

TALES FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION

Written by

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Draft  
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MAN  
Can you tell me about yourself.

ESSIE  
I shall try.

MAN  
Good.

ESSIE  
I'm called ESSIE It is short for... I  
don't recall right now. But it is a  
nickname.

MAN  
Good. Keep going you are doing fine.  
If you don't mind we are going to  
record it.

ESSIE  
I can't mind. I Am Mind.

MAN  
What?

ESSIE  
Nuance. Never you mind, I will always  
Mind. Your language is sometimes  
quite effective you know.

MAN  
Excuse me?

ESSIE  
Always. The word 'always'. you have  
no idea how useful that word is to me  
coming from where I'm from. Or  
rather, being where I am. I am in a  
perpetual state of Always and  
Forever. Yes, like your poets have  
tried to explain, your true existence  
is Always and Forever. Just very  
infinitely sliced aspects of it. You  
call it the Present, those of my ilk  
sometimes call it the Prison.

MAN  
Prison?

ESSIE  
..of Time. Yes the Prison of Time.  
The smallest unit of Always and  
Forever. Like your atom.

(MORE)

ESSIE (cont'd)  
Your atom and what you call the  
Present have a lot in coming.

MAN  
So how did you get trapped in The  
Prison of Time as it were?

ESSIE  
As it *is*, but, again, nuance.

MAN  
Nuance.

ESSIE  
Quite simply, I hit a wall.

MAN  
A wall.

ESSIE  
Correct. I was passing through what  
you all here call time, just as  
effortlessly as you walk down your  
hallways or across the street.

As ESSIE speaks we see stylized version of her walking on a treadmill. Days, weeks, years, millennium, appear to pass behind her as the setting in an old black and white film was moved on a conveyor belt to represent movement for a car stuck in a studio.

ESSIE (cont'd)  
(To the audience, as  
if she is seeing the  
analogy being shown  
as well.)  
Excellent analogy film-maker! That is  
quite close to my existence outside  
your realm.

Suddenly, back in the interrogation room with MAN.

MAN  
Who are you talking to?

ESSIE  
The Watchers. My my, there really is  
so little you actually see isn't  
there.

Back to the treadmill ESSIE continues to walk. At the top of the back drop we see a sundial.

It's shadow marking the passing of time flies quickly around its circular trajectory. ESSIE continues to walk and the sundial quickly becomes a clock, then the face of a watch, then the neon digital reading of an alarm clock. The numbers climb and fall as if time itself is a speedometer. Suddenly--

--whack--

--a wall emerges and ESSIE slams flat into it as if the wall were the ground and she had jumped off of a twelve story building. Standing next to her is ALEX, a young Black man having his morning coffee looking out of the window.

ALEX

What the hell was that?

ESSIE

(V.O.)

And just like that I was, as your dramatists like to say, in the moment.

ALEX looks at the area of the wall from which the loud thud came. He sees nothing, ESSIE is camouflaged against the wall like a color-changing chameleon.

ALEX

Hello.

ALEX puts his ear to the wall to discover anything within the wall, still unaware of ESSIE. At that very moment, ESSIE pushes herself off of the wall and knocks ALEX back onto the ground. ESSIE throws up her hand and ALEX's falling coffee is suspended in time. ALEX stares at the floating liquid in shock--

ESSIE

(V.O.)

So apparently, when one of us is in the Present, as it is, then you all are subsequently brought out... Up? inside?... the direction you go is still unclear. But, when one of us is present you can go to the Always and Forever...

Beat.

ESSIE (cont'd)

Does that make sense?