

THE PURPLE BUTTON

An

original screenplay

by

Georg Pircher Verdorfer

Georg Pircher Verdorfer
Hans-Pfitzner-Str. 2/22
5020 Salzburg
georg.pircher@gmail.com

FADE IN..

JAMISON (OFF SCREEN)
Purple is the colour of
temptation.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

A bright, floodlit room with a clinical flair. Not particularly spacious or tall. Just all in white. No doors, no windows. No escape. Nothing.

Nothing but the penetrating, monotonous hum of the neonlights, covering the ceiling.

A gangly, decrepit body - looks like a boy but sure belongs to a 30 year old man - lies at the floor, hunched up like a baby in the motherly womb. It's JAMISON.

He is sparsely clothed with only a white, old-fashioned pair of underpants. His head is naked.

He freezes, shivers and twitches nervously in his fitful sleep.

Huge and heavy beads of sweat find their ways through his skin.

An anguishing moaning adds to the nervous twitches.

Suddenly Jamison startles scared.

Too fast he opens his eyes, which suffer from the blinding white light. His pupils shrink rapidly and his iris reflects the shiny rays of the neonlights.

His breath is fast and heavy.

The veins on his throat get bigger and bigger and look like a pulsating relief on his skin that almost explodes under the pressure.

His heart beats fast and loud.

In a flash an intense headache overcomes him. He closes his eyes rapidly and remains with a distorted face, completely tense.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - DAY

A healthy looking Jamison, with beautiful hair, sits in one of the back rows.

Only a few students have found their ways to the spacious, empty looking lecture room.

Jamison stares at the beauty sitting in the row in front of him. His eyes follow her female curves.

As she leans forward, her pants tighten and reveal a deep red slip she's wearing underneath.

Visibly aroused Jamison gazes at this small, red spot of temptation in front of him.

PROFESSOR

(loud)

And this, my dear students, is temptation.

Jamison startles.

After the loud and clear speech he pays his full attention to the professor.

The prof looks towards Jamison and patterns his unfocused student forcibly.

PROFESSOR

Temptation sure can be an interesting thing.

(pausing)

Seductive.

The prof looks his student deep in the eyes.

PROFESSOR

But it can also lead you of the course and bring pure chaos over you.

The eyes of the professor seem to glow under the neonlight illumination of the lecture room, while he spoke these last words full of pathos to his students.

His stare has something slightly diabolic.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Jamison struggles.

He is still sitting on the floor and has to contend with the harsh, blending light.

He rubs a hand across his face and presses his thumb and index finger against his eyes.

He is obviously confused and unable to associate the flashback he just had or the whole situation he plunged in.

His eyes hastily run through the room.

Again and again he has to close his eyes because of the blending light.

Everything around him seems absolutely incomprehensible.

Jamison slowly pulls himself together.

JAMISON

(groaning)

What the hell?!

Paintaking he pushes himself up and is finally standing on both of his shaky legs.

Now he clearly can see the surrounding ambience.

It doesn't take long and he realizes that he finds himself in a locked room.

Suddenly a severe panic-attack overcomes him. The thought to be walled in, throws Jamison completely off track.

Hastily he staggers across the room, touching the walls and hammering on them violently.

JAMISON
 (screaming)
 Help!
 (pausing)
 Heeeeeelp!

Jamison stays quiet for a while and listens.

But except of the hum of the neonlights Jamison doesn't hear anything. Oppressive silence surrounding him.

JAMISON
 (whimpering)
 What kind of fuck shit ist his?
 (pausing)
 Heeeeeelp!

Like a flash a heavy and strong headache overcomes Jamison. The pain takes him down to his knees.

The last thing Jamison is able to see in his ecstasy of pain, is a deep red, domed thing that clearly stands out from the rest of the surrounding white.

A button. A deep red button.

Jamison falls to the ground.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A TEN-YEAR-OLD Jamison sits in the kitchen of his birth house and stares at the grey, uncharitable patterns of the table cloth in front of him.

The light in this room is weak. Everything in the kitchen seems to be overlaid by a light grey haze. It is depressing.

Wild rumoring from the room next to the kitchen. Sounds like several packages, falling on the floor. It is Jamisons MOM.

