

SKIPTRASE MONDAY

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMUNITY COLLEGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Students head towards morning classes or mill in small groups.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I once read that seventy three
percent of Americans say they've
experienced at least one week where
nothing went right at all.

EXT. NEARBY TOWN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Traffic lights change, more students head towards campus.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Another forty percent say they've
had a whole month go completely
wrong.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
But whether it's a week or a month,
all funks start the same way.

A CLOCK ALARM begins to raise hell. The voice's owner, BLAKE STAMMEL (20) heaves upright in bed, silences the offending device, and groans.

BLAKE (V.O.)
My name is Blake Stammel, and I'm
about to have the worst Monday of
my life.

INT. DORM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake brushes his teeth, resenting each stroke.

BLAKE (V.O.)
I used to plan on getting so rich
that I wouldn't have to worry about
Mondays.

He spits and heads for the shower.

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But that... that would just make
Tuesdays the new Mondays.

INT. DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blake is dressing, he holds up two mismatched dress socks.

BLAKE (V.O.)
That's just the problem. As long
as we have weekends as a society,
there will be week beginnings...

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A girl in a slip applies lipstick.
- A college student pulls several Red-Bulls from his fridge.
- A man in his car pulls down this visor, revealing
postcards from his family.
- A business man in a cubical stares at a motivational
poster.

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...And no matter how many ways we
try to make ourselves feel better
about them, they will always suck.

Blake enters a classroom and takes his place among an array
of disillusioned, sleep-deprived students.

The professor enters and begins to drone about foreign
relations.

Many in attendance have opened laptops and are chatting or
gaming.

FEMALE STUDENT
(Leaning towards Blake) This is a
nightmare, isn't it?

Blake is obviously attracted to this girl, he colors a little
and is decidedly not witty.

BLAKE
Oh yeah. Very - he's bad. The
class is. Too, I mean.
(Retreating) It's a bad class.

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For the record, I hate girls.
They're like crazed, drunken
wildebeest: everything is more
difficult when one's in the room.

The professor begins walking through the classroom, handing out graded papers. He places a gleaming "D-" on Blake's desk. Blake angrily flips the pages for an explanation.

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Of course, Mondays aren't bad on
they're own. They're bad because
they represent a clash of two types
of people: the "A"s and the "B"s.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several excited guys and girls are illuminated by the glow of a football game on a wide screen TV.

BLAKE (V.O.)
The "B"s, like myself, spent the
weekend having fun.

A goal is scored, everyone screams to their feet, and popcorn sprays the room.

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We made memories, got drunk, and
generally tried not to think about
next week's impending projects.

INT. PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

A sexless woman feverishly scratches her pen on some form. She is surrounded by paperwork.

BLAKE (V.O.)
...Which is basically the only
thing the "A" types did the entire
weekend.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A bedraggled participant in the previous night's festivities is being lectured by the sexless woman. She is on fire about her speech, he is wishing she was just on fire.

BLAKE (V.O.)
On Monday, we get to meet and
compare notes.

INT. FOUNDER'S HALL - DAY

Blake leaves the classroom, and begins to swim upstream in a
current of backpacks and their owners.

THE DINING HALL

Blake sits down with a tray of distressed-looking entrees.

An acquaintance, HANK (19), rockets into the adjacent chair.

HANK
You're not going to believe what
happened to me this weekend.

BLAKE (V.O.)
That's Hank. The rest of his
species died out in highschool...

HANK
So Gavin and I are over at Shawna's
place, right? We're just gaming,
right, 'cause Shawna has that flat
screen and...
(He checks over his shoulders)
...Seth shows up with tickets to
the Greenday concert tonight!

BLAKE
Seriously? Jeeze...

HANK
Yeah, five of them. His dad is,
like, I dunno, on the crew or
something. So, we're leaving at 5 -
you wanna come?

BLAKE
Aaaah... I wish I could. I have
work tonight

HANK
Yeah, but you can take a night off,
right?

There is no answer to this question, Blake feigns interest in
his mashed potatoes.

BLAKE (V.O.)

The truth is, my job is a little more... involved than most. See, when I needed some extra money last semester, I signed on with a "Bail Recovery" organization.

INSERT - CLASSIFIED CLIPPING: "ASSISTANT WANTED"

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The offer was for clerical and "light" field work, "skiptracing" they called it.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

"Headquarters" is a converted living room in the home of BILL HART (37), owner of Re-Corp Bail Recovery. It is fitted with a planning table, computers, and an equipment closet.

Guns are being loaded, vests strapped on, etc. Bill is briefing the party.

BILL

Our target tonight is Henry Ward. He's charged with racketeering and child molestation - his bail is \$750,000, and he's been AWOL for three days.

BLAKE (V.O.)

As it turns out, fieldwork for a Bond Recovery agency includes more than just sending "save-the-date"s for court hearings.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY (PAST)

Several characters in semi-police uniforms with tasers and guns surround a sketchy looking FUGITIVE.

MAN #1 (FADING TO MOV)

I'm placing you under citizens arrest for trespass of bail, under section five, chapter nine of Virginia state law, you are required to accompany me to the nearest police station where you will have the right to contact legal representation.

BLAKE (V.O.)
We're more in the "compulsory
attendance" camp.

The fugitive lunges for freedom, and is tackled, tasered, and handcuffed all at once.

One of the arresting characters is an attractive girl (21) who shouts and tries to force the barrel of a Colt .45 into the man's mouth.

FREEZE FRAME - GIRL SHOUTING

BLAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's one of my coworkers,
Samantha. We call her Sammy.
Everyone else seems to make up
names on the fly.

CLOSE ON - THE SKETCHY MAN

FUGITIVE
(Terrified) Put that thing away,
crazy bitch! What the hell is
wrong with you?

Man #1 (23) is a good looking ruffian, not very brainy, with an apparent knack for memorization. He applies handcuffs and continues the legal spiel.

MAN #1
...failure to comply with any of
the aforementioned stipulations
will give us the full right to
employ coercive force...

FREEZE FRAME - MAN #1

BLAKE (V.O.)
And that's Lucas. He was on the
police force for a year before
receiving a dishonorable
discharge... misplacement of FBI
property.

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For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
please contact Jennifer Brooks at: info@filmmakers.com