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“The first Jon-Hunt Movie” “On the edge of reign”

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Chapter 1 - It starts....

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Pre credits scene opens to elderly lady sitting in rocker chair in a dimly lit room. Music in background is soft and mysterious, camera soft slow pan in.

Elderly Lady (*in a storybook like voice*): No one really seems to comprehend the way the mind of person works; its intricacies and its paradoxes. If you listen carefully I will tell you a tale that tells the true meaning of life, and how one young man, who drifted among a sea of confusion found, his way to happiness. The solution was simple so simple all along all he had to do was...

Off-screen Director yells "CUT!", Cut bell rings, lighting changes, music slows down quickly and is replaced by some really fast paced music.
Camera zoom pulls back nonchalantly to reveal various studio workers. Old lady gets up. Teen-aged boy runs onto set.

Teenager: Ah! Not again! What's the next line! (*Now shouting*) WHAT'S THE NEXT LINE!

Elderly Lady (*now in a much less pleasant voice*): Sorry kid, union labor rules, Seven minutes a' work per year.

Teen runs over to the script manager and takes forcefully takes the script from a woman in a directing chair, and opens to page 1-2. Camera cut to reveal this page of the script.

Cut to teen reading script from front, with a short focus on him.

Teenager: What? What the hell is going on here!

Teen hears noise behind him, spins around, camera focus changes to a party of people in wizard and sorceress costumes. All the other people in the room have disappeared.

Primary Wizard: Hey! Your not supposed to read that! That's THE script! Kill him!

All except for the Primary Wizard who just spoke grab the teen and pull the script away and return it to the Primary Wizard. Then we see a shot of a knife coming down.

Fast Fade to White then to black, then a Super high speed zoom out of the eye of the same teen sitting up in bed, breathing heavily and sweating.
Music starts – Morning theme.

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The teen looks at a digital clock by his bed. Camera drag pans down to the clock. The clock reads "1F:C7". Camera drag pan comes back up to original set, hiding the clock from view. Teenager yawns for 10 seconds or so, then looks back at the clock suddenly. Camera pans quickly back to the clock which now reads "8:08". Teen Gasps. (Music changes to something much more dramatic) Runs to the closet, grabs clothes, runs out of bedroom door down the hall. At the end of the hall there is a door that is open. Through the door we see a supermarket with people shopping. Teen takes a left at the end of the hall to enter the bathroom, the door and the supermarket at the end of the hall are removed from view. And he slams the door behind him. Several seconds later the teen comes rushing out going down the hall the opposite way. We see the door again, but now it's just a bedroom. We see him rushing down stairs. Music Ends.

Cut to teen entering kitchen where middle aged mother is cooking at the stove and a father is eating eggs and sausage at the table. There is a TV

Mother: My! You certainly are late today dear. What will you be having for breakfast? I've got eggless eggs and sausageless-sausage.

Father (*has a slight English accent*): Is "sausageless" a word, my love?

Mother: Hmm. I really don't know. Perhaps I will call Louise and ask.

Father: Splendid Idea.

Teen (*somewhat annoyed*): Do we have any cereal?

Mother: Well, we have cocoa-less pebbles, fruitless loops, and soggy crunch!

Father: Is "soggy crunch" an oxymoron, my love?

Mother: Hmm. I'm just not sure. I'll consult Louise when I call her.

Father: Splendid.

Teen grabs a bowl from the counter and open the cabinet and removes "Fruitless Loops" and pours some into a bowl. They look like "Fruit Loops" but are all gray and colorless.

Teen opens fridge and removes container labeled "Milkless Milk AKA Water"

Teen: Why do you buy this stuff mom! This stuff tastes terrible and it's more expensive than normal food!

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Mom: Well if you eat this you won't get any toxins in your body and you will be healthy for years to come! Your father has been eating this stuff for years and look how healthy he is!

