

THE EARLY QUESTIONMARK

Selected writing from the supplied archive

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Strange worlds. Working people. A joke with a bruise underneath.

An editorial anthology of twelve selections, chosen for distinctive voice, visual imagination, comic construction, emotional truth, and range. Original writing is followed here by separate editorial commentary; the selections themselves have not been rewritten. Explicit co-writing credits are retained.

Reading the archive

The collection contains 36 supplied files, including duplicate texts, alternate drafts, research material, unfinished work, and correspondence. This selection is a craft judgment, not a definitive ranking of finished publication quality. Document metadata is not treated as proof of authorship or composition date.

Paragraph breaks, spacing, and presentation have been normalized for reading. Source spelling, grammar, dialogue, and incomplete endings are otherwise preserved. Editorial excerpt boundaries are identified. Historical recollections and factual claims remain the authors’ original statements and have not been independently verified. The collection includes adult language, grotesque imagery, and dark comedy. Research compilations and private correspondence are discussed in the inventory rather than reproduced as showcase pieces.

What your early voice does best

1. Turns a mundane task into a whole world.

Oblivious Maximus gives a refrigerator territorial rights. Earl turns a toilet into a portal. The Chimney Sweep makes an ordinary Florida doorway the site of an impossible legal dispute. Your strongest premises begin with an object or chore and let its logic take over.

2. Finds comedy in unequal power.

Bosses, clerks, officials, announcers, and customers weaponize rules. Scene 2 makes buying something impossible, then gives a favored customer instant service. The joke is strongest when the audience can track a precise contradiction.

3. Thinks through images and sound.

Television glow, a top hat emerging from an elevator, a warlike coffee rush, music cues, and curtains that interrupt dialogue show an instinct for performance. You often imagine how the audience will experience a beat before explaining it.

4. Lets sincerity slip through the sarcasm.

Earl's abandoned writing ambition, the saved typewriter, the teenager wishing his mother were there to criticize his driving, and the warmth in the festival memoir are the emotional center of this collection. Small details often say more than your characters' speeches.

5. Uses media as a shared language.

Characters flirt, argue, and understand themselves through movies, music, and television. Scene 3 even lets stage cues intrude on a date. The references are most effective when they change an interaction rather than merely name a favorite.

6. Commits to an absurd premise.

The Santa/Bunny ending refuses an expected fight payoff; M.S.F.C. makes stillness its entire programming model. You are willing to let the strange idea remain strange. That confidence is part of the voice worth keeping.

Where revision would help

Compress repeated exchanges once the audience understands the joke. Replace explanations of emotion with behavior when possible. Make escalation cause the next beat. Some early humor leans on identity stereotypes, sexual contempt, or humiliation; the more durable material gets its force from character, power, and contradictory rules. Preserve the nerve and specificity while choosing the target carefully.

The selections

- 01 Each year Revised - festival memoir
- 02 Oblivious Maximus - domestic horror-comedy
- 03 The Chimney Sweep - escalating authority satire
- 04 Earl - abandoned ambition and the saved typewriter
- 05 Survival of the Fittest - Chapter 5: The Nomad
- 06 Scene 2 - the impossible pawn-shop transaction
- 07 Scene 3 - a date interrupted by its own production
- 08 The Project - recurring opening sequence
- 09 M.S.F.C. - a television-channel parody
- 10 Toothley's Tooth Whitening Beer - invented-product satire
- 11 Party Animal Ed - setup and visual reveal
- 12 Santa vs. Easter Bunny - miniature reversal

01 / A filmmaker remembers kindness

Complete short piece | Source: Each-year-Revised

Your strongest sustained prose selection: weather and costume detail establish a scene, embarrassment gives the narrator a human scale, and kindness supplies the emotional payoff. The revised version is clearer and more developed than *Each year.doc*. Read celebrity and festival details as historical recollection.

