

A Bit of Malevolence, Part I - The Bad Day

Synopsis

Meet “M” --- “M” for Middle Manager; “M” for Meat Puppet; “M” for Misdirected Empowerment. On this, the worst day of M’s miserable life, he loses everything only to regain his self-respect through the questionable act of arresting it from someone else.

Omar Green (writer/director)

Omar Green is a Convergence Technologist and Engineering Manager, having overseen or contributed to numerous, multi-million dollar, technology-related efforts over the last 15 years. A graduate of MIT, Omar co-founded his first company, IX Development Technologies, in 1992, and was the inventor of the company's debut product, "The Janus Machine," a digital signal processing architecture for permitting musicians to play their instruments backwards in real-time. The invention won Omar two patents. After being profiled in 1997 by the Wall Street Journal for his efforts as a Technology Manager and change agent for Xionics Document Technologies (now Oak Technologies), Omar redirected his efforts toward his truer passions, entrepreneurship and filmmaking. He is the founder of IX Gothic Playground and madattheworld.com (both production companies), and a co-founder of my2ndbrain.com (a new economy technology provider). He has authored two feature-length screenplays, three short film scripts, and two series for television. *A Bit of Malevolence, Part I - The Bad Day* is Omar's debut as a writer/director.

Jonathan Gray (producer)

The producer of three short films featured at the Sundance Film Festival, Jonathan is a founding partner in the entertainment law firm of Spinak & Gray. His producing debut was *Emily's Last Date*, which premiered at Sundance in 1996 before winning Best American Film at the British Short Film Festival, and top honors at festivals in Albany, Atlanta, Houston, Long Island, New Haven, and New Orleans. Jonathan's other short films include *A Taste of Earth* (Sundance 1997), and *Ruben* (Sundance 1999). His films have been screened at festivals worldwide, including Cannes, Berlin, Tokyo, Seoul, London, Madrid and Melbourne. Jonathan has been an active trial lawyer since 1990 and has served as the chairperson of the New York State Bar Association Committee on Motion Pictures.

Robert Spinak (co-producer)

Robert Spinak spent three years in acquisitions and development at Fine Line Features prior to forming Spinak & Gray with Jonathan Gray in 1998. Spinak, a former actor, has written two feature-length screenplays and has acted as co-producer on several short films. As an attorney, Robert's concentration is drafting and negotiating independent film production and distribution agreements.

Bruce Meyerson (co-producer)

Bruce Meyerson is a business reporter and columnist for the Associated Press whose articles are published regularly in hundreds of newspapers across the country. Meyerson served as the AP's chief Wall Street reporter for three years before creating his current beat as Internet and telecommunications reporter. Meyerson also served as a television producer for SportsChannel for three years, and was the writer/producer of the 1989 public television documentary, *Israel Through the News*.

"A Bit of Malevolence"
Part I -- The Bad Day
a short film

by
madattheworld.com

madattheworld.com
an imprint of
IX Gothic Playground, NY
101 W 23rd Street # 2320
New York, NY 10011
(212) 647-0222

www.madattheworld.com

Third Draft

05 May, 2000

A Bit of Malevolence:

Part I -- "The Bad Day"

FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE ELEVATOR -- EVENING

An empty elevator comes to life, obliterating what history of SILENCE it contained in moments previous. Engage. A low HUM accompanies upward motion -- wheels turning, cables straining, belts rolling out to be gathered up elsewhere.

1...2...3...all the way to the 7th floor. LEDs announce although there is no one to see them.

DING! The elevator doors SLIDE OPEN, revealing a disgruntled face, eyes rolled upward, face slack. Meet M. M for Middle Manager, M for "Meat Puppet," M for MURMUR -- an INTESTINAL GRATING that now fills up the elevator.

M steps in; M blocks out everything. DING!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

TAP-TAP-TAP,

a thrice-jammed finger attempts to coerce the elevator to a new destination: the first floor.

M'S HEAD

lifts up to the overhead LEDs. They seem a little brighter now, having found themselves an audience. The elevator LURCHES and M's head falls.

HIS EYES

droop closed, his head drifting left, toward the cool, scoured aluminum walls of the elevator. The MURMUR FADES as we...

