

The Composer  
by  
Simon Wiedemann

© 2024

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Here is a mostly bare room. At the back of it is a computer on a desk and a chair facing it. Also on the desk is a projector, projecting a blank light on a whiteboard at the other end of the room. HELEN (40) sits by the desk. Knocking sounds are heard on the door.

HELEN  
Come in!

The door opens to reveal a smartly dressed JAMES who is carrying a DVD. He walks to HELEN and shakes her hand.

JAMES  
Pleased to meet you, I'm James.

HELEN  
And I'm Helen!

JAMES  
Ah, Helen. A Greek name meaning 'from Hell'.

HELEN  
I'm sorry?

JAMES  
That's what it means...

HELEN  
I thought it means 'light'...

JAMES  
It sure is light in Hell... Because y'know... All the fire...

HELEN  
You think my parents are Satanists??

JAMES  
It's like people who name their son 'Damien', you have to wonder why.

HELEN  
Ok. I understand you've composed a piece of music for my nature documentary?

JAMES  
Sure. I have the DVD with me now...

HELEN  
And I understand you're known for your avant-garde style?

JAMES  
Oh beyond avant-garde...

HELEN  
Great!

JAMES hands HELEN the DVD. She puts it into the computer. On the whiteboard there are calms seas and a number of swimming dolphins. Four hi hats are heard at 60 bpm. Then out of nowhere, extremely fast blast beat are heard along with rampant, down-tuned guitar power chords. The 'vocals' are down-tuned and extremely disturbing raspberry noises.

'MUSIC'  
THBPTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HELEN goes white as the DVD keeps playing.

HELEN  
What's this??

JAMES  
What is it? It's paradoxical juxtaposition. It's a quintessential, cacophonous anomaly. It truly is full blown anti-ubiquity.

HELEN  
You're a just moron, aren't you?

JAMES points to the whiteboard.

JAMES  
Look at this bit...

Eagles soar in the peaceful, blue skies. The music slows right down to a sinister doom metal tempo, with more power chords.

'MUSIC'  
THBPTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!! THBPTTTTTTTTTT!!!!  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HELEN  
I think this may be a bit TOO avant-garde for me...

JAMES  
Really? How so?

HELEN  
I was thinking maybe you could use some unexpected chords? Maybe jazzy major 9ths?

JAMES  
What's that mean?

HELEN  
Do you have any qualifications??

JAMES  
Do YOU have any qualifications?

HELEN  
Yes, in film making.

JAMES  
Oh, I assumed you sold your soul for  
the job.

HELEN  
So, do you have any qualifications,  
or not?

JAMES  
Anyway, this is the best part...

HELEN stares at the whiteboard in disbelief. On it, giraffes  
eat leaves from trees. Over the guitar stabs are vocal  
'farting noises' played in the same rhythm.

'MUSIC'  
Bppp Bppp Bppp.

HELEN ejects the DVD and turns the whiteboard off.

HELEN  
Ok, I think that's enough.

JAMES  
So... what do you think?

HELEN  
It's not good James, it's not good.

JAMES  
And may I ask why?

HELEN  
I suppose there are just too many  
juxtapositions...

JAMES  
Ah. Of course. How about I use the  
exact same music, but for maybe a  
prison documentary?

HELEN  
No thank you.

JAMES

Please.

HELEN

Please leave.

JAMES takes a DVD from his pocket, puts it in the computer and turns the projector on as HELEN stares in a daze. On the whiteboard is a film of a man in solitary confinement reading a book.

'MUSIC'

THBPTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

HELEN

JAMES!