Each year, an extremely diverse group of individuals inhabit Park City, Utah. In January, the city bursts full of life, the streets nearly overflowing with people. Everyone is there with his or her own agendas. It becomes increasingly difficult to keep track of every new contact you come across. It comes with the festival environment; you will most likely run into a celebrity. Chances are you have already met one and hadn't even realized it. As volunteers, the Troma Team has come across celebrities like Kevin Smith, Quentin Tarantino, and Paul Giamatti. I volunteered fresh out of High School with the high hopes of breaking into the film business, expanding my mind, and meeting celebrities at the TromaDance Film Festival. I had the pleasant surprise of being introduced to Jenna Fischer; star of *The Office*, while premiering her film *Lollilove*. The night had a penetrating coldness to it, wind curled off the ski slopes. It began to snow as the Troma team was weaving in-and-out of the streets of Park City. We were being led by Lloyd Kaufman, the President of Troma Studios. The team had been fresh off the set of a live television broadcast, so a few of us were costume clad. Anyone we met that night only knew the characters we had played. Just as a cab missed the entire group, we happened upon Jenna Fischer. At that moment in time, I had no clue of who she might be. On that day, Jenna didn't meet the real me. Those that choose to wear the costumes must never break character, even to breathe. So she was introduced to Sgt. Kabukiman N.Y.P.D. An excerpt of this meeting can briefly be found in the supplemental materials on the DVD of her directorial debut, *Lollilove*. The closing night of the festival had come far too quickly. Since our first meeting, a growing intrigue had surrounded Jenna. I was immediately drawn into *Lollilove*, for it's deadpan humor and awkward silences. I couldn't wait to talk to her again. Her film debuted to a packed bar full of roaring laughter and applause. *Lollilove* concluded the film selection portion of the festival. I finally had the chance to talk to her. I had no idea she had recently gotten married to one of my idols of independent film writers, James Gunn. Short of my brain leaving my skull, my mind was blown away. All of the hard work and daydreaming of growing up and fulfilling certain ambitions had finally paid off. The cover of darkness masked my face from the constant blushing. I had only met Jenna once and she was kind enough to ask me questions about my writing. She was humble and down-to-earth, generously giving me notes and insight. The night had progressed from films, to a burlesque dancer, to a DJ. Alcohol had been in everyone's bodies for hours now. The lights were dimmed even more now as the techno pulsated and the intoxicated attempted to dance. Jenna had been full of energy that night. She mingled, making her way across the bar without missing a soul. Since the conclusion of her film, she had stuck to a steady diet of techno and liquids. Somewhere in a drawer, mixed up with other tapes, is a tape of an intoxicated Jenna Fischer dancing the night away, enjoying her success in the independent film festival circuit. The warmth she gave off was incomparable. Until Jenna, I had never met a more kind and talented artist. Jenna's popularity as an actress is growing, but her talent for writing and her eye for direction will be awaiting her next effort. She is a force to be reckoned with, rather it be her mainstream marketability or her independent sensibilities. I will always remember her as the sweet, talented, and funny independent filmmaker that was kind when most celebrities could just walk away.

02 / The house talks back

Complete short piece | Source: OBLIVIOUSMAXIMUS

A strong blend of body horror and petty domestic argument. "All I want is milk and a pickle" anchors the impossible in a wonderfully specific desire. The refrigerator's ownership claim gives the surreal event a comic rule. The ending remains part of the fictional scene, not health advice.

FADE IN:

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Steve is in bed, blankets covering him. An alarm clock next to Steve's bed reads 7:59 A.M. All is quiet. Steve is peacefully sleeping. The alarm clock flips to 8:00 A.M. The curtains open by themselves. A loud droning, buzzing sound is heard coming from the alarm clock. Steve struggles to wake up and get out of bed. He looks as though he had been sleeping for a month. His hair is messed up and greasy looking. He stumbles around, knocking things from his dresser. He turns off the alarm. He constantly trips over dirty laundry spread across his floor. He strains his eyes to see. He opens his bedroom door and stumbles down the hallway. He bumps into the side of the wall several times until he gets stuck to the side of the wall. His shoulder is being sucked into the wall. The wall is now a soft, fleshy, pulsating, white goo. He free's himself from the pulsating wall. The pictures on the wall begin to melt into a waxy, bloody substance. Steve runs into the bathroom, hiding from the living wall. He closes his eyes and tries to get a hold of himself. He takes a deep breath and opens his eyes. He opens the door and peeks out. The wall isn't pulsating anymore. Everything seems to be normal. Steve feels relief.

STEVE What the hell was that? Give me a damn migraine.

Steve holds his with his hands. He walks down the hall and cuts left into his kitchen. He goes to a cabinet and grabs a cup. He places the cup on his kitchen counter. He reaches over and grabs a hold of the refrigerator handle and opens the door. As Steve is looking into the refrigerator, he still has hold of the handle. All of a sudden the door jerks Steve's arm and the refrigerator slams shut. The refrigerator starts making growling noises. At first, Steve is frightened, then he just gets angry at the situation.

STEVE This sucks. All I want is milk and a pickle.

REFRIGERATOR So, you think you can just reach inside my stomach whenever you feel like, and grab my insides?

Steve flinches in fear. His eyes widen.

STEVE I'm freaking out!

REFRIGERATOR I'm freaking out, because you reach inside my stomach.

STEVE It's my food. My mom bought it.

REFRIGERATOR Once you put it inside me, it becomes mine. Stop freaking out.

STEVE Stop freaking out? I'm arguing with a refrigerator.

