

Electric Lights on Strings

an original screenplay by

Paul Fox

Paul Fox
701 W Jones St
Savannah, GA 31401
770-940-3143
pjfox20@student.scad.edu

ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- NIGHT

Elijah, mid-twenties, and head to toe in military fatigue, is well under way in his preparations. His extra supplies, from toilet paper to twinkies, is well stocked. The wall is lined with bags of potatoes, water, and other drinks. The first aid kit is home made and at the ready. Elijah is a meticulous organizer.

The New Year's countdown plays on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

..Exactly Jason. Just four more minutes until we're all doomed!

At this, Elijah stops, contemplates. He picks up his last newspaper. It's dated December 31, 1999. He throws it on the table and continues his preparations.

Montage: Elijah changes a single bulb in his stringed light web he's stretched from one wall, across the ceiling, and down the other. He straightens the toilet paper and sets "Busty Magazine" across the top. He checks his electric-potato contraption, and examines his homemade remote. The buttons read things such as "Night", "Rain", "Morning", etc. All while the announcers countdown the last ten seconds of the old millennium.

RADIO ANNOUNCERS

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two-

Elijah cuts the power off in his bunker.

Title: Electric Lights on Strings

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- MORNING

Some time has passed. A week, perhaps. The Christmas lights overhead are set to 'night' when Elijah wakes. He sets them to 'morning'. The stocks are still plentiful. Elijah stands up, scratches, and turns his attention to the free weights that sit in the corner. He turns his back on them.

Elijah rinses his mouth and holds a mirror. Once he's satisfied, he spits it back into the water bottle it came out of.

He sits at the table with a plate of dry cereal, a bottle of water, and his dated newspaper which now shows a little wear.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- AFTERNOON

Elijah switches his remote to 'Noon'. The lighting changes to reflect this.

More time has passed. Elijah, in work out clothes, puts his free weights back on the floor. He's finished exercising, and is ready for a meal. His stock of food is still plentiful, but because he's the cautious type, he takes a single twinkie off of the shelf and cuts it in half with his over-sized military knife. One half goes into his mouth. The other, back on the shelf.

The potatoes in his power system are beginning to rot. He replaces the ones he must. The discarded potatoes go into a bin Elijah's set up to make a potato mash.

Elijah reaches into a large bucket and splashes water in his face. He sits back in his chair and takes a breather.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- NIGHT

Elijah's bunker is set to night. There is smoke in the air and empty junk-food packaging litters the table and floor, leading to the palette Elijah sleeps on.

Elijah lays on his bed and poorly attempts to solve a cross-word puzzle. He looks from the words he has to find to the letter grid, confused. Annoyed, he throws it down. He looks in the opposite direction towards the Busty Magazine.

Elijah grabs the bottle of lube and a roll of toilet paper. He switches his control panel from "Night" to "Sexy time". The lights turn red.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- MORNING

The lighting in the room is set to 'Dawn'. Elijah is not asleep, nor has he been in a couple days. He sips homemade vodka and stares, unblinkingly, at all of the empty toilet paper rolls. Elijah is not pleased.

The potatoes are rotting. He is out of soda, and twinkies, and clean laundry.

Elijah picks up his bottle of used mouth wash. It's brown now. He decides to go with out it.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER - BREAKFAST TABLE -- MORNING

The lights are now set to 'Morning'. Elijah sits at the breakfast table with his meager meal: a piece of dried bacon and powdered eggs. Coy, Elijah looks around to make sure no one is watching. Once satisfied the coast is clear, Elijah spits into his powdered eggs and begins to mix them together. He takes a bite. The hunger outweighs his dissatisfaction.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- DAY

The lights are set to 'Afternoon'. Elijah sits on the floor and looks through his cross word puzzle. Every page is complete. He shrugs his shoulders, throws it down, and gets up. The lights blink. He kicks the potatoes and they stabilize again.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- DAY

Elijah stands over his clothes hamper. He sniffs various pairs of underwear before he finds the 'cleanest' pair.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- EVENING

The lights are set to 'Dusk'. Elijah, drinking more potato vodka, wears a military helmet, his military boots, and the 'clean' underwear he found earlier. He holds a staring contest with the wall that he's drawn eyes on. Elijah blinks, and becomes frustrated, competitive.

