

## Isolation - Revelation

*Silence. Brooding.*

THE MAN: Ash. Ash!

*He lets out a primal scream of anger.*

Fuck this. I'm done. I just....I just can't. Why? Why me? Why would you do this to me? I don't even believe in you but why would you do this to me? I'm asking you a question! Why? Why me?

*The images which adorn his 'mind palace', memories of him and Fran begin to fray at the edges. He lies on the bed crying.*

I'm so tired. I'm so alone. Please. Someone. Something. Please.

*The man jolts with a deep breath. He's trying to push himself out of bed. If he can't do it in real life then he will do it in his mind. A flicker of projection. He falls back. He tries again. The lights push up in a crescendo, synapses fire and bounce. He jolts himself out of the bed and he is 'out'. His body is still in the bed but his mind is free. He jumps out of the bed leaving behind the projection of himself in the bed. It's a breakout moment. He's created a new world for himself. A world that was only hinted at before has become his new reality. A separate place where he can create. The audience can see both versions, but the only one we want to see is THE MAN who is free thinking and free from all of the oppressing tubes.*

*He is dressed exactly the same. He walks out into his imagination. Taking it in. He casts images onto the screen, the sides. It is new. The sequence is joy in the pain. Another jolt. He's exerted himself too much and is pulled back into bed. He passes out.*