

KEYWORDS

Written by

Alex Ruble

1 INT. HOME OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

A MAN is sitting in an office chair typing on his iMac computer. He stares at the screen looking at a single image. It's an image of an aluminum laptop stand.

He squints his eyes and begins typing. He looks at the screen reading what he wrote down. He nods his head in approval.

JEFFREY

Perfect.

Text on the monitor reads: Laptop Stand for Desk, Adjustable PORTABLE Aluminum Laptop Holder, Foldable Computer Stand with 7 Angles, Anti-Slip Laptop Riser, Compatible with 9-15 inch Laptops.

Jeffrey (23), he has short brown hair and is skinny. He wears only earth tone colored outfits. He just wrote a title for an Amazon product. He was recently hired two days ago and already struggles coming up with titles. Jeffrey clicks on his next assignment. A picture of a kid's toy archery set pops up. He sighs and tries to think of keywords to describe the toy.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Hmmm... What qualities would I look for if I wanted to buy an archery set?

He looks at the picture of the archery set for a reference. Then he put his hands on his head and closes his eyes.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Durable Plastic Bows...8 Arrows...8 Suction Cup Arrows! No, this is terrible.

JEFFREY holds the delete key until the whole title is gone. He puts his head down on the table and closes his eyes. The night before he did not slept well and is exhausted. He is on his 2nd title and has to complete 119 titles more before the end of the day.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I wish writing these stupid Amazon titles came naturally like it was speaking.

He closes his eyes, and he accidentally starts to drift off to sleep.

2 INT. HOME OFFICE - AFTERNOON

JEFFREY lifts his head from the table. He fell asleep head down and arms crossed. He wipes his eyes clear and realizes he took way too long of a nap.

A gentle knock on the door. The door cracks open to reveal AMARI (23). She has her black hair in a pony tail and wears business casual clothing. She smiles at Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Come on in!

AMARI

Hey, you doing fine in here?

JEFFREY

Yea.

AMARI

(just a tad of concern)
I walked by earlier but didn't get a response.

JEFFREY

I'm good, I just accidentally took a nap.

Jeffrey laughs.

AMARI

Alright, well if you need me, I'll be out here working in the living room.

JEFFREY

Sure thing. Oh hey it', could you pass me my Hanes, Men's, Ultimate Cotton, Heavyweight, Pullover, Hoodie, Sweatshirt, Size M. It's--a--bit--chilly...

Jeffrey slows down his words realizing he didn't intentionally say that. He pauses and looks at AMARI. She giggles and grabs the hoodie.

AMARI

You've got quite the jokes now Mr Amazon Employee. Here's your hoodie. Now get back to work. I know you've seen the gas prices going up!

AMARI tosses it over to him as he sits in his chair and closes the door. Jeffrey catches the HOODIE. He's still phased by what just happened. He sits still for a minute trying to remember if he meant to say hoodie or the Amazon title version of a hoodie.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jeffrey stands up from his chair and goes into the living room. He's trying to find Amari to see if there's something wrong with him. He spots her sitting on the couch working on her laptop. He runs over and sits beside her. Amari is startled a bit by his concerned face.

AMARI
(concerned)
You okay, Jeff?

JEFFREY
I need your help really quick. Just point to anything in this room and ask me what it is. Please!

AMARI
(worried)
Why? What's the point--

JEFFREY
Just point to anything and ask me!
Something weird happened earlier.

AMARI
Ok, ok. Umm... what is that over there.

Amari points to a small plant pot on the coffee table. Jeffrey clears his throat and takes a deep breath.

JEFFREY
Ok. What happened early was just a coincidence.

Jeffrey coughs and clears his throat.

AMARI
So... what is it?

JEFFREY

Simple. That's a Ceramic Round Planter Set, for Indoor and Outdoor, Rustic Plant Pot with Textured Speckle Pattern, Drain Hole Included, White Stone, 5.5 Inch Diameter... Oh god!

Amari points at a tea pot.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

That's a 1000ml, glass, tea pot with removable infuser, stovetop safe tea kettle, blooming and loose leaf tea maker set....Sh*t!

She quickly points to their refrigerator.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Umm... That's an LG 25.6 Cubic feet capacity, 3 glass shelves, external water dispenser, with ice maker, automatic defrost, in stainless steel... I can't stop!

