

Lights, Camera, Action?

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INT. COLLEGE ADVISOR'S OFFICE - DAY

BILL, a 18 year old freshmen, sits opposite his advisor, PROFESSOR HARPER; a 40 year old, casually dressed male.

PROFESSOR HARPER

Well Bill, it's the first day of school and you're already visiting your advisor, so I can't assume this is a good sign.

BILL

Well, I suppose things could be better.

PROFESSOR HARPER

Classes not going well?

BILL

You see, that's the thing- I haven't really signed up for my classes yet.

PROFESSOR HARPER

Bill, it's the first day. You should have signed up for those weeks ago.

BILL

I know. But the catalog was confusing, I missed orientation, and I just didn't know where to go from there.

PROFESSOR HARPER

Ok, we can deal with this.

Harper grabs a catalog from his desk and begins leafing through it.

PROFESSOR HARPER (CONT'D)

Alright, so you're going to need to pick some gen eds-you'll need about 10 of those, some electives, and a theme.

BILL

What the heck is a theme?

PROFESSOR HARPER

More gen-eds.

BILL
Um, I was kind of thinking I could
start taking classes for my major.

Harper simply laughs. A lot.

Bill watches him, blank-faced. Harper continues to laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bill stands outside his first class and looks at his schedule. Looking back towards the class he breathes in deeply.

BILL
Well, here goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Bill sits in the middle of a class completely filled with women. PROFESSOR WATTS, a woman in her mid-thirties, writes on the board.

CG: "Social Race, Class, Diversity, Gender, Sexual Orientation Class-SOC 120" appears on the bottom of the screen, but is so large it starts to run up the side. Suddenly it is crossed out and replaced with "Diversity Class".

Professor Watts turns to face the class.

PROFESSOR WATTS
Ok, so the first thing we shall cover in this class is the concept of a "glass ceiling". Now, what is a "glass ceiling", you might ask? Well, it basically is the metaphorical representation for the level women can get to in the workplace. You see, they can only get so far as the males continue to dominate and move up the proverbial ladder in the workplace. And when women try to climb the ladder they're met with a "glass ceiling" which stops them from going any further.

Bill raises his hand.

PROFESSOR WATTS (CONT'D)
Yes?

BILL
If it was made of glass, couldn't
they simply break through it?

Every single girl in the room turns to face Bill, angered.
Professor Watts is not amused either. The silence is thick.

Bill looks around at them.

BILL (CONT'D)
No? Ok.

Everyone turns back around, ignoring Bill.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER CLASSROOM - LATER

Bill now sits in the back of class. Everyone's nose,
including Bill's is buried in a book, reading diligently.

CG: "Epistemology Class-PHI 302"

Passing the reading students, we come back to Bill to find
that he's not reading a Philosophy book but has a Dictionary
in front of him instead.

His finger scans the "E" entries until he comes to
"Epistemology".

A look of realization comes across his face as he reads it.

BILL
Ohhh...

CUT TO:

INT. YET ANOTHER CLASSROOM - EVEN LATER

Arms folded and unhappy, Bill sits in yet another class.

CG: "ARCHAEOLOGY 101"

Looking around, Bill notices a very attractive girl sitting
next to him. This is LINDA. He stares at her dreamily for a
bit.

A very old, bearded PROFESSOR HANKINS stands at the front of class, droning on. He holds up a fossil.

PROFESSOR HANKINS
Now this fossil is a replica of a
very famous find unearthed by
archaeologists thousands of years
ago-

Bill leans in towards LINDA.

BILL
(quietly)
Do you think it's possible
archaeologists unearthed our
professor thousands of years ago?

Linda giggles.

LINDA
It's possible.

The two smile and catch each other's eyes.

BILL
I'm Bill.

LINDA
Linda.

They both return to sitting straightforward. Bill smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Bill stands at a wall of flyers, pretending to look at them. He glances back into the classroom to see Linda talking with Professor Hankins.

She waves at the Professor and begins to walk away. Bill frantically turns back to the board.

Linda over towards Bill.

LINDA
Hey. Bill, right?

BILL
Yeah.

LINDA
What are you doing?

BILL
Oh, I was just checking out the
flyers that interested me.

Linda looks at the flyer in front of Bill.

LINDA
The Vagina Monologues auditions?

Bill's eyes go wide.

BILL
(stammering)
Yeah...I'm a big fan.

LINDA
Oh, really? I thought I might
audition for that too.

BILL
You're an actress?

LINDA
Yeah. Theater major.

BILL
Wow, that's cool.

LINDA
What are you?

BILL
Film.

LINDA
Really? That's cool.

BILL
Wow, you're the first person who
hasn't said "I'm sorry" after I
said that.

Linda giggles.

