

THE SECOND BEST LOVE STORY OF ALL TIME ABOUT
THE INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY IN THE LOSE OF LOVE, OR,
ARINJAY

Written by

Matthew Willis

EXT. CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

A BAND OF CAVEMEN and WOMEN gather round a large BONFIRE. Children PLAY and WRESTLE with each other on the ground.

But a SHAMAN approaches the flames, silencing them all.

ROGER NARRATOR (V.O.)
This, is the world's first
storyteller.

The shaman grabs a BURNING torch and RAISES it up into the air. The cavemen, women and children WATCH ENRAPTURED.

JADE NARRATOR (V.O.)
He's about to tell the story of the
origin of fire.

The shaman TOSSES the torch into the air and--

MATCH CUT:

INT. CASTLE - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

A FLAMING BATON lands... in the hands of a medieval JUGGLER.

A MEDIEVAL BANQUET in full swing. Peasants sit at long banquet tables, eating, drinking and being merry.

At the head of the room is the Lords and Ladies' high table where they eat off silver plates and crystal goblets. A MINSTREL bows deeply before them and raises his lute.

JADE NARRATOR (V.O.)
This, is a minstrel.

ROGER NARRATOR (V.O.)
He's about to tell a story of
courtly love.

A LORD raises a goblet to his lips and--

MATCH CUT:

INT. AUSTEN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A wine goblet SLAMS down onto a writing desk.

Fraught, disheveled and stressed, JANE AUSTEN writes on a piece of paper. She already has crossed out a few lines.

ROGER NARRATOR (V.O.)
This, is a famous writer.

INSERT on paper: ~~Bold and Brash. Discerning and Despicable.
Class and Cunts.~~

JADE NARRATOR (V.O.)
She's about to write one of the
most beloved stories of all time.

Austen gets up from the desk in frustration. As her back is
to the desk, she hears a CLATTER. She turns...

Beneath the open window, sits a little WOODEN BIRD TOTEM.

It's just sitting there... innocently.

She picks it up. Suddenly... HER EYES WIDEN.

Austen grabs his pen and writes... *Pride and Prejudice.*

She puts the little bird totem down on the desk as...

MATCH CUT:

INT. STORY PARLOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: A SMALL BIRD TOTEM. On a work bench. Nearby, what
sounds like a TATTOO GUN.

JADE NARRATOR (V.O.)
But something they all have in
common...

ROGER NARRATOR (V.O.)
Is that none of them ever tell the
story of where stories come from.

The bearer of this tool is JADE (30s). Dressed in black, knee-
high boots, black skirt, black sweater and black hair (touch
of purple), the only other colour is her BRIGHT RED LIPSTICK.

JADE NARRATOR (V.O.)
This, is Jade.

She holds a NEW TOTEM -- a little DUCK WITH AN EYE PATCH. She
puts it in an OUTBOX, filled with others she's just created.

ROGER NARRATOR (V.O.)
And she's about to get in big
trouble.

Jade grabs her box of completed totems and crosses the room.

She passes similar artists working on their own totems. The whole room resembles a tattoo-parlor crossed with a factory floor. Jade whistles joyfully. Another day at the office.

Jade reaches a CONVEYOR BELT with a WORK WINDOW where a SLUG, MURIEL (60s) in secretary glasses flips through a magazine.

MURIEL

Jade. You finished early. Must be because you have a weekend full of extraordinary activities and pass times.

JADE

Not really. Just my Saving Cats in Trees club and some red herring fishing. Might meet up with my friend Anton to help him clean his guns. You? Any hot dates?

MURIEL

Oh, no. After I met this satyr at an Alcoholics Anonymous mixer, I'm not dating anyone for a while.

JADE

You're telling me. Can't trust anyone these days.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Attention all employees! Please report to the loading bay for an important announcement!

Jade and Muriel both frown at this announcement.

INT. STORY PARLOR - LOADING BAY - DAY

A large group of WORKERS gathers at a loading bay where a SHEET COVERS A LARGE MACHINE. The workers are made up of various magical, fantasy, sci-fi and alien creatures.

Jade stands at the front of the group with her arms crossed.

Across from her, the factory owner HONORIUS JAVERT, a FAT PENGUIN dressed like the monopoly man.

