

Chris Korkos

3/22/17

Prospectus: "Till Next Time"

1. FULL SCREENPLAY AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.
2. In terms of length, the screenplay is intended to make up a shorter, more complete script. My eventual goal might be to flesh it out with more content and time spent on characters, but for the purpose of the final I want it to be self contained.
3. This project will be largely original, but as a concept I hope to draw from sources like *Office Space* and *Groundhog Day*. I'll show these connections by presenting similar themes throughout the story.
4. I will draw heavily from the material covered during this course - in particular the absurdist themes of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. I will also touch somewhat on the power structures and abuse present in *The Color Purple*, but focused on hierarchies within workplaces rather than within races and genders. To accomplish this, I want to detail camerawork that creates claustrophobic and oppressive scenes. In particular, I'm interested in the use of blurred backgrounds that manipulate viewers' depth perception and muted, almost grayscale colors.
5. The Pitch: A group of people are trapped in an office-style building where they are forced to perform menial and meaningless work. Any who attempt to escape are hunted down by the ruthless, Terminator-like manager. When (not if) she kills them they are "reset" at their office desks, and continue to exist in the seemingly infinite continuum. The main character - an older and out-of-shape worker named Lebon - must work with the others to escape and discover what lies beyond this drab and claustrophobic world. The film is just as much a dark comedy jailbreak as it is psychological commentary on life at an office job.

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"Till Next Time"
3/22/17
LTWR 110: Screenwriting
Meliza Bañales

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP of a blinking cursor on a computer screen. A blank document is centered, with no edges of the monitor visible. This remains for five seconds or so, then CUTS to the man sitting in front of the computer. He is around 40, balding, with chubby cheeks and thick-rimmed glasses. He wears normal office attire. Behind him is the low wall of a cubicle, with beige coloring. The CAMERA remains on him while he speaks.

MAN (V.O.)
I'm going crazy.

CUT BACK to blinking computer screen.

MAN (V.O.)
Fuck. I just saw...I don't know what I saw. A
dream? A vision?

CUT BACK to facing the MAN. He's sweating now. The MAN stands up and walks out of the cubicle. A TRACKING SHOT keeps him at the center-right of the frame as he moves through the aisles between cubicles with determination. The background remains somewhat blurry, but shape and movement of people is still visible. As he gets past the cubicles, his BOSS notices him and starts walking after him. She shouts his name, but it is muffled behind the fog of the background. She shouts again. The fog lifts.

BOSS
Lebon!

LEBON (V.O.)
I hate that name.

LEBON stops with his hand on the door knob. CLOSE UP SHOT of his hand, which he slowly pulls back.

BOSS
You walk out that door, you know what it means.

CLOSE UP SHOT from behind BOSS - framed so that LEBON looks tiny and she looks massive.

LEBON
I quit.

SHOT from the other side of the door, opening and spilling light into a dark gray concrete stairwell. LEBON hurries through and down the stairs.

BOSS (O.S.)
I hope you can run fast!

CUT BACK to the inside of the office. The door closes slowly in the LEFT side of the frame, while to the RIGHT the BOSS goes inside and REACHES TOWARDS A DESK DRAWER. CUT BACK to the stairwell, in a LONG VERTICAL SHOT of LEBON moving down the stairs.

LEBON (V.O.)
I don't know why I did it. I don't know why I'm doing anything right now. But something here is just...wrong.
Maybe I was dreaming back there - or maybe I'm starting to wake up.

SLIGHTLY ANGLED VERTICAL SHOT as LEBON stops at the bottom of the stairs and hunches over - he is drenched in sweat now and struggles to regain his breath. He looks up towards the CAMERA, which CUTS TO a LOOKING UP the stairwell. A shadow is descending the stairs rapidly.

LEBON (V.O.)
I've been here before. I think I know what happens next.

He gets up quickly and starts down the hallway at the bottom of the stairs. A TRACKING SHOT follows him through the concrete hallway, which is dark in the foreground with fluorescent lighting coming from a fork at the other end. The colors and lighting almost make the scene look grayscale. He puts a hand on the wall for support, but is slowing down. The fork is getting closer. CUT TO the start of the hallway, where the BOSS walks through holding a pistol.

LEBON (V.O.)
It's happening again.

In a CLOSE UP SHOT from behind, BOSS levels the gun at him. She stops walking and fires. A puff of blood appears from his back. CUT TO a FRONT SHOT of LEBON, who falls to both knees and lets out an agonized scream. He puts a hand on the ground but keeps the other firmly against the wall. Blood flows freely from his back and onto the floor around him. He persists, pushing himself back up and continuing down the hall. Another flash and crack ring out behind him, and the front of his left leg explodes outward.

LEBON (V.O.)
This can't be the end.

He reaches the fork at the end, considers for a second, and turns left. He limps to the end, and tries to open the door. It's locked.

LEBON (V.O.)
Fuck, this is it. It ends like this.

He turns around and slides down to the floor. VERTICAL SHOT as the BOSS comes around the corner and walks towards him.

LEBON (V.O.)
Fuck fuck fuck.

She raises the gun and fires. The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN
INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE UP of a blinking cursor on a computer screen. A blank document is centered, with no edges of the monitor visible. This remains for five seconds, then CUTS to Lebon sitting in front of the computer. Behind him is the low wall of a cubicle, with beige coloring. The CAMERA remains on him.

MAN (V.O.)
Fuck.

With the CAMERA still focused on LEBON, ALICE (53) rolls up to the cubicle "door" in a rolling office chair.

ALICE
Hey.

LEBON doesn't turn around or respond. He still looks in shock. ALICE THROWS a rolled up ball of paper so that it bounces off his head. He TURNS TO FACE HER.

ALICE

Turn right next time, dummy.

The OFFICE WORKER pushes off the edge of the cubicle wall and rolls away. LEBON SLUMPS on his desk, looking confused.

FADE OUT.