

Excerpts of Screenplays

By

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"Winded," pg. 2
Short Narrative

"Bruce," pg. 3
Feature Cartoon Narrative

"Independence," pg. 9
Feature Narrative

"Winded" Laura Rose 2008
"Bruce" Laura Rose 2009
"Independence" Laura Rose 2010

"WINDED" - SHORT FILM SCRIPT - SET UP

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

FADE IN.

RACHEL trudges down a darkened dorm hallway, every third fluorescent light shines dimly.

She shifts her satchel heavy with the weight of the dress.

She stops walking to stifle a yawn that wracks her body.

She struggles to pull her keys from her sewing basket.

They fall from her hand.

She picks them up quickly and shoves them into the door

She edges open the door to a darkened room.

The only light spills from between the curtains from the moon.

INT. NIGHT - RACHEL'S ROOM

ALLISON and MAN WITH NO CLOTHES writhe under the covers in the bed nearest the window.

A moan is heard.

The light from the hallway hits the bed.

The shapes halt all movement

Allison jolts up, clutching the blanket around her chest.

ALLISON

RACHEL, I told you 2:30!

Rachel quickly slams the door and screams.

INT. NIGHT - RA FRANK'S ROOM

Rachel storms into RA FRANK WILKINS' open room.

She doesn't even notice that she didn't have to knock, or that Frank was holding the door open when she arrived.

Rachel storms over to the Frank's bed and plops down.

She takes her shoes off and grabs Frank's pillow.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Isn't this the third time this
week?

Frank walks to his desk and sits down at his computer. He
turns down the speakers.

RACHEL

Five if you count the two during
the day!

She stares at him pointedly.

Leaning back in his chair, he looks towards Rachel and
smiles.

FRANK

I can talk to the head of housing
tomorrow, and you're welcome to sit
in here till 2:30.

Frank stands up and walks towards his shelves.

He pulls down an electric water heater from the middle
shelf.

FRANK

Green tea straight?

RACHEL

It's a black tea kinda night.

FADE OUT.

"BRUCE" - FEATURE CARTOON NARRATIVE - ACT 2 COMPLICATION

EXT. DAY - CONVENT COURTYARD

FADE IN.

Marjorie carries two buckets full of water across the
courtyard.

She struggles.

She crosses to the kitchen door and puts them down next to
ten other buckets.

She wipes her forehead and bends over to take a breath.

Reveal, a stack of 30 buckets sit next to the door.

(CONTINUED)

She grabs the next two and then starts walking back towards the woods, muttering under her breath.

She gets to the edge of the woods and Kess(A Kestrel) swoops down over her.

KESS

I found him.

Kess lands on a tree and Marjorie drops the buckets.

She runs to Kess.

MARJORIE

What did he say? Where is he? How's my father?

Kess takes a few deep breaths.

KESS

I just flew over 500 miles because you needed to find Walter. The least you can do is give me a break!

Marjorie waits with baited breath.

MARJORIE

So?

Kess looks at Marjorie.

KESS

You are a bundle of impatience and the cause of my unhappiness.

MARJORIE

Right now you're causing me to be unhappy, come on!

Kess holds out her leg.

Marjorie notices a piece of paper tied to it.

She grabs for it.

KESS

WOOHOO! A little too close for comfort, lemme untie it.

Marjorie backs away.

Kess hands her the paper.

She opens it with zeal.

MARJORIE
It's from him!

KESS
Who else would it be from?

MARJORIE
He's well, in battle, and wants to
hear from me. He's worried.

She keeps reading.

MARJORIE
Wait a moment. Ew.

KESS
What?

MARJORIE
He signed with love. I'm too young
for anyone to sign anything with
love.

KESS
You're 17.

MARJORIE
Exactly, I have things to do, I
will not be having anyone signing
their letters to me with love.

Kess shakes her head.

MARJORIE
Next thing you know he'll want me
to marry him, and I'm too young for
marriage.

Suddenly, Nan's pack of dogs swarm her.

She shoves the letter into her dress and picks up the
buckets.

Nan walks up.

NAN
You, my office, now.

Nan turns around.

The dogs linger, breathing, slobbering, and sneering.

NAN
Boys, here.

They back away from Marjorie and run after Nan.

INT. DAY - NAN'S OFFICE

Nan sits at the table stacked with papers. The dogs lounge around the office.

