

A CARNIVAL IN AUGUST

Written by

Juliet Reynolds

(480) 544-0284
julietmreynolds@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE, ENTRYWAY - DAY

AUGUST (20s), a meek and reserved young man, walks into the office with a mechanical cadence. Adorned in a gray two-piece suit, he seems to walk a familiar route, as if he's done this before. His hair parts perfectly, and his glasses sit completely normally on his face.

He keeps his head down, but not too down. He holds his briefcase to his side, but not too high or too low, and with an adequate amount of clench.

August is a *normal* businessman. Right?

INT. OFFICE, CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

August rounds the corner to his cubicle revealing JOEY (20s), another typical businessman in a grey two-piece, but louder and more in his element. A bit away from August's desk, he chats indiscernibly with TESS (20s), yet another average businesswoman in a gray two-piece.

JOEY

Aug! 8:55 yet again, it's almost impressive.

TESS

We should start keeping a tally.

Joey laughs.

JOEY

How about: "Days that Aug has shown up at exactly 8:55."

TESS

That's a bit clunky and long.

Joey shrugs.

TESS (CONT'D)

Okay, instead: "Days that August has kept his routine."

August stands in silence around his desk.

JOEY

No... "Days that Aug hasn't changed."

TESS
Now we're getting too general.

JOEY
(to August)
Well I mean, you're a machine, man.

TESS
(slightly embarrassed)
Okay, Joe- we could word these things a little better...

Tess and Joey's words trail off into the back of August's mindscape as he robotically takes sentry at his desk.

Dead eyes, August stares into his computer screen.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

August slips into his apartment, dead from a day at the office. He locks the multiple locks on the door.

The warm glow of the apartment immediately seems to rejuvenate August's soul, like a little neglected plant.

He leaves the briefcase at the door.

INT. APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

August glides towards his bedroom, simultaneously shedding his office attire. He passes a wall of art- a collage of frames composed around the centerpiece of a clown.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

August's limbs have loosened, his face has softened in the warm glow of his bedroom.

A record player sits on a dresser against the wall. August's fingers delicately place a record on the platform, setting the needle down.

Piero Piccioni's *Amore mio aiutami* fills the space, and August's mind.

A great, comforting smile takes to his face.

August's nimble hands glide to a color makeup pallet and brush on his bedside table.

He glides to a standing mirror on the wall.

August peers at his naked face, ready.

MONTAGE

- August delicately but confidently takes the brush to his eyes, he's done this before.
- He draws on pursed, deep red lips.
- He shapes his eyebrows with black.
- The composition of his makeup starts to come together, but not fully.
- His arms slip through the sleeves of a flowy white top.
- He zhuzhes his hair with nimble fingers.
- He places a black dot next to his mouth, the final piece.

END OF MONTAGE

August peers at himself in the mirror, a beautiful clown.

AUGUST
(under his breath)
Beautiful.

A relieved smile cracks the corners of his new mouth.

The music persists.

August begins to slowly lose himself to the music, closing his eyes and swaying to the song.

In the warm glow of his sanctuary, August moves gracefully to the music. He is himself in this moment.

After a time, the song ends.

August plops down on his bed, sitting up.

The camera directly faces August, as if we are the same mirror from before. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE, CUBICLE - DAY

Maintaining the camera straight on, August sits at his desk once again.

He stares at us, eyes dead, soul gone, makeup washed away.

Joey and Tess stand nearby once again, off-screen.

JOEY (O.S.)

(to Tess)

I'm feeling a little rusty today
with these numbers, I don't know
why but even just looking at them-

TESS (O.S.)

Rusty? I bet August's got some oil
with him.

Joey laughs.

August continues to stare into the camera.

JOEY (O.S.)

Stop, stop, that's not appropriate
for the workplace. Clearly you're
pushing his buttons.

The two erupt in laughter.

Joey and Tess's words begin to fade away.

We linger on August's face.

He doesn't even blink.

FADE OUT.