

MISFIT

GRITTY, CHARACTER STUDY SAMPLE

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REG. WGA

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Tentative Title: misfit
Genre: Drama/Punk Rock
Setting: Orange County
Era: Present day
Rating: R
Tone: SLC Punk, Thirteen

Logline: Aspiring prom queen from Laguna Beach ditches her posh lifestyle for a rugged punk rock culture.

TEASER

OVER BLACK

JESSICA (V.O.)
(snotty, sarcastic)
Boob jobs, tummy tucks, designer
jeans, hand bags that cost more
than your monthly rent - yeah, I
was into all that.

Heavy PUNK MUSIC fades in --

FADE IN:

INT. FILTHY BATHROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The aggressive music comes from outside in a concert hall,
muffled by walls.

Flickering green lights reveal --

-- JESSICA PAIN, 17, laying on the mucky tile floor in an awkward position. Dyed blue and red short butch dyke hair, hand-cut baggy pants, black t-shirt with a "Dead Kennedy" logo. Tattered converse shoes.

She is bloody and bruised, her clothes are torn. Her eyes are swollen shut, broken nose. Worn. She shivers from broken bones, from pain. Tears roll down her face, mixing with blood.

Several people surround her, the ones who jumped her. Only their combat boots and legs are seen.

SOUNDS of water drips from the faucet over-ride the music.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Cliques, Mercedes Benz', dreams of
Ivy League --

FADE TO BLACK:

JESSICA (V.O.)
-- I was into that too.

FADE IN:

EXT. PET STORE - DAY

Jessica walks toward the front entrance holding a bandaged mini Greyhound in her arms like a child. She's sixteen, acts forty. Blonde, blue eyed bombshell, B-cupped, with an air-bra. Paris Hilton wannabe with a hint of "Clueless" dash of "Legally Blonde." It's hard to believe this is the same girl.

INT. PET STORE - SAME

Jessica, still wearing shades, approaches the CLERK, 15 year old shy boy.

JESSICA
(curt)
I have a 3:00 with Dr. Kelly.

JINGLE from the front door.

JARED and his two friends - all punk rock, all in their mid-twenties enter. Jared has a pit-bull with a visor around it's neck.

Jared wears converse shoes without socks, messy spiked hair, tattered pants and a dead Kennedy T-shirt, tattoos and earrings. These guys fall into the trendy category of "trying not to be trendy."

Jessica stares at Jared, the cutest of them all, as they poke around the store, window-shopping at the rabbit section.

CUSTOMERS steer clear of the punks, as though they were Nazis.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Jared Kent.

INT. BACK OF A VAN - NIGHT

Jared, pants around his ankles pounds away doggie-style at a blonde high school girl while two more blondes lay on the floor, exhausted.

JESSICA (V.O.)
He's an asshole. He's dirty. He's poor. He's cocky. He's white trash. Naturally, half the girls in the OC have banged him at one point or another.

The blonde goes to scream --

INT. CONCERT HALL STAGE - NIGHT

-- Jared screams lyrics into a microphone on stage with his BAND. Spotlights beam on him. CROWDS of trashy punk kids mosh in a pit below the stage. They circle in a half jog, half dance while elbowing and bumping one another.

JESSICA (V.O.)
He sang for a local band called Thrash. They were just loud. No one knew Jared sucked at singing until they recorded a CD.

INT. PET STORE - RESUMING

Jessica peeks her head around an isle, holding her dog. Jared picks a white rabbit out of a cage, petting it. Jessica thinks it's cute.

JESSICA (V.O.)

He didn't care about what was "in style" or cool, he didn't care about the rat-race, grades, occupations, money, his country, laws, rules -- or pissing people off.

Jared and his friends walk briskly to a glass cage with a six-foot boa constrictor coiled inside. Jared dangles the rabbit outside of the cage, taunting the snake. The boa lashes out, banging its head against the glass with a thump.

JESSICA (V.O.)

He did what he wanted, when he wanted, how he wanted -- without motivation or explanation.

Jared and his friends tip over several large boa tanks, and rabbit tanks and run out the door hooting and hollering a victory, leaving the floor scattered with boa constrictors snapping at rabbits over broken glass.

