

D E A D P E N

Written by

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ACT ONE

TITLE CARD:

There is nothing to writing. All you do is sit down at a typewriter and bleed.

- Ernest Hemingway

FADE IN:

INT. A WRITER'S ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN rubs and rolls his neck to relieve stress.

GORDON(40s) unshaven, sleep-deprived, suffers from Carpal Tunnel. He wears a crisp white shirt and jeans. He ponders at his computer while utilizing a hand exercise ball.

NPR NEWS PLAYS EXTREMELY LOW ON HIS PHONE.

Classic Cinema posters cover the walls. School Daze, Reservoir dogs and Candyman 92'.

Fine literature and Vintage vinyl rest neatly on shelves.

Newly purchased AMERICAN GOTHIC print sits in the corner waiting for permanent placement.

NPR SEGMENT CATCHES GORDON'S ATTENTION. HE INCREASES THE VOLUME.

NEWS PODCASTER

In local news, authorities are still searching for several missing men -

Gordon nonchalantly dismisses the PACKAGE DELIVERY RUNNING LATE ALERT. He turns off the Podcast, unbothered.

Laptop, REMARKABLE2, Blackwings, and sticky notes line his desk. HIS PROCESS. Crumpled notes lay dead and buried in the garbage can.

Gordon splits his process between a blinking cursor, remarkable2, and a WALL FILLED WITH COLORFUL STICKY NOTES, REPRESENTING THE BEATS OF HIS SCRIPT.

ACT THREE BLINKING CURSOR STARES BACK AT HIM.

He types dialogue. Re-types dialogue and types again. Gordon drops his head in defeat.

PHONE RINGS.

Gordon sends it to voicemail and paces the room to calm his anxiety. He adjusts out-of-place items.

He gives SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE CLOSET DOOR before getting back to business.

Gordon pushes away from his desk and stares at the colorful wall. He contemplates starting over with a fresh pack of sticky notes.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COLORFUL WALL - NIGHT

Gordon leans against the wall in thought. Sticky notes span around him like a bird with a broken wing.

GORDON'S PEN IS DEAD.

He sits and pounds again over a blinking cursor. Gordon zones out.

His anxiety heightens as his characters call out to him.

The colorful wall joins in on the torment.

He repositions, and repositions, and repositions sticky notes.

GORDON RIPS THE COLORFUL WALL CLEAN IN ANGER.

He plays a melancholy Vinyl record to ease his mind.

GORDON TAKES IN INTROSPECTIVE JOURNEY FROM CALM TO CHAOTIC.

A LUSH MEADOW HELPS HIM BREATHE DEEPER.

FLOATING IN A POOL RELAXES HIS BODY.

URBAN ART STIMULATES HIS CREATIVITY.

DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS ALLOW HIM TO SEE IN DIMENSIONS.

ECONOMIC PLIGHT OF THE CITY DEEPENS HIS EMPATHY.

HOMELESSNESS SPARKS HIS COMPASSION.

PHONE RINGS AGAIN. GORDON SNAPS BACK TO REALITY.

SAMUEL(60s) Les Grossman type from Tropic Thunder. He multi-tasks with staff in the background. DESIGNER DOG longs for attention.

Gordon places the call on speaker.

SAMUEL

Gordon, my man, how are you?

Staff interrupts.

SAMUEL

Wait. What? Hold on, Gordon.

Gordon listens intently to the muffled conversation.

SAMUEL

Tell him I said, sign the contract, or I'll put my foot so far up his ass, he'll be tasting his shit, on my big toe for a month.

Designer Dog barks.

SAMUEL

Sorry, Gordon. How's it going - good? Great! Here's the thing, the Studio is down my throat big-time about this script taking way too long. Time is money, and you already cost me a shit load.

Designer Dog barks again. Samuel yells to his staff.

SAMUEL

Somebody, get this dog - he has to piss! I needed that script last week, but I'll settle for tonight.

Designer Dog shows who's the boss. Samuel yells at his staff, then lays the rules down for Gordon.

SAMUEL

MOTHERFUCKER! This damn dog pissed on my Alpaca. And to think I fought for this little SHIT-ZU, just to stick it to my ex-wife. Gordon, you got until ten tonight. After that, well -- it is what it is, my man.

INTERCUT HOMEGÉ TO ALFRED HITCHCOCK BEGINS:

Ticking Clock stares Gordon down.

He crushes his face in his hands.

The CLOSET calls out to Gordon.

He fights temptation.

The colorful wall has its say.

Gordon attempts to re-focus his process.

Samuel's message is painfully clear, as it echos in Gordon's head.

SAMUEL

Gordon, you got until ten tonight.
After that, well -- it is what it
is, my man.

