

SCREENWRITING SAMPLES

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EXCERPT #1 OF 3 (DRAMATIC)

Backstory: Supermodel/media mogul Ruah Frost has been diagnosed with breast cancer and is discussing the possibility of surgery and chemotherapy treatments over lunch with best friend, Dr. Gloria Herald.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY

Ruah and Dr. Herald sit eating sandwiches inside an exclusive, private atrium section, amid trees and ferns.

Ruah stares with curious interest at female landscapers pruning rose bushes and other plants, tossing grass seeds and watering the foliage surrounding the umbrella-equipped tables.

As she sees some tree branches being cut back to promote healthier growth, she suddenly hardens and forces herself not to look at them anymore.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

In a buying frenzy, Ruah loads gold and diamond necklaces, rings and bracelets onto the store owner's counter, along with an American Express Corporate credit card.

When she gets her card back, she's distracted by the nearby GIGGLES of a YOUNG BRUNETTE being ogled by a handsome young man. From the back he looks like the prince, causing Ruah's heart to beat faster; but looking closer, she sees that it's another man.

Relieved, she regains her focus.

RUAH

All I have to do is figure out how to keep the stuff that's out of the camera's eye... the designer label, the magazine and the TV production company.

DR. HERALD

But aren't they all based on your modeling bikinis?

RUAH

Yeah, but why should they be? Why can't I just scout around for some bimbos

(points at brunette)

Like that and give them a Cinderella chance at swimsuit work?

DR. HERALD

You still haven't take the TV segment producer shot.

RUAH

Just because a woman can't be a bikini model doesn't mean she shouldn't be able to be a fashion or media executive.

DR. HERALD

(smiling)

You're a fame and fortune junkie. But will that really satisfy you?

The brunette GIGGLES LOUDER as the man playfully hides something from her.

RUAH

Why wouldn't it? The whole fashion industry and the media would still be kissing up to me. Not to mention my public.

DR. HERALD

I'm talking about real life, not your career. Relationships, family.

RUAH

(sensitive)

That guy with the bimbo reminds me of the prince. I think I've gone and fallen in love with him. And get this: he's been sending me flowers every few days. But I'm afraid of...

DR. HERALD

I know. Lots of men don't even consider women with small, healthy breasts attractive.

RUAH

Figs. You and I never had those fears before now.

DR. HERALD

I never did?

RUAH

Carla? Ms. Secure Brainiac professional?

Squinting, Dr. Herald reflects, as self-pity and a wisp of bitterness escape to the surface from crevices running deep into the buried caverns of her emotions.

She unconsciously folds her arms to cover her chest.

DR. HERALD

Every boy in high school I liked really went out with me to find out more about you.

RUAH

(shocked)

And I thought you were just too interested in being a bookworm, the way you passed all those guys to me like you were my dating agent or something.

DR. HERALD

I used to dream that my boobs would get bigger than yours one day and that I could be popular without working hard for straight A's.

Ruah unfolds Dr. Herald's arms and looks at her bosom. She becomes both amazed and empathetic.

Touching and looking at the area below her own collar bone, Ruah then becomes apprehensive.

RUAH

But I've got to find out the truth
for myself, now. Without breasts
and long hair, do I still
have my sex appeal?

DR. HERALD

Boy, it's evident you've never had
sad, lonely weekends against your
will. You ask the wrong questions.

RUAH

(revelation)

How about, "Can men really find me
fascinating without it being mostly
sexual?"

DR. HERALD

(winks)

I'm afraid for you. But first,
maybe you should rehearse with guys
who don't matter. That prince
thing could hurt you, real bad.

Looking very uneasy, Ruah peers into oblivion.

The brunette's GIGGLING becomes obnoxious, causing everyone
in the store to gawk as she removes her trendy, mid-drift
length jacket.

Ruah becomes disturbed when she sees the young man gingerly
swinging the brunette's thick, flowing hair aside.

Dr. Herald feels her friend's pain as Ruah yearningly
watches:

RUAH'S POV - FULL SCREEN

The man's newly purchased gold necklace teasingly caress the nubile woman's neck, WE HEAR her SIGHS of arousal as the diamond pendant goes slinking, slipping, sliding down, disappearing into the chasm of her robust cleavage.

