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Writing a Thirty Minute Television Script

Mark L. Lauck
Buffalo State College

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Writing a Thirty Minute Television Script
By

Mark L. Lauck

An Abstract of a project

in

Creative Studies

Submitted in Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirements
for the Degree of

Master of Science

December 2006

Buffalo State College
State University of New York
Department of creative Studies

ii.

ABSTRACT OF PROJECT

Writing a Thirty Minute Television Script

The goal of the project was to write a twenty two to thirty page script for a television series. The script is the basis to develop a series of thirty to sixty minute television shows. The initial script is centered around the eternal battle between good and evil. It's set in an environment where non baptized or lost souls come to rest before moving on to hell or heaven. The place is called Limbo. It's neutral ground between Heaven and Hell, where good and evil have equal influence. The only thing keeping the atmosphere from exploding is the Truce, a series of rules both sides must abide by.

Date

iii.

Buffalo State College
State University College of New York
Department of Creative Studies

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Dates of Approval

Jon Michael Fox, Lecturer

Candidate

Dedication

v.

I want to thank a number of people who helped me throughout this terrific journey. First, I want to thank my wife, who encouraged, helped me format and made arrangements to help me. Second, I want thank the professors in the Creative Studies program.

To Mike Fox: Thank you for being tough on me in 559. I appreciated the honesty and the challenge of my first course. As soon as you started teaching 559, I knew I was in the right place. Thank you.

To Sue Keller Mathers: You are an overwhelming force of creativity and a terrific person. At the first class, I didn't get it, so I had to ask myself, why do all her students appear ready to pass out, throw up or jump out the window? The second course I was ready, but others were not. I really enjoyed that first day. I will never forget those precious moments of panic. Thank you.

To Dave Gonzalez: Thank you for allowing me to be the negative to your positive in class. Your class was a major turning point in my life.

To Mary Murdock: I'm sorry I never got to take a course under your direction. You have amazing class and charm.

To Gerard Puccio: You are the glue. You hold it altogether and I know it's not easy. You bring intelligence, caring and a grand dignity to the program. Thank you for everything.

And last but not least, my classmates. You put up with me, encouraged me and taught this senior citizen many life lessons. I'll always remember those nights in all my courses, when the light bulb appeared over our heads and we hit that magic moment where creativity meant something in our lives and we couldn't stop talking. Thank you.

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Chapter 1: Background of the Project

“Write without pay until somebody offers pay. If no one offers pay within three years, the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as the sign that sawing wood is what he was intended for.” - Mark Twain

Twain was obviously not sawing wood at the end of career, but in life, everyone saws wood until he or she gets paid for an acceptable product. I believe some people are comfortable sawing wood for a stable salary and others are constantly searching for a way out of the saw mill.

My real motivation for this project is that I am ready to move on in my life. My job is totally unsatisfying, my children are leaving the nest and I am not getting any younger.

This project, along with attaining my master's diploma will give me an opportunity to help me attain new goals and achieve much more satisfaction in my life.

My plan was to get my Master's degree and hope the degree got me promoted at work. Instead, I am taking took another road, to pursue a more satisfying life style.

I have developed a deep respect for creativity research. The science is not set in stone. The science is young and exciting when put in the context of the real world and I'm proud to have studied it.

In studying the science, I had the opportunity to research myself. In taking a variety of tests concerning my personality traits, I found an objective measure of my preferences and traits after taking the Myers Briggs Test.

While other students were shocked and disbelieving concerning the results, I was stunned on how this one test could pull together an accurate personality profile of me.

The MBTI (Myers Briggs) profile answered several questions for past behavior I deemed destructive and the test results provided a starting point for my self actualization process.

One aspect that the MBTI pointed out was my dislike for managing people. At work, people never could understand why I wasn't in Supervision. I was a relief supervisor for eight long years, but I was never promoted to permanent status because of self destructive behaviors.

At a critical moment of my life, I deliberately walked away from the supervisory process. Internally, I accepted that this supervisory position was not worth it.

I couldn't admit it then, but after taking the MBTI, it was clear to me that my destructive behavior was a result of not preferring the job. I

couldn't admit to myself, at the time, I disliked managing people or I would be admitting defeat, a word that is not in my vocabulary.

Today, I can see how I set myself up for failure in that instance. Today, I understand my strengths and weaknesses. I enjoy variety and have talents to build upon. My strength is the ability to work in different arenas and see life from many angles. I could be termed as a moderate, a middle man or a negotiator. I don't have strong feelings on many subjects, and I don't have to be an expert in any one field, but I do have a curiosity to see things, play in the box and out of the box. I love to learn and help people with my knowledge.

I came to realize that in the middle sections of life, there's great power; power to influence sides, power to bring together people and ideas, power to repair and build bridges. It also enables me to be flexible.

How does my self knowledge connect to this project? Over the last ten years or so, I've enjoyed writing. I've realized writing gives me the variety that I desire in life.

A by product of my creativity education was a creative spark that led me to finish a science fiction novel that I had started six years ago. Six months ago, the spark flashed again and I began another novel in a different genre'.

The master's project is another opportunity to stretch myself in the field of writing.

Chapter Two: Pertinent Literature for the Project

There were two major influences in literature for my project. The first was *Flow* Csikszentmihalyi's (1990) and the second book was *Lew Hunter's Screenwriting 434* (1993).

Theory of optimal experience in *Flow* (1990) is a subject that all writers should study. I believe it's essential to the writing process. Csikszentmihalyi's explanation of the optimal experience is "instead of being buffeted by anonymous forces, we do feel in control of our actions, masters of our own fate. On those rare occasions that it happens, we feel a sense of exhilaration, a deep sense of enjoyment that is long cherished and that becomes a landmark in memory for what life should be like." (Csikszentmihalyi, 1990, p.3)

The optimal experience is not something unplanned. Csikszentmihalyi explains, "the best moments usually occur when a person's body is stretched to its limits in a voluntary effort to accomplish something difficult and worthwhile. Optimal experience is thus something that we make happen." (Csikszentmihalyi, 1990, p.4)

His most powerful statement in the book, for me, was "Getting control of your life is never easy and sometimes it can definitely be painful. But in the long run optimal experiences add up to a sense of mastery-or perhaps better, a sense of *participation* in determining the content of life-that comes as close to what is usually meant by happiness as anything else we can conceivably imagine." (p.3)

I experienced optimal experience while writing the script, which did bring me moments of excitement and satisfaction. I accomplished a stretch goal and it wasn't easy.

I expect this book to influence my behavior in the future in many aspects of my life.

Lew Hunter's Screenwriting 434 (1993) taught me the structures and creative tools that professional writers use.

Script writing has its own methodology to follow. If an author doesn't follow the forms, the material doesn't even get looked at by a producer. The material has to be clear and lean. The story teller has approximately twenty two minutes to tell the story. Each minute costs money and the author has to be aware of not wasting any precious seconds on senseless action and dialogue. Hunter has written over five hundred scripts for movies and television. The book was an excellent teaching guide.

Other books, I read for the project didn't have the influence that the last two books had. The books, *If You want to Write* (1938) by Brenda Ueland, *Writing to Learn* (1988) by Willaim Zinsser and *How to Write and Sell Your First Novel* (1988) by Oscar Collier with Frances Leighton, and J.N. Williamson's book on *How to write Tales of Horror Fantasy & Science Fiction* (1987), featured essays from the masters of horror. Some of the essay authors, Dean Koontz, Ray Bradbury and Robert Bloch were very successful. The essays and the other books contained the tools of writing, business tips and inspiration.

For the literature on demons and angels I used several internet sites.

Chapter 3: The Process Plan

What model or process did I use to create my project?

Subconsciously, throughout the last two years, I have internalized a learning model. I was following the same model when I developed my master's project.

I didn't have a name for it until I went back to previous text books and found it.

I found the model in *Creativity is Forever* (Davis, 1983), authored by Gary Davis. The model was introduced by Graham Wallas (1926), who developed an analysis of stages within the creative process.

My initial project effort was going to be a two hour movie, but I decided that with my inexperience with writing a television script, a thirty minute script would be challenging enough.

My original choice was to write a horror story, a stand alone piece that could become a piece of an anthology. As I developed the story, I realized that the story was better suited to be a foundation of a television series.

I had been planning this project for three months before the start of the course, and so the actual work had been incubating for some time, but a self examination was needed during the whole process. I continued to use the Wallas model (1926) as my process.

The first stage of the Wallas model was Preparation. In my preparation, I was planning to work with the theme of a horror story but the product changed into a more supernatural story than horror. Although the one set of characters are Catholics, the religion plays a small part of the story. It might look like a religious story, but the aspects of demons and angels are contained in the Muslim Faith, along with the Egyptian belief system and many others religions.

Religion sets social structure for all civilizations; otherwise the world could not survive.

The background or press of the story, which acted as an inspiration was fairly easy to create.

As a child, my grandmother happened to live on the back street of the church in Black Rock in Buffalo New York. Often times, we stayed until night fall, and fog would roll in from the Niagara River.

Surrounding the back of the church was a large iron fence with spear heads. There was a huge gate and when conditions were right, the whole effect was something out of a London England horror movie, of which I had seen plenty of during Saturday afternoon matinees. Apparently those episodes made a lasting impression in my life.

I searched for pictures of the street and house in family photo albums, but there were none. In 1994, the houses in that area mysteriously burned down. I had my background and a mysterious event that was real.

