

THE ESTABLISHED DEPRESSION

By

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Abstract paintings. Shelves full of literature in good preservation.

Near the edge of a glass table, a small brass statue weights the thick manuscript underneath.

Further piles of paper lie all around the table top in classified order:

Some uppermost pages are filled with blocks of text in typewriter's distinctive Courier font. Others show up cover pages with drama titles like "Days Of Summer" and the famous "written by" author's reference below.

Behind the desk sits FREDERIC SANDERS, 52, long grey hair with last dark strands, pokes his nose into a manuscript.

Frederic lays it down, settles back in the desk chair. He juts his chin forward, and stares up to the perforated ceiling tiles.

He takes a manila envelope, stuffs the manuscript into it. With a marker he writes "DEVELOPEMENT" down.

He puts the manila envelope in the desk drawer.

CUT TO

LATER

Frederic takes a manila envelope out of the drawer. It's marked with a bold "PASS".

He opens it, pulls out the script to the point he can see - written by Julian Budd.

He passes the document over to JULIAN BUDD, 34, who sits in front of the glass table. Julian's weary pupils contrast with his clean shaven face and the completely buttoned dress shirt.

Julian takes the envelope and leaves the office.

EXT. PUBLISHING BUILDING - DAY

Julian comes out of the entrance door, stops. He pulls out a cigarette and a box of matches, tries to light up; the thick envelope under his arm hinders him.

He takes a quick step aside, blindly throws the manuscript in the bin, and lights up the cigarette.

He inhales the smoke as deeply as possible, undoes the first two buttons of his shirt and ambles away.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY

Julian closes the door, takes the flight of stairs, enters

HIS ROOM

Darkness. The incident daylight coming from the ceiling-high windows is hidden, and almost completely dimmed, behind the close-drawn curtains.

The light turns on. An all in one room: Kitchen, bed, book collection; 80's couches partly full of sheets, magazines and books; a desk cluttered with paper.

On further reflection, the shoals of sheets, which lie on everywhere they could, strike the eye more and more;

They even are scattered on the parquet floor; sheets with single catchwords, printed script pages, small index cards, colored sketches.

On the wall above the desk, towers a row of index cards headed: ACT 1, ACT 2, ACT 3, ACT 4 ... with several keywords listed under each.

Julian's hand remains on the light switch. He freezes in this "world of paper", till he turns around and opens the only door in the room.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Water splashes out of the shower head down on naked Julian. He sits in the shower tray, arms crossed above the head.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Julian dries his hair while he takes off the index cards above the desk, and drops them on the ground.

He takes a step beside, watches the long but lean calendar. In the date's input fields, there's only one date inscribed, 14th of March. Handwritten annotated "PUBLISHER".

Julian turns around four calendar pages till July; the 10th, also commentated as "PUBLISHER".

LATER - NIGHT

Julian sits on the couch. He drinks a beer, watches TV.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian sits on the couch, reads a book. The cover shows Hemingway.

He pauses, looks down at the shattered sheets on the floor.

He raises his arm as if he's willing to throw the book away. Slowly his hand goes down and lays Hemingway at the place beside him.

ANOTHER - NIGHT

The seating area is left alone. Many beers and wine bottles fill the cocktail table.

Julian lies in the bed, upon the blanket; still dressed, still shoes on which hang out far over the rack; and still lights turned on.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian, same clothes, picks up the bottles at the table.

He collects them in the kitchen.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian, in boxer shorts, picks up bottles which stand not noticeable in another position as they did the day before.

In the kitchen, the collection of bottles gets bigger.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian sits on the couch, his look seems to fix a point in his apartment, moments elapse, and his head turns in another direction, moments elapse...

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian sits in front of his desk. He scrolls through the daily news on the laptop screen; murder, war, and celebrity, as usual.

He closes the laptop.

Julian walks to the curtain, opens it a tiny crack. He sees into the courtyard.

Down there, MARC, 44, bald headed, works on his old Mercedes Benz. Marc recognizes him and waves in Julian's direction. Julian immediately steps aside, shuts the curtain as much as possible.

