

PRINTING II

Written by

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INT. DARKROOM - NIGHT

RICK(24), restless student, sits typing away on a computer. He types complete nonsense. 'You can't run away from your problems.' ,and 'Is there really spaghetti in a black hole?'

The rhythm of typing slows, strange things start to appear around him, abstracts, refractions.

He checks the time, he gives a strong frown. He stares off. He checks again. Back to typing.

Something pops from the shadows, a strong and present FIGURE. It disappears. He looks long into the shadows. Back to typing.

RICK

I uh. I can't do this.

He rubs his eyes and yawns, smacks his lips together. He stares at his screen. His eyes slowly close. Head falls.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GRAY LIT OFFICE SPACE - DAY

Rick jerks his head up. He looks around, there's a laptop with an excel tab open, the office hums. Rick looks over at COWORKER, they meet eyes. Then the coworker turns away. A shadow appears behind Rick.

Rick turns back to his screen. Rows and rows. He begins to type.

RICK

VHS... stored in box 8.

Beat. A shot out the window. A bird flies past.

RICK (CONT'D)

2001... Laser Disc in box 1...

Beat. Out the window. The clouds move. He watches people move on the street. The clock ticks.

RICK (V.O.)

Hitchcock... 1954...Thriller... 112 minutes.. Staring James... box 6.

Rick sighs... He yawns. Eyes out the window again. Someone clears their throat. Its BOSSMAN, a total weasel, standing far behind Rick.

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BOSSMAN

Hey Rick can I talk to you for a second.

Rick shuts his laptop.

RICK

Sure. One sec.

The bossman walks off. Rick sits there, one last glance out the window.

INT. CLOSED OFFICE - DAY

Rick sits in a chair against a white wall. Words are being spoken, he finally tunes in.

BOSSMAN

We've been having some issues with the printer lately.

RICK

Oh.

BOSSMAN

Yea I need you to check it out. We had the Service Man in last week.

RICK

So...did they fix it?

BOSSMAN

He told me that it needed some parts. But see if its still down there, ok.

RICK

Oh.

BOSSMAN

Yea, that'd be great, if you could, thanks. I need some stuff printed, you seem to have a way with these things. I'll send you the files. Thanks.

Rick stands up.

RICK

Thank you.

BOSSMAN

OH, it'll need a fresh ream, too.

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CONTINUED:

RICK
Got it. Thank you.

He leaves the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

He walks down a corridor holding his laptop and a ream, towards a room, labeled PRINTER.

The door squeaks open. Though the room is empty sparse with white paper and thick black cords, clearly the printer had been there.

RICK
Fuck this.

He drops the ream, Beat. Rick walks out and closes the door.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

An isolated patch of sidewalk. Sparsely populated and a singular trash can, occupy its space.

RICK (V.O.)
I should've slept more last night.
Maybe the printers work only when
you sleep well. Where did it go.
Where am I doing? Who am I, What is
all of this. How did I get here?

Rick walks in and makes a calculated trajectory around the trash can, and walks out of frame.

RICK
I don't know.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

He walks down a hallway. He stops right before a door.

RICK (V.O.)
Could get an extension.

He stands there.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RICK

I...

He turns to walk away and exits frame.

Beat.

He hurries back into frame and turns into class. Hold. Colorful and strong lights burst from the door, Sci-fi teleport noise.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. VOID - NIGHT

FROM BLACK

Rick enters the scene, He gawks at his surroundings. He walks around in this space. He walks in space, past stars, and galaxies. More darkness than light.

RICK

Wow...

He keeps walking. Then he stops. He looks down, an inky pool covers his shoes. He tilts his head and tries to lift his feet, but the surface tension holds them beneath.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh.

He sludges around some more. He passes a SIGN that says NO RUNNING. He squints his eyes, and continues to walk on.

INT. VOID - NIGHT

He walks from one side of the frame to the next.

INT. VOID - NIGHT

He stops and looks around.

RICK

This paper is never getting in.

He observes his surroundings and a lawn chair sits idle a few meters from him. He sludges to the chair and takes a seat. He yawns and then closes his eyes.

Something clears its throat. Rick opens his eyes and gives a one, two. His eyes land on a PRINTER.

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RICK (CONT'D)
HAH, finally!

Out from the lawn chair, he arrives at the printer. He walks around it.

RICK (CONT'D)
Wait a minute...

He taps the power. It burs and buzzes to life.

RICK (CONT'D)
Whatever. Lets get this over with!

He taps a couple more buttons on the printer.

Beat.

Rick waits for something to happen.

Beat.

RICK (CONT'D)
Fuck this man!

He smacks the printer.

PRINTER
OooOhHH.

Rick takes a couple steps back.

Beat.

PRINTER (CONT'D)
Comon, hit me again...

RICK
Wah.

Beat. The printer bleep bloops.

RICK (CONT'D)
No.

PRINTER
Comon..

RICK
No... Can I get my papers!

PRINTER
Fine, but you, gotta feed me first...

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The PRINTER tray pops open. Rick grimaces. A ream of paper floats on in. Rick grabs it and feeds the printer.

PRINTER (CONT'D)
Mm. Ok here you go. Thanks for
your help... See ya later.

The printer prints a piece of blank paper, and powers down.

Beat. Rick grabs it and looks at it. The page reveals its self to say 'The page is already written, RUN!'

RICK
Huh. This is not what I want!
HELLO.

HE KICKS THE PRINTER!

Beat. Nothing happens.

RICK (CONT'D)
CAN'T HAVE SHIT!

INT. BLACKHOLE DISK - NIGHT

Rick turns around and walks away, when SUDDENLY he stands at the edge of a mirror. IT'S RICK VS. RICK II.

Rick just stares at his image.

Beat.

THEN the piece of paper flutters in Ricks hands, and then flies off. He lunges for it but fails.

The picture widens, the paper was sucked into a SUPERMASSIVE BLACKHOLE.

RICK II holds onto the paper now, he now wears a silly reflective mask. RICK II turns around and shrinks into the blackhole.

Rick realizing his refracted being, quickly turns to walk away but is pulled backwards. He trudges a step forward. He's pulled closer to the event horizon.

Rick keeps his head down. One step at a time. Time is almost up. He's being pulled in.

Rick looks back. Pure abstract darkness, droning incessantly.

RICK
I can't do this.

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He lets go and falls.

Beat. He closes his eyes. His feet begin to leave the goop.

SUDDENLY. He snaps awake. He runs, space bubbling from his heels. The blackhole follows slowly behind.

At a distance far enough away. He stops and then is pulled back in, quickly.

A GRAVITATIONAL SLING SHOT around the blackhole and out from its clutches.

Rick breaking speed records, blacks out after witnessing serious abstracts.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Rick is laying on the middle of the hallway floor. He has a stack of papers on his chest.

He wakes up and the papers slide off his chest to the floor.

RICK

Wah.

He groans. He looks at the papers.

RICK (CONT'D)

Oh.

The top page says, "Nice moves, From, your friend, <3!"

He gets up and collects the papers and walks into class. A roaring applause!

INT. OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Rick walks into the Bossman office. He slams a stack of papers on the desk. Bossman is arguing on the phone.

RICK

Got those files for you.

BOSSMAN

NICE! Now get out, It's the service guy, I think he stole our PRINTER!

Rick walks out.

INT. HOME - DAY

Rick, plops on the couch.

Beat.

He takes a deep breath in.

Beat.

The room starts shaking. Water in a cup ripples.

Startled, Rick gets up and walks to the window. He pulls back the curtain to see A BLACKHOLE IN THE SKY.

FILL TO BLACK.

THE END.