AMARI

(scared)

What just happened...

JEFFREY has his hands on his head now. AMARI looks at him in concern.

JEFFREY looks for another object in the room and points to it. He runs over to a vase and points at it.

JEFFREY

Last one! Here! What about this. This is a Ceramic flower vase, Flambé glazed, modern floral design, home and living room decor, centerpiece! No, no, no! This isn't working!

JEFFREY pauses to think for a long moment. His hands are on his face. He jumps up and runs to grab his keys.

AMARI

Where are you going??

JEFFREY

I know what to do. I'm going see Dr. Matias the speech-language pathologist.

JEFFEREY runs out the door.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THERAPY SESSION ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON (3:00PM)

DR. MATIAS (54) is a muscular, attractive, 6' 4" man. He has long flowing black hair that comes down to his collar bone. He notions for JEFFREY to sit down

The two sit across from each other. DR. MATIAS sits in a chair with his legs crossed holding a clipboard. JEFFREY sits straight up in a couch his knees parallel and hands locked on his lap.

DR. MATIAS

Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Jeffrey.

Jeffrey's massages his shoulder with one hand. He nervously waits for the doctor to speak.

DR. MATIAS (CONT'D)

So what is going on with your speech that you needed this emergency session?

JEFFREY

I can't... I can't say any physical object or item without blurting a descriptive phrase to describe it. It's like I'm stuck reading off Amazon title's in place of the real word I'm trying to say!

Dr. Matias adjusts his glasses and writes down a short note. He stares back at Jeffrey. Jeffrey stares back at him. An awkward silence occurs.

Dr. Matias pulls out some papers that were from his clipboard.

DR. MATIAS

I'm not surprised by anything these days, but I'm going to conduct a simple test I always do to begin with new patients.

DR. MATIAS takes our the Rorschach inkblot test from a draw. He holds up a piece of paper that has ink on it.

DR. MATIAS (CONT'D)

What do you see?

JEFFREY

To be honest I don't know what that is, but if I was to guess...that's a... 8x11 inch paper, medium size, canvas print, wall art, modern wall art, abstract, design, picture, home decor, wall decoration.

DR. MATIAS

This is worse than I have ever come across with.

JEFFREY

Sir, there has got to be something you can do. How about another exercise? Is there a medicine I can take!? I can't live like this forever!

DR. MATIAS

Please, Jeffrey. Try to calm down. I've never seen anything like this. It's utterly horrible. I'm sorry to say, but I don't think there's going to be any solution.

JEFFREY

No, no, no. There has to be. You don't understand.

DR. MATIAS

I'm going to need time to think and deliberate some methods that could help your speech. In the meantime, I need you to take a walk. Try and experiment with some objects you encounter and come back next week.

JEFFREY

Okay... That... that's a good plan, Sir. I'll see if anything changes. Good day.

Jeffrey rises, nods, and exits the room.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SIDEWALK DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

Jeffrey comes out the door and begins walking down the street. He looks sad.

Jeffrey smiles as a man (34) passes by. He smile slowly fades once the man is gone. He continues to walk down the street.

He sees a teenager (19, girl) and friend (19, girl) walking toward him and decides to compliment her shirt.

JEFFREY

Hi, I like your Women's, Rainbow
Spiral Streak, Casual Short Sleeve,
Colorful Gradient Tee!

The girl looks scared and offended.

GIRL

Hey don't come near me!

The two teenagers walk fast past him. Jeffrey face palms and lets out a big sigh. He tries to explain himself but the girls are long gone.

JEFFREY

I'm so, so sorry! I have this...
this speech thing. I'm not able
to... oh whatever.

He sighs again. Jeffrey drops his head and kicks a rock off the sidewalk. He sees a bench and decides to sit down. A MAN (42) is sitting on the other end. He has long plaid pants, a wool sweater, glasses, and a top hat. The man has a tear drop scar under his eye.

Jeffrey notices the man's nice glasses and decides to try again with a compliment.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(joyfully)

Excuse me. I love your Rectangular,
Plastic Frame, Oval, Gold, Gifts
for Women, Granny Glasses. Oh my--

The man stands up furiously offended. He clenches his first and sticks out a finger at Jeffrey.

MISTER

You think these are my grandma's
glasses?