FADE TO:

INT. CORPORATE ELEVATOR -- EVENING

The big black, and still the elevator INCHES DOWN. A beat. Two. Then BRRRING!!! BRRRING!!! A cellular telephone. BRRRING!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE ELEVATOR -- EVENING

An agitated finger taps at a flip-phone. The MURMUR is back, and M brings the phone up to his ear. Lips parted, he never gets to say a word. The voice on the phone is at once HEARTY and soul-crushing, peaking with PRICKLY LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

CELLULAR VOICE

This is Simms. You left before I had a chance to finish. Ha! I just...I wanted you to know just how pleasurable terminating your employment was for me.

M's mouth finds its own way closed.

CELLULAR VOICE (CONT'D)

To be honest, I almost creamed myself when the word came that we were expelling you, and then...I won. Asshole Barney Cox auctioned off your exit interview and I won. Fucker's gonna cost me a month's rent, but uh...

M closes his eyes.

CELLULAR VOICE (CONT'D)

I mean, just seeing those stupid, butterball tears, well...I thought I'd won the lotto.

M shudders, trying to shake this off. His eyes squeeze closed.

CELLULAR VOICE (CONT'D)

But the best part...the best part for me anyway, was catching that little whimper when I tore up the lease to your corporate condo. No, no, I'm lying. Cutting up your club card was better, a lot better.

M finally begins pulling the phone away from his ear.

CELLULAR VOICE (CONT'D)

So anyway, take care. Don't worry about the stuff in your desk. We'll send out anything that doesn't make it to the bonfire. Ciao.

DING!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR ATRIUM -- EVENING

An invisible bell CHIMES, and an empty, faux-stone atrium plays host to DRAGGING DOORS. A body emerges from behind a facade -- M, still holding the phone, still MURMURING.

M takes a second to compose himself, closing the phone and depositing it in his coat pocket. It almost looks like he might be harboring a little bit of hope.

(CONTINUED)

It withers, and it only takes two steps. He looks up as...

...BEFORE HIM,

a line of similarly attired professionals wait in line to sign out at the building's security desk. It's a long line. Men and women, suits all, participants in an ass-backward, rat-race to credit card oblivion.

M gets in line. He looks to his watch. It's 8:30.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A CLOCK,

hung at the front face of the security desk. It's 8:45. Bodies file past the clock face, slowly urging the line forward. M. checks his watch again. 8:46. The WATCH FACE ROTATES 90° to become...

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEVATOR ATRIUM -- EVENING

...A WOMAN'S WATCH,

resting above the wrist of a blond woman, a MOTHER, whose hand tethers a little, dirty blond hellion. Let's call the little girl MARLA, and throw an influence a bone.

Marla is dressed in red, the kind of silly red dress that only a little girl can get away with. In her free hand, Marla handles a similarly red lollipop. Daughter leads Mother away from the elevator atrium to stand directly behind M.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ATRIUM PROPER -- EVENING

Step. The line moves forward, bodies moving in cattle-call-unison.

Step. The line moves again.

Step. And again.

Step. Marla breaks free of her Mother's grip and spasm-skips to the head of the line.

Step. Two. Marla frolics back to her mother.

Step. Marla heads out again, this time catching the notice of some of the bystanders, who can't help but smile.

(CONTINUED)

AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE,

she turns, a pirouette, almost perfect. Her trip back to Mother draws smiles from the remaining bystanders. Needless to say, all of this carrying on is annoying M, whose MURMUR is starting to GROW LOUDER.

Step. Marla runs to the head of the line again. Upon her return, she stops beside M. He is the only one not caught up in her game. She smiles, a blinding, little girl gesture. M's face doesn't move, he continues facing forward.

Step. Marla offers her lollipop. M's face turns to her, and turns away again.

Step. Marla takes a long, loving LICK of her lolly. M simply DRAWS A BREATH and keeps waiting.

Step. Marla, all wide-eyed-attention-glutton, POPS her lolly into her mouth and steps up closer to M. She draws a hand back and gives him a great big SMACK in the butt.

M'S FACE

doesn't betray anything. Mother shocked, grabs daughter and SCOLDING ensues.

