

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

Untitled  
By Erin Riojas  
Based upon "The Mirror of Ink" by Jorge Luis Borges

FADE IN:

EXT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

High school students walk toward the school and into the building.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
All we know is that the cruelest of  
the rulers of Dry Lake High School  
was Ms. Winters the Drunk.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Students pass through the halls.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)  
She swore at students and smeared  
her lipstick on the back of her  
hand.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Close up of Ms. Winters's unfriendly red lipsticked mouth. She puts a flask to her lips and takes a swig. She then slowly wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. Her lipstick is smeared on her chin and cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Students innocently pass a door marked "Principal."

Ms. Winters pokes her head into the hall and speaks casually.

MS. WINTERS  
Get the fuck to class or I'll sit  
on you.

Ms. Winters retreats back into her office and quietly closes the door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
She died in detention on the  
seventeenth day of January, in the  
year 2006.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Students pass a door marked "Detention."

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)  
There are those who think Tim did  
it.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION - CONTINUOUS

The room is quiet, dim, and crowded with desks. TIM sits at a desk in the back of the room. His head is tilted slightly and he stares off-camera with his mouth ajar.

A few other students are scattered around the room.

NARRATOR (V.O. CONT'D)  
But that Ms. Winters died a natural  
death is more likely because she  
was a big-ass drunk.  
(beat)  
Also, Tim is a little slow.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Winters enters and the CLANG of the door echoes throughout the room. Everyone but Tim straightens and watches her from the corner of their eyes.

Ms. Winters steadies herself at the door for a beat while she scans the room. She then marches down the row of desks toward Tim.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION - CONTINUOUS

Close up of a Gameboy in Ms. Winters's jacket pocket. In the other pocket is her flask.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Winters stops and clumsily leans on a desk in front of Tim.

Tim stares at the Gameboy in her pocket.

TIM  
(flatly)  
That's mine.

MS. WINTERS  
I know; I've been playing it.  
(beat)  
I'm going to have to expel you,  
Tim.

TIM  
What!

MS. WINTERS  
This is the fiftieth day in a row  
you've been told not to play your  
fucking Gameboy in class. You know  
the rule: fifty times and you're  
out.

TIM  
But I can't be expelled! My mom  
will send me to special school!

MS. WINTERS  
I don't care.

TIM  
What if I told you I'm a wizard?

MS. WINTERS  
I'm listening.

TIM  
And I can show you your future if  
you agree not to expel me.

Ms. Winters stares at Tim through squinted eyes. She twists around and waves her hands at the other students.

MS. WINTERS  
All right! Everybody out!

The students look at each other, confused.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Get out!

They run from the room.

Tim rises to leave.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Not you, moron.

Tim sits back down.

Ms. Winters crosses her arms.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Give me immediate proof, Tim!

TIM  
I'll need my Gameboy. And a reed pen, a pair of scissors, a large leaf of Venetian paper, an inkhorn, a chafing dish with some live coals in it, some coriander seeds, and an ounce of benzoin.

Ms. Winters stares blankly at Tim.

Tim stares blankly at Ms. Winters.

Ms. Winters pulls the Gameboy from her pocket and sets it down on the desk in front of Tim.

Tim removes a lockbox from his pants and unlocks it. Inside is a Gameboy game.

TIM (CONT'D)  
This game is from Japan. It's called Super Fun Future Playtime and it shows you the future. There are only two in the world.

MS. WINTERS  
How did you get one?

TIM  
I found it on a dead man.

Tim puts the game cartridge in the Gameboy. He turns on the Gameboy and looks up at Ms. Winters.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Get ready to see some shit.

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION - CONTINUOUS

Close up on the Gameboy screen. It plays a JINGLE and reads "Super Fun Future Playtime."

CUT TO:

INT. DRY LAKE HIGH SCHOOL, DETENTION - CONTINUOUS

Ms. Winters looks around the room. It is empty.

TIM (CONT'D)  
First I'll prove it's real. Name  
an image you wanna see.

MS. WINTERS  
I want to see myself riding  
bareback and naked on a wild horse.

Tim looks dubiously at Ms. Winters.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Do it!

Tim presses buttons and shows the screen to Ms. Winters. She inhales and smiles in awe.

She claps her hands.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Show me a thousand mes on wild  
horses!

Tim presses buttons and shows the screen to Ms. Winters.

Ms. Winters clasps her hands together and hugs them to her chest.

She whispers, overcome with admiration for the image of herself.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
I'm beautiful.

TIM  
What do you wanna see now?

MS. WINTERS  
The man I'm going to marry!

Tim presses buttons and shows Ms. Winters the Gameboy.

Ms. Winters grimaces. The man is unfortunate looking.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Oh, god! He's. . .not bad.

Tim looks at her expectantly.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Show me this strange city called  
Japan!

Tim presses buttons for two beats. His face sweats.

Tim holds up the Gameboy to Ms. Winters. She absorbs the image with wide eyes for a beat.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
What a spectacular city.

Ms. Winters squints and looks closer at the screen.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
What's that?

Tim looks at the screen. In the corner is a flask with a skull and crossbones on it.

Tim looks at the flask in Ms. Winters's pocket.

TIM  
It looks like your flask.

MS. WINTERS  
What?

She clutches the flask.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
No, it doesn't!

Ms. Winters shakes her head and changes the subject.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Show me something else! Show me an  
expulsion! The bloodiest expulsion  
in the history of Dry Lake High  
School!

Tim furiously punches buttons. He then looks at the screen,  
horrified.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Show me!

Tim shows her the screen. It is an image of Ms. Winters and  
Tim in their current positions.

Ms. Winters gasps.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
That's us!

Tim nods.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
I'm going to hurt you?

Tim slowly shakes his head.

Together they watch the screen as Ms. Winters removes the  
flask from her pocket. On the flask is a skull and  
crossbones.

The real Ms. Winters simultaneously reaches for her flask.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Tim! I can't control my hand!

The image of Ms. Winters and the real Ms. Winters take a swig  
from their flasks. Both fall to the ground.

Tim stands over her.

MS. WINTERS (CONT'D)  
(faintly)  
You killed me.

She coughs up blood.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.