

A Collection of Short Scripts

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The Gruff Mountain Man and the Water Fairy

Pg 1

Description:

Jelly, the water fairy, struggles to give her thank you gift to her human hero Gruff.

EXT. TWISTING UNNATURAL FOREST - NIGHT

Rain pounds. Lightning! A man's bulky silhouette framed against the trees. Thunder. Stomp, heavy boots crush the underbrush.

TIFFLA (V.O.)

They say he was searching for the
fairy kingdom to steal their wings
and magic fairy dust.

An axe chops into a tree and rips away causing splinters. GRUFF (45) black, beard with flecks of white, uses an eyeglass to peer closely at the splintered tree. He touches the splinters. He licks his fingers. He nods and continues moving.

TIFFLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But before he got too close. The
fairy soldiers found him.

A swarm of beelike creatures swirl around Gruff. Gruff starts swatting. He's covered in the swarm.

TIFFLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And they cursed him.

The swarm shrinks smaller and smaller. It converges towards the ground.

Blackout.

EXT. FAIRY MARKET TIFFLA'S STALL - DAY

JELLY (12) female fairy, a jellyfish for a hat and shells strung around her waist. She's got the standard wings and pointy ears that all fairies have. Her expression is one of AWE.

TIFFLA (40) female, olive skin, swirling designs on her face and arms, dressed in flowers, stands behind a stall selling seeds and berries.

TIFFLA

The next thing we know, we're
finding shoes outside our
doorsteps. We knew it was him.

Jelly rocks back and forth in her WORN LEATHER SHOES with seeds for a buttons.

TIFFLA (CONT'D)

And once we found out that he's not as mean as he looks, the village elders offered to free him of his curse. He told them to "buzz off", but the truth? He likes living here.

Jelly starts jumping up and down.

JELLY

Do you know where he's at? I have a gift for him, see-It's a special thank you gift-to repay his kindness-I made it myself. Well, kind of, Ma helped.

A fairy-sized Gruff stops at Tiffla's stall. Mountain man, he's got rolls of leather tied to his back and walks with a slight limp. He grabs some of the stall's goods.

JELLY (CONT'D)

See, I couldn't ever walk-my feet were too sensitive-I only ever swam or flew-but then my ma-we live by the ponds-she traded for a pair of shoes for me-from a prairie fairy-and now I can walk-I walked all the way here, see. I've come to meet him and thank him.

TIFFLA

Well aren't you lucky. He's right here.

GRUFF

You telling lies about me again?

TIFFLA

Only the truth.

Gruff glares at her.

GRUFF

Even worse.

Gruff gives Tiffla some small nuts and walks away.

Jelly hasn't moved. Her jaw is dropped.

TIFFLA

Well, are you going to go talk to him? He's getting away.

JELLY

That's him? He's... not.

She looks down at the leaf wrapped package in her hands.

JELLY (CONT'D)

But can I?-He's got to be so busy
and I...

TIFFLA

Just go. Don't worry about it.

Jelly smiles and nods. She chases after Gruff.

EXT. FAIRY MARKETPLACE STREET - CONTINUOUS

LILLY (7), JAX (10) fairy siblings and BIRD (9) male fairy,
are playing with rocks along the side of the road. They see
Gruff.

JAX

Look, it's Gruff.

BIRD

Hey you old nutcase!

JELLY

What're you doing-you shouldn't
talk to him like that. He's a hero!

GRUFF

What do you pipsqueaks want?

JAX

Lilly's got a question. Go on
Lilly, it'll be funny.

LILLY

You and, and Tiffla. You were
talking. Are you and her an item???

GRUFF

Shut yer yaps or I'll burry you in
mud.

The kids giggle.

JAX

Well I'll throw you off a cliff.

GRUFF

I'll take your wings and feed them
to lions.

Jax bursts out laughing.

LILLY

Well, well, your beard, I'll shave
it and I'll burry it in a dung
beetle's home.

Gruff gets right in Lilly's face.

GRUFF

Go ahead, do it. See what happens.

Lilly squeals in delight and runs behind Bird.

BIRD

You're a crusty old fart that
smells like ogre poops!

GRUFF

What do you know about ogre poops?
Unless you are one.

JAX AND LILLY

OOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!!

Bird is speechless. Gruff snickers and continues down the
road.

JELLY

How can you talk to him like that-
with no respect-did you forget he
built the dam-and all the canals-
that he helped put out the fire
during the winterhaven storm?

JAX

He's just old Gruff.

JELLY

He makes shoes! See!

Jelly puts her foot in Jax's face.

JAX

Okay, alright. Let's go.

Jax pulls Lilly away as she glares at Jelly. Bird follows,
angrily sizing Jelly up and down.

Jelly runs after Gruff.

JELLY

You can't let them talk to you like
that. You're a hero.

GRUFF

They can talk how they want to talk. And I'm no hero. Whoever told you that is crazy in the head.

JELLY

You can't say that about yourself. You built the dam and all the canals.

GRUFF

Only cause I was tired of carrying water from the stream.

JELLY

And the fire?-from the winterhaven storm?

GRUFF

It was going to burn my garden. That was purely self preservation.

JELLY

You made me my shoes...

GRUFF

I make shoes to pass the time. There's nothing special about it. They're just shoes.

JELLY

Oh.

Jelly's posture drops. Gruff stops and sighs.

GRUFF

Taking things so seriously as you do just isn't going to do you good.

JELLY

But it's not right. You're a hero. You should be treated like a hero.

GRUFF

Says who? Maybe I like it this way and maybe I don't want it changed.

Gruff shrugs and continues walking. Jelly bites her lip and sniffs back tears. She looks down at the package in her hands.

EXT. FAIRY MARKET TIFFLA'S STALL - DAY

Jelly flitters to the stall and holds up her shoes.

JELLY

What can I trade for these?

TIFFLA

What? Now why would you want to trade those?

Jelly looks at the ground.

TIFFLA (CONT'D)

Did you deliver your gift?

JELLY

No.

TIFFLA

(rolls eyes)

Oh my. He fooled you didn't he.

JELLY

He wouldn't want my gift.

TIFFLA

If you like your shoes then go like your shoes. If you want to give him a gift, go give him a gift. Who cares if he gives you an attitude? You want to appreciate him? Do it.

Jelly shrugs. Tiffla grabs her arm.

TIFFLA (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me. He's got a heart of gold, but he tries to hide it. He just doesn't want others knowing. Now you go give him that gift whether he wants it or not.

Jelly sighs.

JELLY

Alright.

EXT. GRUFF'S MAKESHIFT LAMPSHADE HOUSE - DAY

Gruff finishes a stitch on a shoe. He cuts the thread. Knock knock. Gruff gets up, waddles to his door and opens it. Jelly is bowing, arms extended, holding out the gift. Gruff looks around a bit then clears his throat.

GRUFF

Ah, I guess, you could leave it on my table but I'll probably throw it away.

Jelly pop up, barges in, and puts in on the table.

JELLY

(rudely)

It's a thank you gift-for your wonderful shoes.

Gruff picks up the finished pair of shoes. He hands them to Jelly.

GRUFF

Before you go, take these with you. I don't need these useless things around collecting dust.

Jelly holds the shoes.

JELLY

Are these fish scales?-Are these water shoes?!

GRUFF

No. But you can swim in them. And they'll dry quickly.

Jelly gives Gruff a hug then runs out. Just a second later she turns back and peeks through his window.

Gruff opens the package to reveal a fluorescent moss lava lamp. He SMILES widely. He picks it up and watches the dancing moss.

Jelly SQUEALS in delight.

GRUFF (CONT'D)

Get out of here or I'll pinch the point of your ears off!

Jelly starts running away.

JELLY

(laughing)

You're a horrible old man!

GRUFF

And don't you forget it!

END.

Oceans of Tar

Description:

A young woman in a post apocalyptic world discovers hope and leaves her family behind in order to chase after it.

EXT. THE TAR FIELDS - DAY

An ocean of tar, tar, tar, a girl digging through the tar.

The girl is TOX (18) heavy duty work cloths. Her burned arms and hands pull out a rock covered in tar. She puts the rock in her bag and continues digging.

INT. KITCHEN OF LARGE ADOBE HOVEL - DAY

CROO (40) female, post-apocalyptic housewife holds an empty jug to the sink. The jug fills with water of brownish tint and floating foreign objects. Croo filters the brownish water through a strainer and into smaller, packable cups.

O.S. The front door opens. The stomping of one big man, a young man and a young women. And a third man.

CROO
How was the haul today?

FOSSIL
We have a visitor.

FOSSIL (40) big man, burned hands and arms, big bag over his shoulder, gestures to JAK (25) clean, easy traveling clothes. Behind them stands BLIST (15) and Tox who are both hauling a load.

Jak nods and smiles. Croo narrows her eyes at him.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The family and Jak sit at a table. The remnants of dinner remain on the table. Croo stands and collects plates. Blist picks at scabs on his arms, Tox leaves the table, Fossil picks at his blackish teeth with a bone. Croo reaches for Jak's plate.

CROO
Hand me your plate.

JAK
No need, for I'll help.

Jak stands and helps Croo collect plates and dishes. Croo stands frozen with wide eyes glued on him. Kindness?

CROO
(in awe)
Take them in here.

Croo leads the way to the kitchen. Jak follows. Croo is watching him follow her.

INT. WASH BASIN - DAY

A rock, covered in tar, is being washed in the basin. A white goo is slathered upon the rock and pieces of the tar start to wash away. The rock is a ruby.

Tox lifts the rock up to her eye.

TOX'S POV: The light glitters through the gemstone.

INT. LIVING AREA OF THE ADOBE HOVEL - EVENING

The family and Jak are sitting around a giant grimy taxidermy wolf which doubles as a coffee table. Several gemstones are strewn along the wolf's back. Blist gives Fossil a sapphire which gets placed on the wolf. Croo is smiling at the stones, then she smiles at Tox. Jak is looking at the ruby.

TOX

I found that one newest.

JAK

It carries inklings of a rose.

COO

Those don't exist.

JAK

But they do. Where I live they do.

TOX

Where you live, what is it like?

Coo opens her mouth but Fossil raises his palm to her.

FOSSIL

Let the boy speak. Listening won't hurt us.

JAK

Well, in the early morning, the sunlight creeps over the blue sky.

CU on Tox. She is listening enraptured. Behind her, the scene fades away.

EXT. TOX'S IDEA OF NATURE - MORNING

CU Tox takes a deep breathe and looks down.

JAK (V.O.)

The earth warms the feet, appareled
in a celestial grandeur. In fields
of grass, among the delicate
flowers, the buzzing bugs play.

Green grass and marshmallow like dirt cover the ground.
Little bugs buzz around. Flowers made of gemstones are spread
about sporadically.

JAK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The winds wander in the leafy
trees. From out their greenery the
little swallows fly.

Tox looks overhead.

TOX'S POV: Wind blowing through the trees. A small flock of
birds fly over her.

JAK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They chirp and whistle in the
morning sun. Peaking their
curiosity with the new day ahead.

One bird flies down around her. She flinches back and covers
her head. The bird lands on her arm. The bird tweets then
flies off. Tox slowly uncovers her head. She touches the spot
where the bird landed.

JAK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Buds break forth and the sun heals
the comfort of scabbed wounds.

She looks at her arm. Her burns are healed. She marvels at
her arms and hands.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING AREA OF THE ADOBE HOVEL - EVENING

COO

Ridiculous.

JAK

I speak the truth.

COO
It's ridiculous. You're a deranged
liar. Fossil, I want this man out
of my house.

JAK
But-

FOSSIL
If she wants you out, she wants you
out. I think you understand.

JAK
I understand. Thank you for your
hospitality. It has been greatly
appreciated.

Jak leaves.

BLIST
Ma, he was saying really
interesting things.

TOX
Yah, I kind of liked it.

COO
Absolutely not.

TOX
Why not?

COO
Those types of things don't exist
and only fools make themselves
believe such lies.

BLIST
But-

FOSSIL
That's all.

The house goes quiet. Tox gathers her gemstones and leaves
the room.

INT. WORK ROOM ADOBE HOVEL - DAYS LATER

A clean ruby stone lies on a work table. SMASH! The pieces of
the ruby stone are gathered into a small bin.

Tox moves the bin to another work bench. She sits and using pliers she meticulously places the broken pieces of the ruby into her art project.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Tox presents a gemstone flower to her family. She sets it on the table.

COO
What is that?

TOX
A flower. Isn't it beautiful!

BLIST
Yeah!

COO
I never want to see this again.
You've ruined your ruby.

Tox fists her hands.

TOX
I made something better with it.

FOSSIL
We don't need anything more than
what the tar provides.

A silence falls in the room. Tox's knuckles are white. She leaves the room.

Coo gives Fossil the gemstone flower.

COO
Get rid of this.

INT. BESIDE A FIREPLACE IN THE ADOBE HOVEL - NIGHT

Coo is sitting beside the fire reading a note.

TOX (V.O.)
I want to believe it.

MONTAGE:

Tox in the living room of the Adobe Hovel. She is packing a backpack, late at night.

TOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I want to believe it could be real
 and I want to try and find it.