Step. M overhears mother's berating. You'd think this would brighten him up a little, it doesn't.

Step. Now at the security desk, M moves to take up the sign out pen.

HIS HAND

stutters, then picks up the pen. SMACK!!! -- a sudden jerking reflex -- the pen drops.

M turns to face a pouty-mouthed Marla. She's hit him again. Mother looks on embarrassed as defiantly, Marla removes her lollipop, looks M in the eye, and licks a long, lingering, Lolita lolly-lick.

M looks again to the Mother; she can only shrug.

M looks at the girl -- pure infantile satisfaction.

The lolly -- a glistening symbol of everything that is wrong with the world. A bad idea never crossed a twisted mind so fast.

THE GIRL.

THE LOLLY -- THWACK!!!!

It goes sailing. It spirals end-over-end as M, Marla, and Mother watch its trajectory.

(CONTINUED)

FLIP -- a smile grows slowly over M's features.

FLIP -- Mother looks on appalled.

PLAP -- the lollipop hits the stone floor.

M:

his smile is complete; his MURMUR STOPS. Marla slides to the floor in tears.

A spin, and M is back at the security desk, picking up the pen and signing his name in the register -- "M." He drops the pen and with a flourish, steps away from the desk.

CUT TO:

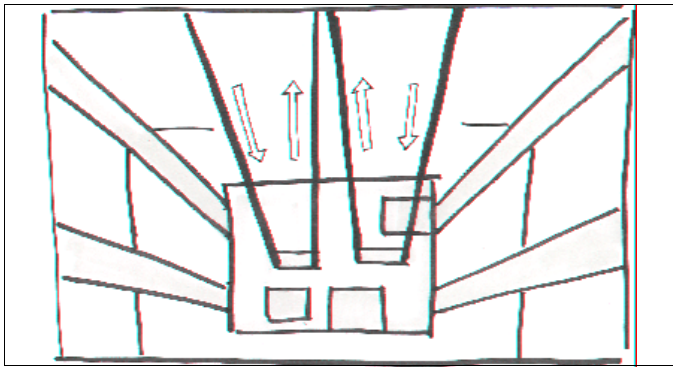
EXT. CORPORATE ATRIUM -- EVENING

THROUGH A WINDOW PANE IN THE ATRIUM'S REVOLVING DOORS,

M can be seen approaching. He is still wearing the smile. It's nice to take control for once, isn't it?

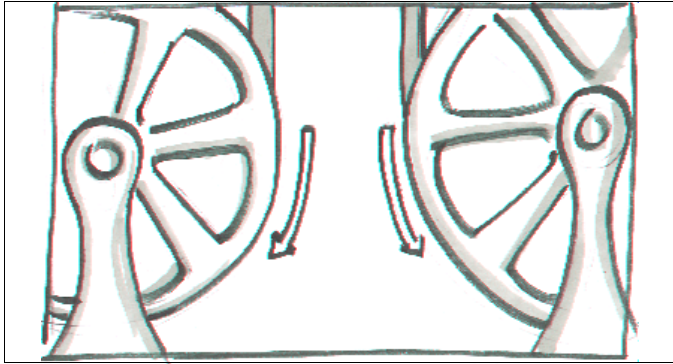
FADE OUT:

FIN



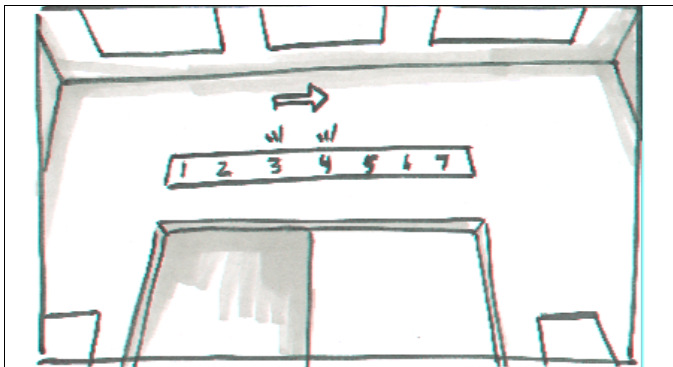
s1,4

An empty elevator comes to life, obliterating what history of SILENCE it contained in moments previous.



s1,6

Engage. A low HUM accompanies upward motion -- wheels turning, cables straining, belts rolling out to be gathered up elsewhere.



