ODYSSEY PRODUCTIONS

PRESENTS:

'TIME' A Short Story

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BLACK SCREEN:

Over which we hear long deep breathes -- then a man's voice speaks, softly in his tone.

MAN (V.O.) Time. Some say we don't have enough. Others speak of too much. But for the few. Those... Unlucky few like myself. Time is precious. Yet few of us really sit down and think about it in our lives.

TICK! TICK! TICK! A soft sound of ticking --

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on a circular clock - the seconds tick away to the sound that flows out louder than expected. The time states 11.58 am.

MAN (V.O.) It isn't until, you really need to understand that time is not... well not on your side. That you realize this yourself. Don't get me wrong though. I have never been one for counting the minutes, or hours. I was never a nine to five guy. I worked my own hours. When I wanted. Any day I wanted. But mostly, it was when, I needed... it.

The seconds count down upon the clock. It reaches 11.59 am to a quick one beat louder TICK of a sound.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) Time is almost upon us.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shadow is positioned upon a clear cream colored wall we look upon - a silhouette of a chair, someone sat upon it. Still. Silent. MAN (V.O.) As I sit here. Thinking. To myself about who I am. I start to ponder my life that came before me. From my birth, to this moment. The girls I watched. The people I discovered, and made famous, if only for five minutes of their lives. To my teacher. My mentor who showed me everything I needed to succeed in his path. The path he laid out. And the student I leave behind.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A CLOSE UP of a pair of eyes - deep brown in color. Stare upon us.

MAN (V.O.) Time. It's almost time. I can hear them whisper. Those soft sounds of breathes upon those who sit so close to me. The feeling. The feeling of my work coming to an end. A closure. My time.... My time is over.

The eyelids start to gently stir as they close - the head gently falls forward. Silent. Still.

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D) But I leave behind something. A work that never ends. Like my mentor before me. I became he, as he was before him. The work we do never ends. It's who we are. What we were born to do. And now. Even though I have left. My student shall take my place, and become a mentor to the next. And so the cycle begins, once again. Never ending. My legacy. His work.... Carries on.... Through another...

FADE OUT:

THE END