

SAMPLE

A Midsummer Night's Moose Story

By

Cornelia Ravenal

Story by

Cornelia Ravenal with Mikael Södersten

Registered WGA

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

Swedish Lapland. A Midsummer fair. The light is luminous. A Fiddler plays a country tune. Couples flirt. Children play. And a crowd surrounds two men who stagger around like drunks.

The big exuberant one is JERRY HUGGLER, 35. The old skinny one is GUBBE, a Swedish farmer. But they're not drunk. They're doing the Oxdans, a traditional Swedish dance that looks like a Three Stooges routine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As long as I been around, I been watching people act like fools. That one's Jerry. He's in way over his head.

They grab each others' noses and twirl around.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Four days ago, he had no idea he'd be in Swedish Lapland. He thought he'd be at a wedding, 'bout a thousand miles away. Course, he could still get there. If nothing goes wrong.

Gubbe staggers. Jerry staggers. Gubbe drops to his knees. Jerry drops to his knees. Gubbe falls on his face. Jerry falls on his face... and gators. He's a master gator. So to speak. He stands and does a triumphant little dance.

But Gubbe doesn't move. At all. The crowd goes silent. As one, all look at Jerry.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Like I said. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Why don't we go back to where this whole mess began...

SOUTH FLORIDA - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

Highways and high-rises. Palm trees and malls.

EXT. PARKING LOT. CORPORATE COMPLEX - DAY

Rows of cars, shimmering in the heat.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jerry waits in a Hawaiian shirt, camp shorts and flip flops.

Onstage is a big red sculpture that looks like the TED logo. A STAGE MANAGER on a headset comes by.

STAGE MANAGER

Ten seconds.

Two cool as shit 20something TECHIES come by.

TECHIE 1

Hey Jerry, you ready?

JERRY

(taps his head)

Yep. Got it all up here.

TECHIE 2

Wait, your belt's twisted.

JERRY

I'm not wearing a -

But Techie 2 is already behind him, fixing something.

STAGE MANAGER

Stand by...

Techie 2 finishes and smirks to Techie 1.

JERRY

Thanks!

TECHIE 2

Anytime.

STAGE MANAGER

... and go.

Jerry strides -

ONSTAGE

To applause. We now see that what looked like TED says FRED, spelled out on the screen behind him as F.R.E.D. - The Future of Research, Energy and Discovery.

JERRY

Does anyone here know the only kind of car that can withstand an electro-magnetic-pulse?

In the small auditorium there's an audience of a hundred hipster techies. Some are suppressing smiles.

JERRY (CONT'D)

A 1972 Volkswagen beetle!

He clicks his remote and a slide of the VW bug comes up. Someone laughs. He glances at the slide.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Guess it does look kind of funny...
 But what happens when a solar flare -
 or worse - knocks out power grids
 around the world?

Another slide comes up: a map of the western hemisphere with power grids on it from coasts to coasts.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 We're back in the Stone Age.

A few guffaws. To milk it, Jerry does a caveman pose. More laughs. Speaking over the rising din:

JERRY (CONT'D)
 So, what are we gonna need?
 Generators. But that... is a whole
 lotta loud. So today, I'm gonna talk
 about an invention that can make a
 generator, in fact any power source -

But the laughter is drowning him out. And now we see why: wrapped around his legs and rolling out behind him is an industrial size roll of Charmin "Forever" toilet paper. The end is tucked into the back of his pants. For a brief moment, he seems baffled. Then -

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Hey. Why did the toilet paper cross
 the road? It was on a roll!
 (the audience laughs)
 Why didn't it cross the road! It hit
 a crack!

INT. OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A reception. Jerry approaches the Techies and their friends.

TECHIE1
 Great talk, Jerry. It was just -
 (barely able to contain giggles)
 ...the shit.

JERRY
 I figured I'd "roll" with it!
 (fingerpoints to show he's in on it)
 Hey, anyone want to go to that new
 Thai place next to the Cheesecake
 Factory? I heard it's really cool.

TECHIE2
Uh, I'm heading home.

TECHIE1
Gotta beat the traffic.

TECHIE2
It's murder getting across town.

JERRY
Cool. Well, see you guys tomorrow!

They leave Jerry standing there, pleased with himself.

INT. THAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry approaches the THAI HOSTESS.

JERRY
Just one. I'm kinda celebrating.

THAI HOSTESS
Well then, I can seat you at the bar!

JERRY
Thanks -
(reading her name tag)
Chailai.

Around a corner he sees a big table doing shots. It's the Techies and their friends. As they slam their glasses down -

TECHI 1
Told you this place rocks!

The Thai Hostess gestures to an empty bar seat.

JERRY
You know, it's okay. I'm good.

EXT. A SEVEN ELEVEN - NIGHT

Near the door, a weather-wizened Cuban STREET MUSICIAN plays trumpet to a backtrack. Through the window, Jerry pays for two sandwiches, two cookies and two milks. He comes out and puts one of each in the open case. He mambos a little to the song. It ends. He applauds.

STREET MUSICIAN
Thanks, Jerry.

The voice sounds oddly familiar.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jerry comes in and drops his keys in a bowl. The place is nondescript, save for one deeply personal touch:

A WALL of FRAMED PHOTOS

Jerry at 6, cheerful and chubby, with a pretty young woman who could be his mother... a glamorous redhead with two 8-year olds, arms over each others' shoulders like pals... And other photos of the same two boys throughout childhood.

Jerry feeds lettuce to his turtle.

JERRY

Hey Buddy. You have a good day?

In the kitchenette, he put his sandwich and milk on a tray. He brings it to a couch that has a pillow that says, "Home is where the heart is." He opens up his laptop to Facebook and scans while he eats. Suddenly his eyes widen.

JERRY (CONT'D)

No way...

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

JUDITH FISHER, the redhead, now mid-60s, exits in a clutch of seniors. Her phone rings a circus tone. She answers.

JUDITH

Sweetie!

INTERCUT JERRY AND JUDITH ON THEIR PHONES

JERRY

Dave's getting married?!

JUDITH

In ten days! I was nervous he'd end up with one of those Rockettes he dated in New York or one of those whadyacallits from Nepal, but -
 (yelling to a friend)
 What do you call those women? Who go with men on mountains?

WOMAN IN HER 80s

Prostitutes!

JUDITH

Sherpas.