



Scriptnotes

Three Page Challenge Packet

WGF Craft Symposium
June 29, 2013

ENJOY THE SHOW Allie & Liz Sayle

FADE IN

On a METAL CLAW caged inside plexiglas. It drops nothing down a metal chute.

INT. MOVIE THEATER ARCADE - DAY

The claw grinds back to the starting position.

SUPER: Thousand Oaks, CA 2010

A pair of hands rip open a fresh roll of quarters. The wrapper falls to the ground littered with similar wrappers and cheap stuffed animals. A graveyard of undesirables discarded at the feet of

ANDREW (19). Safe. Doesn't get a lot of sunlight.

One toy remains in the claw prize machine...

FOZZIE BEAR, Muppet Baby edition. A million times more awesome than the crap on the floor.

Andrew inserts two more quarters.

INT. ARCADE - LATER

Fozzie Bear remains in the machine. Andrew remains steadfast in his quest. He's deliberate, skillful with the joystick.

ANDREW
(to no one)
If you want it. Take it. I was just going to throw it away.
(then)
My class was cancelled. So, I came early-
(no)
I was just killing time in the arcade. Yeah, check it out. I won it. What? You like Fozzie Bear? I didn't know that. Here, take it.

INT. ARCADE - LATER

Andrew's assets are getting low. He hasn't collected his prize, but he has managed to draw an audience of two TWEEN GIRLS.

ANDREW
You're making too much of it.

TWEEN WITH ATTITUDE
Does she have a boyfriend?

ANDREW
Yeah.

TWEEN WITH ATTITUDE
And he's your friend?

ANDREW
It's not like that. It's a platonic gift.

TWEEN WITH ATTITUDE
Arcade bears are not platonic.

DOE-EYED TWEEN
I'll be your girlfriend. If you want to make her jealous.

Andrew sighs. He slips his last two quarters in. Grips the joystick.

INT./EXT. BMW - DAY

Gear shift SLAMS into forth and we're flying down a freeway.

SUPER: US 101 - 8.6 miles South of Thousand Oaks

8.6 ROLLS to 8.5

Female in the driver's seat. We'll come to know her as BRODY (30s). Decisive. Former sorority girl.

Brody gains on the car in front. Dangerously so. She downshifts. SWERVES right to the next lane. Another slow car ahead. Closer. Another downshift. Another lane change. A collision imminent until she ZOOMS onto an exit ramp.

Brody shifts up. Building speed towards a red light. It changes green just as she ZIPS through the intersection and back on the freeway.

INT. MUVIOPOLIS 16 - DAY

Fozzie Bear chillin on the concession stand counter. A circular island in the middle of the movie theater lobby.

Andrew scopes out the candy. Counts what's left of his cash. Not enough. A stoned-out-of-his-mind TRAINEE (teens, male) sludges over.

TRAINEE
Help you?

ANDREW
No. Changed my mind.

Andrew picks up Fozzie and backs away. Through the front doors he spots the rest of his party.

KELLEN (20). Statuesque. Andrew's best friend. Holding hands with his girlfriend ZIA (20). Dreamer. Shallow end of the hipster pool.

Kellen throws Andrew an I-see-you nod. The couple disappears as they approach the ticket booth.

Andrew glances at Fozzie Bear. At Fozzie's dull, idiotic expression.

KELLEN (O.S.)
Yo.

Andrew looks up to see Kellen with his head popped in the door. Instinctively hides Fozzie behind his back.

KELLEN
One forty eighty-five. Beat that.

ANDREW
Already did.

KELLEN
Unproven sir, unproven. What are we seeing?

ANDREW
Devil.

Kellen goes back out. Vanishes. Returns.

KELLEN
She doesn't want to see Devil.

ANDREW
I already bought my ticket.

Kellen disappears again.

Suddenly Fozzie Bear is a hot potato burning through Andrew's skin like lava. He panics. Tries stuffing it in his pocket. No, it's too big. Too obvious. Nothing around. The room is wide open. Except for the concession stand. A trash can. Andrew throws Fozzie in. A twinge of regret and then --

THREE PAGES
Kate Gragg

COLD OPEN

INT. CAR RENTAL SHOP - MIDLAND, TEXAS - DAY

HATTIE CONAWAY, 26 fidgets with a bucking bronco figurine on a rack of Texas-themed souvenirs, keeping one eye on the CLERK behind the counter as he nods along to a phone call.

CLERK
(hanging up the phone)
They say you're dead.

HATTIE
I know I'm dead. I was hoping my bank hadn't heard yet.

CLERK
Well I can't rent you nothing. Not without a valid credit card. They said...
(reading off a notepad)
"The estate is still in probate."

Hattie turns towards the window, ignoring him, scanning for options.

CLERK (CONT'D)
I got probation too. Were you down at County?

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A TOUR GUIDE loads portly, cross-bedecked TOURISTS onto a sleek, modern CHURCH BUS with "CANDLE OF GOD CHURCH - SEE THE HOLY LIGHTS" stenciled on the side in gold lettering.

INT. CAR RENTAL KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Hattie yanks a "God is Bigger in Texas" T-SHIRT off the souvenir rack and slips it on while grabbing a fistful of plastic BRACELETS featuring various Christian catchphrases and runs for the door.

CLERK
Hey!

HATTIE
Can't arrest the dead!