BACK TO SCENE

Something inside Ruah snaps. She pushes the jewels she has just spent a fortune on across the glass case, startling everyone.

When her necklaces hit the floor, pearls spray out in a million directions.

She quickly backs away and exits, leaving the shocked store owner staring at the high priced paid receipt.

Dr. Herald doesn't know if she should follow Ruah or not. She decides to stay behind to collect Ruah's belongings, unable to hide her worry as she forces an apologetic smile to the store owner and other customers.

DR. HERALD

She's just had death in her family.
Someone very close.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Large banners and table cards read "Sports Night," which is also indicated by the pro teams' jerseys, jackets and caps worn by the dancing crowd. Most of them could on a "Who's Who" list of fame and fortune; the beautiful, the successful.

Ruah and Dr. Herald sit at a VIP table, as the cream of the crop of eligible (and ineligible) men jockey for her autograph.

RUAH

I'll get you back for talking me
into this.

DR. HERALD

Oh, you love it and you know it.

They both smile until a bartender, GINO approaches. Twenty-nine and well built, he maneuvers his lean, hard frame as if he could double as a male exotic dancer.

Gino brings a life-size cardboard cutout of one of Ruah's bikini beer advertisements to their table.

He points at the bosom area of the five foot-eleven inch photograph.

GINO

Been waiting a long time to see you
in the club again. Could you sign
it right here? I promised all the
salesmen from our lite beer
distributor.

Ruah signs lackadaisically.

Then she gets serious with him and the other men who wish they, too could have a life-size picture of her.

RUAH

Got a question.

GINO

Shoot.

RUAH

My friend, here, just lost all her
hair and had both of her breasts
removed because of cancer.

The men look at Dr. Herald with surprise.

She kicks Ruah's shin beneath the table.

DR. HERALD

Ruah!

RUAH

(winces)

Nice wig, huh? Anyway, she's back on the dating scene and she wonders what her chances are.

The bartender quickly appraises Dr. Herald's looks and reservedly approves.

GINO

(blunt)

Great, depending on how good she can make a guy feel outside of the sack.

The other men think soberly for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Dr. Herald raises her glass and Ruah taps it with her own, toasting as she winks at Ruah with hope.

DR. HERALD

Now, let's go for the prince.

INT. EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ruah, excited but nervous, sits with the prince, whose charm and attentiveness could inspire volumes of romance novels.

He hands her a long-stemmed rose.

Dr. Herald sits at a nearby table signaling moral support to her insecure friend, unbeknownst to the prince.

RUAH

Antoine, you're so sweet.

PRINCE

Your office says you haven't been feeling well. Anything I can do?

RUAH

No, I've just been frazzled by my intense work schedule.

PRINCE

I'm concerned about your health, Ruah. Maybe one day my kids will have your genes.

RUAH

I haven't endorsed a line of jeans yet, but--

PRINCE

(laughs)

Not trousers. Chromosomes.

Ruah's heart palpitates and she has to fight every muscle in her body from contracting involuntarily with pleasure.

Dr. Herald is thrilled as she eavesdrops.

RUAH

(lying)

Slow down, Buster. Nobody can tie Ruah Frost down.

PRINCE

I always get what I want.

RUAH

(impressed)

Whoo!

(serious)

(MORE)

RUAH (CONT'D)

Hypothetical question. What if your wife were in a terrible accident and they had to amputate, say, her breasts or something?

PRINCE

(aghast)

Why, what is this strange thing you are asking?

RUAH

No, no. Just humor me. What if?

PRINCE

Honestly?

RUAH

Uh huh.

The prince awkwardly chuckles to himself before spending a few heartfelt beats thinking. Then he becomes very serious.

PRINCE

I would still love her and take very good care of her.

Ruah happily beams, as does Dr. Herald.

RUAH

Really?

PRINCE

(more serious)

And I'd get a mistress.

Her bubble bursts; she's dejected. Dr. Herald cringes in sympathy.

Upset, Ruah immediately gets up from the table and leaves.

The startled prince rises but stays to take care of the bill.

He calls after her, yet is embarrassed about making a public scene as other restaurant patrons look up from their tables.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

This is some kind of joke, right?

RUAH

(ciao)

I'm sorry, I'm not feeling well. I have to go home.