CUT TO:

Tox exits the Adobe Hovel and pulls her hood over her head.

TOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Even if it isn't real, it might be
 worth looking for.

CUT TO:

Tox is trudging through the tar.

TOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I love you all, but I have to know
 for myself.

END OF MONTAGE

Coo throws the note into the fire and turns to Fossil.

COO
 Find her.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE TAR - AFTERNOON DAYS LATER

Fossil is holding Tox's arm. Blist stands nearby.

FOSSIL
 You're coming home Tox.

TOX
 Look.

Tox breaks free from Fossil's grip and takes a carefully wrapped plastic bag out of her pocket. She opens it. Inside is a red rose.

TOX (CONT'D)
 This is proof. It might exist.

Fossil stares at the rose. Blist looks from Fossil to the rose and back to Fossil.

TOX (CONT'D)
 I have to know.

Fossil searches his daughter's eyes.

FOSSIL

Go.

TOX

What will you tell Ma?

FOSSIL

You have to know.

Tox folds up the flower in the plastic bag and gives it to Fossil. Fossil clenches his teeth and nods. Tox trudges away.

EXT. LOST IN THE TAR - DAYS LATER

Tox has blood shots eyes with bags under them. She's more ragged than ever before. She stares at the ground, her head hung. She hasn't looked up.

TOX (V.O.)

Is it real, or did I just imagine
it all?

She stops.

TOX (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Was it supposed to be worth it?
Away from my family. Tired. Cold.
Hungry. Alone. Worth it?

FOSSIL (V.O.)

You have to know.

She takes a step forward. And another step. She continues walking.

Tox stops again.

Her brow furrows. Her eyes register that there is something on the ground.

Her head slowly raises and her eyes grow wide. Color returns to her face. She smiles. Tears spill out of her eyes.

Her foot rises out of the tar and takes a step onto a bank of green grass.

Tox leaves the tar.

END.

A Lass from the Low Countree

song by

By John Jacob Niles

Description:

A young man must tell the story of a ghost lass with the help of a country maiden in order to be freed from his wolf curse.

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - NIGHT

Moonlight spills over two hooded figures. The smallish one leads followed by a hooded wolf-man figure. The wolf-man has a mandolin strung over his shoulder. They stop in front of a LAVISH Victorian mansion.

INT. MANSION THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

LORD EASTON (47) is sitting on his throne, chatting friendly with some nearby nobles. His wife, LADY EASTON (40), sits next to him. A servant bursts through the doors.

SERVANT

The Young Lord has returned.

Lady Easton drops her glass. It shatters and the contents spills over the floor.

LORD EASTON

(angry)

Why.

INT. MANSION THRONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

HOWELL (23) the wolf-man, stands before Lord and Lady Easton on their thrones. He is still hooded. KIP (18) the smallish cloaked girl, short hair, gangly cloths, stands behind Howell just a ways away.

HOWELL holds up one pawlike finger.

HOWELL

One performance.

Lord Easton clenches his jaw. His wife puts her hand on his arm. He relaxes but glares at Howell.

LORD

Very well.

Howell and Kip bow and exit.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two maids hide behind pillars in the shadow. They watch as Kip and Howell pass by.

MAID

(whispering gossip)

That's the cursed son.

Howell stops and looks over at the two maids. They run away.

Howell turns to the portrait on the wall: Lord and Lady Easton and a handsome Young Man. Howell touches his own furry face. He's shaking.

Kip sees Howell staring at the portrait. She walks over to him and cups his head with her hands. He nuzzles her hands. A breath. She lets go. He nods. They keep walking.

EXT. THEATRE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Howell is sitting tuning his mandolin. Kip is taking off her cloak. She is wearing a beautiful sapphire necklace. She stands in front of Howell. He looks up at her, eyes wide. She puts his hood down.

The crowd gasps.

CROWD GOER

He's hideous.

Kip smiles and strokes his furry face.

Whispers can be heard among the crowd. "He's a monster", "He's a monster", "He's a monster."

Howell looks at the crowd but then turns his eyes to Kip. She nods with raised eyebrows? He takes a deep breath and nods.

Kip gets into position, front stage. Lord and Lady Easton are watching from the back. Howell strums the first strings. Kip begins to sing, "The Lass of the Low Countree."

KIP

Oh, he was a lord of high degree

Lord Easton's eyes go wide and his head perks up intently. Lord Easton fades into...

EXT. LOW COUNTRY - ROAD NEAR A HOUSE - YEARS BEFORE - DAY

A younger version of Lord Easton is riding on a magnificent white horse.

KIP (V.O.)

And she was a lass from the low
countree

A LASS (18) sweet, wearing poor milk maid's cloths, watches Young Easton pass by.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But she loved his lordship so
 tenderly.

Her eyes are transfixed and she holds her breathe. She is
 clutching flowers.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Oh sorrow, sing sorrow

Young Easton and Lass's eyes meet. She smiles. He smiles.

EXT. LOW COUNTRY - FRONT OF HOUSE - YEARS BEFORE - DAY

KIP (V.O.)
 Now she sleeps in the valley where
 the wild flowers nod

Lord Easton gives Lass the sapphire necklace. They kiss. He
 gets on his horse and rides away.

EXT. THEATRE COURTYARD - NIGHT

KIP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And no one knows she loved him but
 herself and God

CU: Tears spill out of Lord Easton's eyes.

EXT. LOW COUNTRY - FLOWERY MEADOW - YEARS BEFORE - DAY

KIP (V.O.)
 One morn when the sun was on the
 mead

Lass is out picking flowers. She perks up in alarm. In the
 distance she sees wolves. She begins to run.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He passed by her door on a milk
 white steed

Lass sees in the distance, Lord Easton riding along. She
 calls out to him and waves her arms.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She smiled and she spoke, but he
 paid no heed

He looks up at her, turns away, and sets his horse to a gallop.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh sorrow, sing sorrow

She drops her flowers. The sapphire necklace glitters around her neck. The wolves are behind her.

EXT. THEATRE COURTYARD - NIGHT

KIP
Now she sleeps in the valley where
the wild flowers nod

The sapphire on Kip's necklace burst into light and forms itself into the Spirit of Lass.

KIP (CONT'D)
And no one knows she loved him but
herself and God

Spirit Lass comes face to face with Lord Easton. She glares at him and holds out her hand, palm down, fingers extended. Lord Easton is pale and frozen stiff.

Howell plays an intricate musical interlude.

Spirit Lass's finger begins to glow. She hesitates. She clenches her teeth. The finger's glow burns brighter. Then fades. Her face turns soft and she slowly closes her hand. Then she lowers her arm. Her sullen soft eyes watch Lord Easton.

She brings up her hand up and stares at something in her palm.

Spirit Lass brings Lord Easton's hand up and places that something in his palm. She then turns to Lady Easton, nods and moves away. She looks over her shoulder, giving Lord Easton a final glance and a weak smile.

Lord Easton looks at the item in his palm. He leaves the courtyard.

Spirit Lass closes her eyes. Her posture straightens, she smiles broadly and laughs. She dances around the courtyard over the heads of onlookers. She's free.

EXT. LOW COUNTRY - ROAD NEAR A HOUSE - MONTHS BEFORE - DAY

KIP (V.O.)
If you be a lass from the low
countree

The Young Man from the family portrait is on a horse, passing by. He sees Kip in the distance holding flowers. She waves. He turns his nose up to her and rides away.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Don't love of no lord of high
degree

Kip puts her hands on her hips and sticks out her tongue. She starts to walk away when something shiny in the grass catches her eye. She picks it up. It is the sapphire necklace. She puts it on.

KIP (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They haint got a heart for sympathy

The Young Man on his horse starts to heave. He falls off the horse. His horse sees him, rears back and runs away. The Young Man looks at his hands which are now paws. He has been turned into the wolf-man.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

KIP (V.O.)
Oh sorrow, sing sorrow

Lord Easton crumples to the ground and weeps. A sapphire stone rolls out of his hand.

EXT. THEATRE COURTYARD - NIGHT

KIP
Now she sleeps in the valley where
the wild flowers nod

Spirit Lass dances around the courtyard then moves to the stage and dances there. She slows, turns and meets foreheads with Howell.

KIP (CONT'D)
And no one knows she loved him but
herself and God

As the spirit pulls away, the fur and wolf-like features pull away with her until just the face of a normal man remains.

Spirit Lass smiles peacefully and fades into nothing. Howell is the young man from the family portrait in the mansion.

The crowd gasps. Lady Easton starts crying.

The song ends.

Howell looks at Kip and mouths, "I love you."

END.

The World is Color

Description:

Tim lives in a black and white world. He discovers color and brings it to his contentious drab community.

EXT. OUTSIDE COLORLESS BRICK TOWN - DAY

We hear wind.

CU: we see a COLORLESS plain hill and in the distance is a small and quaint little town. Everything is BLACK, WHITE, and GREY. Architecture resembles photos from 20th century union protests.

Music - a sad minor tune (Bricktown Theme), slowly fades in. Music underscores continually.

EXT. BRICK TOWN COLORLESS STREET - DAY

Frontal view of two different buildings.

Left building: A poster says, "THE WORLD IS BLACK AND WHITE".

Right building: A propaganda sign says, "THE WORLD IS GRAY!"

Music - melancholy, sad (Tim's Color Theme).

TIM (21), suspenders under a large overcoat, attractive, a hat, is walking past the two buildings. His hands are in his pockets, and he is looking down.

The sound of a VIOLA mickey-mousing his movements.

He stops in front of the first black and white building and glances through the window.

Viola - holds a note till it goes out of tune.

INT. BLACK AND WHITE BUILDING - DAY

Music - strong and rowdy, mechanical and construction in rhythm.

A group, people with signs and propaganda banners; "Black and White", "Clear Cut", "Draw the Line".

The leader, ABE (32), big mustache, greasy shirt, overalls, a tool belt, reaches for a hammer next to his knife on his tool belt.

The sounds of a BASS follows his movements.

Clasping the hammer in his fist, he raises his fist to the crowd and the rest of the group raise their fists.

EXT. BRICK TOWN COLORLESS STREET - DAY

Tim sniffs and walks to the gray building. He glances in the window.

INT. GRAY BUILDING - DAY

Music - eccentric and meditative.

Another group, all facing a stage in the back of the room where stands LARRY (35), tall, lanky, big eyes, scrubs, with an empty white canvas behind him.

The sounds of a CELLO follow him.

Larry lifts an open paint bucket and a knife in the air. He stabs the paint bucket with the knife. The gray oozes out of the bucket.

A hand from the crowd gives him a paintbrush.

With the brush, Larry stirs the gray paint, then begins to paint the canvas.

As he paints he sways left and right.

The crowd sways with him. Many in the crowd are holding up beads with all different shades of gray.

EXT. BRICK TOWN COLORLESS STREET - DAY

Tim winces and takes a step back.

He looks at his HANDS.

He holds a hand up and COMPARES it to the "BLACK AND WHITE" poster.

He shakes his head. He COMPARES his hand to the "GRAY" sign.

He sighs and shakes his head and continues down the street. He turns down an alley.

EXT. BRICK TOWN ALLEY - DAY

Music - a tune that embodies discovery.

We look down on Tim's feet shuffling along slowly. He stops in front of a BLUE flower.

Music - SUDDEN NOTE.

Tim blinks a few times.

Brow furrow.

He kneels down, wide eyed.

Rubs his eyes.

Looks around.

He leans in close to the flower.

Touches it.

He picks the flower, stands up and examines it.

Smiles.

Something in the distance catches his eye.

Looks up.

In the distance, a speck of green just behind some black, gray and white trees.

Tim takes off his hat, puts the flower in the hat, puts his hat back on and runs towards the trees.

Music begins to crescendo.

EXT. TREES - DAY

Music - light and magical, transitional.

Tim bursts through the trees and falls down into a pool of blue water and magically through water-like ripples and shimmering light, enters a colorful land.

EXT. COLORED MEADOW - DAY

Music - a mix of melancholy and happy, a whole orchestra joins the sound (Beginning of Colorful Meadow Theme).

Tim takes off his hat, holds it and looks around.

Brown and green trees, green grass with all colors of flowers (except red), blue skies.

He looks at his HANDS, devoid of color.

Behind him, he sees a rippling mirror like wall. Through the mirror-wall the colorless brick town.

Tim turns back to the colorful meadow.

Music - magical and happy (Colorful Meadow Theme).

Tim runs into the meadow smiling and laughing.

He trips and falls down. His hat falls out of his hands.

Tim find and holds up a rock with swirling yellows and oranges.

He puts it in his hat.

His hands squish down on the dirt and he picks up a handful. He rubs it between his fingers examining it. He quickly digs down in the brown dirt.

Tim frowns. A black rock. He and picks it up.

When in the light the rock shimmers between brown and blue. With wide smile, he puts the rock in his hat.

Tim looks around and sees flowers.

He skips over to them. He rubs the petals between his fingers.

He picks one. Smells it. Smiles. Eats it. Spits it out. Wipes his face.

He tentatively smells it again.

