room.

RAMSES (CONT'D (CONT'D)
Is that a bomb? What the hell is
that box? Who the hell are you!

The suited man smiles at Ram, turns and walks away into the surrounding darkness.

Ramses watches mouth agap as the suited man fades into the black of the room.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
God Dammit! What do you want, Why
the hell am here? Listen, my name
is Ram DeArmonda. I'm a lawyer, if
you are in some kind of trouble I
can help you. Please, please just
tell me what is going on!

The ticking continues as one ball bearing comes loose and runs down the slide. The sound is like sand running through water.

Ramses watches, a look of recognition crosses his face as the ball hits the bottom of the box.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
It's a clock!

INT. DARK ROOM - ONE HOUR LATER

Ramses is yelling and screaming into the empty room. His face is red with effort. Sweat rolls off his face.

The first rack of the clock holds one remaining ball bearing. The ball comes free rolling to the bottom of the clock with a metallic CLACK!

The dial on top of the clock rotates from twelve to eleven. Ramses stops thrashing and stares at the clock.

RAMSES
(Breathing hard)
What now? What....wh....is going on
now?

A bright screen comes on across from Ramses to the right of the clock.

SCREEN
SAVE HIM, SAVE YOURSELF

Ramses looks at the screen confused.

RAMSES
Save whom? How can I save anyone
when I am bound to a god damn table?

The first ball on the second rack of the clock rolls down the slide.

Ramses looks exhausted and confused.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
I don't understand your little
game. I can't win or do whatever
you are asking if you don't give me
anything to work with. I used to
work for the district attorney's
office. I have friends, I can help,
just not here on this table

The screen flickers. The words become fuzzy then clear again.

Ramses' face again shows the signs of recognition.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
Is...that it? Are you a client, did
I miss something? How can I help
you, are you looking for justice? I
have seen shows like this. Give me
a chance to figure it out. Let me
loose and I will help, I promise.

SCREEN
WE ARE SEEKING JUSTICE. WHO'S
JUSTICE IS UP TO YOU.

RAMSES
Fine then. I am your guy. I can
helo but I need to be let free. My
head hurts. I need a drink and a
place to sit. Just let me help you.
Please I promise I will help.

The screen goes blank.

SCREEN
SAVE HIM, SAVE YOURSELF

RAMSES
Dammit! I don't know what you are
talking about. Let me go, let me
out!

The metal balls continue to roll as Ramses questions his
captors over and over about who they are and what they want.

INT. DARK ROOM - TWO HOURS LATER

Ram is thrashing again. His wrists are red and raw. A thin
line of bruised flesh can be seen above the clamp round Ram's
waist.

The clock looses the last ball from the second rack. The dial
rotates from eleven to ten.

Ramses stops thrashing to watch the screen.

RAMSES I.V (V.O.)

Come on, come on, this time give me
something, give me an answer.

The screen lihts up showing an image of Ram standing with two
young boys. They look like Ram, younger and happier.

Ram's face goes white.

RAMSES
No, no, no, not my boys. Please
leave them out of this. They have
done nothing. Please, please tell
me where they are.

RAMSES (CONT'D)

(Angry)

DO YOU HAVE THEM, WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH THEM? TELLLLL ME!

The screen flickers. Ram stops yelling and looks at the board.

The screen shows a blinking cursor. Words begin to write out a message.

SCREEN

DO YOU LOVE THEM? DO YOU WANT THEM
TO BE HERE? DO YOU THINK THEY NEED
TO BE HERE TO SEE YOU LIKE THIS? TO
KNOW WHO THEIR FATHER REALLY IS?

RAMSES

What the hell is this? No, no I
don't want my boys here, no I don't
want them to see me like this. Do
you have them, do you have them!

SCREEN

WHAT IF WE DID? WOULD YOU BE MORE
WILLING? WILLING BECAUSE YOU LOVE
THEM?

RAMSES

Yes, I love them. They are the only
thing I have done right. My life,
my whole life is for them.

SCREEN

TELL US ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD. TELL
US WHY YOU ARE THE WAY YOU ARE?

RAMSES

Where are they, do you have them.
Please don't hurt my boys.

