

Patience

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FADE IN:

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

A pair of lips WHISTLES an off-key melody.

Accompanying the WHISTLING is the sound of loud, muffled MUSIC as heard through headphones.

CLOSE ON

A pair of fingers as they slowly TAP against the surface of a table. The WHISTLING and accompanying MUSIC are still present, but they sound distant compared to the TAPPING.

The TAPPING fingers pick up speed. They belong to PATIENCE, a young woman in her late teens.

She taps her fingers with one hand, and holds her forehead over the table with the other. A pen is sticking out between the cracks of her fingers, touching the base of her skull in a soft, casual manner.

A small stack of books surround her; some are open, most are not. Directly before her is an open book. Patience stares at it blankly. She continues tapping.

As she taps, the MUSIC and WHISTLING become louder. The sounds are coming from a source right beside her.

Patience's eyes lift from the book. A wave of frustration sweeps over her face as the TAPPING of her fingers picks up speed. She's clearly annoyed by something.

PATIENCE

Sigh.

To her left sits a young man, JOHNNY; he is about her age. Before him is a book, which he reads intently as he listens to loud MUSIC on his headphones and WHISTLES away to its melody. He's the reason why she's frustrated.

Patience shifts her eyes at him without moving her head.

Johnny doesn't notice. The MUSIC blaring from his headphones fades into some kind of drum solo, and he closes his eyes and WHISTLES the beat accordingly.

Patience's eyes dart back to the front. She's had enough.

She turns her body in his direction and taps him gently on the shoulder. He doesn't budge. His drum solo has yet to end.

She tries again, harder.

With a slight startle, he opens his eyes and looks at her. He stops WHISTLING, but doesn't lower the volume of the music.

He gestures to her: What?

She motions to her ears, implying his headphones, then motions with her hand for him to turn down the music.

He sighs, then fiddles with his music player until the MUSIC from his headphones is significantly lower.

He gestures to her: Happy?

She gives him a forced smile and turns back to her book. She picks it up and reads.

Her eyes scan the open pages in front of her. They move with incredible speed.

CLOSE ON

Her hand FLIPPING the page.

She continues to scan. Then, another FLIP.

Soft THUMPING coming from the space next to her breaks her concentration.

The THUMP is soft at first, but it becomes progressively louder as it continues along.

THUMP

THUMP THUMP

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

The THUMPING continues in the same fashion; it follows a clear musical beat.

CLOSE ON

A pair of fingers repeatedly hitting the top of the table. They're Johnny's fingers. And they're THUMPING to the beat of the music from his headphones.

Patience stops reading. She turns her head and stares at Johnny's THUMPING fingers, an annoyed expression on her face.

She ignores the sound. She tilts her head back down and tries to read, but the THUMPING only gets louder. She can't take it.

PATIENCE

Sigh.

With a slight degree of intensity, she lays down her book and grabs Johnny's THUMPING hand. She presses down on it gently, to get his attention. It does.

Johnny snaps his head in her direction and takes off his headphones with a "What the hell does she want now?" look. His hand is still held captive under hers.

She gives him an annoyed glare.

PATIENCE

(motioning to her face
with her other hand)

Shh.

She releases his hand. He instantly pulls it away.

Johnny gives her an apologetic but annoyed nod, and puts his headphones back on.

She turns back around, picks up her book, and continues her reading.

All is quiet as her eyes once again dart back and forth between the edges of her book.

She FLIPS over a page, but just as she does so, a soft CLINKING picks up. She stops reading. A wave of frustration washes over her face once again.

Johnny is hitting the side of a glass cup with his pencil.

PATIENCE

(angry)

Argh!

Her eyes narrowing, Patience throws down her book, whips her head in his direction, and rips the pencil from his hand.

Johnny almost falls off his chair in response. He looks at her, too startled to move.

Patience takes the pencil, and, making sure he's watching, breaks it in half with one sudden motion of her wrists. The pencil SNAPS in a flurry of splinters and lead.

She holds the two broken ends in front of her face for a moment as he watches, then throws both pieces at him.

Satisfied, she turns back around, picks up her book, and continues to read.

Johnny stares at her in shock, his mouth slightly open. He slowly shuts his jaw and makes a slow turn back to his original position. The look of shock has not left his face.

A moment goes by as he stares blankly ahead of him. Patience continues to read as though nothing unusual has happened. She FLIPS a page over.

Johnny's eyes focus. His shocked expression fades. He slyly looks at Patience, and an evil smile spreads across his face. He has an idea.

He reaches down toward something on the floor next to him: his backpack. He goes through it.

His hands move back and forth within until finally, they stop. He's found what he's been looking for.

A PEN

is pulled out of the backpack. He holds the pen tightly with one hand and straightens himself out on the table with the other. He makes himself comfortable.

Then, he brings the pen over and holds it next to the glass cup.

Another evil smile spreads over his face. He begins to slowly CLINK the pen against the glass.

He continues CLINKING louder and louder. As he does so, he raises the volume of his headphones until it is loud enough to go along with the CLINKING.

With his non-clinking hand, he begins to THUMP his fingers against the front of the table. He then puts his lips together and begins to WHISTLE the tune to himself.

Johnny is as loud as he has ever been.

Patience notices. She stops reading.

With a blank expression on her face, she calmly puts her book down. She knows what to do.

Not showing any signs of hurry, she reaches down to her backpack and rummages through it for a few moments. Johnny doesn't notice.

Her hands move back and forth inside a pocket until she pulls out

A KNIFE

from within. The blade glimmers for a moment as she lifts it out.

In one quick motion, she twists her body toward Johnny, lifts the knife over her head, and stabs him over and over again in the chest.

Johnny is caught completely off guard. He tries to use his arms to shield his body from the knife, but his efforts are of no use; Patience is much too quick.

His whole body flails wildly against the contents of the table, causing the glass cup next to him to fall and spill unto the floor.

His head convulses back and forth between blows. The violent thrusting of his neck rips one of his headphones from his ear.

Patience stabs the knife into him again and again, then plunges it into his back, forcing the upper portion of his body to fall forward over the table in a bloody mess.

The knife remains buried within his back as his body convulses slightly with continued bursts of pain. The tips of his fingers twitch for a few more moments, then come to a slow stop. He dies.

Patience straightens herself out in her chair. She adjusts her hair, brushes off her shirt, and makes herself comfortable.

She picks up her book and begins to read. Her eyes dart back and forth at the pages calmly, as though nothing has happened.

She FLIPS over to the next page. A few moments of reading later, she FLIPS over to another page.

Next to her, Johnny's body remains perfectly still. The room is quiet.

The silence is broken by the sound of Patience FLIPPING over to another page. As she reads, a smile comes over her lips.

PATIENCE
(satisfied)
Ahh.

FADE TO BLACK.