Pan to father, smiling happily, eating something that looks kind of like eggs. Holds on him for about 10 seconds. A Dramatic music byte plays half way through. Then back to kid and mom. They look at each other with a little confusion in their eyes.

Mom: The way your father eats this stuff, I'd guess he'd live forever!

Pan back to father, still smiling still eating eggs. Another ten seconds with more dramatic music in the middle. Right after the music finishes the father looks up.

Father (*speaking to wife and teen*): What?

Mother and Kid (*speaking over each other*): Nothing, never mind, forget it.

Teen pours milk on the fruitless loops and they turn to bubbly mush.

Teen: Ew! I can't eat these! They're bubbling!

Father: Well yes! They are full of bubbly goodness!

Teen: I don't think I need any bubbly goodness.

Father (*starting to sing*): But, bubbly goodness is needed for life...

Mother (*singing*): And bubbly goodness gets rid of your strife...

Brief musical interlude.

Teen: STOP! (*The music stops suddenly*) I don't have time to listen to another one of your ridiculous songs. I've got to get to school.

Father and Mother together: Shucks, of corn that is! (*both laugh trivially*)

Mother: Well then just grab some breakfast at school.

The mother hands him Swedish currency.

Teen: What am I supposed to buy with this? This money is from Sweden?

Mother: Oh don't worry about that, just go to school and have fun. (*She pushes him out the door*) Good bye! And don't eat too much food that has flavor!

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Chapter 2 – School Day

Teen is standing in front of house. A bus pulls up and opens the door.

Bus Driver (*speaking in a very monotone voice*): Good morning. Please deposit exact change.

Teen: To ride the bus? Since when, just yesterday it was free.

Bus Driver: It's the superintendent's new way of increasing the amount of the money flowing in to the school. Please deposit two dollars into the bucket and take your seat.

Teen pulls Swedish money out of pocket and drops it in the bucket. Then takes a seat. We see one other person on the bus. A younger kid, rather overweight walks forward and sits next to him. Kid speaks very fast.

Kid: Hey Mister! Do you like potatoes? Do ya huh? Huh? Huh?

Teen: Leave me alone.

Kid: Well do you like potatoes? Do ya? Are potatoes your most favorite food ever?

Teen gets up to move, bus driver slams on brakes. Teen files forward.

Bus Driver (*on bus speaker*): Please sit down while riding the bus.

Teen sits in another seat. Kid gets up and moves into the new seat without any interference from the driver.

Kid: See if you had been sitting then you wouldn't be flying forward don't ya think?

Teen: Why are you bothering me?

Kid (*slower now*): Aww. I didn't know I was a' bothering ya.

Kid gets up and goes to another seat. We see the bus pulling into school.

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We see him and the other kid get off the bus. The other kid runs into the building crying. Ty is overdressed in gangster style clothing and has a really weird walk, a very small Latino kid. We discover the teen's name is Trance.

Ty: Hey! Trance! What up G'!

Trance: Man this has been one screwed up day. First I had that same weird-ass dream again, and my parents are just generally fucked, and I don't even have any lunch money because I had to pay bus fare!

Ty: Well, guy, problems are like double-stuff Oreo cookies. Once you have them you never want to go back to the original ones, and you may want to just do away with the cookie entirely and just eat the frosting, man!

Trance: Dude, that analogy makes no sense.

Ty: Of course it does. The outer cookies represent the forces that keep your problems in balance, and the more filling there is, the better it tastes.

Trance: It still doesn't make sense.

Ty: Ok.. let me try to explain man. You've got cookies and filling.. and...

Ty is interrupted by a loudspeaker announcement.

Man on loudspeaker: Would Trance A-hala-masahapina-karalala-soufla-zioda please report to the main office for immediate decapitation.

Ty: Dude, they want you in the office. They are gonna decapitate you, guy.

Trance (*sighs then*): Ok. What did I do now?

Ty: Dude, I'll come with you dude. Strength in numbers, guy.

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