

The Weight Of The Strings

By

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scene a week exercise

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Source - "The weight of the strings."

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

On a small stage mimicking a tiny, cramped bedroom sits LOGAN, a marionette. His movements are lethargic and subdued.

LOGAN

I try to remind myself that it's not my job to judge the events around me. To interpret them, surely, but I should remain impartial and objective.

Logan rises and paces the stage.

LOGAN

I try to be free of bias. I try to take everything in and be rational, logical. I try to allow myself to be the observer. I try so hard.

Logan kicks over a chair. The entire stage is lit up in amber and orange. The sound of a nearby EXPLOSION is deafening.

Logan jumps awkwardly, his manipulator startled by the explosion. Logan is lowered back to the stage his entire body trembling.

LOGAN

It's so hard. I can't focus. I can't think. I'm not observant I'm just terrified.

He looks up to his manipulator. A tiny drop of water splashes on the stage beside Logan.

DAVID, Logan's manipulator, sighs. His eyes are heavy and bloodshot. His cheek is tear streaked. Leaning over the stage, in a tiny room much like Logan's, he lifts the marionette off the stage.

DAVID

Me too, buddy.

David hangs Logan on the wall. He wipes the tear from his cheek and slowly shuffles over to the bed. He curls up on top of the covers facing the wall. The room lights up again accompanied by a nearby explosion.