

FUCK IT, I'M PUTTING IN A HORSE

Written by

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INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

The room is an African safari of obscure movie posters, cowboy hats, crumpled Pop Tart wrappers, and Axe.

In bed sits WYATT, 19, piece of straw hanging from his mouth, one White Claw away from belting "Carolina In My Mind".

He's never left the state of California.

He jumps tab to tab on his computer - "handkerchiefs cool?", Pornhub, Outlook, Florida Georgia Line live concert, etc.

A notification POPS UP - SCRIPTS WANTED ASAP!

Intrigued, he clicks. His eyes SCAN the email.

WYATT

Hot damn.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Wyatt's at his desk, which doubles as a a tribute to Johnny and June. He CLUTCHES a photo of the two.

His thumb runs along the outlines of their faces.

WYATT

Ma. Pa. Imma' do ya proud.

He sets the photo down, CRACKS his knuckles and gets to work.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

In a Bing search bar - INSPIRATION FOR SHORT SCRIPT PLEASE.

A series of results come up. Ooo, a Youtube video. CLICK.

Wyatt's about to press play, when something catches his eye. A Quentin Tarrantino interview? Sure, that sounds good. CLICK.

As he's about to start, another RECOMENDED video diverts his attention. The War Horse trailer? He's in!

INT. DORM ROOM - TWO MINUTES AND THRITY THREE SECONDS LATER

Wyatt's face is impossibly wet with tears.

WYATT

(through sobs)

I... have... an idea.

MONTAGE

- Wyatt downs a mason jar of "grandma's peach tea" and starts clickety-clacking away.
- He scours the internet for pictures of horses.
- He prints them, tapes them to his wall.
- He looks into their eyes, into their souls. He starts to rip some off the wall, viciously tearing them to shreds.
- By the end of the night, one is left. A CHESTNUT MARE.

END MONTAGE

Wyatt sits, gazing up at the brilliant equine. It stares back.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Wyatt's sprawled on the floor, passed out. Suddenly-

RINGTONE

(sung)

*Baby lock the doors and turn the
lights down low...*

"Your Man" BLARES from Wyatt's phone.

Groggy, he finds his bearings and stops the racket.

WYATT

What.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY - INTERCUT

CYNTHIA, 19, wears bangs because someone in fourth grade said her forehead was big, lies across the tracks.

CYNTHIA

If I don't think of a good idea in
three minutes, a train is going to
kill me.

WYATT

(yawns)

Sounds like a real pickle.

CYNTHIA

Do you have yours?

Wyatt looks to his wall, smiles.

WYATT
She's a beauty.

CYNTHIA
Fuck! All I have is an
anthropomorphic Wheat Thins box,
and the concept of the Industrial
Revolution. Thoughts?

Wyatt clearly isn't listening. He touches his nearby cactus,
pricks his finger.

WYATT
Have you seen War Horse?

CYNTHIA
'Course. Spielberg's best. What
about it?

WYATT
What if I told you... horses.

Cynthia waits for more... A train WHISTLES in the distance.

CYNTHIA
Horses.

WYATT
Mmhm.

CYNTHIA
The email said the scripts should
be producible. Why would you-

WYATT
I'm trying to write the best
script. Not the best script sans
horse.

Cynthia hasn't a clue that means.

CYNTHIA
Won't that be expensive?

Wyatt stews.

WYATT
(indignant)
War Horse cost sixty-six million
and it was worth every-

CYNTHIA

Maybe the equestrian team can donate them? But good luck dealing with those cunts.

WYATT

So, what are you saying?

Cynthia sighs

CYNTHIA

Remember what Duffman said?

Wyatt thinks long and hard. A BANJO'S TWANG leads us to...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

The walls are bare and lifeless. A poor excuse for a table (What is that? Birch?) sits in the middle. This place probably doubles as a CIA black site when money's tight.

MANNEQUINS line the chairs, filling out the room, each one having a clear sense of fashion. Is that one French?

