

win a Word

written by M.Lathrom



IN A WORD

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Meg reads a book while Phil watches TV. The chatter of news anchors in the background.

Meg folds her book, looks to Phil.

PHIL

And they pretend like they're not, like they're objective observers in the zoo of society, watching the monkey's fling shit from behind six-inch glass, but the news media is just as much a part of the process as the politicians, or us, or the--

MEG

You wanna fuck?

Phil thinks for a second. Nods.

PHIL

I could fuck.

CUT TO:

Meg rides Phil with the sheets pulled up over them.

CUT TO:

Meg lays on Phil's chest, peaceful, with a smile of content. She wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

Phil has a look of deep thought on his face.

PHIL

Because patterns repeat at every level of existence. So why can't we assume a society functions the same way as a body.

Phil drones on. His voice becomes muffled as Meg nestles into his chest.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Meg flips through articles on an iPad while Phil reads on his laptop.

PHIL

So I took that apart, and turned out a screw fell in and was blocking the fan.

But they make them so small these days that you essentially have to take the entire system apart to get to the--

Meg looks up from her iPad. Phil stares into his screen as if talking to nobody in particular.

MEG
You wanna eat?

Phil snaps into reality. Thinks for a second.

PHIL
I could eat.

CUT TO:

Meg and Phil munch on sub sandwiches. Phil holds his out, examines it.

PHIL
I wonder how they cook the bread so perfectly without burning the cheese on it.

Meg shrugs. Takes another bite.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Meg places the scrabble letter A, then a letter L down on the board. The word "TACTICAL" across the top.

Phil nods. Thinks.

With a big yawn, Meg pulls new letters from a bag.

PHIL
Tactical... Did I ever tell you my dad was in the Navy?

Meg shakes her head.

PHIL
You'd be surprised how many of those guys are afraid of water. But they go through it and have to swim, so they conquer a fear and become a soldier. Double win. I never really--
(through a yawn)
--had a fear very rooted in anything physical like water, or the dark.

It's always more abstract like,
fear of failure or embarrassment.

Phil pauses for a second.

MEG
You wanna sleep?

PHIL
I could sleep.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) Meg rides Phil under the covers.
- 2) Meg and Phil sleep soundly in their dark bedroom.
- 3) Meg and Phil eat eggs and bacon at the dining room table.
- 4) Sleep
- 5) Fuck
- 6) Eat
- 7) Fuck on the dining room table.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BACKYARD PORCH - SUNSET

The sun sets behind the suburban homes, power-lines, and well-trimmed trees.

Meg and Phil sit in at the small table with glasses of tea. Their chairs face the sun. They're both silent.

Meg takes a drink of tea, look to Phil with concern.

MEG
Hey, everything all right?

PHIL
Yeah, I'm fine. It's...

MEG
You wanna talk?

PHIL
I could, but... I'm not going to talk your ear off about every little neurotic thought that pops in my head.

Meg looks to him, sympathetic. She considers for a moment, then stares at the sunset.

MEG

I love watching the sunset. By all means, it should get boring. Same thing every day... but somehow it's always just... perfect.

Phil smiles at her, reaches over, holds her hand. He gazes at her the way she gazes at the sun. He sighs, then looks at the sun with her.

PHIL

Yeah, it really is.

They lose themselves in the fading sunlight for a moment. Phil gets a curious look on his face.

PHIL

Have you ever heard of a Dyson Sphere?

Meg smiles warmly.

MEG

No, baby. What is it?

PHIL

This guy, Freeman Dyson theorized that you could look for aliens by looking for megastructures built around suns.

Meg sighs. She wouldn't want to be anywhere else.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Through the sliding door, Phil jabbars, emotes with his hands. She sits next to him and listens as they watch the sun set on another day.

FADE OUT.

THE END