

SCRIPT SAMPLES

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SAMPLE ONE (DRAMA - ADULT_:

FADE IN:

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A CELL PHONE rings in the dark. DETECTIVE KATE YI, freshly awakened, slaps barbarically at her nightstand to find it.

KATE

It's one in the fucking morning.

MACLEESE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

It's twelve forty five.

KATE

It's one in the fucking morning and nowhere in the drunken, Irish mess inside your skull did it occur to you to call someone on duty.

MACLEESE (O.S.)

I don't know what I'm looking at, Yi. I need a specialist.

That wakes her up.

KATE

...Well, shit.

MACLEESE (O.S.)

I'm sending a black and white to pick you up. They'll have coffee.

KATE

Tell them no sugar.

She hangs up and lays in her bed for a brief moment. She moans, whalelike, then stumbles out of the sheets.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATTERSON MEDICAL CENTER - AMBULANCE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

CAPTAIN MACLEESE is reading off his decade-old BLACKBERRY with a MANILA FOLDER tucked under his armpit. He's waiting. We hear a CAR pull up. The door SLAMS and Kate walks on screen, COFFEE in hand.

KATE

Captain, the ambulance entrance?

MACLEESE

(looking at his phone)

There's a fundraiser wrapping up in the lobby. Hospital's asked us to lay low until it's over.

KATE

Are you kidding me? They have a body in there and they don't want to stop the party? Why don't I bring them the body. They want to party so much they can use it as a piñata.

Kate moves into the hospital. MacLeese follows, still glued to his screen.

MACLEESE

You're cranky in the morning.

KATE

I think that, after being dragged to a murder at one in the morning with sugar in my coffee - this tastes like frosting, by the way - I think I'm a ray of goddamn sunshine.

(she takes a sip anyway)

Where are we?

MACLEESE

Fourth floor. Elevator's this way.

He looks up from his phone just long enough to guide her to the elevator.

MACLEESE (CONT'D)

I get that this caught you halfway through a REM cycle, but try to real in the language. We don't want to piss anyone off. The perp's a doctor here, and the hospital's promised to cooperate if we play nice.

KATE

We know the perp?

MACLEESE

Witness saw him. He's loose, but we have the I.D.

KATE

Then why did you call me? The entire point of a profile-

MACLEESE

For an explanation.

KATE

Of what?

MACLEESE

I told you on the phone. We don't even know what we're looking at.

MacLeese presses the elevator's UP button and his phone rings. He looks at the screen.

MACLEESE (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch.

The elevator opens and MacLeese pushes Kate inside.

MACLEESE (CONT'D)

Fourth floor. Don't go in the room yet. C.S.I.U. doesn't want us walking around. They don't know where we can step.

KATE

They don't know where we can step in the whole room? What the hell happened?

MacLeese hands her the manila folder, his phone still ringing.

MACLEESE

Here. Photos.

MacLeese walks away to answer his phone. Kate opens the folder while the elevator doors close and takes a look.

KATE

Holy shit.

The doors shut.

GO TO GAMEPLAY:

SAMPLE TWO (COMEDY - ADULT):

FADE IN:

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ZACH, KEVIN, and JILLIAN, teenagers, stand around a PENTACLE that has been poured onto the floor from a nearby KETCHUP BOTTLE. SCENTED CANDLES (lavender) have been lit and placed around the room. A CLOCK says it's 3:05.

KEVIN
Are you sure about this?

ZACH
Totally! What's cooler than demons?

KEVIN
An absence of demons.

JILLIAN
Shut up, Kevin.

Zach and Jillian kneel and place their hands on the rim of the KETCHUP PENTACLE. Kevin, hesitantly, follows suit.

ZACH
(shouting)
Oh, great devourer! I summon the
from thy slumber! Awaken to me and
do mine bidding!

Nothing happens.

KEVIN
(taunting)
...So-

JILLIAN
(dangerously)
Kevin.

KEVIN
(to Zach)
Did you read a book about this or
something?

JILLIAN
Kevin-

KEVIN
Should we maybe Google Translate
that into Latin?

JILLIAN
I swear to God-

KEVIN

Because I was really looking to the Satan-burger all that ketchup on my floor was going-

ZACH

(a little behind)
I read a book called your mom's face.

KEVIN

Oh, yeah. Let's go there. Let's bring that energy into our night.

JILLIAN

Kevin, shut up.
(trying to focus him)
Zach? Come on, babe.

Zach turns back to the pentacle.