HONORIUS JAVERT

Valued and invaluable employees of Story Incorporated. Today, we have received an incredible device that is going to revolutionize the story-making industry.

Jade does not look impressed, nor does anyone else.

Honorius Javert continues to address the crowd while TWO very muscular human cronies, JIM and TOM, stand behind him.

HONORIUS JAVERT (CONT'D)

Observe!

Jim and Tom PULL the sheet off revealing... an ACME-like MACHINE with lots of bells, whistles, gadgets and gizmos.

HONORIUS JAVERT (CONT'D)

We simply put our material in this end...

Tom DROPS a SHINY YELLOW BRICK into an input valve...

HONORIUS JAVERT (CONT'D)

Enter the desired content...

Jim operates a PANEL OF LEVERS.

HONORIUS JAVERT (CONT'D)

And voila!

The duck POPS out into Honorius's hand, but this time it's in a leather jacket with a mohawk and glowing as if radiated.

HONORIUS JAVERT (CONT'D)

A freshly, minted, brand-new, never-before heard, state of the art story! It can churn these babies out 300 per hour!

The crowd is dead silent.

JADE

Sounds like you're trying to replace us.

HONORIUS JAVERT

Never! This will make your lives... EASIER! We'll train you all to... input! You'll still be working on... prompts!

The crowd is not convinced.

EVERYONE

Boooooo!

HONORIUS JAVERT

Anyone with questions or concerns can speak with Agent Jones here.

(MORE)

HONORIUS JAVERT (CONT'D)

He's here to help you all get
settled with the new arrangement.

AGENT JONES, a white-suit, black-tie government-looking agent
steps forward. Flanking him, other Fed-looking white suits.

AGENT JONES

Special Agent Jones from the
Mediators of Alien Narratives.

JADE

You mean... The M.A.N.?

Agent Jone smiles a diabolical smile.

AGENT JONES

The very same.

Jade is not impressed.

EXT. STORY PARLOR - NIGHT

The story factory at night. It's neighbored by a large CANDY-
CANE building and a DOME designed by H.R. Geiger.

NARRATOR JADE (V.O.)

Jade wouldn't let this abomination
destroy her and her colleagues' way
of life...

A window to the factory has been SMASHED open. Somewhere in
the frame, one or two white-suited agents lie dead.

INT. STORY PARLOR - LOADING BAY - NIGHT

The story-machine is illuminated by a single spotlight. An
ENGINEER in a hard-hat, works on it with a toolbox nearby.

JADE

Hey!

The engineer turns, shocked, holding his hands up. Jade holds
out her story-tattoo gun, menacingly.

ENGINEER

What are you doing?

JADE

Here to destroy your job-killing
machine.

ENGINEER

No! You don't understand! This is my baby. It's the only one of its kind. I... I won't let you pass.

The engineer BLOCKS Jade's path, but in doing so he... TRIPS!
And TUMBLES into the input valve!

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

AHHHHHH!

BLOOD SPLATTERS all over Jade!

Jade wipes the blood from her face and looks down at the floor... a SET OF SCHEMATICS.

Jade pulls off her balaclava, engrossed in the schematics.

JADE

Whoa.

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)

She didn't mean to kill the guy who invented the only prototype.

BANG BANG! The DOORS to the loading bay SLAM OPEN--

AGENT JONES

Stop! In the name of the M.A.N.!

Agent Jones and his associates burst through the doorway armed with MACHINE GUNS.

AGENT JONES (CONT'D)

Drop those schematics at once!

Jade grins.

JADE

Come and get them, neo-nazi soup cum strainer. I'm not going to let you g-man goat-fuckers destroy our livelihood without a fight!

Behind her, the machine EXPLODES! As the agents cower from the explosion, Jade nimbly JUMPS on top a pile of crates.

The bad guys OPEN FIRE on her, but the bullets miss and Jade, disappears out the broken window, schematics in hand.

EXT. WORLD-BETWEEN-WORLDS - DAY

Jade wears sun glasses and an Audrey Hepburn-like sunhat. She waits in line with other creatures as they, one by one, hop into small pools of water.

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)

Before she knew it, Jade was a wanted fugitive across her world, the Dream World.

Jade advances in the line just as...

White-suited agents push through the line. Like stormtroopers checking I.D.s, they get closer and closer to Jade.

