

THE DAYMAN'S CENTURION

Written by

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CHARACTER LIST

NARRATOR

JOHNATHAN DAVID LANCE JR.

EMPLOYEE #1 (DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES)

EMPLOYEE #2 (POLICE DEPARTMENT)

EMPLOYEE #3 (STATE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION)

GREG

EMPLOYEE #4 (DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION & COUNTY CLERK)

COUNTY CLERK JERK

CAMERAMAN #1

CAMERAMAN #2

TIM THE PRODUCER

INT. DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES (DMV) - DAY

Black screen. Clocks tick.

CUT TO:

A man, Johnathan David Lance Jr. (25), sits patiently in a lobby, empty metal chairs surround him, adding to the already sterile atmosphere. His eyes wonder around, looking at anything to try to pass the time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Johnathan David Lance Junior- he goes by 'John', 'Johnathan', or to his former college roommates- 'Cookie Krisp' from when he tried to get his rapping career off the ground.

(pause)

Last week, he was at the public library when a tornado touched down. After 4 hours of being locked in by the library staff, he returned to his car and was met with a parking ticket. Today- he pays for that ticket.

John looks down at his watch. It marks 1pm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He has been here since 8 am- when they first opened.

John turns his attention to his other hand, in it, he holds a ticket number. It reads: "01".

John looks back up, continuing his undirected gaze.

JUMP CUT:

Nobody else vacates the lobby. John is sitting alone in a row of empty chars.

The intercom calls:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(impersonating Employee
#1)
Number one. Number one.

John's attention is brought back to reality. He gets up and walks towards the front desk. EMPLOYEE #1, sits at the front desk. She smacks her gum with an open mouth with glasses hanging around her neck from a chain. She gives the overall impression that she does not want to be there.

John holds out the number ticket to give to her.

She looks up, staring at him through her eyebrow, a sarcastic stare. She takes the numbers from his hand, glancing at it, then promptly stabs in on a bill puncher.

As Employee #1 speaks, the narrator's voice is heard in place of her own. As so with all succeeding characters.

| | |
|--|---|
| EMPLOYEE #1 What can I do ya for, sweetie? | NARRATOR (V.O.) (impersonating Employee #1) What can I do ya for, sweetie? |
| JOHN I would like to contest a parking ticket. | NARRATOR (V.O.) (impersonating John) I would like to contest a parking ticket. |

NARRATOR (V.O.)
She gestures to se it.

Employee #1 waves her fingers for John to hand her the ticket.

| | |
|---|---|
| EMPLOYEE #1 Lemme take a look at what you got, hun. | NARRATOR (V.O.) (impersonating Employee #1) Lemme take a look at what you got, hun. |
|---|---|

NARRATOR (V.O.)

John reaches into his coat pocket for the ticket. He goes to give it to her, however, she takes her sweet time, she scowls at him while retrieving the ticket. Still maintaining intense eye contact, she raises her glasses to her face, smacking her gum in the process, slowly putting them on before she glances down at the ticket.

John reaches into his coat pocket, searching for the ticket. He brings it out and extends his arm in offering. Employee #1 glares at him through her eyebrows. She slowly reaches to grab the ticket from John. As she does so, she maintains eye contact with him. She retrieves her glasses from around her chest and puts them on, smacking her gum for a prolonged second before she goes to read the ticket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She hates her job— and people. For her, this is a perfect storm of hatred.

(beat)

A bad day.

INSERT:

A snapshot of John's parking ticket. A pastel pink slip of paper.

She looks at it and takes a second before addressing it. The lady taps the ticket on the counter, straightening it with a sigh.

EMPLOYEE #1

If you want to contest a parking ticket, you have to go to the police station and take it up with them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

If you want to contest a parking ticket, you have to go to the police station and take it up with them.

She hands the ticket back. John looks down and back at her with concern.

JOHN

But when I looked online it said to co-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But when I looked online it said to co-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He is interrupted. The rudest way possible I may add.

(pause)

The hand.

CUT TO:

Employee #1 has her hand up straight to Johnathan heeding him from speaking.

Employee #1 looks at him, blinks condescendingly, then continues.

EMPLOYEE #1
No it doesn't, hun.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
No it doesn't, hun.

