

FLOORS 10 THROUGH G

Written by

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WOCF Writer's Bootcamp Homework

Address

Phone Number

EXT. NEW ORLEANS SWAMPS - CLOUDY DAY - FLASHBACK

Zoe, 8 years old, bare foot with tattered clothes digs a miniature pink toy suitcase out of a pile of slushy mud. She gently places it to the side and continues to dig through the mud.

She spots a rusty metal ring in the mud, quickly grabs it and jumps up twirling in joyful circles as she speaks to a tree, placing the washer on her ring finger.

ZOE

And I take you to be my awful
married hus'ban for ever and
'er...as long as we have a big
house and lots of food for our--

ZOE'S DAD (OS)

Zo', get in here now! A storms
comin'!!

Zoe pouts as she runs towards the house, then quickly turns back to grab the miniature pink suitcase.

INT. A RUN DOWN SHACK IN NEW ORLEANS - MOMENTS LATER

Zoe kicks off her muddy shoes as she runs into the house, a tattered and dirty screen door slams behind her.

ZOE'S DAD

Got-dammit Zo', I told you bout
slamming that damn door.

ZOE

Sorry DaDa, what's for din-

ZOE'S DAD

-Don't ask whatcha know. Bread,
butter and pig broth.

Zoe stomps off towards a corner in the shack, pink suitcase in hand.

ZOE

If Ma was her, she'da make my
favori --

Zoe's Dad throws a glass cup at the wall, it shatters.

ZOE'S DAD

Well, she ain't her now, is she?!

Zoe runs behind a sheet pinned up across the room, creating a makeshift wall of sorts, and hops in her bed.

She pulls a dirty sock from under the bed and puts it on her hand like a puppet. She talks to herself through the puppet sock.

ZOE

It's ok Zo-Zo, one day, we'll be rich and famous and have a great big ole house and a great big ole family...and no pig broth...or bread, I hate bread.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. LAS VEGAS DESERT - PRESENT DAY

A hawk soars through the blistering heat in a desert. In the distance a cityscape waves like a mirage until the Vegas strip appears.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - CONTINUOUS

The hawk soars and dips until it perches on top of a huge billboard.

The billboard reads: "20th Anniversary of ZoZo and the Pink Suitcase - SOLD OUT."

INT. MIRAGE CASINO ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The elevator counts down from level 10 to level G.

INT. MIRAGE CASINO KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stef, a frantic assistant, dashed off of the elevator and runs into the kitchen, searching for the chef. She spots him in the corner and darts over to him as broth spills off the sides of a bowl in her hand.

STEF

Who sent this broth up to Ms. Lowe's room?

CHEF

Me, I figured Ms Lowe would like to taste the chef's special tonight --

STEF

Don't you finish that fucking sentence. No pork or bread, the rules are very clear! No oink, no bread.

CHEF

Please send my apologies, it won't happen agai--

STEF

You're damn right it won't, if it does, you're finished.

Stef storms off, but quickly turns and runs back to the chef.

STEF (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, that was so rude. I... It's..It's just my first week and I don't know what I'm even doing here, but the benefits are really *really* good and I need to get this weird mole on my back checked...plus a route canal -- I just, I can't lose this job...

The chef stares at her, confused.

STEF (CONT'D)

And here I go telling strangers way too much information -- oh gosh, I'm gonna lose my job...and I can't, lose my job cause the mole...you know...just sorry, I'm sorry.

She turns away embarassed. Then quickly turns back.

STEF (CONT'D)

By the way, the soup was very delicious...and no bread, really?! Like, who doesn't eat--

CHEF

-- Ms Lowes.

STEF

Right...well, ok, thank you ..for your services and amazing soup -- bye.

She runs off with her tail between her legs.

CUT TO:

INT - GOLD ELEVATOR DOORS - MOMENTS LATER

Gold elevator doors swing open. Zoe, now an adult, dressed in luxury apparel steps out of the elevator, followed by her assistant Stef, rolling a bedazzled pink suitcase.

ZOE

If my Ventriloquist doll squeaks on stage again, we're gonna have a problem. Please make sure you have props oil the jaw this time.

STEF

Yes ma'am. I apologize, won't happen again.

Typing notes on her phone.

STEF (CONT'D)

Oil jaw. (to Zoe) Your salad is in your dressing room, on ice, no bacon bits, no croutons, no bread. Your --

They walk backstage and talk over the loud chaos. Various employees politely greet Zoe as they prep wardrobe, make-up, sound and lighting for Zoe's show.

ZOE

You know what, send up a loaf of bread...and I think I'll try that pig broth thing Chef Louie has on the menu tonight.

The prep work and noise immediately goes silent as everyone stands in shock at what Zoe just requested.

A Costumer runs over to Zoe, concerned.

COSTUMER

But Zoe, what if you bloat from the soup, we don't --

Zoe lifts her hand up which has a miniature sized Ventriloquist doll on it and speaks through the doll.

VENTRILLOQUIST DOLL

Then put some fucking elastic in it. (turning to Zoe) How much do you pay these jerks to criticize your waist line.

ZOE

I don't.

VENTROLIQUIST DOLL
(to Stef) Order the bread and soup.
We'll be in our dressing room.
Thank you.

Zoe takes the pink suitcase and rolls it into her dressing room as the door slams behind her.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

VENTILOQUIST DOLL
I think the therapy's working.

ZOE
You know what, I think it is too.