

Verwaltungsratsvorstandssitzungsprotokoll

SCREENWRITER

fake my minimalist style

Protocol & Transcript

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Murder He Wrote

Channel N°5 | ELITE 5005™ | 1984 | Fahrenheit 451 | 9/11 | Casio DBC-1500B-1

¿Qué he hecho yo para merecer esto!!

The «No Fact Zone®»

Ernest • Max • Reymond • Dashiell • Ross • Mickey • Erle • Maj & Per

<http://www.hausordnung.com>

All the Presidents Men are having a very Naked Lunch

22 Int. Marsellus Wallace's Home - Night

The front door flings open, and Mia and Vincent dance tango-style into the house, singing a cappella the song from the previous scene. They finish their little dance, laughing. Then... The two just stand face to face looking at each other.

VINCENT

Was that an uncomfortable silence?

MIA

I don't know what that was. (pause)
Music and drinks!

Mia moves away to attend to both. Vincent hangs up his overcoat on a big bronze coat rack in the alcove.

VINCENT

I'm gonna take a piss.

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MIA

That was a little bit more information than I needed to know, but go right ahead.

Vincent shuffles off to the john.

Mia moves to her cd player, thumbs through a stack of cds and selects one: Urge Overkill. The speakers blast out a high energy number, which Mia plays

air-guitar to. She dances her way around the room and finds herself by Vincent's overcoat hanging on the rack. She touches its sleeve. It feels good.

Her hand goes in its pocket and pulls out his tobacco pouch. Like a little girl playing cowboy, she spreads the tobacco on some rolling paper. Imitating what he did earlier, licks the paper and rolls it into a pretty good



IBM Selectric