REFRIGERATOR You're arguing with, The refrigerator, not, A refrigerator. Why don't you take responsibility for your own actions? Why are you blaming me for your own problems. Go to the medicine cabinet and feel better.

Steve exits kitchen and heads back to his bathroom. He shuts the door behind him. He looks into his mirror and into his own eyes. His eyes are bloodshot. His ears twitch as a voice is heard.

VOICE Steve! Behind the mirror--in the cabinet. It's me! It's time

Steve reaches for the medicine cabinet mirror. He opens the medicine cabinet. The cabinet is filled with stacks of pill bottles. There are three levels filled with pill bottles. Steve starts breathing heavy. His arms begin to shake. His hands become jittery. A pill bottle from off the top level, falls off into the sink. Steve reaches for the bottle. He holds the bottle in front of his face. Steve's face muscles begin to twitch.

STEVE I have a splitting migraine. What's going on? It feels like my face is melting.

VOICE Remember--that's why I'm here. I'm here to make you feel better. You'll feel good again.

Steve pops off the top of the pill bottle and turns the bottle upside down, a single capsule falls out of the bottle into Steve's hand. He examines the pill.

VOICE See--it's going to be okay. I'm here to help you--that's what I do.

STEVE You are?

VOICE Yes, of course.

STEVE Pills are good. Thank you.

FADE OUT

THE END

03 / The law arrives from another century

Complete short piece | Source: TheChimneySweep

The premise escalates cleanly: an unwanted visitor becomes an impossible authority problem. The repeated chimney explanation pays off when the Bobby adopts it. The source explicitly credits Brenden Martin and Frank Piccolella; this is a collaborative sample.

The Chimney Sweep By Brenden Martin and Frank Piccolella

Ext-Apartment Complex-Daytime. (The Sunny Beaches of Satellite Beach, Florida) The front side of a condominium is seen.

Cut to Ext-Elevator Door-Continuous. The doors open revealing only a blown out top hat sticking up out of the elevator. Cut to Ext.-Room 112 Door. Cue Sound-Knocking sound. P.O.V. looking through eyehole in door. Rising up out of the bottom left screen we see a filthy hand in a fingerless glove. The GUY opens the door, standing in front of him is a young English Boy in an oversized coat and tattered clothing. Man looks down staring at the boy. The boy is staring right back. They size each other up.

PAUSE

Chimney Sweep: (fluttering eyes) 'Ello sir. Sweep ye chimney?

Guy: (Mouth gaping staring at the boy)

Chimney Sweep: Sir, sweep ye chimney? Tis but a shilling.

Guy: Look at this guy. Your motha' lets you out of the house like this? This ain't Mary Poppins, beat it kid! Get outta here!

Chimney Sweep: It's but a shilling, sir! (Pause) if you don't clean your chimney, you can't start the fire, if you can't start the fire, you could catch a cold in a drafty old place like this.

Guy: This complex was built in 1996. It does not get drafty, nor is it excessively cold

Chimney Sweep: It's but a shilling.

Guy: This is America! We only use dollar bills, quarters, Sacajawea coins. You know, normal money.

Chimney Sweep: It's Christmas Day sir! I really need that shilling to buy my lil' sister an abacus for her 'rithmetic.

The Guy: It's the middle of July, it's not Christmas; again we do not use Shillings!

Chimney Sweep: Don't send me off without at least a stomach full of gruel or Figgie pudding

Guy: Figgie pudding?(pause) I'm calling the cops! Get out of here! (Slams Door)

Cue Sound-Knocking on Door The Guy angrily opens the Door

Guy: You're being a nut stain, this is not a soup kitchen. Crawl back up your mother's ass! I am a very busy man (beer I hand) the cops will be here any minute.

(English Bobby is walking by, twirling his nightstick. He is whistling. He overhears the confrontation and goes to investigate)

English Bobby: Problem here, Gov.?

Guy: He keeps insisting on sweeping my non-existent chimney.

English Bobby: If you don't clean your chimney, you can't start the fire, if you can't start the fire, you could catch a cold in a drafty old place like this.

Guy: (stumbles over words) wha...I don...chimney (Sighs. Looks down at the Chimney Sweep. Chimney Sweep has puppy dog eyes)

English Bobby: (Looks at the Chimney Sweep) how old are you fella'?

Chimney Sweep: I'm 7 and 12/16

English Bobby: (Upset looks at the Chimney Sweep) Get out of here fella' I need to talk to this man.

(Chimney Sweep walks off whistling a tune)

English Bobby: (Directed to the Guy) Did you know how old that boy was? You were trying to get him to sweep your chimney were you? Well sir, that's illegal.

Guy: No! he came up here trying to sweep an imaginary chimney!