LINDA
Well, Mr. Film Major, maybe you
could put me in one of your films
someday.

Bill slowly gets a look of realization across his face.

BILL
 (hesitant)
 I'm making a film now, actually.
 And, uh, I think you'd be perfect
 for one of the roles.

LINDA
 Really? I didn't think they let
 Freshmen make films.

BILL
 Well they, uh...don't. But they,
 uh, made an exception for me.

LINDA
 Wow, that's impressive! It must be
 a really great script. What's it
 about?

BILL
 What's it about? Well, it's
 uh...it's uh...modern day re-
 telling of...

Bill starts to look around, desperately. He spies someone reading Kafka's "Metamorphosis". He considers it for a minute, then shakes his head no, dismissing it, quickly looking for something else.

He spies someone on a bench reading "Waiting for Godot". He shakes his head, disgusted, continuing to search for something.

A college student dressed in so much Star Wars paraphernalia it practically weighs him down walks by whistling the "Star Wars Theme Song". Bill stares at him in puzzlement.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Star Wars?

LINDA
 Really, how is that possible?

BILL
 Well, uh..it *did* take place a long
 time ago.

LINDA
 And what part do you want me to
 play, Leia?

BILL
Yeah, I mean, but you'd have to try
out of course. I can't just *give*
the part away.

LINDA
Sounds great! When are tryouts?

BILL
(nervous)
Um...this weekend. Sunday,
actually.
(casual, composing himself)
I'm still ironing out the details.

LINDA
Great, just get me the details and
I'll be there.

BILL
You will? Great!

They both stand there for a bit smiling awkwardly.

LINDA
Well, I better go then.

BILL
Oh yeah. See ya.

Linda leaves Bill standing alone. He's smiling until he realizes what he's done, and it disappears quickly. He darts off running in the opposite direction.

INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

TIM, an 18 year old college student, and Bill sit on the couch in their messy dorm.

TIM
So, you told her what film?

BILL
Star Wars.

TIM
Uh-huh. And when are auditions?

BILL
Sunday.

TIM
Just curious, do you have a place
to hold an audition?

BILL
No.

TIM
Do you have a script? A video
camera?

BILL
No.

TIM
Do you have any means whatsoever of
pulling this off?

BILL
Not exactly...but I've got until
Sunday to come up with something.

TIM
Is there any point in advising you
to just let this one go?

BILL
You haven't seen this girl. I
don't say this often, but I think
she's the perfect girl for me. I
can't let her think I'm a liar.

TIM
You said that about our waitress
last week.

BILL
That was different. I didn't know
she was going to screw up my order.

Tim stares blankly at Bill.

INT. SCI-FI CLUB HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Sci-Fi posters line the walls of this dark underdwelling in
the bowels of the University. Two college kids are watching
an anime with robots on the screen. Additionally, MORRIS and
SEYMORE are at computer terminals and clicking away.

MORRIS

Check this out. This guy is trying to argue that one could escape the event horizaion of a black hole with the proper technology.

The two cackle amongst themselves viciously.

SEYMORE

What a dumbass. Does he even know what an event horizon *is*?

MORRIS

He's probably some fourteen-year old ignoramus.

SEYMORE

Yeah, what a loser. Doesn't he have anything better to do?

The two pause in thought for a second.

Bill & Tim open the door to the club headquarters and a sound effect reminiscent of Star Trek Doors plays. They walk in looking a little unsure of their surroundings.

BILL

Uh, is this the Sci-Fi Club?

MORRIS

That's what the sign says.

He points to a sign with no text on it. It has a speaker.

SIGN

(robot monotone)

This is the Sci-Fi Club.

BILL

Thank God, I've been looking all over for this place.

SEYMORE

Are you guys here to join the club?

BILL & TIM

(quickly)

NO!

Morris and Seymore are taken aback.

BILL
(smoothing the waters)
No, nothing like that. I just came
because I need help writing a Star
Wars fan script.

Morris snorts and goes back to his computer.

MORRIS
We'll have no part in that.

BILL
Why not?

MORRIS
Because contrary to popular belief,
Star Wars has no place in the real
of science fiction. Allow me to
educate you.

TIM
(rolling his eyes)
Oh God.

MORRIS
Blade Runner, 2001: A Space
Odyssey, Close Encounters of the
Third Kind...*These* would all be
examples of science fiction films.
That CGI-Binks-fest is nothing but
sophomoric myth. You will get no
help here.

Morris turns away from them. Seymore stands up, approaching
them.

SEYMORE
You'll have to excuse him. We're
not really big Star Wars fans
around here.
(pause)
Well...most of us aren't.

BILL
What do you mean?

Seymore nods in the direction of the corner to a nook
shrouded in blank blankets. Bill and Tim approach it
cautiously.