The second stage of the model was incubation. In my case, I started thinking through the project a number of months ago and during the writing I devoted deliberate thinking and sub conscious thinking to the project.

The third stage was Illumination, which could be an insight, new ideas from different angles or idea combination. No light bulbs appeared over my head in this project, except for the brief collaboration with some of my friends who read the script. Unfortunately I did not have enough time to collaborate with others. I wish I had exposed my project to more people for insights and ideas.

The fourth stage in the model was Verification. Is your result real or can it be measured? In other creative problem solving models, it correlates with implementation or executing the idea.

My implementation wasn't as fast as I would have liked, but once I was committed, the script wasn't difficult to write.

I did achieve an optimal experience. The script was finished.

Chapter 4: The Product

The script for the television show, *The Truce* with commentary is in **Comic Sans MS font**. The commentary for each act is in **Ariel font**. At the beginning of every scene, there is an abbreviation that describes whether the scene takes place indoors or outdoors (INT/EXT), place description and day or night.

Title: *The Truce*

Fade to: screen

Man has calculated Ten Mathematical dimensions.

Cut to:

ACT 1

EXT.- Slavic Country-DAY

In a park on a beautiful day, a devastated city lurks in the background. A couple is walking a 3 year old girl in the park. The young girl gets out of her carriage and starts her first steps. Her parents are delighted.

The man looks down and pulls out his pipe.

FATHER

Not so fast, Sasha, my wife!

The woman has the baby by the arms and is forcing her to work faster.

SASHA

(laughing)

It's her first steps, let her go!

FATHER

(Mocking tone)

To where!

From the bushes, two men approach the couple. They're deserters, who are dressed in ragged military clothes. They approach the father.

TALL SOLDIER

Comrade, could you please share some of your wealth with us?
We just came from the front and have had nothing to eat for
days.

Hanging back is a short overweight deserter, who openly leers at the wife with one hand down his pants. The tall soldier looks back at his comrade and shakes his head in disgust.

TALL SOLDIER

Surely, you can share, comrade; especially for two brothers of
the Revolution.

The father steps forward and in front of his wife. The father knows his family is in danger.

FATHER

Absolutely, comrades; there is no need for violence; Lenin knows I've had enough. What regiment were you with? Perhaps I can help you contact the army for support.

The father reaches for his money and the sun reflects off his money clip. The tall soldier steps back and the overweight soldier draws a pistol.

TALL SOLDIER (yells)

He's got a gun, Valdi!

The short soldier panics and shoots at the man until the gun is empty. The woman runs toward her dead husband. The tall man plunges a thin knife into her neck as she bends over her husband's body. Police hear the shots on a near by hill and run across the park and surround the two men, who drop to the ground shouting not to shoot them. Both are viciously clubbed. A police officer, Sergikoff walks over and picks up the money clip, out of the father's hand. Another policeman, Forbo stands at his side.

FORBO

(disgusted)

Deserters. I hate them! They're animals, all of them!

Forbo looks over the officer's shoulder, at the money in the clip

FORBO (CONT.)

Ah, how much comrade?

The officer takes the money from the blood covered clip and counts it.

SERGIKOFF

He died for 50 rubles.

Sergikoff again looks at the dead wife and then examines the father.

SERGIKOFF (CONT.)

Poor bastards, killed for 50 rubles. Pitiful! This man was a decorated war hero! Look, he has Lenin's Medal of Honor!

Forbo snarls, turns and shoots the two deserters in the head. Brains and fluids explode out.

FORBO

Comrades, now you too know how to die for 50 rubles.

Forbo empties his pistol's spent bullets on the bodies of the dead criminals and starts reloading his pistol.

FOBO (CONT.)

Come; let us sell the clip and find a place to toast this hero of the revolution, comrade.

Sergikoff sadly shakes his head and looks at the dead family man. He sees a pool of blood beneath the small child's body under the nearby baby carriage.

CUT TO:

EXT- FOG FILLED STREET-DUSK

The same two deserters wake up on a cobblestone street. They are lying on their stomachs and have no wounds. It's a small cobblestoned street with fog about two feet tall. They snap awake, look around and see two eyes blazing through the fog. They scream and take off running. At the end of the street, they see a house with a door open. The two men race through the door and shut it.

CUT TO:

Int.-Inside the house-Night

The two men have their back against the door. The floor starts crumbling and demon arms crawl from out of the floor. The men are grabbed and taken below.

CUT TO:

The house bursts into flame, collapses and then rebuilds itself in second. It looks perfectly normal.

Commentary on the Prelude:

Why have preludes? The first reason is to get the audience's attention right away. The best preludes immediately capture the mood and a small piece of foundation for the story. In this case, I wanted to establish a life after death experience and introduce the environment in which the story takes place. It has shock value if the demons are visually arresting. It also incorporates the mysterious burning down of my grandmother's house.

The first statement about the mathematical levels of reality was the foundation of the script. Different dimensions would explain that there is a heaven and hell, but these places are in different realities and not even remotely connected to Earth. Heaven would be the tenth dimension level and Hell would be the first dimension level. Other levels could be thought of as rungs on a ladder or way stations on a road.

The theory could explain why we don't know what God looks like. We live in the third dimension; consequently, beings in the tenth dimensions would be impossible to imagine. They would have powers far greater than our own and have solved the riddle of dimensional travel. They could look like energy or be so different that we could not even look at them without going insane. Moses was probably from a higher dimension.

The theory enables my characters to act and do things, ordinary people would find astounding. In Hell, the singularity is pain, endless pain. Hellish creatures can do extraordinary things as they move up from Hell.

In each succeeding higher dimensional level, there is less pain and more beauty, until the tenth level, which is Heaven.

Act One of The Truce

EXT- ST FRANCIS CHURCH- DAY

There is an old big intimidating gothic church with a school and dorms, surrounded by a huge iron fence. There is a small cobble stone street and some houses across from the church. The neighborhood is very old, over 150 years old.

CUT TO:

INT.-SCHOOL ROOM ON GROUNDS OF THE CHURCH

In the class room, a nun in black garb is lecturing. She's dressed in a severe habit, heavy wool and covering everything but her face. Magdalena, (little girl from the prelude) is sitting in the front row, but she's older, fourteen. The class has all ages up to 18 years old. There are different religious symbols on the walls, not all of them Catholic. A teacher is at the front of the class room.

SISTER NEWMAN

We have just covered current events. Tomorrow, there will be a pop quiz. Now then, for our new students, I know what the first question is, when can I see my parents again and why am I here?

Some of the children nod. Some new children appear very anxious. The class is made up of all types of races.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT)

You are here, my child; because your parents wanted to protect you from harm. The war, as you know, has produced many evil men and women, who prey upon children.

Magdalena raises her hand and the nun nods.

MAGDALENA

Why am I still here? I miss my mother and father. Why won't they come for me? Don't they love me any more?

SISTER NEWMAN

There are many people worried about you and are ... praying for your benefit. When they fulfill your obligations, you will leave and be with your parents.

A snicker comes from the back of the room and a tall nun in a white habit, with an Omega sign on her breast, walks down the aisle. She is Sister Monica and she's beautiful with her habit tailored to show off her body. Behind her, another young Sister, also dressed in white, walks in and stands at the back of the class. The boys in the class stare at them.

SISTER MONICA

Sister Newman is correct, children. Sacrifices are being made on your behalf. Be patient. Enjoy yourselves. You have freedom and opportunity to have fun until you leave us. When your time is up, you'll see a sign to leave. When we see the sign, you will be escorted to your parents.

SISTER NEWMAN

Thank you, sister. Now children, now open your math book to...

SISTER MONICA

(Interrupts)

Sister, surely we have had enough for today. Why don't you let them take recess outside?" You know the old saying? Too much work makes Jack a dull boy! The war is still raging and they do need more fun to take their worries away.

Sister Newman narrows her eyes and they flash momentarily and then she smiles.

SISTER NEWMAN

(softening)

I agree, the war is still raging, but their studies must come first!

Sister Monica nods to Sister Sophia at the back of the room.

SISTER SOPHIA

Very well, children, come along.

The door shuts by itself and the two nuns approach each other, hating even to be in the same room. They are both poised for attack.

SISTER NEWMAN

(Snarls)

You know the rules, equal time for each side!

SISTER MONICA

(Yawns)

The Truce, it's always the Truce and its stupid rules. Really, you people have it all wrong.

SISTER NEWMAN

If you creatures would play by the rules, we wouldn't even be here! But, playing by the rules goes against everything He teaches, doesn't it? No, that would make you into something He couldn't tolerate, something he abhors!

Monica walks up to the chalk board and begins doodling.

SISTER MONICA

You bore me sister, really. Why don't you live a little? What rule have I broken this time?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Points her finger)

The third rule, "Exploit not the children's desires"! You would love to get inside their little heads, wouldn't you, bitch. Corrupt them as you've tried to corrupt my staff. Then you and your things could enjoy your corrupt pleasures, every day, wouldn't you!

SISTER MONICA

Ah, so you are looking for an excuse to break The Truce, but will He back you up, my dear? Would he intervene? We are way below his attention threshold, aren't we Sister! Or did He give you orders, perhaps?

Newman walks up to Monica and jabs a finger into her chest. Monica's eyes turn yellow and she looms at Newman.

SISTER NEWMAN

We don't need His intervention! We have enough power to handle you and your lackeys! And no, He didn't send any orders down to break the Truce and destroy all of you, but I really wish HE would. I would wait for eternity for that order.