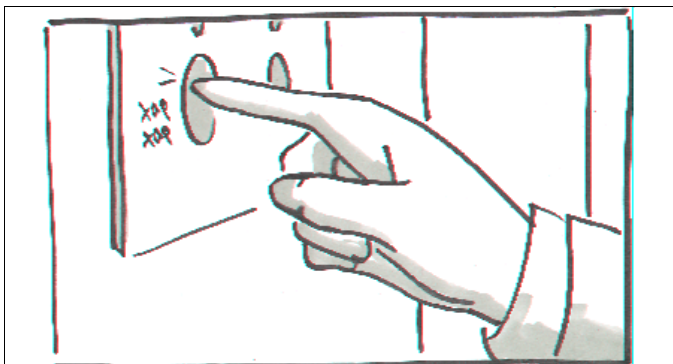
s1,8b

1...2...3...all the way to the 7th floor. LEDs announce although there is no one to see them.



s1,11

DING! The elevator door SLIDES OPEN, revealing a disgruntled face, eyes rolled upward, face slack. Meet M. M for Middle Manager, M for "Meat Puppet," M for MURMUR -- an INTESTINAL GRATING that now fills up the elevator.



s1,14

TAP-TAP-TAP, a thrice-jammed finger attempts to coerce the elevator to a new destination: the first floor.



s1,19

The elevator lurches, and M lifts his gaze to the overhead LEDs. They seem a little brighter now, having found themselves an audience.



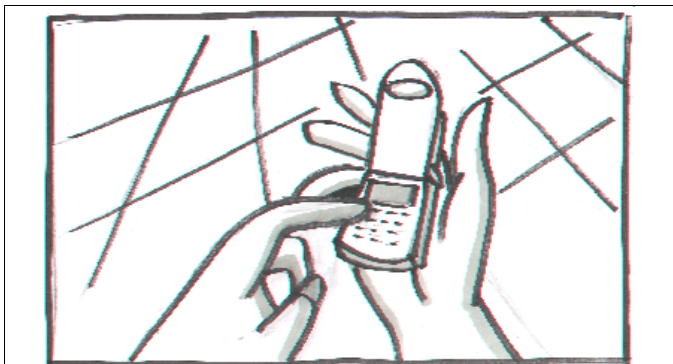
s1,21

His eyes droop closed, head drifting left toward the cool, scoured aluminum walls of the elevator. M drifts into bliss...



s2,1

...the Big Black. A beat. Two. Then BRRRING!!!!



s3,1

An agitated finger taps at a flip phone.



s3,5c

The MURMUR is back, and M brings the phone to his ear. The voice on the phone is at once HEARTY and soul-crushing.

CELLULAR VOICE

This is Simms. You left before I had a chance to finish. Ha! I just...I wanted you to know just how pleasurable terminating your employment was for me.



s3,6c

M's eyes find their way closed.

CELLULAR VOICE

I mean, just seeing those stupid, butterball tears, well...I thought I'd won the lotto. But the best part...the best part for me anyway, was catching that little whimper when I tore up the lease on your corporate condo...

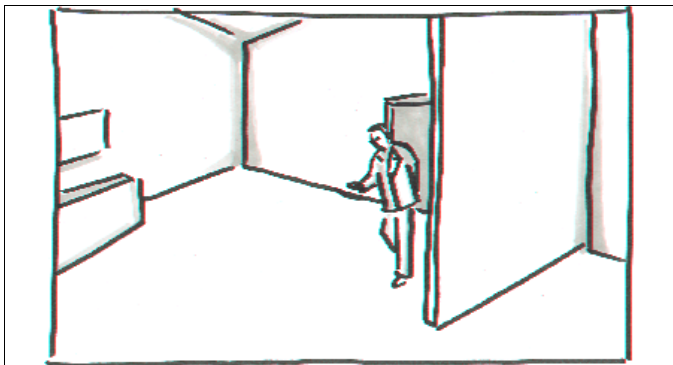


s3,14

The phone pulled away, the humiliation continues.