A WOMAN screams.

TWO BOYS, 12, gather around the scene, stoked.

An OLD LADY hides behind a fish tank.

The animals in the cages go wild! Dogs bark, birds chirp. Chaos.

CLOSE -- on a boa strangling a furry rabbit, his eyes popping out of his head, bleeding as the rabbit loses breath... dead.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

SLOW MOTION of Jared and two friends running toward camera with the jovial STORE MANAGER chasing after. In the background, Jessica stands in the pet store doorway holding her dog, watching.

JESSICA (V.O.)

That's the thing I admired about Jared.

Jared picks up a bottle out of the trash and throws it at jovial manager, tagging his head, scaring him enough to stop the chase, letting the boys get away.

JESSICA (V.O.)

A fuck all, take all philosophical perspective on life. He was an

asshole. And he seemed genuinely happy about it.

CLOSE

On Jessica, in SLOW MO pulling her glasses below her eyes, intrigued.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I followed the rules my whole life, had a trust fund worth three million waiting for me after college, was expected to attend Yale -- but inside I was secretly more depressed than any ugly, fat poor bitch at public school with a junior college future.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jessica unlocks her black Mercedes Benz and sets her dog inside. She looks down the line of cars -- an entire row, close to a dozen Mercedes are lined up. Same color as hers. Grey.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I was just a number in the system, a clone of a Cosmo advertisement or sleazy reality show character. I was a trendy, poppy-Teen-Magazine-bubble-gummed-up-wannabe-princess riding on a fantasy boat down the river of bullshit. My own bullshit.

A blonde WOMAN in her 40's, an elderly clone of Jessica unlocks her Mercedes beside Jessica. They are dressed identical. They share a look -- of both familiarity, and fear. Eerie.

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY - 1945

TOM PAIN, 30's, businessman signs a contract with another BUSINESSMAN against an old Ford pick-up. They stand in an empty field.

JESSICA (V.O.)

My grandfather bought several thousand acres of land in California in the forties.

TIME-LAPSE FLURRY

of land development and construction of buildings, highways, stores, and skyscrapers leaving us with the same shot as the opening of the scene but present day --

IRVINE BUSINESS DISTRICT

-- with traffic, business men and women scurry in the streets. The rat race.

JESSICA (V.O.)
That investment brought him close
to forty-five million dollars.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Tom Pain, now 60's lay in bed, milky dead eyes staring at the TV mounted on the wall of a Wallstreet report. His FAMILY stands by his side, crying.

JESSICA (V.O.)
The money was split between his
three blood sucking children. Alex,
Shannon and the worst of them all,
Mike.

MIKE PAIN, 30's, steps toward his dead father, holding his hand. He pretends to cry, but is a bad actor, and everyone knows it.

JESSICA (V.O.)
My dad.

EXT. MANSION - LAGUNA BEACH -- DAY - 1978

Mike stands in front of his new home overlooking the ocean as a real estate AGENT removes the "for sale" sign off the lawn. All of them wear bell bottoms.

JESSICA (V.O.)
He moved to Laguna beach in '78 and
created the illusion that he was a
self made millionaire.

Mike shakes the real estate agent's hand with a fake smile.

JESSICA (V.O.)
He even made business cards.

INSERT: Mike hands the real estate agent a card reading --
Mike Pain, Commercial lending.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Mike opens the door revealing PRICE -- a hot young blonde model type with pink pants and cute mid drift showing off her tits.

JESSICA (V.O.)
It didn't take long for my mother
to find the new gold in town.

She smiles flirtatiously. Mike practically sprouts a wood.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Her name is Price -- how
appropriate.

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

DOCTOR pulls a crying baby girl out of Price, wraps her with a blanket and hands her to Price.

SPECIAL EFFECT -- hundred dollar bills fall from the ceiling, showering the room.

JESSICA (V.O.)
I was born rich. From the begining
I was better than you.

EXT. MANSION BACKYARD - DAY

Several MEXICAN LABORERS dig a huge ditch for a future pool. Young Jessica, 6, stands at the edge holding a teddy bear, dressed in a red dress and ridiculous diamond jewelry.

The laborers remove their shirts in the hot sun, and pour water on their heads.

