

TOOLS

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INT. DANK BASEMENT - NIGHT

The DRIP off of old pipes and steady RUMBLE of a furnace accentuate the BUZZ of the flickering lights.

A row of finely carved woodwork animals are lined up on a workbench containing neatly organized tools.

COLTON (50's), a man with calloused hands from decades of labor, approaches the bench and sets down a wooden tiger.

COLTON

One of the hardest parts of art is  
choosing the right tool.

His hand hovers over the tools, pausing at each one.

JAKE (O.S.)

Why are you doing this? Please--

Behind Colton we see JAKE (30's), strapped to a chair, panic flares from him, his eyes looking for any possible escape.

COLTON

The tool has to speak, call out,  
engage you in the creative process.

Colton looks down at his large hand as it forms a tight fist. He turns around, Jake SCREAMS.

He pummels Jake's head over and over until all that's left is a bloody mess of brains, skin, and bones.

Colton squats down and picks up two thin fragments of skull from the gore, holds them up and smiles.

COLTON

In the end, each tool has a  
purpose. Some meant for sloppy  
demolition, others for delicate  
preciseness.

He brings the skull fragments to the bench and grabs a small finger-sized hobby hammer.

COLTON

Regardless of the tool, it's the  
process we use that infuses the  
authentic emotion into our art.

He gently taps the skull fragments creating fangs on the tiger. He holds the tiger with an insane smile and places it next to the other finished animal carvings.