

The Box

By

Alexander Gordon Smith

INT. ROOM. DAY.

We begin inside an ordinary living room. It is late afternoon, sunlight streaming through net curtains over the window. The furniture is clean but faded. The air is full of dust. There is an old-fashioned clock on the wall, with a pendulum. Its monotonous ticks are the only sound.

There is a box on the floor.

A man stands by the window, staring out through the net curtains. This is ADAM. A woman sits on the sofa, her head in her hands. This is EVE. We cannot see her expression.

ADAM

Open it.

Eve looks up. She is nervous.

EVE

I can't.

ADAM

Open it.

EVE

I *can't*, Adam.

Adam slowly turns to look at her. His eyes drop to the box on the floor.

Eve smudges a tear from her eye.

EVE

I don't want to know what's in there. I don't want to see it.

Adam wipes a hand across his face, as if he is tired. He stares down at the box.

ADAM

What are you scared of?

EVE

If I don't open it, then none of this has to be happening.

ADAM

What do you think's in there?

Eve looks up, angry now.

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EVE

*Everything* is in there, Adam. And once I open it, everything changes. We can't hide from it, not once we open it. There's no more pretending.

She wipes more tears away, shaking her head. Adam glances at the door.

ADAM

He's going to be back soon.

Eve puts her head back in her hands.

EVE

Oh god. Don't. Please.

ADAM

He's going to be back soon, and we need to decide. You either open the box, or it's over. We're finished.

EVE

But if we open the box it's finished too, don't you get that? There's no way out of this.

Adam walks around the box, kneels down by Eve's feet. He looks up at her.

ADAM

There is a way out. Come on.

He holds his hand out to her. She sobs, then wipes her face again, taking his hand. She slides off the sofa onto the floor beside him. As she does so, Adam casts a nervous eye at the clock.

They kneel side by side on the floor, the box in front of them.

EVE

We do it together, yeah? It has to be together.

He nods at her. There are faint footsteps, like somebody crunching over gravel, or walking along a corridor.

ADAM

Together. But it has to be now.

They grip each other's hand. Eve reaches out, opens the box.