English Bobby: The Act for the Better Regulation of Chimney Sweeps and their Apprentices of 1788, was passed to limit a sweeper to six apprentices, of at least 8years old. Since this boy's master is nowhere to be found I'm afraid I'm going to have to cite you.

Guy: He was soliciting me, there isn't even a chimney!

English Bobby: It's the Law, sir (writes ticket)

(English Bobby walks off, whistling and twirling his nightstick)

English Bobby: God save the queen!

Fade Out

The End.

04 / The writer who stopped writing

Two excerpts; intervening material omitted | Source: EARL

Two nonconsecutive excerpts show the emotional core of the longer, unfinished screenplay. Earl's failed ambition becomes tangible through the saved typewriter. Ingrid's action complicates the conflict: she remembers the person he wanted to be even while asking for distance.

EARL What did you wanna be when you were growing up?

QUENTIN Either Tony Montana...or a dancer.

EARL Like salsa and shit?

QUENTIN No, ballet.

EARL Ballet?

QUENTIN Yeah. Ever seen that shit?

EARL Cant say that I have.

QUENTIN Fucking graceful shit, man. It's beautiful. You gotta be talented and flexible to be able to control your body like that.

EARL Yeah...Well those are two very randomly opposite career paths, but, I guess that's better than where I stand right now.

QUENTIN What did you want to do?

EARL I used to want to be a writer.

QUENTIN What happened with that?

EARL This growing old bullshit.

QUENTIN Well you're not exactly getting any younger. If we're gonna do something with our lives, we should do soon.

EARL I'm thinking about getting some goals in life.

QUENTIN That's a start.

EARL I used to have so many ideas for stories and characters, but I was always too busy being fucked up to follow my heart.

QUENTIN That's a shame man. You had a passion for something, and you gave it up for booze and drugs?

EARL Yeah, I did. I mean, I've written some things; short stories, poems, one-act plays, and what not.

QUENTIN That's really neat. I didn't know that about you.

EARL Alot of people don't know that about me.

[Editorial break: later in the screenplay, Ingrid prepares to leave for two weeks.]

EARL I really want you to. I wish I still had my typewriter. I feel creative.

Ingrid smiles. Josh runs over to Ingrid. She begins petting Josh.

INGRID Don't be mad, but I have something to tell you.

EARL What is it?

INGRID I saved the typewriter. I have it in the attic. You told me to get rid of it, but I just couldn't.

EARL Why would I be mad? That's great. I love you.

Both Earl and Ingrid smile together for the first time in who knows how long.

INGRID Well, it's in the attic if you want to go get it.

EARL Thank you.

INGRID All of my things are in a cab already. I'm off to the airport. I'll be back in two weeks. I'll call in a week.

EARL Okay.

INGRID Take care of Josh for me.

Ingrid looks into Earls eyes. They stare into each others souls.

FADE OUT:

05 / Missing the person who made you nervous

Complete Chapter 5 excerpt | Source: SurvivaloftheFittest

The standout here is the reversal in the driving memory: the narrator now wants the parental criticism he used to fear. A familiar teenage inconvenience becomes evidence of loss. This personal scale is stronger than the draft's broad geopolitical exposition.

Chapter 5 THE NOMAD

January 14, 2001 I'm almost six-teen years old. I've driven enough to know that when a parent is with me I get nervous. I don't know why. I know how to drive I just get nervous. This time driving I thought I would be fine. I was wrong. I was even more nervous. The funny thing is that I wish my mom was here, watching me, being scared of my driving, yelling at me for almost hitting cars. Having my mom here would actually calm me down. It was really unsettling to leave my home. My home, the place where I lived, the place where I had fun, where I hung out, where my family visited, where I had memories. How could I leave my home. My house, my town, my friends and family, my school. Actually, I wasn't really sad about the school. But everything and everyone else I loved. Was I really doing the right thing? This is a question that's plagued me. But, before it was because of college and a real life. Not because of the end of the world, not because of death and destruction. How will I survive out in this world. What things and people will I encounter. What problems and decisions will I face. Am I ready for this challenge? Am I ready to grow up? Why is this happening? Why now?

45 minutes Later I've only been driving for half-an-hour. I've been looking for survivors. Everybody is either dead or Night Wolf picked them up. Why would they go with that lunatic anyways? I should try going south, to Miami and then The Key. There is so many people there. A lot of people have to be alive. I know I can make a difference.

06 / A shop that refuses to sell

Contiguous scene excerpt | Source: Scene2

The sales exchange is a clear comic machine. Bob tries harder to comply while Betty makes compliance impossible; Amy's effortless purchase exposes the selective rule. This excerpt ends at Bob's exit and keeps the strongest sequence intact.

