

WORLD OF PAPER

By

Alex Brauck

FADE IN:

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only lamp beams down on an unshaven WRITER in his thirties who gazes with glassy eyes ahead.

Stiff as a statue, he perches on the edge of a plush sofa.

Beside him, on the small IKEA-table is a paper clutter of printed script pages.

Countless sheets of paper cover the loft's parquet flooring.

On shelves, loudspeakers - everywhere a thing could be laid on, it lies - papers full of letters, words, text.

The desk is overloaded with documents and index cards. Many writings show blocks of prose, but there's also a mass of drawings, scribbles and handwritten notes dealing with writer terminology as: Act 1, hero, antagonist, goal...

The windows' closed curtains intensify the impression of an isolated World of Paper.

Only a narrow slit where the curtains failed to meet, gives a view on the luminous full moon.

That's where Writer's stare rests.

He examines the moon intently, all of its shapes, shadows and craters. Calm and patiently he watches it, as if it's a miracle - and it actually is here, because of how his glassy eyes focus the common natural satellite.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Writer pisses, then washes his hands.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Writer lights a cigarette, walks back to the sofa.

He grasps few script pages from the table, flips through it with his swollen eyes. Puts them back.

He scratches his head, some ash drops on a sheet of paper on the floor. The glow vanishes. He just lets it be.

The moon wandered, not visible through the slit anymore.

Writer's scrutinizes his loft, "How did it come to this?"

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Writer crawls on all fours, cleans up. He grabs and examines documents, stuffs some into a garbage can he drags behind him. Other papers are to his liking, so he keeps them and builds a pile next to the bin.

LATER

On all fours, Writer reaches his open kitchen, looks back.

The entire parquet flooring is cleared, visible. World of Paper - Gone.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Writer sits at his desk. Clean-shaven and well-dressed, he checks emails on his laptop.

LATER

Writer opens the curtains. Light comes in, strokes his face.

INT. PUBLISHER BUILDING - OFFICE - DAY

Abstract paintings hang between shelves full of literature.

Along the edge of a glass table, brass statues weigh down a row of thick manuscript.

Behind it sits a PUBLISHER, around fifty, who pokes his nose into a script. Puts it down.

He reclines in the chair, stares up to the perforated ceiling tiles.

He takes a manila envelope, stuffs the manuscript into it. With a black marker he writes "Pass" on it.

LATER

Publisher hands the "Pass" envelope over to Writer, now on the other side of the glass table.

EXT. PUBLISHER BUILDING - DAY

Writer comes out the main entrance. With a match he tries to light up a cigarette.

The envelope under his arm hinders him. Another try... it doesn't work. Writer takes one step aside, blindly throws his manuscript in a bin.

He lights up and drags deeply.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - ENTRANCE - DAY

Writer closes the door, takes the steps, enters his

LIVING ROOM

A clean place. Neat place.

Writer walks to the window.

Through the pane, Writer views the MECHANIC, his age, working on a car in the neighboring driveway.

They share a look of respect, nod toward each other.

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

Writer researches on his laptop at the desk.

Writer writes on his laptop at the desk.

Writer reads a book on the sofa.

Writer walks around, lays down paper here and there.

Writer drops into his bed.

Writer writes on his notebook at the desk, obsessed.

Watching TV, Writer eats like an animal.

Writer walks around, lays down paper here and there.

Writer pisses in the Restroom. He rushes back to work.

Writer drinks alcohol like an animal.

The curtains are half shut.

Writer pounds away on his laptop at the desk.

Writer walks around, lays down documents here and there.

On all fours Writer examines papers on the floor.

Writer flicks through index cards at his desk. He makes notes with a marker, puts cards in a new order.

Writer writes on his notebook at the desk.

Writer makes notes in longhand, obsessed.

The printer prints script pages.

Writer proofreads his printed script with a red marker.

END SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The only lamp beams down on Writer's unshaven face. From the sofa, he stares with glassy eyes ahead.

The loft has morphed into the World of Paper. The curtains are fully shut.

Only a narrow slit where the window curtains failed to meet, gives a view on the full moon.

Burned out, Writer gazes at it.

On the desk - the printer prints out the cover page of the new script, titled: WORLD OF PAPER

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's perfectly tidy again.

Writer, clean-shaven, leans back in the sofa, gives a faint sigh of exhaustion and emptiness.

He gets up, drags himself to the desk as a dead man walking. Takes a seat.

He intends to flip open his notebook to do shit -- But unintentionally glances across the desk. Slowly.

Like a magnetic pull, the fresh script, lying beside the printer, catches his eyes.

He makes one last breath of exhaustion, picks up the script, and relaxes from one second to the next:

A natural smile and a calm aura arises on Writer's face. He beams with joy, self-esteem and gratefulness.

The moment soon vanishes since nothing lasts forever. Nevertheless, Writer's eyes attest a revival, as if an elemental force touched him, brought back some relativity to his ways.

It's one of the secrets of writers we witness. Psst.

All alone and so on... then there are definite answers to Why. This is one.

FADE OUT.