ELIJAH

Dammit, that didn't count. Let's go again.

He gears up to start again.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- NIGHT

The lights are still set to 'Dusk'. Elijah upturns his jar, simply labeled "grass" and receives nothing. A spritz of oregano falls onto the table.

ELIJAH

(under his breath)

Oh fuck this.

Elijah stands, he looks around the cluttered, disgusting room, paranoid and angry and sleep-deprived. He calls out.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Who did this!?!

Nothing answers. Elijah turns his attention to the diaper genie. It stares back at him. Accusingly. Angrily. How dare it. This diaper genie has some nerve. The diaper genie did it.

Elijah dives behind the breakfast table in an effort to take cover. He looks back at the diaper genie.

This is war. Elijah pulls his helmet down and smirks, confident, a plan hatched.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- NIGHT

Montage: Elijah strategically picks out old toilet paper and paper towel rolls. He searches through his dirty laundry for his fatigues. He sloppily pours himself another drink. He picks out potatoes and puts them in a knapsack.

Elijah stands like a warrior, helmet, military issue jacket, military boots, and long johns. He holds his gun, a massive toilet paper roll contraption that would be quite dangerous if it were real. Elijah is ready.

He switches the atmosphere from 'Dusk' to a new entry, 'Bloodshed' in stead of 'Sexy Time.' The lights go red.

FADE OUT:

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- BLOODSHED

Elijah reviews a map of his basement he's made out of the crossword puzzle pages. He looks around the corner and spots the diaper genie. Upon careful observation of the diaper genie's placement and his map, he crosses out his first marking and writes a new one to the right of it. It's labeled 'G0' - ground zero.

Nervous. Elijah straightens his helmet and crouches low. He puts his back to the door frame and slowly, patiently, peaks around the corner. He spots his target.

Mustering all the courage he can, Elijah pulls a potato from his jacket and throws it into the room.

ELIJAH

Incoming!

It lands very, very short. After bracing for the impact that never was, Elijah works up the nerve to look around the corner. He sees the potato, and he sees the diaper genie, unharmed.

He reaches into his bag for another potato-grenade.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

Incoming!

He throws it. It hits his potato-power supply. The lights go out.

Beat.

Elijah sighs loudly.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- CONTINUOUS

In the pitch black, Elijah sneaks his way through the room. He doesn't make it very far before he slips and falls hard on the ground.

ELIJAH
Mother Fucker!

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- MOMENTS LATER

Elijah nudges his power source just so the Christmas lights come back on. Still on bloodshed. Elijah is bleeding. He hit his head. He's also back in his original underwear, boots, and helmet. He is thoroughly confused, but snaps back to his foe: the diaper genie.

He pulls his gun out and COCKS it, it makes a realistic cocking sound. He walks up to the diaper genie. Confident, smooth, just like in the movies.

He points his gun at it's "head".

The doorbell rings.

EXT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER -- DAY

No one is outside when Elijah opens the door. We hear the delivery truck pull off.

He looks down at the box his mother left for him.

INT. ELIJAH'S COVERT BUNKER - BREAKFAST TABLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Elijah opens the package. Packing peanuts fall to the floor and he pulls out a note first. It's from his mother. He reads it.

ELIJAH'S MOM (V.O.)
Hi Sweetie! The mutants didn't take over, so I hope you can make it for Easter!

He reads further.

ELIJAH'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
P.S.
(very excited)
Your father and I divorced last February. My new address is-

He flips the note over. There is another one on this side.

ELIJAH'S MOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The wireless internet - circa, the
new millenium. Your part of the
settlement!

Elijah pulls out his new lap top, complete with wireless
internet card.

He writes a grocery list and opens the notebook on his table.

The End.