Betty: Hold that thought. (Looks at Bob) Sir!

(Bob is holding half a shoe)

Bob: Yes.

Betty: You brake it, you buy it.

Bob: Brake what? It's half a shoe.

Betty: Are you going to purchase that item?

Bob: What am I gonna do with half a shoe?

Betty: You tell me punk.

Bob: Fine. I'll buy this lava lamp.

Betty: Not for sale.

Bob: (Confused) Okay. How about these magazines?

Betty: Are you going to buy something?

Bob: Yes, these magazines. How much are they?

Betty: No loitering sir.

Bob: I'm not loitering. I wanna buy these items.

Betty: We have rules sir. Buy something or get out.

Bob: I'm trying. How much for the shoe?

Betty: Not for sale. Can you read the sign?

Bob: Yes. It says "No Loitering".

Betty: Now learn the concept.

(Enter Amy. Amy picks up lava lamp and puts it on counter)

Amy: I've always wanted one of these. Perfect for fondue night. How much?

Betty: I'll cut you a sweet deal. Ten dollars.

Amy: Awesome. You always spoil me. You guys rule.

Bob: What?! You suck.

Amy: Do you have Forbes?

Betty: Right over there.

(Bob looks very angry. He storms off..)

Betty: Go loiter somewhere else punk!

07 / The date hears its own soundtrack

Opening scene excerpt | Source: Scene3

The time lapses become active participants in the scene, while Dante reacts to cues the audience also hears. This is a promising formal instinct: entertainment machinery creates the character's problem. The excerpt ends as Dante leaves; it does not reproduce the later Razor date.

SCENE 3

(Curtain up. Restaurant setting. Rebecca is waiting at a table for her blind date. Eight others occupy the restaurant. Enter Test Taker. The Test Taker guy is wearing a backpack. He is carrying a desk. He puts desk down. Enter Waitress. She is carrying a scantron. The Test Taker opens his backpack. He pulls out a pack of pencils. He begins sharpening pencils. He continues to do this for a couple seconds until the "The Dante Theme" is heard. Enter Dante. Sound cue - "Dante Theme")

Narrator: It's Dante.

Dante: (Dante looks around for voice) I'm Dante. You look beautiful tonight.

Rebecca: Why, thank you. You look quite spiffy yourself.

Dante: Thanks. Have you ordered yet?

Rebecca: Nope.

(Dante calls for Waitress)

Dante: Garceon!

(Enter Waitress)

Waitress: Garceon means boy.

Dante: Excuse me?

Waitress: Garceon means boy.

(Sound cue - Audience laugh track. Dante looks behind him.)

Rebecca: I've heard that from somewhere before. You're a disgrace to society. You've soiled the works of Tarantino.

Waitress: I'm glad you've taken the time to point out something so obscure and coincidental, that only a hardcore movie geek would even notice, or care. Are you going to order anything or what?

Rebecca: Well, Miss Hospitality. I'll take three bacon cheeseburgers.

Waitress: Three of them?

Rebecca: Oh yeah! I forgot to mention the side of french fries.

Dante: (Disgusted) I'll have the New York Strip. Can I have that medium rare?

Waitress: (Jots down orders.) Any way you want it sir. (Exit waitress.)

(Music cue - "Any Way You Want It"- Journey. Dante looks around. He mildly shakes.)

Rebecca: Is there something wrong?

Dante: (Clenching teeth) Everything is great. How are you doing over there?

Rebecca: Tubular. You know something funny? I thought you were gonna turn out to be some sort of weirdo.

(The Viking Woman walks across stage.)

Viking Woman: It's Dante. He's getting his mack on.

Dante: (Pointing at Viking Woman.) Did you see...?

Rebecca: Oooh, yeah. I smell a time lapse coming on.

(Lights fade out. Time lapse. Lights fade in.)

Dante: That's why I became an accountant (Laughs)

Rebecca: (Yawns) Exciting.

Dante: Isn't it?

Rebecca: No. Not really. Ever thought of marketing yourself as an alternative to sleeping pills. Let's go for another time lapse.

(Lights fade out. Time lapse. Lights fade in.)

Rebecca: That's how I believe the planet was overrun by those damn dirty apes.

Dante: (Yawning) I only saw the one with Marky Mark in it.

Rebecca: What a shame, you get to see Charleton Hestons butt.

Dante: Now I'm glad I haven't seen it. Maybe we'll get it right with this next time lapse.

Rebecca: Can't hurt to try. Third times a charm.

(Lights fade out. Time lapse. Lights fade in)

Rebecca: That's why I think nickels should be a different color.

Dante: It's true. I always mix them up with quarters. It's annoying.

Rebecca: Quarters are far superior. Whenever I'm in a rush and searching for a quarter in my pocket I always nickels for quarters.

