

"BRAIN STORM"

by

Chris Messineo

Off Stage Films, LLC
293 Charnwood Road
New Providence, NJ 07974
CMessineo@OffStageFilms.com
(908) 578-5700

"BRAIN STORM"

By Chris Messineo

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"A Pick-Up Artist" is scribbled on a sheet of paper.

Four filmmakers sit quietly.

Subtitle: Saturday, November 5th 12:01 am

The PRODUCER is a large man with a mischievous face.

Subtitle: Producer

PRODUCER

Well?

He looks towards the DIRECTOR, a young man with a requisite goatee.

Subtitle: Director

DIRECTOR

What? I'm not the writer.

They both turn to the WRITER, an attractive woman with bright eyes.

Subtitle: Writer

WRITER

I've got nothing.

They all stare at the CINEMATOGRAPHER, a tech geek in a baseball cap.

Subtitle: Cinematographer

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Don't look at me.

They all hang their heads in silence.

PRODUCER

Maybe we should just throw out some ideas.

DIRECTOR
That's a great idea.

WRITER
Excellent.

CINEMATOGRAPHER
Definitely.

More silence.

DIRECTOR
I've got something. Everyone close
your eyes and picture this.

Fade to black and then light.

DIRECTOR
We open on a sweeping jib shot.

The camera does exactly what the Director describes.

DIRECTOR
The camera flies along the ground
and then rises majestically up the
body of our protagonist and settles
in on an extreme close-up.

The Director looks right into the camera.

DIRECTOR
What do you think?

CINEMATOGRAPHER
A jib shot?

WRITER
Where's the plot?

PRODUCER
What's a jib?

DIRECTOR
Well that's all I got.

WRITER
We need to start with a story. Who
is the "pick-up artist"?

PRODUCER

He could be a player, you know,
kicking it old school, super fly.

The Cinematographer is stylin and covered in bling.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Isn't that a little obvious.

DIRECTOR

What about this? He's an artist,
who works with pick-up sticks.

A tiny tee-pee made out of pick-up sticks stands in the
middle of the floor.

WRITER

It's kind of pathetic actually.

The tee-pee collapses.

PRODUCER

Does it have to be a guy?

WRITER

No.

PRODUCER

Try this on for size. The pick-up
artist is a woman.

DIRECTOR

A woman?

PRODUCER

A hot young vixen eager for the man
meat.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

I like it.

PRODUCER

I've got two words for you,
"cleave" - "age".

The Writer looks like a slut, her breasts eager to flee
captivity.

WRITER

It's not going to happen. You
won't get some actress to
gratuitously shake her "cans" for
your enjoyment. Pig.

PRODUCER

It was just an idea.

DIRECTOR

Calm down. Maybe we're going about this the wrong way. What about the look of the film?

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Now you're speaking my language. It's all about style. I'm thinking "Amelie".

All the colors change.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

We super saturate the world and fill it with color.

PRODUCER

Who's playing the lead an Oompa Loompa?

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Okay, I feel ya, picture this.

The colors shift to green.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

It's "The Matrix" and the world is dark and dangerous and things aren't what they seem.

DIRECTOR

Take the blue pill.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

All right, I've got one more. We go retro.

Everything is shades of grey.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Black and white. Think classic. Think Chaplin and Keaton.

WRITER

Slapstick?

A pie slams into the face of the Cinematographer.

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Maybe not.

PRODUCER

This is getting us nowhere. What about location?

DIRECTOR

Yes, yes, now you're thinking. We need atmosphere. Some place dark and moody, like an attic.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The filmmakers huddle together in a dusty attic, shivering.

WRITER

What's he going to pick-up in an attic?

CINEMATOGRAPHER

Pneumonia.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They are back in the living room.

DIRECTOR

You've got a better idea?

PRODUCER

I was imagining something different, something sexier, something classy. It takes place in a bathtub.

CUT TO:

INT. BATH ROOM - NIGHT

The four filmmakers are sitting in a tub together.

WRITER

Yeah, that's classy.

PRODUCER

You want class, bubbles, lots of bubbles.

The tub is filled with bubbles.

WRITER
I can't work like this.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They are all back where they started the night.

The four release a collective sigh.

DIRECTOR
This is a disaster.

WRITER
This is a nightmare.

PRODUCER
It's not good.

CINEMATOGRAPHER
I want to go home.

DIRECTOR
Okay, so what have we got so far?

They all look at each other.

CINEMATOGRAPHER
Nothing.

WRITER
Nothing.

PRODUCER
Nothing.

DIRECTOR
Nothing. Nothing? That's just
great. How the hell do we film
nothing?

Blackness.

FADE OUT.