

(Shards of Entropy)
by
(Tom Pascal)

Thomasp121@hotmail.com

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Complete darkness. A voice.

VOICE (V.O.)

Thirty four million, seven
hundred and seventy five
thousand, seven hundred and
thirty two point four minutes.

(beat)

Is the average life expectancy of
a human living in the year 2008.

(beat)

Every minute is a new experience.

Suddenly light. Then blinking.

ANDREWS P.O.V.

Andrew sits up from his bed. A room begins to come into focus. Rich, thick carpet. Large television. A room of luxury.

A WOMAN (26), blonde and beautiful lying in the bed. Andrew stands up.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So much to try. So much to learn.
The world is a big place. The
universe is bigger.

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew moves through other rooms. Shower. Breakfast. Suit. All in fast forward. The woman gets out of bed. Clothes. Breakfast.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Unlimited options. Unlimited
possibilities. Unlimited life.

Normal time. Andrew picks up a briefcase, kisses the woman on the cheek, walks out the door.

EXT. BUSY STREET - MORNING

People walking to work. A HOMELESS MAN on the sidewalk extends his hand. Andrew drops a five dollar note into it and continues walking.

VOICE (V.O.)

Flash car. Expensive house. Great
girlfriend. Credible job. Easy
going friends. Loving family.
Desirable figure. Perfect tan.

(beat)

The perfect life.

Andrew stops at a coffee vender. The MAN behind the counter grins and shakes Andrews hand. He hands over a cup of coffee. Andrew nods a thanks and walks on through the crowd.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But what if you died tomorrow?
You can't swim in your pool in
heaven. You can't drive your car
in hell. Nothing will matter.

Andrew stops at a large building. He walks through sliding doors.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - MORNING

A WOMAN greets him with a smile. He swipes a card over a sensor at the front desk.

VOICE (V.O.)
The hard earned hours towards
getting a degree. Working after
hours at your job constantly. The
sucking up to the boss. The rise
to the top. To be number one. To
be shot down to nothing. If you
died tomorrow.

Andrew confidently struts down a long hallway, passing employees. All smiling at him.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Charisma. The key to opportunity.
Are you the man everyone wants to
be around? What if you died
tomorrow? Would they cry? Would
they grieve? Would they care?

Andrew walks to the end of the hallway. Stairs are situated next to a lift. He pauses.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Will you go through life taking
the easy option? Or will you
strive to be the best you can be.

Andrew moves towards the lift.

INT. LIFT - DAY

The lift reaches the top floor.

INT. ANDREWS OFFICE - MORNING

Andrew enters a large office. "Andrew Lockly" is on the door. A bookcase. Chairs. A large desk. Looking out to a city. Buildings everywhere.

EXT. BALCONY - MORNING

Andrew exits his office, on to a balcony. He walks to the edge and looks down at the mass of people below. Cars beep. The homeless man Andrew gave five dollars to is being beaten up by a group of kids. They take money from him.

VOICE (V.O.)

Only when everything is in place
will you succeed. Only when you
are succeeding, will you watch
others fail.

Andrew places the coffee cup on the ledge. With his finger he pushes it slightly. It rocks, but doesn't fall. He pushes again, harder. The cup topples over and falls towards the city below. Andrew spends a few seconds staring at it fall. He climbs up to the ledge and stands atop it. He looks down. Looks up. Takes a deep breath.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You could die tomorrow.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But what if you died today?

CUT TO:

BLACK