

Lords of Destiny

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INT. DARK ROOM - MIDDAY

Darkness. A soft green glow of light is streaming through a circular window. There is a rolling hanger, single bed and chair. A plastic knife and fork are left carelessly on top of a half eaten pile of mash potatoes and gravy.

Sounds of SHIVERING. There is a young woman (FEIT) crouching and hugging her knees. She is staring at something...

On top of a black rectangular desk are two boxes. A red box, large and square; a blue box, identical --

FLASHBACK:

INT. DARK ROOM - MIDDAY

A harsh light reveals The LORDS OF DESTINY. There are 3 of them: The HIGH LORD is wearing a red hooded cloak, the Black Lord of Destiny, wearing a black hooded cloak and the White Lord of Destiny wearing a white hooded cloak. The high lord speaks:

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
We are the Lords of Destiny.

END.

INT. DARK ROOM - MIDDAY

The shivering woman flinches at the memory of them.

FLASHBACK:(CONT'D)

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - MIDDAY

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
You're living a life avoiding
choices. In our society, that is
not acceptable.

The young woman, known as FEIT, is wearing a mandatory orange shirt and trousers. She is lost and scared.

FEIT
(praying them)
Yes, yes, I'll make choices, I'll
make whatever choice you want me to
make... Just please let me go out
from here!

(CONTINUA)

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
-- Wonderful. Here are your
choices...
(gestures boxes)
Freedom

Or an instrument of death.

FEIT
What? Why are you doing this to me?

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
They are your only choices.

FEIT
No that's not fair you can't make
me choose!--

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
--We will visit in one month if you
have not yet chosen.

The Lords of Destiny move as one and exit the dark cell room
through a METALLIC door.

FEIT
Wait! No! You can't leave me in
here!

The door LOCKS before Feit can burst through.

FEIT
You can't leave me in here! Let me
out!
(calling after the lords)
Let me out now!

Feit hopelessly BANGS on the door and continues to call:

FEIT
Let me out...

After no response whatsoever, Feit rests her forehead on the
door, and gives up calling. She turns around to look at the
boxes, her only choice of escape.
(beat)

Feit walks up to the boxes and examines the white one. She
reaches her hand out, then pulls it back. She tries for the
blue box, but then pulls back instantly. She doesn't want to
make a choice.

(CONTINUA)

Next, Feit looks around her cell room to see if there's any chance to escape. She checks her minute bathroom, nothing there. She attempts to look out of her small window but the light is too bright to see through.

She covers her eyes from the light and steps back into the darkness. There's no where to go.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - MIDDAY

Feit's hands are in her hair, still shaking; still haunted by the memory.

The door opens instantly. The Lords of Destiny silently move as one towards the boxes. One of the lords places a briefcase in front of the two boxes.

FEIT

Please, can I go home now?

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY

(beat)

It has been a month since we last saw you; we see you have not made a choice.

Feit cannot believe it has been a month already.

FEIT

No, it can't be...

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY

I hope you enjoy your gift.
(gesturing the brief case)
We will visit in a month if you have not yet made a choice.

The Lords of Destiny make their way out the door. Feit attempts to stop the lords from leaving this time.

FEIT

Wait, please! I don't want to make those choices! It's not fair! You can't leave me in here!

The Lords of Destiny push her away firmly and SHUT the metallic door.

FEIT

(exhausted)

I can't choose...choose for me.

(CONTINUA)

(sobs)
I don't want to make a choice.

She falls to the floor as the door LOCKS.

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - NEXT DAY

Montage:

-Feit brushing her teeth

-Combing her hair with her fingers

-Changing clothes

-Finishing her oat meal

-Performing a sun salutation yoga pose in the stream of light from the window.

END.

Feit is making a piece of art out of feathers from her pillow case. When she finishes placing the last feather, she stands up carefully, and reviews her art work: It is a dove in mid flight.

The metallic door opens abruptly; her new neatly folded orange outfit slides across the floor, which ruins her piece of artwork. Feathers have blown everywhere; Feit stares at the clothes in horror.

After a moment, she picks up the clothes and tightens her fist.

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - LATER

The orange outfit is dumped in the toilet.

Feit is standing in the 'lime light', staring out through the window. There is only light.

(beat)

Feit flicks her eyes towards the briefcase. She slowly walks towards it.

After taking a deep breath, the briefcase CLICKS open before she touches it.

Feit takes a step back. The briefcase is folding open automatically: It's an ELECTRONIC KEYBOARD. Feit relaxes slightly. She takes a closer look and examines the instrument.

(CONTINUA)

She lightly touches 3 keys with her fingers; then grazes another pair of keys with her other hand. She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes; a slight smile appears on her face.

Feit presses the keys down and plays a MAJOR NOTE. Then another...and another...until she eventually starts to play a simple SLOW MELODY.

The TEMPO INCREASES; she discovers CHORDS, HARMONIES. She is naturally going with the flow of the music and her feelings.

MONTAGE:

-Feit is immersed with playing the keyboard. She cannot stop.

CROSS DISSOLVE

-The faint green light streaming through the window shines onto Feit and her new obsession, the keyboard. The lights smoothly transition into different colours as the music builds up in tempo.

CROSS DISSOLVE

-Feit is now playing the keyboard at a spectacular level. She plays beautiful symphonies and performs as if it's her own concert. A bright spotlight is shining onto her.

END.

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - EVENING

Feit is sitting cross legged with her keyboard on the floor. She's coming to the end of playing her tune; the tempo is much slower than before. Feit takes her time to play the last note, then she lifts her crooked fingers off of the keyboard. They are deformed, like claws.

