

THE SCREENWRITERS GROUP
PROUDLY PRESENTS

THE WINNERS OF THE
2006 PAGE ONE SCREENWRITING COMPETITION:

LAWRENCE WHITESIDE OF MARIETTA GA

CONSTANCE BRENNER OF MALIBU CA

KARA HOWLAND OF TOLUCA LAKE CA

LINDA S. SCOTT OF SMITH'S GROVE KY

These are the selections of our judges
based on the contest criteria. They
are presented in no particular order
for your enjoyment and edification.

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL!

Read on:

SUBMITTED BY LAWRENCE WHITESIDE, MARIETTA GA

FADE IN:

EXT. SIBERIAN TOWNSHIP -- MORNING

The perpetual snow covers the ground of a small urban suburb. Coal soot falls from the sky and makes everything black and filthy.

TIMESTAMP: "Kieselyovsk, Russia. 1991."

MICHAEL (12) climbs a hill in the snow, creating bright white foot prints in the shiny black ground. He breathes hard.

CHILDREN run around the cement playground surrounding residential towers made of red brick.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

This was my homeland. Where I was born.

Michael walks quickly past the BOYS playing kickball, their faces like chimney sweeps.

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

When I was twelve, my mother said it was time to leave. We weren't safe anymore.

INT. MINE SHAFT -- DAY

PATRICIA (38) collects coal fragments into containers.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

She was a doctor for the state. She made reports about the bomb's effects on minerals.

Nearby, another SCIENTIST holds a Geiger counter. The familiar clicking of the sensor warns of large quantities of radiation.

INT. AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Michael, Patricia and ANDREW (40) stand in a long line. An OFFICIAL stands at a checkpoint, looking over passports.

The Official takes Michael's passport. Looks down at him. Smiles slightly. Takes Patricia and Andrew's passport.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

She would be dead in a year. Cancer. This is the story of the last thing my mother ever did.

The Official slams his stamp down. It read "TRAITOR."

SUBMITTED BY CONSTANCE BRENNER, MALIBU CA

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

A manly man's bedroom complete with bison head mounted over the bed. Women's outer garments strewn about the floor.

LAWRENCE 'MAC' MCGINNIS, 40's, snuggles under blankets.

MAC

I've got a big surprise for you,
Pomona Mona. Hurry up.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

POMONA MONA JOHNSON, 20's, preens in front of a floor-length mirror, sucks in her stomach, checks her teeth.

POMONA MONA

Be right there, honey.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Pomona Mona glides into the bed close to Mac.

MAC

First you have to close your eyes.

He jumps out of bed.

MAC (CONT'D)

Don't open 'em yet.

He clicks a switch and the room fills with a red glow.

MAC (CONT'D)

Okay, you can look. Happy Anniversary,
babe.

POMONA MONA

Where's my big surprise?

Mac points to the ceiling. Written in huge bright red LED letters: 154.8 POUNDS.

POMONA MONA (CONT'D)

What's that?

MAC

Whoa! It's how much you weigh. Cool,
huh? My bed's rigged with scales.

SUBMITTED BY KARA HOWLAND, TOLUCA LAKE CA

FADE IN:

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - THE MORNING RUSH

A skyscraper's glass windows reflect dark clouds in an overcast sky.

Down on the pavement below high heels CLICK at a fast pace. RACHEL CHARLES, an attractive brunette in a business suit, looks up at one of the buildings. The wind whips her jacket open for a brief moment.

As she passes a number of well dressed businessmen standing at the corner coffee cart, they can't help but stare.

A gargoyle on a nearby stone building impassively surveys the scene below. People seem to scurry around like agitated ants.

RACHEL

Excuse me.

She pushes past a young man, darting out into the street. A cab's HORN blares.

A pigeon perched atop the gargoyle ruffles its feathers in response to the jarring sound. The gargoyle shifts, tipping forward precariously.

As she looks up again, Rachel sees the pigeon take flight. She glances at her watch and starts running.

The gargoyle shifts again, this time becoming unmoored from its stone anchor. It plummets towards the busy plaza below.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Michael Wright!

Rachel has her eye on a homely, stout man who has just emerged from the stone building. She pushes her way through the crowd urgently as the gargoyle continues its descent.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

YOU CAN'T STAND THERE.

He turns towards her. She waves at him frantically, pointing to the sky.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I know you hear me!

(beat)

YOU HAVE TO MOVE.

Nearby pedestrians look up. Michael Wright raises his head.

SUBMITTED BY LINDA S. SCOTT, SMITH'S GROVE KY

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR -- DAY

VISITORS wait patiently to board an elevator.

One MAN holds onto a string leading to a helium balloon with lettering which reads: "IT'S A GIRL!"

Suddenly a LOUD, DRAWN-OUT, ANGUISHED, WOMAN'S CRY comes from inside the descending elevator. Then, momentarily followed by --

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE

Oh, my God! I delivered a baby!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

An OLDER NURSE is at the bedside of a teary eyed, WOMAN, 30's, who is propped up on her elbows, face full of grave concern.

OLDER NURSE

He's fine, just fine. Ten fingers.
Ten toes. Appendages, normal.

The Woman sinks back on the bed, relieved and exhausted.

OLDER NURSE (CONT'D)

It's okay honey. Try to rest. You've been through quite an ordeal. And the x-ray tech... a full-fledged celebrity.

When she hears "x-ray tech" the Woman lets out a groan, puts a hand up over her face, embarrassed. The Older Nurse tries to console her with gentle pats on her arm.

OLDER NURSE (CONT'D)

Oh, don't feel bad because you had your baby in the elevator. A couple years ago, a woman had her baby on the front lawn of the hospital.

The Woman wipes away a tear, lips quivering.

WOMAN

Yeah... I know. That was me.