A man sits with his back to the door.

There's a loud knock on the door.

NAN
Step lively.

Marjorie storms in.

MARJORIE
Good day.

NAN
That's not how you are to greet me.
You're missing something.

MARJORIE
I have no urge to greet you with a
curtsy.

Nan steps out from behind the desk.

The dogs sit up.

She slips over to Marjorie. The dogs cross towards her as well.

She slaps her.

NAN
You are the daughter of a traitor
to the crown of England you will
greet me properly.

She begrudgingly curtsies to Nan.

A SURLY NUN walks in behind Marjorie, guarding the door.

SURLY NUN
Do we have a problem?

NAN
None at all.

Nan turns and walks back to her desk.

The dogs gather closer around Marjorie.

NAN
Marjorie there are somethings in
life that you don't get a say in.

MARJORIE
Like what?

Marjorie looks at the dogs warily.

NAN
Like the allegiances of your family
to another.

MARJORIE
I don't understand, my familial
allegiances are strong.

NAN
They could be a bit stronger to
England.

The man wheels around in his chair, It's Robert DeClifford.

He sneers.

Marjorie bolts for the door.

She trips over a dog, who bites at her dress tearing a piece
of it away.

The dog retreats to a corner gnawing on the fabric.

The Surly Nun grabs her arm and struggles to seat her at the
chair next to DeClifford.

NAN
Marjorie, it's best if you settle
down.

Marjorie pulls herself out of the chair and runs for the
door again.

The Surly Nun picks her up as if plucking a flower.

NAN

Lash her to the chair.

The Surly Nun throws her in the chair and ties her down with rope.

NAN

Marjorie, you're here because your father thinks he knows what's best for Scotland. Scotland is a part of England, you people don't know how to be free.

MARJORIE

Scotland was a Celtic Nation before your people took us over.

NAN

You silly backward people. Marjorie, Scotland belongs to England, and I have a way that it will stay a part of England.

MARJORIE

Bruce will prevail!

NAN

Gag her.

The surly nun gags Marjorie with a bundle of cloth.

NAN

Marjorie, The DeCliffords are the first cousins to the King of England, and a Scottish alliance to the DeCliffords would guarantee that the Scots could never rebel again.

Robert interrupts.

ROBERT DECLIFFORD

This isn't a good idea Nan. What if her father finds out?

NAN

My ideas are always good, your ideas are like weeds, sprouting up in a garden.

Robert sits on his hands.

NAN

And aside from that, what's he going to do cross the border? He'd be destroyed before he got within 30 miles of here.

ROBERT DECLIFFORD

You're right. We'll do Edward proud with this one.

Nan turns back to Marjorie.

NAN

I've decided that for me to become head nun of Westminster Abbey I need to further my career, by furthering my family. And you poppet are the way that I can do that.

(pauses)

Marjorie at the end of the week, you will be married. It is a joyous occasion.

She claps her hands together in sinister applause.

The Surly Nun applauds as well.

Marjorie glares at Nan.

NAN

To who you ask? Well that's quite simple. My brother, Robert DeClifford, is your intended.

Robert gives her an evil smile.

Marjorie squirms and pushes back in her chair. It falls backward. She slams with a thud onto the ground.

DeClifford's guffawing laughter mocks her.

Nan walks over to her and stands over her, smiling.

NAN

Jumping with excitement are you? I'll be the best sister-in-law, ever.

Marjorie screams through the gag.

FADE OUT.

INDEPENDENCE - FULL LENGTH NARRATIVE - MAIN CHARACTER CLIMAX

INT. NIGHT - SANTA ANNA'S TENT - SAN JACINTO CAMPSITE.

FADE IN.

Emily sits on the cot.

Santa Anna grabs a pot of hot water from over a tiny fire in the middle of his tent.

He pours the liquid tar into a cup and hands it back to Emily.

She takes the cup in her hands, but the heat of the cup burns her hands and she drops it.

She looks down at the cup.

SANTA ANNA
Clumsy aren't you?

Emily looks up at Santa Anna as she crosses her legs, brushing the skirt up high against her thigh.

EMILY WEST
Let's be honest, I'm not here for
Coffee.

He looks down at her, lust in his eyes.

EMILY WEST (CONT.)
There's a certain risk involved
sleeping with the enemy.

