

Maker Met

by

Zig Holley

Pixellimeter Vilms
6328 Fair Ave.
N. Hollywood CA 91606
(512) 695-1135
zig@pixellimeter.com

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

John, a somewhat fashionable 33 year old millennial, sits across the dining table from Cree, a somewhat unfashionable yet ageless woman.

JOHN

Uh huh. And so what do you call yourself then?

CREE

Well, despite the many, many names I have been called, I've always referred to myself as Cree.

JOHN

Mmm. Just so I'm understanding what you're saying. You want me to lead your army.

CREE

I apologize for not being clear. No, I want you to feed my army.

JOHN

(in disbelief)

FEED your army. Right.

(angrily)

With what, exactly?!

CREE

With violence preferably. But, a lot of people have used faith. Faith works too.

JOHN

Faith works too. But. I am not a man of faith, Cree. Honestly.

CREE

And yet here I am, John. Existing. Right in front of you. In your living room.

John pulls a gun from underneath the table.

JOHN

Fuck you.

CREE

John.

beat

If you love me, keep my commands.

JOHN

Well. Like I was saying earlier...

John points the gun at Cree.

Fuck you.

THE END