Dante: Same here. So I heard you were majoring in film production.

Rebecca: You have good hearing. We're going to be shooting most of my student film in a mortuary all summer.

Dante: You have to hang out at a mortuary all summer? That place might get pretty dead.

(Dante laughs. Drum roll. Dante shakes his fist in the air.)

Rebecca: Nature calls, and I gotta go to the bathroom. Excuse me. (Exit Rebecca)

Dante: Keep it together Dante. You're doing fine. Just focus. She's a cute girl. You don't want to ruin this.

(Sound cue, "It's Dante")

Narrator: It's Dante.

Dante: I'll get you. (Contemplating) I don't know what to do. If I stay, I might end up making a fool of myself. If I leave, well, that would just be completely rude of me.

(Music cue, "Should I Stay or Should I Go"-The Clash.)

Dante: I'm freakin out man. (Pulls hair.)

(Enter Waitress. Waitress has check. She throws it at Dante.)

Waitress: Take your check sir. If you could do a big favor for me and pay the check so you'll be gone from my general vicinity. Thanks.

Dante: No, thank you. Everything was excellent. Who do I give money to?

Waitress: Me.

(Music cue, "Mony Mony" - Bill Idol. Dantes eyes widen. Dante gets up. Music stops. Dante is breathing hard. Woman on a bike rides by. Music cue, "Bicycle" - Queen. Exit Dante. Enter Rebecca. She looks around for Dante. She sits down and puts head on her table. The stage is lit except for where Rebecca sits.)

08 / Through the television

Complete short piece | Source: ProjectIntro.

The opening is driven by sound, light, and impossible geography. The jump from dark room to beach is especially effective. Trim production references in a revised draft and let the images define the experience. The two supplied ProjectIntro files contain the same extracted text.

THE PROJECT

EPISODE ONE

Main Title Sequence. Recurring Intro for Every Episode of THE PROJECT.(T.B.D.)

Screen is black.

Cue Sound-Footsteps.

The sound of a television set is heard powering on. A rising light amidst the darkness begins to permeate the abyss. The light reveals the silhouettes of a reclining chair and a young boy kneeling, staring at a television set. We are not sure if fog or smoke hovers the darkened room.

INT. -DARKENED LIVING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Bright lights wash over the body of the young boy. We see an ever changing palette of colors on a Close-Up of the young boys face; yellow, orange, red, green, blue, black.

DISSOLVE TO:

Close-Up. A different bright light is seen on the boys face. Pan out to see boy sitting on a reclining chair, watching television on the beach. Waves crash.

Cue Sound-Beach Sounds

The boy is sitting on the edge of the chair, staring. His body is calm, yet his mind and eyes are frantic. Shifty eyes. He picks up an oversized remote control and pushes buttons. Static is contained within the confines of the set, and the screen explodes. We travel through a vortex, similar to that of Dr. Who.

FADE OUT: _____

09 / The channel of standing still

Complete short piece | Source: M.S.F.C.

A compact parody with a consistent visual rule. Genre becomes costume and pose rather than action. The final competing channel extends the joke without explaining it.

INT.MAN STANDS IN FRONT OF GREEN SCREEN.

NARRATOR If you enjoy long, continuous scenes of a man standing in front of a camera! (Pause) Then the M.S.F.C. is for you.

CUT TO. Man standing in front of green screen with a surf movie behind him.

NARRATOR Can't choose a show. At the M.S.F.C it doesn't matter. Nearly every long, continuous scene involves something from every genre. (pause) Drama

CUT TO. Man with foot propped up and holding his chin cupped in his hand. He is in deep contemplation. Wind blows in his hair.

NARRATOR ACTION

CUT TO. Man standing holding a gun.

NARRATOR MYSTERY

CUT TO. Man standing with a magnifying glass and a pipe.Candles burning around him.

NARRATOR SCI-IF

CUT TO. Man in space suit with moon footage behind him.

NARRATOR COMEDY

CUT TO. Man standing still with pie smashed into his face.

NARRATOR And many more! (Pause) Call your cable provider immediately to subscribe to this ground breaking television station.

Random phone numbers start appearing.

Numbers

-1899-0-085-4;etc...

NARRATOR 2 From the folks that brought you The M.B.B.W.P.D. Channel. (Briskly) Monkey Balancing on a Ball With a Pink Dress...Channel.

The End

10 / The product keeps its promise

Complete short piece | Source: Toothley-sTooth-WhiteningBeer

The product delivers its one absurd benefit while the testimonials reveal everything it fails to fix. The space-program setup and moon punchline are particularly economical. The final image shows the darkest escalation of the same rule. Source credit: Frank Piccolella and Brenden Martin.

