

Catch 23

by
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OVER BLACK:

BOB (V.O.)
My name is Bob. I'm a writer. A
screenwriter.

BOB (V.O.)
Stop laughing.

CUT IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

BOB, 32, short brown hair, average height, sits at his desk.

His hands interlocked resting on his lap.

Bob speaks to the camera.

BOB
I know what you're thinking -
Screenwriter...

Men in white suits walk to Bob, pick him up by the arms and
drag him out.

BOB
You're thinking "What have you
produced, Bob?" I have not heard
of you.

BOB
That's the thing. I haven't been
produced. You know why? Because to
be produced, you need an agency.

Two more men in white scrubs close the office doors behind
him.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

VAN parked in a space outside the office.

Two men in white scrubs Bob along the pathway to the parking
space.

BOB
And to get an agency you have to be
produced. A Catch 22.

FADE TO BLACK:

BOB
I'm going crazy.

INT. PSYCH WARD - DAY

Bob moves through the corridors of the ward in the hold of two armed guards.

Bob wears an orange jumpsuit.

INT. PADDED CELL

The guards shove Bob into the padded cell and close the door.

The lock engaged.

Bob turns to see the room with padded walls.

In the center of the room sits a small table and chair.

On the table lay a pad of paper and a pen.

BOB
Great, now, not only do I have
writer's block, but I'm stuck in
this box.

BOB
Guess I should try writing. Maybe
finish one of my other projects
before trying to get over this
writer's block.

Bob sits down at the chair, picks up the pen and contemplates.

He starts writing.

BOB
Interior, School - Night. Four
friends sit outside a fast food
joint...

Bob ponders, tears the paper and crumples it.

BOB
Damn it.

Knock on door. It opens. A man with a plate.

On the plate - a sandwich.

The man sets the plate inside and shuts the door.

Lock engages.

Bob gets up and darts to the sandwich.

He picks it up and takes a bite.

Savoring the bite, barely chewing. He chokes on the food a little.

He looks down to see...

A piece of paper.

Written on the piece of paper - *Write it out*

BOB

What the...?

Bob picks up the piece of paper and plate heads to the table and chair. He sits.

BOB

Oh my god! I get it.

Bob puts the sandwich back on the plate. Picking up the pen he begins to write.

BOB

Interior, padded cell, Day. Bob sits at the table writing. In psych ward all the guards and employees pass out.

THUMPS sound off in the halls and surroundings - Domino effect of bodies hitting the ground.

Bob listens to the thumps. He continues to write.

BOB

The air lock to the cell door disengages.

Air lock disengages.

Bob gets up, takes the piece of paper and pen and walks up to the door.

No way out.

He writes on the pad.

BOB
The door to Bob's padded cell
opens.

Silence.

The door opens.

Bob's eyes widen.

BOB
Thank god.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bob makes his way through the corridor, walking past a few
guards and employees passed out.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE

Bob walks up to the main entrance. It's locked.

BOB
The main entrance to the psych ward
unlocks and the doors open.

CLICKING.

Door unlocks and opens.

Bob smiles and walks out.

EXT. BUS STOP

Bob sits on a bench at a bus stop, writing.

The bus stops.

Bob Boards the Number 23 bus to Hollywood.

FADE TO BLACK:

WOMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me, Sir, Excuse me?

FADE IN:

INT. BUS

Bob sleeping, head tilted back hanging over the back of the bus seat.

Bob wakes up and talks to himself.

BOB

Thank god, it was all a dream.

A woman, only her waist visible, stands in aisle.

WOMAN

Excuse me sir, is that seat taken?

Bob turns to the empty seat to his left.

BOB

No, it's all yours.

WOMAN

Thanks.

Bob scoots up to let the woman pass.

She does and sits down.

The back of the woman's head - she peeks a look at Bob's writing.

WOMAN

What's your script about?

BOB

Oh, A webisode about two guys that shoot the shit while working at the night shift at a convenience store.

WOMAN

Cool. We'll if you need any help with it, give my manager a call.

Bob looks up as the woman holding her card looks a like Natalie Portman.

Bob looks to the camera and winks.

FADE OUT.