He picks one of every color and stuffs them in his hat: Pink, blue, purple, yellow, orange. He picks grass too and stuffs it in his hat.

He puts his hat on; flower stems, leaves and petals are sticking out from under.

Tim sees a tree, runs to it and climbs it.

He gets up to the top and sees rows of green meadows and colorful flowers.

He takes a deep breath. Eyes closed. Nose up.

In the distance, the rippling mirror and the colorless bricktown.

Music - a hopeful but simple tune similar to Bricktown Theme.

Tim takes his hat off. There is his collection of colorful items.

He picks up a blue flower.

Music - hopeful.

Tim stares at the mirror-wall. An idea forms in a quick, bright-eyed breath.

Hat back on, Tim jumps down from the tree and runs to the rippling mirror.

He runs through the mirror and finds himself...

EXT. TREES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BRICKTOWN - DAY

Running through the trees towards brick town.

As he runs, Tim holds the blue flower in front of him.

Music - decrescendos and turns minor.

He begins to slow down.

He stops.

He looks at his flower.

EXT. BRICK TOWN COLORLESS STREET - DAY

Music - tense, rises and falls with the action (Fight Theme).

We see the Gray building and the Black and White Building.

A crowd from Black and White Building come out the doors.

Crowd from Gray building exit.

A MEMBER from the Black and White crowd sees the Gray crowd.

The Member spits at the Gray crowd.

A Gray crowd ZEALOUS MAN is offended.

The zealous man raises a fist and begins to come at the Black and White crowd.

Gray crowd men stop the zealous man.

The groups part tensely.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE OF BRICKTOWN - DAY

Music - turns sad.

Tim is looking at his flower.

Hat off, he puts the flower in his hat.

He looks back at the trees and smiles.

Smile fades.

He looks back at brick town.

He looks at his hat.

He hides the hat in his overcoat, keeping it close to his body and out of sight.

EXT. BRICK TOWN STREET - DAY

Tim enters brick town.

Tim passes a PAINTER painting in gray,
a middle aged couple holding hands
and an old man

but none take notice of him.

Tim keeps his head low. Short glances, before looking back down.

Music - a darker version of Tim's Theme, it's a very melancholy tune.

He glances at LUCY (20, short, sundress, curly hair).

The sounds of a VIOLIN follow Lucy.

She is covering her eyes and crying.

Tim passes by.

Double take. He stops.

He brings his hat outside his overcoat.

He looks at Lucy.

Gently, he picks out the blue flower from the hat.

He taps Lucy's foot with his foot.

Lucy looks up.

Tim gives Lucy the flower.

Music - Romantic.

Lucy takes the flower and stares at it. She squints, not comprehending.

Understanding dawns and BIG EYES.

She smiles and looks at Tim.

Tim puts his hat on, smiles and shrugs.

Lucy's cheeks go bright pink, then, starting from her cheeks, the rest of her gets colored in. She's blonde and her dress is a light blue.

Tim jumps back laughing.

He gestures to all of Lucy.

She spins around and laughs.

Tim looks down at himself.

Music - turns minor.

His countenance falls.

He grabs Lucy's hand.

Tim COMPARES his colorless hand to her hand with skin tone.

He stares intensely with brow furrowed.

Suddenly Lucy grabs his HANDS, squeezes and smiles.

Tim looks up at Lucy's face.

She ADJUSTS his hat.

He nods to Lucy. A slight smirk on his face.

Music - hopeful again.

Tim waves goodbye to Lucy and runs past the Painter.

He stops. The man is painting.

Tim ADJUSTS his hat and TAPS his chin.

Tim taps on the painter's shoulder.

Tim, with the biggest of smiles, grabs the man's paintbrush and replaces it with a hand full of green grass.

Then Tim grabs the paint can and runs away.

The Painter chases after Tim.

The Painter stops, looks at the grass and tilts his head.

Suddenly, starting from his hands, the Painter gets colored in. He is wearing brown and yellow.

Tim waves to the Painter as he disappears down the street.

The Painter waves back.

EXT. BEHIND BRICKTOWN CHURCH - DAY

Tim is sitting down, back against church wall.

He puts the brush and can down.

Slyly, he looks both ways and takes off his hat. He kneels.

Music - harmonious and heavenly.

His hands go to prayer position. He LOOKS UP, and DEEP BREATH.

He drops the contents of the hat into the paint can.

He grabs the brush and starts mixing the contents with his eyes closed.

Music - Happy and Zippy.

Tim peeks open one eye.

The pale swirling full of a variety of different COLORS of paint (excluding red).

He DIPS his hand in the paint. As he lifts the paint out it LOOSES COLOR in his HAND.

Eyebrows furrow.

He picks up the paintbrush, dips it in and pulls it out.

The paintbrush is covered in glossy thick COLORFUL paint.

He stands up and paints a purple-yellow-green zigzag on the church's wall.

He smiles wide, nods to himself and runs off, leaving his hat behind.

EXT. BRICK TOWN - DAY

Music - Bricktown Theme mixed with the Colorful Meadow Theme.

Tim takes his brush and slides it along the buildings as he walks down the street.

He leaves behind a streak of a variety of color.

MONTAGE:

Tim chases a cat and flings paint at it. He creates splotches on the ground as the cat runs away.

Tim paints a zig zag on a building wall.

Tim on top of a roof.

He looks down on the couple from earlier.

He pours a little paint on top of the man then runs away.

The man is recoils and looks up.

The woman touches the top of the man's head and sees yellow.

She laughs and, starting at her fingers, she fills in with color.

The man touches his head and then laughs and fills in with color too.

Tim delicately paints a flower.

The cat is backed up in a corner as Tim's shadow falls upon it.

We see Tim smiling evilly with paint dripping from his paint brush.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. BRICK TOWN COLORLESS STREET - DAY

At the Gray building and the Black and White building we see Tim painting in huge letters "THE WORLD IS COLOR".

A yellow and orange tabby cat runs across the scene.

EXT. TOP OF BRICK TOWN HILL - DAY

Music - calm.

Tim looks out over the town.

A modgepodge of color strewn everywhere chaotically with no pattern:

Lucy walks down the street.

The town's police officer touches the paint on the wall and then jumps back as he fills in with color.

Tim laughs.

He puts the paintbrush back in the pale and takes off his overcoat, which is covered in paint.

Tim stretches and looks at his HANDS.

They are covered in COLORLESS paint.

He frowns. Eyes droop. He roughly wipes the gray paint onto his pants.

Music - sad frustration.

We hear a cello and a bass in a musical battle.

Tim looks over: Larry and Abe pushing each other in the colorless town square.

Abe rolls up his sleeves and charges at Larry.

Music - tense.

Tim's feet run off as the bucket drops and spills out.

EXT. BRICK TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Tim holds Abe back from Larry.

Larry is gesturing for Abe to come at him.

Tim grasps Abe. Abe throws a swing towards Tim. Tim dodges but Abe is free from Tim's grasp.

Larry pulls out a knife.

Abe pulls out a knife.

Music - Fast and Extremely tense (Fight Theme Finally).

Abe charges at Larry and swipes.

Abe misses.

Larry swipes and misses.

Tim attacks Larry grabs the knife and tosses it away just as Abe charges.

Abe stabs Tim, who is blocking Larry.

The color RED begins to spread from the spot where Tim was stabbed.

Tim puts his HANDS on the wound and stumbles backwards.

Larry catches him.

Abe, shaking, comes close with wide eyes looking at the place where the knife is.

Tim looks at his HANDS, now covered in RED.

He smiles weakly.

He shows Abe his hands.

Abe takes Tim's hands. Staring. Trembling.

Abe looks at Tim's face.

Tim gestures at the town.

Music - is slow, sad and hopeful.

Abe looks at the town and sees that more of the town has filled in with color.

A blue tear falls from his eye as he is then colored in with green.

Larry begins to fill with the color green too.

Larry and Abe look at each other.

We pan up as Tim faints.

Music - an orchestral swell of hope, then it slows.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The sky colors in with a bright and vibrant blue.

Then the sky turns to sunset and fills with purples, yellows, oranges, reds, and blues.

EXT. OUTSIDE COLORFUL BRICK TOWN - SUNSET

We pan down to a green hill where on stands a single red flower.

In the distance we see the red brick of brick town.

Music fades as we hear wind.

END.

"A Western Cliché": The Livestream

Description:

Bart, the video editor, faces unforeseen obstacles while hosting his team's submission at the livestream film festival.

BLACK SCREEN

We hear an auditorium audience chatting. They peter out as text fades in:

Thank you Karp Indie Film Festival for hosting the live stream submission of "Western Cliche". And a special thanks to you, the audience, for watching. Please text 3 to 4545 to vote "Western Cliche" as your top pick.

Text fades out.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN STREET - DAY

Freeze frame on 1870 Western Frontier Town, dirt roads, horses pulling carts.

A small blinking red "LIVE" button starts flashing in the bottom left hand corner of the screen.

BART (V.O.)

There it is. When the red button flashes, we start the show. And Manny thought I couldn't do this. Too easy Manny.

The mouse moves on screen, clicks and moves off.

The film starts. GEORGE (24) sparkling teeth, chiseled jaw, buff, shirtless with only a tiny vest, cowboy hat and boots, gun strapped to his waist, walks down the street whistling.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I think there's supposed to be music underscoring this...

We hear two clicks and a video editing timeline pops up.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We'll just move this over to my second screen... and add the background sound...

The mouse moves the timeline off screen. Click: The theme from High Noon plays in the background.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL HOUSE - DAY

George waits out front of the town's school house, head down, his hat covering his eyes. A bell rings. Children start running out of the building.

BART (V.O.)
 (to the tune of Oh My
 Darlin' clementine)
 Oh my computer, oh my computer, oh
 my computer is old, but alas I have
 no money, to buy myself a new
 computer.

KATHY (20), shiny long hair, long eyelashes, long dress, long
 face, glides out of the school house.

KATHY
 Remember to do your
 arithmetic children. Oh!
 George!
 (blushes)
 I didn't expect to see you.

MANNY (V.O.)
 Bart? Bart can you hear me?
 Your mic is on.

BART (V.O.)
 (talking to the film)
 Of course not, you dwit.
 (to himself)
 These characters are so cliché.

MANNY (V.O.)
 ... He can't hear us. He's got us
 muted...

Muffled voices.

MANNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 No we can't stop, he's got the
 administrative controls... He
 thinks he's muted.

George whips out a bouquet of flowers that has been hiding
 behind his back. The computer lags as George says,

GEORGE
 N. oth.ing c.c.could keep me,ee,ee
 away darlin'

BART (V.O.)
 Oh great.

Kathy receives the flowers. George tips his hat and saunters
 away but. glitches. as he. walksaway.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Let's see the problem...

Click-clack-clickity-click. We hear Kathy's audio but her
 face stays frozen in a glitched frame.

KATHY

How I wish he'd just sweep me away.

BART (V.O.)

How I wish Tammy would say that
about me. There, that should work.

CLICK.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL HOUSE BUSHES - DAY

The glitches have gotten worse. A ~~blob~~ MR. JACKLYN (40) lanky limbs, bald head, curled mustache, is hiding in the bushes, twirling his ~~nose-hairs~~ mustache. The images are alternating from lagging to bad resolution to normal.

MR. JACKLYN

I'll sweep sweep you away gladly my
d. my de. my. ear.

Mr. Jacklin smiles, revealing his gold tooth. The image freezes on an extreme CU of his nostrils, FULL RESOLUTION.

BART (V.O.)

What, the! No, no, no, no, no

The mouse quickly moves across the frame and plants itself over the nostril. Right click. A menu pops up and the mouse selects "settings". The menu disappears and the mouse moves location but stays on screen. ClickClickityClickClackClick!

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL HOUSE - DAY

Georges is still sauntering away.

CU of Kathy looking longfully, spiking camera. The mouse just happens to be directly over Kathy's pupil. The visuals have gone back to normal.

BART (V.O.)

Got it.
(joyful)
Oooh, Doritos! Nice.

Rustling of a chip bag. The bag, pshaaa, opens. Crunch.
Crunch. Lip-smack. Crunch.

KATHY

How I love him. How I love
him with my heart. How it is
with my soul. And with my
everything.

BART (V.O.)

(mouth is full)
Hold on...

Crunch. The mouse lazily moves but is still on screen.

Mr. Jacklyn jumps out of the bushes and grabs Kathy. Crunch crunch. Kathy screams and drops the flowers. Crunching. She faints. Lip-smack crunch.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (to the tune of Hey Mickey
 with continued crunching
 and full mouth)
 Hey Tammy you're so fine, you're so
 fine you blow my mind hey Tammy,
 hey, hey, hey Tammy.

George turns around. Crunch. He is framed in such a way that the mouse covers his crotch.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Whoops.

The mouse moves off screen. We see Mr. Jacklyn picking up Kathy and running away with her while laughing evilly. George chases after Mr. Jacklyn. We hear the sound of an empty chip bag getting wadded up and dropped on the ground.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Okay, let's make sure we pull up
 the background track.

The sound of hands wiping themselves off.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN STREET - DAY

Click: Dramatic music plays. Mr. Jacklyn who is carrying Kathy runs down the street.

