

YOU'RE going to *LOVE* this ONE (1)

By Paul Bowman

WHY I LIKE IT: *Drama Editor JANET EHRLICH COLSON writes:*

Paul Bowman's YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS ONE, is an entertaining take on a "screenplay" that exploits cinematic tropes to the point of absurdity. This fictional movie keeps topping itself and fits in pretty much everything you can think of in a Hollywood ballbuster including wistful ghosts (with great complexions!), a UFO and everything in between. You'll also get STAR and COSTAR pulling out their acting chops in exchanges such as this:

What do you grow? asks STAR. Farmer looks nervous, finally says
doughnuts, we grow doughnuts. STAR instantly knows better.

Or this:

STAR says, What about me? COSTAR looks at his wrists and gently pulls
his hands apart. Apparently they forgot to knot his rope.

And how about this one?

Helicopter tilts. COSTAR asks "Do you know how to fly this
thing?" STAR shakes his head no.

There's a fight scene, a love scene, a politically correct reference to hillbillies, a not-so-politically correct reference to a sexy lesbian, and of course, schmaltzy music. All that and a screenwriter/narrator who lets us in on the process of movie magic:

CUT TO: Judge sitting on the bench. He brings the gavel down and says

TEN YEARS. (For what crime? I haven't worked that out yet.)

*I dare somebody try and shoot this. You never know, maybe it's already in production.
(Spacing and format is playwright's own.)*

YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS ONE

A ROMANTIC-HORROR-COMEDY-DRAMA

OPENING CREDITS

HANDSOME MALE STAR late forties, a few wrinkles on the face, but still ruggedly handsome

STUNNING FEMALE COSTAR barely twenty-five, this hottie is HANDSOME MALE STAR'S romantic love interest. Her role was not integral to the plot initially, but it has been beefed up.

SUPPORTING ACRESS late thirties. She used to be a STUNNING FEMALE COSTAR. Unfortunately her looks have faded some. She has done the classics and Broadway and won some awards, but lately she's been doing dinner theater, television commercials, and the local weather on station WXWX in Billings, Montana.

THE HOOK

The front parlor of an abandoned, decayed mansion. Moonlight comes through the tall windows. In the parlor an old grand piano, its keys yellow with age. In the center of the room a couple shuffle-waltz. Although they are dead they are not corpses or ghosts. Their gray skin is smooth, unwrinkled. Their faded, formal clothing once spoke

of glamour. Their shoes scrape the wooden floor. Their eyes are large with sorrow. They gaze at each other with desperation only they can know and understand from a lifetime of loving each other and privately lusting after others.

Exterior shot of the mansion. In the moonlight a young boy and girl, both five, stand on the walk that leads to the massive front door. The children hold hands. Their faces grieve. Why? They slowly walk toward the massive door as the full moon slips behind a cloud. Four small hands push the giant door open. It CREAKS.

We are inside. The infirmed couple stop, turn, and look at the children who are, can you guess?, themselves many years ago. They look on their previous selves with a wisdom we can never possess.

On top of a bookcase a crow watches everyone and everything. (A symbol of supernatural intelligence, in case you missed it.) It flies down and lands on the keyboard of the piano. The black bird carefully walks across the keys (can we train a crow to do this?). The result: a gentle, sad melody sure to tug at your heart. SLOW FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

MALE STAR is a drug counselor and his client, wait for it, is the FEMALE COSTAR. She is haggard and uncooperative. They despise each other. A shouting match erupts. SUPPORTING ACTRESS, MALE STAR'S boss, enters the office and threatens to fire MALE STAR for being belligerent (which is the way a real man is supposed to be, you realize). MALE STAR states the facts as he sees them. They take this discussion into the hallway. Meanwhile COSTAR opens the window and attempts

to escape. MALE STAR enters and grabs her from behind. COSTAR turns and smashes his nose. When he bends over to stop the bleeding, COSTAR runs out the door, but SUPPORTING ACTRESS is in the hallway. They fight. SUPPORTING ACTRESS accidentally rips off the blouse of the COSTAR which exposes her magnificent (use a close-up) rack. MALE STAR gets a good look at it. We should all be so lucky.

