

The Great Idea
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INT. BEDROOM - GARRETT'S HOUSE - MORNING

GARRETT WYLES -- 22, scruffy, in a Star Wars T-shirt and pajama pants -- is laying flat on his back on his bed, staring up indifferently at the boring white ceiling of the messy bedroom around him.

Garrett's adolescent den is nothing short of a pig sty. Some clothes litter the floor, along with CD's, papers, and even some action figures.

It becomes apparent his room belongs to a young filmmaker: apparent by the vintage typewriter, iMac, Adobe Creative Suite box, hard drives, and a small stack of screenplays, with his name present under titles like "FOURTEEN", "RED HERRING", and "LEVEL NINE". Near this stack of screenplays sits a few film festival trophies, first and second place markings.

To further complete the filmmaker image, a Canon 5D sits on it's stand, it's telephoto lens angled toward the window with it's blinds pulled up.

Garrett stares up until his smartphone rings beside him. He grabs it and puts it up to his ear.

GARRETT

(into phone)

Hello? Hey man, what's good? Nah, you're not intruding I'm just uh...chilling by the pool. At my girlfriend's house. Alright, you got me. No, I still need more time. Still hadn't gotten a good idea. It's something about being in this town, nothing to do, no one to see. I know. It's been a while since we've worked on a project together. And seeing as you produced and came up with the concept of the last film, I want to take the load off you and come up with the creative aspects this time around.

Garrett sits up and stands, pacing rather fast around his room, not caring to pick up articles of clothing on the floor, which he kicks every which way to prevent them from latching onto his feet. He sits at his desk and opens a notepad, takes a pen, ready to write.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah...this writer's block is really something. I hadn't had it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT (CONT'D) (cont'd)
this bad since I was still in film
school. And it was bad. Like
Michael Jackson bad. Yeah dude, I
know you know you're my go to guy.
Get Ava in it? The chick who lives
across from me? No! She'd never
agree to be in one of our movies.
If I have anything, I'll run it
through you. Alright. Later man.

Garrett hangs up. He lets out a long exhausted sigh. Then he slams the notepad shut, places the pen down. He sits back in his chair for a moment. Something catches his attention.

He moves toward his 5D, standing in front of the window. Looks through the eyepiece and adjusts the zoom to the house across the street.

GARRETT'S POV: A young, attractive Hispanic girl, AVA, emerges from the house and stands in her front yard, stretching. Her running clothes show just enough skin as she stretches in a sensual manner.

GARRETT
(aloud, to himself)
Whoa, hello there, Ava.

GARRETT'S POV: Ava continues stretching. She bends over, baring her buttocks in his direction.

Garrett's breathing becomes more audible -- he exhales.

GARRETT
(quietly)
Slow down, now.

GARRETT'S POV: Ava slowly rises until she's in her upright position. She takes off on a swift run.

Garrett swivels the camera after her until she disappears from frame. He leaves the camera and lays flat on his back on his bed again. After a while, he begins to drift off to sleep, but the sound of the doorbell ringing from downstairs interrupts. He moves off.

INT. FOYER - HOUSE - MORNING

Garrett jumps down the stairs and opens the door, to reveal on the other side of it Ava: standing on the doorstep in a much more revealing workout outfit. Garrett instinctively staggers backward.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT

Whoa, Ava, look, you caught me
looking upstairs, I know --

AVA

Hi, Garrett.

GARRETT

(suspiciously)
Um, hi?

AVA

Can I come in?

GARRETT

Sure.

He steps aside and she walks into the foyer, Garrett closing the door behind her. She looks around, her back still to him. Garrett's eyes drift downward to her ass.

AVA

I'd like to talk to you about
something, if you don't mind.

She turns around suddenly, Garrett acting as though he weren't staring all along.

GARRETT

And I don't! In fact, let's talk
over some coffee. Do you drink
coffee?

AVA

You know Colombians.

She follows him out of the foyer.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

A MAILWOMAN walks up to the mailbox in the front yard and shoves some mail into it, back turned so her face isn't visible. She then walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Garrett places two mugs of steaming coffee onto the kitchen island. They sit beside each other on stools.

(CONTINUED)

AVA

So have you thought of anything new to shoot? I really liked your last film.

GARRETT

You were there at the screening last week?

AVA

Yeah. It was a lot of fun. Especially when the guy like opened up the bag and pulled out the teddy bear, cause I was all like "he's about to pull out a pound of weed".

They both laugh.

GARRETT

I'm just surprised you came to the screening. I mean I'd think, you know, and this is really embarrassing, but I was under the impression that you thought that people like me were...weird.

