

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

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INT. CAFE - DAY

A hand lifts a cup of coffee to a mouth. Steve takes a sip and puts the coffee back down. Two other men at the table RONALD, twenty something, wearing a tweed jacket, and PETE, fifties, dressed in denim, sip coffee as well.

STEVE

The meeting of the Imaginos International Film And Entertainment Group will now come to order. Pete, any luck raising money?

PETE

No, but I gotta plan. We harvest our organs.

STEVE

What?

PETE

We form one a them limited partnerships. Instead of money we donate our organs and sell 'em.

RONALD

Fabulous. I've always wanted to shoot a film from beyond the grave.

STEVE

Kill that idea Pete.

PETE

How 'bout this one. We rob a bank and video it. We get cash and some action footage for our movie. Kill two birds with one big ol' rock -

RONALD

We can then shoot some action footage of ourselves in prison for the epilogue.

STEVE

Nope. No good. Ronald, how's your script coming along?

RONALD

It's not quite finished.

STEVE

Ronald, you've been saying that for the last three months.

RONALD  
You cannot rush brilliance.

PETE  
I say we go ahead without it.

STEVE  
Without the script?

PETE  
Yeah. We think of a great title, a  
hook to reel the suckas in. Like  
this.

He pulls a dvd case out of his backpack. On the cover is a picture of several young women being menaced by a laughable looking monster. The title reads "Planet Jailbait".

RONALD  
Trash.

PETE  
It sells.

RONALD  
Art, my friend, art. Lift the blind  
masses up. Make them see, make them  
see.

Ronald raises his hands. Pete mocks him.

STEVE  
Let's get back to our movie.  
Ronald, when will your script be  
ready?

RONALD  
By the next meeting, absolutely, I  
promise.

INT. CAFE - DAY.

Elena enters the cafe and looks around. Steve, Pete and Ronald sit at their usual table. Steve waves. She spots him and walks over.

ELENA  
Hi.

Pete and Ronald stare at Elena.

STEVE  
Elena, this is Pete.

Steve lifts his hand towards Pete.

PETE  
Hiya doin' good lookin'.

Pete shakes Elena's hand really vigorously.

STEVE  
And this is Ronald.

RONALD  
Ah, the darkly enigmatic, and it would appear, beautiful Elena. It's a pleasure to finally make your acquaintance.

Elena attempts a handshake. Ronald takes her hand and kisses it. Elena laughs nervously and pulls her hand away. She sits down.

STEVE  
First order of business. Ronald, Elena and I read your revised screenplay and we thought it was excellent.

ELENA  
Very original.

Ronald beams.

RONALD  
The idea is king.

PETE  
Is it shorter?

STEVE  
Yes.

PETE  
That's good.

STEVE  
And Pete has secured our funding.

PETE  
That was brave of you to go up against the mob.

PETE  
Ah, it was nothing.

RONALD  
Go up against the mob? Pfft.

Ronald stifles a laugh. Pete shoots him a look.

STEVE  
Now we need to start casting.

ELENA  
I'd like to try out for the lead.

STEVE  
There's a smaller part I think you  
would be good for.

ELENA  
I've practiced, worked on my  
skills.

STEVE  
Well, we need a real actress.  
Someone with great chops.

ELENA  
But can't I try out?

STEVE  
Ah...no. Looks wise you're not what  
I had in mind.

ELENA  
What did you have in mind?

STEVE  
Someone younger, thinner.

ELENA  
Thinner?

Elena abruptly stands up and slams the chair against the table. Steve cringes. She storms off. Ronald raises his eyebrows. Pete shakes his head.

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ELENA  
So I'm not thin enough?

STEVE  
 Hey, it's not like you're not  
 pretty.

ELENA  
 I'm suicidal?

STEVE  
 I never said that.

ELENA  
 You acted it. The stove, the stones  
 at the beach, the garage -

STEVE  
 It was Ronald's stupid ideas.

ELENA  
 Guess what? I am suicidal. That  
 poem, Steve, is about my death.

She pulls a knife out of her clothing. Steve tries to lift  
 himself off the chair. It moves back a bit.

Elena approaches him and holds the knife close to his neck.

ELENA  
 I should kill you first.

Steve pushes the chair back a bit more.

STEVE  
 This is crazy. Let me go.

Elena pulls the knife away from his neck.

ELENA  
 But then you won't be able to watch  
 me do it.

She leans into Steve. Her face inches from his.

ELENA  
 I'm going to kill myself and you're  
 going to pay for it!

She pulls back.

ELENA  
 How should I do it Steve?

She holds the knife to her throat.

ELENA  
Slice the jugular for the firehose  
effect?

STEVE  
No Elena.

She points it at her wrist like she's going to stab it.

ELENA  
The wrist might be more fun.  
Prolong the agony.

Steve rocks violently back and forth in the chair.

ELENA  
No, I think I'll go right to the  
heart of the matter.

Looking determined she holds the knife above her head with both hands. She hesitates and finally plunges the knife into her left breast.

Blood pours out and soaks her dress. She gasps. Still clutching the knife she collapses. She writhes on the floor.

ELENA  
Ahhhhhh.

She's motionless.

STEVE  
Elena, fuck, shit fucking Christ!

Steve tips the chair over on it's side desperately trying to free himself. The lights go on. There's clapping.

RONALD  
Bravo. Bravo.

Ronald and Pete come out from behind some furniture. Elena opens her eyes. She jumps up off the floor. Pete unshackles Steve. He gets up shaken.

STEVE  
Fuck, fuck you guys. That was a  
lousy joke.

RONALD  
Calm down old boy. It was for a  
reason.

STEVE

What the hell could that be?

RONALD

Don't you think Elena's performance was magnificent?

PETE

Yeah, now will you give her a shot?

STEVE

No, you guys are a bunch of assholes.

ELENA

What's the matter, Steve, wasn't it good for you?

Steve slaps Elena across her face. She bursts into tears. Ronald and Pete stand motionless. Steve abruptly vacates the apartment.