

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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1. INT - CORRIDOR

Dramatic classical music ramps up as the camera makes its way to the Global Learning Room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Jonathan Hubert, and I wrote, directed and shot the film you are about to see. I also bought the props and acquired the actors, which makes me the producer as well. *(Beat.)* And *this*, is the greatest film I've ever made.

Jonathan opens the door to the room, revealing:

2. INT - GLOBAL LEARNING ROOM (DARK)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the Global Learning Room. In our brief time together, I hope you can walk away with a better understanding of *our* globe, and the people in it.

A globe slides in from the side of the frame.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That's one of two things great films do. Before anything else, they instruct.

The Narrator's hand comes in from the other side, spinning the globe seemingly without touching it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They hold up a mirror to *real* people, and let you see your truest self reflected back at you. And the second thing?

The Narrator snaps his finger. The lighting color changes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Great films look *really* good.

The Narrator snaps his finger again, the lighting color changes once more.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I could do this all day - but it's about time we got to our story.

The Narrator waves his hand in a theatrical fashion, as we cut to Glen lying sprawled out on the floor.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is our male character. He's a 23 year old male in college struggling to find employment, trying to find his place in the world. He's very relatable.

GLEN

(Slowly waking up.)
Hey, this isn't my room. Did you...drag me here while I was sleeping?

NARRATOR

Yes.

GLEN

Shit. Um, could I just go?

NARRATOR

Sure, but I was hoping you could act in my short film first.

GLEN

What if I refuse? I could just walk out the door.

NARRATOR

I've installed a small electrical buzzer at the base of your neck that gives you a zap whenever you go against my wishes.

GLEN

What the f**k is wrong with you?

Glen gets a zap, and yelps.

NARRATOR

No swearing. I'm gunning for a Parental Guidance rating.

Glen notices something off-frame.

GLEN

What about her, is she with you?

The camera whips around, and we see Adria seated on a chair, doing dumbbell lifts slowly and deliberately.

NARRATOR

This is our strong female character.

ADRIA

You gotta stop complaining and push through this, dude. Earn your money.

GLEN

What money? Wait, is this guy paying you? I was kidnapped!

ADRIA

Oh, that's kinda messed up. I'm an actress.

GLEN

Well, are you going to help me?

ADRIA

I'm just here to do this scene and get out, bro.

GLEN

Please - I have no idea where we are, or even what time it is.

ADRIA

Sorry, man, I'm only being paid to do dumbbell curls.

Glen looks frustrated, unsure what to do next.

PAUSE. Super-imposed text: "Conflict."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When the conflict in a scene is stalling, one common storytelling strategy is to introduce a fun prop to spice things up.

RESUME. A gun is slid over towards the actors.

GLEN

What the f**k?

(Is instantly buzzed.)

Ow - Did he just slide us a gun?

Adria picks it up to examine it, while still lifting her dumbbell in her other hand.

ADRIA

Whoa, it's real. And loaded.

GLEN

What!?

Glen rushes to look at it.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Where did you get this?

ADRIA

It looks great.

GLEN

It's a dangerous weapon!

ADRIA

It's a good-looking dangerous
weapon.

The scene is starting to stall again.

Brief super-imposed text: "Stakes."

NARRATOR

That's right, I almost forgot to
mention. Adria, if you shoot him//

GLEN

//What!?!//

NARRATOR

I'll double your pay. But if you
fire at her, you're free to go.
Otherwise, you'll be acting here
indefinitely.

Adria, who is holding the gun, tenses up and aims it at Glen,
who is panicking.

GLEN

But she's already holding the gun!
How is this a choice?

ADRIA

That sounds like a you problem.

GLEN

F**k!!
(He gets buzzed.)
Ow! Please, don't shoot!

ADRIA

Why shouldn't I?

GLEN

Because I'm a person, and this is just a film set, right!? Even if it's a really weird one, you wouldn't actually kill an innocent stranger just for money --

Beat.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Would you!?

ADRIA

I could use that money.

GLEN

Why, you want a new car? Is that it?

ADRIA

I'm struggling to pay my mom's hospital bills.

GLEN

Oh, shit. That sucks.

ADRIA

Yeah. It does. Sometimes I feel as if every day I spend as an amateur actress, I'm just gambling her life away. Like I have to choose between supporting her and my passion.

GLEN

I...can't imagine how that must feel. I've got my mom waiting for me back home, too, and all I wanna do is get back to her. Okay?

There's a tense beat - before Adria decides to lower the gun.

ADRIA

Okay.

GLEN

I'm going to hug you, if that's alright.

ADRIA

...okay.

As Glen approaches, he picks up the gun when Adria isn't looking, and gets ready to fire at her head. He braces himself, winces.

GLEN

I'm sorry.

Glen pulls the trigger -- the "CLICK" of the gun.

Nothing comes out. He stands there, horrified. Adria looks back unsurprised, if clearly slightly disappointed.

The sound of a door opening.

NARRATOR

You're free to go.

Glen seems as if he wants to say something to Adria, and then to the camera - maybe explain himself. Instead he says:

GLEN

Fuck this.

He leaves the gun, and quickly makes his exit. Adria is still very slowly doing her dumbbell curls.

ADRIA

Do you have what you need?

(Beat.)

I'd like to go home now.

Fade to black.

[Possibly more solo Narrator stuff after this?]