CUT TO: Judge sitting on the bench. He brings the gavel down and says TEN YEARS. (For what crime? I haven't worked that out yet.)

CUT TO: COSTAR is in a prison cell with a sexy lesbian. Actually the entire cell block is filled with hot, young women, some with their prison shirts off (A SLOW PAN). One prisoner bends over in a semi-seductive pose to polish her toenails. COSTAR reads a law book.

Visitor area. STAR and COSTAR. STAR informs COSTAR that he knows she is innocent of the crime for the terrorist bombing that occurred in Paris but there is no possibility of proving that to the criminal justice system unless they both are on the outside and find the evidence themselves. COSTAR agrees. He discusses escape plans. She says with a sad and forlorn expression that escape is impossible.

COSTAR'S CELL at night. She looks real, real sad. (Lonely also.) She misses the human interaction with STAR (not to mention that it's been a hell of a long time since she's had any physical intimacy). One of the prison bitches, I mean actresses, sings a wistful song (EMOTIONAL HIGHLIGHT). The women prisoners listen. They too have problems. BACKGROUND MUSIC. Strings play the melody of the song. Very sweet and sad, but not too syrupy. (BIGGER EMOTIONAL HIGHLIGHT.) FADE TO BLACK.

We hear a ticking clock. Is it a bomb? Ticking clock sound slowly changes into the whir of helicopter blades.

BRIGHT DAYLIGHT. PRISON EXERCISE YARD. A helicopter descends from the sky and lands in the yard. COSTAR runs to copter and hops in. INTERIOR OF HELICOPTER. It is piloted by MALE STAR. They give each other meaningful looks. SOUND of gunfire from the guard towers. MALE STAR and COSTAR kiss (OPEN DISPLAY OF AFFECTION). Helicopter rises into sky. Gunfire increases. SOUND of helicopter motor misfiring, an ominous hiccupping. More meaningful looks between STAR and COSTAR. Helicopter tilts. COSTAR asks “Do you know how to fly this thing?” STAR shakes his head no. LONG SHOT: helicopter tilts, spins, and falls from the sky. LONGER SHOT: helicopter falls like a rock over a large lake. BLACKOUT. There is a tremendous splash, then COSTAR says: I can’t swim! STAR says: Me neither! COSTAR: I hate you!

ACT TWO

CUT TO: NIGHT. STAR and COSTAR are running on a dirt path in the woods. STAR and COSTAR hide behind a tree. They listen to two sets of footsteps stomping through the underbrush. Two people breathe heavily (not STAR and COSTAR). A puppy comes up to them, basically asking for friendship. They listen for their pursuers (there are two of them) and ignore the dog. The dog begins to bark. A flashlight beam probes the darkness. Two voices in the dark argue: This way!

No, over here. The dog barks louder. STAR grabs dog and squeezes its throat to silence it. SOUND of pursuing footsteps get closer, as does the flashlight beams (now two of them). STAR looks down at the puppy he's choking. The dog is about to die. STAR tears up a little and then decides to let the animal live (PUT MUSIC WITH THIS). STAR stands with dog in his arms, preparing to sacrifice himself. He gestures with a nod of his head to COSTAR that she should stay hidden (THUS DISPLAYING HIS NOBLE INTENTIONS). STAR walks forward to give himself up. COSTAR also stands and walks beside STAR (THUS DISPLAYING HER INTEGRITY AND HER LOVE FOR THE STAR). They slowly march forward. It is certain that now both are going to prison forever. The two pursuers step forward out of the midnight gloom. COSTAR'S arms are raised in a sign of surrender. It is a father and his teenage son, both very rural people (not hillbilly! I refuse to use that term.) They see the dog in STAR'S arms and exclaim with happiness. "Fifi! Fifi! You're ok! Thank you for saving our Fifi!" COSTAR quickly lowers her arms. Son takes Fifi out of STAR'S arms and kisses the dog. Father again thanks STAR and COSTAR and invite them to his farmhouse for coffee and doughnuts.

