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SCENE 1

SCRIPT TITLE: **BITCH SLAP**

GENRE: ACTION / THRILLER - Registered WGAw No. 1561754

SCENE SET UP:

After being attacked by a hit man while at work in a produce processing plant, new girl in town KRISTINA, 27, sucker punches the local marshall and skips. A cop forced into hiding, she's confused as to why she's being attacked and how her attackers found her. She's about to find out:

INT. TRUCK STOP RESTAURANT - EVENING

Spacious, woodsy decor. Filled with hungry TRUCKERS. Busy WAITRESSES bus heaping plates food to their tables.

Kristina surveys the room from the side of the door. Sidesteps a pair of truckers on their way out. They barely glance at her. She finds an empty stool at the counter. Checks with the SCRUFFY TRUCKER on the next stool.

KRISTINA

This seat taken?

SCRUFFY TRUCKER

It is if you take it.

KRISTINA

Thanks.

Picks up a menu. Down the row, a YOUNG TRUCKER and a BULL TRUCKER stare at a notepad screen and LAUGH.

SALLY, a motherly waitress, pulls up in front of Kristina.

SALLY

Coffee, hon?

KRISTINA

Just water for now, thanks.

SALLY

Suit yourself. Long day?

KRISTINA

I've had worse. What's good here?

SALLY

Everything, hon. If you're tired and hungry, you've come to the right place.

(MORE)

SALLY (CONT'D)

Just tell me what to bring and if you're not satisfied, it's on the house.

SCRUFFY TRUCKER

How come she gets a deal like that?

SALLY

You have any complaints about the food?

SCRUFFY TRUCKER

Well, no.

SALLY

Then shut up and eat.

She waddles away.

KRISTINA

Friendly.

SCRUFFY TRUCKER

To a point. Do I know you?

KRISTINA

Sorry, I'm flattered, but not interested.

SCRUFFY TRUCKER

Oh, no... I didn't mean it like that. It's just you look so familiar.

KRISTINA

Guess I've got that kind of face.

SCRUFFY TRUCKER

It's a nice enough face, little lady. Sorry to have bothered you.

He gets up, puts money on the counter, tips his cap and walks toward the door. Sally returns with a water glass.

SALLY

So, what'll it be, hon?

Kristina looks at the menu. Sally fixates on Kristina's face.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'll be damned.

KRISTINA

I got dirt on my nose?

SALLY

Is it really you?

KRISTINA

What is it with people around here?

The two truckers down the line LAUGH at the notepad again.

BULL TRUCKER

That shit never gets old. Play it again.

YOUNG TRUCKER

If only I could get a hit count like that on my web page.

BULL TRUCKER

How bad you want your ass kicked? Maybe that pretty girl down there can oblige you. Hey, miss. You got a minute?

He gets up from his stool, takes a step in Kristina's direction. She glares at him. He freezes in his tracks.

BULL TRUCKER (CONT'D)

It can't be. Hey, boy... look at this.

YOUNG TRUCKER

Oh, man. Best mind your manners.

BULL TRUCKER

I need to get back on the road.

YOUNG TRUCKER

Miles to go. Schedules to keep.

The pair hastily puts money on the counter. The Young Trucker snaps his notepad and follows his colleague out.

KRISTINA

What the hell was that all about?

SALLY

If it ain't you, honey, you sure are a dead ringer.

KRISTINA

Dead ringer for who?

SALLY

Just about the most popular clip on the net.

KRISTINA

I'm not on the net.

SALLY

Dead ringer then. I'm guessing you're from Bountiful or someplace like it.

KRISTINA

Never heard of it.

SALLY

Commune up Idaho way. Built by drop outs from hippie days. Don't hold with technology.

KRISTINA

Like Amish?

SALLY

Like dopers. Make their music, make their own fun.

KRISTINA

Sounds too rustic for my taste. I like a hot tub and a spa day every now and then.

SALLY

Amen, sister.

A GANGLY TRUCKER in a KayCee Jonz baseball cap ambles up to the counter. Pulls his cap off, clenches it in his hands.

