

A Platonic Conversation About Chairs

by
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Based on Plato's Republic

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

ISAAC is lying across a college issued couch. He is reading a copy of "Plato's Republic." After reading a particularly stimulating passage he turns his head and stares off screen with a look of utter contemplation. The object of his stare: an empty BLUE COLLEGE ISSUED CHAIR. Isaac and the chair have an intense staring match. After which, Isaac turns back to his book and continues reading.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE DORMATORY - DAY

SAUCE is walking down the street. He is wearing a Miami University football jersey and hat. He walks up to the building, opens the door, and walks inside.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Sauce walks up to Isaac's door. On it is a playing card with "Isaac" written in sharpy.

INT. DORM ROOM

Isaac is still lying across the couch, reading his book. There is a KNOCK! KNOCK! upon the door.

ISAAC
Who is it?

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Sauce is standing outside of the door.

SAUCE
It's Sauce. You wanna get high?

ISAAC (O.S.)
(Through the door)
Yeah. Hang on.

Isaac pulls the door open and Sauce walks in.

INT. DORM ROOM

ISAAC walks into his bedroom and comes out with a pack of rolling papers and a bag of weed. He takes a seat on the couch and starts to break up the weed. Sauce stands in front of the blue chair, and Isaac watches as he slowly takes a seat. Isaac is more perplexed than ever. He goes back to rolling the joint.

ISAAC
Hey, Sauce, I got a question.

SAUCE
Shoot, buddy.

ISAAC
(Looking pained, trying to
formulate his thoughts.)
What's a chair?

SAUCE
(Confused but indifferent)
What are you talking about, Isaac?

ISAAC
What makes a chair a chair? What do
you think of when I say chair?

SAUCE
Something you sit on.

ISAAC
This couch isn't a chair.

SAUCE
OK. A chair is something with a
back that seats one person.

ISAAC
So when I say "chair," you think of
some thing with a back that seats
one person.

SAUCE
Yeah.

ISAAC
What color is it?

SAUCE
What?

ISAAC
When I say "chair" and you think of
what ever it is you think of, what
color is it?

Sauce looks around at the blue chair he is sitting in.

SAUCE
Blue.

ISAAC
So if I make a green chair is it
still a chair?

SAUCE

Yeah, it's a green chair. Just because I think blue, doesn't mean a green chair isn't a chair. All you did was change the color.

ISAAC

Okay, what if I make a green chair, and put a plaque on it that says, "Please do not sit on me, for I am not a chair. I am merely a green representation of what Sauce thinks a chair looks like."

SAUCE

(beginning to get upset.)
What the hell are you talking about?

ISAAC

If I make something that looks like a chair and stand next to it telling people that it isn't a chair and that they can't sit in it, is it still a chair?

SAUCE

If it can be used as a chair, I think it's a chair.

ISAAC

You're not leaving any room for the designer's intent. What if you're walking through the woods and you see a rock that has a back, and can be sat in by one person. It's clearly a rock, but is it a chair too?

SAUCE

Well, it's a rock, first and foremost. But it can be a chair.

ISAAC

No, it can't be a chair; it can be used as a chair. Now, let's say it's a hot day and the sun cooks the rock up real good so anyone who sits on it burns his ass. It's still a rock; it's always going to be a rock, but it can't be used as a chair anymore, and all I changed was the temperature.

SAUCE
Where is this going?

Isaac finishes rolling the joint, and tucks it behind his ear.

ISAAC
I'll show you.

Isaac gets up and grabs his jacket. Sauce follows.

SAUCE
This better be good.

ISAAC
Don't worry.

They walk out of the room. As the door slams, the camera comes to a picture of "Plato's Republic" on the coffee table.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Sauce and Isaac walk across a parking lot.

ISAAC
So that's your ideal chair, but mine is the wooden chairs around my kitchen table.

SAUCE
Shut up about the chairs already!

ISAAC
Ok.

Isaac and Sauce stop in the middle of the parking lot. Isaac points to the ground.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
I found this last night.

They are standing over A SHATTERED BEER BOTTLE.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
What do you think it is?

SAUCE
Uh, Isaac. It's a broken beer bottle.

ISAAC

Survey says, (He cross arms in "X")
ehhhh! Come on Sauce, I thought you
were smarter than that. (beat) It's
a pile of glass. There's no reason
to believe it's a broken beer
bottle.

Sauce bends down and picks up a Heineken label.

SAUCE

What about this?

ISAAC

No, no, no, Sauce, That could be
from any number of beer bottles.
This pile of glass however...

SAUCE

(Interrupting Isaac)
It's not a pile of glass! It's a
broken beer bottle!

ISAAC

It isn't serving any purpose that a
beer bottle serves.

SAUCE

That's because it's shattered

ISAAC

That's precisely my point. How
could it possibly be a beer bottle
if it's shattered?

SAUCE

ISAAC, look at it, it's all green
glass, and the label ought to be a
dead giveaway.

Sauce bends down again and this time picks up a piece of
glass

SAUCE (CONT'D)

This piece has a recyclable symbol.
It's a broken beer bottle.

ISAAC

But Sauce, in order to be a beer
bottle it has to hold beer, or at
least be able to.

(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

If there's a crack in it or something so that it's unable to hold beer, then it's a broken beer bottle, because by all accounts it still looks like a beer bottle. This however is not and cannot hold beer, and by all accounts looks like a pile of glass.

SAUCE

So what? It 'looks' like a pile of glass, but it IS a broken beer bottle. It was a beer bottle. It was shattered, and now it is a broken beer bottle. I don't care what it looks like, I don't care what color it is, I really don't care if it's jumping up and down shouting 'I'm not a broken beer bottle.' If you want to talk about University of Miami Football then I'm all for it, but if you want to have stupid conversations about chairs and beer bottles, you have to find someone else.

ISAAC

Fine, Miami sucks. Long live the Seminoles.

Sauce stares at Isaac with an angry kind of confusion.

SAUCE

I hate you. I'm going home.

Sauce turns and walks away.

ISAAC

Wait. Don't go.

Isaac grabs the joint from behind his year.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

What about the joint.

Sauce walks back.

SAUCE

Fine, but if you start talking about chairs, so help me god.

ISAAC

God...don't get me started on him.

Isaac and Sauce walk off and start smoking the joint.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
(Shrugs)
Or her. Whatever.

THE END