She turns around and takes a breath to calm herself, then looks back at Monica.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

(Solemnly)

The Truce is to be obeyed. At least some of these poor children will be given a chance.

SISTER MONICA

(Grinning with beautiful teeth, with sharp long canines)

The culling is coming soon, sister. I hope for a better performance this time, but I'm not optimistic. The last one was.....pathetic.

CUT TO:

EXT-PLAYGROUND-DAY

On the playground, Magdalena is playing with several class-mates throwing a ball, when Salix, a dark eighteen year old Arab youth comes over and kicks it. Several other boys back him up. All bullies.

SALIX

You do not have time to play, little girl! Put on some clothes! Cover yourself! Give me your lunch! I do not want you playing with this filth. You are my woman!

MAGDALENA

Go away, Salix; you know I will never submit to you and your sick buddies over there. I went into the library yesterday and read about you people! You are barbarians! I would rather die than be your slave!

Salix shoves her down and Tom, an American boy, casually walks over and slams Salix down. The other boys look at Salix for direction, but don't attack. Tom picks up the ball and bounces off one of the bullies face. The boy is stunned and after several boys are hit by the ball by Tom, they look at Salix for help.

TOM

(Standing over Salix)

Hey, leave her alone. Go back to your own country; we don't like your kind here! I've learned of your perverted practice of child marriages. My father told me. He was a newspaper man in Arabia, before he died.

Salix slowly gets up and lunges at Tom, who avoids the lunge and Salix ends up on his face in a mud puddle. The boy is obviously embarrassed. Again the others are afraid to attack without a sign from Salix.

SALIX

(Snarls)

I will kill you, American. You now have a jihad placed on your head.

TOM

Go hump a camel, Abdul!

He takes Magdalena by the hand and leads her away to share his lunch.

CUT TO:

INT.-BUILDING-DAY

A young monk, Marcus, enters a near by building. He slinks around until he finds a small room with supplies in it. He closes the door. Facing him is a beautiful nun. He grins and pulls down her habit head cover. They embrace passionately and then she pushes him a way.

SISTER LUCILLA

This is wrong. We're breaking the Truce. This is forbidden!

MARCUS

(Whining)

I love you. That's not wrong. Even He cannot condemn us, for our love.

SISTER LUCILLA

(Seductively)

No, it's not wrong. We have little enough joy at this level. Why can't our masters let us go?

MARCUS THE MONK

(determined)

It's a small price to pay for you

SISTER LUCILLA

It's easy for you to say. I lose too much. I will never be with Him. He will punish me for a thousand years.

MARCUS THE MONK

(Talking himself into it)

Come with me then! My master will treat you well. He'll take care of us for all eternity.

The young Nun's face changes to greed and lust as she drops to her knees.

SISTER LUCILLA

But first I will take care of you my love.

The monk's face is relaxed until he looks down with horror, struggles and finally attempts to scream, but he cannot. The demon holds up his head, that's detached from his body and kisses him on the lips.

Commentary on Act One:

The first act generates questions. Who are the bad guys and who are the good guys? Is this really a school and why are there no grown ups? Where is the school? What are sexy nuns teaching? How come I never had nuns like that in my school?

The first act is all about relationships. Stories are about people, interesting people.

There is an obvious divide between teachers. They represent good and evil. The Truce keeps them from tearing each other apart.

The Truce has not been broken for a long time as the two hidden puppet masters have produced enough fear in the two camps, so that both camps have to follow orders or be punished.

I tried to make the scenes as lean as possible in hopes of confusing the audience to whom is good and who is evil.

In the beginning of the story, relationships are in balance. The two groups intermingle with sporadic problems until a predatory sexual Succubus escapes Hell and enters the second level, seduces a monk and does some very nasty things to him. Lew Hunter (1987) believes the two most powerful forces driving any story are power and sex. Both upset the balance in this story.

Act Two of The Truce

FADE TO:

INT.-DUSK- The Nunnery (Dormitory)

The grounds are getting foggy as night begins. Three nuns gather at a table over food. One is dressed in blue, her name is Sister Superior and she is young and beautiful. The other two nuns are older, not as

attractive and grouchy. One is named Sister Newman and the other is Sister. They clearly dislike this young interloper.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Sisters, have you felt something lately?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Sarcastically)

No, sister; everything is quiet; although someone did draw a male's member on the girl's bathroom wall. I had it washed off yesterday. Maybe you can tell us who did it; after all you wear the name, Superior.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Sister, please don't start. I was assigned the name, for what reason I don't know and frankly I don't care! Your jealousy is unbecoming a woman of your faith and rank. I can arrange for you to wear the name.

SISTER NEWMAN

Hah, the arrogance of youth again raises its ugly head. Child, I had my chance.

SISTER SUPERIOR

What happened?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Softly)

I wasn't chosen. I was told I wasn't worthy to wear the mantel.

She pours some wine into a goblet. The other sister nods and she pours wine into the other goblet. Superior puts her head down and eats some soup.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

And why in damnation do we have to force this garbage into our bodies!

She picks up her soup and hurls it against the wall: most of it is through the wall.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

I hate this stinking body. I hate this level! I can practically smell his sulfuric shit from here! When I see Michael, I'm going tear him a new.....

Sister Joan stops eating and coughs softly to stop the rant. Sister Newman angrily tears off a piece of bread and shoves it down her throat. Sister Superior has her mouth open in amazement. Sister Joan clears her throat.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

I know, I know, I've spent too much time above.

SISTER JOAN

I did see Sister Lucilla conversing and giggling with that lecherous monk, Marcus, yesterday. It seemed.....

Newman stops chewing and glares at her.

SISTER NEWMAN

Intimate?

SISTER JOAN

(Shudders)

Now that I think of it, yes. We do have to intermingle with them, but this seemed different; like they enjoyed each other.

SISTER NEWMAN

(slams down her fist)

What, again? This always happens before the culling. They can't leave things alone!

SISTER JOAN

Please calm down. Have some more bread.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(holding the bread basket)

And the Truce ?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Waves her hand)

Forget the Truce, sister, we're talking about souls and the way it was before!

SISTER SUPERIOR

Was it that bad?

SISTER JOAN

(Sighs)

You have no idea. We'd waged holy wars before in various levels of reality, but these innocents had no place to go. We couldn't save as many as we wanted. Once the Red Prince had his way, there were no survivors. He filled his coffers that day.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Angry at the idea of defeat)

Surely He could have intervened!

SISTER NEWMAN

(Emphatically)

No, He couldn't. HE had to play by his own rules

A SCREAM rings out. The three nuns run out of the room to the courtyard. As they walk out, Joan grabs Newman's shoulder.

SISTER JOAN

(Softly)

Let it go Maria! It wasn't your fault.

Newman turns and brushes her off.

NEWMAN

(Angry at a memory)

It's easy for you to say, Joan. This girl is an insult to me. He deliberately sent her here to punish me because I said "no" to Him.

CUT TO:

INT.-BUILDING-DUSK

Sister Superior hurries past a young nun who points inside the boiler room. Inside the room they see the young monk naked and strung up as a sacrifice. Mother Superior looks up at him and makes the sign of the cross.

SISTER JOAN

Sister, who could have done this?

SISTER NEWMAN

I need to speak to the Monsignor. You two stay here and look for clues. Don't take down his body, I've sent for a clean up crew. You can smell it, can't you; Joan?

CUT TO:

INT. - RECTORY- DUSK

In an opulent room, full of leather furniture and a fireplace, a large figure is sitting at a desk, dressed in rich blue and red robes. He signals his assistant to let the Sister Newman in. He motions her to sit.

MONSIGNOR

Before you start, sister, let me tell you, I know of the accident. It's tragic and should in no way endanger our relationship. Over the many years, we've had isolated conflict within the grounds, and we've settled things amicably. Am I not correct?

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Furious)

This was no accident! Not like this! This abomination, this Succubus! You let her in! You are responsible!

MONSIGNOR

(Coolly)

Would you like something to drink?

Sister gestures "no".

MONSIGNOR (CONT.)

Unfortunately, I believed she morphed and was unable to control her basic needs. As you know, the Red Prince has given us limited powers to survive here; much like your master has given you. Naamah was not invited to our world. I have received information that she has left her dominion without permission.

Sister nods.

MONSIGNOR (CONT.)

On this level of existence, we cannot always control our baser instincts. As per the Treaty, we, of course will help track her down and remove her from the playing field. We have no wish for war. I have asked for Flereous, our elemental fire hunter to bring Naamah down where she belongs.

SISTER NEWMAN

(Forcefully)

I know him, he's a bastard and I believe he was a former lover of this particular creature. Be quick about it, before it infects your brood. Some could barely hold back at the sight of blood.

MONSIGNOR

I've already ordered our people to capture the wayward one. Interesting that you know it's a woman?

SISTER NEWMAN

The smell. You people stink when you revert! Especially the women.

MONSIGNOR

(Faking astonishment)

That's it? That's the best you can do?

SISTER NEWMAN (smiling)

One other thing.

MONSIGNOR (intrigued)

What?

SISTER NEWMAN

She snapped it off. They always have to snap it off, don't they? What's up with that? Do they wear them as trophies or just hang them up on hell's walls.

MONSIGNOR (contemplatively)

Yes, I've been meaning to tell the Master that we're leaving behind too many familiar signatures, as they say.

SISTER SUPERIOR

You might want to tell him, a man's cock is not a pen! Especially after the ink has been used!

Commentary on the Second Act:

The second act introduces the protagonist, a young woman. This is a new angle for me because I seldom read literature with female heroes. It's a coming of age story for a young being in the guise of a young woman. Whether Sister Superior will be feminine in other dimensions is a question to be answered in any sequels.

I remember when children and especially teenagers believed in authority. If you stepped out of line or were even perceived to have been bad, you were punished.

Sister Superior, the young protagonist has that belief in her authority figures. She thinks all authority figures know what they're doing. Newman is completely opposite. I developed Sister Newman from my own life experiences.

In various jobs during my life, I always gravitated to the mean gruff old men that had been working at their jobs for a long time. They always had the best stories, talked crap and took care of you, if they liked you. Sister Newman is the gruff veteran.

Superior is the young naïve employee, on the fast track. She's got her first assignment and already she is resented by other women, who are jealous and men who ignore her and treat her like meat.

In Act Two, we learn that Newman's existence has been difficult and although she acts with envy towards the young sister, she also realizes she had her chance at glory, but refused it.

She lies about being told she wasn't worthy. It's an easy excuse. The real reason was once she declined to move up a level for a mission. Because of her refusal, Newman believes she's in exile.

She senses a familiar situation concerning Superior. The Monsignor is an Archdemon, with an MBA, and extra powers. He has direct connection with the Red Prince, ruler of the Underworld. He'd been

assigned to Limbo and likes his present situation. Unfortunately, a fly appears in his ointment. The fly is the she demon, Naamah, the demones of seduction, who has escaped Hell and has started moving into the upper dimensions. Her presence and killing spree has stirred up a hornets nest in his cozy world. The Monsignor protects his own authority by promising to capture or kill the demon. He doesn't want his boss to clean up the mess.

The third act brings all the elements together in what I would term a perfect storm of personalities, in which everyone gets what they deserve.

Act Three of The Truce

FADE IN:

INT- NUNNERY BARRACKS-NIGHT

Sister Superior enters the barracks of the Nunnery. She's astonished to see several of her sisters torn apart. She grabs a nearby floor torch, douses the fire and unconsciously twists it into a spear. Slowly she walks into the room.

She hears crunching. She looks over a near by bed and sees the demon, Naamah hunched over, eating fresh flesh and crunching bones.

Sister Superior looks down.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Who are you?

The demon smiles as she talks with blood dripping from here mouth.

NAAMAH

Ah, sister; so good to see you. My name is Naamah, and I was sent to kill you, by my master. But the monk was too tempting. I thought I had time. However, these two sisters were also too delectable not to eat. Want a bite?

She holds up a hand and a leg.

NAAMAH (CONT.)

By the way, the monk was delicious. His suffering was worth the trip.

The demon points to the scattered flesh.

NAAMAH (CONT.)

Dark or white?

Superior rams the spear through the demon's brain.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Eat this!

The demon's body is shrinking as Superior looks up and hears SCREAMING coming from the children's dorm. Sister turns from the window and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT.-COURTYARD-NIGHT

Outside, the children are streaming out into the courtyard, looking at their hands. They each have a bloody star imprinted in their palms. The large gates open and the children run out, and stop; looking for their parents.

MAGDALENA

Where are my mother and father?

A voice comes out of a near by house

DEMON VOICE

Over here, little one, come!

Nuns and monks transform into demons and grab children. They rush towards near by houses with their captives, but other nuns and monks, turn into angelic figures with white armor, swords and spears. The armored nuns and monks have supernatural speed to head off some of the kidnappings, but for others it's too late. The near by houses are entrances to hell. The angels attack the demons and while the armor protects them; still they fall from bloodied wounds. When the combatants die, they appear in human form and the terrified children cling to the familiar dead bodies.

The Monsignor appears from the mist and takes two children by the hand; Magdalena and Tom. Right behind them is Salix. Monsignor is intercepted by armored and angry Sister Superior. She has a glowing spear and levels the weapon at him.

MONSIGNOR

(Condescending)

Oh please. Don't be stupid. I'm of the sixth level. You can't touch me. HE's granted me powers that you can only dream of! It would take an Archangel to defeat me, not a child. Now move a side, for I have what the Red Prince craves, innocent souls!

He opens his eyes and two bolts blast out and into the chest of Superior. She falls to the ground with her breast plate, smoking, and a large hole in it. He leans over and spits on her. The spit sizzles on her armor. He looks down.

MONSIGNOR

I never could understand why they called you, superior. You're way too young. Well, eventually we all get promoted above our abilities. In your case, it happened early.

He motions to two nearby demons to pick Superior up.

MONSIGNOR (CONT.)

Take her! I will enjoy turning her. She'll become just another

fallen slut!

While his attention is on the nun, the two children break away and run past him. As he turns to pursue, Sister Superior slowly sits up and then stands. Her hand is still on the spear. She skewers the two on coming demons, who melt into liquid and get sucked into the ground. She turns on the demon leader.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Hey! You bastard! You're not so tough. Put your skirt on and fight me!

Sister Superior starts walking towards the other end of the street where a bright opening has appeared. Angels are carrying the children into the light including the Magdalena and Tom. The Monsignor sees his prizes being taken away. He roars and morphs into a horrible creature. He rushes at Sister Superior. She whirls and hurls the spear into the creature. He is stunned at the spear in his chest and the unbelievable pain coursing through his body. He turns back into his human form, looking at the spear protruding from his chest.

MONSIGNOR

Child, how? Do you not know who I am?

Sister Superior walks over and glares at him.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Disdainfully)

You are the prime minister and chief of all the treasures in Hell. I studied you thoroughly in school. I believe your name is Rofocale.

Rofocale falls to one knee.

ROFOCALE

Then you know I will hunt you! My prince will let me loose again.

Sister Superior leans over and pulls the spear out, with gore all over it.

SISTER SUPERIOR (laughs)

Only after the Red Prince has administered his punishments, which I understand last a millennia, with incredible suffering.

Sister Superior pushes him down with one finger.

SISTER SUPERIOR (CONT)

Oh, I believe this is where you meet your master.

Rofocale screams and dissolves. A bright red flash explodes and the Red Prince looms above her. He's eight feet tall and dressed in a suit

with a wide brimmed hat, looking much like a business man. She raises the spear in a defensive position. Three Archangels appear behind her, bristling with weapons.

RED PRINCE

(Deep grand voice)

I reinstitute the Truce!

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Wide eyed with astonishment)

You've got to be kidding me!

The Red Prince smiles benevolently and looks down, like a person ready to stamp on an ant.

RED PRINCE

Ah, but I 'm not kidding, child. The problem is that I had to come here, just as I was starting a fun little war. Do you know any reliable help? Souls, you can trust?

Sister Superior hears a slight click behind her and sees her cousin, Michael and several other warrior angels in the middle of the carnage. He smiles and nods in agreement. He mouths the words, its ok. She turns to look up, clearly frustrated. The Red Prince sees the reinforcements and steps away from Superior, afraid he might be attacked.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Frustrated)

But why, why did you break the truce?

RED PRINCE

(Grinning)

I didn't, your Master did. He set the rules.

SISTER SUPERIOR

I don't understand?

RED PRINCE

(snarls)

Free will, little girl! He gave everyone free will! Ah, what a beautiful gift. It's his main flaw, you know, his weakness. He will step down when enough souls reject him. He will no longer exist! Without believers, he is powerless. Free will, I love it!

Sister Superior looks around at all the bodies and sees Sister Newman dead on a pile of demons. She looks back to the Red Prince.

SISTER SUPERIOR

This was a waste of life, even at this level! Even you can see it's a waste! Why do you even bother?

RED PRINCE

(Sarcastically)

I just think it s a good way to turn over the help, don't you?

He disappears with his laughter hanging in the air. The Archangels move around her. Michael, the leader is extremely good looking except for a demon battle scar on his face. The Archangels walk to Superior, staring at the dead.

MICHAEL

You have been bloodied! Are you ready to leave this level behind, sister? You have a chance to move up. You've earned the right to live amongst men and have more glorious battles. It'll be tougher, more complex with more rules and risk. But you will have a chance to become Seraphim, to move between and experience Him.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Exhausted)

What risk?

MICHAEL

(Astonished)

Why, your immortal soul of course. There will be tremendous temptations and this little skirmish is nothing compared to the demon wars we wage on other levels.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Angrily)

And why should I want to move up?

MICHAEL

(Laughs)

To be closer to Him, and His glory, of course.

SISTER SUPERIOR

I remember Him, but it was only at my beginning.

MICHAEL

(Sighs)

Yes. The memory never fades, even the early ones.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Waves her hand over the scene)

What about those who died here?

MICHAEL

They will be rewarded with honors in the upper levels. Don't worry; He takes care of His own.

Superior slams the spear into the ground and takes off her helmet.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Very testy, bordering on losing it)

So, let me get this straight. If I chose to move up; there will be encounters even more extreme dangers, while I battle demons and their human offspring, and I'll be granted more opportunities to turn against Him through temptation.

She steps forward and looks eye to eye with Michael.

SISTER SUPERIOR (CONT)

Please tell me why I don't want to let a demon kill me right here and now and rise up immediately to be with Him.

Michael gently grips her shoulder and smiles.

MICHAEL

Because that's not in our nature, sister; it's who we are.

CUT TO:

INT.-HELL- MANY LEVELS DOWN

In the lower depths of hell, the Red Prince is walking next to a fire. The Red Prince is walking around, looking for something. He leans down to look at a near by fire, glances down and sees the face of the Rofocale in the fire. The agony is clear in his face. The embers are glowing with the faces of his minions at the school.

