

Tiburon

By

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INT. APARTMENT DOORWAY - NIGHT

A knock comes from the door to the apartment. A figure gets up to answer the door with her back turned to the audience. The door opens to reveal FINNEGAN BROOKS (early 20s) standing there, excited, holding a contraption in a box. He is wearing a gray hoodie and has short, blond hair.

AMELIA GRANT (late 50s) holds the door open and looks at Finn, annoyed. She is wearing cotton pajamas of an old fashion, and has clearly dyed red hair.

AMELIA

Finn, what are you doing here? It's 10:45.

FINN

Hey, Mel, just bringing by the N64 like I said earlier.

AMELIA

I told you already, I'm not playing some stupid Nintendo game.

FINN

I know, but you might change your mind once you see it! Here, let me show you.

Finn tries to walk through the door, but Amelia closes it, trapping him between the door and the frame.

AMELIA

I'm not kidding, you're not allowed in my home.

FINN

Can you at least not crush my face, please?

Amelia looks at him, skeptical, but opens the door. Finn immediately rushes inside the apartment with his Nintendo system.

AMELIA

Finn!

FINN

I'm sorry, Amelia, but you can't write a script about *DragonQuest* if you've never played it. Just give it a chance, get a feel for the lore, and we can do this pilot justice!

AMELIA

I don't need to play childish games to write a screenplay, kid. I've been in the business a lot longer than you.

FINN

Yeah you have, so I want to learn from you! I know the story, and if you do too, we can discuss it well enough to create something amazing together!

AMELIA

Don't tell me how to do my job. I've read the summary, I know enough to put something together.

FINN

That's not the same as playing it and experiencing it for yourself! That's how you get the best feel for the story, and I'm not leaving until you do!

AMELIA

Well then, you'd better get comfortable.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amelia walks over to the leather couch in the adjacent living room and plops in front of the 60" television. Finn follows behind, taking in the details of the apartment, and still carrying the Nintendo.

FINN

Nice place you got here, Mel!

AMELIA

Please don't call me that.

FINN

Okay... Mz. Grant?

AMELIA

Don't be a smartass.

Finn looks down awkwardly before looking back up at the television.

FINN
Whoa, nice screen! Samsung?

AMELIA
Look at that, you can read.

Finn makes a sarcastic face at her before going over to the television to set up the Nintendo.

AMELIA
What do you think you're doing?

FINN
Setting up the game. I was serious, you know.

AMELIA
And I'm serious about not wanting to play it.

FINN
Come on, don't you want a little fantasy action in your life?

AMELIA
I have plenty of that as it is, thank you very much. I'm catching up on *Throne Wars* right now.

Finn looks at the television and gets excited.

FINN
Oh, awesome! And there's Benedict the Brave!

AMELIA
Yes, I've been enjoying his character arc so far. Very engaging.

FINN
Yeah, he's great. It's too bad his sister kills him in his sleep at the end of the third season.

Amelia looks at Finn, shocked and repulsed.

AMELIA
What the hell, kid?! I told you I was catching up!

FINN
Yeah, maybe if you read the books
you'd already know that... Mel.

Finn holds up the Nintendo to her face with a sly grin. Amelia lets out an exasperated sigh and goes into the kitchen.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Amelia goes to the cupboard and pulls out a box of saltines. She turns around to see Finn standing behind her and is startled.

AMELIA
Can I help you?!

FINN
You have any chips or anything?

AMELIA
No, and if I did, I wouldn't just
give them to you.

FINN
Fine, jeez...

Amelia turns around to make herself a cup of tea. Finn sits at the counter and pulls out his cell phone. He dials a number and puts it to his ear.

FINN
Hi, I'd like a large pizza with
mushrooms and peppers.
(beat)
Delivery.
(beat)
Cash.
(beat)
287 Forrester Lane, apartment 9.
(beat)
Okay, thank you!

Finn hangs up the phone, and Amelia looks at him, astounded.

FINN
You wouldn't happen to have some
cash for the tip, would you?

AMELIA
No... No I wouldn't.

FINN

That's a shame. The last of mine is going toward the pizza.

Amelia looks away, then looks back, puzzled.

AMELIA

How did you even find my address?

FINN

The Employee Records server at Netflix. You'd think the guy who set it up would be smarter than to make his password "Netflix," but I guess that's expecting too much.

AMELIA

You hacked into the Employee Records server just to find my address and make me play some stupid game?

FINN

Well yeah, it wasn't like you were gonna come to my shithole of a place and play it.

AMELIA

I'm not going to play it here either!

FINN

Not in a box, nor with a fox?

AMELIA

UGH!

As Amelia groans, the tea kettle starts whistling furiously on the stove. She goes over to it, pours her water, and collects herself as she steeps the tea bag.

AMELIA

You realize that I could call the police, right?

FINN

You won't do that.

AMELIA

Oh really?

FINN
Nope, cuz you invited me in, so I'm
not trespassing.

AMELIA
I didn't invite you in, you snuck
through the door I tried to close
on you to prevent you from
trespassing.

FINN
Tomato, tomahto.

