

A Clip in Time

by

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Write of Passage 2010

"He who conceals his sins does not prosper, but whoever confesses  
and renounces them finds mercy" - Proverbs 28:10

FADE IN:

EXT. GATED DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

A paperclip rests on the asphalt. Next to it lays THE SUITOR. He groans in pain.

He is a young man, but it's hard to tell. Wild hair, face blackened, clothes singed and smoldering. By his hand a charred manila folder and some papers flutter in the breeze.

His head slowly turns. He regards the paperclip and recalls...

EXT. GATED DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS EARLIER

The Suitor pleads through the gate to an unseen individual.

THE SUITOR

You gotta give me a second chance.

The manila folder is slipped to him through the bars. He takes the folder in resigned disbelief. He notices a paperclip attached to the folder.

The Suitor violently rips the paperclip from the folder and waves it furiously toward the sky.

THE SUITOR

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!!!

KAPOW! A bolt of lightning strikes the tiny paperclip. Papers from the now charred folder are tossed into the air as The Suitor flails to the ground.

EXT. GATED DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS EARLIER

A luxurious mansion sits at the top of the driveway.

An older man, THE FATHER, slaps The Suitor repeatedly with the manila folder as he drags him by the scruff of his neck towards the gate. The Father has a nasty gash on his forehead.

The Father tosses The Suitor towards the curb as the gate grinds to a close between them.

Thunder rumbles from the sky over head.

The Suitor leaps up and hurls himself at the gate.

THE SUITOR  
But I love her, I really love her.

INT. DARK CLOSET - MOMENTS EARLIER

Out of the still blackness, the whisper of a young woman breaks the eerie silence.

THE DAUGHTER  
This is not how I imagined this happening.

THE SUITOR  
I'll make it up to you I promise.

The door flings open and light floods into the closet. The enraged Father glares at them from the doorway.

THE DAUGHTER, Daddy's little independent thinker, looks confused and scared.

The Suitor has a large framed painting that has been smashed over his head and now hangs around his neck like a large square necklace.

The Suitor notices the gash on The Father's head and smiles.

THE SUITOR  
Oh, you're OK then?

The Suitor reaches out to examine the gash, but The Father slaps his hand away.

THE FATHER  
You. Out!

The Suitor removes the picture frame as he steps towards the door.

THE SUITOR  
Wait. Just let me explain--

The Father grabs The Suitor by the scruff of the neck and slaps the folder across the The Suitor's head.

THE DAUGHTER  
Daddy!

The picture frame tumbles to the floor.

INT. SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS EARLIER

The unbroken picture rests on an easel next to a majestic fireplace. It is an elegant picture of The Daughter dressed in a stunning ball gown. An intimidating bear statue lurks in the corner of the room keeping its eternal watch.

The panicked Suitor runs screaming into the room. He is closely followed by an older woman, THE MOTHER, who is brandishing a medieval sword.

The Mother swings at The Suitor but he dodges just in time. The Suitor rolls away from the sword and crawls behind the easel. The Mother attacks again, so he grabs the picture and wields it like a shield. The Mother jabs at him but he parries with the frame. A thrust and another parry. They appear to be at a stalemate when...

THE DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Mother!

The Suitor turns to see the horrified Daughter standing in the doorway.

The Mother uses the distraction to her advantage and lunges once again. She runs the picture through but narrowly misses impaling The Suitor. Instead the sword lodges itself into the belly of the bear statue.

The Mother tugs at the sword, but it's stuck. The Suitor leaps over to the Daughter.

THE SUITOR

This is just a minor setback.

The Daughter reels in terror.

The Suitor turns just as The Mother brings the picture crashing down over his head.

The Suitor is momentarily dazed, then grabs The Daughter's hand and pulls her from the room. He slams the door shut behind them.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The couple flee down the hallway and dart into a closet, just as The Mother exits the Sitting Room.

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

From the quiet darkness a voice...

THE DAUGHTER  
What did you do to my Mom?

INT. ENTRY HALLWAY - MOMENTS EARLIER

The visibly shaken Suitor tiptoes through a door and quietly closes it behind him. Standing next to the door is a decorative suit of medieval armor.

THE DAUGHTER (O.S.)  
How did it go?

The Suitor panics and backs up to the door, guarding it from The Daughter. She takes a step towards him. The Suitor scurries over to her and drops to one knee.

THE SUITOR  
Will you marry me?

THE DAUGHTER  
You mean...?

Suddenly a SCREAM jolts them from their special moment. The Mother stands at the now open doorway, horrified at the proposal playing out before her. She shakes an accusing finger at The Suitor.

THE MOTHER  
You!

THE SUITOR  
Wait, I didn't do it.

THE DAUGHTER  
You can't back out now.

