

FADE IN:

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

As we FADE IN, the faint sound of someone typing on a keyboard can be heard in the background. However, once the blackness is entirely done, the street is silence.

RANDOM SHOTS of certain things around the street. Birds, trees, telephone wires, empty cars. All of these images seem mysterious, vaguely symbolic, but the meaning is almost completely lost. Also, the scene is entirely black and white.

The last (and most important) image we see is a statue of CHRIST ON THE CROSS. FROM THIS--

FADE TO:

INT. A GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Our HERO is passed on the dirty floor of the poorly lit garage, his arms outstretched in an overtly obvious reference to the crucifixion. He is probably in his early 20s, with a scraggly beard and a somewhat fashionable sense of style. You know, the sort of character you always see in movies like this.

Hero awakes, still in a haze. He slowly lifts his head to see the shadowy outline of VINCENT, decidedly villainous dressed in a suit straight of *Pulp Fiction*, lounging in a chair a few feet away. Hero tries to raise himself up, but Vincent pulls a gun on him, smiling viciously.

VINCENT

Please, don't get up.

Hero lowers himself back down, confused.

HERO

Where am I?

VINCENT

(ignoring him)

It's a funny thing, isn't it? Life. How one minute, you can be on top of the world, riding high. You're the golden boy, the only person on earth who matters. Then the next minute, you find yourself laying passed out on some strangers stained carpet, and why?

He gets up and takes a few strides toward Hero, bending over him.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Because you made one little mistake.
Did you really think we wouldn't
catch you?

HERO

What are you talking about?

VINCENT

You might not remember because of
the concussion, but--

Hero begins to rise, gaining a bit of confidence.

HERO

No, I mean *what are you talking
about?* All these faux-philosophical
ramblings about life and glory and
failure? I've never heard anything
more contrived in my entire life!
What, did you practice this in front
of a bathroom mirror? And also, what's
up with laying me out like Jesus?

VINCENT

Hm?

He demonstrates how he was when the scene opened.

HERO

I've never fallen asleep with my
arms out like this in my life! What
are you doing, trying to force some
sort of vague, cliché symbolism on
me like you're filming some sort of
crappy mo--

VINCENT

Enough!

Two of Vincent's goons emerge from the shadows and grab Hero. Vincent circles him. The vibe is very Tarantino-esque, just... not as cool. Vincent takes a swing at Hero's stomach. He goes down with one hit. However, as he drops to the floor, he looks up to see--

A YOUNG GIRL, dressed all in white strikingly pretty, standing in a doorway to another room. The light around her makes her appear heavenly, not of this world. Hero is awestruck, then passes out again.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET -- LATER

A long shot of clouds passing by overhead. Perhaps the credits should be over this.

Then again, it would be even more pretentious if they weren't.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- DAY

Silence again. Then, a nearby dumpster begins to rattle about. The top springs open and Hero, badly bruised, falls forward. He pants for breath for a second, then lifts his head toward a sky.

WRITER (V.O.)
 (a different voice,
 yet narrating from
 Hero's perspective)
 Memories. Another thing we all take
 for granted.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- LATER

Hero stares deeply into his black, steaming cup as the narration further ponders about life.

WRITER (V.O.)
 But what happens when they leave?
 What fills that space between what
 is present and what has passed. All
 I feel now is a vague emptiness. A
 nothing that used to be a something.
 But that girl... the girl in white...

Hero takes a sip of coffee and pauses.

HERO
 Wait a second. That's not my voice!

WRITER (V.O.)
 (panicked)
 Um... yes it is!

HERO
 I would never spend my time ruminating
 over such pretentious, half-formed
 thoughts in my head! My thoughts
 actually make sense!
 (looks down)
 And I don't even like coffee!
 Especially black coffee!

He wipes his mouth off.

WRITER (V.O.)
 But how else am I supposed to get
 across your thoughts and emotions?

HERO
 Well, I'm sure there's a more subtle
 way than...

(MORE)

HERO (CONT'D)

(pause)

Wait a second. I'm talking to myself in a coffee shop and I don't even know who I am or how I got here! What is going on? Am I losing my mind?

WRITER (V.O.)

Hey, there's some inner-conflict! I ought to write that down.

HERO

"Write that down"?

INT. WRITER'S ROOM -- DAY

WRITER, a nerdy teenage boy sits at the cluttered desk of his room. His room is lined with classic movie posters and other memorabilia. He takes a sip from a coffee mug.

WRITER

Hey, who's movie is this anyway?

HERO (V.O.)

I'm sorry, "movie"?

WRITER

Yeah, with any luck, this thing will turn out good enough to put in my portfolio for college.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

HERO

Wait, I'm sorry. So I'm just a character in your film?

WRITER (V.O.)

Yes. A pawn in my game of chess, if you will.

HERO

Okay, that was one pretentious comment too many. I'm out of here.

He gets up to go.

WRITER (V.O.)

Wait!

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

Hero briskly walks out of the coffee shop. He tries to continue down the street, but every time he runs off-screen, he appears again on the opposite side, consistently stuck in the single shot.

A PASSERBY going the other way notices his frustration.

PASSERBY

Oh, sure. We all think we're going somewhere, and nobody is. We live in an age of constant communication and information, but what do we do with it? We get lazy, deformed as a society. We're fat, we human beings are...