GANGLY TRUCKER

I don't mean to trouble you, miss. Could I have your autograph?

KRISTINA

You've got the wrong girl, friend.

SALLY

Don't be pestering the lady. New customers ain't so easy to come by.

GANGLY TRUCKER

I didn't mean nothing by it.

He stalks away.

KRISTINA

What the hell is going on?

SALLY

You really don't know, do you? Wait a tick.

She slips off through the kitchen doors. Kristina looks around. The room deathly quiet. All eyes on her. She glances toward the door, calculating whether she can make it out of there. Sally comes back carrying a laptop computer.

She opens it on the counter. Turns the screen toward Kristina.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Watch this honey. I think it's called  
Hottie Bitch Slaps Red Neck.

Horrorified, Kristina watches a phone cam video posted to YouTube. Recognizes the bar she was in just four nights ago.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN VIDEO - BAR - NIGHT

Kristina surrounded by Barbi, Jess and Mona. Stares across the bar. Everybody around her having a great time. A small town stud approaches... SAM CALLAN, 28, too arrogant for his own good even with his ripped body and perfect teeth.

SAM

Hey, baby... I got a special birthday  
present for you.

Kristina doesn't bother to turn around.

KRISTINA

Fuck off, jerk.

SAM

That ain't particularly sociable.

KRISTINA

I ain't particularly interested.  
Take a hike.

SAM

I know you're new in town, bitch,  
but we got a little thing around  
here we call manners...

He grabs her shoulder. Without warning, she pulls him over onto the bar, slams his face hard into the surface. Grabs his hair, repeats the beat down twice more before hurling him backwards. People around her too astonished to intervene.

Kristina tosses Sam backwards into a table. Drinks sail everywhere, drenching those seated around it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Bitch I'll kill you.

He never gets the chance. Kristina charges him. Kicks his ass sideways, up and down. Humiliates him as she totally demolishes him. Still, he refuses to stay down. He staggers toward her, daggers in his eyes.

KRISTINA

You wanna dance? Okay cowboy.

WHOOMP! A quick, hard kick between his legs. Everybody in the bar winces as Sam crumples to the floor. From behind the phone cam, the voice of the person recording the action, just some guy in the wrong place at the right time, his voice pitched high from the tension of the moment.

PHONE CAM OPERATOR

I don't believe it. She just kicked  
his fucking ass! So fucking awesome!

Unaware of the recording, Kristina backs toward the bar door, her eyes daring anyone to try and stop her. They don't.

PHONE CAM OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Totally fucking awesome!

BACK TO SCENE

Kristina buries her face in her hands as the video plays out. Through split fingers, takes in all the details.

KRISTINA

How many hits?

SALLY

85 thousand, no wait... that's  
millions, honey. 85 million hits.

Kristina GROANS. Gets up, staggers toward the door. Every eye in the place follows her.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Don't you want no supper, baby?

Kristina brushes by ANOTHER KAYCEE JONZ DRIVER, vanishes into the night.

SCENE 2

SCRIPT TITLE: **TRENT LIVELY'S PARANORMAL DETECTIVE AGENCY**

GENRE: SUPERNATURAL THRILLER - Registered WGAw No. 1123362

SCENE SET UP:

A disgraced cop, TRENT LIVELY, a 30-ish James Bond as a Ghostbuster type, works as a P.I. Strange and unusual cases with supernatural twists seem to gravitate to him. When a femme fatale spins a story about a stolen family heirloom, Trent's investigation leads him to a jewelry district store in Downtown Los Angeles, where he hopes to find a lead.

INT. HOCKNEY'S JEWELS - DAY

Typical cross between high volume and high end in an urban battle zone. Lush carpet, glittering display cases. A cage barricades top end merch counters from the general floor. Through the cage's window, a doughy-walrus deals with a NERVOUS CUSTOMER...

HOCKNEY, looks 60, sounds 90. Behind him, at the desk...

SKID, 40, razor sharp features make him look more menacing than this barely competent bookkeeper actually is.

HOCKNEY

Sixty bucks.

NERVOUS CUSTOMER

It's worth five times...