CELLULAR VOICE

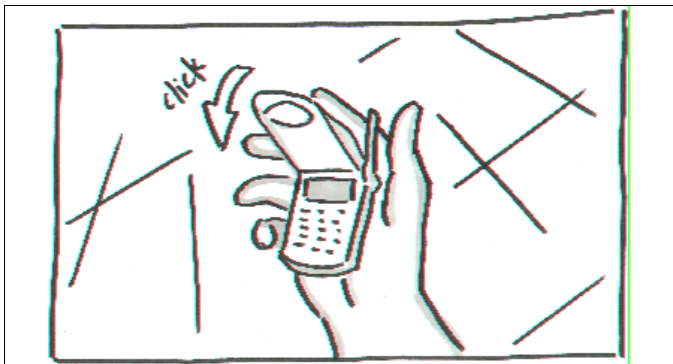
So anyway, take care. Don't worry about the stuff in your desk. We'll send out anything that doesn't make it to the bonfire. Ciao.



s4,3

DING!

An invisible bell CHIMES, and an empty faux-stone atrium plays host to DRAGGING DOORS. A body emerges from behind a facade -- M, still holding the phone, still MURMURING.



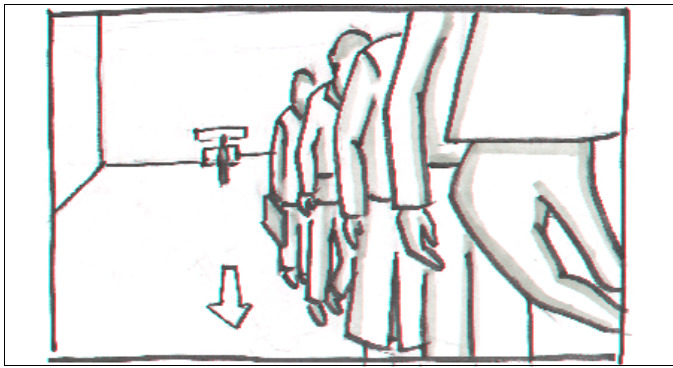
s4,5

He takes a second to compose himself, closing the phone and depositing it into his coat pocket.



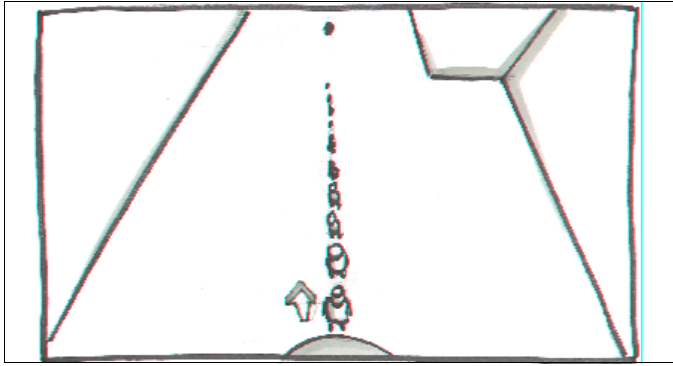
s4,6

Quiet now, it almost looks like he might be harboring a little bit of hope. It withers, and it only takes two steps. He looks up as...



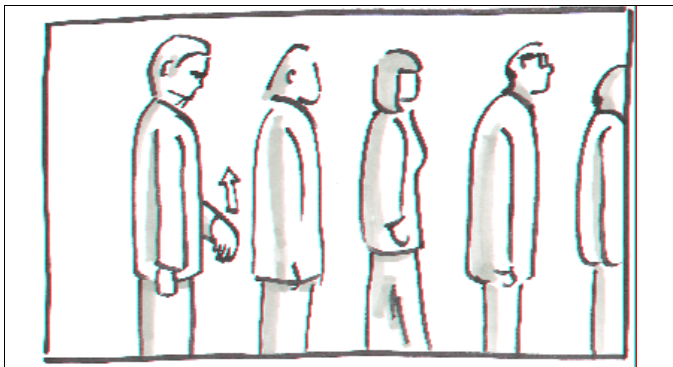
s4,12

...before him, a line of similarly attired professionals wait to sign out at the building's security desk. It's a long line.