RED PRINCE

This time you will pay for your failure, but I will use you again when it suits me! I cannot appear weak or my reign down here will be over. Too many wannabe's in this place.

He kicks the fire and scatters it. The fire reforms and begins wailing again. From the reformed fire comes a voice. Rofocale moans in agony.

ROFOCALE

I will take that bitch down here to suffer if it takes a thousand years.

The Red Prince pauses and looks back.

RED PRINCE

At least you still have goals, my friend.

He walks down a corridor and laughs in a strange terrifying manner.

THE END

Chapter 5: Conclusions:

Key earnings:

My passive/aggressive personality likes to write. I have problems with being passive aggressive, but I don't think it's a negative in some respects, especially when writing.

My definition for passive / aggressive is the differences within my personality. On the outside, I'm a nice easy going personality with an edge, but underneath I do have an aggressive personality that rises quickly when I'm attacked, insulted or being forced to do something I don't think is right. It also provides energy when I need to get things done under pressure, especially when I become angry with myself.

In writing, that aggressiveness comes quickly to the surface to provide material for conflict and action. It provides me with energy and imagination. If I truly let it dominate, my writing could become very scary, sadistic and nasty.

Writing enables me to let the dark side express itself safely.

Another key learning was I can write, but my formatting and typing are not the best. I need to expand my Word skills. I haven't really stretched my abilities in typing, but maybe I don't have to.

One other mistake was that I didn't collaborate enough on this project. It took me a long time to finalize the project in terms of structure. I was too centered on writing the script and should have had more interaction with people.

I finally exposed my script to different people in the last few days and got some very good feedback. One person helped me on continuity. Continuity in a story is very critical when sequences don't quite make sense. We had some great collaboration on that subject. Those script changes were not adopted in this rewrite of the script, but will be incorporated in the future rewrite.

Because of my experiences with collaboration, I'm going to find an agent instead of trying to sell the script myself.

Follow up issues

The writing process went well. I accomplished what I set out to do. I left myself a door to reentering the story. I've left some interesting questions and story threads for the next episodes. What will happen to Sister Superior if she moves up? What would motivate her to move up? Physically and mentally, how does a being move through dimensions? Will God force her? What would happen if mankind solved the riddle of dimensional travel? Will Newman want to stay in the upper levels? What would mankind do if they found out God was not quite the being they worshipped? Is Salix, a demon to be groomed, now that Rofocale is out of the picture for a couple of hundred years?

There is room to add or subtract characters. Each level will be different environment with restrictions and powers. Historical characters could be introduced, and you would be surprised who became an angel or a demon.

I have plenty to work with if I want to continue the work.

I have other questions. How much will episode cost to make and what creative minds will be used to imagine the story? What tools do the producers and director use to visualize a story? Could I facilitate meetings while working on a shooting script? I know story boarding is a common tool. Do they sit in a room and use techniques to brain storm or does the Finance dictates what will be filmed? Today, Finance plays a major roll in every business. How does a director set up a working staff in the real world? I'm really interested on the mechanics of the industry.

My major follow up item is to get the script to someone with a professional opinion.

Reflections:

Creativity is not as easy as using a model to make something. Getting an optimal experience is not easy and sometimes motivation disappears. There are multiple barriers to getting a project done and not all of them can be overcome.

What can I tell the next person who wants to write something for their master's project?

You will need a lot of intrinsic motivation. You will need more motivation in the form of extrinsic motivation, when your inner motivation runs out. Collaborate; show your work to others, no matter what form it's in.

Talk to your advisor when you need a lift.

If you don't have passion (and I am not a passionate person), look at what you are and what you like. Go with your intuition and not for a trophy.

In the beginning of my master's education, I wanted to do a thesis because I thought it would be a great trophy. Then I talked to other people and found out the trophy may not be worth it for me. It's more scientific and my strength is not science. My next choice was a master's project on writing a seminar for home schooling. It would be a great way to make money, but I realized the project should be developed by a teacher and I have no formal training as a teacher. I'm also not very good at producing product for money. I don't like to do things for money, as stupid as that sounds.

My philosophy has always been about the journey and not the destination. The journey is everything and not the destination. It's good to find closure at times and accomplish things. I've done that. I've done a lot of things in my life, but I want to do more. I don't want to hang around to retire. I didn't get my masters for fun. I studied for knowledge and if I can't use that knowledge, I would not even have bothered to go back to school.

I've come to the end of another road. One way leads to the same work and safe but uncertain retirement. The other road is unknown, exciting, different, challenging and very scary. The first road leads to a small safe financial reward,

while the other leads to possible large financial rewards, but it may not provide any money for a long time. One road leads to a small cubicle, while the other leads to the entire world.

If you were in my shoes, which one would you pick?

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Appendix A: The Original Two Minute Movie of *The Truce*

This document could be the pitch or initial offering to the producers. This was my original outline for the script.

First Act:

A young girl is shot and appears in a strange environment. It's an orphanage. In reality, the grounds are really limbo. The children are souls waiting to be dispersed to heaven or hell. There is a truce between the demonic and angelic factions.

The only law preventing conflict is The Truce, which is a set of rules governing behaviors.

The only way out, is receiving a sign. The sign is a mark (to be developed) that appears on the palm of their hands. This sign appears when enough prayer and sacrifice in their names has been accomplished on earth.

When the girl who was shot walks into the grounds, the demons sense she's special. Her soul is untainted by any sins. Satan has sent messages to his minions on the ground that this girl must be taken into hell. If they get her into hell, Satan has promised them rewards beyond their wildest years.

The angels don't see anything special about the girl. No one from above has sent them any special instructions.

Second Act:

The girl adjusts to the life of the church, school and dormitory. Every day, the demons tempt her to do something bad and they tempt her with earthly delights. The seduction is subtle and other children even help the demons at times.

The angels are the nuns and brothers who teach and discipline. They aren't any fun and they gently but firmly contradict the demons. The children with tainted souls have a chance to get to heaven if they do the "right things."

A demon seduces an angel and kills him.

Third act:

Time is running out for the demons as the sign appears on several of the children's palms. Late that night, several nuns and monks lead the children outside the huge gate and onto a darkened street with dilapidated houses. The street is cobblestone. There is a light mist. From out of the house appears a bunch of demons from the school disguised as people. They beckon the children into the house promising them hot chocolate and sweets.

The house inside is lit by a fire, a portal to hell.

While the children are looking at the house, the two nuns and two monks are murdered silently by demon creatures.

The truce is broken.

The children start walking towards the house.

From out of the fog, a man appears. He's young and handsome. Several of the children turn around and start to walk towards him.

He wants the innocents.

A demonic woman steps forward and sheds her disguise. She appears as a monster.

The innocents can't see the change.

The woman grabs the children and turns towards the house. A bolt of energy takes her head off, her body changes to ash and the children float to the ground.

He motions to follow, glares back at the demons, and destroys them.

The guardian angel and children walk off into the light.

In Hell, the woman demon is ashes at the bottom of a fire. Satan appears and she starts screaming at him.

Satan kicks the fire, scattering the logs and ashes. The woman reforms, looks up at the logs and sees they are her demon companions from the school.

She wails in frustration. This is her eternity, the heart of the fire torturing her for all time.

Appendix B: The Complete Script without Commentary

Title: *The Truce*

Prelude:

Fade to: screen

Man has calculated Ten Mathematical dimensions.

CUT TO:

EXT.- Slavic Country-DAY

In a park on a beautiful day, a devastated city lurks in the background. A couple is walking a 3 year old girl in the park. The young girl gets out of her carriage and starts her first steps. Her parents are delighted.

The man looks down and pulls out his pipe.

FATHER

Not so fast, Sasha, my wife!

The woman has the baby by the arms and is forcing her to work faster.

SASHA

(laughing)

It's her first steps, let her go!

FATHER

(Mocking tone)

To where!

From the bushes, two men approach the couple. They're deserters, who are dressed in ragged military clothes. They approach the father.

TALL SOLDIER

Comrade, could you please share some of your wealth with us? We just came from the front and have had nothing to eat for days.

Hanging back is a short overweight deserter, who openly leers at the wife with one hand down his pants. The tall soldier looks back at his comrade and shakes his head in disgust.

TALL SOLDIER

Surely, you can share, comrade; especially for two brothers of the Revolution.

The father steps forward and in front of his wife. The father knows his family is in danger.

FATHER

Absolutely, comrades; there is no need for violence; Lenin knows I've had enough. What regiment were you with? Perhaps I can help you contact the army for support.

The father reaches for his money and the sun reflects off his money clip. The tall soldier steps back and the overweight soldier draws a pistol.

TALL SOLDIER (yells)

He's got a gun, Valdi!

The short soldier panics and shoots at the man until the gun is empty. The woman runs toward her dead husband. The tall man plunges a thin knife into her neck as she bends over her husband's body. Police hear the shots on a near by hill and run across the park and surround the two men, who drop to the ground shouting not to shoot them. Both are viciously clubbed. A police officer, Sergikoff walks over and picks up the money clip, out of the father's hand. Another policeman, Forbo stands at his side.

FORBO

(disgusted)

Deserters. I hate them! They're animals, all of them!

Forbo looks over the officer's shoulder, at the money in the clip

FORBO (CONT.)

Ah, how much comrade?

The officer takes the money from the blood covered clip and counts it.

SERGIKOFF

He died for 50 rubles.

Sergikoff again looks at the dead wife and then examines the father.

SERGIKOFF (CONT.)

