

THE AGE OF THE MONKEY

by

Jesus Diez Perez

UNREGISTERED

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jesus@picturesplusproductions.com
jdiezperez@gmail.com
Registered LOC: 1-4442137201

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A white laboratory full of research tools, data sheets, diagrams, a blackboard with notes, etc. On one side there's a row full of cages with small grey monkeys inside. All of them are sitting very quietly, making no noise. They look very nervous. There's a strange SILENCE. The monkey on the far side, though, is sleeping.

SUPERIMPOSED: October 5th, 2007. 12:40 AM.

AMANDA, dark hair, glasses, 29, with white lab coat, is on the other side of the lab looking through a microscope. She wears gloves and manipulates some substance with a micropipet. She looks very focused. The door bangs open suddenly and someone in a lab coat gets in. It's ROBERT, 50, not much hair, old glasses, shirt wrong buttoned and a plastic coffee cup on one hand. He reads some wrinkled papers and talks without looking at AMANDA.

ROBERT

Good morning, Amanda. What do we have today?

Amanda stops looking through the microscope.

AMANDA

Hi, Robert. These monkeys have just arrived last night.

Robert sends them a quick glance. The monkeys are very silent. He takes a sip of coffee.

ROBERT

For the Evola tests? Why are they so silent? They usually are like crazy, as if they knew what will happen to them.

AMANDA

I don't know. It's strange. They are very nervous. Except the last one, sleeping like a baby.

ROBERT

OK, start with that one. I don't like fighting with wild animals so early in the morning.

The sleeping monkey's cage is opened. Amanda's gloved hands take the monkey gently out of the cage. She speaks tenderly to it, as if it were a baby.

AMANDA

Come, little one, be a good monkey.

The monkey moves in Amanda's hands. It's starting to wake up. The monkey finally opens its eyes and looks at AMANDA.

It looks surprised to be there. Then it looks to the surroundings, the cage, the lab, its own little hands. It starts to breath hard. It tries awkwardly to escape from Amanda's hands, but she doesn't let go. The monkey coughs abruptly, and starts to scream wildly. Amanda is having trouble holding the animal. She tries to grab it more firmly from the neck but then it bites her in the hand, and jumps away towards the blackboard. Amanda SCREAMS.

Robert, on the other side of the lab notices Amanda's problems, grabs a sedative gun and runs where Amanda is.

ROBERT

What the hell is going on?

Robert aims the gun to the monkey, but then Amanda stops him and lowers his arm. She is pale like snow, eyes wide open.

AMANDA

No, stop. Look.

Robert looks where the monkey is. It's kneeling, holding its little hands together, as in praying, tears in its eyes, shaking. Robert gets as pale as AMANDA when he sees the blackboard, close to it. The gun falls from his hands. In rough, unprecise, capital, chalk letters Robert reads:

"HELP ME".

The image FREEZES and it starts moving BACKWARDS at full speed like when rewinding a video tape. We see all the scene, and what happened before, Amanda and Robert getting in and out, the cleaning staff doing their job, the lights switching off, the night.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --