

LOOP

Written by
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Based on the script of the same name
by Gabriel Kaszewski (2017)

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN. Sound of a car engine. Laughter. Screech of tires. A crash.

Silence. Hold on black.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Full room in frame. Bed on the left, desk by the window on the right, bookshelf against the far wall. Morning light. JAKE (20s) is in bed, still.

JAKE opens his eyes. Lies still for a moment, staring at the ceiling.

MEDIUM: JAKE sits up, swings his legs off the bed.

CLOSE UP: His feet. He puts on his slippers – left foot first, then right.

MEDIUM: JAKE shuffles out of frame toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: Camera facing the sink and mirror straight on. JAKE enters frame, stands at the sink.

JAKE brushes his teeth. He hums something tuneless. He spits, rinses, looks up.

CLOSE UP: The mirror. No reflection. Just the empty bathroom behind where he should be. His hand enters frame holding the toothbrush – but no hand appears in the mirror.

MEDIUM: JAKE doesn't notice. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and walks out.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: JAKE at the desk by the window. He gets dressed, sits down, opens a notebook.

CLOSE UP: The notebook. His hand writes a few lines, pauses, the pen taps against his lip, writes again.

CLOSE UP: The digital clock on the nightstand. 8:15.

MEDIUM: JAKE gets up and goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: The kitchen. JAKE enters frame, moves to the counter.

JAKE puts the kettle on. He makes toast, butter, jam.

CLOSE UP: The oven clock. 11:07.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's phone on the counter. 3:42 on the screen. His finger taps play – a song starts, something warm and familiar.

MEDIUM: JAKE sways a little as he eats. He reads a few pages of a book propped against the sugar bowl.

He washes his plate, dries it, puts it away. He stops the music. He goes back to his room.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM – DAY

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing as the earlier room shot. JAKE stands in front of his bookshelf. He runs a finger along the spines, picks one.

WIDE / STATIC: JAKE lies on the bed and reads.

After a while he sets the book down, face open on his chest. He stares at the ceiling.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face. His eyes close slowly.

HOLD. Then –

The same sound of a car engine. Faint. Like a memory of a memory.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM – MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing as Loop 1. Same room. Same bed. JAKE is in bed, still.

JAKE opens his eyes. Lies still for a moment, staring at the ceiling. He sits up.

CLOSE UP: His feet. Left slipper, right slipper. Same shot as before, same framing.

MEDIUM: JAKE shuffles to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM – MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing as Loop 1. JAKE enters, stands at the sink.

JAKE brushes his teeth. He hums the same tuneless melody. Spits, rinses, looks up.

CLOSE UP: The mirror. No reflection. On the shelf below the mirror, the toothbrush is in a different spot than where he just put it down.

MEDIUM: JAKE doesn't notice either thing. He wipes his mouth and walks out.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing as Loop 1. JAKE at the desk. He gets dressed, sits down, opens the notebook.

CLOSE UP: The notebook. The pages he wrote yesterday are blank. His hand doesn't hesitate — he starts writing the same lines.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock. 8:15. The colon between the digits is not blinking. Hold for a beat — let the audience notice.

MEDIUM: JAKE looks away. He gets up and goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing as Loop 1. The same kettle. The same toast.

CLOSE UP: The oven clock. 11:07. Same time as before.

CLOSE UP: Phone on the counter. 3:42 on the screen. He plays the same song. Same time as before.

MEDIUM: JAKE sways the same way. He reads the same pages of the same book. Washes the plate, dries it, puts it away. Stops the music.

MEDIUM: JAKE pauses at the kitchen doorway. He looks back at the counter, the kettle, the toast crumbs. His face tightens — like something is on the tip of his tongue. He shakes his head, smirks at himself, and walks out of frame.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing. JAKE at the bookshelf. His finger traces the same path along the spines. He reaches for the same book.

He stops.

CLOSE UP: His hand on the spine. He pulls a different book instead.

MEDIUM: He sits on the bed, opens it.

CLOSE UP: The book in his hands. Every page is blank.

MEDIUM: He flips faster. All blank. He checks the cover – it has a title, an author. He opens it again. Blank.

He puts it down. Picks up another. Blank. Another. Blank.