ACT THREE

Farmhouse exterior night. Kitchen interior. Everyone sits around the table, drinking coffee and eating doughnuts. COSTAR inserts a long john pastry into her mouth, very slowly and seductively. Farmer's boy watches her, entranced, and, distracted, pours his cup of coffee all over the front of his shirt. He feels no pain. The discussion between Farmer and STAR is the local drought that is ruining the crop. What do you grow? asks

STAR. Farmer looks nervous, finally says doughnuts, we grow doughnuts. STAR instantly knows better. He knows doughnuts grow in factories and tells the farmer so. Farmer scoots his chair back. Immediate fist fight! Exciting! Farmer's son stands and in a selfless move to protect his dad throws himself across COSTAR'S body. STAR and Farmer fight for five minutes. Chairs break, a pie safe falls, doors to the cabinets splinter, the kitchen faucet spouts a torrent of water, but the two men are unable to hurt each other. Finally, Fifi, brave dog, jumps up about six feet and viciously clamps her jaws on STAR'S neck. BLACKOUT.

Barn interior. STAR is on the dirt floor. His hands are tied behind his back. COSTAR is nearby. She is bound the same way. She passionately informs him on the magnitude of his stupidity. Arguing about doughnuts! And now she has to use the bathroom. Her period has started. (Wait. Better cut that part out.) STAR backs up to COSTAR. His fingers skillfully unties the knotted rope binding her wrists. She starts to walk away. STAR says, What about me? COSTAR looks at his wrists and gently pulls his hands apart. Apparently they forgot to knot his rope. COSTAR goes left to explore. STAR goes right to explore. COSTAR wanders into a horse stall and SHRIEKS! CAMERA reveals a line of ten, huge rats, their eyes glistening in the dark, and their tails twitching with hunger. COSTAR runs after STAR and falls into his protective arms. He comforts her like I wish I could. They go forward and exit through the rear of the barn where they see in the strong moonlight, bales and bales of cocaine, marijuana, and cotton. There is also an old car. STAR gasps in wonder. He runs to the car, rubs an appreciative hand on the hood, and exclaims "Wow! A 67 Mustang! Do you know how valuable this is?"

A super large flying saucer hovers in the sky above the field. It is a special effects image. A symbol, a metaphor of all that is strange and mysterious. Simultaneously at the same time three loud, fast jeeps with large, bright lights race over the field toward them. The couple is in trouble and they know it. STAR takes COSTAR'S hand. They run into the barn. STAR goes to wall in the barn where the tools are kept and grabs a pitchfork. He runs to a stall, opens the door, stops, wrinkles his nose, closes the door. He goes to an adjacent stall, opens the door, stops, wrinkles his nose, closes the door. The UFO makes a mysterious humming sound. Real ominous. The jeeps park nearby. We hear deep, masculine voices. An army of five guys approaches the open rear of the barn. All carry rifles. A Leader steps forward. He has a nice beard and moustache. A charismatic villain. Leader says: You touched my car. For that you must die! COSTAR speaks up. But what about all the drugs? The cocaine, the weed?

Oh, that? replies the Leader. That is for charity purposes. International Red Cross, Sierra Club, Toys for Tots, Save the Whales. They get to spend it for their worthwhile causes. And we get to deduct it off our taxes. Everyone benefits. But, my car, my baby, MAN! YOU DON'T DO THAT! The Leader's eyes tear up. THAT'S MY THING, MAN! MY LIFE! DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?