At opposite ends sit Wyatt and DUFFMAN, late 40's, goatee, scotch in hand, cause frankly, he don't give a damn.

DUFFMAN

(sipping scotch)

Liam, let's have a looksie.

Duffman FLIPS through Liam's script.

MANNEQUIN LIAM shows no emotion.

Duffman sighs, pulls a flask from his hip, adds to his drink.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

Anyone know what's wrong with it?

The Mannequins are lifeless. Wyatt keeps his trap shut.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

Okay. You have horses in it. If you want this to get produced, which you should, take out the horses.

Duffman tosses the script into an on-fire trash bin, moves on.

Wyatt wants to speak... but can't. He's paralyzed.

BACK TO PRESENT

WYATT

Vaguely.

CYNTHIA

I'd say abandon the horse ide-

Wyatt hangs up. LOSE INTERCUT.

WYATT

(under his breath, to the
horse)

We can't have that kind of
negativity, can we?

INT. DORM ROOM - LATER

Wyatt moseys over to his computer. He grabs some chew and finds his way to the faculty website.

He clicks a DISHEVELED DUFFMAN. It leads to his faculty page.

ZOOM ON - His office hours: 12 - 1.

Wyatt SPITS his chew all over the wall, eyes the time - 12:50!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Duffman slouches, lighter in hand, haphazardly setting pages of scripts on fire. The sound of spurs JINGLING nears.

The door WHIPS open and Wyatt gallops in, panting.

WYATT

Duffman... question... horses?

Duffman eyes the clock - 12:59. He heads for the door.

DUFFMAN

What about 'em.

Wyatt catches his breath.

WYATT

Why can't horses be in my script?

Duffman heavy sighs. The clock strikes one...

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Duffman hits the lights as a video PLAYS on the tv. It shows a graceful KILLER WHALE leaping out of the water.'

DUFFMAN

This was Sparkle, an orca at the local sea-life refuge.

Sparkle butts his head against his tank, pleasing a CHILD.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

When the prod kids were looking for scripts, I wrote a great one. And it happened to star a killer whale.

On screen, Sparkle poses with a crew. Duffman extends his arms, gesturing a title on a marquee.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

"Cop Killer"

Wyatt... doesn't know what to say. He looks concerned.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

The orca was a cop. Like, cop killer whale.

OOOOHHHHHHH.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

He was a rogue marine mammal solving crimes in the human world. I tried to really deconstruct the anti-orca sentiment we as humans have. It was ahead of its time.

Sparkle, donning a hard-boiled detective suit and tie, is on the case, investigating a pair of thugs.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)

Then...

The video cuts to BLACK, then a CARD:

"IN MEMORY OF SPARKLE. SWIMMING WITH THE FISHES... IN HEAVEN"

Wyatt's torn up.

WYATT

W-w-what happened?

DUFFMAN

Boom op got a little too close with the pole. Sparkle ate it. Choked. Died right there in front of us.

Duffman sheds a single tear. Wyatt notices his ASPCA shirt.

DUFFMAN (CONT'D)
These animals shouldn't be in our
scripts. They should be free.

Wyatt's speechless. He heads for the door, only his SPURS
breaking the silence.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Wyatt DIALS Cynthia, his visage perplexed.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Her PHONE, blood laden, lies idle as a TRAIN rumbles past.

INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

Wyatt shrugs it off, plops down in front of his desk.

He opens Final Draft and sits there for a moment. Waiting.

Fingers FLY across his keyboard. He waits a moment. BACKSPACE.

He tries again, typing even faster. He's in a groove. He
pauses, reading over his work...

ON SCREEN - DAN WALKS INTO A BAR.

Wyatt meditates on this sentence... BACKSPACE.

He looks around the room, searching for inspiration. His eyes
eventually meet the Chestnut Mare's.

The two share a moment, an experience, that no two bi-pedals
could ever.

He nods, gaining some secret knowledge we aren't privy to.

He cracks his knuckles, hands hovering over the keyboard.

...

WYATT
Fuck it, I'm putting in a horse.

CUT TO BLACK.