

500 million year button

written by

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INT. BAR BATHROOM-NIGHT

In a grungy and run down tiled bathroom, **Milo Abbott**, A gaunt, lanky man in his early twenties, is hunched over a sink dry heaving. His hand clenching the sides of the basin. He pauses for a moment, before hesitantly looking at his reflection in the mirror above the sink.

MILO

What are you doing man? We need to
get our shit together, we cant keep
doing this every night...

Milo slowly slumps down to his knees. He rests his head on the front of the basin and closes his eyes. His hands still in death grip on the sides, supporting his upper body weight.

MILO (CONT'D)

That feels nice

Milo starts to rub his forehead against the sink basin for a moment.

MILO (CONT'D)

I need to get a job...

The sink basin snaps off the wall and shatters on the floor.

INT. BAR-NIGHT

Milo stumbles out of the bathroom, and manically scans the room before until he spots **Gaël Amira**: A short, stout man in his early 20s; nearly falling out his chair with a smile on his face. As Milo starts sprint walking towards Gaël, Gaël notices him approaching and gives a lazy wave.

GAËL

(slurring his speech)

Heyyyy Milo what took you so long?
I spent my last twenty on some
shots of Jager and I had no one to
share them with-

Milo walks up to Gaël and starts lifting out him out of his seat by his arm.

MILO

Gaël we need to go.

Gaël Looks confused and slowly starts rising out of his chair, leaning into Milo to steady himself.

GAËL

Sure man I wanted to get something to eat anyway, by the way what was that loud crash in the bathroom? It scared the shit out of everyone.

Milo briefly looks around and realizes everyone in the bar is staring at him. He stops supporting Gaël, causing him to stumble briefly before righting himself. Milo starts "casually" walking towards the door making an effort not to make eye contact with anyone, Gaël closely following.

BAR PATRON

(to Milo)

Everything alright man? You look like a freak.

MILO

(looking straight ahead)

No- yeah, things... fine. uh thanks
bye-

Milo trips on seemingly nothing, hitting his shoulder on the front of the door frame on the way out. Gaël follows shortly walking out backwards shooting finger guns at the patrons inside.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Milo and Gaël walk alongside each other down the side walk.

GAËL

So what do you feel like eating man
i'm starved.

MILO

I don't know man, i'm not really hungry right now, I think I just wanna lie down forever.

GAËL

What? C'mon man lets just run in and grab a burrito or something, then we can lie face down on the floor hating our lives and blame each other for our poor decisions.

MILO

(sighs)

I don't know, I think i'm pretty tapped out.

GAËL
Mentally or financially?

MILO
Both.

GAËL
Fuuuuuuuck...

A **middle aged man** with a vacant expression exits an alleyway and passes the two, crinkling noises can be heard with each step he takes as he walks by. Gaël takes notice and his head follows the man as he passes.

GAËL (CONT'D)
Hey did you hear-

MILO
Yes.

GAËL
You don't think he was wearing a-

MILO
I don't wanna think about it.

The pair walk in silence as they turn the corner to an alleyway. With what appears to be a homeless man sitting beneath a streetlight holding a box with a red button on top.

GAËL
I mean he just seemed pretty young
to be wearing one of tho-

MILO
Dude shut up!

The pair begin to approach **The Man**, a middle aged man wearing a suit with empty eyes. He holds a shoebox sized cardboard box with a red plastic button on top.

THE MAN
Hey boys, want to make some money?

Milo continues walking pretending to ignore the man until he realizes Gaël had stopped walking and is standing in front of the man.

GAËL
(to homeless man)
Sure man, what did you have in
mind?

Milo looks at Gaël incredulously and starts both signaling with his head and mouthing the words "walk away". Gaël turns to milo.

GAËL (CONT'D)
What? I'm just curious.

THE MAN
I have a way for you both to make
hundreds of dollars in an instant.

Milo starts walking back towards Gaël until he stands beside him.

MILO
(to Gaël)
What are you doing?

GAËL
(Smiling)
Lets hear him out.

Gaël turns back towards homeless man

GAËL (CONT'D)
So what's the deal?

HOMELESS MAN
There's no deal. I have a method so
simple anyone can do it. All you
need to do is push this button and
a crisp one hundred dollar bill is
all yours.

The man lifts the box in his hands towards Gaël. The three sit in silence for a moment.

GAËL
And?