A CHROUS of voices echoes around the room. The darkness in the room makes faces showing where the voices are coming from.

CHORUS

Where are they? Do you have them?
Please don't hurt my boys.

Ram shuts his eyes at the additional noise. The voices grow louder and louder as they continue to echo Ram's quesitons.

Ramses begins weeping. His sobs are heavy, his whole body shakes as he continues to cry.

The chorus continues eventually shutting out the sound of Ram's crying and the ticking of the clock.

INT. DARK ROOM - THREE HOURS LATER

Ramses is asleep. His body hangs heavy against his bonds.

The last ball rolls down the slide. The dial moves from ten to nine with a loud CLICK.

Ramses wakes abruptly as the screen begins to flicker.

RAMSES

No more, please just tell me something.

The light shines down on a mannequin wearing a complete black suit.

RAMSES (CONT'D)

(Shocked)

What the Fuuuuuuuuuuuuu...

SCREEN

THIS WILL BE YOUR ARMOR. YOUR
ACTIONS WILL BE YOUR WEAPONS. YOUR
VALOR WILL BE YOUR QUEST.

SCREEN (CONT'D)

TELL US ABOUT YOUR SINS. TELL US
THE WRONGS YOU HAVE DONE TO MAKE
YOURSELF WORTHY OF THIS ARMOR.

Ramses' face becomes bright red with anger.

His voice catches in his throat. He again starts to thrash against his bonds. His movements are violent. Blood starts to run down from his wrists below his bonds.

The screen goes dark. Only the light over Ram and the suit remain.

INT. DARK ROOM - FOUR HOURS LATER

Ramses is awake. He is exhausted. His arms, legs, and face are stained with dried blood. His breathing is labored and heavy.

The clock loses another ball and the dial rotates from nine to eight.

Ram raises his head to see the screen brighten; a cursor blinks against the white background.

SCREEN

HOW ARE YOU FEELING? ARE YOU READY
TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS? LET US
START WITH HOW YOU DID IN SCHOOL.
DID YOU LIKE THE ORPHANAGE? WHAT
ABOUT THE NUNS?

RAMSES

(exhausted)

What does it matter? I did okay in
school. I hated the orphanage. I
hated the nuns. I did well enough
to not get into any real problems.

CHORUS

I did well enough! To not get into
real problems!

Ram shakes his head back and forth as the chorus' words raise in volume.

RAMES

Okay! I got into trouble a lot. I
hated the nuns so I did what I
could to get out of there.

The chorus stops echoing Ram's words.

SCREEN

GOOD, YOUR HONESTY WILL DO YOU WELL
WHILE YOU ARE HERE.

RAMES

Go fuck yourselves.

The screen goes black. The chorus of voices start screaming back Ram's words.

Ram shakes his head back and forth trying to shield himself from the rising chorus of voices.

INT. DARK ROOM - FIVE HOURS LATER

Ramses waits. The whole of his focus is on the clock watching the ball bearings roll down the slide.

The last ball rolls off the rack. The dial moves to seven. The screen lights up showing the blinking cursor

Ram is unaffected. He is waits for the questions.

SCREEN

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE? YOU
CREATED TO CHILDREN, DID YOU LOVE
THEIR MOTHERS? DO YOU KNOW WHAT
LOVE IS?

RAMSES

(with haste)

No, I have never been in love. I
dated two women. We had a kid, they
left me after. My father killed my
mother when he was drunk one night.
The only thing I love is my boys.
Tell me where they are and what you
have done with them.

SCREEN

Oh, that is sad. Thank you. AGAIN
YOUR HONESTY IS WONDERFUL. BUT YOUR
ARE NOT TELLING US THE WHOLE TRUTH
ARE YOU?

RAMSES

AUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhh
!

Ramses thrashes hard against his bonds. He has trouble
breathing.

Ram throws himself back and forth. The table shakes with each
movement. Ram throw himself again, a CRACK echoes from his
right wrist.

RAMSES (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ram looks to this wrist. His hand hangs limp at an odd
unnatural angle.