JOHN
But it-

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But it-

EMPLOYEE #1
Please sir, there are other
people in line that need
assistance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Please sir, there are other
people in line that need
assistance.

John looks around. Nobody else is there. He looks back at the lady who shooes him off.

John LEAVES.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Johnathan walks through the doors of the police department and straight to the front desk. He sets his hands on the desk, almost bracing himself from impact.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John walks goes to the police
department and walks in with haste.
He sets his hands on the desk,
almost bracing himself for impact.
He sees the front desk worker and
decides to speak to him about his
parking ticket.

JOHN
Hey- um- I want to contest a parking ticket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hey- um- I want to contest a parking ticket.

EMPLOYEE #2 turns around in his chair to see John.

EMPLOYEE #2
Oh, hey there. You want to contest a parking ticket?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh, hey there. You want to contest a parking ticket?

JOHN
Yes. Please.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yes. Please.

EMPLOYEE #2 NARRATOR (V.O.)
May I see the ticket please? May I see the ticket please?

John reaches into his coat pocket. Not there. He tries the other. Not there either. He tries his pants pockets. He forgot the ticket at home.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John left it at home.

Johnathan leaves without saying another word. Employee #2 looks puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT. THE POLICE DEPARTMENT - LATER

John walks back into the police station.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Johnathan returns to the police
station. With his ticket this time.

John puts it down on the desk where Employee #2 is seated.

EMPLOYEE #2
Oh, you were the guy from
earlier. You wanted to
contest a parking ticket
right?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh, you were the guy from
earlier. You wanted to
contest a parking ticket
right?

JOHN
Yes. Please.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yes. Please.

Employee #2 grabs the ticket off the counter. He looks at it for a couple of awkward seconds.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This is the part where crickets begin to chirp.

Crickets begin to chirp, non-digetic.

Employee #2 sets it back down.

EMPLOYEE #2 NARRATOR (V.O.)
You should have been given a You should have been given a
court date. court date.

JOHN NARRATOR (V.O.)
I wasn't given a court date. I wasn't given a court date.

EMPLOYEE #2

You should have been given a court date.

JOHN

(raising his voice)
I wasn't given a court date.

Employee #2 looks at John for a second, waiting for him to calm down.

EMPLOYEE #2

The officer should have given you a court date along with your ticket when they wrote it.

JOHN

I was not there when they wrote the ticket. I only found it when I came back to my car.

Employee #2 sits back in his chair. Sighs.

EMPLOYEE #2

In that case, you'll have to make an appointment with someone at the court house.

JOHN

Then I get a court date to contest the ticket?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You should have been given a court date.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(mimicking John)
I wasn't given a court date.

Employee #2 looks at John for a second, waiting for him to calm down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The officer should have given you a court date along with your ticket when they wrote it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I was not there when they wrote the ticket. I only found it when I came back to my car.

Employee #2 sits back in his chair. Sighs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In that case, you'll have to make an appointment with someone at the court house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then I get a court date to contest the ticket?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The employee breaks down laughing.

John looks at Employee #2 concerned.

EMPLOYEE #2

No. There you will make an appointment so that you can schedule an appointment to meet with someone who will help you find a date where you can meet with someone else to find a potential court date.

JOHN

And how long should that take?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No. There you will make an appointment so that you can schedule an appointment to meet with someone who will help you find a date where you can meet with someone else to find a potential court date.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And how long should that take?

EMPLOYEE #2
If you're lucky, and get all
the appointments, it
shouldn't be that long.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
If you're lucky, and get all
the appointments, it
shouldn't be that long.

John gives a sign of relief.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John sighs with relief.

EMPLOYEE #2
Maybe a year and a half.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Maybe a year and a half.

JOHN
(shocked)
But the ticket is due next
week!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But the ticket is due next
week!

EMPLOYEE #2
Then you should have started
this months ago.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Then you should have started
this months ago.

John looks down at the ticket between his hands.

INSERT:

John's ticket.

INSERT:

John's ticket, zoomed in. "Issuing Date"

INSERT:

*John's ticket, zoomed in, shifted left. The issuing date says
"last week" in red, stamped letters.*

CUT TO:

INT. THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Johnathan sits at the end of a long wooden table in an empty conference room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Johnathan sits at the County
Courthouse. Twiddling his thumbs,
waiting. He isn't sure what for.

