

Screenplay

By

Erika Christie

EC 202-718-1616

FADE IN

INT. SMALL ROOM.

Room is small, square, and brilliantly white. There are three chairs.

BOOK sits in a chair facing a corner, asleep. Hair is mussed, drool runs down his face, deep creases in his forehead. His head droops to one side, his right arm hangs down. A pencil is on the floor inches below his hanging arm.

MEEK sits in his chair in the center of the room, asleep. Head erect, clothes impeccably pressed and clean. Pencil and paper resting symmetrically in his lap.

TAKE leans forward and stares at a ROUND METAL OBJECT in the wall behind Meek. Jacket is unbuttoned, his face twists. Slowly leans closer to it until he can almost touch it. He sniffs it.

The object spins. Take recoils. He vigorously straightens his suit. Looks to Book, then Meek. Neither one stirs.

DOOR KNOB spins again.

Take jumps back. He frantically runs to his chair and sits. Pulls his pencil from his pocket and grips it. He looks cautiously at Meek then leans dramatically to one side to see the metal object on the wall behind Meek.

Book bursts awake and jumps to his feet. Take falls out of his chair and scrambles back up as Meek wakes and stands.

MEEK  
Good day, sir.

Meek sits.

BOOK  
Good day.

Book smooths his hair and wipes his face on his handkerchief. Grabs his pencil and turns his chair around to face the others. Blankly stares straight ahead. The three chairs form a triangle.

BOOK  
Order, please. The assembly has  
commenced in proper fashion. All  
parties accounted for. No violence  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOOK (cont'd)  
thus far. We proceed to opening  
remarks.

Book sits.

Silence.

Book leans forward. Meek grips his pencil. Book flicks his  
his eyes toward Take. Take is again leaning to stare at the  
metal object around Meek. Book stands.

BOOK  
The meeting has come to a grinding  
halt! No injuries reported but  
personnel are non cooperative and  
could become violent. We will  
reattempt opening remarks under  
great duress.

Take bounds to his feet dropping his pencil on the floor.

TAKE  
Opening remarks. The assembly has  
commenced without a hitch . .  
(glances at the pencil)  
With minor complications. We will  
push ahead none the less. Eyes  
forward, minds open, pencils  
ready. We will now hear rebuttals  
from the prior meeting.

Take falls into his chair. He looks at his pencil and  
lunges forward. Stops mid lunge and looks at Book, quickly  
sits.

Meek, still gripping his pencil, stands politely.

MEEK  
I would like to make a comment. I  
agree with Book's assessment of  
last meetings work. It was well  
thought out, concise, and poetical.  
It captured the spirit and the  
veracity of all mankind. And it  
was, above all, correct.

Meek sits, beaming, as Book stands.

BOOK  
Thank you, Meek. You have always  
been a light to our path. Does  
anyone else have a rebuttal or  
comment from last week?

(CONTINUED)

Take stands eagerly as Book sits and relaxes.

TAKE  
I would like to bring up new  
business.

Meek jumps to his feet.

MEEK  
This is not the proper time.

Book stomps the floor, stands.

BOOK  
Stop the violence. We are not  
heathens. Order must be  
maintained.

Meek and Take retake their seats.

BOOK  
Discipline will be  
upheld. Civilization as we know it  
hangs by a thread, but we and we  
alone will hold the world  
together. We must gather our  
strength from each other.

Meek, head lowered, glares at his pencil. Take stares at  
the door knob.

BOOK  
The balance of justice and truth  
must remain in our favor if we  
expect to survive the trying times  
we are steeped in this very  
moment. Truth alone is the only-

DOOR KNOB spins.

TAKE  
It moved again!

Take jumps up and knocks his chair over.

BOOK  
Take. It is not your proper time  
to speak. I am standing and . .

TAKE  
It moved. We must discuss.

(CONTINUED)

BOOK

I will not be made a fool. Sit  
before all order has been lost.

The doorknob spins and the door shakes. Meek jumps.

MEEK

What is that?

BOOK

Order. Order I implore you  
both. We must keep the assembly  
together. We must not be corrupted  
by outside forces.

Take and Meek sit. Meek cringes and strains to look over  
his shoulder at the door behind him, unable to see it.