Bill peels back one of the blankets to find KENNY, a young
college student slouched over a laptop.

BILL (CONT'D)
Uh, hello?

KENNY
(not looking up)
Enter.

TIM
Are you the Star Wars kid?

KENNY
Yes, but you may call me-

Kenny presses a button on the computer. A DRAMATIC REVEAL sound effect plays.

KENNY (CONT'D)
-Kenny.

BILL
Uh, ok Kenny.

Kenny presses DRAMATIC REVEAL again.

TIM
Stop that!

KENNY
Sorry.

BILL
Look, we need your help drafting a Star Wars fan film.

KENNY
Ben told me you'd be coming.

TIM
Ben?

KENNY
Obi-Wan.

Bill and Tim exchange uncomfortable glances.

Kenny looks off into the distance.

KENNY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
What's that Ben? You want me to *kill* them?

BILL
(nervously)
Uhh..

KENNY
(normal)
I'm just kidding. I'm not that
crazy.

They all share a good laugh.

KENNY (CONT'D)
Now just let me finish up this
death threat to Leonary Nimoy and
I'll help you draft out a script.

Kenny goes back to typing.

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - AFTERNOON

A pretty girl named EMILY sits behind a computer reading a
trade magazine. She is sweet as can be and sports a Harry
Potter jersey, complete with name and number.

BILL
Hi, I was hoping to check out a
video camera.

EMILY
Great! What's your name?

BILL
Billiam Bradley.

She looks for his name on the computer. While waiting, Bill
notices her jersey.

BILL (CONT'D)
(warmly)
So, you're a Harry Potter fan?

EMILY
Oh yeah, I've read the books about
a bazillion times.

BILL
(laying it on even
thicker)
That's really cool.

EMILY

Hmm...I don't see you here. What class are you in?

BILL

Well, that's the thing. I can't take any film classes yet. I'm a Freshman.

EMILY

Oh, I'm sorry...you Kind of have to be in one of the film classes to check something out..unless, of course, you got special permission from Professor Harper.

BILL

Harper?

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE ADVISOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Flashback shot of Harper laughing.

BACK TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BILL

Isn't there any other way?

EMILY

(feeling awful)

I'm sorry. I don't think I can help.

Bill pauses to think for a minute.

BILL

What if I told you it was all for a girl?

CUT TO:

INT. SCI-FI CLUB HEADQUARTERS - MEANWHILE

Tim sits across from Kenny, bored out of his mind. He looks like he's struggling to stay awake as Kenny pours over the keyboard.

KENNY

And then Luke says "No, I'm your father."

Kenny cackles to himself.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Oh man, that's so great.

Tim sighs, rolling his eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EMILY

That is so-
(pauses to think)
-sweet.

BILL

Man, I'm glad you didn't think it's creepy.

EMILY

Well of course it's creepy..but in a sweet sort of way. I wish a guy would do all that for me.

Bill blushes. Emily leans close to Bill.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Look, I'll do you a favor and get you one of the old Sony models. They haven't put them into our new system yet so nobody'll even know it's gone.

BILL

Really? Thanks a lot!

EMILY

No problem.

She retrieves the camera, handing it to him. She looks into Bill's eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And if things don't work out with this Linda girl, maybe you could stop back here sometime.

BILL
Oh, I will! Thanks again!

Bill turns to leave and the leather camera case immediately slips out of his fingers and falls to the floor with a CRUSHING sound.

Bill and Emily stare at it in shock. Bill turns to Emily.

BILL (CONT'D)
(casually)
Uh...you wouldn't happen to have another camera, would you?

INT. DORM ROOM - EVENING

Bill and Tim both sit on their couch, completely burnt out, just staring ahead at nothing.

The phone next to them RINGS. Neither of them answers it. It goes to machine.

MACHINE (V.O.)
You've reached Bill & Tim. Leave a message.

BEEP.

MACHINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Hey Tim, it's Kenny!

Tim winces in pain.

KENNY ON THE MACHINE (V.O.)
I've got another draft of the script to go over with you when you get the chance. I've got this great scene where Luke finds out he *is* Darth Vader. Call me back.

Tim groans, throwing his head back.

TIM
That's his fifth draft today!
Bill, we gotta put an end to this.

BILL
Just a couple more days, Tim. Have faith.

TIM
He wants to be a producer now, you
know.

BILL
Fine, let him. What do I care?

TIM
Oh yeah, and I hung up the flyers
for the auditions.

BILL
Good. Did you spread them out all
over campus?

TIM
Uhhh....

CUT TO:

INT. MANITOU HALL - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of AUDITIONS flyers line one wall of Manitou Hall.

BACK TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TIM
Yeah...

BILL
Good. I guess all we can do now is
wait.

