Ieuan Whittaker (1802062) Adaptation (HPMF5007)

The Shining

INT. THE INTERVIEW - DAY

Jack Torrance gazes fixedly into the distance, gradually becoming more distant as he looks through Ullman as if he or no one else was in the room. For each second that passes, Ullman's rough-spoken words convert into a low monotonous tone, similar to a fridge after the door has been left open for a period of time.

ULLMAN
The banquet and ballroom facility is in the east wing. Questions?

Ullman gives Jack Torrance a frivolous look, leaning forward in his 1780 high back wing chair, attempting to assert dominance.

ULLMAN
(Demandingly)
Mr Torrance!

Failing to get Jack's attention, Ullman dutifully slams his hand down on the hard oak desk.

ULLMAN
(Angrily)
Mr Torrance!

Jack Hastily recovers from his trance, his mind slowly returning into the room.

JACK TORRANCE
(Flustered)
Excuse me?

ULLMAN
(Harshly)
Look here, Mr Torrance. I don't believe you care much for me, but no matter my opinion of you, it seems that I don't have much choice in getting anyone else for this position.

Jack looks at Ullman with a wistful smile, crossing over his arms and legs.

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JACK TORRANCE
(Sarcastically)
If I'm not mistaken, something tells me that you think I'm not right for this position?

Ullman leans back in his chair before opening his desk drawer zealously pulling out Jack's criminal records and assertively dropping them onto the desk in front of him.

ULLMAN
(Apathetically)
With everything these days out in the open Mr Torrance, I don't think I need to say any more on whether you're right or not for this position.

Jack knowing that Ullman was trying to get a reaction out of him, responds kindly.

JACK TORRANCE
(Kindly)
Those days are behind me. If it wasn't for my wife, I may have never had the devotion to become a better man. I not only need this job for myself but also to be able to support my wife and son.

ULLMAN
(Normally)
I see!

Ullman picks up Jack's criminal records and slowly puts them back into the desk drawer, making sure not to take his eyes off of Jack. Ullman maintains a concerned look while talking to Jack.

ULLMAN
(Concerned)
And even with your past history in physical violence, you're telling me that yourself and your family are ok with being isolated here over winter?

Beat.

JACK TORRANCE
(Calmly)
I am.

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Beat.

ULLMAN
(Harshly)
It's just that families are more prone to accidents, if you know what I mean, when being in close contact for long periods of time.

Beat.

JACK TORRANCE
(Calmly)
I'm sure we will find things to do to keep out of each other's hair. I myself like to read and Danny will most likely be off playing with his toys and radio.

JACK TORRANCE
(Vividly)
Not sure about my wife though!

Ulman looks down at Jack, like a teacher looking over the top edge of his glasses to indicate his displeasure.

ULLMAN
(Harshly)
Well, Mr Torrance, as I have no choice in this matter, welcome aboard. I will call in Watson to show you to the boiler room and living quarters.

Beat.

JACK TORRANCE
(Kindly)
Thank you!

INT. WATSON - DAY

Jack sits on the hard concrete-like chairs in the lobby awaiting the arrival of Watson. Jack composes himself, straightening his tie and styling his hair as if he were about to have dinner with the queen. Watson approaches Jack wearing a white suit, the sort of suit that would quickly blind you if you looked at it when the light was shining upon it. Jack stands up to greet and shake Watson's hand, noticing that the skin looks to have been steamed off.

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WATSON, DG
(Kindly)
Mr Torrance, is it?

Jack shakes Watson's hand, trying not to stare at it to the point where he would notice.

JACK TORRANCE
(Enthusiastically)
Yes, that's me!

WATSON, DG
(Kindly)
Well, we are all very delighted to have you working with us Mr Torrance. Shall we get right to it?

Jack and Watson enter the boiler room carefully stepping over any ground-level pipes. Jack was relieved to be out of any intense light where Watson's suit would blind him. However, Jack found it odd that Watson would wear such a suit into the boiler room.

WATSON, DG
(Kindly)
Here is the boiler room. I'm afraid Health and Safety down here was not a priority back in the early 19th century when they originally installed this boiler.

Jack, while trying to look professional, rapidly darts out of the way of any steam being projected from the pipework.

JACK TORRANCE
(Rashly)
Surly due to modern Health and Safety regulations this can't be accepted, and therefore, the system needs upgrading.

Watson looks at Jack with a powerless smile.

