

Screenwriting Sample

The purpose of this sample is to draw coherence out of chaos and demonstrate creativity and writing flow. The premise: three established video game characters - from entirely different and unrelated worlds - meet in an elevator.

Starring:

- HK-47 (*Star Wars: Knights of the Old Republic*): A sardonic Star Wars murder droid.
- Guybrush Threepwood (*The Secret of Monkey Island*): Hapless, hopelessly naive pirate wannabe.
- Cate Archer (*No One Lives Forever*): Posh super spy from the '60s who has pretty much had it with chauvinism.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

We're inside an elevator, staring at scuffed metal doors, still shut. They clash with the pink and green zig zags and crudely drawn UFOs on the carpet, seemingly lifted from a neglected arcade. The doors open and a scrawny, blonde man, draped in a too-big blue coat with large, wooden buttons, steps in. GUYBRUSH scans the elevator button labels with a finger circling in the air.

GUYBRUSH

Let's see ... Lobby, Dining Room,
Ballroom, Puck room - fancy! - Lido
deck, Astral Plane, aaaand there it
is, the Big Whoop Hotel's Annual
Pirate Convention, 7th floor.

He pushes a big button and yellow light pokes through a faded "7".

GUYBRUSH

I hope they have a map. Last time I
got lost so long they started putting
up booths for the next convention,
"Porcelain Fest."
(shuddering)

The elevator becomes turbulent, jolting up and down, creaking. The lights flicker, black out and slowly come back to life as all movement stops.

Nothing.
Quiet.

GUYBRUSH

Umm, hello? Can anyone hear me? I'm not scared! I'm just ... I'm just tired ... of being stuck in a metal box that could fall at any time and ... wanted to get a feel for some of the other ones? To compare!

The elevator doors crack open with a screech, metal deforming around the edges as a metallic hand with a brown hue bursts through.

GUYBRUSH
(childlike)
Mommy!

HK-47
Declaration. I loathe to be reminded that you meatbags spawn yet more meatbags. Thankfully, I am your imminent demise.

The droid puts a foot in the elevator as he pries open the barrier.

GUYBRUSH
(panicking)
Well, umm, your *eminence*, I'm just a pirate. There's no need for ... for demise.

HK-47
Clarification. There are several thousand reasons to kill you, and half of them would light up my pleasure sensors in the most satisfying way. Oh, if only I could hear your scream over the thunderous blast of my Torboni Systems X8-99 Disintegrator. I look forward to introducing you to it. And then intra-reducing you with it, Guybrush Threepwood.

GUYBRUSH
Oh, I see there's been a mistake. Did you say Guybrush Threepwood? That is NOT me. I'm Grog. I mean Greg. My friends - and I - call me Greg Grog. And what kind of a name is Guybrush? I'm Greg Grog!

HK-47

Disbelief. I overheat my laughter
platters whenever I recall how you
meatbags believe yourselves
distinguished by the naming
convention you've bestowed upon
yourselves. Who names the strips of
bacon burning in a pan?

GUYBRUSH

(gasping)
Sizzley ...

HK-47

Amorphism. This prison is of your own
construction. And have you ever
considered the denigration suffered
by this elegant machine which has to
hoist and lower and hoist you moist
meatbags all day? You treat my kind
like a thoughtless bucket.

GUYBRUSH

You mean like a dumbwaiter?

HK-47

Outrage. A WHAT?

GUYBRUSH

Never mind. Let's ... Is there any way
I can convince you to make my death
less... fatal?

HK-47

Answer. You can cease to be a
prattling, disgusting miasma of
organic offal swishing about in a
lifelike container.

GUYBRUSH

Well ... I can work on that.

HK-47

Counterpoint. Or you can simply cease
to be. Forever.

HK-47 slowly raises his DISINTEGRATOR, pointing it directly at
GUYBRUSH'S HEAD.

Just as he's about to pull the trigger, sparks fly from HK-47's neck. He twitches once but remains motionless.

HK-47

Confusion. I seem to have been
immobilized. This is less fun.

A ceiling panel lands on the elevator floor with a dull thud. Two leather-clad legs lower into view, followed by the rest of CATE ARCHER. She's wearing a pirate hat and an eyepatch.

CATE

Threepwood, you were supposed to be
at the convention already.

GUYBRUSH

Hello, ma'am. I'm Greg Grog.

CATE

(holding finger up to ear)
Yes, target secure. I believe he is
out of imminent danger and ...

CATE slowly looks GUYBRUSH up and down, not that there's all that much to take in.

CATE

Well, I can't make any promises about
what happens once he's out of here.
Seems rather ... fragile.

GUYBRUSH

Ouch! Also, who are you?

HK-47

Repetition. Yes, who are you?

CATE

That doesn't matter. What's important
is (speaking slowly) that I once lost
my entire Lacrosse team in Leningrad.

HK-47

Observation. That was clearly a code
phrase, intended for spy communicate.
You are a female meatbag seasoned
with espionage and subterfuge.

GUYBRUSH

I had a subterfuge once but, ugh, so
many pickles.

HK-47

Bewilderment. You must have triggered this immobilization, and impressively, not with a piercing shriek as your kind typically employs.

CATE

Well, if you're concerned, I'd be happy to tear your ears off, wherever they are, and shove it up whatever you have down there.

GUYBRUSH

(suddenly overconfident)
That's right! We win! And you fight like a cow!

HK-47

Correction: I am skilled at slaughtering livestock, including cows, so my skills must therefore exceed theirs. They do tend to fight their own battles, however.

CATE

Listen, Guybrush...

GUYBRUSH

It's Greg.

CATE

(rolling eyes)
Ok. You have some intelligence.

GUYBRUSH

Oh, well, thank you.

CATE

That I need.

GUYBRUSH

(attempting to be confident)
Guybrush Threepwood, mighty pirate, at your service.

CATE

I mean, you have some intelligence ON you, that I need. Here.

CATE gently pinches a small, razor-thin microchip off GUYBRUSH's shoulder.

GUYBRUSH

Oh.

CATE

It wafted off a diplomat's balcony and landed on you a few days ago.

HK-47

Conclusion. He has not changed his attire in days.

CATE

Oh, dear lord, yes, you don't have a nose at all, do you? The smell in here. Regardless, Guybrush, we tracked you and were going to retrieve this during the convention. Clearly you drew attention anyway. The wrong kind, I'm afraid.

GUYBRUSH

Well... thanks for, you know, saving me. At least I have a great pirate tale to tell.

CATE

It's really more ... pirate adjacent, isn't it? Also, you can't tell anyone.

CATE bends down and nonchalantly puts an arm around GUYBRUSH's waste.

GUYBRUSH

(absentmindedly)

I've also learned a lot about myself.

CATE pulls a GRAPPLING GUN from a back pocket with her free hand and fires it straight up, sending the hook through the opening in the elevator ceiling.

CATE

Mmm hmm.

CATE, still holding a muttering GUYBRUSH, slowly lifts out of the elevator, pulled along by the GRAPPLING GUN.

GUYBRUSH

(trailing off)

Did you happen to grab a map while
you were up there?

HK-47

Vow. With sufficient cause for
vengeance, perhaps one should name
the bacon in the pan. You haven't
seen the last of me, Greg Grog.

END SCENE