JEFFREY

Absolutely not. I--

MISTER

You're looking for trouble!

JEFFREY

No, no! I'm-- good bye!

Jeffrey jumps up and leaves evading the physical encounter that would've ensued.

MISTER (O.S.)

(yelling)

Where you going son!?

Nothing has changed. Jeffrey can't control his tongue. Tired and needing rest, he notices a lemonade stand across the street. He sees a YOUNG GIRL (8) and MOM (42). The girl looks happy. She is very short with dark brown-hair. The mom is wearing sunglasses and helps her daughter pour a cup of lemonade for a customer.

The customer leaves and Jeffrey jogs over to see if he can buy some.

MOM

Hi how are you, Sir?

JEFFREY

Nice to meet you ladies.

KID

(excited)

Would you like some lemonade? I made it myself!

JEFFREY

Um, yes, how much?

MOM

Only \$2.50 for the lemonade. And a dollar each for the cookies over here.

The Mom points to the cookies. Jeffrey contemplates and scratches his chin. He reaches for his pocket to grab his wallet.

JEFFREY

(under his breath)

A little steep... but I've been having a rough day.

The mom notices his comment.

MOM

(skeptically)

Ok...

KID
So what did you want?

Jeffrey gulps as he prepares to order.

JEFFREY
(tries to keep a smile)
I'll... I'll take one Watered Down,
Warm Lemon Water, Expired Lemonade
Mix, Sugar added, 16 oz Flavorless
Drink with Preservatives. Oh gosh--

MOM
Excuse me? This is not watered
down.

JEFFREY
Sorry! That's not what I meant to
say.

KID
What are you saying about my
lemonade?

JEFFREY
I'd really, really want one Watered
Down, Warm Lemon Water, Expired
Lemonade Mix, Sugar added, 16 oz
Flavorless Drink with
Preservatives!

Jeffrey covers his mouth with his hand and is embarrassed.

KID
Hey! My lemonade has flavor!

MOM
You're being extremely rude, sir.

JEFFREY
(starts to cry)
No, no please! I want nothing more
than peace. All I want is to try a
Watered Down, Warm Lemon Water,
Expired Lemonade Mix, Sugar added,
16 oz Flavorless Drink with
Preservatives...

MOM
Honey, stand back. He's clearly on
drugs. Sir you need to leave!

Jeffrey is completely upset. He's caused problems at every turn encounter today. He falls to his knees while the MOM yells at him in the background. He closes his eyes in tears.

MOM (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey--Hey...

CUT TO:

6 INT. HOME OFFICE - NOON

Amari tugs Jeffrey's shoulder to wake him up.

AMARI

Hey! Hey! Wake up, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey's arms are on the table, he's slouched on the desk. He raises his head waking up from his nap.

JEFFREY

Wait? Huh?

AMARI

You've been asleep for hours. It's lunch time.

JEFFREY

There's no way... I... I had already woken up from my nap... I had the weirdest dream.

AMARI

What happened?

JEFFREY

Well it was frustrating. Everyone, even you, you got mad at me.

AMARI

Well... If you don't get up for dinner I will leave you.

Amari walks out of the room before he gets a chance to respond.

JEFFREY

Alright, I'll be there soon!

Jeffrey rubs his eyes and pinches himself to see if he was actually awake or in another dream. He looks at his computer screen and sees it is still where he last left it.

Amari walks over to the kitchen.

Beat. She hears some muttering and a small shriek in the room.

JEFFREY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh sh*it!!

AMARI
Hey are you ok?

JEFFREY
Yep... I'll... I'm on the way.

Jeffrey gets up from his chair and goes into the living room. He sees all the food prepared on the dinner table. He smiles.

The two sit down at the table and start serving themselves. Jeffrey doesn't look talkative. He seems timid.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)
I'm starving.

AMARI
Well go ahead!

She passes him the turkey. He takes some and puts it on his plate.

JEFFREY
Oh, could you pass me the nine-ounce, porcelain, white ceramic, glass sauce bowl, microwave and dishwasher safe, ergonomic handle, with spill tray?

AMARI
Excuse me?

There is a long awkward pause with eye-contact between them.

JEFFREY
I'm just kidding, pass the gravy pot please.

They both laugh.

FADE TO BLACK.