Her head is drooping forwards, her eyes half open, her hair tangled, and her clothes worn.

Feit looks at her hands, and she starts to laugh at them, as if they are telling her a joke.

She tries to get up, her legs wobble and she stumbles. Feit hasn't stood up and walked for a long time. She attempts to take a few steps, her tiredness gives in and she falls.

FEIT

Uhh...for God's sake.

After a big yawn she crawls to her keyboard, lies on her stomach and fiddles with the keys. She plays a MINOR NOTE; her fingers are in pain but she continues to play another...and another...

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - DAY

Feit is peacefully asleep on the floor next to her keyboard. All of a sudden the Lords of Destiny barge in, waking Feit up from her sleep. She is disorientated.

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
I'm glad you enjoyed your gift.

Feit faintly spots one of the Lords carrying a red box.

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
However, it is time to give it up,
and accept our new gift.

The Lord in White places the red box down on the table and the Lord in Black takes away the keyboard.

FEIT
Wait, stop...
(hysterical)
STOP!

She leaps forward at the Lord in Black but the Lord in White pulls her back.

FEIT
NO! Give it back!

The Lord in Black has disappeared with her keyboard. Feit tries to wriggle herself free from the Lord in Whites grip.

FEIT
Let go of me!

The Lord in White is holding her down and injects her with sleeping serum. Feit's body becomes limp and watches the High Lord of Destiny as he makes an announcement:

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY
(whispers in Feit's ear)
We will visit in a month, if you
have not yet made a choice.

Feit loses consciousness.

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - NEXT DAY

Feit wakes up in a panic, still thinking the Lord in White is holding her down and sticking a needle in her neck. Feit's eyes are wide awake, she's remembering her last encounter with the Lords of Destiny.

Her heart breaks when she sees the red box on the table instead of her beloved keyboard.

FEIT
(whispers)
No...

The door swiftly opens and a tray of bread and tomato soup SLIDES across the floor. Feit looks at the food disapprovingly. She is fed up with the world behind that door. She picks up her soup and chucks it at the door.

FEIT
DAMN YOU!

Whilst she's at it she chucks her plate of bread and the tray at the door immediately after. Not bothered by the mess she walks away and sits in front of the 3 boxes. She glares at them without blinking.
(beat)

There is a WATER DROP in the sink. It DRIPS at a slow, steady BEAT.

Feit takes notice; and watches the water DRIPPING from where she's sitting.

The water drop is DRIPPING slightly faster now, sounding like a CLOCK TICKING. It ECHOS throughout the whole room. It get's LOUDER and LOUDER. Feit is enchanted by this simple sound.

TICK TOCK.

She looks at the red box.

TICK TOCK.

She looks at the blue box.

TICK TOCK.

She looks at the red box.

TICK...

Everything stops.

Feit has made her decision.

INT. DARK CELL ROOM - LATER

Montage:

-Feit turns the taps on in her bathroom and lets the water OVERFLOW onto the ground.

-She tips her bed over, and pushes any spare furniture she has left to create a barricade by the door.

-She RIPS her bed sheet into strips and ties it all together to make a long piece of rope.

END.

Feit walks up to the boxes holding the rope, nervous but determined.

FEIT
(softly spoken)
You think you hold my
destiny...? Well not anymore...I
choose my destiny.

Feit pulls the red box forward - the freedom box. She ties the rope round it's handle; then she pulls a chair underneath the ceiling light and ties her bit of rope round the rim of the light. She pushes the chair back to the barricade and keeps a strong hold of the rope.

She crouches in the corner behind her shield; her eyes locked on the red box, she grips her hands on the rope and pulls as she closes her eyes.

(beat)

Feit looks over her barricade. The lid of the red box is dangling in mid air. There is no explosion, no fire, no smoke, no trap, there is just the sound of her BREATHING.

Feit cautiously gets up, letting go of the rope, and takes her time walking towards her chosen box.

She carefully looks inside. There is a typed written message that says, "Press to open door." Below the message, there is a red button.

She is relieved and overwhelmed, thanking God she has made the right choice.

(CONTINUA)

FEIT

I'm free...I can go home.

Feit reaches for the box and stands in front of the door. She looks down at the red button and presses it.

The metallic door opens slowly before her, and streams of bright sunlight seep into the room.

Ecstatic, Feit drops the box onto the floor and makes her way out into the white light.

EXT. THE OUTSIDE WORLD - DAY

Feit stops in her tracks, squinting her eyes. It has been a long time since she saw the sunshine.

It is blurry, she tries to make out images, silhouettes. She can hear VOICES, sounds of TRAFFIC, and the CITY.

Her eyes adjust to the brightness. She sees a crowd of people pointing cameras and taking pictures of her behind a metal fence surrounding her cell. She looks behind her, and sees the inside of her cell room. She thought the walls were concrete? But the walls, are completely transparent.

A gate opens for the people to swarm at her; journalists and news reporters trying to bombard her with questions. She has no where to go, she sinks in the middle of the crowd, becoming a small dot.

ZOOM IN

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A black screen.

ZOOM OUT

It is a small square TV, it belongs to a YOUNG MALE. He chucks his controller on the bed. He finishes his bag of chips and can of coke.

His room is small and square, plain and pale with limited furniture and one window.

He uncovers a board of black and white thumbnail pictures pinned up on his wall. These pictures are headshots of men and women of all ages. Some of them have a red cross drawn on them, some don't.

We see a picture of Feit, smiling. The young man looks at her picture for a moment, then draws a red cross over her face with a red permanent marker.

(CONTINUA)

He puts on his red cloak, and gently puts the hood over his head.

The High Lord of Destiny is ready to start his day.

END.