

The Junk Drawer
By Michael Cornetto

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BLACK

RING sobs as BUTTON speaks.

BUTTON
What's wrong dear?

RING
She'll -- never -- see me --
sparkle 'cause it's -- so dark in
here.

BUTTON
Easily remedied. Mr Torch, could
you possibly provide us with some
of your marvelous illumination?

TORCH isn't happy and from the chorus of groans, neither
are some others.

TORCH
Oi, not again. I have to preserve
me batteries.

RING
She's -- looking for me -- I --
know she is!

BUTTON
Mr. Torch we must handle this
matter presently otherwise none
of us will get the peace we all
so richly deserve.

TORCH
Oh, alright. But make it fast.

INT. JUNK DRAWER

A circle of light in the darkness, Torch's face like a
bitter sun left above centre.

TORCH
There you go.

A tarnished diamond engagement Ring sparkles; a glittering
tear falls from her facets. An ornate brass Button watches.
As do their other illuminated compatriots, with the
exception of one, joker playing CARD.

CARD
TURN OUT THAT LIGHT!

BUTTON
Must you say that EVERY time, Mr.
Card.

CARD
Hey, I'm only tryin' to lighten
things up in here.

Silence. Angry glares.

CARD
Maybe I'll just shuffle on out --

BUTTON
MR CARD!

Quiet.

BUTTON
Feel any better, dear?

RING
Yes. (sniff) Thank you. I was afraid she wouldn't find me with the light --

The crowd groans.

BUTTON
How long have you been with us now dear?

RING
Uh. Three months. She must be so desperate to --

BUTTON
And in those three months, how many times has she been to this drawer?

RING
I, I don't know.

BUTTON
At least once a week, would you say?

RING
Possibly. But it's so dark in here and that's why she --

NEEDLE opens his eye, wide.

NEEDLE
She manages to find me when she needs me.

A fresh glimmering tear from Ring.

CARD
That's probably because of your prick.

THIMBLE crosses her arms.

THIMBLE
I'll have none of that.

Needle sticks out his piece of thread and blows a raspberry at Card.

NEEDLE

Much better than your pointless existence.

The odds and ends loudly descend toward anarchy.

RING

FOR TWO YEARS SHE NEVER TOOK ME OFF!

Quiet.

RING

Never! Then one day I woke up in here. And since then all any of you want to do is convince me that I've been discarded. You tell me I should just accept it. Well I won't. I KNOW she lost me. I know she's searching for me. There's no other explanation!

BUTTON

Dear, no one ever ends up here by accident. It's best for all of us if you stop deluding yourself.

CROWD

Hear! Hear!

RING

I think you're all jealous of me because none of you is as precious as I am!

BUTTON

Now dear --

RING

Especially you! You're nothing but a common button.

The crowd gasps. A golden tear falls from Button's eye. The lion on the back of a worn ten pence COIN glares at Ring.

COIN

You know nothing about value.

RING

I know that I'm worth more than all of you combined.

Coin flips to the head side, Queen Elizabeth smiles.

COIN

We believe she is correct.

Ring beams. Then Coin flips back to the lion.

COIN
No we don't.

Coin tries to flip again but lion holds onto its edges with his four paws. Elizabeth mumbles in protest.

COIN
Some of us might not wear our value stamped across our face and some of us might not be made of noble metals yet they are still desired. Value is in the eye of the collector. And in my eyes you are worth nothing.

Ring frowns, hurt.

BUTTON
Mr. Coin! She's only a child.

COIN
She insults you and you defend her? It's obviously you who are worth more than all of us combined. If only she could see that.

RING
But she's, she's just a button!

COIN
She's not just any button, she was her TOP button.

Button smiles proudly and nods.

BUTTON
Ten years service.

RING
I, I --

The drawer begins to shake.

BUTTON
Mr. Torch --

TORCH
On it, miss!

And they plunge into darkness.

A line of light falls across the drawer and grows wider until it bathes almost the entire drawer. The eagerness of the crowd is apparent.

CROWD
Pick me! I'm what you want! I'm
over here!

A feminine hand reaches inside. It brushes against chewed-up PENCIL who smiles. Then it pushes aside PAPERCLIPS as they clatter their displeasure.

CROWD
Not them. Pick me! Over here!

Then fingertips brush against Button.

BUTTON
Oh my, it's going to be me!

But the fingers pass over Button and move to Ring. Ring is ecstatic as she is lifted from the drawer.

RING
I told you she was looking for
me.

The line of light shrinks around disappointed upward-staring faces of the odds and ends. And once again, there is darkness.

INT. SHOWCASE

A masculine hand opens a black velvet box. Ring, stuck upright in the center of the box and polished to a gleam, blinks as her eyes adjust to the bright lighting.

RING
Where --

She looks down at herself and smiles.

RING
I'm beautiful.

CROWD
Pick me! I'm what you want! I'm
over here!

Alarmed. She looks around. In neat infinitely stretching rows are black velvet boxes identical to hers. Each one contains a ring, many of them more beautiful and more expensive than her.

CROWD
Not them. Pick me! Over here!

The hand pulls one of the distant boxes from the showcase. A groan rises from the crowd. A glittery tear falls from Rings facets.

FADE OUT.