

THE 1%

by

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First Draft

An empty room. The light is off, but the fan is spinning. On the wall, a painting.

A clock is ticking on the wall. We will continue to hear it throughout the film.

Gradually, in between spans of 5 to 6 ticks, the same room, but brighter, happier, and filled with people is shown. Within one tick, it is gone.

A group of three sits on the couch. One is jokingly shoving the other. Then it's gone, and the empty, more grey couch remains.

Now, the ground. In flicks a frame of a group of four, mostly the same people, happily playing a board game. Back to ground.

A picture frame hangs on the wall, slightly off center. It's of the group, posed and smiling.

NARRATOR

What is a memory?

In flicks the memory of picture being hung up for the first time. It is centered. Then it is gone.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I thought a memory was only in your mind, but now I don't think so.

A spot on the couch. In flicks a boy and a girl, snuggled up together, with the lights off. The TV lights flicker against their faces.

Gone.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I think they're everywhere you've been, waiting to be found.

Side of the wall. Flick to the same boy as before, leaning up against the wall, with the phone to his hear. A smile across his face.

A view out of the window.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

You used to say your life was 99% memories and the rest was spent just waiting for them to happen.

The narrator and another boy are sitting on opposite ends of the couch. The narrator tosses a marshmallow from across the room, and it lands in the other boy's mouth. He raises his arms triumphantly but instantly is gone.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
But sometimes, I guess it feels  
like all I really have is that 1%.

Back to the clock. It ticks, and ticks.

A brighter version of it, with hands at different places, flicks in. Then out.

The door. Flick in to a basketball hoop hanging on the doorframe. A hand enters and dunks a basketball, and we're back to the present. No hoop.

In enters the narrator, backpack on his back, walking slowly, taking it all in.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
I didn't think I'd miss this. I  
couldn't wait to leave this town...

Flick to the group of four again, on the floor, with a different board game.

And out. Back to narrator, but he's now holding the frame that was on the wall before.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
This life...

In flicks the source of the picture, now moving. The group struggles to stay still and pose. The flash envelopes the scene, sending us back to the present.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Behind.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
But sometimes things change when  
you see them through the rearview  
mirror, I guess.

The narrator is standing in the center of the room now. He looks at the TV. It flashes on, to the movie that the two were watching.

Back to him and the girl, cuddling.

Over the shoulder shot of him looking at the couch now.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
Because right now, all I want to do  
is stay.

He stands in the middle of the room, still.

In flicks the girl, right across from him, gazing at him and  
holding both hands.

She flicks out, then in again, then out.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)  
(hesitantly)  
...just a little bit longer.

Flicker to black. The clock keeps ticking for a little while.