

WRITING CLASS – FINAL SCENE SECOND DRAFT

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INT. DEN-LIKE AREA -- NIGHT

The walls of the interior are uneven, rocky surfaces. Small puddles inhabit the ground. Two men - ARTHUR ALDRICH (62; dressed conservatively but disheveled) and NORMAN FAKEMAN (29; dressed casually) stand roughly ten feet apart from one another. They stare ahead - both looking rather de-energized at this point - as an authoritarian-sounding voice drones on:

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

...and so due to the highly detailed and vivid nature of your five page write-up we feel quite confident that an accurate reconstruction can be made for you, Mr. Aldrich. On the other hand, Mr. Fakeman... your reconstruction poses certain challenges and therefore we cannot guarantee entire accuracy in representation for you. We will, however do our best if you so choose to go through with it.

Norman continues to stare into the total darkness where the voice seems to be coming from. Two small hills of sand can now be seen at either side of both men.

NORMAN

...I've come this far. Might as well go through with it.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Right then. Both of you just stand on your respective hills.

Arthur and Norman both walk somewhat hesitantly toward their hills and stand on them.

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD -- DAY

A 14-year-old NORMAN (shorter, skinnier, softer features) is standing near a fence, wearing a baseball glove. Everyone else around the makeshift baseball field appears to have been paused in time. Norman looks up into the sky.

NORMAN

Hey! What's going on?!

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Your five page write-up wasn't quite sufficient for a complete reconstruction, Norman.

NORMAN

I knew it wouldn't be. I mean... there's only so much that can be squeezed into five pages, you know.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Nonetheless - it could have been better. For instance, what are the stakes here? You never really clarified that.

NORMAN

The stakes? I dunno'; it's just a memory that I wanted to revisit. I doubt there really are any stakes.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Stakes are what make things interesting, Norman. If there weren't any then... invent them.

NORMAN

You want me to just make stuff up now? (pause) Fine... if I catch it I'll, uh... earn the respect of my friends. If I don't, uh... I dunno'... they'll all beat the shit outta' me.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

You mean your team will.

NORMAN

Yeah, right. Sure.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Hmm. Interesting. OK; we'll go with that.

Norman's friends around the 'field' come to life now. The kid at the home plate smacks his bat down a couple of times before readying himself for the pitch. The pitcher winds up and throws the ball...

It's a hit; the ball is driven into the 'outfield' where Norman is standing. It seems as if it's just too far away from Norman for him to catch it but suddenly Norman takes a dive toward the ball and - with an outstretched

glove arm - catches it briefly but can't hold onto it.
The ball - along with Norman - topples onto the grass.

NORMAN

What? No! I caught it! It didn't happen
this way!

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

We can't make you catch it again, Norman.
That was up to you to pull off.

Norman now notices his teammates stalking toward him
with resentful looks on their faces. Norman stands back
up and begins to run off. They give chase.

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK -- DAY

As Norman keeps running away he glances up at the sky
periodically, yelling:

NORMAN

OK, OK... let me change the stakes!

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Too late for that, Norman. Can't change
the stakes now.

We see that Norman has gained a considerable lead over
his pursuers. Norman now runs into someone's backyard and
quickly climbs over their fence, only to encounter a vast
area of white nothingness. Norman looks shocked to the point
of speechlessness. He hesitantly reaches out to touch the
whiteness...

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

We could only reconstruct so much of the
world for you, Norman. Plus your write-up
details only went about this far, anyway.

NORMAN

Uhhh... OK... well... alright if I describe more
details to you... will you put more here?

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Hmmmmmm. *(pause)* OK. Better hurry, though.

NORMAN

OK there was a field here...

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

What kind of field?

Norman notices that one of his teammates has spotted him. The teammate signals toward his other friends...

NORMAN

Uhh... I dunno'... an, an open field. With a lot of bushes everywhere and random trails and stuff...

In place of the white nothingness, an open field now appears. Norman begins to run through it. His friends give chase but Norman still manages to stay a fair distance ahead. Norman stops near the end of the field, turning back to face his friends.

NORMAN

Oh, oh right and I forgot there was a really big fence there. In front of me. About ten feet.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

You're still making it up. Stop making it up now.

NORMAN

No no seriously there was a fence there.

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

We don't believe you.

Norman's friends are now nearing in on him.

NORMAN

Fine then just take me back out of here would you? Please? This is ridiculous!

AUTHORITARIAN VOICE

Not right yet. We want to see this first.

Norman attempts to run off again just as his friends get to him but one of them manages to trip him up. Norman's friends now proceed to beat the living shit out of him.