ANOTHER - DAY

- Julian reads the newspaper.

- Julian grabs Hemingway's "The Old Man And The Sea", which lies in same position he left it.

- The phone RINGS. Julian unplugs the telephone cable.

- Julian sits on the couch. He picks up some sheets from the ground. Watches down on it, and drops it. The doorbell RINGS.

LATER

Julian stands at the apartment door.

Behind the other side of the door sill, an OLD MAN wildly gesticulates, (MOS) talks in rage.

Julian pulls out a 50 dollar bill and hands it to the man.

LATER

Julian sits in front of his laptop. He reads an article about global warming. He closes the window and stares at his laptop's desktop background image: It's black.

FOCUS ON THE CALENDAR

Underneath the comment "PUBLISHER", on 14th of March, appears from nothingness a comment

"DAY OF SELF-HATE"

Every second a further one

"DAY OF SELF-HATE"

"DAY OF SELF-HATE"

"DAY OF SELF-HATE"

"DAY OF SELF-HATE"

...

ANOTHER - DAY

- Julian picks up some sheets from the floor.
- He stuffs sheets into the desk drawer.
- He stuffs sheets into the garbage.
- He organizes his desk.
- He vacuums the floor.
- He cleans and mops.
- He removes the collections of alcoholics in the kitchen.

FOCUS ON THE CALENDAR

It's April. Half of the input fields already read

"DAY OF SELF-HATE"

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian sits at his desk.

He taps the pencil on a sheet of paper.

He starts to write.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian takes the stairs. He carries a plastic bag.

He sits down on the couch, and takes a new book out of the bag. Reads.

ANOTHER - DAY

The floor, the desk, the other couches are "sparsely" cluttered with sheets, index cards, paintings, as if the apartment already begun to metamorphose into the "world of paper".

ANOTHER - NIGHT

Julian writes with his laptop.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian writes with his laptop.

ANOTHER - NIGHT

Julian sits at his Couch and writes on his laptop.

ANOTHER - DAY

Julian lies in bed and sees concentrated to the ceiling.

ANOTHER - NIGHT

Julian sits at the desk, writes some sheets.

Above the desk towers a row of index cards headed: ACT 1, ACT 2, ACT 3, ACT 4, ..., with several keywords listed under each.

The apartment completed the metamorphosis into the "world of paper".

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Julian comes out of the shower. He picks up a towel.

As he passes the mirror his eyes flash a minimal moment into it which makes him STOP and fix the look on his self.

He smiles from the bottom of his heart into his own eyes in the mirror. His pupils perfectly reveal this.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Julian opens the curtain, looks into the courtyard, and sees Marc working on the Mercedes Benz.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Marc hangs over the engine block of the Mercedes. Intentionally Marc sees up to the left side.

MARC'S POV - Behind the second floor's window of the old fashioned building, Julian is standing in the loft. Julian raises his hand and waves it, smiles--

Marc smiles back and waves his hand. He turns his head to the engine block and positions the wrench.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Julian steps in front of the calendar.

FOCUS ON THE CALENDAR

It's July. Between the "PUBLISHER" on 10th of July and the foregone days is only one bland input field.

The rest reads as follows upwards:

"WORK"

"WORK"...

"WORK"
"WORK"
"WORK"
"WORK"...

Julian turns around to the month before - same
The month before - same

Julian arrives at the calendar's month March where his last
"PUBLISHER" -date is noticed.

The "day of self-hate" entries are gone. The single word
"WORK" takes each of their places.

JULIAN

You should write about
something you're experienced
with...? Pff. Perhaps it's
enough for this time, Mr.
Publisher...

He looks at his fresh printed manuscript at the table top.

JULIAN

Hmm. I've forgotten the title
page.

He taps on the laptop's touchpad.

The old printer rattles.

The cover page slowly comes out of the printer, shows up
the manuscript title:

THE ESTABLISHED DEPRESSION

Below the famous words "written by" appears the author's
name, a

Singu Larity

The picture of Julian's loft, the world of paper, freezes
for a while.

FADE OUT.