BOOK

We must look to the future. To  
where we aspire to be and will one  
day end up. The greatest men the  
world has known. They will chant  
our names at the end of the world,  
when we are all . .

Stop looking at the door! It will  
bring you nothing!

TAKE

Door? What is a door?

BOOK

A door is that embarrassment of an  
imperfection over there.

He points at the door, barely visible in the stark white  
wall. Meek turns around to look at it. He looks all the  
way up to the top as it looms horridly over him. He spins  
forward and closes his eyes.

BOOK

It is an abomination. It mocks us  
with its presence. Do not think of  
it and certainly do not look at it.  
Every glance will torment your  
dreams. Corruption will take over  
your soul and leave nothing behind.

Book, out of breath, sweats profusely. He sways and tugs  
helplessly at his collar. Take stands defiantly.

(CONTINUED)

TAKE

I want to know where it came from? What is it? This is new business of the utmost importance. We cannot wait until the end of the assembly.

BOOK

There is nothing to talk about. We will not mention this anymore. We will ignore it as we always have. On to the next order of business. Does anyone have a new work they would like to read aloud?

Meek jumps to his feet.

MEEK

(to Take)

It's your fault it's here! You did this to us.

BOOK

Nothing is out there. Don't look at it, don't think about it.

TAKE

Out there? You mean, that's a way out? To somewhere away from here?

MEEK

Leave it alone! You don't know what will happen.

BOOK

The world is gone. It does not exist anymore. There is only us left. We must band together.

Meek grips his pencil so tight he breaks it. He stares at his hand then throws the pieces to the ground.

BOOK

Meek. Calm down. It is only broken.

MEEK

I will not calm down.

Take crosses over to the door and touches it.

(CONTINUED)

BOOK  
Leave it alone, Take. You don't  
know what it's like out there.

TAKE  
I thought there was nothing.

BOOK  
Nothing. Yes, nothing. No one.

Take takes a step toward Book. Book backs away.

TAKE  
Did they lock you in here?

BOOK  
No! No. I came in here to get away  
from them. To start over. To  
create what they never gave  
me. Order, truth, meaning. They  
only take for themselves. They've  
destroyed everyone.

MEEK  
I don't want them in here.

BOOK  
They fought. They were  
corrupt. They burned books and  
houses and killed each other with  
guns and bombs. They would lie. I  
saved you.

Take stands erect and straightens his jacket.

TAKE  
I understand. We should not let  
them in.

Take walks confidently to his chair.

TAKE  
I apologize for the truly  
inappropriate remarks I have  
made. I hope the assembly and the  
world will forgive my ill advised  
actions and we may resume bettering  
ourselves.

Take sits politely and picks up his pencil. Meek slowly  
tiptoes back to his chair, glances over his shoulder at the  
overwhelming door. He looks up at Take who is unnaturally  
serene. He looks at Book who is sweating and defeated. He  
sits and grabs his papers.

(CONTINUED)

BOOK

This ends our current assembly meeting. I hope the meeting was satisfactory to everyone involved. Please join us again, next time we will be studying a new work of great magnitude to the human race.

Book sits, breaking his pencil with a loud SNAP. Take grins.

MEEK

What is wrong with your face?

Take's grin evaporates. He lowers his head and stands.

TAKE

I apologize for the disruption. It will never happen again

Take sits, toying with his pencil. Book stands and picks up his broken pencil from his seat. He stares at his hands.

BOOK

The assembly is over.

Book turns his chair to face the corner. He slowly lowers himself onto his seat and folds his hands in his lap. His head bobs and roll to the side. His right arm falls.

Meek lowers his head and tries to curl into a ball. He nods off, scowling. Take stares at Book's dangling hand. The pencil pieces drop to the floor.

Take walks to the door and touches it. He shakes it. He pushes on the door then pulls on it. He turns the knob.

Take lets the knob go and steps back. He looks at Book then Meek. He turns the knob until it clicks. He pulls it open and looks out. He walks through.

Meek wakes.

Meek sees Take's empty chair and jumps to his feet. He spins and looks all around the room. He sees Book asleep and points at the empty chair. He waits. He sits, leaning toward Book, staring eagerly at his back.

Book's eyes are open.

FADE TO BLACK