

FADE IN:

INT. AN OFFICE—NIGHT

The picture fades up to a man, Ronnie Electron, back to typing away on a keyboard in front of his computer with OFF NIGHT SHORTS the title, camera equipment seen in the background along with a few movie posters on the wall, writing awards and certificates and plaques. He stops typing, rereads something, sits back to evaluate something and looks into the CAMERA.

ELECTRON

Fiction. Is fiction fact, or fiction? Some believe science fiction is based on fact, however, does that infer non fiction is fictional fact? The shorts in this volume of Off Night Shorts are concepts and ideas born from colors, numbers, thoughts, emotions, moods and shapes.

(re posters)

All the greats use them, and as finely tuned instruments used their gifts to creative magic on film. The storylines, characters, thoughts, themes and ideologies are part and parcel of creative energies used for their formation...

He types "SCENARIO", by R. Shantz/Robinson on the typewriter and the picture fades...

OFF NIGHT SHORTS

“Scenario”

By Ronnie Shantz/Robinson

FADE IN:

1

INT. A MOTEL ROOM—DAY

A man , VETZ, is sitting slumped on his haunches against a hallway wall, his eyes on something inside a bedroom. The CAMERA PANS to a woman, Vetz's GIRLFRIEND, who is sitting on a bed holding a robe over her body, thunderstruck.

Another man is dressing behind her. He grabs his keys and heads toward the door, annoyed.

MAN

I'm outa here...

The man exits the room, Vetz eyes watch him fade down the hall, exit, and Vetz turns back to the woman who has yet to move, her eyes on him.

VETZ

(beat)

Well. Another day, another scenario.

GIRLFRIEND

(guiltily)

How'd you know?

Vetz leans his head against the wall, distantly watching a fly buzzing around the ceiling light.

VETZ

(to himself)

What the hell's going on... ?

He recomposes, gets up and enters the motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Vetz picks up her clothes and hands them to her.

VETZ

Put these on.

She drops the robe and begins dressing, holding his stare.

GIRLFRIEND

It was your story.

VETZ

So you had to play that one out also? You do know the meaning of fiction, I assume?

She doesn't respond, keeping her eyes on him. Suddenly they tear a little, frustrated.

GIRLFRIEND

You don't even notice me, Vetz! Those goddamn gorgeous perfectly large bossomed women in your stories... I don't even exist!

Vetz nods to himself and relaxes against the wall.

2

VETZ

That's an excuse... you know all I do is write about scenario's from different angles. And you're gorgeous, just like them.

GIRLFRIEND

Please. You're so goddamn turned on by them I can't even get ten minutes of your time a day. I'm in competition with a paper harem, Vetz.

She finishes dressing, gets up, heads toward the door and stops.

GIRLFRIEND

So what now? Don't tell me, I'll find another scenario on my doorstep plush with a storyboard for each sexual escapade to evaluate for you, ending with your oh so exquisitely tailored one of a kind story twist to make me envious.

(re: his silence)

You're living in a fantasy world.

VETZ

At least...my...fantasy world is just that, a fantasy world. You, however...

He lets it linger, gets up and exits, her face reddening. She follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT—DAY

Vetz exits the motel and she angrily grabs his arm, spinning him around.

GIRLFRIEND

Don't stop now, let it all out. I know you want to.

VETZ

If you insist.

(beat)

I know the reason a raving beauty like you hooked up with me in the first place. To fulfill your needs off of my stories. Don't give me all that it's me garbage, you can't get enough of them.

He pulls his arm away and jumps in his car. She hesitates and follows.

INT. CAR

Vetz fires up the car and she gets in, quietly closing the door. They study each other a moment.

GIRLFRIEND

So now what? This relationship if fucked up.

VETZ

No kidding.

GIRLFRIEND

Do you want to be with me anymore?

VETZ

(beat)

I don't think I ever have been with you.

(adds)

How was Mr. Velcan, anyway?

Unable to hold a straight face, they both burst out laughing at the ridiculousness of it all.

VETZ

Yeah, he was one of my more erotic characters...

He puts the car in gear and pulls out of the parking lot.

VETZ

I'm jealous over my own story character, you don't care about me...

EXT. CAR

He speeds off down the highway, vanishing into the traffic.

INT. A BAR—NIGHT

Vetz is inside at a bar with a buddy of his, PETTIGREW, adlibbing over this'n that. The bartender, CRUTZ, brings them another round, sliding it along the bar top.

CRUTZ

When're you gonna even up the tab? It's running into high double digits.

Vetz rolls out a wad of bills and tosses a couple hundred his way.

VETZ

Problem?

CRUTZ

Triple it if you want, I'm easy...

Crutz picks up the money and goes to another patron, pleased.

PETTIGREW

Amazing, the power of money.

VETZ

You like that story, also.

PETTIGREW

4

My favorite, sure to be a blockbuster on your web.

A woman, NATASHA, enters the bar, and Pettitgrew notices Vetz taking her in from head to toe.

