

HEADS OR TAILS

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A man, 30, sits at the table. He is smartly dressed, wearing a thick pair of glasses. He flips a coin back and forth between his fingers. This is the SUSPECT.

The door opens and a DETECTIVE storms in, slamming his case file down onto the table. He shifts the empty chair loudly, sitting down on it and glaring across the table at the suspect.

DETECTIVE

Are you ready to talk now?

The suspect smiles, shrugging his shoulders.

SUSPECT

You're barking up the wrong tree.

DETECTIVE

I know it was you. We'll have enough evidence to lock you away for a long, long time, so unless you intend to spend the next fifty years in jail I suggest you tell me where Jasmine Goh is.

SUSPECT

Perhaps the better question might be *how* she is, rather than where she is?

DETECTIVE

What did you do to her you son-of-a-bitch.

The suspect flips his coin in the air, pressing his palm down over it once it lands on the table.

SUSPECT

Heads or tails?

DETECTIVE

Stop playing games with me. Where is the girl and what have you done to her?

The suspect lifts his palm, looks down at the coin.

SUSPECT

Hmm. Heads.

He tosses the coin again, pressing his palm over it when it lands.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

You see, while my hand is covering the coin, the outcome could be any one of two. Heads or tails. Equal probability. Only when I lift it to take a look--

He lifts his palm.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

--does the outcome definitively become only one of the two.

The detective reaches over and snatches the coin away, slamming it down on his side of the table. He leans in and grabs the suspect angrily by the collar.

DETECTIVE

I've had enough of your stupid riddles. You think you're clever, don't you? Well let me tell you something. We're going to find her, and when we do, I'm going to put your sorry ass behind bars for so goddamn long that no one will even remember you exist.

The detective shoves the suspect back in the chair, turning to head for the door.

SUSPECT

Wait.

The detective stops.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

I can tell you where the girl is.

The detective turns around, eyes the suspect suspiciously. The suspect gestures at the chair, beckoning for him to sit back down.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

Have you heard of Shrodinger's cat?

The detective sits back down on the chair, doesn't answer.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

Imagine putting a cat in a closed box with a flask of poison. There's a fifty-fifty chance that the flask will shatter, releasing the poison and killing the cat.

(MORE)

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

Without opening the box, would you be able to tell me whether or not the cat is alive or dead?

DETECTIVE

Where is she?

SUSPECT

Always so impatient, aren't we? If you can answer my question correctly, I'll tell you where I've put her. Promise.

DETECTIVE

You mean your stupid cat question?

The suspect shakes his head.

SUSPECT

That's just a little background. I've conducted my own experiment, to test the same hypothesis. Jasmine, the sweet kitten, is now locked in a room.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKED ROOM - DAY

A teenage girl is alone in the room, slamming her fists against the door, SCREAMING.

GIRL

Let me out! Let me go!

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SUSPECT

There's nothing in the room except for a vial of poisonous gas, enough to kill a person, and there's a fifty-fifty chance of the gas being released.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKED ROOM - DAY

Close on a small CONTRAPTION sitting in one corner of the room. A spirit level sits above the contraption and the bubble is dead centre, indicating that the contraption is perfectly balanced.

The girl's screams and pounding can be heard in the background.

The bubble shifts a little as the pounding vibrates the contraption ever so slightly.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE

You're a psychopath.

The suspect smiles, neither agreeing nor denying.

SUSPECT

So, considering we're both sitting here now having this lovely discussion - do you think dear Jasmine is alive or dead at this very moment? If you answer my question correctly, I'll tell you where she is.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The detective is standing in front of a closed door. He reaches out his hand for the door knob, hesitating for a moment.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

The suspect reaches out and picks up the coin again, the left corner of his lips twitching upwards in a crooked smile. He tosses the coin up in the air.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The detective turns the knob and opens the door slowly.

SUSPECT (V.O.)

Do you think dear Jasmine is alive or dead at this very moment?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Both.

INT. LOCKED ROOM - DAY

The door opens. As it does, the screens splits.

On the left, we see the girl lying on the floor, dead. The contraption has toppled and the vial is broken.

On the right, we see the girl huddled in a corner. She looks up and looks relieved to see the detective there.