

CONTINUUM

"D:"

by  
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"D:"

TEASER

BLACK

Under which WE HEAR nothing. Several seconds of total silence. Then the VOICE of the NARRATOR is HEARD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Existence is a path with a  
beginning...

A point of light appears left of frame in the lower third of the screen. It pulses ever so slightly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...and an end.

A second point of light appears right of frame, directly across from the first. It also pulses slightly.

A line of light emanates from within the first point of light, slowly moving across the screen toward the second point.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life is the journey along this  
path.

The line of light continues its slow pace across the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Life is a continuum.

The TITLE "CONTINUUM" FADES IN above the line of light, center screen. Its appearance is identical to that of the points and line. After two beats the TITLE GLOWS BRIGHTER, THEN DIMS AND SLOWLY FADES AWAY.

The line of light struggles upward, trying to lift itself above a flat line but continually fails and is pushed downward below the line. It reaches a point about 1/3 of the way across the screen, just a few degrees below the flat line. Then it slows and stops and ANOTHER TITLE FADES IN at its end. The title reads "October 3, 2013, Chicago, Illinois."

Lingering for a moment, the title, points and line of light all FADE AWAY SIMULTANEOUSLY and we are plunged into black again.

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Fall is in the air. A relatively modern junior school is framed by the colors of fall. Yellows, reds, oranges. Leaves slowly waft down on cool breezes to form a crunchy carpet beneath one's feet. A crisp blue sky illuminates this living Norman Rockwell moment.

INT. 9TH GRADE ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Say two dozen kids, typical junior high schoolers, seated in neat rows of desks. Each has two items of note on his/her desktop: a flat panel monitor/keyboard/mouse combo, and a closed web book type of computer. Each web book has a distinctive chrome silver "V" on its top.

The students are all, to varying degrees, taking a test of some sort. Many are typing, a small group are fiddling with their mouses and a few poor souls are just staring blankly at their monitors.

Presiding over this test is a MALE TEACHER seated at a desk at the front of the classroom. A big fellow, somewhere in his mid-to-late thirties, 25+ pounds overweight, casually rumped in his attire. The male teacher has his feet propped up on his desk and is reading a book (maybe Melville just to be cool). His desk is barren except for an open laptop computer and a Styrofoam cup holding some very cold coffee.

The male teacher looks up from his book. Pushing his three weeks haircut overdue bangs from his forehead, his bright, lively eyes scan his students. He checks his watch, then leans back and looks at a wall clock behind him over a chalkboard. It reads "9:50."

MALE TEACHER

Okay, you should be wrapping up your papers right about now. Once you have sent your paper to me you are free to open and utilize your "V" books.

Almost instantly his laptop begins to CHIME (similar to the sound that one hears when you receive an instant message).

The male teacher puts his book down, takes his feet off of the desk and leans over his laptop.

ANGLE ON MALE TEACHER AND LAPTOP SCREEN

The screen features a desktop of 24 icons, each corresponding to one of the desks in the classroom. Names of each student are below each desk icon.

Document icons rapidly begin to appear on the desks, indicating that their tests have been sent and received by the male teacher. It takes only seconds & all of the desk icons have document icons attached to them, indicating that the students have finished turning in their papers.

The male teacher smiles, satisfied.

MALE TEACHER (CONT'D)

Nice work, class. I'm...

He looks up from his laptop screen and stops in mid-sentence, the smile fading from his face.

WIDE ON THE CLASS

Every single student has their "V" book open and is engrossed in the device. Typing, reading, obsessively so. They are oblivious to the test they have just taken, the class that they are in, the teacher before them.

The last remnants of satisfaction, of a brief connection between teacher and student, fade away from the male teacher's face. He sighs, his eyes go flat. And then...

The male teacher hears something. Like very, very DISTANT THUNDER. His eyes flicker back to life, he sits up straighter. Looks out at his students. No reaction from them.

The SOUND OF THE THUNDER LINGERS, he cocks his ear, trying to hear, to home in on it. As he does this, he happens to look down at the coffee in the bottom of his Styrofoam cup.

INSERT COFFEE IN CUP

Its previously still surface is rippling in conjunction with the sound of the thunder.

CLOSE ON MALE TEACHER

The male teacher looks up from the coffee cup as he hears one final fading BOOM OF THUNDER.

CAMERA MOVES IN on his alarmed face as we

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER