

Analog Stu

written by

Katherine Sun and Cristian Pilling

Notes from Friday:

-THINK ABOUT SHELIAS CHARACTER. Make Shelia character stronger. Like consistent. Make her more extroverted in places where she not. A lot in performance too. Shelia is a touch weak, get some more humor out of her: like Go through it. One character at a time!

-THIS SCENE IS A MISSED OP FOR FUN. THIS IS CROSSING THE TRESHOLD. REFUSAL LF CALL. Shelia having the whole plan on like p7 throws me off. Why is it shelias plan, like that's fine but it's too abrupt. She should be a mentor, not have it laid out. She's stu's reinforcements.

-Going to the truck. PHYSICAL COMEDY. BAD SINGING TO HIS ACTION.

-Scrunchie is a problem for mr t. But scene is good Shelia is singing VERY offkey Alley. Play this like a ransom. Instead imagine the record tied to the chair. If it's broken then it shouldn't be anticlimactic like that. We should see it break. he smashes it! stu freaks out!

-Weakest***** last scene. Rephrase coworker complaining about record orders. If he's delivering record then he should do it in act 1.

-Shelia hides? And then suddenly they whisper?

-Polyester? If we want it. NEED IT IN ACT 1.

-If u want scrunchie then put it in act 1 maybe make the -scrunchie the polyester thing.

-Should the end be more dramatic? Should he hold Shelia hostage and she drops the scrunchie? She gives wise cracks. Runs for the scrunchie and he slowmo rockets it

-ENDING

Same but different. In office.
Hole where record is. He
reluctantly asks her

-end of notes---

FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE, STU'S CUBICLE - DAY

STU walks into his cubicle holding a can of soda. Stu wears a red polo shirt and khakis. He sits down at his cubicle. It's lined with action figures and scattered papers. A stack of cassette tapes is pushed in the corner. On the wall of his cubicle several records are hanging up, with one record at the top clearly standing out from the others. The crack of Stu's Pepsi can cuts the silence in the air. At the sound, his CO-WORKER gives Stu a glance as he walks by while pushing a mail cart. He places a package on Stu's desk. Stu's only reaction is a glance at the package. The co-worker stops and puts his hand on the edge of the cubicle, Stu looks over and stares at the hand on his beloved office.

COWORKER

Hey...Stu, so -

Stu sips the soda loudly, co-worker winces. Stu stands up almost touching coworker, he steps back, and sneezes. Stu looks puzzled.

CO-WORKER

Stu! As I was say-

Coworker sneezes.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

Is that polyester?

STU

Uhhh, I don't know? Do you want to feel it?

Stu pushes the tie closer to coworker, who backs away and pulls out a bottle of hand sanitizer, quickly using it, still sneezing wildly. Sheila now walks into the cubicle.

SHEILA

(playfully)

Hey there, Stu man.

Stu becomes awkward, fluttering eye contact.

STU

(sipping soda)

Oh, uh, hi Sheila.

SHEILA

Hey, that's a pretty cool
pyramid.

Stu hold his soda close with both hands. He nods. Sheila walks over to his record pyramid and reaches her hand out towards the glistening record. Stu lunges towards her in slow motion.

STU

(echoing)

Noooooooo

Sheila yanks her hand back, puzzled.

STU (CONT'D)

(talking rapidly)

That is the greatest record in
the entire world!

Stu waves his hand like two falling stars, admiring the record.

STU (CONT'D)

The most rare-

Sheila listens to Stu with a puzzled look on her face.

STU (CONT'D)

the cleanest-

Stu glazes his hands inches away from the record, as if he's stroking it. Behind them the co-worker lingers and watches, then walks away.

STU (CONT'D)

(drawing out the "O")

The. Florendo.

Stu lifts up the record. Sheila interrupts his moment.

SHEILA

I- uh, I'm sorry about that Stu.

Sheila interrupts Stu's moment and he whips his head around. Facing Sheila, his face goes red and he smiles.

STU

(sincere)

No! No! That's alright. I'm
sorry.

SHEILA

It's OK! (beat) I think it's
adorable you collect records.

STU

You do? I, I mean, thank you.

Sheila walks away and Stu can't hide the surprise and embarrassment on his face as he smiles to himself. When Sheila walks far away, Stu's face turns studious. He pulls out a wipe and bottle from under his desk. He sprays the record.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The squeaking sound of Stu polishing the record can be heard.

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

Stu studiously walks into the office and into his cubicle, holding a briefcase. On his cubicle wall, the special record is missing - an empty spot on the wall. Not noticing, he shoves the scattered papers out of the way. The papers go flying on the ground. Stu gently puts down his briefcase, ensuring it is at a perfect 90°. Stu takes off his coat, turns around to face the wall, and lets out a loud gasp.

A package is seen inside the co-worker's mail cart, with "STU" written in big letters across the plain cardboard. The Co-worker passes Sheila in the hall and she looks into the cart. She notices the package and trails behind.

Stu is still in his cubicle, visibly frustrated. He paces around, searching to throw or toss something. He glances at the thrown papers and then glances back at his desk. He picks up the remaining papers in his desk, and throw them down at the ground. The papers fall atop the previously thrown papers. Stu blows air in his nose, angered.

Sheila catches up to the co-worker and stops him from carting the packages.

SHEILA

(excited)

Oh is that package for Stu? I
could bring it to him if you
like.

Sheila looks over at Stu from a distance who is standing before his cubicle.

COWORKER

I don't really think-

Sheila grabs the package out of the cart, and starts walking away without another word. On the side of the package is written, "florendo." Stu's voice grows louder as she approaches his cubicle.

STU

(distant murmuring)

Never find it again.. where is he...

SHEILA

Hey Stu, this-

Sheila walks up to Stu's office, turning the corner and seeing him in the fetal position.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

STU! What happened!

Stu whips his head around to face Sheila. He whips his head back in shame, and hesitates before speaking.

STU

FLorenDo! He's gone!

Sheila puts the package down on his desk, revealing "florendo" to stu. She approaches him and places her hand on his shoulder.

SHEILA

Hey Stu its alright, I'm sure its just around here somewhere-

Stu turns towards her but sees the package on the desk. Stu jumps up to grab the package and start opening it. A small cassette tape falls out. Without another word Stu pulls out a player from under his desk. Sheila watches on in partial horror and partial admiration.

COWORKER

(as radio man)

Hahahahaha *coughs* yes, Stewart, I have taken your record....flamenco, and if you ever want to see him..it, again, you'll listen very closely.

Stu and Sheila look on in horror.

COWORKER (CONT'D)

(as radio man)

You will bring 100,000 cases of pepzi to Manhattan alley by midnight tomorrow. A shipment is coming into the mall tomorrow, 3 pm, don't miss it. This tape will now self destruct. This tape will now self destruct. This tape will now self destruct.

(CONT'D)

The tape stops. Smoke rises in front of their faces. Silence. Sheila looks back at Stu. He is beginning to look dizzy in his chair.

SHEILA

Stu are you feeling OK?

Sheila's voice fades. Her face and the break room begin to rapidly warp as a resonating sound grows loud. Stu begins to look dazed and sway in his chair. He falls back, hitting the ground as his eyes roll into the back of his head.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(echoey)