ZACH

Demon! Arise, and-

An abrupt explosion of fire and darkness, and a DEMON appears. He looks more like an accountant than a demon, except for horns on his head and a tail poking out the back of his PAJAMA PANTS. He was asleep.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Eat it, Kevin.

The demon's eyes fall on the CLOCK. 3:06.

DEMON

Does that say three in the goddamn morning? What could you possibly want from me at three in the morning?!

ZACH

...But it's the witching hou-

DEMON

No, just, shut up. For, like, five seconds, just don't talk.

The demon rubs his eyes, trying to calm down. The teens sit in a long, awkward silence.

DEMON (CONT'D)

(deliberately calm)
Do you have coffee?

KEVIN

Um, I think my parents have some in
the kitch-

DEMON

Move.

The demon pushes his way through the teens and into the kitchen behind them. The LIGHT flips on and we hear RUMMAGING through the cabinets.

KEVIN

(whispering)

I told you this was-

In a frenzy, FLAMES pour from the kitchen door.

DEMON (O.S.)

(in a satanic voice)

Where are the filters?!

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The demon sits on the couch, his COFFEE clutched in both hands like a lifeline. The lights have been turned on, the scented candles blown out. We see the CHARRED REMAINS of the kitchen door in the background. The demon takes a deep, calming breath.

DEMON

All right. What is it? What do you
want?

ZACH

(referring to Jillian)

We're offering this virgin for
sacrifice-

DEMON

Let me just stop you there.
First, no one believes you,
sweetheart; you lost all
credibility after the nose ring.
Second, why? Why a virgin?

ZACH

Don't you... like... eat them? Or
something?

DEMON

That's idiotic. If I was going to eat her, it wouldn't matter if she was a virgin. It would only matter if... you know. Which is a whole different set of assumptions.

The demon takes a delicate sip of coffee. There is a pause.

ZACH

Are you gay?

DEMON

Dear God, Kevin. This coffee. This. Coffee. Is terrible. In what pit did you find this?

KEVIN

My parents buy it.

DEMON

Well, Kev, tell them to stay away from the discount aisle or, so help me, I will empty them out with a rusty-

ZACH

Are you gay?

DEMON

Did I not sidestep that clearly enough for you? Should I have held up a yield sign? It's just... it's complicated right now.

Beat.

ZACH

How is it complicated?

KEVIN

(to himself)
Jesus.

ZACH

What? You either are or you're not.

KEVIN

No, dude, there's like this sexuality scale. Everyone's a number from one to five of how gay you are. It's like a slider.

JILLIAN

I heard about that, actually.

KEVIN

The Kinsey Scale. If you're a one, you're totally straight, and if you're a three you're bisexual. But you can be a two, or, like, a four.

JILLIAN

Sexual identity is complex, babe.

The teens drift into a tense silence. The demon is glaring at them.

ZACH

So, what, you're like a two and a half?

Zach bursts into flames.

CUT TO:

SAMPLE THREE (FAMILY FRIENDLY):

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACK ANT HQ/OUTSIDE - DAY

All is quiet at the anthill, but soon we hear footsteps in the distance. The feet of an obnoxious AMERICAN FAMILY come into view. A PICNIC BASKET and BLANKET are set down. Children are screeching.

FATHER

(while chewing)

All right, kids, you know the drill. Don't throw anything at anyone we know or I'll get out the leash.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK ANT HQ/QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - DAY

QUEEN ANTOINETTE, massive and immobile, lounges in her quarters when ANTMIRAL ANTHONY scurries in.

ANTHONY

My Queen! My love! We have reports of the giants' return!

ANTOINETTE

The giants of legend? What of the spoils - the tales tell of food enough that I might become even more beautiful.

ANTHONY

The tales told true, but the men wondered if, this time, there was enough that we might...

He trails off.

ANTOINETTE

Might what, Anthony?

ANTHONY

Your beauty is already surpassing any cre-
 (she coughs unhealthily)
 -any creature in the land, and so the men wondered if we might... well... share.

ANTOINETTE

Treason! To death with them!

She tries to move, but instead wiggles ineffectively.

ANTHONY

I shall handle the usurpers, my love. Let us deal with them fairly.

ANTOINETTE

Hmph. Do as you will, but claim the giants' spoils before our enemy, Anthony. I shall be more beautiful than that fire ant harlot.

ANTHONY

At once, your grace!

Anthony exits.

ANTOINETTE

(to herself)
 Oh, I do hope there's snickerdoodles.

GO TO GAMEPLAY: