

DALLAS 24 HOUR VIDEO RACE COMPETITION SCRIPT

(1ST PLACE IN HOLLYWOOD DIVISION)

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY CHAD BRIGGS

Exactly 24 hours to produce a short film from script to screen using the following items:

Flagpole

Dialogue "wrong turn"

Dialogue "You don't owe me anything" (Which was printed with a typo on the contest instructions as "be" instead of "me". Was the only one to pay any attention to the typo and use it as a gag in my script.)

Musical Instrument

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INT. DUSTY TAROT PARLOR

Slowly, one by one, a deck of tarot cards are placed out on a table as the camera pans over them. GIRL#1 nervously clutches at her purse and bites her nails while the cards are being the laid out. The SEER LADY dramatically and purposely staggers the cards on the table, each time pausing as if she is containing some energy that is flowing through her body.

GIRL#1

I've made a lot of wrong turns in the romance department, but this time... you feel something good right?

SEER LADY

Hush child! Do not disturb the spirits!

The seer lady finishes laying out the final cards.

SEER LADY (CONT'D)

Ah yes, twice before you have been spurned by jealous lovers, no?

GIRL#1

Yes!

SEER LADY

One of whom worked for the CIA?

GIRL#1

Yes!

SEER LADY

And had a glass eye and wooden leg?

GIRL#1

Yes!

SEER LADY

But you are nearing a new phase in your life! One full of love and passion!

GIRL#1

Yes! I knew it!

The girl abruptly stops, tilts her head, and pauses in thought.

GIRL#1 (CONT'D)

Wait... do I have to pay more for  
the good fortune?

SEER LADY

No, child. This is true love we are  
talking about. You don't owe BE  
anything. Now let us...

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

CUT!!!! GOOD GOD, CUT!!!!

The two girls look up, startled.

INT. STUDIO

A wider shot reveals this is the filming of a movie in progress and the two women are actresses. The DIRECTOR storms toward the actresses from behind the camera, extremely annoyed. The seer lady goes out of character into a state of indifference, then lights up a cigarette. She begins puffing furiously.

DIRECTOR

"You don't OWE BE anything? OWE BE?  
Are you mental???"

SEER LADY

Um... NO... i'm not. It says right  
here on page 38 "You don't owe BE  
anything"

DIRECTOR

AGGGGG!!!!!! It's a typo! Who reads  
anything that flippin'  
literally??!!??

The girls jump back.

Director starts running his hands through his hair, walks away in disgust

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

\*yelling\* Take five while Hellen  
Keller over here learns how to read  
a script! ASPIRIN!!!!!! NOW!!!

An assistant scurries up to the director with a huge bottle of Aspirin. He pours out a handful and dumps them in his mouth, chomping on them like a snack.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 COFFEE!!! NEED more COFFEE!!  
 PHONE!!!!

The assistant quickly takes the aspirin bottle and hands the director a phone. The director furiously dials numbers.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Smith! Where the's flippin  
 coffee??? You were supposed to be  
 here 30 minutes ago!

EXT. FLAGPOLE AREA

A PA young stoner, SMITH, is wandering around in a confused haze. He stands by a building with a flagpole in the background while talking on his phone.

SMITH  
 Uh, not sure dude. I took a left  
 like on parker like you said, but I  
 don't see a Starbucks anywhere.

DIRECTOR  
 Smith....

The director sighs deeply, fight to contain his rage.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 I told you... to take... a right...  
 on Parker.

SMITH  
 Ohhhhh sorry man! I think I took a  
 wrong turn in a big way.

Smith looks around, very confused.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
 Dude, I am soooo lost.

Smith looks around and sees the flag pole. He perks up.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
 Don't wreck your chakras bro. I  
 call you back in a few.

Smith hangs up the phone and darts off.

DIRECTOR  
 Smith WAIT! Smith? Hello? Smith??

The director looks at the phone with pure anger and fakes strangling it as if it were a person. Without missing a beat, a cheerful man carrying a large bongo walks up.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT GUY

Sir?

DIRECTOR

(seething)

What?????

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT GUY

(giddy)

I got the bongos for the scene 39!

The director looks blankly at the instrument and then blankly at the man.

DIRECTOR

Well, I asked for a Tuba. But since we were going to shoot the scene in oh.... 30 mins... I guess this will have to do wont it? Go away now.

The instrument guys face deflates like a scolded puppy.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Go away! Go!!

The musical instrument guy walks off and the director's face contorts yet again.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

JOHN!!!!

Another PA hustles over.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

That man with the tuba, whats his name?

JOHN

Wong, sir. Wong...uh... Tern. Wong Tern.

DIRECTOR

Fire him. Now!

The PA hustles off. The director's phone rings loudly and it startles him. It slips out of his hands, but he awkwardly catches it before it falls to the floor. He answers the call.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

What??

EXT. FLAGPOLE AREA

Smith has climbed near the top of a flagpole, talking to the director on his cell.

SMITH

Dude! Remember like in cub scouts,  
when your lost in the woods, they  
tell you to get to higher ground?  
That totally came in handy! I just  
climbed this mega tall flagpole,  
and like.. Woah! Totally amazing  
view up here and...

INT. STUDIO

Director hangs up phone slowly, while Smith drones on.

DIRECTOR

He climbed... a flagpole... Okay  
then.

The director places the phone down, visibly trying to curtail a wide range of emotions. He turns and walks out of the building.

EXT. FLAGPOLE AREA

SMITH

... and the view at first was like  
woah! But then i was like woah? You  
know dude? Hello? Bossman? Hello?

EXT. OUTSIDE STUDIO

The director storms out the door, fuming, and gets in his car.

DIRECTOR

I should have just taken that damn  
lifetime movie of the week... but  
noooo... had to go "art house"....

The directors honks and road rages down the street at cars in his way. He turns the corner and drives out of sight. The minute the car is no longer visible... BOOM! Flames shoot from offscreen and a tire from his car rolls into the street, wobbles, and then stops.