Jade pulls the hat over her face when someone taps her on the shoulder. Jade turns. The face of Agent Jones smiles at her.

AGENT JONES

The game is up, Jade. Your ass is mine. The schematics. NOW.

Jade looks at him and his out stretched hand and-- PUNCHES him in the face!

She pushes past people and rushes towards a POOL but...

Jim and Tom, the two thugs from earlier step in her way. They're ARMED WITH FLAMETHROWERS!

TOM

Hey.

JIM

Hi.

Jade DIVES out of the way of the flames. The blueprints sticking out of her pocket have caught fire!

AGENT JONES

What are you doing, you idiots?! You're going to destroy the schematics!

TOM

Oh, yeah. Jim, we never really thought about that.

JIM

Nope. We did not, Tom.

Jade sticks the schematics into a pool of water but... It gets sucked down.

JADE

No!

Jade is about to dive in when-- Tom and Jim grab her!

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)
And that's how Jade lost the
schematics to a machine that
threatened to change the nature of
storytelling forever.

Jade watches helplessly as the schematics vanish...

NARRATOR JADE (V.O.)
However... that's not the end of
the story.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A suburban street straight out of a John Hughes movie. CARS full of nuclear families, someone WALKING THEIR DOG, kids BIKING CAREFREE.

INT. ROGER'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Close on a COMB. It brushes BLOND HAIR. HANDS do up a BLACK tie. BLACK SHOE laces are done up.

ROGER (20s), dressed all in black save his mop of blonde hair, looks at himself in the mirror. He adjusts his tie and puts on a big smile that looks a little forced.

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)
Roger is an ordinary boy from the
Real World. Your world. The world
of the every day.

ROSALINE (20s) sidles up. Rosaline is pretty in an obvious way and has a constant Cheshire smile on her face. She wears a bright, floral, summer dress.

ROSALINE
Someone looks handsome today. You
ready for your big day at work?

ROGER
They couldn't stop me from working
at the cafe slash bookstore slash
Christmas tree farm in the winter.

They look at themselves in the mirror.

ROSALINE

Aww. Don't we make such a cute, upper-middle class couple who doesn't need to work but we do because we want to!

Rosaline heads off, leaving Roger alone.

His smile sudden DROPS.

EXT. ROGER'S HOUSE - DAY

Rosaline passes Roger a paper bag lunch.

NARRATOR JADE (V.O.)

And as much as Roger tried to be a normal, law-abiding citizen and contributing member of society...

ROSALINE

Love you! Have fun extorting the hipsters for their gig income by charging outlandish prices for lattes while hiring a diverse staff because corporate market research shows it increases revenue!

Rosaline kisses him.

Roger heads off. He turns back and Rosaline is waving to him.

But when Roger turns, he looks like he's going to die.

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)

...he really just wanted to get the fuck out of his whole situation.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Roger drags his feet down the sidewalk on his way to work.

NARRATOR JADE (V.O.)

Roger's life was Hallmark card perfect. He had a house. A job and a girlfriend who asked him to move in with her after three weeks of dating.

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)

Mostly because he didn't have anything else to do.

(MORE)

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He had no family he cared to see
nor friends who cared to see him.
Not because he was unpleasant. He
just never found anyone he got
along with.

Roger stops and looks up.

He's in front of a cemetery.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Roger steps into the cemetery. Graves everywhere.

He reaches the centre where a funeral is being held. A crowd
of black clad-mourners, not dissimilar to how he's dressed,
stand around a priest giving a service.

PRIEST

Today, we gather to mourn Bob. Bob
played by the rules, never raised a
fuss. He was a loving, caring
father to his children, and a loyal
husband to his wife. He lived in
the same house for over 60 years,
sat in the same chair, ate the same
food, slept in the same bed...

Roger watches the service.

NARRATOR ROGER (V.O.)

Roger knew his whole life was not
completely in front of him anymore.

NARRATOR JADE (V.O.)

He could spend the rest of it
agreeing, deferring and keeping his
head down year after year, like the
man at the funeral had.

SMACK! Something hits Roger in the head. He looks down --
it's the schematics Jade lost. They're soaking wet.

Off to the side, a gardener handles a hose and raises an
apologetic hand.

Roger picks up the plans and unrolls them.

NARRATOR JADE (V.O.)

He could leave, or...

ROGER

Whoa...