PRINCE

Ruah! I'll take you.

RUAH

No. And please stop calling me, okay?

He's befuddled as she exits too angry and disappointed to cry.

Dr. Herald gets up and follows her, incognito.

Back at the table, the confused prince sits back and listlessly takes a small jewelry box out of his pocket.

Opening it, he picks up a huge, expensive engagement ring.

He stares at the ring, then incomprehensively into space toward the direction in which Ruah ran.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Outside of the posh restaurant, Ruah walks briskly, silently toward her car.

Dr. Herald walks with her, not knowing what to say.

When they're about to get in the car, Dr. Herald looks across the street and sees:

HER POV

A magazine rack with Ruah's cover pictures on at least ten different magazines displayed out front.

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Herald beckons the distraught Ruah to follow her across the street to the magazine rack.

DR. HERALD

Come on, Bud. You need an ego boost.

RUAH

(re: mags)

Guess it's worked before.

Ruah begins smiling as she follows.

When they get there, she's cheered up to see multiple copies of multiple magazines lining almost a quarter of a block with various pictures of her on the cover.

DR. HERALD

Girlfriend, you own this street.

RUAH

Must be next months' issues. I look every day, but I've never seen these covers before; I don't even remember taking some of these.

DR. HERALD

The public will remember you, that's for sure.

As they flip through some magazines, the newspaper vendor looks sadly at Ruah.

Suddenly, other customers stop and stare, pointing and whispering with sympathetic, pitying glances.

Both Ruah and Dr. Herald look at each other, puzzled and shrugging.

A newspaper supply truck SCREECHES to a halt.

A young man jumps out, yanks open the back door and begins to toss stacks of various tabloid newspapers out onto the sidewalk.

One stack of the "rags" breaks free from its binding and papers are strewn across the sidewalk, sliding until some stop as they hit Ruah's feet.

Startled, she and Dr. Herald look at them and become horrified to see:

FULL SCREEN

A National Enquirer with a big color photo of Ruah next to the headline, "Catwalk Queen Dethroned By Breast Cancer Surgery, (says disgruntled hospital employee)."

BACK TO SCENE

Dr. Herald cringes.

Ruah freezes, stunned.

(END SCENE)

EXCERPT #2 OF 3 (ROMANTIC)

Backstory: Supermodel Ruah Frost is reminiscing with her estranged ex-boyfriend (the father of her baby girl), at her mother's small-town home in upstate New York.

INT. GRAMERCY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (LATER)

Gramercy is happy to be alone with Ruah. He becomes fixated on the table with the lumps of clay. Ruah goes over to meet him.

GRAMERCY

Here, you can help me. Put on that frock over there, dip your hands in this water and do like I do.

She follows his instructions, and begins to soften the clay lump on a potter's wheel next to his. Ruah makes grossed-out, then aroused faces at the mushiness in her hands; he smiles at her.

When her wheel spins out of control and clay begins to splatter all over, he rushes behind her to get everything back in check. He reaches around her from behind, dips her hands in the water and then back onto the spinning clay.

RUAH

(turned on)

Is this going to be like in the movie "Ghost" or the first "Naked Gun?"

GRAMERCY

Hmm, we did rent those together, didn't we? You mean I'm not as smooth as I thought?

(MORE)

GRAMERCY (CONT'D)

(idea)

Hell, let's make our own movie.
Maybe even a CD ROM we could show
our grand kids.

He rushes over and rearranges the camcorder and monitor to allow them to see themselves. Then he hurries back to flirt with her some more.

Smiling at the camera for several beats, she gets an idea herself, but is distracted because she's uncomfortable with how far he's going with his romantic advances.

RUAH

Gramercy, I don't know about this.

GRAMERCY

What's the problem?

RUAH

(hiding)

I don't have on the right clothes
or makeup.

GRAMERCY

(aggressive)

This is real life, the way we used
to be, "Good-Lips." Remember?
Before Carla sent in those pictures
I took of you doing phony modeling
poses?

RUAH

(quivers)

It's been years since I've heard
the name, "Good-Lips."

(hesitant)

But what if Luci sees it?

GRAMERCY

We broke up again. She keeps thinking she can control me. Takes my gentle, kind nature for weakness.

(kisses)

Not like you.

