

Script formatting —example for discussion:

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EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - PARKING AREA - DAY

Elizabeth pulls into the lot in front of Building D of an older apartment complex. Most of the spaces are taken. Each is painted with the apartment number. Two per apartment.

She pulls in over the line, taking up two spaces. Might as well -- she lives alone since Ben left.

CLOSE ON PAINTED NUMBERS - "301-A" AND "301-B"

BACK TO SCENE

She climbs out and trudges to the building.

A black sports car drives slowly by. In it -- Damon.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

Elizabeth unlocks door number "301." She steps in and closes the door.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - ELIZABETH'S APARTMENT - DAY

She locks the door and drops her briefcase on an accent table inside the door. She plops onto the sofa, picks up the remote, and clicks on the TV.

ELIZABETH
(mumbling to herself)
I hate my life.

She stares blankly at the screen as she flips through channels, past an old western, a 1970s sit-com, and a game show. She stops on a T.V. PREACHER, grinning ear to ear in an expensive suit.

T.V. PREACHER
God wants you to prosper. If you want kids, he will give you kids. If you want success and advancement on your job, he will give you that. You just need to claim it.

His audience responds with canned "AMEN"s.

ELIZABETH

(to the television)

Yeah, right. I claimed a boyfriend
and he left me. I claimed success on
the job and I'm going to be fired.
Claimed kids -- and nothing.

T.V. PREACHER

God wants to give you everything you
want. Just ask and receive.

She clicks it off and tosses the remote to the coffee table.

ELIZABETH

Okay, God. Here's one for you. I
want to keep my job. Okay? Let me
start winning cases.

She sits a moment. Pondering.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

If not, I'll know you're not real.

She stands and walks toward the kitchen but stops when her
CELL PHONE RINGS. She glances at the caller ID. Answers.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mom, this is not a good time.

AMY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Oh, dear. I saw you on T.V. I'm
sorry you lost, but you were on the
wrong side this time.

Elizabeth clears her throat. No other response.

AMY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Fighting against Christians is
reprehensible, dear. You need a
different job. Think about it.

ELIZABETH

(into phone)

I'll talk to you later, Mom.

She ends the call. Drops the phone on the counter.

A KNOCK on the DOOR startles her. Exasperated, she turns.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What now?

She opens the door to see

A FLOWER DELIVERY PERSON, with a bouquet of black roses.

He smiles a fake smile.

FLOWER DELIVERY PERSON

Flowers for Miss Elizabeth Carroll.

He hands the bouquet to her.

FLOWER DELIVERY PERSON (CONT'D)

You're a lucky lady. Black roses
have many different meanings.
Everything from death and loss to
change and new beginnings. They also
signify courage and power.

He appears proud of his vast knowledge.

Elizabeth makes a dour face. She has no clue who would send them to her.

ELIZABETH

Thanks. I think.

She takes them and closes the door. Pulls the card out and reads aloud.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

"Violets are blue;
Roses are black.
I believe in you.
It's time to fight back."

She looks at the card -- totally puzzled as to who sent them.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Not Ben. His new girlfriend?

She shakes her head. Turns the card over and reads.

INSERT - BACK OF CARD: "FROM SOMEONE WHO SEES YOUR VALUE"

BACK TO SCENE

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
(still puzzled)
Not my boss, that's for sure.

She eyes the roses with disgust. Starts to toss them in the waste basket. Stops. Gazes at the buds.

Then grabs an oversized vase from the cabinet and puts them in it, adds water, and sets it on the counter.

EXT. JOGGING TRAIL - TRACKING - DAY

Elizabeth jogs on a trail through a wooded park. High-end running shoes. Spandex running shorts that reveal curves. Around her neck -- a thin chain with a delicate gold cross.

Below the cross, the top and straps of her athletic bra show under the scoop neck of her sleeveless tank top. On her right upper arm, a tattoo of half a rose, like it wasn't finished. Her skin and clothes are wet with sweat.

In the b.g., the SOUND of HEAVY FOOTFALLS.

Elizabeth glances over her shoulder. Her determined expression fades to one of concern, then fear as the steps get louder. Closer.

She speeds up.

So does the person behind her.

She glances back and sees a man dressed in sweats and a tee shirt with a pentagram on the left side over the heart. He's gaining on her.

As she faces forward again, her foot lands on a rock in the path. Her ankle gives way and she goes down. She remembers to pull her arms in, not try to break the fall with her hand.

She looks up, shaken but otherwise okay.

The man towers over her. He extends a hand to help her up.

She notices that he's quite handsome and muscular. Wavy dark hair. Deep brown eyes. Stubble but no beard or mustache. She places her hand in his.

He pulls her up and steadies her with his hands on her shoulder and waist.

She lets them linger there. Blushes as a hot flash passes through her. Steps back.

He is Damon. Everything about him is perfect. His air of confidence assures Elizabeth that she can trust him.

DAMON

Watch where you step, Elizabeth.

A glimpse of fear passes through her eyes. She steps back.

ELIZABETH

How do you know my name?

He smiles.

She takes another step back.

He reaches for her hand and takes it, stopping her retreat.

She tries to resist, but his gaze transfixes her.

DAMON

I was at the courthouse yesterday.
Was that your boss?

Her questioning look fades as she recalls the incident. Anyone could figure it out.

ELIZABETH

So, you know I'm a loser.

He looks intently into her eyes.

DAMON

No. I see your value.

Her eyes light up. Is this who sent the flowers?

DAMON (CONT'D)

Would you like a guaranteed win? And maybe even revenge against him?

She steps back.

ELIZABETH
Who are you, anyway?

DAMON
I am Damon Morteman. I represent a
secret and powerful organization.

Caught off-guard, Elizabeth stares blankly. She shivers as though a cool breeze passed by.

ELIZABETH
Nice meeting you. Damon. Now I need
to finish my run.

Damon reaches into the pocket of his sweats.

DAMON
Here's an official, hand-written
invitation to the organization.
Don't discuss this with anyone.

He places an envelope into her hand. Keeps his hand on it.

DAMON (CONT'D)
If you are interested -- truly
interested -- meet me at Joe's
Coffee Shop on Marshall Boulevard
and 23rd Street. Tomorrow. Two p.m.

He peers deeply into her eyes. Hypnotic.

DAMON (CONT'D)
If you don't show, I'll never
contact you again. I only want
people who are interested and pro-
active. If you don't have the
courage to change your future, you
don't have a right to a future.

At that last sentence, Elizabeth's brow wrinkles. She wonders what he means and who he is, to make such bold statements.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Don't discuss this encounter with
anyone. Who'd believe it, anyway?

He smiles a slightly sardonic smile. Gently squeezes her fingers tight on the envelope.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I hope to see you tomorrow.

He winks, then turns and jogs away, not looking back.

Elizabeth looks at the envelope. She stuffs it into her bra, glances around nervously, and resumes jogging.