

## Screenplay 4<sup>th</sup> Week

Act I	Act II	Act III
Set up	Confrontation	Resolution
Plot Point 1(end of Act I)		Plot Point 2 (end of Act 2)

Plot point: It moves the story forward.

### **Dramatic need**

**Plot points: Plot Point I is the true beginning of the story.**

### **Beginning and ending**

- I. *Pulp Fiction*
- II. *Apollo 13*
- III. *Basic Instinct*
- IV. *Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring*
- V. *The Matrix*

### **Visualize your character:**

From *The Small Backs of Children*:

“For the opening, you decided to move in slow motion and black-and-white. An excruciatingly beautiful girl gone to woman, walking. A girl who has toppled over into woman, her lips already in a pout between yes and no, her torso and ass breaking faith. Moving down a tree-lined city sidewalk. Fall. Her coat pulled up to the flush of her cheeks. Her hands stuffed down into pockets. Her hair making art in the wind.”

### **setting**

## Questions:

1. What is your character's gait like? Does he walk with a limp or have a funny little skip? Does she walk as though her hips don't belong to her body, or as though she's carrying a great weight in her stomach?
2. Does she have a particularly strong sense of smell? Does he have such keen hearing that he knows all the secrets in a house?
3. How does your character dress? Does he hide himself in baggy clothes that smother his lithe frame? Does she favor makeup with glitter, in colors that make her eyelids scream? Is his clothing a statement to the world, or just an extension of his body?
4. How does your character experience himself in his body? How do others see him? Does she consider herself elegant, even though the people in her life actually see her as snobby and uptight?
5. What would your character like to change about herself?
6. What permission does she give to other people to come in contact with her, and in what way? What parts of herself does she withhold from contact?

Beginning

FADE IN: ON A MODEL T.

Not so much as a car as a symbol. Over the frozen, grainy, black and white image, we HEAR the voice that has become our history. . .

NARRATOR

They called it the car for Everyman. Ford himself called it a car for the “great multitude.” It was functional and simple, like your sewing machine or your cast-iron stove. . . . For the first time in history, a worker didn’t have to go to the parts—the parts came to him. Instead of building the whole car, he only had to build the bumper. . . or the gearshift. . . or the door handle. . . . Of course, the real invention wasn’t the car—it was the assembly line that built it. Pretty soon, other businesses had borrowed the same techniques: seamstresses become button-sewers. . . furniture makers became knob-turners. . . It was the beginning and the end of imagination all at the same time.

“We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Will I ever see you again?”

“I told you never to call me at this number.”

What about *in medias res*?

What about a person waking up?

## Plot Point I

It all began with a phone call.

Conan was angling across the abandoned house when he heard the woman scream.

It took a little work to pry open the trapdoor, but Ron and Harry managed. Their flashlights illuminated a square hole.

setting

Year: 2224

Planet: Aikolon 7

0302 hours

Ten miles east of Las Vegas

Noon.

Our fourteenth day on the raft.

Only three of us are left, and Janice isn't waking up.