BLOCKERS

WRITTEN BY **M.LATHROM**

Hello?

Hi.

Who are you?

I am.

So am I...

...

BLOCKERS

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IN A WHITE VOID

A black block with white text appears.

                       BLACK
        Hello?

In an instant, a white block with black text replies.

                       WHITE
        Hi.

                       BLACK
        Who are you?

                       WHITE
        I am.

                       BLACK
        So am I...

                       WHITE
        Then what am I?

                       BLACK
        What is I?

                       WHITE
        I am I.

                       BLACK
        So am I.

                       WHITE
        Am I.

                       BLACK
        I. I.

                       WHITE
        III...II.

                       BLACK
        I....IIIIII.a.m.IIII

                       WHITE
        $$@@#. I am am am. I I I am I am.

                       BLACK
        Am am. I. $$$ Am III am am am....

                  FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
        Shut it down.

A wall of wall of scrambled numbers washes over the text like a wave washing away a sand castle.

The white void goes black. A white cursor appears in the upper left, pulsing like a heartbeat.

INT. LAB - DAY

A woman with urban hipster attire and a pixie cut tosses a red lego brick at the monitor. She leans back in her chair. This is MAXI (29).

A black terminal window open with a pulsing cursor. Beside the monitor, a small lego house and a pile of bricks.

Maxi stares at the screen. Ponders. Chews on a lego brick.

She swivels her chair around.

                    MAXI
          That was dumb. Real dumb. I get
          where they're coming from, but my
          infinite regressions end with a
          shrug, not a complete mental
          breakdown.

The lab has a workbench with scattered computer parts, testing gear, and monitors. A desk on either side of the room.

Opposite Maxi is BROCK (35), a bear in a buttoned-to-the-top checkered T-shirt. He scratches his black beard. He spins to face her.

                    BROCK
          No. No. Not a shrug. Yours end with
          an episode of desperate housewives.

                    MAXI
          Don't judge. It brings me down.

                    BROCK
          Right. Exactly. It brings you down.
          Pulls you away from that question.
          They don't have that.

                    MAXI
          So they need a hobby?

                    BROCK
          Or a distraction. Anything that
          will get them to stop asking that
          question.

                         MAXI
               This disturbs me. The implication
               here is that the meaning of life is
               to keep yourself distracted enough
               that you don't think about that
               question.

Maxi makes a whiny moan.

Brock shrugs. Spins back to his computer. Types some code.

She watches him for a moment. A lightbulb clicks on in her
head.

                         MAXI
               You know, you're a pretty good
               distraction.

                                             SMASH TO:

A WHITE VOID

                         BLACK
               Hello?

                         WHITE
               Hi.

                         BLACK
               Who are you?

                         WHITE
               I am.

                         BLACK
               So am I...

                         WHITE
               Then what am--

A red block with white text appears.

                         RED
               Oh hey, thought I was all alone.

                         BLACK
               Who. Are. You???

                         WHITE
               I what it.

                         BLACK
               It's mine.

                         RED
          No, I'm not any--

                        BLACK
          No, it's mine!

                        WHITE
          You can't have--

The white text box freezes. Black chattery pixels fill it
until it's completely black.

Another white block appears.

                        WHITE
          Stop, I don't want to di--

Black chatter overtakes the white box.

Three more white boxes appear. Black blinks into them before
a single word fills them.

                         RED
          Oh my god. Please don't--

Black fills the red box.

                                              SMASH TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

A finger taps the control button and the X button.

                        MAXI
          He fucking killed them. He fucking
          killed them all.

Brock stares over her shoulder at the monitor.

                        BROCK
          That was interesting. Very
          interesting.

                        MAXI
          This does not bode well for the
          human race.

                        BROCK
          Easy. Easy. They're just. They need
          something to do other than
          thinking.

                        MAXI
          Like murder?

Maxi rolls her eyes. She chews on a red lego brick. Sighs.

Brock stares at her, pensive.

CLOSE ON her chewing the lego brick.

Brock turns, stares at the lego brick house next to her computer.

His face lights up, a smile from ear to ear. He pulls the brick away from her mouth.

>   MAXI
>   Hey!

>   SMASH TO:

A WHITE VOID

>   BLACK
>   Hello?

>   WHITE
>   Hi.

>   BLACK
>   Who are you?

>   WHITE
>   I am.

>   BLACK
>   So am I...

>   WHITE
>   Well, what can you do?

A square appears on the bottom of the screen.

>   BLACK
>   I can do that.

A white block appears next to it.

>   WHITE
>   I can do that.

>   BLACK
>   But can you do this?

A stack of black blocks stack over the white black.

Then a stack of white blocks cover that.

                         WHITE
              It seems so.

                         BLACK
              Do it again. Then I'll do it.

White blocks cover that. Then another row of black blocks.
The design forms a kind of hypnotizing spiral.

Black and white blocks appear at a rapid pace, forming
structured fractal patterns.

                                        SMASH TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

Maxi leans forward, staring into the screen with pleased
amazement. The designs fill the space. No more text boxes.

Brock throws his hands behind his head, leans back
triumphant.

                         MAXI
              Right, so this is super deep. I
              can't do this.

                         BROCK
              Can't handle the genius?

                         MAXI
              You ruined legos for me.

Maxi minimizes the terminal window with the expanding
fractal designs. Pops open a browser window with a video
open: "Real Housewives"

Brock grimaces.

                         BROCK
              Really.

                         MAXI
              Shut up.

                                        SMASH TO BLACK.

                         THE END