

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - DAY

A GIRL (FEIT) crouching, fiddling with a wire. She blinks, shaking, SHIVERING.

Her eyes are locked on 2 boxes. One white, large and square; the other black, small and spherical. They are placed identically next to each other on a rectangular gray table placed opposite her.

She's contained within a transparent dome, with only a simple single bed, wooden chair and a minute bathroom. The dome is surrounded by an over-growth of lush, green wilderness; there is nothing else to be seen.

FLASHBACK:

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - MORNING

The LORDS OF DESTINY. There are 3 of them: The HIGH LORD is wearing a red hooded cloak, and the other two are wearing a black and a white cloak. The high lord speaks:

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
We are the Lords of Destiny.

END.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - DAY

The shaking girl flinches at the memory of him.

FLASHBACK:(CONT'D)

INT. CELL ROOM - MORNING

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
You have lived a life, avoiding choices. And in our society, that is not acceptable.

The girl, known as FEIT, wearing her work uniform of a simple white shirt and black trousers, has wide eyes and cannot move a muscle.

FEIT  
I've tried...I swear I have--

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
-- You may choose freedom...  
(gestures white box)  
Or death.  
(gestures black box)  
They are your only choices.

FEIT  
What kind of sick twisted game is this?

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
We will visit in one month if you  
have not yet chosen.

The Lords of Destiny move as one and leave Feit's fate in her hands.

FEIT  
Hey!...Wait! You can't just leave me  
in here!

The Lords of Destiny exit the room. The door is tight SHUT and LOCKED.

Feit hopelessly BANGS on the METALLIC door and calls out:

FEIT  
Hey! Let me out!

She continues to BANG on the door and tries to force the door open. It doesn't work.

Then she presses her forehead against the dome wall, and tries to see if she can spot the Lords of Destiny leaving.

There is nobody. Nothing to be seen. Nothing, but SILENCE.

(beat)  
Feit's eyes eventually flick to the black and white boxes; her only choices of escape. Ever so slowly, she gravitates towards them and her hand is reaching for the white...

She hesitates. What if it's a trick?

Feit is reaching the black box. Then pulls back hesitantly. She doesn't want to play this game.

FEIT  
How is it acceptable to leave  
somebody locked up in the middle of  
nowhere?

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - DAY

Feit is shaking from her paranoia, her eyes still glued to the boxes which have been haunting her and causing her distress.

Her room is full of little trinkets she has tried to make out of the limited materials she has in her room such as wire from her bedside lamp; cloth from previous clothes she has been given to wear. Some walls are decorated with pictures she has drawn with sauce from previous meals onto toilet paper and some of her toothpaste.

It looks like a mess. To Feit it is art.

The door opens instantly. The Lords of Destiny silently move as one towards the boxes. One of the lords places a briefcase in front of the two boxes.

FEIT  
Please...have you come to let me out now?

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
(beat)  
It has been a month since we last saw you; we see you have not made a choice.

Feit cannot believe it has been a month already.

FEIT  
No...

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
I hope you enjoy our gift.  
(gesturing the brief case)  
We will visit in a month if you have not yet made a choice.

The Lords of Destiny graciously head to the door. Feit attempts to stop the lords from leaving.

FEIT  
Wait, please! You can't leave me in here. Don't leave! Please...!

The Lords of Destiny push her away and SHUT the metallic door.

FEIT  
(exhausted)  
I can't choose. Choose for me.  
(sobs)  
I don't want to make a choice.

She falls to the floor as the door LOCKS.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - NEXT DAY

Feit is trying to make a bracelet out of thread from her top and feathers from her pillow case.

The door opens quickly and a new set of clothes slides across the floor before the door shuts again.

She walks over and picks up her new outfit: It's a bright orange jumpsuit with frills all over which looks like something to wear at an elderly tango competition. She looks at it in disgust and throws the ugly costume on the floor.

The black brief case catches her eyesight.

(beat)

Feit steadily makes her way towards the briefcase and takes a deep breath. Her hand hovers over the briefcase, and is about to unlock it.

It CLICKS open before she touches it.

Feit pulls her hand back. The briefcase folds open automatically: It's an ELECTRONIC KEYBOARD. Feit relaxes slightly. She takes a closer look and examines the instrument. The smallest smile appears on her face.

She lightly touches 3 keys with her fingers; then grazes another pair of keys with her other hand. How do I play?

Feit looks outside her window, admiring the greenery, the wildlife roaming free.

She takes a deep breath and closes her eyes; she puts her fingers on the keys and plays a MAJOR NOTE. Then another, and another, until she eventually starts to play a simple slow melody.

The tempo increases; she discovers chords, harmonies. She is naturally going with the flow of the music and her feelings.

MONTAGE:

-Feit, is immersed with playing the keyboard. She cannot stop.

CROSS DISSOLVE

-The faint moonlight is shining through the dome, onto Feit and her new obsession, the keyboard. It is her drug. She cannot stop playing.

CROSS DISSOLVE

-The fresh sunlight tempts Feit to close her eyes. She is sleepy, but the slow melody she's playing keeps her going.

CROSS DISSOLVE

-Feit is now playing the keyboard at a spectacular level. She plays beautiful symphonies and performs as if she's performing on stage at a concert. It is her natural gift. She won't stop playing.

FADE

END.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - EVENING

Feit is finishing off one of her tunes. When it is ended, she manages to lift her crooked fingers off of the keyboard. They are deformed, like claws.

