

STAYIN' ALIVE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

POV: Low to the sidewalk. Very low. Like, insect-level low.

SFX: Music plays. Bee Gees. Stayin' Alive. And, we're starting from the beginning, with the funky guitar.

We're freakin' John Travolta. Only about a quarter inch tall.

*"Well, you can tell by the way I use my walk, I'm a woman's man: no time to talk."*

We're moving down the sidewalk. Near misses abound as shoes pound the pavement around us.

Kids on bikes. Skateboards. The dangers are everywhere.

But, we don't care. We own this town.

*"Feel the city breakin' and everybody shakin', And we're stayin' alive, stayin' alive."*

We pass an empty can on the sidewalk. A brief glance shows a rough reflection. We're a cockroach. Still...

*"It's all right, it's okay. I'll live to see another day."*

We continue on, weaving our way to wherever we're going.

Until...

A large boot slaps the pavement right in front of us.

We turn left. Another boot slaps down. Right. The boot moves with us, blocking our path.

We turn back. And continue our way.

*"Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother, you're stayin' alive, stayin' alive."*

We're moving now. Free again.

Until...

A large glass jar slams down over top of us.

SFX: The music continues, bouncing off the glass. It's in here with us.

*"Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive, stayin' alive. Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin'--"*

A large face appears outside the jar. The music stops cold.

A hand slides a piece of paper under the jar, and us.

The jar flips upside down and we tumble with it, eventually righting ourselves.

The face smiles. Hard to tell if it's an evil smile, or a friendly one.

INT. CAR - DAY

We're on the dash, staring out the windshield as the car travels down the road. A quick look left: our captor drives, singing a tune that we can barely hear through the glass.

CAPTOR

*Feel the city breaking' and  
everybody shakin'...*

He's not very good.

A look back to the road tells us: we've left the city. We're on a country road. The car pulls onto the shoulder.

And off we go, still in the jar, lifted from the dash, and out of the car.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Our captor takes one last glance at us. Then, lowers the jar, turns it over, tumbling us onto the ground.

We sit. Afraid to move? Look up. The captor waves us on.

We start again.

Bee Gees. Opening riff. Life is good. We head for the nearby grass.

*"Well, you can tell by the way I use my walk --"*

A blackbird caws. The music stops cold. And, the screen goes...

BLACK.