

21

LEFT

**Thanks for the
support, the likes,
the comments,
the reads.**

**Nothin' but love
for ya.**

written by
MLATHROM

21 LEFT

Written by

Matt Lathrom

matt@mlathrom.com
writtenby.mlathrom.com

FADE IN:

BLACKNESS

The back and forth squeaking of something dangling from above. Footsteps. The dangling stops.

VOICE (V.O.)
He--hello? Who is--

Click. A blinding white light floods the view.

A DARK FIGURE looms in the halo of the light.

FRANTIC EYES

With pupils the size of pins dart back and forth.

VOICE
Where am I. Who are--

DARK FIGURE
Enough of the theatrics. You know very well where you are. You brought yourself here. Why?

VOICE
I brought--what? I don't know... what are you talking about?

The figure snaps to someone. Points to:

THE VOICE

A man in a sweaty, white shirt and torn jeans, strapped to a metal chair. The chair bolted to the ground.

The man is MATT LATHROM (30). He's thin with wavy, brown hair. He could pass for twenty-five if not for light scarring, a souvenir from the teenage years. A Ghostbusters logo tattooed on his right upper arm.

He struggles against the restraints.

MATT
This is not how I imagined my Bourne Recruitment fantasy would play out.

DARK FIGURE
You put yourself here, Mr. Lathrom.

The second figure behind Matt clamps positive and negative cables to the chair legs.

Steps back. A switch flicks. A buzzing.

Matt shudders in the chair. His teeth clenched. His neck veins popping to the surface.

Click. The buzzing stops.

Matt drops back into the chair.

MATT

Whatever... okay. Just don't Martin Riggs me anymore.

DARK FIGURE

You have some people to thank, don't you?

MATT

I don't know.

The man snaps again.

MATT

Wait! Wait. Stop. I... yes. I have some people to thank.

DARK FIGURE

And who is that, Mr. Lathrom.

MATT

Uh... The readers... and likers... commenters... All of the people who keep me going.

DARK FIGURE

Are you forgetting someone?

MATT

No, I don't... Think. My mentor? My friends? Writing partners?

The Dark Figure starts to circle Matt.

Matt pauses for a moment. Thinks.

MATT

Me?

The Dark Figure stops. Nods.

Matt drops the scared, prisoner act.

MATT

Okay, we're done here.

Matt stands from the chair, the restraints fall off.

He walks to the dark figure.

It's just a black mannequin.

He pushes it. It tips over, hits the ground. The head pops off.

The other figure, just another mannequin.

MATT

Yeah, this was getting way too self-aware and contrived. I gotta end it here.

(beat)

Jesus, can't you just say thank you like a normal person.

Matt walks off into the darkness. The light dangles above the now empty chair.

FADE OUT.

THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT

21 SCRIPTS LEFT