AVA

People like you? Like guys with cameras? Cause I don't think they're weird. I actually think it's kind of hot.

GARRETT

(snorts)

Hot?

AVA

Yeah! Because...

Ava puts her elbow on the counter, balances her head on her hand, and slowly begins to caress Garrett's hand.

AVA

(slowly, quietly)

...they've got the power to make people feel naked. You know, like how an actor feels when they're really into it.

GARRETT

Yeah, I know what you mean.

Ava releases his hand. Garrett gives her a weird look and begins to take a swig of his coffee.

(CONTINUED)

AVA
(normal voice)
So I'll try to make this quick,
because I know you want to get back
to watching Brazzers. Or staring at
things you shouldn't be.

Coffee erupts out of Garrett's mouth, spraying it onto the counter in front of him. He puts his mug down as Ava stares with her mouth open.

GARRETT
(chokes)
Sorry.

AVA
That's okay. So, like, do you want
to go out some time?

Garrett coughs.

GARRETT
(chokes)
Me? Some time?

AVA
Like, I don't know, today? Tonight?

GARRETT
Uh...yeah, sure.

He begins to take another swig of his coffee as she suddenly stands.

AVA
Great! I'll call you when I get off
--

Garrett sprays out coffee again.

AVA
-- get off work.

GARRETT
Sure thing!

AVA
Alright! Well, see you later then,
stud.

She turns and leaves with a content smile. Garrett waits until the door shuts from the foyer before celebrating with a punch to the air.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DOWNTOWN - EARLY EVENING

Garrett and Ava walk out of a fancy Italian restaurant downtown.

AVA

I had a really great time, Garrett.

GARRETT

I did. too. I can dream of that
Chicken Parmesan tonight.

AVA

Oh, I can give you something even
better to dream about.

Garrett shoots her a weird look.

AVA

That cute shop over there has these
cute dreamcatchers, you know.
They're still open, I was wanting
to check it out.

GARRETT

Oh! Right! Well, you can go do that
and I'm gonna go fetch the car and
park it closer.

AVA

No problem.

They awkwardly separate. Ava walks into the shop while
Garrett walks across the street.

INT. PARKING DECK - DOWNTOWN - EARLY EVENING

A half empty parking deck. Garrett walks up to the parking
spot his car is occupying to find a Mercedes-Benz sitting in
it's spot.

Confused, he looks around and presses the panic button on
his car's key. The Benz's alarm sounds. Garrett reacts and
presses it again to shut it off.

Someone is standing a few feet behind him. A blond woman in
a hoodie (MYSTERIOUS WOMAN). Behind her back, her hand is
concealing a very large knife. Garrett turns to see her.

GARRETT

Hi, is this your car?

(CONTINUED)

The Mysterious Woman reveals her knife and begins to walk briskly toward Garrett, who sees her weapon and instinctively takes off running, the Woman hot on his heels.

The two run up several levels until they end up at the top of the parking deck. Garrett runs to the edge and looks down, and then back at the Mysterious Woman.

GARRETT

Look, I don't know who the hell you are, but you have the wrong guy!
I'm nobody!

He slips to his knees and brings his hands up in mercy. The Mysterious Woman is getting closer and closer, slowly padding the distance between her and her victim, her arm up, ready to attack.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Three gunshots cut the air. The Mysterious Woman crumples forward -- dead. Several feet behind her is Ava, who lowers her handgun.

AVA

That's my man, bitch.

She runs up to Garrett who stands, looking shocked.

GARRETT

(confused)

Ava...what are you doing...gun...?

AVA

There's no time to explain. We have to get out of here before the police arrive. Follow me.

Ava takes off running. Garrett goes after her.

She eventually disappears behind a door, which Garrett flings forward, bashing his weight into it.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAYTIME - CONTINUOUS

Garrett tumbles out into a large forest clearing, and standing several feet in front of him is someone (KENDO FIGHTER) dressed in full kendo attire.

Garrett notices he is wearing identical clothing and promptly begins to evade Kendo Fighter's sweeping fast attacks. Garrett evades as though he has been practicing for years. Behind Kendo Fighter's mask are feminine yells of effort.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT

I'm unarmed! I'm unarmed! Will you stop?!

Garrett spots a kendo stick a few feet away from him. He dives for it, grabbing it, turning around, and just as Kendo Fighter reaches him and is ready to bring her weapon down him, it collides with another kendo stick.

This one belongs to Ava, who glares at Kendo Fighter. The bamboo blades separate and all 3 fighters back up a distance. Kendo Fighter un.masks herself to reveal a blond woman underneath.