JESSICA (V.O.)
My mom told me never to trust
anyone, they all wanted to take
away what we worked so hard for.

FANTASY

Price approaches the laborers -- and cracks a long whip into their backs. SNAP! Again and again.

JESSICA (V.O.)
I spent their entire years salary
on a piece of art I stored in my
closet. Fuck them.

EXT. POOL PARTY - DAY

Jessica, 10 dives off the diving board into a pool filled with friends. SLO MO through her mid-air jump:

JESSICA (V.O.)

I spent twenty thousand dollars on my tenth birthday party, took weekend horse rides at our estate in Kawaii, and flew on our private jet to Paris for the summers.

SPLASH! -- water sprays in every direction as Jessica disappears under water.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I was fluent in French and Swahili at age twelve for Christ-sake. Most kids can't even get a grasp on their native tongue by then. My mom said I was brilliant.

MATCH CUT:

Jessica pops her head out of the water, now 16, developed, in a bikini. Kimmey, Janice and a handful of hot, young half naked high school KIDS party in and out of the pool.

JESSICA (V.O.)

And my friends were all the same. Spoiled pieces of shits.

Kimmey gets out of the pool and wraps a green towel around her with the design of a hundred dollar bill.

JESSICA (V.O.)

The cunt to my left is Kimmey.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Kimmey, dressed professionally, hands out buttons with her face on them at a small desk. A sign above her reads, A vote for Kimmey is a vote for yourself!

JESSICA (V.O.)

Valedictorian and future Harvard attendee. Don't be impressed -- her dad donated half a million dollars to the Psychology department. Kimmey's major? You guessed it.

EXT. POOL PARTY - RESUMING

Janice wrestles with a buff boy at the side of the pool in trunks. DILLAN RIGGS.

JESSICA (V.O.)
The slut with the ten thousand
dollar boobs is Janice.

QUICK CUT MONTAGE WITH DIFFERENT GUYS:

Janice fucks in the shower, in the bed, in a car, in a closet, on the lawn, on the drying machine, in the pool, on the stairs.

JESSICA (V.O.)
She once screwed eight guys in one
night. Nobody *really* liked her, but
her dad was an executive at Fox, so
we pretended.

EXT. POOL PARTY - RESUMING

The boy Janice is wrestling with props her ass up onto the ledge with his strong arms and puts his head between her crotch, pretending to eat her out as she giggles, drinking a beer.

JESSICA (V.O.)
The stud is Dillan Riggs. Star
quarterback, best dressed, most
liked, with the richest father in
Laguna Beach. He has enough money
to buy himself out of rape
charges... and the newspapers.

Jessica climbs out of the pool and dries off as she picks up her cell-phone on a table full of fresh fruit.

JESSICA (V.O.)
(pause)
But there was more to life than
just hanging out and looking cute.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Several faxes spit out of the machine with the letterhead reading: Leisure gardens; Assisted Living for Disabled.

JESSICA (V.O.)
After school and tennis lessons, I
worked for a non-profit.

Female hands grab fax. Jessica briskly walks a hall holding the faxes. She's put together well, dressed in black pants, pumps, and long sleeve white collar dress shirt. Glasses. Slick.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I didn't do it for the money,
please. And I didn't give a shit
about the needy, I'm not proud to
say.

She hands off the faxes to a MANAGER standing at his cubicle.

JESSICA (V.O.)

My counselor advised me it was an
investment which would yield a high
return.

MANAGER

(genuine)

We really appreciate all your help
around here, Jessica. You've been a
great addition to the team, and our
cause.

JESSICA

(faking)

I'm just disappointed I can't stay
aboard next year, Ralph -- I think
I've found my calling here.

Jessica turns to exit, bumping into a young man with down Syndrome. She hugs him awkwardly.

INT. PAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eighteen foot ceilings. Marble floors. Statues on shelves. Paintings on walls. Lush. Jessica, Mike and Price sit at a huge table, fit for fifteen.

Silent.

JESSICA (V.O.)

My parents wanted me to go to Yale,
to study business and law.

MAID serves the family sushi and lobster with a side salad.

MIKE

(to Price)

Pass the green-beans.