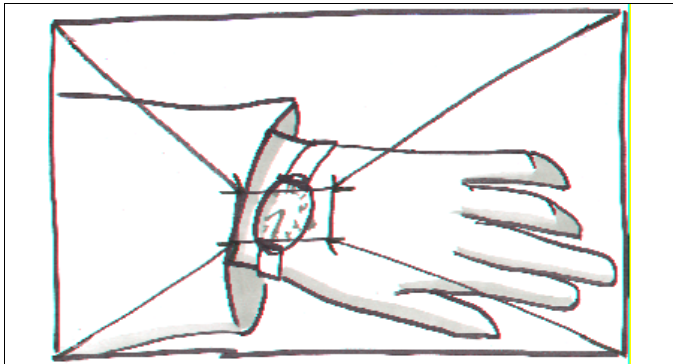
s4,14

Men and women, suits all, participating in an ass-backward, rat-race to credit card oblivion.



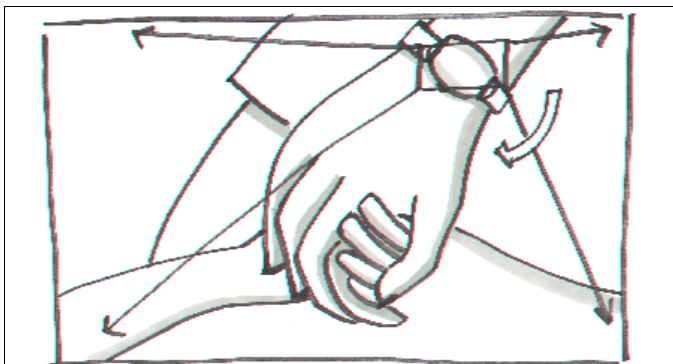
s4,17

Sighing, M gets in line. He looks at his watch.



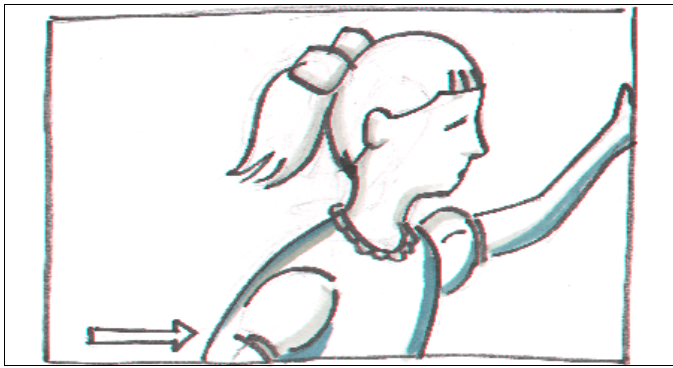
s4,18

It's 8:30.



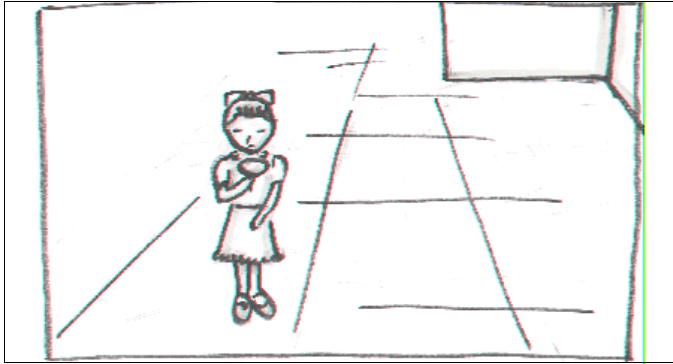
s4,21

The watch face rotates 90° to become a woman's watch, resting above the wrist of a blond woman, a MOTHER, whose hand...