Poor bastards, killed for 50 rubles. Pitiful! This man was a decorated war hero! Look, he has Lenin's Medal of Honor!

Forbo snarls, turns and shoots the two deserters in the head. Brains and fluids
explode out.

FORBO

Comrades, now you too know how to die for 50 rubles.

Forbo empties his pistol's spent bullets on the bodies of the dead criminals and
starts reloading his pistol.

FOBO (CONT.)

Come; let us sell the clip and find a place to toast this
hero of the revolution, comrade.

Sergikoff sadly shakes his head and looks at the dead family man. He sees a pool of
blood beneath the small child's body under the near by baby carriage.

CUT TO:

EXT- FOG FILLED STREET-DUSK

The same two deserters wake up on a cobblestone street. They are lying on their
stomachs and have no wounds. It's a small cobble stoned street with fog about two
feet tall. They snap awake, look around and see two eyes blazing through the fog.
They scream and take off running. At the end of the street, they see a house with a
door open. The two men race through the door and shut it.

CUT TO:

Int.-Inside the house-NightThe two men have their back against the door. The floor
starts crumbling and demon arms crawl from out of the floor. The men are grabbed
and taken below.

CUT TO:

The house bursts into flame, collapses and then rebuilds itself in second. It looks
perfectly normal.

CUT TO:

EXT- ST FRANCIS CHURCH- DAY

There is an old big intimidating gothic church with a school and dorms, surrounded by a huge iron fence. There is a small cobble stone street and some houses across from the church. The neighborhood is very old, over 150 years old.

CUT TO:

INT.-SCHOOL ROOM ON GROUNDS OF THE CHURCH

In the class room, a nun in black garb is lecturing. She's dressed in a severe habit, heavy wool and covering everything but her face. Magdalena, (little girl from the prelude) is sitting in the front row, but she's older, fourteen. The class has all ages up to 18 years old. There are different religious symbols on the walls, not all of them Catholic. A teacher is at the front of the class room.

SISTER NEWMAN

We have just covered current events. Tomorrow, there will be a pop quiz.

Now then, for our new students, I know what the first question is, when can

I see my parents again and why am I here?

Some of the children nod. Some new children appear very anxious. The class is made up of all types of races.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT)

You are here, my child; because your parents wanted to protect you from harm. The war, as you know, has produced many evil men and women, who prey upon children.

Magdalena raises her hand and the nun nods.

MAGDALENA

"Why am I still here? I miss my mother and father. Why won't they come for me? Don't they love me any more?"

SISTER NEWMAN

There are many people worried about you and are ...

... praying for your benefit. When they fulfill your

obligations, you will leave and be with your parents.

A snicker comes from the back of the room and a tall nun in a white habit, with an Omega sign on her breast, walks down the aisle. She is Sister Monica and she's beautiful with her habit tailored to show off her body. Behind her, another young

Sister, also dressed in white, walks in and stands at the back of the class. The boys in the class stare at them.

SISTER MONICA

Sister Newman is correct, children. Sacrifices are being made on your behalf. Be patient. Enjoy yourselves. You have freedom and opportunity to have fun until you leave us. When your time is up, you'll see a sign to leave. When we see the sign, you will be escorted to your parents.

SISTER MARY

Thank you, sister. Now children, now open your math book to...

SISTER MONICA

(Interrupts)

Sister, surely we have had enough for today. Why don't you let them take recess outside?" You know the old saying? Too much work makes Jack a dull boy! The war is still raging and they do need more fun to take their worries away.

Sister Newman narrows her eyes and they flash momentarily and then she smiles.

SISTER NEWMAN

(softening)

I agree, the war is still raging, but their studies must come first!

Sister Monica nods to Sister Sophia at the back of the room.

SISTER SOPHIA

Very well, children, come along.

The door shuts by itself and the two nuns approach each other, hating even to be in the same room. They are both poised for attack.

SISTER NEWMAN

(Snarls)

You know the rules, equal time for each side!

SISTER MONICA

(Yawns)

The Truce, it's always the Truce and its stupid rules. Really, you people have it all wrong.

SISTER NEWMAN

If you creatures would play by the rules, we wouldn't even be here! But, playing by the rules goes against everything He teaches, doesn't it? No, that would make you into something He couldn't tolerate, something he abhors!

Monica walks up to the chalk board and begins doodling.

SISTER MONICA

You bore me sister, really. Why don't you live a little? What rule have I broken this time?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Points her finger)

The third rule, "Exploit not the children's desires"! You would love to get inside their little heads, wouldn't you, bitch. Corrupt them as you've tried to corrupt my staff. Then you and your things could enjoy your corrupt pleasures, every day, wouldn't you!"

SISTER MONICA

Ah, so you are looking for an excuse to break The Truce, but will He back you up, my dear? Would he intervene? We are way below his attention threshold, aren't we Sister! Or did He give you orders, perhaps?

Newman walks up to Monica and jabs a finger into her chest. Monica's eyes turn yellow and she looms at Newman.

SISTER NEWMAN

We don't need His intervention! We have enough power to handle you and your lackeys! And no, He didn't send any orders down to break the Truce and destroy all of you, but I really wish HE would. I would wait for eternity for that order.

She turns around and takes a breath to calm herself, then looks back at Monica.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

(Solemnly)

The Truce is to be obeyed. At least some of these poor children will be given a chance.

SISTER MONICA

(Grinning with beautiful teeth, with sharp long canines)

The culling is coming soon, sister. I hope for a better performance this time, but I'm not optimistic. The last one was.....pathetic.

CUT TO:

EXT-PLAYGROUND-DAY

On the playground, Magdalena is playing with several class-mates throwing a ball, when Salix, a dark eighteen year old Arab youth comes over and kicks it. Several other boys back him up. All bullies.

SALIX

You do not have time to play, little girl! Put on some clothes! Cover yourself! Give me your lunch! I do not want you playing with this filth. You are my woman!

MAGDALENA

Go away, Salix; you know I will never submit to you and your sick buddies over there. I went into the library yesterday and read about you people! You are barbarians! I would rather die than be your slave!

Salix shoves her down and Tom, an American boy, casually walks over and slams Salix down. The other boys look at Salix for direction, but don't attack. Tom picks up the ball and bounces off one of the bullies face. The boy is stunned and after several boys are hit by the ball by Tom, they look at Salix for help.

TOM

(Standing over Salix)

Hey, leave her alone. Go back to your own country; we don't like your kind here! I've learned of your perverted practice of child marriages. My father told me. He was a newspaper man in Arabia, before he died.

Salix slowly gets up and lunges at Tom, who avoids the lunge and Salix ends up on his face in a mud puddle. The boy is obviously embarrassed. Again the others are afraid to attack without a sign from Salix.

SALIX

(Snarls)

I will kill you, American. You now have a jihad placed on your head.

TOM

Go hump a camel, Abdul!

He takes Magdalena by the hand and leads her away to share his lunch.

CUT TO:

INT.-BUILDING-DAY

A young monk, Marcus, enters a near by building. He slinks around until he finds a small room with supplies in it. He closes the door. Facing him is a beautiful nun. He grins and pulls down her habit head cover. They embrace passionately and then she pushes him away.

SISTER LUCILLA

This is wrong. We're breaking the Truce. This is forbidden!

MARCUS

(Whining)

I love you. That's not wrong. Even He cannot condemn us, for our love.

SISTER LUCILLA

(Seductively)

No, it's not wrong. We have little enough joy at this level. Why can't our masters let us go?

MARCUS THE MONK

(determined)

It's a small price to pay for you

SISTER LUCILLA

It's easy for you to say. I lose too much. I will never

be with Him. He will punish me for a thousand years.

MARCUS THE MONK

(Talking himself into it)

Come with me then! My master will treat you well. He'll take care of us for all eternity.

The young Nun's face changes to greed and lust as she drops to her knees.

SISTER LUCILLA

But first I will take care of you my love.

The monk's face is relaxed until he looks down with horror, struggles and finally attempts to scream, but he cannot. The demon holds up his head, that's detached from his body and kisses him on the lips.

FADE TO:

INT.-DUSK- The Nunnery (Dormitory)

The grounds are getting foggy as night begins. Three nuns gather at a table over food. One is dressed in blue, her name is Sister Superior and she is young and beautiful. The other two nuns are older, not as attractive and grouchy. One is named Sister Newman and the other is Sister They clearly dislike this young interloper.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Sisters, have you felt something lately?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Sarcastically)

No, sister; everything is quiet; although someone did draw a male's member on the girl's bathroom wall. I had it washed off yesterday. Maybe you can tell us who did it; after all you wear the name, Superior.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Sister, please don't start. I was assigned the name, for what reason I don't know and frankly I don't care! Your jealousy is unbecoming a woman of your faith and rank. I can arrange for you to wear the name.

SISTER NEWMAN

Hah, the arrogance of youth again raises its ugly head. Child, I had my chance.

SISTER SUPERIOR

What happened?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Softly)

I wasn't chosen. I was told I wasn't worthy to wear the mantel. She pours some wine into a goblet. The other sister nods and she pours wine into the other goblet. Superior puts her head down and eats some soup.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

And why in damnation do we have to force this garbage into our body!

She picks up her soup and hurls it against the wall: most of it is through the wall.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

I hate this stinking body. I hate this level! I can practically smell his sulfuric shit from here! When I see Michael, I'm going to tear him a new.....