Ava and Garrett look at each other, nod with a plan, and begin to charge toward Kendo Fighter -- they cross swords once more. There is a flurry of bamboo swords cutting the air and hitting one another until Kendo Fighter's sword whacks Garrett across the face. He crumples backward and hits the grass, unconscious.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

OVER BLACKNESS:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(sharply)

Wake up, Mr. Wyles!

CUT TO:

Garrett waking up with a start. He is seated at a table in a small interrogation room. Across this table is a blond woman in a black pantsuit wearing a badge, the INTERROGATOR, glaring at him. Garrett notices he is handcuffed to the table. Behind him, stands a burly DETECTIVE, sipping coffee with his tie loosened and his sleeves rolled up.

INTERROGATOR

Can't have you sleeping on us. Not when we've only got half a story from you.

GARRETT

What are you talking about?

INTERROGATOR

So, you're playing that game, huh? Don't know what I'm talking about now? Your first blunt doesn't give you amnesia.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT
I'm not high.

The Interrogator leans forward slowly.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)
You mentioned a young woman before
you started drifting off to sleep.
Do you remember her name?

GARRETT
No. I don't. Because I can't
remember any young woman. I don't
know what you're talking about.

INTERROGATOR
You're lying.

GARRETT
I'm not!

INTERROGATOR
We have all day, Mr. Wyles.

GARRETT
Then we'll sit here all day.

INTERROGATOR
You know you can't do that. Because
you'll eventually wake up.
(beat)
And realize you're still sitting in
an interrogation room, cuffed to a
table, not getting anywhere in the
world.

Garrett reconsiders. Silent for a few long moments. Then, he
exhales slowly.

GARRETT
Alright. She was my height. Black
hair. Curvy. Hispanic.
(beat, thinking)
And she had a nice rack.

The Interrogator looks Garrett in the eyes for a long
moment.

INTERROGATOR
Keep going.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT
And she, like myself, would like to
SPEAK TO MY LAWYER.

Defeated, the Interrogator sits back. Motions to the Detective standing behind Garrett, who opens the door, allowing Ava to walk into the room, dressed in form fitting business attire.

AVA
Detective, uncuff this man.

INTERROGATOR
What the hell is going on?

Ava tosses a thick manila folder on the table in front of the Interrogator.

AVA
You might want to take a look at what's in there, Detective. It's an executive order signed by the President okay'ing Mr. Wyles' release.

GARRETT
Wait, what?

Ava motions to the Detective.

AVA
Detective, uncuff him. He's with me.

Ava swiftly walks out of the room before the Detective can fully uncuff Garrett, who gets up and leaves as well, leaving the Interrogator to devour (with her eyes) the manila folder's contents.

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

...Which empties out into a long corridor, like one one would find in a hotel. Dead quiet. Only walls, doors, ceiling, and floor.

Garrett sees Ava turn a corner.

GARRETT
This chasing thing is getting old.

He sighs and briskly follows. The door that closes behind him has a number on it: 2B.

(CONTINUED)

He turns the same corner to find a similar hallway. One that ends in a left turn. So he continues walking down this hallway and turns the corner. To find himself walking down a similar hallway he just finished walking down only a minute ago. He turns the corner again and this time he stops only to realize he has stopped by a familiar door: 2B.

GARRETT

You've gotta be kidding me...

Garrett turns around slowly. Whispers begin to fill the corridor, which suddenly appears to be giving off the Vertigo effect. The lights suddenly go out.

Garrett turns: 2B's door is cracked open, light streaming through it. He takes a deep breath and pushes the door open, stepping inside...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAYTIME

...A semi-fancy hotel suite. Ava is waiting for him, standing by the bed, back to Garrett.

She's wearing a fluffy bathrobe and heels. She takes a ring off her finger and pockets it.

AVA

(in Spanish)

I'm glad you could make it.

Garrett half-smiles and takes a bold step forward.

GARRETT

(in Spanish)

You know I couldn't resist.

AVA

(in Spanish)

It was hard losing him. That idiot I call a husband. But I told him I was going to my OB-GYN. And he couldn't have gone out with his boys faster.

Ava finally turns around and faces Garrett, who pads the remaining distance between them until there is very little of it. They look deep into each others eyes.

(CONTINUED)

GARRETT
(in Spanish)
How much time do we have?

AVA
(in Spanish)
My love, we have all day.

Ava opens her bathrobe. Garrett stares, impressed.

GARRETT
(in Spanish)
In that case...

He begins to make the first move, but Ava grabs him and falls onto the bed on top of him. Garrett stares up at Ava, surprised.

AVA
(in Spanish)
Sorry. I like being on top.

GARRETT
(in Spanish)
No problem with me.

