

SELECT SCREENWRITING EXCERPTS

by Laurie Lamson

GUITAR MAN

feature screenplay for Prodigy Entertainment – dramatic adaptation of the book and life of musician/activist Buzzy Martin

Film won 20 awards – two for the screenplay

Pg 1 excerpt

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SANTA GIRL

Holiday comedy feature screenplay

Pg 15-17 excerpt

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MEDUSA

Short mythological script – originally for client

Pg 3-4 excerpt

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GERALDINE'S HOT DATE

short romantic comedy script

Pg 1 excerpt

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GUITAR MAN - feature film, pg 1:

INT. MARTIN HOUSE, BUZZY'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

An acoustic guitar - one string suddenly pops in two.

The broken string points down at a newspaper on the floor.
The headline reads: GANG VIOLENCE AT ALPINE COMMUNITY SCHOOL.

The news picture is of a disposable building in a desolate
dusty lot - looks like a trash dump. Picture becomes:

EXT. ALPINE COMMUNITY SCHOOL - DAY

Windy overcast weather. Barbed-wire fence around the lot
resembles twisted guitar strings. Gang graffiti on the walls.

Hanging out in front of the building - hard-shell, gangster-
looking Latin, Black, White and Asian TEENS - aged 12 to 17.

TEVON GATES - a bi-racial seventeen year old, physical beauty
marred by a nasty scar and killer-cold stare. He strolls
from the bus stop with his non-identical twin brother KEATON.

Fourteen year-old TULI DAVIS - a pretty black girl steps to
Tevon. He gives her an appreciative nod. She grins.

MARINA - a fifteen year-old Mexican girl with gang tattoos on
her shoulder inserts herself between Tuli and Tevon. Tuli
instantly turns hard and mean - comments to friends:

TULI

I don't like fightin' someone shorter
than me. Looks like I'm a bully.

Marina shoves Tuli. Other kids gather as they start punching.

Marina grabs a knife from GUADALUPE and stabs Tuli in the
arm. Cuts her across the face. Glares triumphantly at Tevon.

Tevon looks away. Distraught, she storms off, flipping the
knife closed. Hurt, furious, Tuli RANTS to friends.

INT. MARTIN HOUSE, BUZZY'S MUSIC ROOM - DAY

BUZZY MARTIN is a tall 45-50 year-old, with a lean fit body.
Dressed in worn jeans and loose shirt, his wild rock 'n roll
mane of hair is haloed by sunlight as he enters the room.

He picks up the guitar and notices the broken string. He
lays it back down with an annoyed frown. Grabs another guitar
case and a bongo drum. Hurries out.

SANTA GIRL feature screenplay

EXT. SANTA COLLEGE, INDUSTRIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

In a quiet industrial-looking neighborhood, Toni finds a sign for "SANTA COLLEGE" with a grinning Santa logo. The tagline reads, "The Art and Science of Clausology."

Toni prepares herself with a deep breath. On a big exhale, she rings the buzzer. A powerful baritone voice blasts through the intercom - practically knocking her back off her feet.

MR. NICK (O.S.)
Ho-Ho-Hello!

TONI
It's, ah, I'm Toni Wilky.

INT. SANTA COLLEGE - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Nick beckons Toni. It looks like twenty Christmases exploded in his office and she steps in carefully.

MR. NICK
I expected Tony Wilky. As in Anthony.

TONI
Surprise!

He puts on wire-rimmed glasses to read her assignment form.

MR. NICK
Don't get me wrong - I'm all for women's rights. But this is where we draw the line. Santa College trains professional Santas to provide a traditional experience.

TONI
I'm not all that girly.

He gives her a quick once-over as she sits opposite him.

MR. NICK
I've been at this longer than you've been alive and, trust me, you don't have what it takes. There's got to be at least one unemployed fella in this town with a Kris Kringle calling.

TONI
They couldn't find him, so they sent me.

She giggles at her own wit. Mr. Nick peers over his glasses.

MR. NICK

Being "The Claus" is an important responsibility, one which we do not take lightly here at Santa College.

Toni tries to match his seriousness.

TONI

I know I'm not a perfect fit. But this is my only option right now.

Mr. Nick purses his lips.

TONI (CONT'D)

Can't you give me a try? Some people say I have a lot of potential-

MR. NICK

We've built a stellar reputation and I'm not about to risk that now.

TONI

Please, Mr. Nick.

She gives him puppy dog eyes. Unconvinced, Mr. Nick squints.

TONI (CONT'D)

I really need this. I'm afraid I'm gonna lose my apartment.

Mr. Nick looks to a gallery of Santas on the wall for guidance.