She cocks her mouth, inviting.

He still stands.

SANTA ANNA
I'm not the enemy here, but would
you say that... interests you?

She stands up, grabs his neck, pulling his mouth towards her own, kissing him.

He pauses to look at her.

EMILY WEST
Daytime is for keeping up
appearances. The night time is for
getting what you really want.

(CONTINUED)

She turns him to where his back is towards the cot and then shoves him back onto it.

He hits the cot hard. She pushes him further back down until he's laying down. She climbs on top of him.

EXT. MID AFTERNOON - SAN JACINTO MEXICAN CAMP

The camp is quiet.

Tent flaps are tied open the soldiers either on cots half in/half out or completely out in the open air.

Mexicans lay on the ground, sleeping, sweating in the heat most have removed their jackets a few have on only their pants.

Quietly, Texan soldiers creep through the Mexican camp, no bags or packs, just them and their guns.

The slide past the sleeping men and slowly position themselves.

They stand at the entrances of tents and at the feet of the sleeping men.

INT. MID AFTERNOON - SANTA ANNA'S TENT

Emily straddles Santa Anna, keeping him down with her legs while pinning his arms behind his head.

She smiles, seductively.

He raises his head to meet her mouth.

She backs away.

A VOICE calls from outside of the tent.

VOICE (O.S.)

FIRE!

Men chant.

MEN (O.S.)

Remember the Alamo! Remember
Goliad! Remember the Alamo!
Remember Goliad!

She turns to hear the commotion outside.

(CONTINUED)

SANTA ANNA
What is that?

EMILY WEST
Practice?

Santa Anna looks at Emily.

SANTA ANNA
You were way too eager...

Santa Anna flings Emily off him.

He rushes to the tent flap, looking outside.

SANTA ANNA
Perra!
(Bitch!)

EMILY WEST
Is that all you're going to call
me?

She staggers across the floor, grabbing his military jacket,
sliding her arms into the holes.

Santa Anna grabs his pants. Striding towards Emily he slaps
her and walks back towards the tent entrance.

EXT. MID AFTERNOON - SANTA ANNA'S TENT - SAN JACINTO
MEXICAN CAMP

Santa Anna steps outside, naked.

He sees the massacre before him.

Mexicans fall left and right as the Texan force sweeps
through the troops decimating them entirely.

Mexican troops swarm around him in a panic.

SANTA ANNA
Stop standing here, use your damn
gun!

He whips around back into the tent

INT. MID AFTERNOON - SANTA ANNA'S TENT

He looks for his clothes.

Emily sits in a chair with a huge knife and a revolver wearing his uniform.

He steps towards her.

She fires a shot over his head.

EMILY WEST

I've got 5 more, chances are at
this distance one will hit.

He grits his teeth and steps towards her again.

She fires.

The bullet grazes his arm.

She stands up, leveling the gun at his chest, she spreads her legs for balance.

EMILY WEST

I dare you.

He spits at her.

It misses.

SANTA ANNA

Put a!
(Whore!)

The screams of pain outside become louder.

He looks towards the flap and back to Emily.

About to take another step, he spies Emily's dress wadded up in a heap on the ground.

He grabs the dress and slips it over his head. Sliding the skirt down his thighs, he spits at Emily again.

She shakes the gun towards the door, signaling him to leave.

He grabs his shoes and runs towards the closed flap.

He flings the flap open, and rushes into the light.

EXT. MID AFTERNOON - SANTA ANNA'S TENT - SAN JACINTO
MEXICAN CAMP

Col. James Morgan stands with a knife pointed directly at Santa Anna's heart.

He stops, the cold steel point digging into the fabric of the dress.

He looks up to the cold hatred in the James' eyes.

He gulps.

He looks around for help.

Emily steps out of the tent, the revolver still in her hand.

She spits on him.

EMILY WEST
Curse you to hell!

She uses the butt of the revolver and slams it into his head, knocking him unconscious.

His body falls into a heap on the ground.

She turns to Col. James, who looks at her surprised.

EMILY WEST
I'm really hoping that reward on
the posters wasn't a joke.

COL. JAMES
I declare we might be able to work
something out.

EMILY WEST
Sam Houston can work it out. I'm
turning in my prisoner.

She hands him the revolver and walks off past the Texan soldiers, picking her way through the bodies.

FADE OUT.