

Screenplay Gurus
Writing Services Samples
Rewrites and Polish

Revisions in **BLUE**

EXT. CITY - DAY

View from a blue sky. Clouds vanish as we discover a little city with a victorian architecture during the 50s.

A snowflake. It swirls toward the air revealing stone houses and vintage cars who become bigger and bigger as the snowflake descends to the ground.

ADULT WOMAN (V.O.)

Once upon a time... that should probably be the magical formula to begin a fairy tale. But this story is not like any other.

The snowflake drifts past a bell tower...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Then it floats over a crowd and lands on a MAN's cheek. He brushes it off like nothing happened.

OSCAR (12), with blue eyes and freckles on his cheeks, walks among the adults in his pajamas, a white stuffed rabbit in his arms. Lost and sad, he stops in front of a phone booth looks in his in his pockets but have no money.

A MISTER in a fancy suit and a hat past among him.

OSCAR

Mister, do you have a penny please?

Mister looks at Oscar with dispise and ignores him.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Please... I'm lost... I want to find my family again.

No one stops to help Oscar and they all avoid him.

Snow begins to fall.

Oscar, with his stuffed rabbit, sits on the ground made of cobblestones at a street intersection near the bell tower.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The city is covered in snow. The sidewalks are white and empty. Snowflakes keep falling.

It's dark and the only one around is Oscar, still sitting in the same spot. He's shivering, his cheeks turning red.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A descent through brilliant blue sky to grey-black winter storm clouds. Below the angry, roiling billows nestles a --

EXT. SMALL QUAIN TOWN - DAY

of picaresque Victorian architecture blanketed in snow. It looks like... Christmas.

A snowflake swirls down, down, down. The city comes into focus as the delicate flake makes its frozen journey.

White smoke belches from the chimneys of weathered stone houses. Closer now, Fifties vintage cars spin tires and swerve on the icy streets.

FEMALE STORYTELLER (V.O.)

Once upon a time... . That's an introduction for a magical fairy tale. This is no fairy tale.

The snowflake drifts past a stately bell tower to --

STREET LEVEL

where it lands on a Man's cheek. Annoyed, he brushes it off without a second thought.

An odd sight. A Child in cowboy themed pajamas rounds a corner. Outside? In this frosty cold?

His name is OSCAR (12). Striking blue eyes, freckles on scarlet-from-the-cold cheeks. Oscar clings to a STUFFED WHITE RABBIT as he wanders with no direction and a sad, searching stare on his face.

Oscar spots a phone booth. He rifles his PJ bottoms for coins, comes up empty.

People hustle and bustle by without a look, including a Businessman in warm, expensive overcoat and hat.

Oscar screws up his courage and approaches him,

OSCAR

Sir, could I have a nickel?
Please.

The Businessman fires a disdainful look at Oscar. He pushes past and briskly moves on.

Oscar rushes up on other self-absorbed Adults. He pleads,

Nets filled with fishes, Egyptian statues and hundreds of Greek amphora are being loaded and unloaded from the dozen of boats and wooden ships that are coming and going from the long wooden docks.

The prow of a worn-out traditional wooden sailboat stops gently at the dock.

A rope is thrown on it, where a DECKHAND grabs it and ties it at a bollard.

From the boat, TWO FIGURES emerge. One tall, one short. Hidden by long tunics. They steps onto the pier.

DECKHAND

For how long you two are going to stay moored?

The Two Figures seems not to pay attention to the man.

DECKHAND (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You know, this is a busy harbor. A coming and going. There were several thefts as we can't keep control on every--

The shorter figure hands multiple golden coins to the man.

DECKHAND (cont'd) (CONT'D)

(impressed)

Your vessel will not be touched even by Poseidon in person.

The Two Figures moves away from the man towards the land towards what seems to be the proper city.

EXT. CITY OF HERAKLEION - DAY

SUPER: CITY OF HERAKLEION - ANCIENT GREECE

The Two Figures are walking in the crowded city streets where the citizen are busy with their everyday life.

The markets are overflowing with spices, vegetables and meat.

A sweet, precocious LITTLE GIRL, bumps into them, falling on the ground.

A bustling and charming port city. On the long dock, dozens of fishermen and merchants hawk their wares.

Dozen of wooden boats and ships come and go in the harbor.

Nets filled with fish, Egyptian statues and hundreds of Greek amphora swing between ships and the many docks.

The prow of a tired sailboat taps the dock. A rope is thrown to a DOCK WORKER (40s) who secures the craft.

TWO FIGURES from the sailboat step on the dock. Hidden by long tunics, one is tall, the other short.

DOCK WORKER

How long you two going to moor?

The Two Figures ignore him.

DOCK WORKER (CONT'D)

This is a busy harbor. Lots of coming and going. Many thieves. We can't be responsible...

The Short Figure tosses a handful of gold coins to him.

DOCK WORKER (CONT'D)

The vessel will not be touched even if Poseidon himself pokes me with his trident.

The Figures scuttle away to the city.

EXT. CITY OF HERAKLEION - DAY

SUPER: "CITY OF HERAKLEION - ANCIENT GREECE"

The Two Figures walk the lively city streets. Markets brim with spices, vegetables and meat.

A sweet, precocious LITTLE GIRL (8), bumps into them and falls to the ground.

Udai pulls the man away by his neck, throws him to the floor. He lands near something with a rug on it. He slowly pulls the rug to see what's under it. Two guys are sleeping under the rug. They're the outliers who slap anyone who disturb them without seeing them. They wake up, slap the frustrated guy, and cover themselves with the rug to go back to sleep. Frustrated guy crawls away.

Udai yanks Frustrated Guy by the neck, throws him to the floor.

He lands on a lumpy rug. Curious, he pulls it up. He finds a pair of Odd Guys who slap anyone who disturbs them.

Pissed, they rouse and live up to their reputation and slap Frustrated.

Satisfied, the Guys draw the rug back over them.

Red faced, Frustrated slinks away.

A rich people's party. The kind the broke dream about, and the rich are way too used to. A bunch of suits and designer dresses mingle with each other.

Do not call it a party. It's a soiree. Poor man's dream, rich man's indifference. Armani suits. Designer dresses. Shiny baubles from Harry Winston. Partygoers strut in a contest of "I'm richer than you."

He's got a bag of food in his hands and a bike helmet on that's way too big for his head.

He carries bags of food and the bike helmet is way too big for his head.

The WIFE comes and glances at Donald.

The WIFE peers out and studies Donald as if he's an unknown wildlife specimen.

It's like she came out of a Hollywood factory.

Nina looks like she's just off a Hollywood dealership floor.

She laughs then glares at her assistant.

She acts a not-very-convincing laugh, turns on a dime to glare at her Assistant.

The door swings shut. It's a Jolly Rancher.

The door SLAMS in his face. In his hand, a Jolly Rancher. The flavor no one likes.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Donald stands in the middle of Times Square. (We know where he is.)

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Women hold purses closer when they pass Donald. Assorted Tourists and their Kids gawk and bump into each other as the lights zap their small town brains.

Cops break up a melee between a pay-for-photo Batman and another Batman with a SIGN: "I am the ORIGINAL Caped Crusader".

RUBEN (50's) gets up from his seat with his hand out. He has this calmness about him that's a bit uneasy.

RUBEN (50s) rises with a hand out. He bears a calmness that's a bit unnerving.