THE MAN
And nothing, press this button and
you get one hundred dollars
instantly, or at least this
iteration of you.

MILO
(whispering to Gaël)
The dudes schizo, leave him alone.

Gaël waves him off.

GAËL

What do you mean "this iteration"
of me?

THE MAN

The moment you press this button, a force will rip through your body and teleport your conciseness. After that you have to live for 500 million years. Just by yourself, in this empty space, alone. The job of "living". There will be nothing at all. You wont be able to sleep, die, eat or drink, but when it ends you will be taken back to the moment you pushed the button. With the body and time you had all those years before, where your memory will be wiped. Forgetting the pain of living. For you it will be an instant, but 500 million years is a really long time, with nothing to do and unable to sleep. You will have to go through every single hour. 500 million years all by yourself. Unable to do anything at all.

Milo looks uneasy as he thinks about the hypothetical, while Gaël still smiles, entertained by the idea.

GAËL

What does the empty space look like?

THE MAN

I couldn't tell you sir, its different for everyone. But when its over, it'll be like nothing happened at all, and you'll be one hundred dollars richer. That's how it works, will you do it?

The homeless man moves the box towards Gaël again. Gaël shrugs.

GAËL

Sure why not?

Gaël moves his arm towards the button, but Milo grabs a hold of it before he presses the button.

MILO
(whisper)
Dude are you serious?

GAËL
(whisper)
What? What's the worst that can happen?

MILO
(whisper shouting)
He just fucking said the worst that can happen, 500 million years!

Gaël looks at Milo in disbelief and laughs.

GAËL
Its a button on a box, i'm mainly just curious what it'll say when I press it.

Gaël shakes off Milo and presses the button, immediately a one hundred bill slides out the front of the box as if it were an ATM.

THE MAN
Your well earned pay, sir.

Milo and Gaël stand stunned for a moment. Gaël reaches down and takes the one hundred dollar bill.

GAËL
Huh.

MILO
Wai-

Gaël presses the button again, instantly the box spits out another 100 dollar bill. He reaches down and take the bill, looking perplexed.

GAËL
Hey man this is fun and all but I cant take these.

Gaël tries to hand the man the 2 100 dollar bills, but the man puts up his hand.

THE MAN
No sir, that money belongs to you, you've earned it.

The man smiles, and gestures the box towards Gaël, staring as if his focus was on something directly behind him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Feel free to press the button as
much as you want.

Gaël looks hesitant, but he reaches his arm out to press the
button again. Milo grabs his arm.

MILO
C'mon man stop it.

GAËL
What? do you want to try?

MILO
What? No, I just don't like this.

GAËL
C'mon just give it a try.

The man shifts his gaze to milo and begins holding the box
out to him.

MILO
I don't know, this whole thing
feels really off.

GAËL
You're thinking about it too much.
Give it a try, its weirdly
exhilarating.

Milo hesitates for a moment.

MILO
(sighs)
Fine what ever.

Milo presses the button.

INT./EXT. THE ROOM

Milo stands in a void. The ground is tiled in white,
expanding in all directions. The light comes from a sun
shaped fluorescent light in the distance. He is surrounded by
nothing.

MILO
Wha- where...

Milo begins frantically looking around.

MILO (CONT'D)
Wait, is this... wait... no way...

THE MAN
(Narration)
500 million years, start.

MILO
Theres... theres no way...

Milos eyes widen as the reality sinks in, but after a moment he laughs.

MILO (CONT'D)
This is fucking stupid, im getting
out of here.

Milo starts to walk towards nothing in particular.

THE MAN
Milo was naive. "was it like this
for Gaël?" he thought. At first he
searched for an exit.

After walking for some time Milos demeanor shifts again,
looking more and more uneasy.

MILO
How do I get out of here? Ive been
walking for hours and the scenery
hasnt changed...

Time passes as Milo starts to break into a light jog, then a
run, then a full sprint.

THE MAN
(narration)
Milo ran. He rested when tired,
then he ran again.

Milo sits; dumbfounded.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
In the end, he ran for three days.
Until he finally understood the
truth he'd known all along; there
is no exit.

Milo cradles his head.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
He spent his first week thinking of
his parents and friends.

THREE MONTHS LATER

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Three months later.

Milo stands, staring at the nothing in the distance.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
He began to notice how big the room was. Though he isn't hungry and can't feel pain, an obscure fear assaults him. The prospect of a the long, long life ahead drowns him.