Suddenly, the visuals turns sepia.

BART (V.O.)
 Okaaaay, that's not supposed to
 happen. Well, no biggie.

Mr. Jacklyn and Kathy disappear behind a building. George runs after them. George turns down the street and sees that Kathy and Mr. Jacklyn are nowhere around.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 (to the tune of Oh
 Christmas Tree)
 Oh sepia, oh sepia, please oh
 please just go away. Ha!

Slow zoom out as George falls to his knees. Click.

The sepia slowly drains of color and is now black and white.

GEORGE
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - SUNSET

BART (V.O.)
Nope, that wasn't it.

Kathy is tied up on the train tracks. Mr. Jacklyn is hovering over her.

Click. Audio fuzz snap! Mr. Jacklyn's voice slowly transitions to a deeper pitch and he moves in slow motion.

MR. JACKLYN
Be mine, my dear.

BART (V.O.)
What the...

KATHY
(deep in pitch and slow motion)
Prepare my grave. Death would be sweeter than being with you.

Kathy and Mr. Jacklyn glare at each other.

BART (V.O.)
Stupid audio. Stupid glitches.
Stupid, stupid, stupid.

ClicklckClicklcklkClickClack-clickity-click! The speed of the film returns to normal as do the visuals, full resolution, in color and the audio has been raised to extreme high pitch.

MR. JACKLYN
(extreme high pitch)
If I can't have you, no one will!

BART (V.O.)
Ah!

Kathy faints again. CLICK.CLICK.CLICK.CLICK. Audio returns to normal. George jumps into frame. He is looking especially heroic. Yup, very heroic. Okay, still looking heroic... we get it, he's heroic!

GEORGE
Stop now!

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I think there was supposed to be music underscoring there.

MR. JACKLYN

You can't stop me.

Click click clicking and mouse movements. Mr. Jacklyn pulls out a sword! Heroic fan fare! George pulls out a sword. Wah, wah, waah. The music is unaligned the entire fight scene. George and Mr. Jacklyn sword fight. Thrust, parry, thrust, parry. This continues while:

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(mumbling)

This scene lasts forever.

A popup message box appears in the bottom right corner. It's a picture of an Indian woman with text that says,

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(reading)

You've got a match. This Indian Princess is looking for a man like you! Message her now.

Bart moves the popup to his second screen.

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't mind if I do. It's only a scam if they ask for your social security number.

(typing a message)

Hey good looking, you like **jazz**?
And send.

An error message box pops up on screen, "Error: Would you like to continue? Yes No". The mouse moves over the yes and clicks. Then 15 error messages pop up and block the action of:

George stabs Mr. Jacklyn. Kathy screams. George looks towards Kathy. The train is coming!

The mouse furiously clicking yes on each message. He finishes as:

George pulls out his gun and shoots the railroad switch. He's had a gun this whole time?!? The train goes on the other track.

Bart lets out a deep breath.

Another error message box pops up. It looks different from the others but the mouse zips to the yes and clicks. A loading circle appears on screen. The message says, "Updates Available: Would you like to restart now? Yes No".

BART (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Crap, No! Undo, undo, undo

The screen goes black except for the blinking red "LIVE" button in the corner. Blink. Blink. Blink.

MANNY (V.O.)
We are... so sorry. This has been...

BART (V.O.)
Got it. I got it!

The visuals return. CU on Kathy who is untied and looking up with bright, big eyes. Her eyelashes look especially long. She is reaching up.

KATHY
My hero!

George picks up Kathy, princess-style.

MANNY (V.O.)
Bart.

BART (V.O.)
Manny?

MANNY (V.O.)
Can you hear me?

BART (V.O.)
Yes sir? Can you hear me?

MANNY (V.O.)
The whole time.

BART (V.O.)
Oh! Ooooooh...

George and Kathy exit off into the sunset as credits roll.

MANNY (V.O.)
You're fired.

BART (V.O.)
Yeah...

A pop up in the corner shows the Indian Princess's picture with a message text that says, "Hottie, what is your Social Security number?"

END.

The Village Idiots

Description:

Karp and Avil are idiots who become heroes, more or less, and save the human town from monsters, more or less.

EXT. VILLIAGE - DAY

Mediaeval town. English peasants. Cobblestone streets. Tunics and pointy shoes.

NARRATOR

In a human town, as opposed to a monster bandit camp, there lived two village idiots. Karp and Anvil.

KARP (22) hispanic, bright eyes, and Anvil (22) dark hair, are throwing rocks at a building.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As idiots usually do, they came across something to start themselves on an adventure.

Karp and Anvil fall down into a chasm.

INT. CHASM - DAY

Karp and Anvil find a book on a pedestal.

NARRATOR

It was the discovery of a mythical object which name we do not know but we do know that it started with the letter Q.

Karp and Anvil open the book and see a picture of a round metal object.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Cartoony art showing how the object works.

NARRATOR

Recap: Karp and Anvil discovered that the Quark had the ability to create a magical barrier around the town.

A magical barrier surrounds the town.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

That would be highly useful since the monster bandits came to raid the town often.

Green Goblin Monster Bandits try to attack the magical barrier and get repelled with a ZAP that sends them flying away.

INT. CHASM - DAY

NARRATOR

Just like idiots, Karp and Anvil realized that they would be heroes if they found the Quaff and used it to save the town.

Karp and Anvil high five.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But they couldn't agree.

Karp points at the picture. Anvil shakes his head. Karp stomps his foot. Anvil throws his arms up and storms off.

INT. ANVIL COTTAGE HOUSE - DAY

NARRATOR

Anvil was the more practical one and knew that such a thing was impossible to exist. So he thought he'd create one.

Anvil sits on his couch thinking. He gets an idea and jumps up.

EXT. ROAD TO OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY

NARRATOR

Karp was the optimist and thought that maybe it did exist so he decided to go on an epic journey and search for it.

Karp is checking his backpack for his travels.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

So the two idiots said their goodbyes and good lucks. May the best man find the quail. And parted ways.

Anvil meets up with Karp. They high five and part ways.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

NARRATOR

Anvil first created a pasta version of the quipus. Then he ate it.

Anvil reveals the pasta version. He eats it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

NARRATOR

Then he forged himself a good looking copy. He told all the town that it had the power to stop all the monsters from attacking.

Anvil pulls back a cloth to reveal the object. The crowd look suspicious.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Now normally this wouldn't have worked but the power of belief is a weird thing and monsters are very superstitious so, out of plot convenience, it totally worked!

The crowd slowly warm up to it. They touch the object. A few get smiles. They start jumping up and down.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

NARRATOR

Meanwhile Karp had an epic adventure that we'll skip because the only relevant part is that he found the quaggy! The real one. Because it existed. And he returned home.

Karp, haggard and worn, comes to the mouth of a cave. Inside the cave is the object. He grabs it and leaves.

EXT. MONSTER BANDIT CAMP - DAY

Baren desert land. A few cactus and shrubs. Tumbleweed. Colorful canopies dot the surrounding area.

NARRATOR

Meanwhile the monster bandit camp were starving because they lived in the desert and the only source of food and water was the human town which was located in the only oasis for miles around.

The monsters, all wearing modern-day gym-bro tanks and shorts, are lazily lying around with sunken faces holding their stomachs.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Out of desperation to save his people from starving the monster king risked his life to test the power of Anvil's quoit. This would have been heroic if he wasn't a monster. Unluckily, the monster king lived and realized the quait was a fake. He then began plotting an attack against the town.

The MONSTER KING, looks like a monstery green version of Shia LaBeouf, wears a crown and a shirt that says, "Just do it", sneaks into the town and touches the fake object. Nothing happens. He grins.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, Karp arrived and showed everyone the quirky but no one believed him that it was actually the real thing. "There's no way it could be that powerful" they said stupidly. They were all convinced by Anvil's fake quacky. Whose the idiots now?

Karp is in the center of town square and lifts up the object. People stop, look at it, then continue their day. Some of the people look angry.

EXT. BEYOND THE OASIS - DAY

NARRATOR

Because of mob mentality and jealousy, the town threw Karp outside the oasis and into the desert.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This becomes important for later because Karp sees the monster bandits living in poverty and like an idiot, he feels bad about it.

The townsfolks grab Karp and throw him outside the town.

EXT. MONSTER BANDIT CAMP - DAY

Karp sees the Monster Bandits living in poverty. He looks sad.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

NARRATOR

Just then the monster bandits attack. This is when the town found out that, whoops, Anvil's quire was a fake and had no magical powers whatsoever.

The monsters attack. A townspeople throws Anvil's object at them. It breaks. The monsters continue attacking.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Karp, who was still an idiot, went back and saved the town using the real quoll. He was a hero. Yay. But because he was still an idiot, he left the town to go help the monsters. Anvil, who was now hated by everyone for lying... wait, he's not? Oh.

Karp reenters the town. He uses the object. A huge barrier forms and forces all the monsters away. People celebrate Karp. Karp leaves just as Anvil enters the scene.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Like an idiot who doesn't know when to stop, Anvil took credit for saving the town.

Anvil picks up the object and bows and bows as the townspeople cheer.

EXT. MONSTER BANDIT CAMP - DAY

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, Karp taught the monsters how to be farmers because they didn't know how to be anything different than bandits. Also, the monsters and Karp left the desert, because the monster king is not an idiot. The end.

Karp and the monsters are farming. In the distance we see the desert. The monster king and Karp shake hands.

END.

Leave Them Behind

Description:

Sue, a Sophomore in College, rethinks what it means to have friends.

INT. DECORATED CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A group of college friends, about six or seven, are gathered together at a party. BERTHEART (24) overweight, picks up a plaque and CARY (23) blonde motions a "give it to me". He does.

BERTHEART

We wanted to give you this.

Cary hands SUE (21) Hispanic tomboy, the small plaque that says, "Most Growth."

BERTHEART (CONT'D)

When you came, you were easily...

CARY

Let's just say it's something like, you needed a lot of work.

The group laughs.

SUE

It's true. It's true.

BERTHEART

As we all do. We all need work, but you didn't let that gap tear you down. You came and you rose to a new standard. We all feel honored to have you in our lives.

The group "Awww"s.

PHIL

Let's hear from Sue.

BERTHEART

Would you like to say anything Sue?

SUE

I want just. I want, I guess I want to just say thank you. I didn't have the best, not a great growing up life, a lot of you know. You know. And I want to just say thank you. So many of you, Carry, Bertheart, Phil, Pat's not here but Margaret too. I can't, ugh, I can't name you all.

Sue sits down. Then stands up again.

SUE (CONT'D)

I want to say... Thank you for the late nights. For the support in my goals and the idea, belief, the unrelenting stubborn belief that I was better than I was. I think it's that, I think you're belief is what helped to me to, to actually be better.

Sue sits down. The group claps. Sue blushes and looks down at her feet.

BERTHEART

Now this award is for you Cary.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Cary and Sue are looking over a piece of paper.

CARY

Girl, I am so proud of you. Look at these, you hit all your goals!

SUE

Thanks! I'm really pretty excited about it. And these too, I'm excited about these new ones.

CARY

Oh yah. These look great.

(reading)

Stop gossiping. Every time you catch yourself gossiping you write a tally on your arm. I love that, super specific, and very trackable. Great goal. A bit forward, you know. Everyone's going to know how much you've been gossiping.

SUE

Exactly, that way everyone can help keep me accountable.

CARY

That's super smart. And this other goal you have, work on self love. I love that but you don't have anything specific for it.

SUE

Yah, that one. I wasn't sure exactly, how exactly I should start on that one. I was thinking I just plan out an hour for myself or something. Do things that I think are fun. I was brainstorming and made a list, things like hobbies. I'm just not sure.

CARY

Yah, yah, super great. But an hour for yourself. Kind of a lot. Maybe start small 10 minutes or something. And then we could get together with everyone and do something. Like we always do.

SUE

Well, that's just the thing. I thought, I just needing, I wanted it to be more... self focused. I want to find out more who I am, alone. When I'm not with my friends.

CARY

Okaaaay. Yeah, I get that yeah, but it's kind of self explanatory you know. When you're by yourself, that's who you are.

SUE

I was thinking I could, maybe I could try painting. Or try learning how to tap-dance, I saw, there was a video on Youtube. I have a list of possible hobbies, see?

Sue pulls out another paper and shows it to Cary. Cary glances at it.

CARY

Oh yeah, this looks great. But wouldn't these be more fun with everyone?

SUE

It's just that I want to explore my own interests.

CARY

We can come back to this. So, what about the dating scene. I don't see any dating goals on here.

SUE

I don't want to date right now.

CARY

What, why not?

SUE

Dating just, it stresses me out I guess. I don't want to work on dating. I want to kind of figure out myself more first.

CARY

That's super noble. That's great. I think Jessica could really use some of that.

SUE

Me too. Yesterday, she told me... wait. I shouldn't, that's gossip isn't it.

Sue draws a black tally on her arm.

CARY

So Jessica, she said something?

SUE

I mean, I can't say. That's gossip, or it would be wouldn't it?

CARY

Well maybe, but I think it's more just acknowledging where she's at. It's not gossip. So what did she say?