John sits twiddling his thumbs, the ticket right in front of him. John glares around the room, at nothing particular, just something to devote his attention to.

EMPLOYEE #3 walks by the door on the other side of the room, she does a double take and walks back, steps into the room. She holds a clipboard in one hand. She appears rushed. She takes two steps towards John.

EMPLOYEE #3
Can I help you with
something, sir?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Can I help you with
something, sir?

John looks a bit startled.

JOHN
Oh no. I'm just here for an
appointment with Catherine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh no. I'm just here for an
appointment with Catherine.

Employee #3 looks up, almost like she's looking through her own mind for something.

EMPLOYEE #3
Just give me one second.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Just give me one second.

Employee #3 walks out of the room. John looks confused. After a few seconds, he resumes his undirected eye contact. As soon as he does, she walks back into the room stealing his attention once again.

EMPLOYEE #3 (CONT'D)
So unfortunately, Catherine
cannot meet today.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
So unfortunately, Catherine
cannot meet today.

JOHN
(concerned)
But I had an appointment.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But I had an appointment.

EMPLOYEE #3
Yea, but she won't be able to
meet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yea, but she won't be able to
meet.

JOHN
Then what was the purpose of
making the appointment?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Then what was the purpose of
making the appointment?

EMPLOYEE #3
She's just out of the office
and will not be back until
Monday. Might I ask what the
purpose of the meeting was?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
She's just out of the office
and will not be back until
Monday. Might I ask what the
purpose of the meeting was?

JOHN
(gesticulating on the table)
It was to make an appointment, to make an appointment, to make an appointment to contest a parking ticket- or something like that.

EMPLOYEE #3
Oh, if you want to do that, you can just go up to the State Department of Transportation.

JOHN
I was just at the DMV, and they told me to go to the police station, who told me I need a court date and to make an appointment to make an appointment, to make an appointment to find a court date to contest the ticket.

EMPLOYEE #3
Not the Department of Motor Vehicles, the Department of Transportation.

JOHN
Where's that?

EMPLOYEE #3
That's at the state capital, so- 3 hours drive from here.

John drops his head on the table in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

John gets in his car in a crowded parking lot. He pulls out and begins to drive away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John gets in his car and drives the three hours.
(pessimistic)
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It was to make an appointment, to make an appointment, to make an appointment to contest a parking ticket- or something like that.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh, if you want to do that, you can just go up to the State Department of Transportation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I was just at the DMV, and they told me to go to the police station, who told me I need a court date and to make an appointment to make an appointment, to make an appointment to find a court date to contest the ticket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Not the Department of Motor Vehicles, the Department of Transportation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Where's that?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
That's at the state capital, so- 3 hours drive from here.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hopefully this will conclude this
 venture.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION - LATER

John walks into the State Department of Transportation after this long drive. He approaches the front desk, the man there, EMPLOYEE #4, is on the phone. Not a personal call, but a professional one.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Johnathan approaches the worker at the front desk of the State Department of Transportation, exhausted and fed up with the system. The man is on the phone but John does not care, this is his life not theirs.

JOHN
 I have a ticket I-

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I have a ticket I-

John is immediately cut off by Employee #4 raising his hand for John to silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Never mind. John will remain a beta
 cuck boy.
 (whispering, to someone in
 the studio)
 What does that mean? Who wrote
 this?

Employee #4 finishes their phone call.

EMPLOYEE #4
 Yes ma'am. I will get that
 taken care of immediately. No
 need to scream. I will
 unsuspend your license.
 (waits for a response.)
 Yes. I love you too mom.
 Goodbye.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Yes ma'am. I will get that
 taken care of immediately. No
 need to scream. I will
 unsuspend your license.
 (waits for a response.)
 Yes. I love you too mom.
 Goodbye.

Employee #4 turns to John to address him.

EMPLOYEE #4 (CONT'D)
 What can I do for you sir? NARRATOR (V.O.)
 What can I do for you sir?

JOHN
I want to contest a parking ticket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I want to contest a parking ticket.

