

GAME OF CREATION

written by

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INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A dark interior. Empty, save for a table in the center with a large game board on it.

Two men sit at the table, THE MAN IN BLACK and THE MAN IN WHITE. Both are plain looking, yet there's something unnatural about their appearance. A slight glow and warmth.

Both men stare down at the board --

Something resembling the terrain of a planet. Lush greenery and water, but not much else. Barely more than a blank canvas.

The Man in Black gestures theatrically at the game board.

THE MAN IN BLACK

Your move.

The Man in White reaches down. Plunges his hands into the ground. RAISES it, molding and shaping the dirt as if working with clay, forming it into a MOUNTAIN.

THE MAN IN WHITE

Can you do better?

THE MAN IN BLACK

I believe so...

The Man in Black reaches down, grabs the same mountain. He concentrates for a moment, then WAVES HIS HAND over it.

The Man in Black withdraws his hand, looking pleased with himself.

The board TREMBLES VIOLENTLY. Ground QUAKING. The mountain SPLITS OPEN --

A LARGE VOLCANO SPEWING LAVA INTO THE AIR!

The Man in Black sits back. Beaming.

MAN IN BLACK

Perfect balance. Your turn.

The Man in White looks back down at the board, refusing to be outdone. Extends his hand, palm up.

A SWIRLING BALL OF GOLDEN ENERGY forms in the Man in White's hand, growing larger and larger by the second.

The Man in White tips his hand over, sprinkling the golden energy like ashes. It hits the ground, immediately giving life to --

ANIMALS.

Lions, zebras, giraffes, etc. all SPRINT across the land, searching for a place to call home.

The oceans and rivers fills with FISH of various sizes.

The Man in White flashes a cocky grin at the Man in Black.

The Man in Black places his hand on his chest, right over his heart.

MAN IN WHITE

What are you doing?

MAN IN BLACK

Something to dominate your creatures...

The Man in Black PULLS A PIECE OF HIS HEART THROUGH HIS CHEST. A heap of black matter.

The Man in Black lays the black matter on the ground -- it SINKS deep beneath the earth.

A BEAT.

Nothing happens.

The Man in White stares. Confused.

The Man in Black holds up a finger.

MAN IN BLACK

Watch.

A HUNDRED DARK MOUNDS extend from the dirt, rising five to six feet high. They quickly take the form of --

HUMAN BEINGS.

Featureless, raw. Almost like cardboard cutouts.

They stand, motionless. Heads forward, held high. They wait. Obedient soldiers awaiting orders.

MAN IN BLACK

Can you beat that?

MAN IN WHITE

Watch.

The Man in White taps the game board. Waits. Taps it again. Waits. Then once more.

The Human Figures GLOW brightly. It quickly fades away, returning them to their dark, shapeless features.

The Man in Black sits forward, squinting down to see if he missed something.

MAN IN BLACK

They look the same... Did you do something?

MAN IN WHITE

I gave them free will. They can choose to follow us or not.

The Man in Black recoils. Mortified. Can't comprehend it.

MAN IN BLACK

Why would you want that?

MAN IN WHITE

We have to make this game interesting. What fun is it if we force them to follow us?

MAN IN BLACK

You have a twisted idea of what fun is.

The Man in Black looks back down at the board --

The Human Figures remain still, seemingly unaware of the animals sniffing around them. They keep their heads forward, stonewalled.

MAN IN WHITE

It's your move.

MAN IN BLACK

I don't have a follow up to that. What do we do now?

MAN IN WHITE

We wait...

The Man in White raises his hand --

MAN IN WHITE

This should be fun.

-- SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

A HARSH, BLINDING LIGHT engulfs the game board.

4.

For the first time, the Human Figures, finally free to do and think for themselves, LOOK UP --

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END.