HOCKNEY

Skid, do you believe this guy?

SKID

Unbelievable.

HOCKNEY

Heard it. Don't care. This ain't no pawn shop and I'm busy. My delivery's here.

NERVOUS CUSTOMER

You'll be sorry.

HOCKNEY

I already am. Get out.

The nervous customer brushes past Trent.

NERVOUS CUSTOMER

Take my advice, Mister. Go someplace else. These guys are crooks.

TRENT  
I'm counting on it.

The nervous customer leaves.

HOCKNEY  
Hey, Skid. Look who just rose from the dead.

SKID  
Lively, is that you?

TRENT  
Gentlemen.

HOCKNEY  
You see any gentlemen around here, call a cop. Wait, didn't you used to be a cop?

SKID  
Maybe five million years ago.

TRENT  
Can we get on with this?

He wheels the case toward the cage.

HOCKNEY  
Are we inconveniencing you, Mr. Lively?

TRENT  
As it so happens, you are.

HOCKNEY  
Pardon me for providing you with a living when nobody else would look at you twice.

SNAP! Trent pops a latch on the case, opens the lid. The brilliant glitter of diamonds in black felt compartments.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)  
Hey, never on the floor! Never!

He glares at Skid. BUZZ. Cage door release. Hockney reaches, guides the case in. SLAMS the door in Trent's face.

TRENT  
I was hoping you might have some information.

SKID  
Do either of us look like snitches?

TRENT  
Once upon a time, you both did.

HOCKNEY

Careful. You ain't a cop no more.

TRENT

But you're still a greedy bastard, and half the reward for the recovery is more than you'll make in a month of selling imitation watches.

HOCKNEY

Our merchandise is certified genuine.

TRENT

Certified by whom?

HOCKNEY

Skid certifies everything.

SKID

It's true. I do.

TRENT

What do you make of this?

He slides the necklace rendering through the cage window. Skid shifts to look over Hockney's shoulder.

HOCKNEY

Look, Lively. You know I'm not a fence. If I was, I couldn't possibly handle a piece like this. Even if I knew where it was, which I'm not saying I do.

SKID

If we knew, we might tell you.

TRENT

On what condition?

SKID

On the condition you was bleeding to death on the floor. You was always a real hardass, Lively, but you ain't no cop and we don't got to talk to you.

TRENT

You in agreement, Hockney?

HOCKNEY

I'd probably be more diplomatic about the way I said it.

TRENT

A wise choice.

Trent's arm shoots through the window. CRASH! Pulls Skid over Hockney's desk, wraps around his neck, squeezes him

against the bars. Skid turns blue, eyes bulge out. Hockney calmly draws a scatter gun from beneath his desk.

HOCKNEY

That may not be the best way to get him to talk.

TRENT

I just yearned for old times.

Skid struggles. Hockney in no hurry to help him.

HOCKNEY

You say there's a recovery fee?

TRENT

There's always a recovery fee.

HOCKNEY

And you propose a 50-50 split?

TRENT

If your juice turns out to be any good.

HOCKNEY

What do you think, Skid?

Skid's losing strength fast. Breathlessly, he nods.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)

I never saw that piece.

TRENT

Then why are you playing me?

HOCKNEY

Look, this kid came in a couple of days ago. Asked how much he could get for merch that sounded just like that piece. He really didn't look like the kind of person who'd have something like that in his possession... legally.

TRENT

Why would you say that?

HOCKNEY

The guy looked scruffy. Said he was doing a favor for a lady friend of his. His description really didn't do this necklace justice. It's exquisite.

TRENT

Expensive?

HOCKNEY

Nobody cuts a stone like this anymore.  
A rock like this gets processed into  
smaller, more refined pieces. It's  
probably worth millions.

TRENT

So what'd you tell the kid?

HOCKNEY

I told him he was in the wrong place.

TRENT

You remember his name, Skid?

Skid GASPS.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Sorry. This better?

He relaxes his arm just enough for Skid to catch a breath.

SKID

Buka. Katsu Buka. Called himself Catman.

TRENT

Does this Catman have an address?