John hands the ticket over to Employee #4 who takes it. Employee #4 grabs it with both hands, pulling it dramatically close to his face, examining it. Pushing it up to the light, then back down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John hands his ticket to the man. Who receives it, examining it carefully. As if he were a diamond inspector determining the clarity. Only for a tenth of the value.

EMPLOYEE #4
Hey, Greg, can you come here for a second?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hey, Greg, can you come here for a second?

John drops his head in defeat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John drops his head in defeat. Why a supervisor is necessary, he doesn't know, but hopefully it will get him somewhere. The supervisor emerges from the corner. Wearing a fashion statement titled: 'Kill Me Middle Management'.

Greg comes from around the corner, holding a cup of coffee with middle management attire and thick 'Harry Potter' glasses.

EMPLOYEE #4
Hey, Greg, this guy says he wants to contest this parking ticket, can we do that here?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hey, Greg, this guy says he wants to contest this parking ticket, can we do that here?

Greg grabs the parking ticket and examines it, similar to the way Employee #4 did.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh look, a second opinion on the authenticity of a parking ticket. Who in their right mind would forger something like that?

GREG

No, we do not contest tickets on the county level, if it were a highway ticket that would be a different story. But no, we cannot, it needs to be taken up with the county.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No, we do not contest tickets on the county level, if it were a highway ticket that would be a different story. But no, we cannot, it needs to be taken up with the county.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

John has given up on contesting the ticket. He just wants this personal hell to be over with.

JOHN

What if I just want to pay it off?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What if I just want to pay it off?

Greg takes a second to think.

GREG

No, we cannot do that either, but you can pay it online.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No, we cannot do that either, but you can pay it online.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

John walks in his door to his room. He goes to his desk sitting down in the chair. He takes out the parking ticket and lays it neatly on his desk. Turns on his computer, grabbing the mouse.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

John prepares himself to rid of this turmoil. Alas, an easy solution to a needlessly complex issue. There is just one problem-

He makes a few clicks, takes his hand off the mouse and prepares to type. He stalls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- he doesn't know what site to pay it on.

John sighs. He drops his head to his hands.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

John gets in his car in a crowded parking lot. He pulls out and begins to drive away.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Here we go again.

CUT TO:

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION - DAY

John walks into the State Department of Transportation again. He approaches the same desk, but is met by a different employee.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John goes to find the same guy and ask him what website he can pay the ticket on. However, he is not to be seen. Which is weird because it's not a part time gig to be working at the State Department of Transportation, so you think he would be there?

John, setting his hands on the counter look around to see if he can find Employee #4.

JOHN
Uh, hey. I was just here yesterday, and they told me I could just pay my parking ticket online, but I never got the website to do that on. What would that be?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Uh, hey. I was just here yesterday, and they told me I could just pay my parking ticket online, but I never got the website to do that on. What would that be?

EMPLOYEE #5 looks up and sits back in his chair.

EMPLOYEE #5
I'm not sure who told you that, but you actually cannot pay parking tickets online.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I'm not sure who told you that, but you actually cannot pay parking tickets online.

John is taken aback, disbelief.

JOHN
Well, no, I was here yesterday, and Greg told me that I could.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Well, no, I was here yesterday, and Greg told me that I could.

EMPLOYEE #5
Uh, no.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Uh, no.

JOHN
 No? Uh, yeah. Greg literally told me yesterday. Actually, is he here?
 (leaning, looking around, shouting)
 GREG! HEY BUDDY! GREG!

EMPLOYEE #5
 There's no Greg here. I— actually don't think we've ever had a Greg.

JOHN
 What are you talking about, I was here yesterday.

There is a brief pause between the conversation where Employee #5 & John just stare at each other.

EMPLOYEE #5
 There were layoffs yesterday.

JOHN
 (mocking in disbelief)
 Oh, there were layoffs yesterday?

EMPLOYEE #5
 Yeah.

A brief silence.

JOHN
 Can I have Greg's phone number?

EMPLOYEE #5
 I'm afraid I cannot give that out.

JOHN
 Why not?

EMPLOYEE #5
 I cannot give employee information out.

JOHN
 But you said he was laid off, so he's not an employee anymore.