Sister Joan stops eating and coughs softly to stop the rant. Sister Newman angrily tears off a piece of bread and shoves it down her throat. Sister Superior has her mouth open in amazement. Sister Joan clears her throat.

SISTER NEWMAN (CONT.)

I know, I know, I've spent too much time above.

SISTER JOAN

I did see Sister Lucilla conversing and giggling with that lecherous monk, Marcus, yesterday. It seemed.....

Newman stops chewing and glares at her.

SISTER NEWMAN

Intimate?

SISTER JOAN

(Shudders)

Now that I think of it, yes. We do have to intermingle with them, but this seemed different; like they enjoyed each other.

SISTER NEWMAN

(slams down her fist)

What, again? This always happens before the culling. They can't leave things alone!

SISTER JOAN

Please calm down. Have some more bread.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(holding the bread basket)

And the Truce ?

SISTER NEWMAN

(Waves her hand)

Forget the Truce, sister, we're talking about souls and the way it was before!

SISTER SUPERIOR

Was it that bad?

SISTER JOAN

(Sighs)

You have no idea. We'd waged holy wars before in various levels of reality, but these innocents had no place to go. We couldn't save as many as we wanted. Once the Red Prince had his way, there were no survivors. He filled his coffers that day.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Angry at the idea of defeat)

Surely He could have intervened!

SISTER NEWMAN

(Emphatically)

No, He couldn't. HE had to play by his own rules

A SCREAM rings out. The three nuns run out of the room to the courtyard. As they walk out, Joan grabs Newman's shoulder.

SISTER JOAN

(Softly)

Let it go Maria! It wasn't your fault.

Newman turns and brushes her off.

NEWMAN

(Angry at a memory)

It's easy for you to say, Joan. This girl is an insult to me. He deliberately sent her here to punish me because I said "no" to Him.

CUT TO:

INT.-BUILDING-DUSK

Sister Superior hurries past a young nun who points inside the boiler room. Inside the room they see the young monk naked and strung up as a sacrifice. Mother Superior looks up at him and makes the sign of the cross.

SISTER JOAN

Sister, who could have done this?

SISTER NEWMAN

I need to speak to the Monsignor. You two stay here and look for clues. Don't take down his body, I've sent for a clean up crew.

You can smell it, can't you; Joan?

CUT TO:

INT. - RECTORY- DUSK

In an opulent room, full of leather furniture and a fireplace, a large figure is sitting at a desk, dressed in rich blue and red robes. He signals his assistant to let the Sister Newman in. He motions her to sit.

MONSIGNOR

Before you start, sister, let me tell you, I know of the accident. It's tragic and should in no way endanger our relationship. Over the many years, we've had isolated conflict within the grounds, and we've settled things amicably. Am I not correct?

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Furious)

This was no accident! Not like this! This abomination, this Succubus! You let her in! You are responsible!

MONSIGNOR

(Coolly)

Would you like something to drink?

Sister gestures "no".

MONSIGNOR (CONT.)

Unfortunately, I believed she morphed and was unable to control her basic needs. As you know, the Red Prince has given us limited powers to survive here; much like your master has given you. Naamah was not invited to our world. I have received information that she has left her dominion without permission.

Sister nods.

MONSIGNOR (CONT.)

On this level of existence, we cannot always control our baser instincts. As per the Treaty, we, of course will help track her down and remove her from the playing field. We have no wish for war. I have asked for Flereous, our elemental fire hunter to bring Naamah down where she belongs.

SISTER NEWMAN

(Forcefully)

I know him, he's a bastard and I believe he was a former lover of this particular creature. Be quick about it, before it infects your brood. Some could barely hold back at the sight of blood.

MONSIGNOR

I've already ordered our people to capture the wayward one. Interesting that you know it's a woman?

SISTER NEWMAN

The smell. You people stink when you revert! Especially the women

MONSIGNOR

(Faking astonishment)

That's it? That's the best you can do?

SISTER NEWMAN (smiling)

One other thing.

MONSIGNOR (intrigued)

What?

SISTER NEWMAN

She snapped it off. They always have to snap it off, don't they? What's up with that? Do they wear them as trophies or just hang them up on hell's walls.

MONSIGNOR (contemplatively)

Yes, I've been meaning to tell the Master that we're leaving behind too many familiar signatures, as they say.

SISTER SUPERIOR

You might want to tell him, a man's cock is not a pen! Especially after the ink has been used!

FADE IN:

INT- NUNNERY BARRACKS-NIGHT

Sister Superior enters the barracks of the Nunnery. She's astonished to see several of her sisters torn apart. She grabs a nearby floor torch, douses the fire and unconsciously twists it into a spear. Slowly she walks into the room. She hears crunching. She looks over a near by bed and sees the demon, Naamah hunched over, eating fresh flesh and crunching bones. Sister Superior looks down.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Who are you?

The demon smiles as she talks with blood dripping from here mouth.

NAAMAH

Ah, sister; so good to see you. My name is Naamah, and I was sent to kill you, by my master. But the monk was too tempting. I thought I had time.

However, these two sisters were also too delectable not to eat. Want a bite? She holds up a hand and a leg.

NAAMAH (CONT.)

By the way, the monk was delicious. His suffering was worth the trip.

The demon points to the scattered flesh.

NAAMAH (CONT.)

Dark or white?

Superior rams the spear through the demon's brain.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Eat this!

The demon's body is shrinking as Superior looks up and hears SCREAMING coming from the children's dorm. Sister turns from the window and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT.-COURTYARD-NIGHT

Outside, the children are streaming out into the courtyard, looking at their hands. They each have a bloody star imprinted in their palms. The large gates open and the children run out, and stop; looking for their parents.

MAGDALENA

Where are my mother and father?

A voice comes out of a near by house

DEMON VOICE

Over here, little one, come

Nuns and monks transform into demons and grab children. They rush towards near by houses with their captives, but other nuns and monks, turn into angelic figures with white armor, swords and spears. The armored nuns and monks have supernatural speed to head off some of the kidnappings, but for others it's too late. The near by houses are entrances to hell. The angels attack the demons and while the armor protects them; still they fall from bloodied wounds. When the combatants die, they appear in human form and the terrified children cling to the familiar dead bodies. The Monsignor appears from the mist and takes two children by the hand; Magdalena and Tom. Right behind them is Salix. Monsignor is intercepted by armored and angry Sister Superior. She has a glowing spear and levels the weapon at him.

MONSIGNOR

(Condescending)

Oh please. Don't be stupid. I'm of the sixth level. You can't touch me. HE's granted me powers that you can only dream of! It would take an Archangel to defeat me, not a child. Now move a side, for I have what the Red Prince craves, innocent souls!

He opens his eyes and two bolts blast out and into the chest of Superior. She falls to the ground with her breast plate, smoking, and a large hole in it. He leans over and spits on her. The spit sizzles on her armor. He looks down.

MONSIGNOR

I never could understand why they called you, superior. You're way too young. Well, eventually we all get promoted above our abilities. In your case, it happened early.

He motions to two nearby demons to pick Superior up.

MONSIGNOR (CONT.)

Take her! I will enjoy turning her. She'll become just another fallen slut!

While his attention is on the nun, the two children break away and run past him. As he turns to pursue, Sister Superior slowly sits up and then stands. Her hand is still on the spear. She skewers the two on coming demons, who melt into liquid and get sucked into the ground. She turns on the demon leader.

SISTER SUPERIOR

Hey! You bastard! You're not so tough. Put your skirt on and fight me! Sister Superior starts walking towards the other end of the street where a bright opening has appeared. Angels are carrying the children into the light including the Magdalena and Tom. The Monsignor sees his prizes being taken away. He roars and morphs into a horrible creature. He rushes at Sister Superior. She whirls and hurls the spear into the creature. He is stunned at the spear in his chest and the unbelievable pain coursing through his body. He turns back into his human form, looking at the spear protruding from his chest.

MONSIGNOR

Child, how? Do you not know who I am?

Sister Superior walks over and glares at him.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Disdainfully)

You are the prime minister and chief of all the treasures in Hell. I studied you thoroughly in school. I believe your name is Rofocale.

Rofocale falls to one knee.

ROFOCALE

Then you know I will hunt you! My prince will let me loose again.

Sister Superior leans over and pulls the spear out, with gore all over it.

SISTER SUPERIOR (laughs)

Only after the Red Prince has administered his punishments, which I understand last a millennia, with incredible suffering.

Sister Superior pushes him down with one finger.

SISTER SUPERIOR (CONT)

Oh, I believe this is where you meet your master.

Rofocale screams and dissolves. A bright red flash explodes and the Red Prince looms above her. He's eight feet tall and dressed in a suit with a wide brimmed hat, looking much like a business man. She raises the spear in a defensive position. Three Archangels appear behind her, bristling with weapons.

RED PRINCE

(Deep grand voice)

I reinstitute the Truce!

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Wide eyed with astonishment)

You've got to be kidding me!

The Red Prince smiles benevolently and looks down, like a person ready to stamp on an ant.

RED PRINCE

Ah, but I 'm not kidding, child. The problem is that I had to come here, just as I was starting a fun little war. Do you know any reliable help? Souls, you can trust?

Sister Superior hears a slight click behind her and sees her cousin, Michael and several other warrior angels in the middle of the carnage. He smiles and nods in agreement. He mouths the words, its ok. She turns to look up, clearly frustrated. The Red Prince sees the reinforcements and steps away from Superior, afraid he might be attacked.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Frustrated)

But why, why did you break the truce?

RED PRINCE

(Grinning)

I didn't, your Master did. He set the rules.