SKID

I can get it for you.

TRENT

So can Hockney. I'm not letting go of  
you until I'm ready to leave. Otherwise,  
your boss might forget his manners and  
get a little careless with that shotgun.

Amused, Hockney LAUGHS.

HOCKNEY

Things really haven't been the same  
since you left the department, Lively.

TRENT

I'm touched. Where do I find Buka?

HOCKNEY

I'll check. Say, Lively, could I make a  
copy of that design? I know women who'd  
kill for a costume piece like this. I'd  
owe you big time.

TRENT

Who am I to stand in the way of a  
killing?

SCENE 3

SCRIPT TITLE: **A SNAKE IN PANTYHOSE**

GENRE: COMEDY - Registered WGAw No. 1440146

SCENE SET UP:

This is the opening scene, introducing our players in a comedy where a notorious womanizer goes undercover as a supermodel to bag the only woman who wants nothing to do with him.

BLACK:

Even before we see him, the voice of our narrator, WILLIAM FASBENDER, 22, radiates gay. But he isn't.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

The power struggle between men and women has been going on since the Garden of Eden. Even to this very day, there are only two moments when both parties have an equal say in their relationship... when they each agree the answer is no...

FADE IN:

INT. NAMELESS WOMAN'S BEDROOM - THURSDAY MORNING

Still dark. Alarm clock reads: 5:30. Wide awake...

RODNEY RANDOLF, 22. Irresistibly pretty. Impossibly slim. Stares at the ceiling. Steals a glance at his prior night's CONQUEST... asleep naked.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

... and when they both decide the answer is yes.

The lady unleashes a loud, ugly snore.

ROD

Lovely.

Rod slides out of bed.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Rod eases out as the sunrise peeks over the horizon. Opens the door of a gleaming high-end roadster. Pulls crumpled lace panties from his shirt pocket, tosses them onto the passenger seat. Starts the car, lowers the roof. A window opens in the building. Disheveled, his bedmate leans out.

NAMELESS WOMAN

Hey!

Rod smiles, waves, pulls away hastily.

NAMELESS WOMAN (CONT'D)

Call me!

EXT. PANTRY RESTAURANT - MORNING

Showered and changed, Rod pulls into the lot across the street from the Downtown Los Angeles landmark, parks. Box of donuts on the seat next to the panties. Rod pockets the lingerie, locks the car. Crosses the street, callously bypasses startled PATRONS lined up along the side of the restaurant.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Few of us actually recognize the  
love of our life when we first lay  
eyes on them.

INT. PANTRY RESTAURANT - MORNING

Rod pushes past crowded tables. Yields to a WAITER with a tray full of breakfasts, trapped next to a gloomy couple...

LARRY TUTHILL, 28. A granite block in a business suit, chiseled to a fragment as his world collapses. His delay gives Rod a chance to size up the cause of the guy's misery...

Amanda MANDY Chasen, 24. All business. Her tailored suit covers a rockin' body. Hair pulled back for a bookish, career-first look. Terse features make her mind-set clear.

LARRY

I don't get it, Mandy. We fit  
perfectly.

MANDY

I don't have time to be a couple right  
now, Larry. It's not you. It's me.

ROD

Harsh.

Daggers shooting from his eyes, Larry looks up.

LARRY

Do you mind?

ROD

Sorry, amigo.

Larry turns back to Mandy.

LARRY

Are you sure about this?

MANDY

Can't we just be friends?

Rod takes a couple of steps, then backtracks.

WILLIAM (V.O.)  
Sometimes, though, we recognize who  
the love of our life is not.

ROD  
You can do so much better, Larry.

LARRY  
Fuck off!

ROD  
You're the boss.

Larry half rises. Rod hustles away to join his friends...

James JIMBO Parker, 22, the alpha dog in any other group but  
not here. All business in a suit. With him...

Frankie SWATTER Slater, 22, a guy's guy, the get-along type  
who rounds out any decent posse.

Rod settles into a waiting chair.

JIMBO  
Making new friends early today?

ROD  
With friends like her, I'd need body  
armor. I see everybody got home okay.

