WOOD WORK

Ву

Charles Kaufmann Solis

Copyright (c) 2013. This c.harles117@outlook.com screenplay may not be used or (626) 421 - 2920 reproduced without the express written permission of the author. EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

An ancient gargantuan tree. A beautiful night sky. Stars providing majesty in every direction.

The sound of animals and insects behaving as they will amongst the cloak of darkness.

Tranquility.

TITLE OVER:

"THE NEXT DAY"

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A middle-aged LUMBERJACK calmly approaches the tree. He's a stereotypical man in this line of work. Tall, burly, and rugged. One thing is apparent to how he differs from this stereotype, however.

He's quite. The type of quite that would create uncomfortable silences among others - had there been anyone else around.

He stares at the tree. His face fills with a plethora of emotions, as if sensing some type of significance which radiates from the ancient wood.

He looks down.

An old, sharp, worn axe, rests loosely in his grip.

Suddenly without warning, the man's demeanor changes in a flash. His motions; swift, precise, and ferocious. His facial expression shifting into that of tremendous seriousness.

The axe gripped tightly with both hands as he begins to chop away at the trunk of the enormous tree.

Several grunts escape from the man as he swings away.

Just then, directly above the man's position. A loose branch of moderate size steadily becomes more and more disconnected from the tree as the man's chopping force vibrates upward.

Several chops later... a CRACK! The man caught off guard, and still gripping his axe, looks up in utter surprise. The branch follows gravity's design and makes its way towards the ground. The man is struck on top of his head by the falling branch. Blackness - as he fades into unconsciousness...

LATER

The man awakens after several hours of being unconscious.

The sun begins to dip below the horizon in the b.g.

He stumbles to his feet. Dried blood covering half of his face. He looks around. The axe lies on the ground several feet from his position. The branch which fell on him, much closer.

Standing erect, he takes several large cold breaths. The severity of the cold in the air making its presence known, as he then begins to shiver.

He gathers his axe. He turns and looks at the tree. The future-scar left by the man's actions can be seen as a freshly opened wound, as sap drips and dries.

He begins to walk away from the area. Before he completely departs the vicinity, he grabs the branch from the ground, then proceeds to make his way home.

INT. WOOD CABIN - NIGHT

The door shuts behind the lumberjack.

The interior of the cabin is very typical, a cliche setting of a mountain man's home. Wood, wood, and more wood.

A fireplace. A strike of a match. A fire burns bright. The man kneels over, holding the branch in his hands. He momentarily contemplates, as his facial expression is questioning.

He stands up, and walks over to a large table, placing the branch on top.

He then walks over to a small barrel of water in a corner and begins to coat his face with the liquid. A towel covers his face. The blood is now completely gone after wiping the stain away.

LARGE BED

The man sits on his large bed. He begins to unfasten his attire, boots, pants, shirt. He climbs beneath the covers.

His eyes shut, and he falls into sleep.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The man approaches the site of the incident the day before. He looks over at the tree. The scar crusted over, beginning to heal itself naturally with time.

He grips his axe tightly in one hand.

He turns and makes his way over to a similar tree nearby. He examines it up and down. Content with what he sees, he begins to chop away.

LATER

A loud crack fills the air. The tree begins to fall to the ground. Crash! It hits the floor with a mighty force.

The man looks over at the scarred tree.

Placing his sight back on the freshly cut down tree. He begins to chop away.

EXT. WOOD CABIN - DAY

The man stacks several logs of wood in a large neatly fashioned pile against the wood cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The fire in the fireplace dimly illuminates the interior of the cabin. The man sits at the table, examining the branch in his hands once again.

He looks over at the fireplace...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The man approaches the site of the scarred tree. He looks at the tree. The scar still steadily healing itself. He looks over in the direction of the tree he had cut down the day before. Only a stump remains. He walks over to another tree within the vicinity. His axe raises into the air.

EXT. WOOD CABIN - DAY

The man stacks even more logs into the large pile next to the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The man sits at the table. The fire illuminates the cabin interior dimly. The branch lies untouched on the table. The man examines it, intently. He reaches over as to grab the branch...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The site of the scarred tree. The man looks over and stares briefly. He then nods at the tree. Two stumps remain from the previous days. The man stands before a tree. He grips his axe. Raised in the air, the blade shimmers with a beam of light as the sun reflects off of it.

EXT. WOOD CABIN - DAY

The man stacks more logs onto the pile. The pile has grown immensely in size by now.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The fire in the fireplace illuminates with the same dim lighting. The man rises from the table. He grabs the branch and makes his way over to the fireplace.

Standing at the fireplace. The man examines the wood in his hands once more. He then places it above the fireplace. Leaving it to rest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The man approaches the site of the scarred tree. The scar becoming steadily more and more healed with time. The man reaches out and pats the trunk of the tree. He turns and walks in the direction of a nearby tree.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) EXT. FOREST - DAY - The axe raises up into the air.

B) EXT. FOREST - DAY - Tree after tree, the axe cuts into.

C) EXT. FOREST - DAY - The surrounding area of the scarred tree becomes nothing but stumps.

D) EXT. FOREST - DAY - The man begins to grow older. His axe raising less and less into the air than before.

E) EXT. WOOD CABIN - DAY - The stack of logs grows overwhelmingly large and seemingly untouched.

F) INT. WOOD CABIN - NIGHT - The branch above the fireplace collects a thick coat of dust.

G) EXT. FOREST - DAY - The sun begins to set as the scarred tree is coated with a thick coat of snow. The surrounding trees are all gone. Hundreds of stumps remain like gravestones remembering the dead.

END MONTAGE

INT. CABIN / LARGE BED - NIGHT

The man is old by now. Sickly.

He lies comfortably under the covers in bed. His eyes are tired and droopy.

Suddenly, the man opens his eyes wide as far as they can. He musters enough strength to begin to rise from his lying position. Aching and in pain the man stands on his feet. He begins to make his way over to the fireplace. He reaches out, and grabs the old withered branch with all his strength. He blows away the dust.

An old-timer's smile comes over his face.

The branch is then tossed into the fireplace and begins to crackle.

The man makes his way over to the bed. Climbs under the covers and shuts his eyes.

He takes his last breath.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The scarred tree remains the only tree standing. The scar but a memory now. The sun rising vibrantly in the b.g.

THE END