A brief silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 No? Uh, yeah. Greg literally told me yesterday. Actually, is he here?
 (shouting)
 GREG! HEY BUDDY! GREG!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 There's no Greg here. I— actually don't think we've ever had a Greg.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 What are you talking about, I was here yesterday.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 There were layoffs yesterday.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 (mocking in disbelief)
 Oh, there were layoffs yesterday?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Yeah.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Can I have Greg's phone number?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I'm afraid I cannot give that out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Why not?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I cannot give employee information out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But you said he was laid off, so he's not an employee anymore.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Employee #5 breaks the silence.

ZOOM IN:

John's face, nose scrunches and brow furrows.

Beat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY CLERK WAITING ROOM - DAY

Johnathan sits in a waiting room, dressed to the nine. Clocks tick in the background. He checks his watch with synchronicity of the ticks. He then looks at his ticket.

INSERT:

John's parking ticket.

INSERT:

John's parking ticket. Zoomed in to the fine print. It reads: "Fine doubles the date after expiration."

John looks back up, returning to his aimless stare. His legs swing impatiently. Almost as if he was a child waiting in the doctors office.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John waits patiently at the County Clerk. Or by the looks of it, rather impatiently given his inability to remain motionless.

EMPLOYEE #6 walks into the room. She carries a clipboard. She raises her glasses, peers at the board, scans it with the tip of a pen. Upon ending her search, she calls out.

EMPLOYEE #6 NARRATOR (V.O.)
John David Lance Junior? John David Lance Junior?

John looks up. He stands up, collects his things and walks to the door Employee #6 came from.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY CLERK OFFICE - DAY

John opens the office door. He is met with a fluorescent office.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John opens the doors to the office,
he is met with a fluorescent
office, one that screams
'government jobs are a prison
sentence'.

A desk chair sits behind the desk, back to John. The occupant, preoccupied with something. The chair tenet turns arounds.

EMPLOYEE #5 NARRATOR (V.O.)
What can I do for you, sir? What can I do for you, sir?

The guy in the chair is Employee #5 from the State Department of Transportation in a disguise of a pair of glasses with a fake nose and mustache attached.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John recognizes this man almost instantly, staring through his facade with more ease than counting to ten if you skipped one through nine.

JOHN
You? Am I on a prank show?
It's you again.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You? Am I on a prank show?
It's you again.

EMPLOYEE #5
I don't know what you're
talking about.

JOHN
You're the guy from the
Department of Transportation.

EMPLOYEE #5
No—

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You're the guy from the
Department of Transportation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Before the man has the opportunity
to speak. John begins to go off on
a rant.

JOHN
You know, I thought all of
this was a joke. But this
really takes the cake. You
actually think this disguise
was smart? You think I
wouldn't notice you? You and
every single one of your
buddies have wasted my time.
I'm beginning to think the
government is all a scam to
get more and more of my
money.

EMPLOYEE #5
Well, yeah.

JOHN
What?

EMPLOYEE #5
You're right, we are here to
waste your time and take your
money. I'm surprised you
hadn't figured it out sooner.

JOHN
(despair)
And you are willing to just
admit that?

EMPLOYEE #5
Yeah, the whole purpose of
writing tickets is to make
sure they—

Employee #5's voice begins to fade out, he continues but is
unheard. A closeup of John, blood boiling, veins popping.
Dolly zoom.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You know, I thought all of
this was a joke. But this
really takes the cake. You
actually think this disguise
was smart? You think I
wouldn't notice you? You and
every single one of your
buddies have wasted my time.
I'm beginning to think the
government is all a scam to
get more and more of my
money.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Well, yeah.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You're right, we are here to
waste your time and take your
money. I'm surprised you
hadn't figured it out sooner.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And you are willing to just
admit that?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yeah, the whole purpose of
writing tickets is to make
sure they—

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Something changes inside John David Lance Junior. His blood begins to boil, veins begin to pop. Something snaps. John has lived a life of passivism and has rung the consequences. Life has made him the doormat, and walked on over him on their ways in and out. Wiping their muddy shoes-

John punches Employee #5 straight in the nose.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Oh. I did not see that coming.

John slams his ticket on the desk.

JOHN

(stern)

Null the ticket.

