INTRODUCTION TO FILM PRODUCTION 201-001

Script for Master Shot Sequence and Scene Revision

Backstory:

KARL is the husband of GRACE. When Grace married him, he seemed kind and was so nice to her little boy Timmy. Even when his temper flared and lashed out, he always found a way to get her to forgive him afterwards.

But lately, he’s been acting very strangely. Paranoid, angry, and suspicious.

Yesterday, Karl sent Timmy on an errand across town. He gave Timmy a package to deliver to the train station. He gave the boy specific instructions to get the package there right away, don’t dawdle, and come straight home. But boys will be boys and Timmy got distracted. Just as he finally arrived at the train station, a half-hour late, there was a huge explosion. Timmy and many other people were killed by flying nails from a homemade bomb. Grace is devastated. Karl is upset as well, but not the way you would expect. He seems more agitated and nervous than sad.

This morning they had a fight. Grace tearfully accused Karl of not being sorry for what happened to Timmy. She asked him why couldn’t he just have delivered the stupid package himself. What was so important about it anyway? Karl gives an evasive answer. Grace said that if Karl wouldn’t have sent Timmy on that errand, Timmy wouldn’t have been in the train station and would be alive today. Karl yelled back that if Timmy would have just delivered the package straight way and come straight home, everything would be fine.

They haven’t spoken since.

What we know that Grace doesn’t is that Karl is a terrorist and that Timmy was delivering a time bomb to the station. Karl didn’t deliver it himself because he suspects the police are watching him and he was afraid he’d be caught in the act of planting a bomb. So he set the timer for 5 pm and told Timmy to drop it off and be back by 4:30.

INT DINING ROOM NIGHT

Still in shock, Grace sets the table in a disheveled daze.
Karl’s plate, her plate, Timmy’s plate ...

Grace catches herself setting the place for her dead son. She starts to pick the plate up - sees the empty chair -

Grace breaks down

Karl walks in the door. He sees Grace weeping besides Timmy’s place.

Karl tries to slip back out -

He doesn’t make it. Grace looks up and sees him.

Karl acts as if he was just coming in.
He goes to Grace to comfort her.

She brushes past his open arms and out the door.

Karl sits at his place. Starts to read the paper.
But his gaze is drawn to Timmy’s empty place at the table.

His eyes dart back to the paper as Grace returns with a bowl of vegetables and a loaf of bread.

She won’t look at him. She places the vegetables and bread besides Timmy’s place. Just out of Karl’s reach.

She leaves again.

Karl gets up and brings the food to his plate. Dishes himself.

That damn empty place won’t leave him be.

CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN CONTINUOUS

A whole roasted chicken rests cooling on a platter, a carving knife propped beside it.

Grace, still very upset, snatches the platter off the counter.

Too fast. The knife flies off the platter and skitters across the kitchen floor under the refrigerator.

On her hands and knees, Grace gropes under the refrigerator for the knife.

But she comes back with something else. A long, thick steel nail.

Puzzled, she regards at the nail. How'd that get down there? Suddenly - she realizes. A nail bomb.

CUT TO:

INT DINING ROOM CONTINUOUS

Karl eats his veggies.

Grace comes in with the chicken. She sets it at her end of the table.

Seething with repressed rage, she forces herself to look at Karl.

He eats without looking up.

Timmy's plate is gone.
The bread and vegetables are gathered around Karl's place.

Grace grabs the knife and starts carving the chicken.

Karl peers from his peas.

Her eyes raise to meet his. Hers well with hatred.

She stabs the chicken. Eyes still locked.

Karl realizes: Oh my god. She knows.

The knife hacks the chicken.

Her eyes glare with a purpose he's never seen before.

Karl decides he has to act fast. Lay on the charm.
He gets up and goes to her.

She stops cutting. Watches him come. Her hair hangs in her face.

Karl musters a smile - reaches to tenderly sweep the hair from her forehead. She used to love that.

Not anymore. She turns the knife on him.

Karl shakes his head. Opens his arms. It was an accident, you don't understand -

You decide how to end it. Whatever you want.