Ruah can't help but to totally open herself to his romantic moves. She becomes fearful when he begins to touch her, caressing her from her waist up.

RUAH

You know I'm not the same since...

GRAMERCY

(whispering)

Sh-h-h. They might have taken out the crib, but they didn't take out the playpen. You're still alive. And what I want from you...

(kiss)

... nothing...

(kiss)

... and nobody...

(kiss)

... could ever take away.

She explodes with a penned-up love and passion that has yearned to be free, flying boundlessly and uninhibited. He's voracious in his desire to have her again.

Returning his kisses without missing a beat, she manages to squeeze out a question.

RUAH

How do they make CD ROMs?

GRAMERCY

Tomorrow after breakfast, okay?

She nods, excited. Although they're both a mess with their clay-splattered frocks, he picks her up and carries her to the sofa, where they continue necking with all the lights on.

She looks as if she can't fathom how very comfortable she is with a man again.

As she studies his face and hands, she realizes it's only this man. Ready to go all the way, she begins undressing him. When he won't go beyond a certain point, she begins to feel the sting of rejection again.

RUAH

Why not?

GRAMERCY

I've been in hell for almost four years since the day we found out you were pregnant with Jewel.

RUAH

What has that got to do with now? This moment?

GRAMERCY

We've never been together since, because of your career and your image.

RUAH

Please give me a clue, 'cause I don't understand.

GRAMERCY

I won't let you put more holes in my heart, and I don't want to get hardened like some men do to protect themselves from women who play with...

RUAH

For God's sake, Gramercy, just say
that I disgust you now. Be honest.

GRAMERCY

(angry)

That's not what I'm saying.

RUAH

(angrier)

What then? What?

Breaking a fear barrier, he overcomes his sensitivity and
takes a strong masculine stand.

GRAMERCY

I won't let myself be with you like
that again...

Ruah begins to feel like a fool, betrayed by his false
leadings.

GRAMERCY (CONT'D)

Until you legally commit yourself
to only me.

RUAH

(shock)

Marriage?

His raised eyebrow affirms her inquiry. She's happily
surprised, but now the heat is off and she now only hugs him
as a friend. They slowly and awkwardly separate.

RUAH (CONT'D)

I'll sleep on the sofa.

GRAMERCY

(resolve)

No, you take the bed. I'll sleep
out here.

(END SCENE)

EXCERPT #3 OF 3 (COMEDY/SUSPENSE/ACTION)

Backstory: Supermodel/media mogul Ruah Frost is being pressured by her dictatorial manager, Pandora, to surrender master videotapes of Ruah's new TV production... a show that would liberate Ruah from Pandora's tyrannical control over her career and life.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ruah frenetically dashes down the corridor, past the bunch of startled employees near the waiting area, and sprints toward her own office. Pandora is in hot pursuit.

PANDORA

I want those master tapes.

(to staff)

Get security up to Ruah's office.

After the last time, I understand,
she always keeps them close.

(re: dazes)

Did I say later?

INT. RUAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Ruah locks the door and frantically looks around. Going to a file cabinet, she gets the 3/4 inch master tapes, then finds a large Federal Express air cargo pouch and some transparent plastic air bubble packing material.

Thinking quickly, she dashes into her private bathroom.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Frightened, Ruah stares at her face in the mirror, watching a bead of sweat trickle from her face to fall on her chest area as she HEARS KEYS OPENING her office door.

INT. RUAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Pandora, three huge thuggish male security guards, and one tough female guard enter, looking for her.

PANDORA

Ruah. Get out here this instant.

RUAH (V.O.)

(door muffle)

Be right out. Nature calling?

Ruah exits to find Pandora sitting as if she's an empress at a peasant's execution trial. She gestures to the security people, cavalier, yet with grandiose motions.

PANDORA

Escort her out and change the locks.

RUAH

My personal stuff--

PANDORA

UPS.

(to security)

Search her clothes and her purse.

Pandora flashes a victorious smile as the humiliated Ruah submits to the female guard's body frisk and the search and seizure of office keys from her purse by the male guards.

When they're satisfied, they walk her out past the gawking staff and Ashley, who look confused.

RUAH

(ciao)

I'm finished with you.