AMELIA
Finn.

FINN
Come on, would you really do that
to your partner?

Amelia suddenly laughs, which turns into bursts of laughter
as she walks out of the kitchen with her tea. Finn looks
behind and watches her, confused.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amelia walks in, still chuckling, and Finn follows, still
confused.

FINN
What's so funny?

AMELIA
Oh, nothing.

FINN
No really, what's so funny?

AMELIA
You said "partner."

Amelia chuckles again, and Finn looks slightly hurt.

FINN
(somberly)
That's how we were hired.

AMELIA
Oh please, do you really consider
yourself to be my partner? My
equal? You're a glorified
fanfiction writer, just another
Cheeto-breathed loser on the

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

internet with nothing better to do
than jerk off and make up fanboy
bullshit about video games all day!
You think winning some contests
puts you on the same level as me?
I've slaved over my craft for the
last twenty-six years, and you just
waltz in here thinking you can tell
me how to write?!

Silence hangs in the air as Finn looks down. He wipes away a
tear slowly and keeps his gaze at the floor.

FINN

This game means a lot to me.
(beat)
I've spent years of my life playing
it, learning everything about it,
and appreciating every detail.

Finn looks up at Amelia, his eyes much harder now.

FINN

When I play as Mornir, I AM the
hero. I am the one going on this
adventure, saving people, falling
in love, plotting schemes, and even
suffering. It's a journey that
makes me feel in ways the real
world can't. I want to create
things like that. I want to write,
and to give people a chance to
experience things they never knew
they could.

Finn points to the Nintendo.

FINN

Playing this "stupid, childish
game" inspired me to be a writer,
what the hell ever inspired you?!

Amelia looks at Finn. Her body doesn't move, but her face
shows a tinge of pain.

AMELIA

Well if it means that much to you,
you can write it yourself.

Amelia walks away and heads toward her bedroom. She stands
in the doorway and looks back at Finn.

AMELIA

You can see yourself out. Don't
bother to call me if you don't know
how to spell something.

The door slams behind her, leaving Finn alone in the living room.

Finn sits down on the couch and looks over at the Nintendo. He stares at it for a little while, then picks up the remote and begins flipping through the channels on the TV.

Finn continues to flip until he comes across the information for a movie called *Tiburón*.

FINN

Ugh, it's over.

The credits begin to appear for the movie: director, producer, etc. before one credit appears that says "WRITTEN BY AMELIA GRANT."

Finn's eyes widen, and as the credit fades, he fumbles for the remote. He hits rewind and pauses it on Amelia's name and stares at it for a few seconds. He looks toward Amelia's closed bedroom door, looking both shocked and pensive.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amelia lies in her bed, eyes watery, when a knock comes on her door. Finn enters, slowly and quietly.

FINN

Hey, Amelia.

AMELIA

(wiping eyes)

I thought I told you to see
yourself out.

FINN

I was gonna, but I had to ask you
something first... Would you by any
chance have written a movie called
Tiburón?

Amelia's eyes widen and she looks at Finn slowly.

AMELIA

(beat)

Yes...

FINN

That is one of my favorite movies ever! I never paid attention to who wrote it, but I love it!

AMELIA

...you do?

FINN

Absolutely! My friend and I would watch it all the time and just cry. It's so powerful.

AMELIA

(scoffing)

Yeah, I cried too when it bombed at the box office.

FINN

It bombed?!

AMELIA

It was considered one of the biggest flops in history. And to think the promising young writer behind *LaserMan* and its two sequels could write something so disappointing. God forbid she wanted to write something more emotional and serious than a goddamn *LaserMan 4*!

FINN

I don't understand... It's a cult classic. Doesn't it count for anything that it's brilliant?

AMELIA

Who cares? It didn't sell, and I couldn't get a script off the ground to save my life for years after that. Not enough explosions, I guess.

(beat)

Oh well, it doesn't matter now.

FINN

But it does matter! It matters to thousands of people who appreciate story as an art form. It matters to everyone who looked at Samantha and Travis and saw themselves in their struggle to make sense of their

(MORE)

FINN (CONT'D)
lives with no direction or way to
get there. It matters to me!

Finn sits down next to Amelia on the bed, who is looking
down at the floor.

FINN
I don't know a lot about the
business, but if there's one thing
I do know it's that being
profitable doesn't last the same
way being good does. We have a
chance to make something that is
both.

Finn takes Amelia's hand in his. She looks up to meet his
intense, yet kind gaze.

FINN
It's not up to us to determine that
people will like this show or not,
all we can do is make it the best
damn show we can.

(beat)

It would be my honor to work on
this with the great Amelia Grant.
Provided that she knows the story
of *DragonQuest* first, of course.

Amelia looks intently at Finn and gives the slightest hint
of a smile. She wipes her eyes, and the two get up.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Finn plugs in the Nintendo and the title screen appears on
the TV. Amelia sits on the couch, and Finn crosses the
living room to sit next to her. They each pick up a slice of
the pizza from the coffee table in front of them, and in her
other hand, Amelia picks up the controller and presses the
start button.

CUT TO BLACK