Toni notices a sweet picture on his desk: young Mr. Nick as Santa, a Child on his lap, and his wife Sally standing proudly by his side as Mrs. Claus. It moves her and her voice cracks:

TONI (CONT'D)

It's all I want for Christmas.

Her distress combined with the familiar words tug at Mr. Nick.

MR. NICK

Holy Saint Nicholas. Why me?

TONI

Please.

(trying deeper voices)

Please... Please... give me a chance.

Mr. Nick turns and stares at Toni in surprise.

MR. NICK

That wasn't half bad.

Toni smiles hopefully.

MR. NICK (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, okay. We'll try it.
But once you're in the Red Suit, no
one can ever know you're a girl.

TONI

Fine. Put me in the red suit!

MR. NICK

Hold on, Missy. You don't just put
on a collar and turn into a priest.
Before I let you out in public, you
must successfully complete our world-
class Clausology training.

Toni stifles a laugh and Mr. Nick shoots her a stern look.
She pulls on a serious face and sits up straight.

MEDUSA - pg 3-4

INT. TEMPLE OF ATHENA, ATHENA'S CHAMBER/OFFICE - DAY

Young Medusa is cleaned up and wears a warrior's leather vest. She steps into Goddess Athena's office.

GODDESS ATHENA

You're so eager to begin? I told you all to take a day of rest.

YOUNG MEDUSA

I came to ask for protection.

GODDESS ATHENA

What happened? Don't be afraid.

Young Medusa tentatively pulls up her sleeve and shows the bruises to Goddess Athena. She finally speaks.

YOUNG MEDUSA

Mother Goddess, something most terrible. The God Poseidon, he was going to give me a gift that would help me serve you. But instead,...

She looks down at her hands - clenched into fists as she tries to keep from shaking.

YOUNG MEDUSA (CONT'D)

He has violated your sworn servant.

Seeing Goddess Athena listening attentively, Young Medusa takes a deep breath and her body starts to relax.

GODDESS ATHENA

One of the most powerful weapons at my disposal is a cunning mind. I use this cunning to create strategies to protect our warriors, for the security of Athens.

YOUNG MEDUSA

We all so admire your quickness-

GODDESS ATHENA

The name "Medusa" stands not only for Protector, but also cunning.

Young Medusa looks confused.

GODDESS ATHENA (CONT'D)

How dare my Medusa use this genius so wickedly - to seduce a powerful
(MORE)

GODDESS ATHENA (CONT'D)

ally? You have defiled herself.
You have no more use for Athena.

YOUNG MEDUSA

Goddess, it was against my will!

Goddess Athena coldly mutters a commanding curse and Young Medusa freezes - the only movement her hair falling out - into her lap.

MAGICAL TRANSITION:

INT. MEDUSA'S CAVE - DAY

Curled into a fetal ball, Medusa is awakened by a quiet hiss.

She finds she is in a cave with sunlight coming in from the entrance and a few gaps in the rocks on the side of the cave.

She dashes to the cave entrance where she finds a small pool. She sinks to her knees and drinks with her hands.

She notices her own image reflected in the pool with a shock: her hair is an unfamiliar mixture of short wavy, curly and kinky strands forming a halo around her head. She looks closer and sees baby snakes nestled among her hair.

She screams in horror. The baby snakes hiss and come to life.

She screams louder as she runs from her image in the pool.

GERALDINE'S HOT DATE - pg 1

INT. DAY ROOM, RETIREMENT RESIDENCE - DAY

GERALDINE is the liveliest of 75-80 year-old Women: ADALINE, KATE and HEIDI. They're all knitting dolls.

Heidi is the resident expert knitter - a perfectionist who sees all through her thick glasses.

Across the room, four 75-80 year-old Men play cards: the dapper-looking dealer, JERRY, and his friends DON, BRYAN, and PETE.

Jerry catches Geraldine's eye.

With a grin she coyly looks away.

HEIDI

You dropped a stitch, Geraldine.

GERALDINE

I didn't-

HEIDI

Count your row.

Geraldine checks the stitches, then looks up sheepishly.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

Just because we're old doesn't mean we can't do a good job for the kids. This may be the only toy some of them get.

GERALDINE

I'm sorry.

She pulls out the row she just finished knitting, then sneaks a glance at Jerry.

Jerry smiles and nods at her.

Geraldine grins back.

Heidi catches the grin. Despite creaky bones, she manages to maneuver her seat to block Geraldine's view of Jerry.

The Women continue knitting (adlib about grandkids.)

The Men finish a round of cards and Jerry lays his down.

JERRY

Sorry fellas, I'm gonna sit this one out.