PANDORA

But I'm not finished with you.
Together, Ruah. We have to work together. Remember, it ain't over 'til the fat lady sings.

RUAH

Then you must be deaf.

EXT. AGENCY BLDG. - NIGHT (EST.)

INT. RUAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Exhausted, angry and bewildered because they can't locate the tapes, Pandora humiliates her reluctant nocturnal assistants as she ransacks Ruah's office.

PANDORA

Nobody leaves here until I have that damn tape. Find it or you're all fired. Feeling sweaty and stuffy, she goes into Ruah's bathroom.

INT. RUAH'S OFFICE RESTROOM - NIGHT

Pandora runs cold water on her hands and then splashes it on her face. She reaches for a towel from the wall rack.

When she accidentally drops it behind the toilet water supply tank, she leans over to pick it up and is surprised to see:

FULL SCREEN

Ruah's Federal Express mail pouch
all bound up with ribbed shipping
tape, stuck to the underside of the
tank.

BACK TO SCENE

She's so happy with herself that she kisses her own hands.

INT. RUAH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pandora valiantly holds up the pouch to the relief of her
frightened assistants. Then she stuffs it in her large
carrying bag and exits.

PANDORA

(yawns)

Don't just stand there. Clean this
place up for the packers in the
morning. I'm going home to my bed.

The assistants hide their glares and MURMURS of anger,
wishing that they could have been in bed long ago, or at
least somewhere else.

EXT. RUAH'S CONDO - NIGHT (EST.)

The street is quiet, the windows dark.

INT. RUAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ruah jumps, overly reacting to normal NIGHT SOUNDS of CARS
PASSING, BIRDS, DOGS BARKING, etc., as she lies awake in her
bed. She's literally drenched in fearful sweat.

EXT. PANDORA'S HOUSE - DAY (EST.)

It's the dawn of a new day.

INT. PANDORA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Pandora looks at the Federal Express pouch on a chair with a sinister satisfaction as she finishes dressing for work. Picking up a pair of scissors, she cuts open the top of the pouch and begins to open it.

She's interrupted by her coffee pot boiling over and doesn't see:

FULL SCREEN

Inside the pouch, sticking out from the air bubble packing material are Ruah's breast prostheses.

BACK TO SCENE

Pandora pulls out the coffeemaker plug, looks at her watch and SHRIEKS at the time before rushing to the door.

She suddenly realizes she's forgotten her bag and goes back to grab it, exiting again with no time to look at it.

EXT. RUAH'S CONDO - DAY (EST.)

The sun has risen a bit higher, but it's still early morning.

INT. RUAH'S CONDO - DAY

Ruah frantically dials her phone. Pushing through fear, she trumps up strength and courage.

RUAH

(begs)

Bob, listen. My segment's got to air tonight harder I know Pandora is a queen bee with you media people, but--

(bluffs power)

No. You'd better face reality, Bob. Whatever you're afraid she can do to you is nothing compared to what I'll do once my Washington contracts are signed!

A few silent beats. She's worried that he's hung up.

RUAH (CONT'D)

Bob? Bob, are you--?

(relief; beat)

That's all I'm asking. One network shot.

(beat)

I have the one-inch master tapes-- They can be picked up in time for pre-air prep. I'll call your secretary back with my mom's address in Heathersville.

(beat)

I have to get out of town. I don't know what Pandora will try before tonight. Yeah, I'll owe you a big one. Uh huh, a humongous one.

She hangs up, exhilarated.

EXT./INT. PANDORA'S CAR - DAY

Speeding through the streets with her replacement older Chrysler.

Le Baron convertible top down, Pandora sees a garbage truck on a residential side street and begins braking.

Demoniacally smiling, she pulls the pouch out of her bag, intending to throw it into the rubbish truck's containment area.

When she pulls out Ruah's breast prostheses, the shock and momentary distraction cause her to swerve and crash into the garbage truck's rear.

She hits her head on the steering wheel and is badly shaken up.

A crowd begins to surround her car as a GARBAGEMAN rushes to it.

Sparks fly on the truck's malfunctioning dumping mechanism. To everyone's horror, the truck dumps the entire load of stinking, rotten garbage on top of her.

GARBAGEMAN

(digging)

Hey, Lady, you okay?

(to crowd)

Call 411!

(END SCENE)
