

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

QUIET CHAIRS

Written by

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INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

Two individuals sit in folding chairs ten feet across from each other. The room they're in is bright and plain.

JEFF sits slumped with his arms crossed. STEVE sits up straight with his hands folded in his lap.

Jeff and Steve stare at each other, unmoving. Steve chews the inside of his cheek while Jeff narrows his eyes at him.

Steve breaks eye contact and looks around the room. He appears uncomfortable. Jeff is completely composed as he tilts his head to the side, analyzing Steve's movements.

Suddenly, the room turns dark expect for two hair lights that illuminate the two men. Rain starts pouring from the ceiling. Jeff is not phased, but Steve squints up at the rain trying to understand where it's coming from.

Jeff shifts to the side and Steve averts his attention back to Jeff.

The rain stops and the harsh lighting fills the room again.

Jeff is completely poised whereas Steve is bewildered. Steve opens his mouth to say something but stops as Jeff raises his eyebrows.

Jeff leans forward with his elbows on his knees and narrows his eyes at Steve. Steve looks away and awkwardly looks around the room as his leg begins to bounce.

The room floods with a dark red flashing light and low quality sounds of canons and gunshots. Steve is alarmed, flinching with every pop while Jeff is unwavering.

After a few seconds, the sounds die and the room shifts back to it's regular white.

Jeff leans back into his chair, man spreading with his arms folded behind his head. Steve crosses his leg before uncrossing it to cross the other.

A small smile appears on Jeff's face as birds begin to fly into the room. Steve ducks at circling birds. Jeff doesn't move.

When the birds fly out, Steve's hair is tousled and his shirt is stretched at the collar. He looks to Jeff who is perfectly unbothered.

Steve furrows his eyebrows and Jeff smiles with a quick eyebrow raise.

Steve straightens himself up and Jeff stands, lifting his chair with him. Steve stops, watching Jeff cautiously. Jeff sits back down four feet in front of Steve.

Steve wipes his hands on his jeans with a heavy sigh, Jeff copies him. Steve stops, folds his hands, and leans back into his chair. Jeff copies Steve's exact movements.

The room shifts to a deep, luminescent blue with the image of jellyfish that move along the walls. There's the sound of whales and aquarium zen music.

Steve relaxes, enjoying the peacefulness this stimulation gives him.

Suddenly, water starts flooding in from the corners of the ceiling. Steve panics, though he doesn't leave his chair. Jeff closes his eyes and leans his head back.

When the water reaches up to their ankles, the room reverts back to normal and the water drains.

Steve is out of breath from his panic and Jeff opens one eye, judging him before sitting back up.

An intense gaze in Jeff's eye makes Steve nervous.

Steve scoots his chair back an inch and Jeff scoots closer. Steve pushes back several inches, but Jeff closes the distance, their knees almost touching.

Steve gives Jeff a wary look to which Jeff just smiles at.

Steve avoids eye contact and Jeff cranes his neck to try and get in Steve's peripheral vision. When Steve doesn't acknowledge him, Jeff snaps his fingers, forcing Steve's attention.

Jeff points at the ceiling and Steve looks to what Jeff is pointing at. A rope falls from the ceiling and ends just above Jeff's head.

Jeff grabs the rope, waves to Steve, and pulls down.

The room turns green and the floor opens below Steve. Steve falls through, leaving Jeff alone in the room.

The floor closes back up and the green light fades to white once more.

Jeff lightly chuckles as he stands, folds his chair, and leaves the room.

END.