SCREEN

MY, MY THAT IS NOT GOOD. IF ONLY
YOU COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT WE ARE
TRYING TO DO.

The lights go out. Ram starts to scream.

INT. DARK ROOM - SIX HOURS LATER

The lights come back on.

Ram is resting back against the table. His arm and wrist are
wrapped in medical dressings.

The clock dial rotates to six. The screen lights up.

SCREEN

WE HAVE TAKEN CARE OF YOUR WRIST.
YOU WILL BE FINE AS LONG AS YOU DO
NOT THRASH AGAINST YOUR BONDS.

Ram awakens as if the board is speaking out loud to him.

Ram looks at the board.

His head wags loosely up and down. His eyes roll back into
this head falling back to sleep.

WHITE BOARD

DREAM A SWEET DREAM RAM FOR WHEN
YOU WAKE YOUR TRANSFORMATION WILL
BE COMPLETE.

INT. DARK ROOM - SEVEN HOURS LATER

A metal ball rolls down the slide. The dial rotates to five.

Ram's head rolls from side to side. He is babbling
incoherently.

The screen is blank.

RAMSES

I was a good boy. I did what I was
told at the home. I went to school.
I cleaned my room. I even made love
to one of the nuns once. She was
young and I was young. She was very
happy with me. She said I was a
good boy.

SCREEN

DID YOU LIKE HAVING SEX WITH HER?
DID YOU FEEL BAD ABOUT HELPING ONE
OF THE CHOSEN BREAK HER VOWS?

RAMSES

No, I loved having sex with her.
She was beautiful. She was kind and
helped me understand what to do. I
don't think god cared.

SCREEN

ARE YOU SURE? YOUR LACK OF SUCCESS
AT WORK. YOUR RAMPANT ALCOHOLISM.
YOUR LUSTFUL ACTS WITH ANY WOMAN
WHO WILL TAKE TIME TO SMILE AT YOU?
(MORE)

SCREEN (CONT'D)
ARE THESE NOT GOD'S WILL. HIS
WRATH. HIS JUSTICE?

RAMSES
I am not an alcoholic because of
her, or her god. I drink to forget
how crap-tastic my life is. Two ex-
wives. A failing practice. A bar
tab long enough to cricle earth.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
I guess it is just the way of the
world. Bone a nun and drown
yourself in your woes. Why you nut
jobs care? Are you the church, are
you her family?

SCREEN
WHAT MATTERS RAMSES IS THAT YOU ARE
GUILTY OF A CRIME? YOUR ACTIONS
NEED PENANCE? YOUR SINS NEED
ABSOLUTION?

RAMSES
Absolution? Fine give me your damn
absolution. I welcome it, I welcome
the chance to be free? I dare you
to free me. I dare you to do
anything but hide behind your
screen and your piety.

Ram stops talking waiting for the next quesiton.

The clock's ball bearings keep rolling. The screen does not
change, nor does any message appear.

The light on the black suit grows brighter.

RAMSES (CONT'D)
At least I know your human. Only a
human would be stayed by the words
of a drunk.

INT. DARK ROOM - EIGHT HOURS LATER

Ram again stairs at the clock. His focus is intense. His eyes
are wide and mad.

The dial turns to four. The screen flickers.

RAMSES
ENOUGH OF THIS! I am done waiting
for you to kill me, or save me.
(MORE)

RAMSES (CONT'D)

Just talk to me. Tell me something,
tell me why I am here. I am done
playing.

SCREEN

MAYBE YOUR ARE RAM? MAYBE YOUR WILL
IS FINALLY READY TO WEAR THIS
ARMOR. OR MAYBE WE TELL YOUR SONS
THAT YOU COULD NOT JOIN THEM?

The color goes out of Ram's face. His eyes are wide with
horror.

RAMSES

You have them. You have my boys you
bastards. Let them go. I will do
whatever you want. Just let them
go.

SCREEN

ARE YOU READY? CAN YOU GIVE UP YOUR
PRIDE AND FERVOR TO DO WHAT IS
RIGHT? YOU ARE BROKVEN, BUT ARE YOU
BROKEN ENOUGH TO FIX?