Sue looks down at her arm with the fresh black tally.

SUE

Well, she just, uh, that, she told me that she doesn't feel like an actual person, like she's only part of a person unless she's dating someone. I think that's kind of what she said.

CARY
I can totally see why she would say
that.

SUE
Yeah...

CARY
You know George has a thing for you
right?

SUE
George does? But Jessica, she has
her eyes on George.

CARY
I know. But you and George are a
better match. He might ask you out
soon.

SUE
You think.

CARY
Who knows but it could definitely
happen for sure.

SUE
Oh.

Cary's phone rings.

CARY
Oh, I got to go. It's Phil. Bye!

Cary answers the phone.

CARY (CONT'D)
Hey babe-
(serious)
Yeah, I can talk.

Carrie leaves.

SUE
George huh?

Sue draws another tally on her arm.

INT. FOOT COURT - DAY

Sue is sitting down finishing off her fries. She has an empty burger wrapper and soda. She's reading something on her phone.

PHIL (24) handsome with short dark hair, comes and sits next to her.

PHIL
Sue, hey. How are you?

Sue almost coughs up her drink. She blushes.

SUE
Yeah, hi. I'm good. Yeah. And you?

PHIL
I'm... well, I'm better.

SUE
That's just great.

PHIL
Yeah. It is.

SUE
That's, what changed?

PHIL
I broke up with Cary.

Sue coughs up her drink again. She looks at her tallied arm. Sue stares at Phil.

SUE
Why?

PHIL
She's not, not what I want. Anyway, I won't go into details, I don't want you to have to add another tally to your arm.

SUE
Yeah, thanks. I'll probably just hear about later anyway.

PHIL
That's true.

SUE
So what now? You just... doing life then? I thought. Well.

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

It just seemed. Weren't you two going to get married?

PHIL

We talked about it. Nothing more than that.

SUE

So you broke it off. Wow. That's... Can I say good for you? I probably shouldn't. That's kind of harsh huh.

PHIL

Honestly, I'd appreciate it. Everyone else has chewed me out. They think our friend group is going to split because of it.

SUE

Hm. That's, I'm wondering, or, I guess, I'm starting to think having friends is just a little, a bit over dramatic.

PHIL

It can be. I've been in and out of friend groups all my life. Friends are great, but sometimes you need space to figure things out.

SUE

Space huh? I'm not sure what, what do you mean?

PHIL

I had a friend who demanded my attention all the time. They had some mental health issues which made things harder. I put their needs above my own and for I while I was in a place almost as dark as they were. Finally, I had to set some clear boundaries. We're still friends, but now it's way more healthy for both of us.

SUE

Boundaries? I guess. I... well...

Sue looks at her tallied arm.

SUE (CONT'D)

That might just be something I
need.

END.

Love, Lost and Found

Description:

Essi wants to find love but only has eyes for gay men.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - EVENING

ESSI (22) athletic woman, flops herself down at the table.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Essi.

Across from Essi is KIM (20) turtle neck, round glasses, hair in tight bun on top, fashionable nerd, is reading her book and drinking tea.

KIM

That good huh?

ESSI

You'll never guess...

Kim puts her tea down. Full attention on Essi.

KIM

No. Was he gay too?

ESSI

Why are gay men so HOT!

KIM

Wow, that's what? Five gay men of whom you have tried to date. That must be a record.

ESSI

Seven. That's seven.

INT. BALLET CLASS - DAY

ESSI (V.O.)

The first, John, ballet class.

Essi stands behind JOHN (23) sweatbands, tight tights, beautifully toned legs.

The group is single file doing leaps one after another. John leaps with pure grace. Essi trips.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY

ESSI

Then there was Peter and James, both fabulous craftsmen in their own right.

INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH - DAY

James and Essi are sitting. James is crocheting an intricate purse with yarn flowers and buttons while Essi is crocheting a ruined hot pad. Essi is staring at James's lips.

JAMES

Your problem is this stitch.

CU: James's lips.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And this one.

Extreme CU: James's lips.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And this one.

Essi's eyebrows kind-of wiggle and she has a half smile.

INT. SMITHY WORKSHOP - DAY

PETER (25) shirtless, a hammer in one hand, is smacking down on what seems to be a heavy hardcore project. Essi is drooling, watching him from behind.

Peter turns around and reveals an elegant dainty ring. He puts it on his pinky and shows it to Essi.

PETER

You like?

Essi nods extatically. Peter smiles. Now he's in a wedding dress. Essi is still nodding.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY

KIM

Peter, James and John? Were you trying to date the Bible?

ESSI

(lost in thought)
Daniel was the model.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

CU on DANIEL (24) colored hair, painted nails, makeup, FABULOUS flowing cloths.

He exposes his neck, runs his hands through his hair, and looks off into the distance as if tormented.

Essi is behind the camera taking pictures. She puts her hand on her heart and closes her eyes. She feels it.

INT. SMOKEY ROOM WITH A STAGE - NIGHT

ESSI (V.O.)

And Travis was the singer.

TRAVIS (28) punk style, he is on stage singing. Essi is filming the band. Travis winks at the camera. Essi sighs.

INT. GYM - DAY

ESSI (V.O.)

I really thought I had a chance with Sam. I thought he was at least maybe bi.

Essi is talking with SAM (27) at the gym. He is lifting weights. Another man walks by. Sam's eyes follow the man. Essi sees this and facepalms.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - DAY

ESSI

Then tonight, Garf, yah, he thought this was just a "hang out". He didn't know that I was into him and have been into him since the first moment I saw him. Apparently I just treated him how all girls treat him so he didn't see the signs.

KIM

I am unsure if that is a good thing for him or a bad thing for you.

Kim pours herself another glass of tea from the hot kettle resting on Essi's ruined hot pad.

ESSI

I've heard that gay men put on this "voice" so that everyone already knows they're gay, but I think it's soo adorable. Here I am secretly hoping its their real voice because it's such a turn on for me.

KIM
 Things like that is the reason I
 feel quite secure in our
 friendship.

Essi bypasses Kim as she gets a mug and pours herself a glass
 of tea.

KIM (CONT'D)
 Unlike other roommates I've had, I
 know for a fact that you will never
 try to steal my boyfriend.

Essi chugs the tea the slams it down on the table.

ESSI
 I just want love you know! Just a
 nice man who is sweet, cares about
 his physical appearance, has fun
 quirky hobbies, acts a bit femme
 and is INTO WOMEN! Specifically me!

KIM
 You're asking the world to turn
 upside down.

Essi looks into her mug.

ESSI
 I know.

KIM
 Hear me out. What if you transition
 into a man? Then you'll be a guy,
 looking for another guy. Huh? Huh?

ESSI
 (considering it)
 Huh...

KIM
 Basketball shorts are already a
 part of your daily attire so,
 essentially, you're half way there.

ESSI
 Yeah but I love my vagina too much
 to go trans. Rejecting my womanhood
 would be like, rejecting an
 internal part of myself you know.
 Plus, that's kind of unfair to gay
 men you know?

KIM

Alright. So what then? Giving up?

Essi moves the mug off to the side.

ESSI

Maybe, I mean, where am I ever going to find a straight man that wants to be a stay at home dad, do all the housework and will encourage me to pursue a full-time career?

INT. STEVEN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Dark with only a TV playing. STEVEN (22) is watching a cliché Romcom, crying, mascara running, knitting a hat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Steven.

The lights flip on and Steven wipes his eyes. GARF (22), Travis and James enter. They are all holding each other.

TRAVIS

You should have come with us! There was a really cute body builder we think you would have liked.

STEVEN

Thanks but, I just wasn't feeling it tonight. Another time.

TRAVIS

Whatever.

JAMES

I love this movie!

STEVEN

I know! Sandra is just the most attractive woman, her smile could literally melt the icebergs, she's so fire.

TRAVIS

Honey, sometimes I wonder if you is as gay as you think you is.

Steven sighs. The roommates leave to the back hallway.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Steven and Essi were perfect for
each other.

INT. COLLEGE APARTMENT - EVENING

ESSI
Crap, I ran out of protein packets.

WIPE TO:

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT'S DOOR - EVENING

Steven is putting on a fluffy coat.

STEVEN
(calling to roommates)
Heading out for eggs. I'm making
French toast tomorrow morning.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - EVENING

Split screen. Essy and Steven leave their apartments.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The problem is that they would
never meet.

Reveal: Essi and Steven are next door neighbors.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Until tonight.

They go separate ways. A construction crew tearing up the
sidewalk is blocking Essi's path. She goes the other way.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Essi is walking behind Steven. He opens a bite-size snickers
bar and pops it in his mouth. He throws away the wrapper but
it doesn't go into the trashcan. Essi picks up the wrapper
and is about to reach out to him when-

From inside a building PARTYGOER sees Steven.

PARTYGOER
Randolf! Come in here birthday boy!

Partygoer grabs Steven and puts a "Birthday Boy" hat on him.

STEVEN

Wait! I'm not-

Essi sees Partygoer yank Steven into the building. She shrugs and throws the wrapper away.

INT. PARTY - EVENING

The party is wild. Flashing lights. Loud music. Some people throw sparkles and glitter on Steven. A happy birthday chorus starts up. Steven puts the hat on the guy next to him and disappears.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

A large group of people in fancy cloths herd towards Essi. She gets caught into the herd and moved inside. She finds herself...

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - EVENING

The herd separates. Essi stands alone.

Pictures of the newlyweds line the walls. People in fancy cloths drinking from fancy glasses.

Yapping old ladies block Essi's immediate exit.

Upon seeing the old ladies Essi winces.

She turns and sees another exit across the dancefloor.

Essi crosses the dancefloor.

The bride throws the bouquet of flowers. Essi catches the flowers.

She turns. Behold: A group of expectant, hungry and desperate single women.

Essi shrugs.

Like a wild angry group of rhinos, the women charge. Essi books it towards the exit.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Steven barely gets out of the party. Essi rounds the corner as the bridezillas go another way.

BAM! The flowers fly up. Steven stumbles back and trips. Essi catches him in a dip position. The bouquet of flowers fall from the sky and onto Steven who catches them. Essi and Steven stare into each other's eyes. They part ways quickly.

Steven, holding the flowers, sneaks glances at Essi. Essi, rubbing her arm, peaks glances at Steven. Essi opens her mouth to talk. Steven turns quickly and holds out the flowers.

STEVEN

These are yours. Sorry, here.

ESSI

Well I, I found them but, you can have them. If you like.

Steven flusters.

STEVEN

Oh!

He smells the flowers. His eyelashes are looking especially long and he seems to be sparkling, per the glitter. Essi blushes.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Thank you. I was just on my way to the store.

ESSI

Me too! Maybe we could go... together?

STEVEN

Sure.

The two begin walking down the street beside each other. Steven brushes Essie's hand. Essie takes his hand in hers. Now they are holding hands and blushing.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And that was the beginning of a very strange relationship.

END.

The Myth of Sisyphus

Description:

Two birds discuss the absurdity of a man cursed to roll a stone up a mountain.

Story can be found:

<http://dbanach.com/sisyphus.htm>

EXT. A HILL IN HADE'S UNDERWORLD - DAY

SYSIPHUS (30) Greek, is rolling a giant ROCK up a giant hill.

EXT. A BRANCH OVERLOOKING SYSIPHUS'S HILL - DAY

WOODPECKER is sitting on the branch. BLUEBIRD lands next to him.

BLUEBIRD

Morn'in. The underworld sure is looking bright today. It's a bit odd.

WOODPECKER

I could agree to that. Perhaps.

Sisyphus reaches the top of the hill. The rock rolls down the other side. Sisyphus sighs and walks after it.

BLUEBIRD

What's up with that guy?

WOODPECKER

Sisyphus? Oh, its that he's cursed.

BLUEBIRD

Yeah?

WOODPECKER

Zeus or one of them big names, you know how they are, they gave him this punishment. He has to roll that rock to the top of the hill for all of eternity.

BLUEBIRD

What happens when he finally does it?

WOODPECKER

That's the thing. As soon as he gets it to the top, gravity rolls it back down again. It's an impossible and meaningless task.

BLUEBIRD

So this guy is cursed to roll a rock for all eternity?

Woodpecker nods.

WOODPECKER

He is.

BLUEBIRD

I would hate that. Better him than me I guess.

WOODPECKER

I used to think so, but then I started watching him and I think... I don't know.

In the distance the birds can see Sisyphus reach the rock.

BLUEBIRD

No, no, go on.

WOODPECKER

I'm thinking maybe it's not so meaningless after all.

Sisyphus starts rolling the rock again.

BLUEBIRD

How do you figure?

WOODPECKER

So, his overall task, yes, meaningless. We can all agree on that, right?

BLUEBIRD

Right.

WOODPECKER

But sometimes, I don't know. It's as if the journey had little meaningful mile markers.

BLUEBIRD

Mile markers?

WOODPECKER

Yeah, think of it like mini goals. How fast he can roll the rock, or how far will the rock roll? Little stuff like that.

BLUEBIRD

But what's the point of little goals if the big one never gets accomplished?