He stands up. He goes to the window.

OVER THE SHOULDER: JAKE looking out the window. There's nothing outside. Not darkness, not fog – just a flat, even light. No street. No trees. No sky. Just light going on and on.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face. He stares. He steps back.

MEDIUM / HANDHELD: JAKE goes to the front door and opens it. It opens into his room. He's standing in his own doorway, looking at himself from behind, opening the door.

He slams it shut.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock. Still reads 8:15.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face, breathing hard.

JAKE

(breathing hard)

What the f—

VOICE (V.O.)

(barely audible,
like a thought he
almost didn't
have)

Wake up.

MEDIUM: JAKE looks around. He heard it but it's already gone, like a word you forget mid-sentence.

He sits on the bed. He pulls the blanket over himself.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face. His eyes close.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing as before. JAKE in bed. He opens his eyes. He doesn't move. He stares at the ceiling for a long time.

MEDIUM: He sits up. Left slipper, right slipper. He walks to the bathroom. Slower now.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing. JAKE at the sink. He brushes his teeth. He doesn't hum this time.

He looks up at the mirror. He sees nothing.

CLOSE UP: The mirror. Empty bathroom. No JAKE.

MEDIUM: This time, he sees that he sees nothing.

CLOSE UP: The mirror. JAKE's hand enters frame, waves. The mirror shows an empty bathroom, a toothbrush floating in mid-air. He leans closer. Nothing.

MEDIUM: He steps back.

JAKE

(to himself,
quiet)

Okay. Hm. that's weird.

He sets down the toothbrush. He goes back to his room.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: JAKE enters. He doesn't sit at the desk. He stands in the middle of the room.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock. 8:15. The colon isn't blinking. It's just frozen digits.

MEDIUM: JAKE looks at the window. The flat light.

CLOSE UP: The notebook. He opens it. Blank.

MEDIUM: JAKE stares at the notebook.

JAKE

(under his
breath)

What the hell.

VOICE (V.O.)

(clearer now,
still calm)

You need to listen to me.

MEDIUM / HANDHELD: JAKE spins around. From here on, the camera is no longer locked off. Subtle movement, like the room itself is uneasy.

JAKE

Who's there?

Nothing. The room is empty. The light from the window doesn't cast shadows.

JAKE

(rubbing his
eyes)

Okay. Great. I'm hearing
voices now. I finally
snapped.

VOICE (V.O.)

What day is it?

CLOSE UP: The wall calendar. The days are wrong — Wednesday follows Saturday, the numbers skip from 3 to 17, some squares have symbols instead of dates.

MEDIUM / HANDHELD: JAKE looking at the calendar.

JAKE

It's... Monday. No, yesterday
was Monday. Wait, actually—

CLOSE UP: The calendar. The order has changed since he
last looked.

MEDIUM: JAKE steps back. He looks at the bookshelf.

CLOSE UP: The bookshelf. The books have no titles
anymore. The spines are smooth and blank.

JAKE

It was... I don't...

VOICE (V.O.)

How did you get here?

JAKE

I woke up. I woke up and I—

VOICE (V.O.)

Before that.

Beat.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face. He's trying to remember. He can't.

JAKE

I don't... I don't remember.

A low rumble. WIDE / HANDHELD: The room vibrates — a
glass on the desk rattles, the bookshelf hums. Then it
stops.

JAKE

What was that?

VOICE (V.O.)

That's outside.

JAKE

Outside? There's nothing
outside. I looked.

VOICE (V.O.)

Not outside the window.
Outside of this.

MEDIUM / HANDHELD: JAKE sits down on the bed.

JAKE

(ignoring it)

Nope. Not doing this. I
woke up, I brushed my
teeth, I made toast. That's
it. That's my day.

The voice doesn't answer. The room shakes. A book falls
from the shelf. It hits the floor and the pages scatter —
all blank.

JAKE

(to himself,
annoyed)

Okay, and now earthquakes.
Cool. Cool cool cool.

Then, from very far away — a different voice. Muffled,
distorted, like hearing someone speak through water.

JAKE'S DAD (V.O.)

(distant,
breaking)

JAKY. Come on, buddy. Wake
up.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face. He freezes.

JAKE

(barely audible)

Dad?