SWATTER  
What a zoo the Valley is. I can't  
wait 'til Saturday night.

JIMBO  
I'm kinda bored with it.

SWATTER  
That's the desperate cover of a man  
who didn't score.

JIMBO  
All I'm saying is we could try  
something new once in a while. I  
hear Club L.A. downtown is sick.

SWATTER  
That place is so out of our league.

JIMBO  
I thought our Rod Man could score  
anywhere. Let's check it out Saturday.

ROD  
The Valley works fine for me, Junior.

SWATTER

Tell me you unleashed the python.

Rod smiles, pulls the panties out of his pocket.

SWATTER (CONT'D)

Awesome!

JIMBO

Scoring strange isn't everything.

SWATTER

Oh, kiss my ass. You're just jealous.

JIMBO

Fuck yourself, Swatter.

SWATTER

I'm guessing you already did,  
Jimboner.

ROD

Who crapped in your corn flakes today?

JIMBO

Oh, it's a beautiful day in the  
neighborhood, Rod Man.

The waiter settles next to the table, pencil and pad poised.

WAITER

And, of course, a beautiful day begins  
with a hearty breakfast.

SWATTER

I'll have the usual.

JIMBO

Me, too.

ROD

Me four.

WAITER

Big spenders. Wait. There's only  
three of you.

SWATTER

We're meeting Billy for lunch.

WAITER

And how does that cover his tip?

WILLIAM (V.O.)

It doesn't.

SWATTER

We'll take care of it, of course.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

No, they won't.

The waiter shakes his head as he walks away.

WAITER

Retirement chalet in the Alps, here I come.

ROD

Billy's been real scarce lately.

JIMBO

You never pay attention. He's busy being queerish.

ROD

Whoa! Billy's gay?

JIMBO

He says it's a professional upgrade. And he wants to be called William.

ROD

How is going mo a career move?

JIMBO

Remember when we graduated? We planed to make a difference and get rich.

SWATTER

That was sweet... 'til we figured out we needed jobs to pay for our shit.

JIMBO

A job isn't a career unless it takes you somewhere. Billy sold his car to pay for some office space. It's a bold decision. He seized the moment.

ROD

If success means switching teams, I say hell no. It's just too desperate.

JIMBO

Says the man ducking the repo truck to hold onto his ride.

SWATTER

Speaking of which... dude, pick me up for lunch. I need to arrive in style.

ROD

I'll be there. And you don't have to worry about me, Junior.

JIMBO

You aren't paying attention, Rod Man. You can't trade easy scores for rent. At the end of the day, it's all about the Benjamins.

SWATTER

True that.

ROD

Give it a rest for ten minutes, mom. I haven't even had breakfast yet.

SWATTER

Yeah, Jimbo. Don't get your panties in a bunch.

He shoots the panties Rod tossed him at Jimbo's head. Jimbo ducks. The panties land in Mandy's plate. Larry picks up the panties and stands slowly. Swatter's eyes pop as Larry lumbers toward him.

SWATTER (CONT'D)

Those aren't mine.

Larry surveys the trio. Circles behind Rod.

LARRY

I told you to leave us alone.

ROD

Hey, thanks pal. We were looking for those. Here you go, Jimbo. Try not to get so excited next time.

Larry clamps a meaty paw on Rod's shoulder.

ROD (CONT'D)

Oh, damn.

MANDY

Larry, don't...

SWATTER

Yeah, Larry... don't.

Larry stretches the panties over Rod's head. Mortified, Mandy gets up and storms out. Jimbo follows her with his eyes as Larry stuffs his check into Rod's shirt pocket.

LARRY

C'mon, Mandy. What am I supposed to do?

ROD

This is so undignified.

Larry leaves as the waiter returns with three bowls of cereal.

WAITER

Interesting choice of hat, sir.

ROD

Can I get that to go?

WAITER

Do we look like a take out restaurant?

ROD

Then I've lost my appetite.

He slinks past the waiter.

JIMBO

I guess we're done here.

Jimbo and Swatter follow Rod out.

WAITER

So much for living the dream.