Toothley's Tooth Whitening Beer By Frank Piccolella and Brenden Martin

(Neon lit, oversized text flies over the screen.)

Announcer:

Amazing!

Groundbreaking!

Cowabunga!

Toothley's Tooth Whitening Beer!

Cut to Hillbilly.

Hillbilly: You can see that shit from space!!

Announcer:

That's because Toothley's brew comes from a secret formula engineered by former NASA scientists Tim Blakeson and Craig McGinness.

Tim: We were actually looking for an alternative fuel source and instead we discovered this delicious tooth-whitening treat.

Craig: That's right Tim, drink enough and it will still take you to the moon.

Announcer:

Don't believe us?! Just ask these satisfied customers!

Cut to Customer Testaments;

Hobo: I still sleep in a cardboard box and it still hurts when I pee. But, damn are my teeth white. (Shows teeth) Look at my pearly whites!

Cut to-Skeazy (a homeless man who tries to sell you your own stuff)

Skeazy: Hey man...you wan' me sell you a 6 pack, man. Only \$6.00. There's only three left, but how you gonna' know they good if I don't drink none? Quality control! (pause) Yeah man, that bottle looks good in your hand. Give it to ya cheap. Cut to Soccer Mom

Soccer Mom: It can get pretty hectic having six kids. (Kids running-background) I don't always have time for proper hygiene or grooming. Sometimes I can go a week without brushing my teeth. Toothley's has helped me save time and restored my confidence. From the first time I drank a six pack, blacked out and woke up with a shiny, new smile, I was hooked.

Cut to Cop.

Cop: I've been on the force for a long time. I've seen my fair share of DUI accidents. Most of 'em end up leaving an unidentifiable pile of twisted metal, glass and gore. But, when Toothley's is involved I can always say: Damn, those are some white teeth!!

(Officer looks down at wreckage. We see a gleam off of the teeth of a corpse, officer gives a thumbs up)

Announcer:

Radical!

Pick up a Case Today!

Fade Out.

11 / Meet the infamous Ed

Entire supplied unfinished draft | Source: PartyAnimalEd

The confident buildup produces a simple visual reversal: Ed is a stuffed animal. Character reactions sell the reveal. The supplied draft stops during the photo introduction, so this is a promising unfinished setup, not a complete sketch. Source credit: Brenden Martin and Frank Piccolella.

,Party Animal Ed By Brenden Martin and Frank Piccolella

Ext. Inside of a restaurant during down time. There are no customers and the employees are just sort of hanging out waiting for their shifts to end. The door opens and an off duty employee enters with an ecstatic look about him.

Brenden: Dude, you guys aren't going to believe this! You know that crazy guy I'm always talking about, you know my buddy Ed? He's in town you guys gotta come out and meet him!

TJ: Oh you mean that dude you went to Mexico with that one time?

Chris: The one with the hookers and the donkey?

Brenden: Yeah! He's only going to be here tonight though, so you guys gotta come out. He's got a 5 A.M. flight out to Vegas or some shit, but he doesn't even care! He wants to party all night till he leaves! It's gonna be fucking sick, you guys gotta come!

TJ: Cool man, I'm in.

Chris: Shit yeah, I've heard a lot about this guy. We'll see if he's as crazy as you've made him out to be.

Brenden: Badass man, I'll see you guys later (starts towards the door, looking back) Dude, you'll see this guy is a fucking animal! (Leaves)

TJ: Well, this should be pretty cool; I heard this Ed dude is completely fucking nuts.

Chris: Yeah, but Brenden's a bull-shitter dude. This guy is probably just some loser who listens to hair metal and fucks fat chicks. But you never know.

TJ: (shrugs) Yeah

EXT- Nighttime at Brenden's Apartment. TJ and Chris are standing outside waiting to be let in. Music can be heard through the door.

Chris: If nothing else at least we'll get to drink for free.

TJ: (laughing) Man, that's fucked up.

(Brenden opens the door clearly intoxicated)

Brenden: It's about fucking time, come on in.

(The camera facing the three men leading them down a short hallway that opens up into a living room where Ed awaits the guests)

Brenden: alright guys, this is the infamous Ed.

(Camera cuts to Ed sitting on the couch with his drink nearby) (Camera cuts back to TJ and Chris. They both have puzzled looks on their faces, as they realize ED is a stuffed animal)

TJ: uh...

(Before he can say anything TJ is interrupted by Brenden who is now holding a photo

Brenden: Check this shit out! Ed brought some pictures, now you can see the insanity for yourselves.

12 / The fight changes its mind

Complete short piece | Source: SantavsEasterBunny

The abrupt hand-holding exit overturns the promised holiday brawl. It shows a taste for a concise, unexplained reversal. FADE IN.doc contains the same extracted scene.