CUT TO:

CG: 2 DAYS LATER

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - MORNING

Bill and Tim sit in the exact same positions on the couch.
The machine BEEPS.

KENNY ON THE MACHINE (V.O.)

(excited)

Tim, it's Kenny. I have draft 25 done of the script. This time we find out that Luke isn't really Darth Vader but it was all an elaborate dream sequence in the end, but here's the catch; it was Anakin's dream. It'll blow everyone's mind! I'll give you a copy before auditions today. Can't wait to hear your notes! By the way, I gathered some people to come to auditions. It's going to be great! See you there.

The machine CLICKS.

BILL

Well, he got some people, that's a good sign.

TIM

Whatever. We'll be lucky if anyone shows up.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUDITION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bill and Tim stare in shock at the enormous line of people waiting outside the audition room. The line is full of every possible Star Wars character imaginable.

TIM

Wow, I hope they're here for our film.

Bill just looks at Tim.

INT. AUDITION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the audition room there is an elaborate green-screen set-up, beautifully lit with an HD camera set up in front of it. People are rushing everywhere; the room in complete chaos. Kenny stands in the center of it all with a headset, barking orders at everyone.

Bill and Tim approach him.

BILL
Kenny, what's going on?

KENNY
Auditions. What does it look like?

BILL
No, but where did we get all the money for all of this?

KENNY
My dad invested a little in this.

TIM
Who's your dad, Warren Buffet?

Kenny ignores this, rushing off continuing to bark orders. Tim pats Bill on the back.

TIM (CONT'D)
Looks like things are finally going your way.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM - LATER

Bill, Tim, and Kenny all sit at the audition table in front of the green screen.

A fat kid walks in front of the green screen, with a long curtain rod and begins doing the star wars kid routine.

KENNY
(yells)
NEXT!

Linda walks in front of the green screen, hair in Leia buns.

BILL
(quietly, to Kenny)
This is her, this is the girl. I want her to get the part of Leia.

KENNY
Okay, sure thing.

LINDA
Hi, I'm Linda. I'm auditioning for the part of Leia.

KENNY
Okay, begin when ready.

LINDA
Help me Obi-Wan Kenobi, you're my
only-

KENNY
(yells)
NEXT!

BILL
What are you doing?

KENNY
She just didn' have it. She's
missing the heart of the role.

BILL
What are you talking about? You
didn't even give her a chance.

KENNY
She's not right Billiam.

BILL
But this is my movie.

KENNY
(turning psycho)
Listen Billiam, my dad and I have
invested a tremendous amount into
this film, so don't even begin to
tell me this isn't my film. I'm
the one calling the shots here, and
you're just going to sit back and
accept it.

Bill just stares at Kenny in shock.

BILL
Uh...ok.

KENNY
(calming down)
But don't worry, I have a role for
her.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM - LATER

LINDA
(fuming mad)
CHEWBACCA?! You gave me the role
of Chewbacca? *That* was your
perfect role for me?

BILL
Look, it was out of my hands. But
if it helps, I think you'd make a
really great Chewbacca.

Linda grunts, walking away.

BILL (CONT'D)
Linda, wait!

LINDA
Don't talk to me, Billiam.

BILL
No, let me explain.

Linda stops, turning to him.

LINDA
What?

BILL
This whole thing was fake.

LINDA
What do you mean?

BILL
There never was any film. I made
it all up to get closer to you. I
never really had a script or
anything. Hell, I'm not even
allowed to touch any of the
equipment yet. I just thought that
if I could make a film and cast you
in it, we'd be able to spend a lot
of time together and eventually
you'd fall for me. It's just, I've
liked you since the moment I saw
you, and I was willing to do
anything to get closer to you.
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

I know this whole thing sounds really bizarre, and albeit a little creepy, but if you can look past all of that, can't you realize that, in a way, this was all really-
 (pause)
 -sweet?

Bill smiles weakly.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Bill holds a letter in front of him, as he sits on the couch with Tim.

BILL

(reading)

-And the subject, Billiam Bradley, is to stay 500 feet from the complainant, Linda Wittgens at all times. This order is hearby in effect as of October 23rd, 2006. Signed Judge Kennell.

Bill folds the letter, putting it down.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hmm.

TIM

Told you you should have just let this one go.

BILL

In retrospect, I think I'd have to agree with you.

TIM

So you didn't get the girl, you're temporarily banned from the film department, and your film was taken over by an obsessive Star Wars nerd. Not a bad first week of college. And most importantly, you learned your lesson.

BILL

I'll say. And it really got us ready for our next movie.

TIM
Next movie?

BILL
Yup. We're just going to need a
little help from the Harry Potter
Club.

Tim sighs.

TIM
Shut up, Bill.

Cut to Black.

THE END