SISTER SUPERIOR

I don't understand?

RED PRINCE

(snarls)

Free will, little girl! He gave everyone free will! Ah, what a beautiful gift. It's his main flaw, you know, his weakness. He will step down when enough souls reject him. He will no longer exist! Without believers, he is powerless. Free will, I love it!

Sister Superior looks around at all the bodies and sees Sister Newman dead on a pile of demons. She looks back to the Red Prince

SISTER SUPERIOR

This was a waste of life, even at this level! Even you can see it's a waste!

Why do you even bother?

RED PRINCE

(Sarcastically)

I just think it s a good way to turn over the help, don't you?

He disappears with his laughter hanging in the air. The Archangels move around her. Michael, the leader is extremely good looking except for a demon battle scar on his face. The Archangels walk to Superior, staring at the dead.

MICHAEL

You have been bloodied! Are you ready to leave this level behind, sister? You have a chance to move up. You've earned the right to live amongst men and have more glorious battles. It'll be tougher, more complex with more rules and risk.

But you will have a chance to become Seraphim, to move between and experience Him.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Exhausted)

What risk?

MICHAEL

(Astonished)

Why, your immortal soul of course. There will be tremendous temptations and this little skirmish is nothing compared to the demon wars we wage on other levels.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Angrily)

And why should I want to move up?

MICHAEL

(Laughs)

To be closer to Him, and His glory, of course.

SISTER SUPERIOR

I remember Him, but it was only at my beginning.

MICHAEL

(Sighs)

Yes. The memory never fades, even the early ones.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Waves her hand over the scene)

What about those who died here?

MICHAEL

They will be rewarded with honors in the upper levels. Don't worry; He takes care of His own. Superior slams the spear into the ground and takes off her helmet.

SISTER SUPERIOR

(Very testy, bordering on losing it)

So, let me get this straight. If I chose to move up; there will be encounters even more extreme dangers, while I battle demons and their human offspring, and I'll be granted more opportunities to turn against Him through temptation.

She steps forward and looks eye to eye with Michael.

SISTER SUPERIOR (CONT)

Please tell me why I don't want to let a demon kill me right here and now and rise up immediately to be with Him.

Michael gently grips her shoulder and smiles.

MICHAEL

Because that's not in our nature, sister; it's who we are.

CUT TO:

INT.-HELL- MANY LEVELS DOWN

In the lower depths of hell, the Red Prince is walking next to a fire. The Red Prince is walking around, looking for something. He leans down to look at a near by fire, glances down and sees the face of the Rofocale in the fire. The agony is clear in his face. The embers are glowing with the faces of his minions at the school.

RED PRINCE

This time you will pay for your failure, but I will use you again when it suits me! I cannot appear weak or my reign down here will be over. Too many wannabe's in this place.

He kicks the fire and scatters it. The fire reforms and begins wailing again. From the reformed fire comes a voice. Rofocale moans in agony.

ROFOCALE

I will take that bitch down here to suffer if it takes a thousand years.

The Red Prince pauses and looks back.

RED PRINCE

At least you still have goals, my friend.

He walks down a corridor and laughs in a strange terrifying manner.

THE END

Appendix C: PPCo's

Appendix D: Recommended Readings

Recommended Readings

deMello, A. (1990). *Awareness: The perils and opportunities of reality*. New York: Doubleday.

Gardner, J. (1983). *On becoming a novelist*. New York: Harper & Row.

Joy, Stephen P. (2005). Motivation and artistic creativity. *Journal of Creative Behavior*, 39, (1), 35-54.

Joy, Stephen. (2004). The need to be different. *Creativity Research Journal*. 16 (2/3), p313-330.

Puccio G, Murdock M, Mance M. (2007) *Creative leadership: Skills that drive change*. California: SAGE Publications.

Restak, R. M.D. (2001). *Mozart's and the fighter pilot: Unleashing your brain's potential*. New York: Three Rivers Press.

Concept Paper for the Project

Writing a Thirty Minute Television Script

Mark L. Lauck

September 7, 2006

This project is to develop my skills as a writer for Television and movies by writing a television script.

What Is This Project About?

The project is to write a 22-30 page script that fulfills my Master's Project requirements and can be sold to a production company.

Rationale for Choice

Having written one book in the field of science fiction and started another in the action /adventure genre; I want to test my abilities as a writer in another field. I haven't found my niche as a writer and I need to try different styles to see what I'm good at and what really interests me.

As I get closer to retirement, I'm looking to leave something behind. Instead of learning new skills, I want to develop a talent. My general audiences have read different pieces I've produced, and they liked the material. I greatly admire people who take risks and follow their creative muse instead of the normal security in the form of an everyday job.

I think everyone has said, "I could have written that crap!" after seeing a movie or television show. Now I want to prove that I can write better material than people in the business.

My ultimate dream would be to work in the field of movies with my niece, Janelle, who is determined to be a film director and is now working as an assistant producer in a small production company. Her situation allows me

access to producers, as she screens scripts for different television channels. It's a golden opportunity to prove myself and take some risks for fun.

I desperately need fun, plus I need to walk away from my present job before I get fired or it kills me.

What Will be the Tangible Products(s) or Outcomes?

There are two products that I expect to have. One is a sellable script and the other product is the learning experience. Even though I'll have a product in the form of a script, the self development process is far more important to me.

Throughout the Creative Studies Master's program, I've learned more about myself than in the first fifty years of my existence. This is another self development process that will expand my horizons as a person.

What Criteria Will You Use To Measure The Effectiveness of Your Achievement?

The effectiveness or success will be measured on a personal level, and product approval. I'll be extremely successful (in my own mind) when I complete this phase of the Master's program, whether the product sells or not.

I've overcome immense personal fears, and personal barriers to come this far.

My own personal dreams, in the past six years have been around returning to school. Often times in my dreams, I was in class and during class I panic because I can't remember an assignment or a question. I feel helpless and run out of the class room, feeling abject humiliation. Consequently, I'm serious when I say I've overcome personal fear.

As any writer knows, further success will be measured by other people who read and enjoy the script. If three people like it , I'll be happy.

Who Will Be Involved Or Influenced: What Will Your Role Be?

I'm the writer and creator. I will need a lot of guidance from Mike Fox, my instructor. I will have my script read by a professional, Kathryn Radeff who teaches how to get published and also critiques material for a fee.

When will this project take place?

I believe I can finish the project this semester, but it may take longer.

Where Will This Project Occur?

I'll be working from home in Wheatfield, New York and at Buffalo State College.

Why Is This Important To Do This?

Good stories take people's minds off their troubles for a short amount of time. Since the dawn of man, writing has served to communicate and entertain people. Story telling is the oldest form of fun, besides sex. Basically, I hope it brings pleasure to people.

Personal Learning Goals

I want to open my imagination by the use of creative thinking, continue to learn how and when to defer judgment in listening to people's ideas, learning by use of creative tools in a real life situation, improving my networking skills , and learn to take criticism gracefully.

How Do You Plan To Achieve Your Goals and Outcomes?

I'm going to look back at what I've learned. There was so much material to learn in a short amount of time that I realize I may have missed something I've studied and this is a good time to use.

Evaluation

I will look to use creative tools, such as PPCO, and SWOT evaluate results as the project develops.

Project Timeline

Phase one: September 1 -21- Develop concept and rough out plot line and get feedback.

Phase two: September 22- 29 – Develop characters using divergent thinking tools. Develop a Morphological Matrix.

Phase three: Sept 30th – Oct 6- Develop plot environment using divergent tools.

Phase four: Oct 6th -18th – Write the first act and get feed back using PPCO or other evaluation tools.

Phase five: Oct 19th- Nov 1- Write the second act and get feed back using PPCO or other evaluation tools.

Phase six: Nov 1- 15- Write the third act and get feed back using evaluation tools.

Nov 16: Hand the draft in.

Nov 16 –Nov 29- Continue polishing script and getting feedback.

Identify Pertinent Literature Or Resources

I'll be using the internet, creative tools I've learned from previous classes and material from my Creativity portfolio. An example would be the tools I've learned this summer in the Tools Workshop.

I will be using the following books.

Berkman R , (1990). *Find it fast: how to uncover expert information on any subject*. New York: Harper & Row.

DeBono E. (1992), *Serious creativity: using the power of lateral thinking to create new ideas*. New York: Harper Collins Publishers.

Houghten P.M. PhD., Houghten PhD. , Peters M. PhD.(2005). *Apa, the Easy Way!* United States: authors.

Hunter, L. (1993). *Low hunter's screen writing 434*. New York :The Putnam Publishing Group.

Vale, E. (1982). *Technique of screen and television writing*. New York: Prentice- Hall Inc.

Possible resources

Finke, R. A., Runco M.A.(Ed.) (1997). Mental imagery and visual creativity. *The creativity research handbook*, (1) (184-202), Creskill, NJ: Hampton Press.

Houtz, J. C., Frankel, A. D. (1992). Effects of incubation and imagery training on creativity. *Creativity Research Journal*, 5 (2), 183-189.

Amabile, T. M. (2001). Beyond talent: John Irving and the passionate craft of creativity. *American Psychologist*, 56 (4), 333-336.

Collins, M.A., Amabile, T.M., Sternberg R. (Ed.), J. (1999). Motivation and creativity. *Handbook of creativity*, (297-312). Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press.

Permission for Online Publication.

I give permission to Buffalo State College to publish
my complete master's project online **after December 1, 2007.**

Mark L. Lauck

Date