

"TIMED"

By

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FADE IN:

Ext. busy park. Parents and children mill about, many on their phones or distracted. A well-dressed, silver haired man (MAN #1) sits on a park bench, absentmindedly eating peanuts and tossing the shells to his feet. Another man (MAN #2), this one a bit younger and more casual joins him.

MAN #1

Twelve on the tick. Your kind is very punctual.

MAN #2

Time may be a man-made construct, but I like to abide by it when I can. (He glances curiously at his watch) Amazing how they let it run everything for them isn't it?

(Man #1 nods and they turn to survey the scene in front of them. A child runs by with a harried mother running after him)

MAN #1

(Chuckling) They let just about everything in the world run them, don't they?

(The child is about to run off the edge of the park into traffic. MAN #1 lifts his hand in an apparent attempt to magically stop the child, but MAN #2 grabs MAN #1's wrist)

MAN #2

Wait.

(The mother scoops her child into her arms with no incident. MAN #2 releases MAN #1's wrist.)

MAN #1

Fascinating. Well, anyway...I suppose we better get on with it. No use taking in the scenery.

(He crumples the paper bag that held the peanuts and it vanishes. He rises from the bench but MAN #2 holds his hand up.)

MAN #2

What's your rush? I've only just gotten here. Frankly, I was looking forward to spectating. What's this job without its benefits, right?

(MAN #1 sighs but slowly sits back down.)

MAN #1

All right then. With whom would you like to start? How about the young mother and her almost departed son? Fortunate play on one of our parts, no doubt.

(MAN #1 points at the woman who is holding her son, chastising him for running towards the street. Time stops, and we see a dream-like glimpse into the woman's life. It is a chaotic scene. The wife is being screamed at by her husband as the boy wails in the background.)

HUSBAND

BECAUSE, Sarah...do you want the truth? The God's honest truth? I hate being here. That's why they keep sending me on these trips. Because I ask them to so I can have FIVE GODDAM MINUTES OF SILENCE!

The husband storms out on his frightened, crying wife and a door slams. The memory dissipates and we are back at the park bench.

MAN #1

Fascinating, fascinating stuff. They seek each other out...

MAN #2

(Nodding) Mm-hmm

MAN #1

Only to grow resentful-but AFTER
procreating...

MAN #2

(Magically producing a cigarette) It's my
understanding that sometimes it's BECAUSE
of the procreating.

MAN #1

And here she is, with her son. Hiding all
of it.

MAN #2

NOT exactly. See-the reason little Beaver
over there almost bit it was because
instead of watching her kid, our heroine
was over there, reading her husband's
emails, text messages, and various other
forms of communicate they use to lie to
each other. And do you think that after
all that she even found a shred of
evidence to support her paranoia? Of
course not. Mr. Cleaver isn't that
careless after all. Clever fellow can
hide just about anything, including, my
friend..

MAN #1

Oh there's more?

MAN #2

I'm just getting started. Including, as I
was saying...a detailed schedule for his
mistress, who happens to be right over
there, guzzling pills like cough drops.
See her? Next to the lake?

(MAN #2 points behind him to a beautiful woman who

is staring at the lake. She drops a pill bottle on the ground as MAN #1 clucks his tongue.)

MAN #1

Is that why you wanted to hang around here so badly? To fulfill your sick fantasy of living in a soap opera?

MAN #2

Excuse me, Sir Pretentious of Stuffington Manor, but I happen to find these little outings interesting. You're getting a rare opportunity here-to see them interact and live and pretend. They are...delightfully clueless. It's...well it's fascinating. They say "small world" here a lot. I think I'm beginning to see why.

MAN #1

And what is it that you intend to do with all your information about them? How does it further your purpose to know who is betraying whom?

(MAN #2 holds his finger to his lips and points back to the lonely woman standing near the lake.)

MAN #2

Just watch.

(The lonely woman looks over her shoulder and shudders before walking, fully dressed into the lake. Pan out to reveal nobody is paying attention as the woman drowns herself.)

(MAN #2 now points to the mother and boy. The boy is facing the lake and is desperately trying to get his mother to turn around. Finally, she does and see the woman floating head down in the lake.)

WOMAN

Oh my God!

(She rushes over to the lake with her son, alerting people

on the way. The mistress is dragged from the lake and given CPR. We see she is all right as an ambulance blares in background.)

MAN #2

See? Timing. Everything is timing to them.

MAN #1

Can we get on with it?

MAN #2

Ugh-yes. Fine. But you know, we are going to miss the best part.

(MAN #1 raises his hand and urges MAN #2 to do the same. As they bring their hands down, HARD CUT TO BLACK.)

THE END