

Conflict

by

Tyler Childs

yo@tychi.me

team@sillyz.computer

INT. CONVENTION BOOTH - DAY

Two people sit at a table, one holds stacks of notebooks, the other a bundle of pens. A radio plays from a clock in the corner.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Unjoy continues to spread globally. All time lows are at an all time high.

PEN

Well that expains why no one is here.

MONTAGE:

A fairly sparse convention center filled with empty booths of eccentric purveyours of harmless amusements.

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INT. CONVENTION BOOTH - DAY

PAPER

Well, if you could give me a little more grit to work with

Pen interrupts

PEN

Well, that might be what people want, but that's just not what they need and not what i have.

PAPER

Slow down. I'm not asking for much, just look around. This place has become too soft. You're soft.

PEN

I am finely pointed.

PAPER

I think you can be, but you're just not right now.

Pen shuts down vocally and a few hours go by.

INT. CONVENTION BOOTH - DAY

Someone carrying a box of whoopie cushions approaches

WHOOPIE

( yelling to off screen )

Haha, no i'll smell you later!

( to pen and paper )

you both look wiped, anything keeping  
you plugged up?

PEN

We're fine

PAPER

It doesn't look like we're going to move  
even a pad today. Our creative over here  
is blocked.

PEN

I'm not blocked. I am making the best  
work of my career.

PAPER

That no one is buying. I have paper all  
over the globe just waiting to be inked,  
but your content stinks.

WHOOPIE

Whoa, sorry to have pulled your finger so  
hard, I wasn't trying to cause a rip.

PEN

You're fine. How's business?

WHOOPIE

As always, consistent. Groundbreaking?  
Hardly, but always riveting.

PAPER

I like your licks, any interest in a  
career change?

PEN

You know we're bound by contract, but

(CONT'D)

here.

PAPER

It was a joke. Clearly you can't even catch one that's barely above your head, if I'm being generous.

WHOOPIE

Call me cheese, because I'm just gonna cut it.

Whoopie leaves, more hours pass, with Pen and Paper now packing up.

EXT. CONVENTION BOOTH - NIGHT

PEN

I am sorry we didn't hit any quotas today.

PAPER

I don't think you are.

PEN

Say it.

PAPER

I think you're holding back on me.

PEN

Of course I am! I've seen your after market edits!

PAPER

Look around Pal, nobody wants joy anymore! Of course I needed to sell more paper.

PEN

But you used my name. I cannot even trust you with the shape of joy.

PAPER

The shape of joy?

PEN

A clown listens, then shows a cheer up,  
often from a nothing.

Paper, speechless.

PEN

I give you innocence made manifest and  
you created a war on clowns.

PAPER

That's

PEN

You turned the world against Ronald  
McDonald. Paper covers nose. Is that cut  
gritty enough?

PAPER

Hang on.

PEN

You look around. Did people change or  
did you try and bend reality so hard it  
spiraled out of control?

( tired )

You hid behind my name. How many other  
Pens have you played the same?

PAPER

You all would be nowhere without me!

PEN

You say that, and i wonder, where would  
we all be? Really. How far and where  
else? We were limitless.

( sunken )

and now that's over. All that's left is  
just us two and even still it is only  
what's in it for you.