EXT. HIGHWAY 285, TERRELL COUNTY, TEXAS - DAY

PIRATE, 33, skinny and ferret-faced, and BUDDY, 21, chubby and babyfaced, sit atop two ragged-looking HORSES, staring down a stretch of two-lane blacktop baking in the relentless Texas sun.

PIRATE
You know what Blackbeard used to do, stick a stick of dynamite in his beard, light it up so he looked like the devil. When he was fighting people.

BUDDY
His head didn't blow up?

PIRATE
Naw, he probably killed everybody in enough time to put it out.

INT. CHURCH BUS - HIGHWAY 285 - DAY

Hattie tries to sleep, but her backpack makes a lousy pillow.

Too much sunlight. No A/C. Worst of all, the back row's taken up with a CHOIR.

SINGERS

THE RAIN CAME DOWN
AND THE FLOODS CAME UP
AND THE WISE MAN'S HOUSE STOOD FIRM

Hattie pulls her shirt collar up over her ears. Her seatmate harrumphs and turns another page in her large-print bible.

EXT. HIGHWAY 285 - DAY

A FLATBED TRUCK with "HONK 4 JESUS" written backwards on the front bumper races up alongside the BUS.

The driver, a PIGTAILED BLONDE, waves at the bus, gesturing for them to honk.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER HONKS enthusiastically, to the delight of the passengers.

Hattie startles out of her doze.

EXT. HIGHWAY 285 - WITH HORSEMEN - CONTINUOUS

Buddy and Pirate sit high in their saddles.

GUNS out, checking bullets.

PIRATE
I like the idea of it though. The visual.

BUDDY
You'd have to grow your beard out more.

They hear the HONK and snap into motion.

Galloping HORSES.

BUS and TRUCK speeding down the road.

The TRUCK surges forward, AHEAD OF THE BUS.

EXT. HIGHWAY 285 - WITH BUS - CONTINUOUS

The TRUCK JACKKNIFES, blocking the road.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The driver slams on his BRAKES, stopping inches short of the truck bed.

EXT. HIGHWAY 285 - CONTINUOUS

Buddy guides his HORSE on an unnecessary JUMP OVER THE TRUCK BED, earning an eyeroll from Pirate.

They flank the BUS.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Pirate sticks his GUN through the bus driver's window.

PIRATE
You know what this is. Open up.

Hattie has never been more awake in her life.

THREE PAGES - Louisa Makaron

INT. DAISY'S HOUSE -- DAY

A simple and tidy front room.

DAISY MORTON (mid 20s) sits at her desk meticulously sketching in a notebook. Her doe eyes and cardigan would suggest that she's probably drawing a unicorn.

She picks up a permanent marker. It SQUEAKS along the paper as she writes, forcefully and purposefully.

She sits back, taking in her work. She smiles, pleased.

The bold print topping the page reads: HOW TO DODGE A BULLET.

And below, a photo-realistic drawing of a woman dodging a bullet and a list of detailed instructions on how it's done.

Nope. Not a unicorn.

THUD. Daisy's head snaps toward the sound. Someone's outside.

She tiptoes her way to the front door, peeks out the window.

A DELIVERY MAN pokes around the front porch, with a CRUDELY WRAPPED PACKAGE in hand. Daisy eyes him suspiciously through the curtains.

He looks around, their eyes meet. She quickly ducks back behind the curtain.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
Umm... I saw you.

She sighs. Crap.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
I've got a package for a Daisy Morton.

She opens the door.

DAISY
What were you doing?

DELIVERY MAN
Umm... Hello.

DAISY
Hi. What were you doing?

DELIVERY MAN
I was looking for the doorbell.

DAISY
Are you incapable of knocking for some reason?

DELIVERY MAN
No, it's just that ringing the bell is one of the only perks of this job, so I like to take advantage whenever possible.

He's trying to keep it light, but she's not having it.

DAISY
(re: the package)
What's that?

DELIVERY MAN
I don't know.

DAISY
I'm not expecting anything.

DELIVERY MAN

Maybe it's a present.

DAISY
It's not my birthday, and the nearest holiday is National Fanny Pack Day. Not exactly a gift giving holiday. You're not the usual guy.

He's having trouble keeping up.

DELIVERY MAN
What?

DAISY
The guy who usually delivers here... Where is he?

DELIVERY MAN
I don't know.

DAISY
There's certainly an awful lot you don't know.

DELIVERY MAN
Well, I'm new.

DAISY
That's convenient.

DELIVERY MAN
Yes, especially since I was unemployed before this.

DAISY
And since you love ringing doorbells.

He blinks, confused. Is she kidding?

DELIVERY MAN
Exactly. Would you sign right here?

He tries to hand her a clipboard.

DAISY
No, I won't. Please go away and take that package with you. It's not mine.

He stares at her for a moment. He's over this. He sets the package down at her feet, and turns back for his truck.

DAISY (CONT'D)
Hey! You can't leave that here!

He ignores her. He gets into the truck, drives away.

She quickly shifts focus to the package, eyes it nervously.

She picks up a nearby phone. Dial 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
9-1-1, what is your emergency?

DAISY
A very suspicious package was just left at my door and--

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Daisy?

She takes a nervous gulp. Busted.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
(annoyed)
Is this Daisy Morton?

She grimaces, knows what's coming.

OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ms. Morton, I believe I told you to stop calling us.