

DRAMATIC WRITING SAMPLE

Written by

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

LARRY BLANSTON, wide as he is tall, peers over the frames of his glasses, tweaks a television antenna with one hand and maneuvers a donut into his mouth with the other. His desk looks like the basement of an e-waste junkyard.

LARRY
(a full donut in his mouth) Can't
seem to get a signal this morning.

CALVIN (O.S.)
Good morning Larry.

CALVIN FUNDUS, wispy, pale and well-dressed sits at the tidy cubical opposite from Larry.

LARRY
Donut?

CALVIN
I'm not hungry.

LARRY
You don't need to be hungry to have
a donut.

Calvin takes a donut. Jelly filled. Raspberry jelly.

Calvin thinks it looks like blood.

CALVIN
What happened to your eyebrows?

Larry has no eyebrows.

LARRY
Remember when I told you about the
Piggy Bank Collectors Association
and how I was going to get an
award?

CALVIN
No.

LARRY
The Piggy Bank Collectors
Association are going to give me an
award, so I was up all night fixing
a chip on my McKenzie-Fired Cookie
Pig, the one with the checkered
tummy. I must have dozed off--

CALVIN
Larry I need to tell you something.

LARRY
My super glue leaked all over the
table and when I sat up -- ZIP, off
they came.

CALVIN
Larry --

LARRY
But, I figured out a way around it.

Larry puts on a new pair of glasses, fitted with mechanical
eyebrows.

LARRY (CONT'D)
See, when I pull this lever-

CLICK. Happy.

CLICK. Sad.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I used an old tie clip and some
typewriter keys.

Calvin stares at his donut.

CALVIN
I realized this morning- you're the
closest thing I have to a friend.

CLICK. Happy.

LARRY
Of course you can come to the
awards ceremony. I was going to
invite you.

CALVIN
No, I --

LARRY
What?

CALVIN
(beat)I'm dying.

CLICK. Sad.

Calvin takes a bite of his donut.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Wait -- no I'm not. I don't know why I said that.

LARRY

So -- do you want to come to the awards with me or not?

CALVIN

Yes.

CLICK. Happy.

LARRY

Great, let me just shoot an e-mail out to Keith.

Larry turns to his computer and types furiously.

CALVIN

Larry --

LARRY

Just one minute-- and, done.

CALVIN

There is something I want to tell you. I want to--

THWAK! Calvin gets an envelope to the side of his head.

BRUCE, fresh from the mailroom, wheels his cart down the hall.

LARRY

At least you didn't get it in the eye today.

Calvin picks the envelope up from the floor and looks at the return address.

The television Larry had been tweaking suddenly picks up a signal.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh -- Calvin, Calvin--

It's a grainy, but visible picture. It's a children's show and they are singing about parts of the body.

Larry waves his arms up and down, trying to improve the signal.

Calvin reads the return address, it says 'M.Fundus, Uruguay.'

LARRY (CONT'D)
Don't move.

CALVIN
What?

LARRY
Don't move, if you move you'll
regret it.

The children sing a song about the stomach.

Calvin turns to his desk and sets the letter next to his
computer.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Ahhh! There it went. Dang it.

Still turned away, Calvin speaks quietly to Larry.

CALVIN
I want to eat someone.

LARRY
What?

CALVIN
I want to eat someone. A person.

Calvin spins to face Larry.

CLICK. Sad.

LARRY
Who?

CALVIN
I don't know.

LARRY
Why?

CALVIN
I don't know.

LARRY
How?

CALVIN
I don't know.

Larry eats another whole donut in one bite.

LARRY
Man or Woman?

CALVIN
Man?

LARRY
Eww, no.

CALVIN
Woman then?

LARRY
Better.

CALVIN
So a woman.

LARRY
Better than a man, that's for sure.

Larry eats another whole donut in a single bite.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Broil?

CALVIN
Hmm.

LARRY
Bake?

CALVIN
Hmm.

Larry eats another whole donut in a single bite.

LARRY
Have anyone in mind?

MR. CRUMPT
Gentlemen--

MR. CRUMPT, a short man with a large supervisor's haircut stands next to CAROLINE SWEET, a fair-skinned woman with just the tiniest tattoo peeking out from under her blouse sleeve.

MR. CRUMPT (CONT'D)
-- I'd like you to meet Caroline,
our newest translator.

CLICK. Happy.