SIX MONTHS

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Six months

Milo sits, playing rock paper scissors with himself. His left hand scissors, his right paper.

MILO
Scissors. Left hand wins.

THE MAN
"Rock paper scissors for one" is invented. Milo attempts to live life to the fullest.

Time passes, Milo pulls a molar out of his mouth.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Trying to find ways to pass the time, Milo constantly innovates.

Milo throws his tooth into the distance. He chases after it and tries to find it among the white tiles.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
One time, he tore out a tooth and created the rousing game of "throw and find a tooth"

Time passes again and milo is walking trying to only walk on the tiles.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
With his leftover time, he'd walk without touching the gaps in the tiles.

Time passes once more, and milo is scratching at the spackle between the tiles, his fingers bloody.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
He'd also burrow his fingers into
the tiles.

Milo kneels in the distance, looking for a tooth.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Everyday, always killing time.
Other than killing time, there's
nothing to do. The cycle of losing
interest and inventing, losing
interest and inventing and so on
continued.

ONE YEAR AND THREE MONTHS

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Six months later.

Milo lays on his back, staring into space.

MILO
(vaguely political rant)

THE MAN
Milo develops a fantasy world. It
lasted only for a short while
because it felt futile.

FORTY YEARS

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Forty years.

Milo sits staring at the ground, dazed.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Milo did nothing. Endlessly
regretting pushing the button. The
time spent here has totaled nearly
double his life outside the room.
He felt the full weight and burden
of the job of living pining him to
the ground.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

MILO
I've lived for a good while now.

Milo lays splayed on the floor, mentally broken.

MILO (CONT'D)
I have to be getting close to the
end soon right?

THE MAN
Only 499999900 years left. Good
luck Milo.

TWELVE THOUSAND AND SIXTY SIX YEARS

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Twelve thousand and sixty six years
since the arrival here.

Milo lays on his side.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Milo had stopped thinking, but of
course you cant die or lose
consciousness here. The countless
years dredge through Milo.

5040000 YEARS

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Eventually, in the 5040000th year,
Milo lays on his back, staring into the light.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Suddenly a philosophical question
flashed through Milos mind.
Milo suddenly springs into a sit, eyes wide.

MILO
What if only this world is real? If
so where is this? Inside the
universe? Or somewhere else? Why do
I want to go back? Who I was
before, was that even me? The world
I remember, why is it any different
from this one?

Milo clutches his head.

THE MAN
Milo continued down this line of
thought, and luckily he had a
sickening amount of time to flesh
it out.

Milo takes his tooth and begins writing equations into the
tiles beneath him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Using a tooth for a pen, he thought
without rest.

Time lapses as more and more of the tiles are etched.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Every hour, every day, ten years,
one hundred years, ten thousand
years. Pursuing the truth,
investigating everything around
him. Gradually the building blocks
of life are exposed. Through trial
and error the truth becomes more
detailed.

Time continues to pass and milo continues etching the tiles
beneath him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Year 20,000,000. Having surpassed
humanity long ago, he continues to
search.

Time passes again, Milo now sits cross legged, meditating.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Year 123,169,649. He understood the
universe and felt sorta
enlightened.

Time, pass, milo lays face down on the floor.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Year 307,683,351. He had
transcended the space.

Pass time, Milo continues to lay face down.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
Then it arrived. The year
500,000,000. He returns, having
earned his pay.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Milo stands in front of the man, having just pressed the
button. A one hundred dollar bill is spit out of the box. He
briefly checks himself over.

GAËL
What, do you got a like a little
gerbil in there or something?
(MORE)

GAËL (CONT'D)

What's going on in there? Is it a
little gerbil?

Gaël gestures toward the box, the man switches his gaze from
Milo to Gaël and shrugs as Milo takes the hundred dollar
bill.

THE MAN

The same as any other job I
imagine.

The man smiles.

MILO

What happens If I press it multiple
times in a row?

GAËL

Yeah what happens if we mash it
over and over again?

The man looks at the box then back to the pair.

THE MAN

Id imagine you'd be a couple of
very wealthy men.

The man smiles again, and holds the box back out to Milo.

MILO

Hmm.

Milo presses the button over and over as fast as he can.

INT./EXT. THE ROOM

Milo stands once more within the endless room.

THE MAN

500 million years. 16 round course.
Start.