WATSON, DG
(Seriously)
Well, you see Mr Torrance, the Overlook Hotel would love to invest in many areas of the hotel. But ever since that investigation by the police

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in the 1970s, the hotel has just about been breaking even.

JACK TORRANCE
(Curiously)
I see! May I ask what investigation?

WATSON, DG
(Seriously)
A man by the name Delbert Grady killed his wife and two daughters with an axe in the winter of 1970, committing suicide after he murdered them. Did Ullman not tell you anything about this?

Jack's face begins to fill with regret and horror as the murders start to sink in, consuming all other thoughts.

JACK TORRANCE
(Terrified)
I'm afraid not! In fact, it seemed that Ullman didn't even want me here. But now I think about it, Ullman did insinuate such an event. How could something like that even happen?

Watson moves dangerously close to Jack's left ear, close enough so that he could feel Watson's moist breath panting on his earlobe to the point that makes him feel unbalanced.

WATSON, DG
(Creepily)
This hotel works in a mysterious way, Mr Torrance.

Watson resumes his previous position.

WATSON, DG
(Kindly)
Getting back to the task at hand Mr Torrance, you will need to keep an eye on these pressure gauges. If the pressure gets above 70 PSI, which stands for pounds per square inch, you will need to rotate this valve to the left to lower the pressure, and to the right to increase the pressure. Got it?

Jack hastily responds.

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JACK TORRANCE
(Flustered)
Yes, I understand, thanks, Mr Watson.

WATSON, DG
(Kindly)
Fantastic! Now I need to rush off so why don't we see if the rest of your family has arrived yet?

Jack and Watson step over the pipes leaving the boiler room and closing the hard metal door behind them. Leaving the darkness behind.

INT. FAMILY REUNION - EVENING

Jack was not relieved to be back sitting on the concrete-like chairs in the lobby awaiting the arrival of his luggage and family. Suddenly a man in a black suit runs up to him completely out of breath. His suit was clearly drenched from his own sweat, as it had not been raining the entire day.

WATSON
(Out of breath)
Mr Torrance, I apologize for how late I am. Traffic during this time of year is a nightmare with everyone trying to get home before the storm.

Jack looks confused.

JACK TORRANCE
(Curiously)
Wait! If your Watson, who showed me around the boiler room earlier?

Before Watson has the chance to reply, Danny and Wendy walk into the lobby, Danny running up to give Jack a hug.

DANNY
(Joyfully)
Dad!

JACK TORRANCE
(Joyfully)
Hey, my little man, I've missed you.

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Beat.

DANNY
(Joyfully)
Missed you too dad.

Wendy walks up and kisses Jack.

WENDY
(Joyfully)
Hey hun!

Beat.

WATSON
(Kindly)
Allow me to help you with your bags.

INT. THE BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Jack lies in bed, the clock tauntingly ticks gradually getting louder as Jack tosses and turns hastily in his sleep. Jack's face twitches in horror as his dream takes over all emotion. Jack dreams of him laughing with a demonic smile as blood spatters all over his face with the squelching sound of him hitting something.

JACK TORRANCE
(Screaming)
No! No! Noooooooo!

Jack rapidly awakens to a loud bang coming from the boiler room, breathing heavily Jack hastily gets out of bed attempting to switch on the lights but to no avail. At this point, Wendy awakes faintly looking around the room for what's going on.

WENDY
(Faintly)
Jack! What's going on?

JACK TORRANCE
(Terrified)
Stay here dear, I heard something coming from the boiler room. Take the bat to protect yourself, I'm going to take a look.

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Jack squeaks open the heavy boiler room door to reveal that the pressure was above 100 PSI and that the pressure valve was missing. Jack frantically attempts to shut off the boiler.

JACK TORRANCE
(Frantically)
FUCK! SHIT!

Jack manages to shut off the boiler. The sound of a spanner can be heard being dropped onto the ornate concrete floor. The sound echos through the halls minutes after hitting the floor. Jack slowly creeps out of the boiler room.

JACK TORRANCE
(Terrified)
Hello! Is anybody there?

Jack walks down the long hallway to an old wooden door leading outside into the storm. The door has been left open Jack thinks, only to discover an axe chopped into the door.

FLASH FORWARD

Jacks chopping Wendy into tiny pieces with an axe, blood splattering all over his face.

JACK TORRANCE
(Demonic)
I said I would get you, die Wendy die, you fucking bitch. You'll never get in my way again.

BACK TO

Jack breaks free, collapsing to the hard concrete floor.

THE END

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