

THE SCRIPT

FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

A computer screen. Word processing software, a heading reads "The Script".

GEORGE, early 30s, sits in front of the computer screen, stares at it intently, he's got nothing.

The clock reads 7AM.

INT. KITCHEN

A kettle whistles. A tea bag drops into a cup.

INT. LOUNGE

The clock reads 8AM

George sits in front of his computer, nurses a cup of tea. The screen still reads "The Script"

INT. PORCH

A wedge of mail slides through the letter box.

George's hand promptly intercepts them. He stands in the porch, takes his time to sift through them.

INT. KITCHEN

A kettle whistles. A tea bag drops into another cup.

INT. LOUNGE

The clock reads 12.30PM.

The computer screen remains unchanged. Several empty cups of tea line the desk.

George stands in front of his desk, a tennis ball in hand, playing catch with the wall, eyes still firmly on the screen.

A rustling of keys and shopping bags at the front door, the sound of someone entering. George follows the sounds as they move through the house.

BETH (O.S)
(calling from another
room)
How's your writing going?

2.

GEORGE

(raised voice)

Not good, I can't think of a
single idea.

A six foot GORILLA wearing a dress appears in the doorway,
shopping bags in hand. It speaks with Beth's voice.

BETH

Don't worry you'll think of
something.

FADE OUT.