MOM
 (screaming)
 Fuck!
 (pausing)
 Jamison! Are you here?

Jamison leans back slowly.

MOM
 (screaming louder)
 Jamison!

JAMISON
 I am here mother. In the kitchen.

Jamisons mom enters the room and looks at her son.

MOM
 Don't call me mother stup..
 (interrupts) Ah I'm sorry.

She carries a big parcel which she deposits next to the big aquarium in the kitchen.

MOM

I got us a few kitchen toys. To
 make cooking more funny. So..
 (pausing)
 maybe you can help me once?

She smiles charmingly at Jamison before she goes to the room next to the kitchen to handle the mess with the packages.

MOM
 (screaming)
 I got to go to work again. But
 I'll be back in a few hours.
 (pausing)
 And if you get bored.. play with
 NEMO. I love (interrupts)

Before she finishes the sentence the door smashes behind her, while she leaves the house.

Jamison remains alone in the kitchen. Like mesmerized he stares at the new item next to the aquarium.

It's a blender, with a HUGE red button on it.

Nemo, the fish, peacefully makes his rounds in the aquarium.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Jamison awakes. He stares at the red button in front of him.

It's a palm-size red and convex button, like those in the TV-shows.

JAMISON
 (desperate)
 What the hell is going on here?
 (screaming)
 What kind of SAW shit is this?
 (pausing)
 Hello!

He stands up abruptly and flinches towards a room corner. The urgent necessity to puke overcomes him.

Nothing comes out. All the choking and coughing doesn't seem to help.

So he stands desperate and bent in the corner, looking down his naked body, which is almost as livid as the floor he stands upon.

Slowly he turns around to see if the red button on the floor is still there.

As he sees it, another heavy flash hits him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - DAY

The professor is still led by his oral fluency, full of pathos. He rather speaks like a Southland-preacher than an objective scientist.

He makes a few steps forward, so that the rays of the beamer spot him and project twitching, not recognizable pictures at his face.

The beamer light gives him a distorted and even more diabolic look.

Now his words are only directed to Jamison. The other students don't get any attention by the professor. He gazes at his student, while he speaks to him, as if the others wouldn't even exist.

PROFESSOR

(strongly)

The more you try to avoid it, to control it, the deeper it penetrates your spirit and the stronger it gets.

He calms down a bit and now also looks towards the other students.

He makes a few steps back, out of the disturbing beamer light.

PROFESSOR

Temptation is not natural, it's...

(pausing)

"anti-human"!

(pausing)

It's an impalpable, destructive power.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The young Jamison sits alone in the kitchen. He still gazes at the new untouched gadget, the blender, next to the aquarium.

Mom's beloved red fish looks out of his vitreous home and watches the boy slowly coming closer.

Arrived, right in front of the aquarium, Jamison tips at the glass-front.

JAMISON

Hello Nemo. Ready for your new home?

A gigantic blender-top-part disturbs the tranquility of Nemos glassy realm.

Jamison has dislodged the nozzle from the blender and tries to catch Nemo with it.

The fish, unimpressed, swims into his new blender-top-part-plastic-home.

In a timely manner, almost pragmatically, the boy takes the top-piece with the fish in it out of the aquarium and docks it back on the blender.

JAMISON

Now what? How do you like it?

Jamisons looks right at the peaceful red Nemo. Than his eyes pass the sharp, unused blades below the fish. The eyes

(CONTINUED)

run further down until they see the big, red button on the blender.

END FLASHBACK.

JAMISON (OFF SCREEN)
 (screaming)
 Aaaaaaaah!

He lies with the back on the floor right next to the red button and gasps.

His face is fraught and full of sweat. He shivers all over the body.

JAMISON
 (wailing)
 Make it stop. Please!

In a sudden. As if he would have had a stroke he turns around so that he kneels right in front of the button.

JAMISON
 (tense)
 So what you fuckbutton! Do you want me to push you?

Jamison, still down on his knees, breaths fastly. In a rush he holds up tall his right hand.

The monotonous sound of the neonlights gets interrupted for a fraction of a second.

And Jamisons hand hits down...

But only an inch above the button he stops it.

Jamison sighs heavily but with relief. He remains for a few seconds riveted to the spot.

JAMISON
 No.

The next flash overcomes him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamison, well suited, stands alone in an office. It's a clean, sparsely furbished office, situated in one of the upper floors of a tall building.

Citylights, far down, shine through the glassy front. It's the only light that gets into the room.

He stands there and looks down the city.

Deep wrinkles traverse his tense face. He's tied up in knots and looks worried.

Slowly he turns around to confront himself with the thing he's worried about.

There, in the middle of the room, on a small desk, stands a sophisticated device with lots of buttons and screens on it.

The desk is dimly lit by the city illumination.

The screens show blinking dots on a world map, which mark neuralgic cities and spots of the world.

Next to the clunky apparatus stands a red old-fashioned telephone.

And one thing sticks out through the mess of buttons and screens on the device. It's a huge red button.

Jamison stares at it... with a mixture of fright and might.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Jamison kneels there in front of his enemy, the red button. He sighs in his daze.

JAMISON

(desperate)

No... no, no, no! That's not possible. That's not me.

(emphasising)

Jamison! Pull yourself up!

Carefully he takes his hand away from the button and tries to quiet himself down.

He seesaws back and forth and whimpers to himself.

JAMISON

Ok Jamison. We can handle this. No need to hurry.

All of a sudden he stops seesawing. Notably weakened he falls aside.

Slap-bang the next flash hits him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Fussed and dispersed the professor bustles about.

While he passes the light rays of the beamer, his face gets a mysterious, frightening aura.

Then, in a sudden, he stands riveted to the spot. Again the beamer light distorts his facial features.

PROFESSOR

Let me convey my idea to you. It's just a thesis at this point.

The professor doesn't have any supporting documents, so he just stares at the floor to meticulously assemble his thoughts.

He nervously gesticulates.

PROFESSOR

(objectively)

I pathetically call it the red temptation. Even if it's a problematic definition... but we point that out later.

The professor makes a short thinking-break and then slowly raises his head.

Again he looks towards Jamison.

PROFESSOR

(lofty)

It's the total lost of control, the disconnection of your synapses.

Everything the professor says, he substantiates with his gesticulations.

PROFESSOR
 Even if you try not to obey, to
 listen to your mind, to be
 rational. You already followed
 her... the red temptation.
 (pausing)
 That is pure natural chaos.

The professor cools a bit down, looks through the lecture room and directs his words to all the students.

PROFESSOR
 You all know the story of the
 garden with the forbidden fruit.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A mystic flair lies over the grayish garden. The whole setting seems surreal. Everything is covered with a thin shroud of snow.

Bald trees and hedges stand unsystematically spread in the garden.

A naked guy who seems to be totally lost, trudges through the garden. It's Jamison.

He and the whole scenery more and more resemble the white room in which he finds himself.

There are no animals in the garden. No sound disturbs the mystical peace. It's only Jamison, as bald as the trees around him.

Jamison looks around. He seems to know the place.

Slowly he converges to something until he stands in front of the largest tree in the garden.

He breathes still.

Gently he bends his head up.

This is why he came here.

A splendidly formed, huge red apple hangs right above him on a branch.

Full of greed he gazes at the object of temptation.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Jamison just lies on the floor next to the button with his eyes closed.

Everything is still the same in the monotonous white and clinical room.

The neonlights still make that penetrating, ubiquitous sound.

Also the button sits there in the middle of the room. Nothing has changed. No help has come.

Jamison opens his eyes.

Now the light doesn't blend anymore, like the first time he awaked in the room.

He doesn't move. In his agony he just lies there and stares at the ceiling.

The neonlights meet their purpose and illuminate the room in its clinical white.

Jamison starts to sing as this seems the only thing to do in his situation.

JAMISON
 (low, ironically)
 Push the button, pu-push the
 button!
 (pausing)
 They can't let me die in here.

He exhales heavily and starts slowly to bang his head against the floor. Once, twice, three times... and out.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jamisons Mom arrives. She puts the key into the keyhole, opens the door and goes through the room next to the kitchen.

It's an anteroom. All the packages from her shopping still lie on the floor. She just passes them by.

MOM
 (screaming)
 Jamison!

She doesn't get an answer.

MOM
 (screaming)
 Jamison! I'm back! Where are you?

She converges to the kitchen-door and opens it.

She sees Jamison in front of the blender with her fish Nemo in it.

Jamison looks at her and smiles.

MOM
 Oh my god. Nemo! Jamison! Stop it.

Jamison doesn't reply.

He just gently lifts his arm and gets ready to push the button to make fish-puree out of Nemo.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamison still stares at the ominous apparatus on the desk.

He hesitates, turns around towards the huge glassy wall, looks down the gleaming city and sighs.

JAMISON
 Ok!

He turns back around towards the device and sets off.

Right in front of the complex machine he looks at all the screens with the blinking dots on it. But his main attention goes to the red button mounted on the device.

He puts a small key in a keyhole right next to the button and turns it around.

Suddenly the whole office is illuminated by a blinking red light.

The red button is now activated.

Slowly he moves his finger towards the button.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Jamison stands right under the largest tree of the mystic garden.

The single fruit in this place hangs only one foot above him.

He doesn't shiver and freeze anymore, although he's totally naked.

For a few seconds he closes his eyes and pauses still. His breath is steady.

In a flash he opens his eyes. With a serious and resolute look he stares at the almost shining red apple above him.

Easily he lifts his hand and stretches it towards the fruit.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Jamison still lies on the floor banging his head against the floor. With a blank stare he gazes towards the ceiling.

But then, little by little, something changes in the way he stares. He doesn't stop banging his head though.

It is as if he would have a new aim.

Bang, bang, bang! Suddenly he stops the banging and breaths out.

Lickety-split he sits up straight and lifts up tall his arm.

JAMISON

Fine!

His hand rushes down towards the button. He's definitely going to push it this time but only an inch above the button..

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Little Jamison smiles at his mother and giggles before he turns back towards the blender.

Unhesitatingly he pushes the button.

The blades start to move accompanied by a horrible, loud sound.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamison, with the finger on the activated red button, stops to breath.

He pushes out a relieving smile and then pushes the button.

A short red flash outside the window illuminates everything with a blending red.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Jamison, who stands next to the forbidden tree with the seducing apple on it, stretches his hand towards the fruit.

He grabs it and feels the perfect, pure form of the object.

A dull sound rushes through the garden while Jamison picks off the apple.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Under high tension Jamison sits there, with his strongly shivering hand only an inch above the button.

A few seconds he withstands this tense situation.

Then he pushes the button.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - DAY

Jamison sits there in one of the back rows of the lecture room.

His seductive fellow student still sits in front of him with the same uncovered slip shining towards Jamison.

But something is different. The slip isn't red anymore. It is blue now.

Jamison doesn't notice though. He just gazes at this saucy piece of lingerie.

PROFESSOR (OFF SCREEN)
Purple!

Jamison pays attention to the professor again.

The professor stands on his podium in the distorting beamer light.

PROFESSOR
Purple is surely the color of temptation. The most pure forbidden temptation. But in fact it's only a color. And colors can be changed.

Behind the professor, the beamer projects a picture on the wall.

It shows a naked man, clothed with only a pair of underpants, sitting in a clean, white room with a red button in front of it.

It's Jamison, sitting in the same white room.

PROFESSOR
He doesn't care of which color the
button is.

To underpin what he said, the professor points with the
finger at the man on the projection.

PROFESSOR
The temptation doesn't belong to
the color.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Jamison sits there with no movement. He's gazing down the
button and whimpers.

He can't believe what just happened.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR
It belongs to the object, the
object alone. It's the button not
the color that drives him crazy.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. UNDEFINED ROOM - NIGHT

Slowly Jamison takes his hand off the button. He still
can't believe what he sees.

The red button has changed to blue.

He pushes again, while he starts crying.

The button turns yellow.

On the next push it turns green.

Again and again, faster and faster while crying more and
more desperately he pushes the button, which doesn't change
anything but its color.

FADE OUT

OR

ALTERNATE ENDING FOR INTERACTIVE INTERNET STREAM

Right before Jamison hits the button a popup leaves the viewer the choice to push a red button to watch the end of the film. The consequential conclusion of this would be: if the viewer hits the forbidden button, he immediately gets punished for his curiosity and the title-crawl starts.