

BREAKDOWN/
DIRECTOR
COPY

VERZUS

Written by

Esmarelda VillaLobos

① TRACKING SHOT-TITLE CARD

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shots around the room.

Sc 1
② Papa's hat hanging on the bedroom mirror.

③ Fuzzy slippers on the floor by the ottoman.

④ A cup of tea sits next to a tumbler full of water.

⑤ A candle flickers on the vanity.

⑤a - Snowman photos around room

Sc 2
⑦ 24 ANGELA sits at her computer, typing away on her pink laptop. Or at least she's trying to. She is in between ideas, moving quickly between bursts of energy and ideas while moments later getting distracted and browsing her phone for the latest shopping deals. ⑥ 24

She looks up at the sign on her door, it reads:

⑩ YOU CAN'T LEAVE. 23 ⑨ 24

⑪ 24 She ponders the sign for a moment, frowns, then returns back to her work.

ESMARELDA, The Devil, appears in a chair in the corner. ⑫ 26

THE DEVIL (OS) - OS.
You're gonna die in here, you know.

Sc 3
⑬ 24 At the sound of the voice, Angela glances over to the chair, which from her point of view is now empty. She shakes it off and gets back to working, or not working, either way she is trying as hard as she can. ⑬ 24 looks up

⑭ 24 The Devil now appears closer, hovering over her laptop.

⑯ 21 THE DEVIL (CONT'D)
It better be good, those are the last words you're ever going to write.

⑰ 24 Angela looks up. Again, she sees nothing, but she is visibly disturbed. She takes a deep breath and reaches over to her night stand. She removes the cap off of a pill bottle and pops one, chasing it with a drink of water. ⑱ 21

⑲ 24 Again, she tries to get back to work but finds an item askew in her room and stands to fix it. ⑲ 24

⑲ 24 In her attempt to adjust the item, she finds a stack of vinyl records. She picks up the stack and brings them back to the bed with her. ⑲ 24 CU

⑳ 21

㉑ 21

㉒ 21

Sc 21

Sc 4
24
29 24
30
31
She sorts through a few of the records: Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, "Whipped Cream and Other Delights," Melba, "Melba," Tobacco Road, "Spooky Tooth" and finally The Knack, "Get the Knack."

33
24 34 32
35 24
36 26
She pauses and gives special attention to this particular album. She pulls out the record for closer inspection when suddenly The Devil appears again in the chair, feet propped up and filing her red manicured fingernails.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)
You know he's not coming to get you.

- 36 26
24 37

Angela is now visibly pissed off at this imaginary voice in her head. She flips over the record and proceeds to study the B-side.

38 24
39
THE DEVIL (CONT'D)
Yeah, you're not gonna find him on the B-side, either.

Angela gives in to the voices in her head.

40 24
ANGELA
Will you shut the hell up?

41 26
THE DEVIL
There she is! Hey you wanna go set the living room TV on fire?

The Devil gives a few flicks of a lighter with an enthusiastic look on her face. Angela actually cracks a smile.

42
ANGELA
Dude, just leave me alone.

- 42a 24

The Devil sulks back in her chair.

43 26
THE DEVIL
Fine.

The Devil sinks lower like a little girl.

44 26
45 24
THE DEVIL (CONT'D)
I'm just so bored.

46 SLOW
47 26
48 26
49 24
50
51 eu 26
Angela closes her eyes for a minute trying to remember that this is all just a voice in her head. She looks back over at the empty chair, hoping to see an empty chair, but nope. She sees The Devil, sitting there, flipping through a dirty magazine. Angela notices The Devil's odd outfit, particularly the large word "BRUCE" written across her chest.

Sc 5

(52) 24

She goes back to writing and then casually begins a conversation with The Devil.

ANGELA
Who's Bruce?

52a 24

The Devil doesn't look up from her magazine, she answers completely nonchalantly.

(53) 26

THE DEVIL

Bruce? Bruce is the tits, man. Best skier on top of the whole mountain.

(53) 26

She puts the magazine down.

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)

Hey, you want to go poison the neighbor's dog food?

(54) 26 - CU

ANGELA

You have a seriously messed up way of having fun. Look, I'm working, I just need to finish this chapter and then I can start the next one. Oh and, bonus points, you're not real. Knock it the flying fudge off.

(55) 24

(56) 24

54 5

THE DEVIL

Flying fudge, what are you, thirteen?

(57) 26

(56) 24

ANGELA

No I'm just creative.

THE DEVIL

Come on, let's at least go cough on Uncle John.

(57) 26

(56) 24

ANGELA

Just leave me alone, man.

THE DEVIL

But I have something important to tell you.

(57) 24

(56) 24

ANGELA

What?

The Devil gives a big smile. Angela knows what she's going to say.

(58) 26

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Don't say it.

(56) 24

59/56 24

Sc 5

You're...

THE DEVIL

58 Z6
CU

ANGELA
I said don't say it. ✓

24 59
CU

...going...

THE DEVIL

58 CU Z6

ANGELA
Zip it, horse teeth. ✓

56 Z4

The Devil takes offense to this.

57 Z6

THE DEVIL
Horse teeth?

ANGELA
Leave me alone. ✓

56 Z4

The Devil is pissed off. She crosses her arms and pouts.

THE DEVIL
You know what? Fine, man. Your bitch ass is lame, anyways. I'm out. Deuce!

26 58
CU

60 M Z6
-60 Z6

The Devil throws a peace sign, snaps her fingers and poof!

Like that, she is gone. - (61) (empty chair) Z6

58 CU Z6

Angela sighs and rubs her temples as she tries to get back to work. She looks back up at the sign plastered across her bedroom door.

62 Z4

YOU CAN'T LEAVE.] - (64)

(63)

She sulks and turns back to her laptop.

Suddenly The Devil appears back in her room, laying on the floor, dressed as a VSCO girl.

65/63 Z4

-66/67 (appears) Z6

THE DEVIL (CONT'D)
I'm back!

Sc 24

Angela looks down at The Devil, who looks up at her innocently. Hair in a high up ponytail and seemingly a million scrunchies running up and down her arms.

6

Z3 Z3

ANGELA
What the hell are you wearing? ✓

65 - Z4

Sc. 6

THE DEVIL

67 [Oh, you like this? Skskksksksk. And I oop. And I oop.] These are my scrunchies, you want one? Here, I have extras. - (68) M 23

24 The Devil takes a scrunchie off her arm and tosses it onto Angela's bed. She looks at it.

(69) (bed)

ANGELA

What?!

70 M 24

The Devil is back in her Devil clothes sitting in the chair again.

THE DEVIL

You're so not hip.

ANGELA

I thought you went away.

THE DEVIL

I did... and then I came back.

24 Angela rubs her temples again.

ANGELA

You aren't real, this isn't real, this is all in my head.

THE DEVIL

Hey, let's go switch out Dad's heart pills with Altoids.

ANGELA

You aren't real, this isn't real, you are just thoughts inside my head.

THE DEVIL

If I wasn't real, could I do this?

72 The Devil performs a really awful magic trick using a scarf and a Vernet.

Angela is dumbfounded.

ANGELA

You are... the dumbest satanic being in the entire history of things that do not actually exist.

Sc. 7

71 (empty) / 66 / 72 (in)

24 73 (cu)

70 24

74 cu 24

72 26

70 26