INTERCUT ENDS.

The seduction of the closet becomes overwhelming.

Samuel calls again.

Gordon sends it to voicemail.

Gordon gets a breath.

Samuel texts.

GORDON SCREAMS OUT IN FRUSTRATION.

The closet has Gordon's full attention.

He walks out of frame.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. THE CLOSET - NIGHT

Gordon dresses in overhauls, gloves, and face-shield.

He opens a CHEST. Inside, a collection of neatly placed tools. Gordon selects a BALL PING HAMMER.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Gordon confidently descends into the BASEMENT OF HELL.

INT. BASEMENT OF HELL - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon flips the switch and illuminates his prize.

Gordon stares at BLOODY BOUND MAN ONE. BOUND MAN TWO squirms.

Gordon hovers over him. Bound man two chokes. Gordon applies his foot to his neck.

Bound man takes his last breath. Gordon nudges the newly departed for confirmation.

INT. BASEMENT OF HELL POLE - NIGHT

BOUND MAN THREE(40s) snivels with fear; he's gagged, bloody, and a pure reflection of Gordon.

Gordon removes his head covering and stares at him like an animal on the hunt for its prey.

Bound Man Three attempts to focus with his bloodied eyes.

Gordon removes his gag.

BOUNDMAN THREE

I have kids. A momma to take care
of -- they need me. Please.

Gordon circles his prey with the Ball ping hammer. He torments him with a tap after tap after tap, on hell's pole.

Bound Man Three pisses a puddle on the linoleum floor.

Gordon stops and stares. He's unbothered.

Bound Man Three pleads again.

BOUND MAN THREE
WHAT ELSE DO YOU WANT, FUCK? You
keep beating -- I can't give you
what I don't have.

Gordon caresses Bound Man Three's face with the Ball ping hammer.

Bound Man Three cries out like a lost child.

Gordon steps back and removes his face shield. Second, guessing himself with empathy-filled eyes.

Gordon fights the echoing of Samuel's voice in his head.

SAMUEL
After that, well -- it is what it
is, my man.

Bound Man Three comes to terms with his impending fate. He struggles to speak.

BOUND MAN THREE
Alright. I have something.

Gordon moves in closer, feeling accomplished.

BOUND MAN THREE
Come closer. Please.

Bound man three speaks softly in his ear.

BOUND MAN THREE
Write - better - bitch.

Bound Man Three laughs himself to death.

LET THE FUCKING MAYHEM BEGIN!

Gordon explodes with furious swings of the Ball ping hammer.

Bound Man Three screams.

BLOOD SPLATTERS EVERYWHERE. EVERY - FUCKING - WHERE!

INT. THE CLOSET - NIGHT

Gordon wipes blood from the Ball ping hammer and places it on the chest. He admires a completed ACT THREE on the colorful wall.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon prepares to type. He notices blood on his shirt cuff. He rolls up his sleeves and passionately types out ACT THREE.

Gordon confidently types FADE TO BLACK as the clock ticks to Samuel's deadline.

He attaches an email and hits send. Gordon breathes a sigh of relief.

Samuel calls to praise Gordon's name. He talks without taking a breath.

SAMUEL

Fantastic. Amazing! I knew you'd come through in a big way. The Studio just sent over a few notes. Big fuckin surprise, right? Tighten up Act Three, and we are good to go. Let's talk tomorrow; it's been one.

Gordon reads a laundry list of notes.

He stares in disappointment at the colorful ACT THREE wall.

Gordon chuckles and shakes his head.

DOORBELL RINGS.

Gordon checks the security app. It's the PACKAGE DELIVERYMAN(20s) impatient door ringer.

He contemplates an old and familiar approach to ACT THREE.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The package deliveryman is preoccupied.

PACKAGE DELIVERYMAN

Hate this creepy ass dude. If it wasn't for a signature -

Package deliveryman checks his TikTok challenge video.

PACKAGE DELIVERYMAN
Damn. I got sixty views.

He rings the doorbell again.

INT. WRITERS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon's emotionless eyes.

The Ball ping hammer longs for Gordon's touch.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The package deliveryman has nearly had enough.

PACKAGE DELIVERYMAN
I'm giving, creepy dude a few more
minutes.

He rings the doorbell the last time.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon's gone, and so is the Ball ping hammer.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The package deliveryman takes a selfie.

Gordon opens the door and focuses on his prey. He holds the
Ball ping hammer with white knuckles behind him.

CRUSH TO BLACK.

PACKAGE DELIVERYMAN
Evening! Sign here, please. Sir, I
think you have blood on your ear.

SUPER TITLE CARD: D E A D P E N