WOODPECKER

Experience maybe? Muscle? I mean, after pushing that rock up that hill that many times Sisyphus has bound to be much better than when he first started.

BLUEBIRD

Yeah, yeah that's probably true.

WOODPECKER

But maybe not. Cause that would change the goal, wouldn't it? Now it's no longer about getting the rock up the hill, it's about gaining experience and strength. It wouldn't matter that the task is impossible, the goal is about getting stronger.

BLUEBIRD

Yeah... But who can really decide his goal? What he picks as his goal or how he chooses to view his task, that's all for him to decide.

WOODPECKER

Sure, sure, and none of them Gods up there on mount Olympus can decide that for him either huh. It's like the rewards he gains from doing the task, though small, it's as if it's worth it. As if there's meaning in it.

BLUEBIRD

Yeah.

WOODPECKER

Maybe it isn't a punishment. Maybe it's just Sisyphus experiencing life.

BLUEBIRD

Yeah.

WOODPECKER

And maybe it's those little things, you know? How fast can he push, how far can he get, what kind of things can he crush with the rock? What different paths can he go using the rock? Always a push for more.

BLUEBIRD

You're making me wish I had some
random task to do. I want to make
up reasons for why stupid things
are worth my time.

WOODPECKER

Kind of makes life simpler don't
you think?

BLUEBIRD

Yeah.

EXT. A HILL - DAY

Sisyphus is pushing the rock.

SISYPHUS

I hate this.

END.

The Listener

Description:

Savannah, who is used as other people's emotional landfills, must face the results of being treated as such.

MONTAGE:

SAVANNAH (23) dark hair, wakes up in her dorm room. The morning sun blasts into the room, forcing her to squint. She gets up, moves to the window and closes the blinds.

Savannah with backpack on heads out the door.

In class, Savannah taking notes attentively.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Savannah, receipt in hand, stands waiting for her food. Next to her is TESSA (21) black, beautiful, and dressed fashionably and already has a bag of food purchase in hand. Tessa and Savannah talk and as the audio fades in we hear:

TESSA

Hard? It's been hard. Lately, But-
(sighs)
But I won't bore you with it.

SAVANNAH

No, seriously. If you need to talk... talk.

TESSA

You sure?

Savannah nods.

TESSA (CONT'D)

Well with my mom getting divorced again...
(sighs)
...now she's all, just, calling me nonstop and I got school and all that we got going on here, but she, she doesn't get it. I guess. I don't know. Doesn't really matter.

SAVANNAH

It matters. You have every right to struggle with it.

TESSA

You're like that, aren't you. So confident and positive. No worries. I'd like to be like that.

SAVANNAH

Hey, I've got worries too.

TESSA

Of course. Everyone does. I didn't mean you didn't. I meant... Huh... you've got this purity. This... Not ignorance, more like innocence. You're so untainted.

Savannah raises an eyebrow. Her food order gets called and she gets her food, then she and Tessa sit down at a table.

TESSA (CONT'D)

What about you? How's things going?

SAVANNAH

Me? I can't complain.

Tessa nods all knowingly.

TESSA

I'm sorry. My life, life just sucks. And now you know, I'm basically a verbal dump truck.

SAVANNAH

Then call me the landfill. I don't mind.

TESSA

You don't deserve to have have my trash dumped on you. You're just. That way. Good? I guess.

SAVANNAH

You make me sound like I'm a saint. It's gross.

TESSA

You know what I meant.

Savannah smiles weakly.

MONTAGE:

Campus, Savannah walks with earbuds in.

Savannah, exercise cloths, on a yoga mat, doing downward dog.

Class moves to resting mountain pose. The teacher claps, waves and everyone leaves.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The greenish warm tinged lights blazon, Savannah covers her eyes.

AMY (19) sports bra and leggings, is leaning against the locker. Amy and Savannah talk and as the audio fades in we hear:

AMY
Yeah, we broke up.

SAVANNAH
Oh no.

Savannah puts her exercise cloths into her bag.

AMY
So it turns out he's a jerk.

Amy moves towards the exit. Savannah follows.

INT. EXERCISE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

SAVANNAH
Did you or did he...

AMY
What?

SAVANNAH
Break it off?

AMY
He did. I'm so, so, ugh, he said he didn't like dealing with my "temper". He said I'm not as "happy", telling me how to feel. Guess what Jerkwad, you're totally hot girlfriend got into the med program, okay? Turns out she's actually going to need to spend time pursuing her degree and not catering to your every little need. Maybe, I don't know, try supporting her instead of just blowing her off like, like you do. The problem, I think the problem is that he's not seeing how he's the problem.

SAVANNAH
But is he the problem?

Amy glares at Savannah.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Maybe?

Savannah shrugs.

AMY

Yah, maybe... have you ever had a boyfriend before?

SAVANNAH

...No. I haven't.

Amy stops in the hallway and clasps her hands together.

AMY

Yeah, okay. I don't mean this in any harsh way or nothing, but knowledge through experience right? You have to go through stuff to have the cred.

SAVANNAH

Yup, I totally agree.

AMY

Yah, so lets be careful about making snap judgements, right?

SAVANNAH

Right.

AMY

You're so awesome. Seriously, you are so understanding.

SAVANNAH

Right. Of course. I'm glad I can be there for you.

Savannah smiles gritting her teeth.

MONTAGE:

Bus, Savannah's resting her head on the window.

A marquee says "Gateway Therapy Center." Savannah enters the the corresponding building.

Savannah's backpack rests behind the secretary's desk. She shuts the blinds.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Dim floor lamps in two corners of the room and a warm desk lamp casts shadows on the secretary's desk.

Savannah sits at the secretary's desk, computer open to an essay, a pad of sticky notes nearby.

KAITLYN (45) floral dress, frizzy hair, opens the blinds. Light flares in. Savannah squints. Kaitlyn moves to the waiting chairs and sits down. Kaitlyn and Savannah talk, as the audio fades in we hear:

KAITLYN

You know, have you ever had to deal with an addiction?

SAVANNAH

(uncomfortable)

Nope.

KAITLYN

Not at all? Have you ever had a family member with an addiction or a close friend?

SAVANNAH

Nobody immediate.

KAITLYN

I see, well, let me try to explain it. You just care so deeply about these people and they just keep turning to this other source. You are completely on their side to help, but they won't turn to you. Instead of calling you to talk them out of it, they just go to the store and buy more drugs. The hardest thing, it's the hardest thing I've ever dealt with. I just care so much. And now I'm strung out. My nerves, really, it's why I'm here.

SAVANNAH

Mmm...

On the notepad, Savannah scribbles out, "Sorry ma'am, your therapy appointment is with the therapist, not me."

KAITLYN

Well, with all this talk, if I've learned one thing it's really that, that a person really starts to evaluate themselves, you know. Well, I find myself wondering if I have an addiction too.

Savannah pulls the note off the pad, crumples it and throws it away. On a fresh sheet she writes, "Please SHUT UP!"

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

Addicted to my phone, social media. I might even be addicted to thinking about what other people think of me.

Kaitlyn waits for Savannah to respond.

KAITLYN (CONT'D)

You know, have you ever felt like that?

Savannah patronizingly smiles at Kaitlyn.

MONTAGE:

Back pack on, Savannah waves goodbye to a neatly dressed black man behind a desk in the adjacent room.

Head resting in hands, Savannah is on the bus.

Savannah opens the door to her apartment.

INT. SAVANNAH'S ROOM - DAY

A sliver of light cracks through the blinds. Savannah is lying on the floor, her phone resting on her stomach. Caller ID says, "mom", set to speaker phone.

SAVANNAH

I don't think I'm okay.

MOM

Why not? I thought things were going well.

SAVANNAH

I think that's part of the problem? I... I don't know.

MOM

Is there anything I can do?

SAVANNAH

I don't know. I'm sorry to dump
this all on you.

MOM

Don't be, I'm glad I can be there
for you.

SAVANNAH

Thanks mom.

Savannah listens to the silence.

MOM

Are you getting enough sunlight?

Savannah looks at the sliver of light entering the room.

SAVANNAH

...no.

MOM

Maybe going on a walk will help.

SAVANNAH

Maybe. I could try it.

The silence resumes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Bye mom. I love you.

MOM

I love you too. Never worry about
calling me. I love to hear from
you.

SAVANNAH

Even when I'm an emotional mess?

MOM

Even when you're an emotional mess.

SAVANNAH

Thanks mom. Bye.

MOM

Bye sweetheart.

The call ends. Savannah rests in the darkness for a moment.
She gets up and opens the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE - SUNSET

Savannah walks. The sun sets beautifully in the distance. Her phone vibrates and Savannah stops and looks at her message.

From Daniel: "Hey, I got fired. Do you have time, I really need to talk to someone right now."

A long deep breath. She stares at the phone.

She types: "Sorry, can't" and send.

Savannah turns the phone off.

She SMILES, a real genuine smile and continues walking.

END.

The Wrong Major

Description:

Pat contends with her teacher and realizes being she does not want to be a theater major.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE (45) eccentric cloths, crazy colored hair, stands at the front of the classroom.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

I've been disappointed with the reading responses recently. I get the impression that there are some of you that perhaps don't feel you understand what theater is.

INT. COLLEGE DORMROOM - NIGHT BEFORE

PAT (22) is watching a video of people in diverse brightly colored body suits jumping around and ribbiting like frogs.

Pat has bloodshot eyes. One eye twitches.

PAT

I don't get this.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE

Theater is what we have inside. We are animals but we are actors and spectators, we can observe what we do. Only a few animals can do this, dolphins, elephants, the like.

Pat looks around at the rest of the class. Students "performing" their internal worlds: Over the top makeup. Bright colors. "Retro" style and "Victorian" styles. Lots of skin showing or piercings. Pat is the only one who wears just a T-shirt and jeans. She looks back at the teacher.

PAT (V.O.)

These people thrive on having unclear definitions. Then they can make things say anything they want so nobody knows exactly what they're actually saying.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

It has memory and imagination. Theater is to become and yet, it is to explore what is.

Pat's eye twitches.

EXT. BRICKWALL - DAY

Pat is smacking her head against the wall. Smack. Smack. Smack.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PROFESSOR THEODORE (O.C.)
 However it comes out of you, that's
 what're right. That's what's
 perfect.

Pat blinks slowly, staring ahead.

The PERFORMER is in front of the class. Their head is inside a cardboard cut out designed like a retro TV. They are moving only their eyes. They look right. Left. Down to the side. Right top. Slowly rolls all the way around. Right. Down swinging. Up. Down. Right. Left. Etc.

PAT (V.O.)
 I think I'm in the wrong major...

The performance ends and the class claps. The Performer sits down. Professor Theodore stands in front of the class.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
 Such an excellent performance art
 piece. Let's talk about it.

EXT. FIREPIT

Hands strike a match and light a small fire in a firepit.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE
 Every answer is just an expression
 of an experience.

JEMINE
 I loved how the eyes would continue
 to move.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
 Go on. Expand on that.

Pat's eye twitches.

JEMINE
 (shrugging)
 That's it.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
 Watching that performance you felt something. Remember, we are here like to explore that feeling. Feel free to share more when you're ready. We never want to push anyone here.

Pat rolls her eyes.

CHELSEY
 I took it like a metaphor on exercise. We try to move all around but we are limited to only what our bodies can do.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
 Excellent thought.

EXT. FIREPIT

Professor Theodore is blowing on the fire, it really catches and starts growing bigger.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE
 Yes Daniel?

DANIEL (20) nerd, puts his hand down.

DANIEL
 It was like an exploration on avoidance. If you noticed, the eyes never looked directly straight forward.

Pat's eye twitches.

EXT. BRICKWALL - DAY

Pat and the wall. Smack. Smack. Smack.

DANIEL (V.O.) CONT.
 It was clearly a commentary on the inability to see what's ahead of you.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE
And yet that is just a perspective.

EXT. FIREPIT

The fire is roaring. Professor Theodore stands over the fire, laughing at the sky.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

KATE
Yah, inversely, have you all seen that scene from, oh I don't know, but it's an extreme close up shot of the eyes and they move frantic, you know.

Students interrupt and guess the movie. "Avatar", "Maze Runner", "Donnie Darko (Directors Cut)", "The Muppet Movie"?

KATE (CONT'D)
Yah, like that. It made me think of that and it was super relatable.

PROFESSOR THEODORE
Excellent. Some of the choices might be unintentional and some of them might have been more planned.
(notices a student)
Yes?

TYRELL
When they looked to the left I felt they was staring into the past.

Pat closes her eyes and shakes her head.

EXT. BRICKWALL - DAY

Pat. Wall. Smack. Smack. Smack.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE
These are all perfect answers in their own way. Anyone else?

Pat raises her hand.

PROFESSOR THEODORE (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

PAT

What if it doesn't have meaning and
it's just stupid?

EXT. FIREPIT

The fire gets doused with water. Pat stands with an empty water pale. Professor Theodore FROWNS. CU on the embers as they give off their dying SIZZLE.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

The class stares at Pat. Professor Theodore stares at Pat. Pat looks bored.

PROFESSOR THEODORE

So "stupid" is a subjective word
and that's the point isn't it? To
find meaning, to discover, to
explore it. Find the wonder, find
how it comments on the world.