Stu!

~~~~WHAT IF WE CUT THE STUFF STARTING FORM HERE--we've established its meaningful before--

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sheila sips a soda while looking down at Stu. She is standing over him. Stu sits up, still on the ground and Sheila hands him a Pepsi, taking a seat next to him.

STU

That record, was my life, I spent years, broke so many friendships, all to get that record, and now...it's gone.

SHEILA

We are going to get it back Stu.

STU

HOW, we can't rob a shipment, I once accidentally didn't give back a pencil in the 3rd grade, and I've regretted that ever since.

STU (CONT'D)

This is all too much for me, I'm going home.

---TO HERE-----

INT. STU'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stu tosses and tosses and turns in his bed, he lays awake staring at the ceiling. He begins to hallucinate, he hears the record, he sees the truck, he sees....toilets? ..... increasing chanting gets louder and louder, he hears florendo over and over. Hard cut.

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

Stu quickly makes coffee, and Sheila walks into the break room.

STU

Sheila, I had a dream last night.  
We need to rob that truck.

An office worker in the break room looks confused and walks out.

SHEILA

Well, good morning to you too.

Peppy music starts. A map is slapped onto a table. Stu smoothes it out with his hands, his finger tapping. Stu's face has a look of determination.

STU

(confidently)

So we arrive at the mall -  
calculating traffic time during  
rush hour, and if we want to have  
ample time to prepare means we  
must leave the office at 2:40.  
No, 2:35.

Stu slides his finger to a square on the map.

STU (CONT'D)

So we meet behind the shed. 3pm.  
Sharp. And then-

Shelia stands over his shoulder looking concentrated. Stu  
leans over the table. He has a look of determination.

STU (CONT'D)

And then! We make a run for it.

Stu's eyes follow the path they have to run. The distance  
from the shed to the truck on the map appears long. Stu's  
face falls in determination.

STU (CONT'D)

(mutters)

We make a run for it...

SHELIA

Yes! We make a run for it!

Stu stands up and paces around.

STU

Ahh, I don't know Shelia. Maybe  
this is a bad idea.

SHELIA

Come on! We can make it!

STU

What if we get caught?

SHELIA

Won't happen. Trust me on this,  
no one will recognize us.

Shelia smiles slyly at Stu.

EXT. SHIPPING LOADING BAY

Shelia is wearing a mask. She looks over to Stu and gently puts it over his face. She smiles. They are hiding behind a shed behind buildings and looking forward at a lot. Across the lot, the truck is still. As Stu anxiously taps his foot and fusses around, Shelia studies the map besides him. Stu's fussing causes him to jab his elbow into her side. Shelia looks at him.

STU

I-I'm sorry.

SHEILA

It's OK. You good?

Stu is still fussing about.

STU

What? (voice cracks) Yea! Yea.  
I'm um, I'm good. I'm ready!

Stu throws his fists down and stands straight.

SHEILA

Ok. Anyone here?

Sheila whips her head to the side. Stu whips his head to the opposite side. Looking opposite ways for a bit, Stu turns his head back to Sheila. Sheila turns her head back and Stu whips his head forward to face the truck.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(Loud whisper)

All clear?

Epic music starts to play softly, growing increasingly loud.

STU

(louder, softer)

Clear! Ehm, Clear.

Stu bobs his head.

SHEILA

Make a run for it?

Sheila smiles.

STU

I- ahh- uh. Well shouldn't we-

SHEILA

We don't have time to stew  
around!

Sheila starts running. The epic music goes full send. Stu sits still, looking at her run off open-mouthed. Then he shakes his head, and scrambles up to run after her.

Sheila runs gracefully, a couple of steps ahead from Stu. In slo-mo, Stu gapes his mouth like a fish and is gasping for air. He winces and rolls his ankle. Sheila has a look of determination. The handle to open the back of the truck grows closer. Stu's feet catches up to be just one or two paces behind Sheila. And at normal pace, they stop just in front of the handle. The music stops. They glance at it for a second. Stu's hand reaches for the handle. He grunts and trys to heave it up. No movement. Stu holds the handle and tries to lift it with all his might. His wheezing is the only sound to be heard. After a few seconds, he lets go and gives up.

STU

(out of breath)

I, uh, it's stuck. (beat) I suck.

SHEILA

I bet there's a key somewhere  
that would unlock it.