The unnerved Mother yanks the sword from the nearby statue and gives it a menacing jab towards The Suitor.

THE MOTHER  
You get away from her!

THE DAUGHTER  
Mom! I'm trying to get engaged.

The Suitor steps back. The Mother jabs again. The Suitor loses his nerve and bolts for the nearest exit. The Mother lets out a savage warcry and vigorously pursues.

The Daughter stares into the now vacant doorway.

THE DAUGHTER  
(curious)  
Dad?

INT. HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS EARLIER

Tastefully decorated with a masculine touch. An executive power desk sits in the center of the room. A Bible sits open on the desk. The Suitor rummages through the desk drawers. The manila folder is in one hand.

His search ends with the discovery of a paperclip. The last one in the box.

He sees the coast is clear then slips the paperclip from the box and attaches it to some pages inside the manila folder. He slides the Bible to the back of the desk and places the folder front and center where it can't be missed.

He returns to his seat just as The Father wanders in reading over some papers.

THE FATHER  
Just give me a second here.

The Father opens his desk drawer. He pulls out the empty paperclip box and flips it into the trashcan.

THE FATHER  
Typical.

The Suitor gives a guilty stare toward the paperclip protruding from the manila folder, as the Father continues searching.

THE FATHER  
(calling out)  
Honey, do you have any paperclips?

The Father tries to search the top of a nearby bookshelf. It's just out of reach so he puts one foot on his desk chair. As he stretches for the shelf the chair slips and he falls hard.

His head hits the side of the desk and he crumples to the floor, out cold. A large gash now on his forehead.

THE SUITOR  
 (dumbfounded)  
 Um, hello?

The Suitor reaches over with his foot and gives The Father a nudge. No response. He reaches down and gives The Father's face a gentle slap, then a harder one. The Suitor loses his nerve and scrambles for the door.

Just as he exits the Mother nonchalantly wanders in carrying a new box of paperclips. She catches a glimpse of The Suitor as he closes the door, then a MOAN draws her attention to her prostrate husband. The box of paperclips falls from her hand and CRASHES to the floor.

The Mother dives to the aid of her husband.

The folder and its contraband paperclip lay on the desk oblivious to the dire situation.

INT. HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS EARLIER

The folder sits on the lap of The Suitor. His leg taps nervously as he waits. He opens the folder to examine the contents, but several pages slip out and fall to the floor. The Suitor reaches down and clumsily scoops the pages back into the folder. He straightens the pages and looks over the contents one last time.

INSERT - THE PAGE, which reads:

"Reasons I Should Marry Your Daughter

- 1 - Open & Honest (Prov. 28:13)
- 2 - Trustworthy (Luke 16:10)
- 3 - Christian (2Co 6:14)"

The Suitor closes the folder with a satisfied smile. He then looks over to the desk, an idea is forming.

He steps over to the desk and slides open the drawer.

After a brief search he pulls out the paperclip and holds it up for examination.

The way it glints in the light grabs his attention. Suddenly the glint turns into A BRIGHT WHITE FLASH that envelops him.

QUICK FLASHES -

-- The Father cracks his head on the desk.

- The Mother screams and accusingly points.
- The Suitor fends off The Mother.
- The Father drags The Suitor down the driveway.
- Lightning strikes the paperclip.

With another bright flash the shell shocked Suitor stares at the paperclip in his hand.

He slowly returns to his seat, paperclip in one hand, manila folder in the other.

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(calling out)  
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The Father tries to search the top of a nearby bookshelf. It's just out of reach so he puts one foot on his desk chair when--

THE SUITOR  
WAIT!!!!

The Father removes his foot from the chair and turns to face the terrified Suitor who now holds out the paperclip for him.

THE SUITOR  
It's here. It's right here. I  
stole it. I stole it from your  
desk. I stole it right from your  
desk and now it's here.

The confused father reaches out and quietly takes the paperclip.

THE FATHER  
Oh kay. Thank you. For. This.

THE SUITOR  
I'm so sorry. You gotta forgive  
me, please forgive me.

THE FATHER  
Um, sure.

THE SUITOR  
Thank you! Thank you so much.

The Suitor reaches out and gives The Father a big, long,  
awkward hug.

They finally release. The Father points to the manila  
folder.

THE FATHER  
Is this for me?

The Suitor hands over the folder a little too fast and the  
contents go flying again. The Suitor quickly scoops them up  
and passes them to The Father.

The Father casually flips through the jumbled pages. Takes a  
deep reflective breath then turns do his desk and SLAMS down  
on his desk stapler and staples the pages together.

The Father reaches out to shake The Suitors hand.

THE FATHER  
Welcome to the family Son.

The Suitor stares at the stapler in disbelief.

FADE OUT.