Her eyes are lacking sleep, her hair tangled and scruffy;

her clothes are dirty and worn.

She leans back on her chair, letting her limp arms fall by her side.

She giggles; Feit is over tired but still high from playing the keyboard.

She starts to play around with the keyboard, tapping the keys and laughing when it makes a sound as if it's telling her a joke.

Feit laughs in hysterics.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - DAY

Feit is playing the keyboard lightheartedly and is trying to compose a song. She sings using simple words, as if a child is learning to sing.

FEIT  
I like song...I like KEYBOARDS!

The Lords of Destiny barge in and watch Feit giggling to herself. They patiently wait for her to stop.

FEIT  
What do you want?

She notices the Lord in white holding a red box.

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
I'm glad you enjoyed your gift.  
However, it is time to give it up,  
and accept our new gift.

The lord in white places the red box down on the table and the lord in black takes away the keyboard.

FEIT  
No!...NO! No don't take it away from  
me! That's not fair! You can't do  
that!

The high lord of destiny blocks her from getting to the keyboard. Feit is in hysterics before the lord in white injects her with sleeping serum at the back of her neck.

Her cry weakens, softens; her energy dissipates as she tries to struggle away from the high lord. Before she closes her eyes the high lord announces:

HIGH LORD OF DESTINY  
We will visit in a month, if you  
have not yet made a choice.

Feit's eyesight goes blurry, before she falls to sleep.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - MORNING

Feit wakes up. She is lying in bed. She looks over to the table, heartbroken, the keyboard is no longer there.

She walks over to where it used to be. She tries to feel and imagine it is there. But it is no use.

FEIT  
(whispers)  
No...

She kneels to the floor and rests her forehead on the edge of the table before screaming:

FEIT  
NO!!!!

The door swiftly opens and a new pair of clothes SLIDES across the floor. Feit runs up to the door before it is quickly and immediately SHUT. She lets her anger out uncontrollably by BANGING on the door.

She grabs the clothes and RIPS the sleeves, the pockets, before scrunching it all in a ball and throwing it viciously on the floor.

She takes her bed apart, throws her mattress and her pillow on the floor.

Her anger turns to sadness. She is defeated. Feit sits with her head tucked into her and knees and sobs.

INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - LATER

There is a WATER DROP in the sink. DRIPPING at a steady pace. It sounds like a BEAT.

Feit takes notice.

The door CLICKS opens, her plate of food SLIDES across the floor along with her cutlery wrapped in a napkin and the door SHUTS, all in time with the BEAT of the WATER DROP.

She gets up and KNOCKS on the wall to the beat. Her feet creates a soft PATTING sound as she walks over to her food. There is a bird CHIRPING outside. She picks up her food and takes the napkin off her cutlery, making a SWOOSHING sound.

Her hearing immediately becomes SUPER SENSITIVE. The sound of SCRAPING on her PLATE, CHEWING sounds as she EATS. All the sounds she can hear has turned into one massive MUSICAL. She looks around her room to take notice of all the sounds she can hear.

She sees the red box.

Everything stops.

(beat)  
INT. TRANSPARENT DOME - LATER

Montage:

-Feit turns the taps on in her bathroom and lets the water OVERFLOW onto the ground.

-She tips her bed over, and pushes any spare furniture she has left to create a barricade by the door.

-She RIPS her bed sheet into strips and ties it all together to make a long piece of rope.

END.

Feit walks up to the boxes holding the rope, nervous but determined.

FEIT  
(softly spoken)  
You goddamn boxes think you hold my  
destiny...? Well not anymore...I  
choose my destiny.

Feit pulls the white box forward - the freedom box. She ties the rope round it's handle; then she pulls a chair underneath the ceiling light and ties her bit of rope round the rim of the light. She pushes the chair back to the barricade and keeps a strong hold of the rope.

She crouches in the corner behind her shield; her eyes locked on the white box, her hands gripped on the rope.

Feit's eyes are locked on the white box; she pulls the rope hard and turns her face away.

(silence)  
Feit looks over her barricade. The lid of the white box is dangling in mid air. There is no explosion, no fire, no smoke, no trap, there is just SILENCE.

Feit cautiously gets up, letting go of the rope, and takes her time walking towards her chosen box.

She carefully looks inside. There is a typed written message that says, "Press to open door." Below the message, there is a red button.

She is relieved. She cannot hold back her tears. Thank God she has made the right choice.

FEIT  
I'm free...

Feit reaches for the box and stands in front of the door. She looks down at the red button.

(pause)  
She pushes the button down with confidence; the heavy, metallic door opens smoothly before her, and streams of bright sunlight seep through the dome.

Delighted, Feit drops the box on the floor and rushes to get out. There are birds CHIRPING, sounds of the BREEZE SWEEPING through the trees.

Feit stops in her tracks...the sunlight has faded. There are no longer BIRDS CHIRPING, instead there are VOICES. The sound of the BREEZE has gone; there's only sound of CARS DRIVING past.

The fading sunlight reveals crowds of people standing behind a metallic gate surrounding the dome. They're shouting, pointing, taking pictures; journalists shouting out questions. The shock and blur of bright flashes and the hundreds of voices take over Feit's sanity. She is mortified. There is no where to escape. The Lords of Destiny hav beaten her.

With no other choice Feit runs back into the dome and slams the door behind her. Panicking, Feit runs up to the red box and opens it quickly. Nothing is inside.

There's one choice left: the death box.

Feit shakily opens the last box.

She is about to scream.

END.