The class mumbles agreement. "Yeah", "Uh-huh", "I see."

Pat's eye twitches.

PAT

And who are you benefitting by
trying to perform things that only
theater people will be able to
relate with?

Quiet.

EXT. FIREPIT

Ice starts to form over the coals.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE

Lots of people can relate to
theatrical experiences. It gives
meaning to the meaninglessness of
our existence.

PAT

Are you seriously implying that our existence is meaningless? Who are you to decide that?

PROFESSOR THEODORE

It's the concept of existentialism which dates back to the 18 hundreds and began with the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard. We need to move on, but I'd love to talk about this more with you after class.

EXT. BRICKWALL - DAY

Pat stares at the wall. She turns her back to the wall and leans up against it. She looks up.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

PROFESSOR THEODORE

Whose performance is next?

CUT TO:

KATE (19) blonde, stands in front of the class and draws flowers on her arms.

PAT (V.O.)

I'm really in the wrong major.

BLACKOUT.

Boat Sale

Description:

Harry, a boat salesman from the land-locked Colorado, must make enough money to stop his wife from leaving him.

EXT. A FIELD IN COLORADO - DAY

HARRY (45) stands next to LARRY (45). Harry's got his hands in his pocket. Larry is nodding slowly. They are staring at the amazing transportation in front of them.

Harry checks his phone. He's got a text from WIFEY TRUE-LOVE
<3

WIFEY TRUE-LOVE <3
If you don't come home with at
least \$5,000 I'm leaving you.

They are looking at a boat: beached in the middle of a dirt field.

Harry clears his throat.

HARRY
Yeah. It's a good boat.

LARRY
Yup.

Larry scratches his face.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Looks it.

Harry scratches his nose. Larry scratches his but.

LARRY (CONT'D)
It goes fast?

HARRY
Yeah.

Larry hacks and spits. Harry hacks and spits.

LARRY
Can I take it for a ride?

Harry squints his eyes.

HARRY
You got a pond?

EXT. A SMALL POND IN COLORADO - DAY

The boat is now floating in a small pond not big enough for it to travel from one side to the other. Larry and Harry are in their signature positions, standing next to each other starring at the boat.

LARRY
Good boat.

HARRY
Yeah.

LARRY
Sturdy.

HARRY
Yeah.

Harry scratches his neck.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I'll sell for \$5,000

LARRY
\$5,000

Larry nods.

HARRY
\$5,000

Harry nods.

LARRY
This pond. It's not right.

HARRY
Not right?

LARRY
Not for a boat like this. Needs
bigger.

EXT. BUILDING FRONT IN COLORADO - DAY

The boat is on top of the tallest building around. Which isn't very tall. Larry and Harry are staring at it.

HARRY
Does it make a statement?

Two HIPPIE artists pass by. They stop and stand next to Larry and Harry and stare at the boat. Larry and Harry stare at the Hippies.

HIPPIE 1
Mmmmmmm!

HIPPIE 2
MmhmmHMMM!

HIPPIE 1
Uhhmmmm

HIPPIE 2
Mmm, mmm, hmmm, mmnn

The two Hippies nod and walk away.

HARRY
Too much of a statement?

LARRY
Yup.

EXT. THE WORLD'S LARGEST BEETLE IN COLORADO - DAY

The boat is on top of the "World's Largest Beetle" tourist trap. A crane waits nearby.

LARRY
True Art.

HARRY
Yeah.

LARRY
I hate art.

HARRY
Yeah.

LARRY
I'll buy it.

HARRY
Yeah?

LARRY
Yup. Come on, before we get fined for trespassing.

Harry takes out his phone and takes a picture. Larry gets in the crane and turns it on.

Harry gets in the crane and sends the picture he took to WIFEY TRUE-LOVE <3 with a message that says, "SOLD". She texts back.

WIFEY TRUE-LOVE <3
I'm leaving you.

Harry FROWNS deeply. He receives another text.

WIFEY TRUE-LOVE <3 (CONT'D)
Sorry, that was my pre-typed
message.

WIFEY TRUE-LOVE <3 (CONT'D)
I actually meant I love you.

Harry smiles widely riding away in the crane with Larry.

END.

Relationships are complicated

Description:

Terry, Bob, Kim and Sarah prepare for a campfire double date while exchanging relationship advice.

They are both doing an activity that would be fun for kids to watch. Something simple and can be filmed in Provo.

Making a fire. Long boarding. Snow plowing. Snowboarding. Shopping. Going to the library, reading books. Making Hot dogs. Floating down the river.

EXT. PARK - DAY

TERRY (28) button down polo shirt and BOB (26) dark hair, sit on a bench.

TERRY

Keeping a woman happy. It's simple really. Just validate her. When she says something that is hard to deal with you just say, "yup, that's hard."

BOB

(cannot believe it)

No.

TERRY

Yes.

BOB

No.

TERRY

Yes. Better yet, the best way to help her, don't offer her solutions. Listen to her. Like watching the TV or reading the newspaper. Nod when you need to. Smile when you need to. Grunt sometimes. And best of yet, don't have any opinions about what she's saying. Just listen for listening sake.

BOB

No.

TERRY

Yes.

EXT. GROCERY STORE AISLE - DAY

Kim (27) long dyed blonde hair, and SARAH (27) dark pants, are picking out groceries.

SARAH

No.

KIM

Yes. All you have to do is let him go off on his own and don't worry about him. He hates it when you worry about him.

SARAH

So, okay okay. Let me get this straight. The best way to support a guy is, what, to trust that he can handle his situation and then give him the space to handle it...

KIM

That's it.

SARAH

That's crazy.

KIM

I know! But it totally works! One time, I could tell Terry had a rough day and instead of asking him about it, I left him alone for an hour and then boom, he immediately came back as sweet as ever.

SARAH

No way.

KIM

Way.

EXT. PARK - DAY

BOB

There's no way.

TERRY

This is the way man. Reassurance.

BOB

So all I have to do when I want my man time is reassure her of my affection?

TERRY

And make sure she understands that your need to be alone has nothing to do with her.

BOB

Why would she think me needing alone time has anything to deal with her? There's no relation there.

TERRY

She's a woman.

Bob frowns.

BOB

So I reassure her and then that's it. She won't feel insecure about it? Like I'm abandoning her?

TERRY

Yup. It's that easy.

EXT. STORE - DAY

SARAH

There's no way it's that easy. Here, what about this example. I'm just so tired of him not doing anything around the house. I say, "Oh, the house is such a mess" but he just doesn't get it. He continues letting it be a mess.

KIM

He can't read your mind, he doesn't even realize that what you want is for him to help clean up.

SARAH

So what do I do?

KIM

Ask him to do it.

SARAH

I don't understand.

KIM

Say, "Will you help clean up the house?"

SARAH

But that's so rude! He might feel like I'm blaming him for the messy house. I don't want him to feel like that.

KIM

He's not going to feel that way.

SARAH

How do you know that?

KIM

He's a man.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - EVENING

Sarah and Kim meet up with Terry and Bob. Terry and Kim hug and kiss. Sarah and Bob hug and hold hands.

CUT TO:

Sarah and Kim are unloading their supplies. Terry and Bob are helping.

SARAH

(to Bob)

We went to get the local meat, the kind that I know you especially like but you won't believe how expensive it was. I knew it would be pricey but not THAT pricey.

Sarah drops the barbecue clamps and reaches down to get them.

BOB

Well you could have just gone to Winco instead. They have cheaper meat.

Terry elbows Bob.

BOB (CONT'D)

I mean... I'm sorry. That's hard. That's hard to deal with.

Sarah pops up with the clamps in hand.

SARAH

Yeah? Yah! It is! It was so annoying and I was just so frustrated by it.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I hope you'll enjoy the meat,
you're such a fabulous griller.

Bob puffs out his chest.

BOB

Yeah.

SARAH

Oh no. Where's the blanket?

BOB

Probably in the car.

SARAH

I think you're right. I must have
forgot it in the car.

Sarah looks at Bob.

BOB

That's hard.

Terry face palms. Kim stares at Sarah and puts her hands on
her hips. Sarah clears her throat and twiddles her thumbs.

SARAH

Will you go get the blanket from
the car? It is kind of far away and
it would be a huge help for me,
especially since I'm still trying
to set up and everything.

BOB

Oh! Yah! I'd love to do that for
you.

SARAH

Thank you so much.

Bob leaves.

CUT TO:

Kim and Terry are by the fire setting up chairs.

KIM

You didn't put the chickens away?

TERRY

I forgot.

KIM

But I asked you to do it hours ago.
I sent you a text reminder.

TERRY

I'm sorry. We'll do it when we get
home.

KIM

It needs to be done right now.

TERRY

Okay I got it. I'll go put the
chickens in right now. I'll be
right back.

KIM

Should I go with you?

TERRY

No. I got it.

Terry leaves, he's got a slight stomp in his steps.

EXT. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Bob is carrying a blanket, talking to Terry.

BOB

I thought you had relationships all
worked out?

TERRY

What worked once, may not work
again. As relationships evolve, so
do people.

END.

Superheroes are Overrated

Description:

Carson asks heroes for help finding his kidnapped brother.

EXT. BIG CITY MAINSTREET - DAY

A battleground. Rubble from nearby buildings. Dust wafting in the air. A few PLOICE wait at a nearby distance.

CARSON (11) hides behind a big electric box, watching.

BAM! MCGOGLES (40) wearing a black costume with sharp edges is SLAMMED against a wall. MR. BIG (30) wearing a yellow and blue costume with a big B on his chest, pins McGogles.

MR. BIG

I hope you like prison food.

Mr. Big picks up McGogles and throws him at the feet of the police.

MR. BIG (CONT'D)

Here's you go boys. Your next delivery.

Carson runs towards Mr. Big.

CARSON

Wait! Mr. Big, please.

MR. BIG

(laughing)

What's this? Anther fan? Don't you know this isn't a place for kids? But I admire your devotion.

CARSON

It's my brother!

Carson pulls out his phone and shows Mr. Big a picture of THOMAS (14) sandy hair, blue eyes.

CARSON (CONT'D)

He's missing. Please, will you find him?

A nearby police officer, JETHRO (30) male, notices Carson and Mr. Big talking.

MR. BIG

Where do you live kid?

CARSON

Just outside Everton Hills.

MR. BIG

Everton Hills, that's a nice community.

(MORE)

MR. BIG (CONT'D)

Kid's don't go missing from that area. You're probably confused. Wait a few days. He'll probably show up.

CARSON

He's not a dog. People don't just turn up eventually.

MR. BIG

Missing persons are more of police small scale thing. I handle the big stuff.

Mr. Big's watch starts to BEEP BEEP BEEP.

MR. BIG (CONT'D)

That's my cue. Don't worry Carson. I'll keep this city safe for kids like you.

CARSON

Please...

Mr. Big jumps off.

Carson watches him go. Jethro walks over to him.

JETHRO

What was that you were saying?
Missing person?

Carson rubs his eyes quickly.

CARSON

You're not a superhero. You don't have superpowers.

JETHRO

Super is dumb word. I'm a hero, I've got powers and I'm willing to help.

CARSON

You have powers?

JETHRO

Not everyone with powers needs to be a super. Sometimes we're just ordinary heroes.

Carson shows Jethro the picture on his phone.

CARSON
This is my brother Thomas. He got
kidnapped a few days ago.

JETHRO
Alright. Tell me what you know.

INT. CAR PARKED ON AN EVERTON HILLS STREET - DAY

Jethro is staking out an inviting, rich and clean house.
DANICA (30) black, female, sits in the car next to Jethro.

CARSON (V.O.)
A lot of kids have seen these big
white vans around the neighborhood
and whenever we see one, a kid goes
missing. Sometimes lots of kids.

A white van pulls up to the house. The garage door opens.

CARSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thomas and I saw one when we were
walking home and when we got home
Thomas went outside to get the mail
but he didn't come back inside.

The van pulls inside the garage and the door closes.

DANICA
Ready?

Danica puts an ear piece in her ear.

CARSON
Is my brother in there?

Danica and Jethro JUMP in their seats.

JETHRO
Kid! What the- how the-

DANICA
Excuse me! Who are you?

CARSON
I'm Carson. This is my brother who
you're going to be saving in there.

Carson shows Danica the picture of Thomas on his phone.

DANICA
This is an extremely dangerous
situation.

JETHRO
How did you even get in here kid?

CARSON
I've been tailing you. I snuck in
your car to watch you do cool hero
stuff.

Jethro and Danica gawk at each other.

DANICA
We have to call off the mission. We
can't put him jeopardy.

CARSON
No! You can't. My brother's in
there isn't he?

JETHRO
Well then you shouldn't have tried
coming along.

CARSON
Please. I'm sorry. I'll stay in
here. I'll be quiet. Please.

Jethro looks at Carson. He sighs.

JETHRO
The contact is expecting us. If we
pull out now, he'll know something
is up. This could be the only
chance we have.

DANICA
No.

Jethro gazes at Danica.

DANICA (CONT'D)
No. This is bad.

JETHRO
We have to.