John's voice is heard for the first time. Someone else is no longer telling his story. He is.

Employee #5 takes a second to respond, having been knocked back.

EMPLOYEE #5

I'm afraid I can't-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I'm afraid I can't-

John punches him in the nose again.

JOHN

Null the ticket.

Blood runs from Employee #5's nose.

EMPLOYEE #5

Y-y-yes sir.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Y-y-yes sir.

Employee #5 turns around, grabbing the ticket. He begins to process it. John turns and walks out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That got- surprisingly violent.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COUNTY CLERK - DAY

John walks out of the County Clerk's Office. He stops. He looks around, takes a deep breath in. Color has returned to the world again. He walks to his car, approaches it on the sidewalk. But is met with a parking ticket underneath his windshield whipper. The color in the world disappears after its brief cameo.

John crashes out. Swearing up and down, making a sailor look like a nun. All censored out.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for the obscenities on screen. Unfortunately, the producers find this as an essential moment of the story and asks me to keep it in. In the mean time, here is one of my original poems.

[insert poem]

John begins to run off the screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Oh, there he goes.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

On the side of the highway, John is seen running straight into the forest without hesitation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I'm not sure what is going on, but this is getting interesting.

CUT TO BLACK.

INSERT:

"6 months later"

EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

Black.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It has been six months since we last saw Johnathan David Lance Junior, folks. While it took us quite a while to find him due to his new nomadic, borderline animalistic lifestyle. We have found him and see that he is alive and well, shocking considering he has no prior experience in wilderness traversal or survival.

INSERT

John is seen standing, now with a hand-whittled spear in one hand extending to the forest floor. He has warrior paint on his face, and wears his shirt as a hat with leaves decorating it for camouflage.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

John has- changed since we last saw him, more than just his appearance. Somehow, within the last six months, he has lost all ability to speak the English language. He traded his communication soft skill on his resume for a hard skill of fashioning weapons.

Beat.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And now lives in a teepee.

INSERT

Zoomed out, John stands same as he just was but with his teepee made of sticks and leaves in the background, leaning against a tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST - DUSK

John is walking around, prowling with his spear. Ready to strike. The camera follows him, hand held.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

John looks for dinner, will this man-turned-animal be a predator, or become prey to the elements.

John hears a twig crack. He turns abruptly. Throws his spear past the right of the camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
John misses. It looks like today-

The camera turns to see where the spear went. As it turns, it sees CAMERAMAN #2 stabbed through the chest with the spear. He falls to the ground.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
- Jesus (bleep) Christ.

The camera begins to shake anxiously.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(to others in the room)
Was this supposed to happen?

The camera pans back to where John was standing. It sees John sprinting at it, snarling & growling. John lunges at CAMERAMAN #1, knocking him to the ground. CAMERAMAN #1 screams in the background as the shot of the trees continues.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Oh my god. What the hell am I
supposed to do now? Did those men
just die?
(pause for response)
Sign off? Really? Were still going?
Uh- okay. Um- well.
(deep sigh)
Well that ladies and gentlemen-

A door opens.

TIM THE PRODUCER (V.O.)
We just got the callback from the
studio heads. They're scrapping it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What?

TIM THE PRODUCER (V.O.)
Something about human rights
violation, contaminating &
withholding evidence, and I don't
know. They just don't want more bad
PR after the last press tour.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Am I still getting paid for this?

TIM THE PRODUCER (V.O.)

Oh yeah, you don't need to worry
about it. They actually encouraged
us to give you a severance package.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Why would they do that?

TIM THE PRODUCER (V.O.)

Bigger tax write-off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

I won't complain.

TIM THE PRODUCER (V.O.)

But you do need to finish the
session in order to claim it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What am I supposed to do with the
remaining—

(pauses to look at his
watch)

—six hours and— 35 minutes?

TIM THE PRODUCER (V.O.)

Pander?

A door closes. Tim the Producer has left.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(to himself)

Mom was right, I should've stayed
at the Meat Packing Plant. Pander.
Hollywood bullshit. What does that
even mean?

(pause)

What are you looking at you
unintelligible jit? Go get me a
Nilla Wafer. God! This makes White
Wilderness look like a charity
case.

THE END