

Screenplay

INT APARTMENT

WILLIAM, early 20s, is sitting at a table in his one-bedroom apartment, pulling books out of cardboard boxes (Locke's 'Two Treatises of Government'; Descartes' 'Meditations'; Darwin's 'On the Origin of Species'; Platonic dialogues; something on existentialism by Sartre, and "Steppenwolf" by Hermann Hesse.

Out of a much more giant box, he pulls out a lightweight chair that folds into a cute, foamy sleeping apparatus.

Out of a small envelope, he pulls out a check from his mother for three thousand dollars. By "For:" is written, "Medical, Rent, Misc."

From behind him, he hears a rap on the window. Standing precariously on a fence directly outside, elevated some feet in the air, is William's friend, SAM. Sam, early 20s, is a naturally handsome young man; slightly aloof, he is nonetheless earnest and spirited.

William opens the window and moves a plant out of the way onto the table as Sam crawls inside, clumsily leaning hard into the metal window-frame and falling onto a kitchen-table chair.

WILLIAM

Are you alright?

SAM (PANTING SLIGHTLY)

Yeah, I'm fine. I picked up some weed. What's that?

WILLIAM

It's a chair my mom ordered. She's gonna be here in a month or so, so she'll probably be on the couch; if it works alright, you can sleep on this.

Sam sits down on it.

SAM

It's really comfey. Wow, this is perfect, Will! Seriously.

A Beat. Sam looks up at William, smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

A pipe is packed full of weed, a lighter-flame hovers above. As the flame is sucked in, we tilt up towards William's face; his eyes are closed as he hits. Behind William is all wall. O.S. we hear a guitar softly playing.

SAM (O.S)

Do you have any more cardboard?

William looks up at Sam. The camera pans up towards Sam immediately following.

Sam is strumming guitar; the sun is glowing behind him. William's hand reaches into the shot to offer Sam the pipe, who in turn puts down his guitar and accepts. William's smoke blows into the frame.

WILLIAM

Yeah, there's the box for the keyboard. Probably other stuff. Why?

SAM

You want to make a fort?

Sam takes a hit, the camera pans up wildly toward the sky.

WILLIAM

A fort?

Sam hands the pipe back to William.

SAM (O.S)

It'd be fun, like when you were a kid.

WILLIAM

We're a lot bigger.

SAM

The fort'll have to be bigger.

William looks up at Sam, the guitar resting gently on his lap, then looks up at the sky. A cloud is slowly disintegrating above them, nearing the sun.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT

William delicately puts "Since I Left You" by The Avalanches onto the record player. He stands up, begins to groove to the music, blank white wall behind him.

SAM (O.S)

And we could use these guitar cases too! How do you think we should do it, exactly?

William steps in front of Christmas lights on the wall that spell "LOVE".

WILLIAM

(slowly)

Well - If the point of this thing is to...take control of one's aesthetic...perceptual world, because so often we approach these walls as just...subjects we pay for. Indifferently. We can neither create nor destroy them. To make a world we can create and destroy, we'll need...sheets.

We move into an elegant montage (soundtracked entirely by the music playing on the record player) with lots of slow-mo, panning/tilting/gliding shots. We begin with William tacking bed-sheets into the wall, pressing in, then cutting masking tape and taping the sheet onto the ceiling.

Sam is cutting up boxes, tapes a broom on the back of one for sturdiness, begins propping up angled pieces.

William finishes applying another sheet on the ceiling, this time over the kitchen. He opens the fridge, pulls out a beer, sips.

Sam cuts slots into two angled cardboard walls which are a short space apart from each other. He slides more cardboard into those slits to extend the wall higher.

Another sheet is up on the wall, nearly covering all of the living room. William gets another beer from the fridge, drinks more quickly.

Sam goes into the bedroom and smokes a bowl by himself, sitting on William's sheetless bed. At the foot of the bed is a dresser, and atop the dresser is the keyboard. After hitting the bowl, Sam takes a moment to play some keys.

(CONTINUED)

William is dancing amighty. Head-shaking, hair flailing, hips aswaying, tapping into that groovy, gentle soul, beer in hand.

As William dances, Sam puts up more walls in front of the couch, shutting it out of sight. He finally connects the cardboard into one continuous wall. Part of the living room ceiling is left uncovered when they take a break.

The music is still playing, but we definitely are snapping out of slo-mo montage. William is lying shirtless on the puffy lightweight chair (it's in its extended mode). Sam is writing with a sharpie on the part of the fort that is the entrance into the living room from the hallway. He pauses.

SAM

Remember in Aesthetics - what was the difference between the beautiful and the sublime?

WILLIAM

(drunk)

Um...Sublime is great. Transcends form, Beauty is within form, structured. Gently ordered. Sublime is raucous, chaotic, Dionysian. Beauty, Appolonian, an abstraction of life like a dream; Sublime supposedly...transcends life, but nothing can transcend life, so - it's ineffable. Both are, really. I think that's what they are anyway, might have 'em mixed up.

Sam sits at the foot of the extended chair, looks around, slowly admiring the fort. The fort is shabby, looks as though it could collapse on itself, but it miraculously holds up.

William looks just at Sam, his face surrounded by cardboard (note: shallow depth of field).

SAM

I really like this fort. It's not perfect, but what is? It's complete, y'know?

WILLIAM

It just is.

SAM

Yeah, exactly.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

William puts his hand on Sam's shoulder; he raises his body and rests it on Sam's back. With his left hand, he rubs Sam's left shoulder and back.

Sam isn't sure how to react, though as yet he does nothing. William lifts his head off Sam's back and with the back of his fingers, knuckle to knuckle, he caresses Sam's right cheek, the one facing William.

Sam darts his head to the left just an inch or two, leaving William's hand lingering unsupported in mid-air for some moments. They look each other in the eyes.

Hold on William's eyes.

SAM (O.S)

Will. I don't. I'm not...I'm gonna go for a walk, have a smoke. I'll be back.

William says nothing. Sam's figure gets up, the door closes. *Clamp*. William's face is still, eyes looking down on the floor, then: the fridge door opens, another beer is reaching his lips.

He paces within the fort, stepping over the chair as he goes.

WILLIAM

(muttering, ashamed and insecure)

Coward. Fucking...Cowardly and...stupid. Fucking stupid. Fucking straight.

He slaps a wall down.

WILLIAM

(becoming more certain in his aggression)

Bullshit. Socially constructed -- straight...gay, dumb words.

And another.

WILLIAM

Fucking meaningless!

He struggles with the walls with slots, built on top of each other; he rips them apart, then lets them fall.

He has quickly torn down all the cardboard.

He pauses still as he sees on the ground, gently resting atop the chair, the piece of cardboard that Sam had written on. It says, "William and Sam's Hyper-Subleautiful Fort, July 2010."

WILLIAM

Subleautiful...(he chuckles, a smile lingers)

He looks around at the destroyed fort. He walks through it and sits down at the kitchen table. Sulks. Looks over at the table, at the books.

He picks up Descartes' Meditations, examines the cover, skims the back, puts it down. Picks up 'Steppenwolf', examines the cover, opens it up, begins to read.

A piece of tape is unsticking from the ceiling. A part of a bedsheet suddenly droops.

The camera pans over towards the ruined fort. Hold. The record begins to skip. We hear from the song, "Little Journey": "Take a little journe- Take a little journe- Take a little...".

WILLIAM

Sonofabitch...

He rises and stumbles through the wreckage towards the record player

Fade to black. The music stops, then starts at a later part of the song to soundtrack the credits.