Sheila turns her head to see Stu turning the corner at a run [ like that one shot of Kate in CristianPAlexB narrative :) ]. Stu stops, quickly looks both ways, and sees the cracked window. He runs up and hops on the the ledge-thing-of-the truck to hook him self on the side and he looks in the window. There's an intimidating MAN sleeping in the passenger seat. Stu gasps and his eyes widen. Stu arms flail as he lets go from the truck and falls back to the ground. Sheila looks from the back corner of the truck in horror. She scurries over to Stu.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Are you OK? You kinda took a  
tumble there.

STU

It's alright, really. I'm good.

Stu smiles at her. Sheila turns around to look up at the side driver window. Behind her Stu mouths "Ow!" and clenches the body part he fell on.

From inside the car Stu and Sheila's faces are seen peering up over the window and looking around in wonder. Stu looks downward and his face lights up. Looped on the man's pointer finger, a carabener of keys hangs.

STU (CONT'D)

Look! Keys!

SHEILA

Yes! How do we get it off?

Stu and Sheila's feet hit the ground. They face away from the side of the truck. Stu leans against the truck. Sheila is tying her hair with a scrunchie. Stu glances at her before looking around at what surrounds them. He whips his focus around, looks over to the bushes and sees a coat hanger. His hand grabs it. Back at Sheila's side, he's focused, precisely bending it into a hook. Sheila watches, appearing impressed.

STU

Hey can I borrow that scrunchie?

Sheila hands him the scrunchie. She follows him as he jumps back up on the ledge of the truck. He slides in his contraption.

, carefully dodging the things in the way of the keys, it is almost a little too short. Sheila looks over his shoulder as he reaches in, inching closer to the keys.

SHEILA

Almost there Stu, be careful.

Stu loops the hanger around the key ring, switches it for the scrunchie, and slowly pulls out the keys. He pulls the keys out heroically and smiles.

STU

Lets get that soda now, shall we?

Stu and Sheila make their way over to the back of the truck. Stu puts the key in and turns it. The back slides open and they admire the sheer amount of soda. Stu and Shelia look at each other.

Stu's in the truck, running his hand over the cases. Shelia leans over a few cases.

STU (CONT'D)

No. Way.

Shelia gets up. They walk around the cases at a leisurely pace. Stu reaches into a case and cracks open a can. Shelia laughs and does the same. They clink cans.

SHELIA

This is insane! (beat) How are we gonna move-

A shadow moves across Shelia's face. There's a sound. It interrupts her talking and she begins to pull at Stu's sleeve to get him to look over.

STU

What's wrong She-

Stu looks over to see a very large and angry man standing with his hands on his hips and a scrunchie on his hand. He gasps and drops the soda, spilling liquid. Shelia is frightened and instinctively moves her hand from his sleeve to grab his hand. Stu looks at their hands.

MAN

(bellowing)

Hey! Get out my truck!

The soda is dripping from the edge of the truck. Stu looks around wildly, even glancing behind him as if there's an escape. From the outside, it appears they're trapped in back of the truck.

STU

(panicked)

Run!

Shelia runs to the left of the man and Stu runs straight towards him, ducking under his left arm, grabbing the scrunchie as he ducks under it. He pockets the scrunchie. The man runs in Stu's direction, but he slips on the pool of soda. Stu jumps into the driver's seat, Shelia is already sitting in the passenger seat. Stu looks down at the steering wheel and the gear shifter.

SHELIA

(panicked)

Can you drive this thing?

STU

No???!!

Shelia's eyes widen.

STU (CONT'D)

Uh.... Yes?

Stu turns the keys, shifts some gears, slams the gas, and off they go. The truck swerves, they both have a look of panic.

STU (CONT'D)

Ok! Ok! I can do it! I can do this!

They're driving a bit more smoothly. They both relax in their seats.

SHELIA

Woo!

STU

Woo!

Shelia turns on the radio. A song like "Fantasy" by Mariah Carey plays. Shelia starts singing along, holding the map in one hand as she sways her arms in the air. Stu hesitates, but he eases into it and starts grooving along. He awkwardly bops his head and shrugs his shoulders to the beat. Shelia is singing her heart out. Stu looks over at her and he smiles, but his distraction causes him to swerve a bit.

STU (CONT'D)

Woah.

They're high emotions of excitement turn back to nervousness. Stu nearly scrapes a car.

STU (CONT'D)

Ohmygosh, ohmygosh, ohmygosh.

The truck swerves. Stu frantically turns the wheel. They screech to a halt.

STU (CONT'D)

(slower)

Ohmygosh.

He throws his hands in a frenzy. The blasting radio is too much, and he shuts it off. Stu lets out a loud breath.