PETTIGREW

Lemme guess. A sophisticate, beautiful, intelligent, 36-22-26, double D, perfect for one of your Vetzian erotic heartbreakers.

(re: Vetz's study)

What's the special quality I know I'm missing that'll go into this story?

Vetz relaxes back to study her and a smile touches his lips.

VETZ

Her walk...

PETTIGREW

Ah. The arms, the way they swing.

(studious)

I'm getting it I think... the arched back, elegance engrata?

VETZ

It's the personality of the vessel...

He mulls something over and takes out a pad from his jacket along with a pen, studying her.

VETZ

(writes)

Her name was...Natasha... Sexanov.

PETTIGREW

Mercy sakes. It's love.

Natasha heads their way as another man joins her with a quick kiss along the way.

PETTIGREW

Damper, she's hooked.

VETZ

(beat)

She was mesmerizing... the ring on her finger tripling the height of her golden pedestal.

A princess from tomorrows epilogue of picturesque hope and perfection.

(beat)

In a word, she...was...

SLOW MOTION

He stops, watching Natasha's eyes slide toward him, riveting Vetz. Pettigrews eyes study Vetz's perspective of Natasha.

Back to NORMAL SPEED. Unable to remove his eyes from Natasha, she passes by with a vague

smile, acknowledging him. He puts the pen down and stops, putting the pad back into his jacket.

PETTIGREW

What happened? I was about to climax.

He nods at Vetz's Girlfriend also in the club watching from a table with friends, smirking.

PETTIGREW

Oh.

Vetz watches Natasha's mate get up and head toward the restroom. Vetz contemplates something, gets up and heads toward Natasha.

PETTIGREW

(re: Girlfriend)

Don't you dare! Vetz!

Vetz approaches Natasha and she turns his way.

NATASHA

Yes?

VETZ

I had to meet you.

(re: her knowing stare)

Alright, that's one on me, certain to impress. Maturity's my middle name.

NATASHA

(chuckles)

Relax, I get that a lot. I'm approachable, to a degree. As long as you know I have a husband.

(beat)

Do you still want to meet me?

Vetz mulls his answer over and backs off.

VETZ

No... I don't think so. Hey, have a great life.

She smiles a little, resigned, and he moves back to Pettigrew, retaking his seat. His Girlfriend taking him in, a little lost.

PETTIGREW

And?

VETZ

She's married.

PETTIGREW

So what? It's for the story.

Vetz takes out his pen and pad and contemplates his entry.

VETZ

6

(writes)

The moment she opened her mouth, I knew she would never be mine. Not because of her husband, he was, in time, replaceable...

He looks over at Natasha's husband rejoining her at a table. Natasha sits, studying Vetz writing in his notepad.

PETTIGREW

(covertly)

Uh, don't look now, Vetz, she's looking your way. Intuition, she knows it's about her.

VETZ

(without a glance)

It was in her accent. Something about her speech pattern... it told me we were perfectly incompatible.

He glances at his Girlfriend, looks right through her, continues writing, and his Girlfriend gets up and exits the club with a long, sad stare at Vetz, their relationship over.

PETTIGREW

(re: Vetz' Girlfriend)

One down, zero to go.

Vetz looks up to see Natasha studying him, her husband chatting with a friend beside her. Vetz distantly looks right through her.

VETZ

(writes)

She would be the last beautiful image he would ever see before his upcoming demise, an image worthy of his epitaph...

CU Pettigrew stiffening a little. He studies Vetz, watches him fade from Natasha's interest as she goes back to conversing with her husband and friend, and—

VETZ

(writes)

The last Scenario, catalogued forever in the annals of time...

Vetz continues writing, only glances at Natasha and her husband and friend getting up and leaving the club. The bartender Crutz slides another round down the bar toward them.

CRUTZ

This one's on the house.

PETTIGREW

You're a butter up whore, Crutz.

CRUTZ

Makes money.

Crutz heads back down the bar, and Vetz finishes writing and slides the pen and pad to Pettigrew.

VETZ

Be good to yourself, Petti. Here, this's  
for you. Send it to my agent in the morning.  
Fantasy was my death...

PETTIGREW

What's that mean?  
(realizing)  
You and your stories, it's going to your head.

Crutz heads back to other patrons, and Pettigrew toasts the club missing Vetz. He pulls a revolver from his pocket. A smile touches his lips, he puts it to his temple and pulls the trigger, the gunblast startling everyone. Vetz slumps over the bar amidst some yelling, his dead eyes on Natasha getting in a car through the window. Natasha pulls away with her husband, and Pettigrew tears the gun from Vetz's hand, shellshocked.

PETTIGREW

Vetz! Vetz! Goddamn you, what the hell's  
wrong with you? Vetz! It's a story!  
(to Crutz)  
Call an ambulance! Vetz!

Crutz grabs a phone, and the CAMERA slides back to the window showing Natasha's hair flying in the breeze of her convertible with her husband. She vanishes over a hill, the last paper portrait of a Vetz fantasy, and fades into the night...

FADE OUT