Danica sighs.

DANICA
I'm going to get into so much
trouble for this.

JETHRO
(smiling)
Not as much as me.

Jethro's body, face and hair begin to shift. He becomes a thug-like man with a long beard, scars on his face and long dark hair.

JETHRO (CONT'D)
I'm going in. Once I have the evidence, we can pin him.

DANICA
Be safe.

JETHRO
I will.
(to Carson)
And you stay here and don't do or touch anything.

Carson salutes to Jethro. Jethro gets out of the car.

EXT. HOUSE IN EVERTON HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Jethro knocks on the door. X (45) bald, fat, muscle shirt, opens the door.

X
Come on in. I'll show you the merchandise.

INT. CAR PARKED ON AN EVERTON HILLS STREET - DAY

CARSON
So... have you and that other police guy kissed?

DANICA
Excuse me!

CARSON
His name is Jethro right? Wicked name. You like him? Or does he like you?

DANICA
We do not- You need to be quiet. We are on a mission right now.

CARSON
Yeah okay.

DANICA
It would be best if no one knows you're here.

CARSON

Yeah okay.

INT. HALLWAY IN EVERTON HILLS HOUSE - DAY

X leads Jethro down a hall. X opens a door. We only see Jethro's REACTION. We never see inside the rooms.

X

Here's the oldest.

Jethro's eyes go wide. He immediately settles down in a relaxed posture.

JETHRO

Nah, you got anything newer?

X

Don't like used goods huh? Me neither.

X continues down the hall and opens another room. Jethro winces. He recovers and smiles.

JETHRO

Hm. Yeah, yeah. I think I'm ready to talk a deal.

X

That's great. That's great. We'll be right in here.

X motions to an office room.

JETHRO

You got a bathroom first? I gotta take a piss.

X

Just across the hall.

Jethro goes into the bathroom and X goes into the office whistling.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jethro shuts the door and transforms back into his normal self. He leans against the sink. He is breathing heavy but quietly.

JETHRO
(whispering)
Get it together. Get it together.

His breathing slows. Breathe innnn-OUT. He looks in the mirror. He transforms back into the thug-like appearance.

He exits the bathroom.

INT. CAR PARKED ON AN EVERTON HILLS STREET - DAY

Danica is listening on a device. Carson is poking the seat.

DANICA
Got him.

Danica starts to get out of the car.

CARSON
You found Thomas?

DANICA
Stay here.

Danica shuts the car door. Carson rolls his eyes and watches the house.

Police swarm the house and break in.

POLICE
(distant and muffled)
Hands in the air!

INT. OFFICE ROOM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Police everywhere. X is being escorted out in handcuffs. Jethro is no longer in disguise. Danica is looking through papers.

DANICA
Jethro, look at this.

Danica hands him a notebook.

JETHRO
(reading)
Singapore, Bali, Miami, Barcelona,
New Zealand, Costa Rica, Dubai...

DANICA

There's more. And these numbers...
this is bigger than we could have
ever thought.

EXT. HOUSE IN EVERTON HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Kids are being escorted out of the house. A woman is talking to them.

Carson runs out of the car and watches all the kids. A thinner and paler Thomas walks out of the house.

Thomas sees Carson and they run to each other.

They hug and cry.

END.

Supreme Argument

Description:

Supreme Court Justice decides the case between a highschool protester and the school's principal.

"Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District." Oyez. Accessed February 16, 2023. <https://www.oyez.org/cases/1968/21>.

Slang words: <https://grammar.yourdictionary.com/slang/1960s-slang.html>

EXT. VIETNAM WAR - DAY

Soldiers cross a snowy hillside. Shots firing all around them. Men fall.

Blackout.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Zoom out of the black to reveal a black armband with the Vietnam Anti-War peace symbol on it.

FREEDOM (17) male, wearing a black armband, stares at a flier. JOHN (17) male joins him.

JOHN

Did you bring me one?

FREEDOM

Take a look at this.

John reads the flier:

JOHN

"Any student wearing an armband will be asked to remove it. Refusal to do so will result in suspension."

Freedom slips off his backpack, reaches inside and pulls out a black armband. He gives it to John.

FREEDOM

Out with the man.

John takes it and puts it on.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Freedom is sitting across a table from MR. PRICE (45) slightly bald, sweater vest.

A RECORDER sits in the corner with a typewriter.

SECURITY (40) buff, scary and official looking, enters.

SECURITY

Before we start, do you adhere to the rules and regulations of this court?

FREEDOM

Yes

MR. PRICE

Yes, that is exactly what one should expect-

SECURITY

Any attempt to harass or attack the Supreme Court Justice will result in immediate prosecution. The Supreme Court Justice has the final say in all matters regarding this case. His word is final. Do you **both**

(looks at Freedom)
understand?

FREEDOM

Yah.

MR. PRICE

Of course. I wouldn't dream-

SECURITY

Great. If you need anything, I don't care.

Security goes to the door and opens it. SJ (65) jolly, plump, business suit, white male enters and bounces his way to the head of a table.

SJ

Hello! I'm so happy to have you both here. We're going to have a good discussion and get this all sorted out.

Freedom looks the man up and down. He scoffs. What a joke.

SJ (CONT'D)

Would either of you like anything? A drink, water, maybe a light snack? I think I could get some cookies in here. Bob?

SJ looks at Security. Security grunts.

MR. PRICE

Thank you so much but I'll pass. Watching my weight and all that.

SJ

Yes, yes. And you?

Freedom flicks dust off the table. He looks up at SJ and raises an eyebrow.

FREEDOM

Yah I'll take some cookies. A plate full if you have it.

SJ

You're a growing boy! Let's have it, shall we! Bob?

Security grunts and moves towards the door. Freedom rolls his eyes.

MR. PRICE

Then maybe I'll take a water.

SJ

Perfect, you got all that Bob?

Security grunts and leaves the room.

SJ (CONT'D)

Bob is so reliable. Now let's get down to business. Let's hear from the young man first. Go on, son.

FREEDOM

I'm not your son.

SJ

Go on, boy whose future is dependent upon me.

Freedom clears his throat.

FREEDOM

We, some friends of mine and me, we put together a protest. Wear black armbands. Then on the 16th and New Years Eve, we were going to fast. Somehow our school found out and they protested our protest-

MR. PRICE

We didn't protest-

SJ

Let the boy speak.

Mr. Price shuts his mouth. Freedom scratches his head.

FREEDOM

Anyway, the school suspended anyone wearing an armband.

SJ

What were you protesting?

FREEDOM

We were showing our support for a truce in the Vietnam war.

SJ

Protesting the war I see. Very controversial. People are all in a tisy about it really.

SJ mimics people talking on his two hands, as if his hands were puppets.

SJ (CONT'D)

(doing voices)

"No chemicals! War is too violent!"

"War is war!"

"We're invaders! Rawr!"

"Rawr, we must defend ourselves and

"our allies!"

"There's no point to it all!"

"Blah blah blah blah blah!"

"Blah blah blah."

SJ stops. Freedom and Mr. Price blankly stare. SJ smiles brightly.

SJ (CONT'D)

Alright, enough of that. Anything else?

FREEDOM

I have my rights don't I? I'm a citizen too. This is supposed to be America. I can say what I want to say, how I want to say it, when I want to.

SJ

Yes, yes, very nice.

(to Mr. Price)

What's your side?

Mr. Price clears his throat.

MR. PRINCE

Yes well, my board heard about the impending protest among the students and we took necessary actions to prepare for resulting scenarios should they have executed their designs. Which they did.

SJ

So you wanted to stop their protest?

MR. PRICE

It was a disruption among our good institution of learning for teachers and students alike. Such measures taken by these students inhibit learning and cause a critical distraction.

SJ

Schools are for learning, not disruptions.

MR. PRICE

Exactly. I really couldn't have said it better myself.

Security walks in, puts water on the table and a plate of cookies in front of Freedom. Freedom devours them.

SJ

A couple questions now.

MR. PRICE

Yes, of course. Ask away Supreme Court Justice.

SJ

The disruption you talk about, we cannot have this disruption. That's true. But how do we know a disruption would have occurred?

(pause)

Does this disruption stem from the students inferring it, or from the school board's fear that it might happen?

MR. PRICE

Well... just a moment. Allow me to gather myself.

Mr. Price drinks from his glass of water. Freedom chomps on a cookie and wipes crumbs onto the floor.

MR. PRICE (CONT'D)

The school board isn't acting out of fear. We're acting only out of the best interest of the school.

SJ

Can you prove that?

MR. PRICE

At this current time I have no evidence to support my exact claim but I'm sure I can find something to prove our intent.

SJ

Alright then, let's move on. Tell me why you don't like the armbands.

MR. PRICE

It's simple. The armbands distract the students which detract from the ability of our school officials to perform their duties. Our school is well within its rights to discipline the students.

SJ

So you're saying that the actions of the protesting students are so impactful that they distract other students. Is that right?

MR. PRICE

Yes. That is exactly what I'm saying, yes.

SJ

Can you prove that? Can you **prove** to me that the conduct in question, wearing armbands, would **materially** and **substantially** interfere with the operation of the school?

MR. PRICE

Uh, well it. The students...
(trails off)

SJ

I'm going to tell you tale.
Consider it will you.

EXT. CARTOON WORLD - FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

JO (45) thick worn hands and fishing attire, stands on the upper deck of a boat looking over the crew.

SJ (V.O.)

Jo worked first mate on a fishing boat. He was a big fan of the Red Sox, baseball you know. I'm a bit partial to them myself.

Jo thumbs through a few Red Sox's collector baseball cards.

SJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On the same boat, one of the deckhands was a Yankees fan.

A Yankees hat appears on the bow to reveal TIM (19) lazy posture with a fresh clean appearance.

SJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This deckhand, we'll call him Tim, a young man, you know the types, he wore his Yankee hat everywhere he went.

Tim binds a rope into a loose knot.

SJ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Yankees and Red Sox are bitter rivals, honestly I don't know how they could stand being on the same boat as one another.

Tim walk past Jo. Jo glares. Tim doesn't notice.

INT. COURTROOM - CONTINUOUS

SJ

Now I wonder, will the Yankee hat distract Jo, the first mate, from doing his work?

MR. PRICE

Well, no, that would be excessive if anything. He's a fisherman, not a baseball player. If he can't deal with such a disagreement as that than really that's the insecurity of his own.

SJ

Hm...

SJ's eyes bore into Mr. Price.

Mr. Price readjusts his position.

SJ stares.

Mr. Price opens his mouth when-

SJ (CONT'D)

Last question. Do students lose their First Amendment rights to freedom of speech when they step onto school property?

MR. PRICE

Wha-

SJ

The First Amendment: The law that gives people the right to protest and free speech. Do students lose that right when they step on school property?

MR. PRICE

Well, children are not necessarily guaranteed the full extent of the First Amendment rights. Children are children after all.

SJ

Fair point, however, in this case I disagree. Unless you can prove to me that wearing an armband is going to cause a distraction for students' learning, I am unconvinced. Children may be children but even they deserve the right to express their opinions. Any last comments?

MR. PRICE

... No.

SJ

Then that's my verdict. This young man has every right to wear his armband at school.

Mr. Price slumps in his seat. Freedom snickers at him. The recorder in the corner starts packing up. SJ stands up and holds out his hand to Mr. Price. Mr. Price stands and shakes the hand.

SJ (CONT'D)

You have debated me well. You are a wise man and I respect you highly. You did your best to stand up to me and that is not easy. I congratulate you. Now go home and think about what I've said.

MR. PRICE

Of course. Thank you Supreme Court Justice.

Mr. Price and the Recorder leave. Freedom stands and casually brushes the crumbs off himself.

FREEDOM

You know, you're pretty alright for an old man.

SJ slowly turns to Freedom. His demeanor has completely changed. His once friendly face has gone hard, rigid and dark.

SJ

(intensely)

Sit down son.

Freedom jumps back a bit. He sits down quietly. SJ picks up the empty plate and holds it out to Security. Security takes it and exits. SJ and Freedom are alone in the room. SJ sits down beside Freedom, close enough to reach out a hand and choke him.

SJ (CONT'D)

Lives were fought and are being fought for the opinions you are allowed to have. Do you know what it means to takes something for granted? You're becoming a man. Start thinking, are you willing to carry the weight of what your opinions will cost you?

FREEDOM

I...

SJ

You've got the air of rebellion son. Strong backbone, that's good. But who are you fighting?

FREEDOM

I'm fighting the man. The little guy doesn't have a chance against the big man.

SJ

And who is "the big man", son? That would be me. How about instead of "fighting the big man" you try working with him?

FREEDOM

People don't listen.

SJ

Then you be the one who does. You'd be surprised how people follow by example.

Security enters. SJ's demeanor turns friendly old man again. Freedom is unusually quiet, his posture no longer slack.

SECURITY

It's time to leave.

SJ

I'm proud of you son. Today you fought for the freedom to have an opinion. The world needs people like you.

SJ shakes Freedom's hand in an energetic upbeat handshake.

FREEDOM

(solemn)

Thank you Supreme Court Justice Sir.

SJ

Call me SJ.

END.