

THE SCRIPT JOINT

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SCRIPT DOCTORING (SCREENWRITING) SERVICE

SCRIPT DOCTOR'S WRITING SAMPLE #1

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

With a purse slung over one shoulder, SOPHIE, 25, in pigtails and knee-high sundress, hugs her mom MARI, 50, who is conservatively dressed in a blouse and ankle-length skirt.

SOPHIE
I'm going to miss you, Mom.

DAN (O.S.)
What about me?

Sophie's dad, DAN, 57, burly and bearded, in farmer's overalls, steps forward with his arms outstretched, asking for a hug.

SOPHIE
I'll miss you, too, Dad.

She walks into his open arms and hugs him.

DAN
That's my girl.

AISHA (O.S.)
Hey, Sophie! Don't forget your
bestie here! Save your best hug for
me!

Sophie and her parents turn to see AISHA, 25, skimpily-dressed, with thick glossy lips and heavy makeup, hoofing over to them in platform shoes.

After giving Sophie's parents a quick head-nod acknowledgment, Aisha leans forward and air kisses Sophie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AISHA

Sorry, I'm late. It took me three hours to pick out my clothes and throw on makeup.

(rambles off)

Plus, a forty-five minute drive to get here. I can't stand the L.A. traffic. Coming to the airport to give you a 2-second hug at eleven in the morning on a Saturday is a huge task for me. You know I don't do this just for anyone.

SOPHIE

That's what best friends are for.

Just then, Dan clears his throat, interrupting Aisha and his daughter.

DAN

(to Sophie)

Are you sure this is what you want to do? You don't have to board the plane and go off to that sinful place.

Aisha clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes at him.

AISHA

(chimes in)

She's going to be on TV! Come on, Sophie's old enough to bear children. Look at those hips of hers -- wide like the 405 multi-lane freeway.

(points her finger at his chest)

If you keep hanging onto her like that, she will never be able to give you grandkids.

Aisha turns and slaps Sophie a high five.

DAN

And who are you, young lady? The little devil that sits on my daughter's shoulder?

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CONTINUED: (2)

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SCRIPT DOCTOR'S WRITING SAMPLE #2

EXT. OVERHEAD VIEW OF SOUTH AFRICA - NIGHT

Rusty trains that look like dented shoeboxes strung together thunder through two neighborhoods.

SUPERIMPOSE: SOUTH AFRICA - 2030

On the left side of the tracks is a maze of passageways and makeshift houses made of rusty corrugated metal -- clumped together like mushrooms. Street people can be seen scouring the alleys, rummaging through trash bins to find food.

On the right side of the tracks is a neatly landscaped neighborhood dotted by futuristic apartment towers and gorgeous mansions.

EXT. ADE'S MANSION - NIGHT

A gated brick mansion decked out with security cameras.

INT. ADE'S MANSION BEDROOM - NIGHT

A lavish bedroom with dark red velvet curtains that hang over a tall window.

Lying in bed is ADE, 60, a dark-skinned man with a few patches of white hair remaining on his head. A golf ball-sized tumor protrudes from the base of his neck.

Sitting on the left side of the bed and staring at Ade is ROCCO, 23, emotionless, with a muscular physique.

Kneeling on the right side of the bed is MARIUS, 35, very tall and slender. He sniffles back tears as he clasps both hands around Ade's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing near the wooden chest at the foot of the bed is a male DOCTOR, 50, preparing a syringe.

Ade's eyes shift about the room, then they focus on Rocco.

ADE
Any last words?

ROCCO
So, you're leaving me ten percent
and a shack on some land in the
forest -- and my brother here gets
ninety percent of your inheritance?

After a long, awkward silence:

ADE
(speaks softly)
The forest will suit you well. You
love nature. You can do whatever
you want with that piece of land.
Build a treehouse on it if you
want... you'll see --

ROCCO
-- Look at me, father. I'm not a
kid anymore.

ADE
It's not for you to decide who gets
what. Marius is my first son...

Ade raises his head slightly and smiles lovingly at Marius,
who nods in agreement.

ADE
He takes pride in following my
footsteps.

The old man's eyes turn downcast as he thinks to himself.
Then:

ADE
It's his first year as the leader
of South Africa, and the people are
happy. The poorer communities that
we've started giving some monthly
financial help are doing better.
(pause)
Marius listens to me. And he makes
me proud.

Rocco squeezes Ade's hand hard, causing his father to gasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADE

But you... Even if I gave you half my inheritance, you wouldn't know what to do with them. One week you want to be a scientist; the next week you want to invent things.

ROCCO

This deathbed you're lying in was invented by somebody!

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SCRIPT DOCTOR'S WRITING SAMPLE #3

EXT. FRANCO'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A clunking sound can be heard as a stocky man, FRANCO, 37, shovels dirt under the moonlight. He's burying something under an apple tree.

SUPERIMPOSE: SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO

A view over his shoulder reveals the sliding patio door behind him -- left halfway open. It's dark inside.

The moonlight from above casts an eerie light on Franco's worried face as he keeps shoveling dirt.

Just then, from behind, a flashlight beam sweeps across his back.

MARIA (O.S.)

Franco, please hurry up.

Startled, Franco drops the shovel on the body-sized mound of dirt and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With the flashlight in hand, MARIA, 36, approaches him. She shines it in his face, revealing his angry eyes and clenched teeth. They speak to each other in hushed tones.

FRANCO

Don't sneak up on me like that,
Maria. I told you to stay inside.

Maria's hand trembles as she aims her flashlight at the mound of dirt behind him.

MARIA

All you had to do was control your
temper.

FRANCO

It was an accident.

MARIA

A tragic one.

FRANCO

Please. I'm imperfect. Forgive me.

MARIA

You can tell that to God -- and the
police.

Franco's face softens. He leans in and kisses Maria on the lips.

FRANCO

Have you forgotten our wedding
vows? You're going to stand by me
in good times and in bad times,
right?

MARIA

But what are we going to tell our
son?

They stare at each other in awkward silence. Then:

DAVID (O.S.)

Mother?

Lights come on from inside the house. DAVID, 17, handsome, with sleepy eyes, slides the patio door open all the way. He stands there, staring at his mom and dad.

MARIA

Go back to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

I heard a noise and thought someone was trying to break in.

MARIA

It's just me making noise.

DAVID

It's two in the morning. What are you and Dad doing out there?

David starts to walk toward Maria, and Franco quickly steps forward to block him from coming near the mound of dirt.

FRANCO

I was watering the plants. And doing some yard work.

DAVID

At this hour?

FRANCO

It's much cooler at night.

DAVID

Where's Lorena? I saw her shoes by the door but --

FRANCO

-- Don't worry about your sister. She has many shoes, just like boyfriends. A new one came by and picked her up earlier.

DAVID

But you never let her stay out this late.

FRANCO

Don't question me.

He raises his hand to strike David, but Maria puts up her hand, stopping him in midmotion.

MARIA

Please, Franco. No more...

Franco reluctantly lowers his hand.

FRANCO

Don't question me again, David. I'm the man in this family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He puts his fist up in a threatening posture and glares at his son.

FRANCO

Get back to bed before my fist
changes its mind on you.

David sheepishly turns around and heads inside the house.

END OF WRITING SAMPLES