RAMSES

Yes, whatever you want. Let them go
and I am yours. I... will.. do..
anything for my boys.

The screen goes dark. The lights go out. Ram beings to laugh
a low and sinister laugh as the metal balls roll down the
slide one by one marking the passing of the next hour.

INT. DARK ROOM - NINE HOURS LATER

The lights come back on. Ram is still bound to the table.

The clock dial moves to three. The screen lights up white.

Ram stares at the screen ready. It comes on showing split
screen. His two sons are sleeping in their beds.

SCREEN

AS PROMISED RAM HERE ARE YOUR BOYS.
SAFE AND SOUND SLEEPING IN THEIR
BEDS. SLEEPING SAFELY AS THEY HAVE
BEEN SINCE WE STARTED. YOUR
QUESTION IS ANSWERED, NOW YOU MUST
MAKE GOOD ON YOUR WORD.

RAMSES

Tell me what I need to do.

SCREEN

A CLEAN HEARD COMES FORM A CLEAR
CONSCIOUS. CONFESS YOUR SINS AND
ABSOLVE YOUR MIND TO OPEN YOUR
HEART TO SALVATION.

RAMSES

I, don't know where to start. I
drive too fast. I drink more than I
breath. I punched my best friend
when I was seven. I masturbate to
pictures of women dressed as nuns.

RAMSES (CONT'D)

Ummm...I Make my legal assistant do
all my research. I blew up a frog
when I was ten. I killed two men.

SCREEN

HOW DID YOU KILL THEM?

RAMES

I convicted them for their crimes.
I sent them to the gas chamber. I
did not kill them but they died
because of me. I, I may have made a
mistake. I could have asked for
rehabilitation. I could, I could
have suggested mental instability.
I killed them by action, or maybe
by inaction. I killed them.

WHITE BOARD

GO ON, THERE ARE MORE SINS. WE MUST
HAVE THEM ALL.

Ram continues to confess his sins. His voice is even and
honest.

The faces of the chorus emerge from the darkness. Each one is
smiling wide and wicked. The more sins Ram confesses the more
faces emerge from the darkness.

INT. DARK ROOM - TEN HOURS LATER

RAMSES

That is it. That is all my sins. I
have nothing more to confess.

The clock dial rotates to two.

The screen is blank. The cursor begins to type out another sentence.

SCREEN
GOOD, YOUR HEART IS CLEAR .

A light blinks on illuminating a metal washing basin. Steam rises from the clear water. A sponge and soap stand next to it.

The bonds holding Ramses come loose. His body flops to the floor.

Ramses tries to raise himself but his legs are atrophied due to lack of movement.

RAMSES
Give me a moment. I am ready. I
will do as you ask.

Ram forces his arms to move forward. He stretches his fingers out gripping the ground. He pulls with what strength he has and inches forward.

Inch by inch ram crawls to the water basin. He takes the sponge in hand, wets the soap and begins to wash himself.

Ram grits his teeth when the water touches his raw and bloodied wounds. He continues to wash as the clock counts now the hour.

INT. DARK ROOM - HOUR ELEVEN

Ram is standing before the mannequin. He is dressed in the everything but the dress jacket.

As he finished tying the tie the clock dial rotates to one and a light flickers on showing another man strapped to another table. A table with a black box sits before him.

Ram smiles. He understands.

WHITE BOARD
SAVE HIM, SAVE YOURSELF!

Ram does not look at the board. He does not need to.

RAMSES
I know, and I will.

Ram puts on the coat. He checks his reflection in the dirty wash water. He turns and walks over to the other man.

Ram stands still observing the man. He listens to the balls roll in the clock rocking back and forth.

INT. DARK ROOM - HOUR TWELVE

Ram stands before the second man. The last ball on the last rack of the clock rolls free. The sound is like gun shot across the room.

All the lights go out except the light above the bound man and Ram.

EXTERIOR VOICE

To be free of the dark, a good man
must become light. To be free of
the light, a great man must become
dark. To be a free man you must be
both. Be free Ramses Richards, save
him, save yourself.

Ram looks down at the man. He is nervous and excited.

The man's eyes flicker open.

Ram looks down on him and smiles.