FADE IN:

INT. MALL FOOD COURT -- AFTERNOON

The Easter Bunny is sitting down at a table in the food court. It is just a normal Weekend in Tallahassee. Mall rats lurking round the mall. The Easter Bunny is looking at a pamphlet of Easter decorations.

Coming up from behind the Easter Bunny is Santa Claus. Santa Clause creeps up behind, looking as if he is going to strangle the Bunny from behind. The Easter Bunny swiftly gets up and turns around to Santa Claus. Claus starts pummeling the Bunny in the face. The Easter Bunny pushes Claus.

The two lean back and eye each other. They hold hands and skip off swiftly.

Carry the strengths forward

Use this as a grounded brief for future collaborations: conversational and specific; visually strange; skeptical of authority; funny through a consistent absurd rule; willing to become tender without giving up the edge. This describes patterns in the supplied writing, not an instruction to repeat every early habit.

Read: Find the ordinary want before the surreal event: food, a job, a date, a family member, a chance to write.

Learn: Track the recurring pressure: people want connection or freedom but hide behind jokes, rules, and defensive speeches.

Adapt: Keep the colloquial cadence and peculiar objects. Tighten repetition, clarify cause and effect, and give each character a different defense.

Act: Put the emotional claim into an action: someone saves a typewriter, takes a hand, or remembers an unwanted driving lesson.

React: Let each response change the scene. A refusal should force a new tactic; a joke should reveal a need or provoke a consequence.

Integrate: Build new work around one clear absurd rule and one human stake. Use film and music references when they shape the relationship or the scene's form.

A practical revision pass

For each scene, identify what changes, circle the most distinctive image, and mark the first point where the joke becomes clear. Cut or transform repetitions after that point. Then preserve one unguarded emotional beat. Your early work is strongest when the strange world and the vulnerable person occupy the same scene.

Archive inventory and selection notes

bman2: Personal letter with uncertain authorship; not used as evidence of Frank's individual voice.

k2future: Speculative news-report exercise with a displayed 12/10/10 date; factual and medical assertions unverified.

ProjectIntro.: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

creature: Reviewed as supporting archival material.

AGNOSTICISM: Relationship play; warmth and ideological conflict show range, but long explanatory speeches dilute the strongest behavior.

Help-me-narrow-down-to-25: Documentary interview plan explicitly signed Brenden; collaborator material, not a Frank writing sample.

BeefInjector1: Character-promo fragment; swagger punctured by "moderately warm" is a memorable small joke.

Each-year: Earlier festival memoir variant; revised file selected.

BeefInjector2: Behind-the-scenes and improvisational production notes, rather than a finished script.

Document: Single chat-style comic line; too slight for a standalone selection.

Independent-Film-3: Research compilation, including a labeled Wikipedia passage and external essay material; excluded from original-writing showcase.

betteroff: Workplace ensemble draft with camera-address and comic escalation; promising energy, repetitive banter, and an incomplete ending.

BigHelpingHand: Fake-product sketch with visual extension into fashion; scattered development placeholders remain.

Independent-Film: Lecture-style research notes and quoted reviews; authorship of compiled prose is not established.

DUCKCALL: Costumed territorial allegory with a final ownership reversal; more schematic than the selected scenes.

indie-film: Advocacy essay draft; useful context for commitment to independent art, but broad assertions and source-dependent passages need checking before publication.

Each-year-Revised: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

Research-Paper-Thesis: Short health-related thesis draft; evaluated as archival material, not current medical evidence.

EARL: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

THE-BRAIN: Introspective fragment with forceful repetition; several source lines end mid-word.

FADE-IN: Extracted text duplicates Santa vs. Easter Bunny; represented once.

tai: Character dossier with surreal occupational and physical detail; stronger as development material than sustained narrative.

I-WAS-A-TEENANAGE-FRENCHCANADIAN: Stage comedy with ritualized misunderstanding; some identity-based jokes are less durable than the mechanics of the dialogue.

SurvivaloftheFittest: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

M.S.F.C.: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

Scene3: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

Scene2: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

nyckifrank: Private two-person chat; excluded from the anthology and individual-authorship assessment.

SantavsEasterBunny: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

Scene1: Razor Viper introduction; committed character premise and musical cues, with substantial repeated dialogue.

ProjectIntro.: Extracted text duplicates the other ProjectIntro; represented once.

totherescue: Superhero ensemble comedy; bickering defeats the stated mission, a useful consequence structure.

PartyAnimalEd: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

OBLIVIOUSMAXIMUS: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

Toothley-sTooth-WhiteningBeer: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.

TheChimneySweep: Selected in this anthology; see selection notes.