The truck is in an empty parking lot. In front of the truck is the side of a building, where an alley is. Shelia unfolds the map, focusing on the portion that reads: "Manhattan Alley." She glances at it, bewildered. She looks up.

SHELIA

I-it, It must be here.

Smoke comes from behind the truck. Compared to the giant truck and the never ending alley, the pair look small as they step out and tentatively walk up to the alley entrance.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The pair slowly inch step into the alley. They cautiously examine their surroundings while walking. Scraps of wood and metal are strewn around. The color palette is a mundane mix of brown-Grey and black and white. But in the distance, one can make out the glint of a color that is the same as Stu's beloved record. As Shelia examines the nearby surroundings, the color catches Stu's eyes. He stands up still. His face turns to a look of wonder as he stares at the glinting color at the end of the alley.

Shelia picks up a hanger.

SHELIA

Hey! Another hanger. (laughs)  
Maybe you can fish out your  
record.

Shelia sees Stu looking off into the distance. She looks where in the same direction as him.

SHELIA (CONT'D)

Is, is that-

Stu starts dashing down the alley.

SHELIA (CONT'D)

Stu! No!

Out of breath, he stops in front of the color. It is his record. And it's broken in pieces. Stu has a look of devastation. Shelia looks from the other end of the alley with a look of empathy. A crackling sound begins to emanate from a speaker on the wall. Stu turns around with a look of hatred on his face.

RADIO MAN

Well... Well...

Shelia takes a few steps back in fear.

RADIO MAN (CONT'D)

If it isn't Stu...Stu the Record Man. Well, the Record Man no longer.

Radio man turns on a light illuminating a chair with the record sitting in it, tied up.

CO-WORKER

(cackling laugh) Do you have my soda?

STU

(screaming)

You're a terrible person!

RADIO MAN

Terrible Person?? Did I just rob a truck of soda? No. That was YOU.

STU

And YOU took my record. You broke it! I did it for you! I stole the soda for YOU!

The sound on the speaker crackles white noise. Then silence. Suddenly a door opens in the middle of the alley. Headed towards Stu, the figure steps out. It's the co-worker.

CO-WORKER

No. Stu. You didn't do it for me. You did it for your record.

Stu looks bewildered. The co-worker advances.

CO-WORKER (CONT'D)

And I did this for my soda.

STU

(stuttering)

Your? Soda?

CO-WORKER

Yes! My! Soda! Your head is too far up your ass to realize you drink my soda EVERY. DAY.

Co-worker picks up a brick and holds it over the record.

STU

I thought they were communal. How would I know?

CO-WORKER

You ignore me! Too obsessed with your damn record collection. Plus your stupid polyester ties that make me sneeze.

STU

(stuttering)

They're not new ! They're from the-

Stu stops.

CO-WORKER

Well I have to deliver your STUUUPID mail everyday. And I have to watch you drink MY soda everytime I do.

Stu looks over to shelia while coworker keeps gabbering on in the background.

STU

I have a plan

Stu and shelia whisper to each other.

CO-WORKER

So that's why when I heard about your prized record, I decided that I would have to do just as you did and- hey are you guys even listening to me?

Stu hides his hands behind his back.

STU

Yeah were listening

CO-WORKER

Are you sure, cause I kinda worked really hard on this, and you guys really don't seem very interested.

STU

No, no very interested, were  
scared over here.

Coworker sighs.

CO-WORKER

Anyway-

STU

Now shelia!

Stu pulls back the scrunchie in his hands and lets it loose through the air, shelia breaks out running in the opposite direction. The band flies in slow motion through the air, hitting coworker right in the face.

CO-WORKER

AAAAA POLYESTER! My one weakness.

Coworker falls to the ground, the brick falling right on to the record, destroying it. Stu falls down to his knees. Then puts his face to the floor. Fade to black.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

Stu is sitting in his office, looking longingly at the hole in his wall. Shelia walks up and puts her hand on Stu's shoulder.

SHELIA

I'm sorry about the record stu.

Stu doesn't say anything. Looking at the pin still in the wall.

SHELIA (CONT'D)

Come on stu, lets get something  
to eat.

A timelapse plays, stu and shelia eventually move all the records around, putting new ones up, changing where some are. But the hole on top stays, eventually, back in real time, a photo of stu and shelia replaces it. They walk down the hallway together.

THE END