BANG! The door bursts open and a Blond Woman stomps in. Ava turns her head and looks, confused, at her.

AVA
(in Spanish)
You're not Diego.

Blond Woman motions to Garrett.

BLOND WOMAN
(in Spanish)
And you're not his wife!

GARRETT
(in Spanish)
Wife?!

AVA
(in Spanish)
Wife?!

BLOND WOMAN
(in Spanish)
That's right! Who's this skank
anyway?

Ava crawls off of Garrett and gets up in Blond Woman's face.

(CONTINUED)

AVA
(in Spanish)
Listen here, Paris Hilton!

Garrett sits up.

GARRETT
(in Spanish)
Okay, enough!

Blond Woman stomps past Ava and swings her arm, slapping Garrett hard across the face.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - GARRETT'S HOUSE - MORNING

Garrett wakes up with a start, laying on his bed, panting. He thinks for a second, and then smiles, laughing to himself.

He sits up and goes to his desk, tossing himself into his swivel chair. He opens a notepad up, picks up a pen, and begins to write feverishly in it, but he's interrupted by the doorbell ringing from downstairs. He gets up and rushes out of his room.

INT. FOYER - HOUSE - MORNING

He jumps down the stairs, opening the door to reveal Ava on the other side of it, standing on the doorstep in less revealing running attire. Garrett instinctively jumps back.

GARRETT
Whoa, Ava, look, you caught me
looking upstairs, I know --

AVA
Hi, Garrett.

GARRETT
(suspiciously)
Um, hi?

AVA
Can I come in?

GARRETT
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

He steps aside and she walks into the foyer, Garrett closing the door behind her. She looks around, her back still to him.

AVA

I'd like to talk to you about something, if you don't mind.

She turns around.

GARRETT

And I don't! In fact, let's talk over some coffee. Do you drink coffee?

AVA

You know Colombians.

She follows him out of the foyer.

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Garrett places two mugs of steaming coffee onto the kitchen island. They sit beside each other on stools.

AVA

So have you thought of anything new to shoot? I really liked your last film.

GARRETT

You were there at the screening last week?

AVA

Yeah. It was a lot of fun. Especially when the guy like opened up the bag and pulled out the teddy bear, cause I was all like "he's about to pull out a pound of weed".

They both laugh.

GARRETT

I'm just surprised you came to the screening. I mean I'd think, you know, and this is really embarrassing, but I was under the impression that you thought that people like me were...weird.

(CONTINUED)

AVA

People like you? Like guys with cameras? Cause I don't think they're weird. I actually think it's kind of cool. In fact, I was thinking you know...

(beat)

I have this cool idea for a film. I mean, if you don't mind me sharing.

Garrett looks at her for a moment, considering.

GARRETT

Absolutely. Cause I just happen to have an idea too. I was thinking I could run it by you.

AVA

Actually, let's hear yours first. Mine is pretty stupid.

GARRETT

Aww. Well let's hear yours! Come on, there's no need to be shy!

They both laugh.

AVA

Alright, well, it's not one whole concrete idea, it's more like ideas for some scenes. I had this dream, right? There were these three guys practicing kendo in like this forest clearing. And then the dream changed to me running away from this crazy woman with a knife.

GARRETT

Man, that's a pretty crazy dream.

AVA

I know, right? What about you?

GARRETT

Me? Yeah, my idea was based on a dream, like yours. It started off with me being interrogated by this mean looking cop, and then it switched to me wandering down these crazy hallways in some hotel, and then it ended with me in some scene out of a telenovela.

Ava bursts out laughing.

(CONTINUED)

AVA

Wow! Someone's been watching one too many movies.

GARRETT

(laughing)

I'll say!

AVA

So what do you think we should do with the ideas? We can use your idea, you know, you are the filmmaker. You're better at this than I am.

GARRETT

No, no, I like your idea better actually. The samurai fighting scene is pretty awesome.

AVA

Do you think we should, I dunno, merge the ideas together?

GARRETT

And have this guy named Garrett -- I mean Alex -- have this wacky dream?

AVA

I think we're onto something.

GARRETT

Totally! And we can call it "The Great Idea!"

Ava thinks on that for a moment, then:

AVA

That's a pretty bad title.

GARRETT

Well, what do you suppose we call it then?

AVA

"The Grand Idea".

GARRETT

Even better.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

The Mailwoman walks up to the mailbox outside, iPod earbuds in her ears as she grabs a handful of mail from her satchel, checks it, and then shoves it into the mailbox unceremoniously.

She turns around: it's the Mysterious Woman/Kendo Fighter/Interrogator/Blond Woman from the dream.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.