He walks off rambling to himself.

HERO

So do any of your characters not consistently spout there inane views about life and the universe?

INT. WRITER'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Writer stares at the screen.

WRITER

Oh, come on. Why do you have to be so judgemental, man? This is my art!

HERO (V.O.)

Well, I'm sorry. It just all seems so cliché to me.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE -- CONTINUOUS

HERO

The pompous dialogue. The grainy, black and white cinematography. The over-the-top symbolism.

WRITER (V.O.)

What do you mean? What over-the-top symbolism?

Hero gestures to his left, where a sad, bawling CLOWN is breaking down on his knees.

CLOWN

(in a bad German accent)

I am the saddest clown in the whole wide world!

HERO

Don't you think a million other students have made this exact same movie before you?

WRITER (V.O.)

What are you, my inner critic?

HERO

Maybe. I don't know. I don't remember anything because you wrote that over-used amnesia crap into your story. Whatever, I'm out of this stupid movie.

WRITER (V.O.)

No, you can't!

Hero begins to walk away. He comes upon a crosswalk with a HOB0 already standing waiting for the light to change. He is holding a cardboard sign with some cryptic Biblical phrase or other scrolled across it.

HERO

(awkwardly, under his
breath)

Hey, how's it going.

He presses the walk button. There's an awkward silence as the hobo continues to stare straight ahead. The light does not change. Hero continues to press the button, but nothing happens. Finally, he sighs.

HERO (CONT'D)

Okay, what do I have to do to get out of this thing? And it better not be some overly dramatic suicide scene.

WRITER (V.O.)

Oh no, it's much better than that. You remember the girl in the white dress, yeah?

HERO

Of course. Obviously representative of innocence or something like that

WRITER (V.O.)

Well, find that girl and all your questions will be answered.

HERO

Oh, that's not too vague or anything. No clues, no direction. This ought to be a load of fun. Well, you've obviously proven yourself to be a master raconteur thus far, so lead on!

The walk sign finally changes, and Hero walks on. The Hobo looks after him mysteriously.

WALKING MONTAGE:

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY -- AFTERNOON

During the following montage, Hero journeys through the stereotypically dark streets of the city, looking for anything familiar. The entire time, pretty much everyone he passes gives him a deep, pondering look, as if every citizen of this city bears the weight of the world on his shoulders. Among these people could be a priest, prostitutes, a woman holding out an apple, a Frenchman, and of course, the return of the Hobo. There should also be several shots where the film is sped up, slowed down, and filtered through all sorts of different renders the way all student films are. A few times, Hero believes he sees the Girl in White, but it always turns out to be another girl, or perhaps in one case, a man.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY -- EVENING

Hero, obviously tired from his travels, sits down on a bench.

HERO

Okay, I give up. You win. Whatever point your trying to make about how we're all looking for beauty and innocence in the world has been successfully beat over the head. I take back what I said about the suicide thing. Finish me. I'll even put my arms out like Christ on the cross and everything.

WRITER (V.O.)

Don't worry, dude. It's all in the master plan.

HERO

Having your main character wander around for no foreseeable reason is all in the master plan?

WRITER (V.O.)

It's like life, man. You don't always get what you're looking for right away in real life, do you? Why should it be any different in film?

HERO

Honestly, where do you get your inspiration?

INT. WRITER'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Writer is over at his bookshelf. He pulls some "magic mushrooms" out of a secret box.

WRITER

Oh, I can think of a few places.

HERO (V.O.)

Do I even have a connection with this girl in white, or is this just one of those avant garde deals with no real purpose?

WRITER

Be patient, man. Art takes time.

Writer pops a mushroom in his mouth.

EXT. STREETS OF THE CITY -- CONTINUOUS

HERO

(muttering to himself)

I could have been Charlie Kaufman's inner critic, but no. Stupid student filmmaker. Stupid girl in white.

MADAME BLUE (O.S.)

Did I just hear you say you want to buy some "Girl in White"?

Hero looks up to see MADAME BLUE, a twentysomething woman dressed in Bohemian clothes. She is obviously a bit of a druggie and more than a little loose.

HERO

Pardon?

Madame Blue pulls out a bag of white pills.

MADAME BLUE

Girl in White. It's the new hot thing, combining the effects of LSD, crystal meth, ecstasy, and cough syrup.

Hero looks up to the sky.

HERO

(to Writer)

I am not getting high for your movie!

WRITER (V.O.)

Just roll with it, man. It's all good.

MADAME BLUE

And since the slightest overdose is enough to kill a stampeding heard of bull moose, I wouldn't mind someone to share this bag with, if you catch my draft.

HERO

Wait, you mean it might kill me?

He jumps up and grabs Madame by the shoulders.

HERO (CONT'D)

Finally, a way out of this idiotic
film! I'll take all of it!

He grabs the bag from her and shoves a handful of pills in
his mouth. He tries to walk away, but she grabs his arm.

MADAME BLUE

Do you think I'm just going to give
it to you for free?

HERO

But I don't have any money! What am
I supposed to pay with?

She smiles.

MADAME BLUE

I'm sure we could strike some sort
of deal.

DRUG MONTAGE!