

POLYBIUS

Written by

Michael Tuite & Jimmy Kelly

Sample

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY, ONE WEEK LATER

DETECTIVE ATKINS (O.S.)
Is this thing on?

A lens cap is removed to reveal DETECTIVE ATKINS (50s, seasoned vet of the force) looking into the camera. He looks off the camera.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Rook, is this fucking thing on?

OFFICER LLOYD
Ugh Yes sir, Detective Atkins.

DETECTIVE ATKINS
(to himself)
I'm a god damn cop, not the
president of your A/V club.

Detective Atkins sits back in a chair and pulls over a folder. He opens it and begins to read.

OFFICER LLOYD (O.S.)
Ok, we're recording.

Detective Atkins looks up.

DETECTIVE ATKINS
Oh.

Detective Atkins looks straight into the camera

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
This is Detective Atkins of the
Portland Police Department being
assisted by Officer Llyod. The date
is October 24th, 1981, current time
09:15AM. We're investigating Case
Number--

Detective Atkins looks down to read from the Case File.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Case Number 81 dash seven two six
eight nine, the death of fifteen
year old Michael Bower. The
preliminary cause of death has been
ruled a suicide. The subject was
discovered in his backyard.

Quick flash - A CSI Investigator snaps a Polaroid of Michael
oddly contorted and lifeless.

Back to scene:

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
It is believed he jumped from his
second story bedroom window.

Quick flash - Investigator turns to the house and snaps a
photo of the broken window.

Back to scene:

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
This morning we'll be questioning
persons of interest, beginning with
the subject's sister.

Detective Atkins turns to Officer Llyod.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Bring her in.

Officer Lloyd exits the room.

Detective Atkins stands, still reading the folder and
repositions himself to behind the camera.

Officer Lloyd returns with JENNIFER BOWER, an innocent
looking fourteen year old girl. She holds a journal tightly
to her chest as she takes a seat directly in front of the
camera.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Hello, my name is Detective Atkins,
this is Officer Lloyd. My
condolences for your loss.

Jennifer nods in reply.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Could you please state your full
name for the camera?

JENNIFER BOWER
Jennifer Summer Bowers.

DETECTIVE ATKINS
Thank you. I'm going to be asking
you a few questions about what
happened. Want to start by telling
me about what you brought with you?

JENNIFER BOWER
My journal. I've been writing down
all of the strange things my
brother did all week.

DETECTIVE ATKINS
This past week?

She nods.

JENNIFER BOWER
Since he first played the game.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY, ONE WEEK PRIOR

A small group of children cheer on MICHAEL BOWER as he plays Polybius - the enigmatic dark gaming cabinet.

Jennifer weaves her way past RANDALL MEEKS and the small crowd to her bother at it's center. She tugs on his shoulder.

JENNIFER BOWER
Michael, we have to go! Mom said we
were supposed to be home for lunch
15 minutes ago.

Michael shrugs her off.

MICHAEL BOWER
Yeah, just a minute, this game is
wicked!

JENNIFER BOWER
It'll be here after lunch!

MICHAEL BOWER
I waited an hour to play this!

Jennifer watches Michael play from over his shoulder.

JENNIFER BOWER (V.O.)
Mom was pretty pissed when we were
late.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer fiddles with a friendship bracelet on her wrist.

JENNIFER BOWER

She said we weren't allowed to leave the house for the rest of the weekend... Michael snuck out after dinner.

DETECTIVE ATKINS

Know where he went?

JENNIFER BOWER

Back to the Gas Station.

DETECTIVE ATKINS

Did your parents find out?

JENNIFER BOWER

Mr. Dandridge called my parents because he was trying to close but my brother wouldn't leave.

DETECTIVE ATKINS

He was hooked?

JENNIFER BOWER

It became all he thought about.

INT. GAS STATION -- UNKNOWN

Disheveled in the same clothes as when we last saw him, Michael plays the game as if his life depended on it.

Jennifer puts her hand on his shoulder. He doesn't budge. She takes it back and peeks over.

JENNIFER BOWER

Don't you ever do anything else?

Michael doesn't even blink.

MICHAEL BOWER

I have to figure this out, I'm going to figure this out.

Jennifer stares down at the screen, then she shakes her head.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- THE NEXT DAY

CHILDREN SOCIALIZE and speak of a school dance. The sound drowns out as we push in on Michael sitting alone in a corner doodling away.

On his paper, he completes yet another POLYBIUS puzzle. He starts another one.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM -- THAT NIGHT

That paper sits near many more pages just like it on the floor. Michael sits over them muttering low to himself and scratching at his forearm.

MICHAEL BOWER
I'm gonna solve this. I'm gonna
solve this. I'm gonna solve this.
I'm gonna solve this.

He scratches even harder.

MICHAEL BOWER (CONT'D)
What are you trying to tell me?

His muttering becomes indistinguishable as we notice Jennifer is peeking through his barely open door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jennifer pulls at her friendship bracelet as we hear Detective Atkins flip through pages of her journal.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (O.S.)
He stopped sleeping?

Jennifer doesn't look up.

JENNIFER BOWER
I noticed Tuesday morning.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (O.S.)
And then Tuesday night--

JENNIFER BOWER
He stopped eating.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (O.S.)
Did you tell your parents?

Jennifer looks up.

JENNIFER BOWER
They didn't believe me anymore than
you do right now.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (O.S.)
I just want to hear your side.

Jennifer turns away. Detective Atkins TURNS a page.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Researching hypnosis?

Jennifer looks back at him.

DETECTIVE ATKINS (CONT'D)
Pretty advanced subject.

Jennifer puts her hands on the table and scooches forward.
Officer Lloyd peeks at the journal

JENNIFER BOWER
I'm the smartest kid in my class.

OFFICER LLOYD
But what does it have to do with
this? All I see is a young boy
obsessed with a game.

JENNIFER BOWER
It's not just a game.

OFFICER LLOYD
So you think this game is
responsible for your brother
jumping out of his bedroom window.

Jennifer looks up.

JENNIFER BOWER
You ever play it?