STAR knows he does not have much time, just seconds. He throws the pitchfork. It sails through the air----and the four sharp tines land on and puncture Leader's left shoe! Leader howls in great pain and fires his rifle up into the air. His men attempt to fire their rifles, but the safeties are on. STAR runs to first stall, opens the door, and a horde of chickens run out, scatter everywhere, and run toward the lawless gang. There must be

two hundred chickens running this way and that, all clucking like crazy. STAR quickly opens the second stall door and another horde escapes. Fifty, sixty (whatever the budget allows) grunting, squealing sows and boars, some of them really huge, running this way and that between the chickens. The larger pigs charge at the lawless gang. Only two of the gang have managed to release their safeties. They fire at the melee of animals and miss everything except dirt. The other two panic, drop their rifles, and flee. The Leader painfully removes the pitchfork from his foot. STAR runs at him, does a cartwheel or two, grabs the rifle, pitches it backwards to COSTAR, and snatches the keys to a jeep which were hanging from Leader's belt. The Leader hops about in pain. A chicken flies up and hits his head. COSTAR, rifle in hand, joins STAR. They run to a jeep. Pigs squeal; chickens cluck.

CUT TO MANSION shown in opening shot. DAYLIGHT. The mansion is new. Jeep drives up. STAR and COSTAR hop out and run to the massive front door. STAR pushes it open. SUPPORTING ACTRESS is seated at the piano. She smokes a corncob pipe. She plays slow arpeggios on the piano. C minor. The lid of the piano is down. STAR approaches and lifts up the lid. Tape to the underside of the lid are rows and rows of sticks of dynamite. And a burning fuse. COSTAR gasps. SUPPORTING ACTRESS turns her sorrowful head to COSTAR, removes the smoking pipe from her mouth and confesses: Yes, it is true. I sold Monsieur Frenchman the bomb materials. I did. For the money. I did it for the money. I wanted to buy a Harley.

Meanwhile STAR grabs the burning fuse and extinguishes it in his bare fist. He bravely shows no pain. SUPPORTING ACTRESS rises and throws herself on STAR. She kisses him. She is actually a better kisser than COSTAR.

“Because I loved you entirely, recklessly, privately, uselessly! Now, I must confess my crime, resign, serve my time, pay the fine, toe the line. Be kind. The tragedy is all mine.” (Cut this. Too much like Shakespeare.)

COSTAR, sensing her imminent freedom, smiles gratefully. Tears up too.

SUPPORTING ACTRESS exits. Camera follows her. She is in a side yard. She looks up at the night sky. Floating between the dark, moonlit clouds is the same UFO saucer. SUPPORTING ACTRESS’S face morphs and melts. Turns rubbery. And ugly. We see that she is actually an alien! From outer space! A shaft of light shoots downward from the UFO. She mysteriously grows a third arm and begins to float upward like the evil angel she is. Heavenly but eerie music.

Back inside the mansion the butler, a tall, elegant man, enters from the hall.

“Dinner is served. Caviar, oysters, persimmons, quail eggs, leftover pizza.”

STAR grins. “Thanks for the invite, tall man. I’m starving.”

MUSIC SWELLS. FADE OUT. THE END.

It has everything, don’t you think? I don’t mean to brag, but definitely Oscar material.

My agent will call you.

THE PLAYWRIGHT SPEAKS:

Why did I write YOU’RE GOING TO LOVE THIS ONE? The number of screenwriters probably exceeds infinity. I wrote a few myself before giving up. I have noticed from reading the log lines of contest-winning screenplays is that they tend to be formulaic. The screenwriters have dutifully read all of the screenplay textbooks. So they follow the template: hook, act one, act two, etc. And they mix genres. Horror is mashed with romantic comedy. A war drama with s-f. Anything to get a producer’s attention. So, I had a little fun doing the same thing. Also, I

refuse to write a typical mfa (Master of Fine Arts) story. Not every story has to be sad, tortuous, soul-wrenching experience that ends with a lyrical epiphany. I'll do that next month.

AUTHOR'S BIO:

Paul Bowman has been a security guard, bartender, lumber salesman, nursing home maintenance man, etc. He also writes plays & fictions. His one-acts have been staged in ten states and in Australia (Judges Award). Another production is forthcoming in Canada. Eighteen of his stories, flash to full-length, have been published in evocatively-titled literary journals: Burnt Pine, Muse, The Listening Eye, Esthetic Apostle, Southern Fried Karma, Green Hills Literary Lantern, and so on. He has also written novels and screenplays. The publishing industry and Hollywood both ignore his brilliant efforts. It is truly baffling.