CUT TO WHITE. For a single frame — fluorescent light, a beeping sound, the impression of a ceiling that is not this ceiling. Then it's gone.

MEDIUM: The room is his room again.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock. 8:15.

MEDIUM / HANDHELD: JAKE is shaking.

JAKE

Dad?!

Nothing. The light outside the window is flat and even.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's hands. They're trembling. He stares at them.

FLASH TO BLACK. Sound of laughter. FLASH TO BLACK. Screech of tires. FLASH TO BLACK. A name surfaces.

JAKE

(quiet, confused)

DAVE?

MEDIUM: He doesn't know why he said it. He rubs his face.

JAKE

(to himself)

Who's DAVE?

MEDIUM: JAKE closes his eyes. He pulls the blanket over himself. He lies down.

JAKE

(to himself)

Okay, you're just tired
JAKE, whatever, everything
will be fine tomorrow.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face on the pillow. His eyes close.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing. JAKE in bed. He opens his eyes. He stares at the ceiling.

MEDIUM: He gets up. Left slipper, right slipper.

He goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing. JAKE at the sink. He doesn't brush his teeth. He just looks at the mirror.

CLOSE UP: The mirror. The empty space where he should be.

MEDIUM: He walks out.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing. The room is different now. The bookshelf has fewer books. The desk is still there but the notebook is gone.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock. 8:15.

WIDE: The room. SOUND NOTE: quieter than before. Not silent – but thinner. Like a sound losing its last echo. Reduce ambient, dampen reverb.

MEDIUM: JAKE goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing. The kitchen looks the same, but emptier. The kettle is there. JAKE turns it on. He waits.

MEDIUM: He stands and watches it. It doesn't boil. Nothing happens.

He opens the cupboard for a plate. There are no plates. He opens the drawer for a knife. There are no knives.

CLOSE UP: The oven clock. 11:07.

CLOSE UP: The phone screen. 3:42. His finger taps play.

MEDIUM: Silence. Then static, faint. Then, underneath it, barely there — the sound of someone crying.

CLOSE UP: JAKE'S face. He puts the phone down.

WIDE / STATIC: He makes toast anyway. He sits down. He eats in silence. Hold on the wide shot. Let him sit with it.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

WIDE / STATIC: JAKE sits on the bed. The bookshelf is almost empty now. The window is still bright, but the light seems closer, like the walls of the room are thinning.

MEDIUM: He lies down. He pulls the blanket up.

CLOSE UP: JAKE'S face. He closes his eyes. He opens them. He's in the same position. No time has passed.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock. 8:15.

CLOSE UP: JAKE'S face. He closes his eyes again.

VOICE (V.O.)

(soft)

I'm sorry.

JAKE doesn't respond. He keeps his eyes closed.

JAKE'S DAD (V.O.)

(further away
than before,
breaking apart)

We love you, buddy. We love
you so much.

CLOSE UP: JAKE'S hand grips the blanket tighter.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: Same framing. JAKE wakes up. He gets up. Left slipper, right slipper.

The room is almost bare now. The desk is gone. The bookshelf is empty — just a wooden frame. The window is pure white. The walls look thin, almost translucent.

MEDIUM: JAKE goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

MEDIUM / STATIC: Same framing. JAKE brushes his teeth. He hums that tuneless melody.

CLOSE UP: The mirror. No reflection.

MEDIUM: He doesn't react. He wipes his mouth and walks out.

INT. JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

WIDE / STATIC: The room. The bed is the only thing left. JAKE sits on it.

CLOSE UP: The nightstand clock.

8:15.

CLOSE UP: JAKE's face. He stares at it.

SLOW PULLBACK: The camera begins to pull back. Through the wall of the room, which is now thin as paper. Back further, the room becoming small, a faint rectangle of light.

Inside, barely visible, JAKE gets up. Left slipper, right slipper. He shuffles toward the door.

CONTINUE PULLBACK: Through earth. Past roots and stone.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

WIDE / STATIC: The camera settles on a gravestone. Fresh flowers. Freshly turned earth.

In the far background, barely visible, a man and a woman hold each other. They are too far away to make out their faces.

The sound of wind. Hold.

FADE OUT.