Jessica studies her parents -- feeling sorry for them.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Price hold each other like young lovers, as they converse with several well put together PARTY GOERS at a small formal gathering in an upscale condo.

JESSICA (V.O.)
But they put on one helluva show
when they had to.

Jessica stands in a corner, uncomfortably dressed in a rigid dress holding a cup of fruit punch, pretending to enjoy the elevator MUSIC on the stereo.

JESSICA (V.O.)
And I was a key part of the cast.

She waves to an older party GUEST reluctantly.

JESSICA (V.O.)
For sixteen years I was crumbling
inside, dying inside, crying inside
-- I was dead inside.

She secretly grabs a half empty cocktail off a counter to her side and slams it.

JESSICA (V.O.)
I wanted out of this skin.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

With the lights out, Jessica stands in front of the mirror staring at her dim reflection. Completely naked.

JESSICA (V.O.)
I felt so ugly, so fake. My hair is
dyed because someone on MTV said it
was hot this year. I wore my \$800
pumps because *In Vogue* rated them
an A+. I carried a Proda bag
because Coach is a cheaper brand. I
got a Mercedes Benz for my
fifteenth birthday -- fully loaded
with an unlimited gas card. There's
over 100 grand worth of jewelry
sitting in a little wooden box on
top of my dresser. Name brands, I
bought it. Pop culture, I strived
to keep up. Smiles, I forced them.

Money, I had more than I could
spend in a lifetime. Family, they
left me alone.

She takes a razor blade to her wrist and slices
horizontally, dripping blood into the white tile counter-
top.

JESSICA (V.O.)
I was living the American dream,
and it was good to the last drop.

INT. PAIN KITCHEN - DAY

Red syrup drips on white pancakes. The maid delivers a plate
of breakfast to Price and Mike, sitting at the bar dressed
in matching purple robes, with a 'spacer' seat between them.
They both look up to the ceiling.

PRICE
Where is that daughter of yours?

MIKE
(shrugs)
She's just going through a phase,
let her be.

INT. JESSICA'S ROOM - DAY

Hands peel a blanket back on the bed. Jessica reveals her
face, baggy eyes - a heavy night of thought. She shifts her
eyes to popular boy band and female artist posters on the
wall.

JESSICA (V.O.)
Last year I pledged my devotion to
Britney Spears. Today I want to rip
her tits off with a machete.

Jessica sits up in bed, still for a moment. She stares at
her fifty inch big screen TV. Her booming stereo system. Her
closet full of clothes. Her jewelry box.

JESSICA (V.O.)
This morning I was different --
edgy -- I was real.

She holds up her wrists -- soggy, bloody bandages.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jessica enters, wearing tennis bands around her wrists, hiding the cuts and blood. Her hair is messy, she wears wrinkled levis, tennis shoes and an oversized t-shirt making her look fat.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I didn't spend my usual two hours to make myself up only to impress people at school I hated anyway.

She briskly walks past Price and Mike, grabs a piece of toast off the counter, looks at it.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I was sick of starving myself to look good in that bikini that rode up my ass.

(bites into toast)

And I wasn't afraid of expressing my true thoughts.

Price and Mike stare at Jessica - she hasn't eaten carbs in months.

JESSICA

Get a fucking divorce.

(exits)

Price and Mike look at one another. The maid puts her head down, she knows a storm is brewing.

EXT. PCH HIGHWAY - DAY

Jessica walks the side of the road, overlooking the beaches of Laguna. Random cars whiz by. She's got a long walk ahead of her.

JESSICA (V.O.)

I walked to school. I felt like lying in the street or jumping into windshields at fifty miles per hour. I felt like feeling something, even pain.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jessica enters the chain link fence into the lot filled with parked cars -- Hummers, BMW's, Corvettes, Mercedes', Porches.

SOUNDS of window smashing.

Jessica stops and listens. SMASH! She walks through the middle of two SUV's --

JESSICA (V.O.)
Be careful what you wish for.

-- Jared Kent stands ten feet in front of her holding a baseball bat and a beer. He has a black wife-beater on, shredded kaki shorts and worn converse. Several car windows are smashed near him. He spots her and freezes for a moment, before realizing it isn't a cop. He drinks his beer.

END TEASER