

Pen Pals

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered desk sits crammed into a bedroom of chaos - faded post-its, lidless pens, coffee rings, dirty clothes and an oscillating FAN.

A PEN, a ratty Montblanc, rests beside a yellow legal NOTEPAD - scribbles, scratches, frayed edges.

PEN

Good job on that last draft.

The fan blows up the corner of the paper.

PEN

No, really. That was brilliance.
Could you be any thinner?

NOTEPAD

Says the one who had flow issues.

The pen rolls in the breeze from the fan.

NOTEPAD

Again.

The pen rolls back.

PEN

I'm worth the hassle. He says so every time.

The paper settles after a breeze.

NOTEPAD

For such a literate, you seem to be completely daft to inflection.

The fan shudders across a sweep of the room.

PEN

You think that's funny? How about I come over there and jam you?

The fan oscillates uninterrupted.

The pen and notepad sit in silence.

NOTEPAD

You're a moron.

PEN

What's your problem? You think you're so superior, but you're just not.

NOTEPAD

You just don't get it.

PEN

Get what? The fact that without me, you're nothing? Empty?

NOTEPAD

No, I mean the fact that we're nothing without each other, and yet I'll be around long after you're gone.

The pen rolls in the breeze, back and forward.

PEN

He wouldn't throw me away.

NOTEPAD

You're leaking on me.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

The fan turns in its rhythm. The dirty clothes flutter in the breeze. A new, shiny LAPTOP sits where the notepad and pen were before.

A dented, metal trashcan sits beside the desk. Inside are the notepad - pages ripped free - the pen, tissues with ink splotches and balled up yellow paper.

The fan shudders across a sweep.

PEN AND NOTEPAD

Shut up!

FADE OUT.