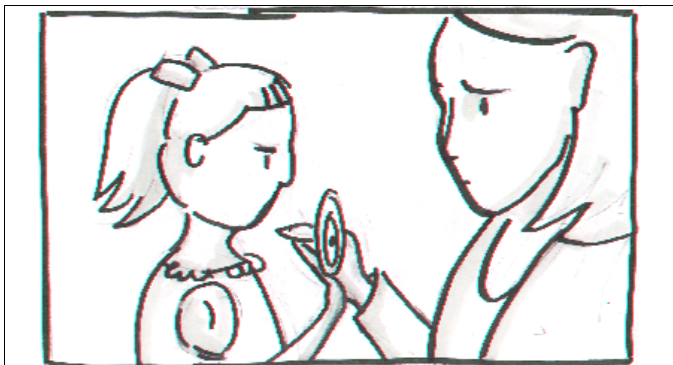
s5,2

...tethers a little, dirty-blond hellion.



s5,5

Let's call the little girl MARLA, and throw an influence a bone.



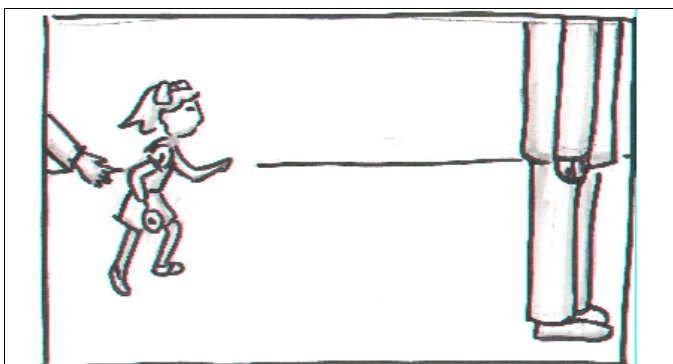
s5,7

Marla is dressed in red, the kind of silly red dress that only a little girl can get away with.



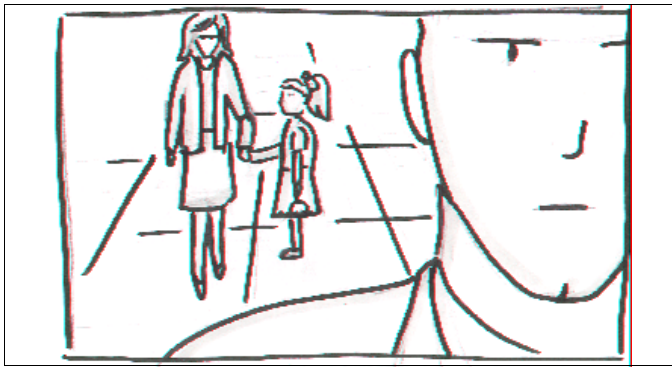
s5,10

In her free hand, Marla handles a similarly red lollipop.



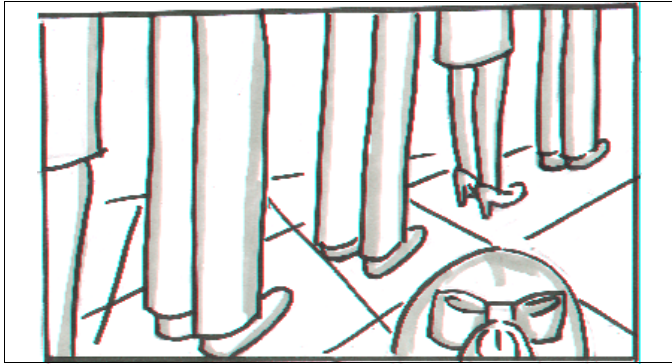
s5,16

Daughter leads Mother away from the elevator atrium...



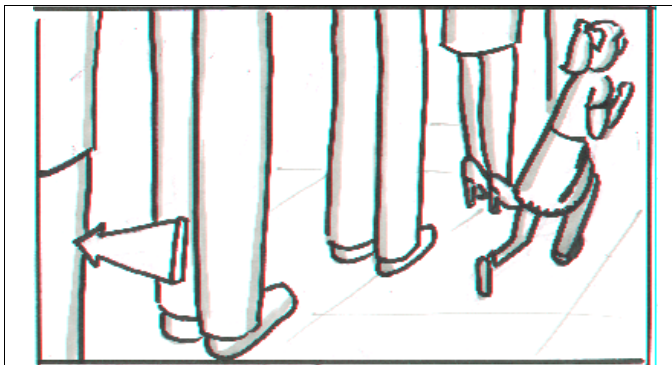
s5,18

...to stand directly behind M.



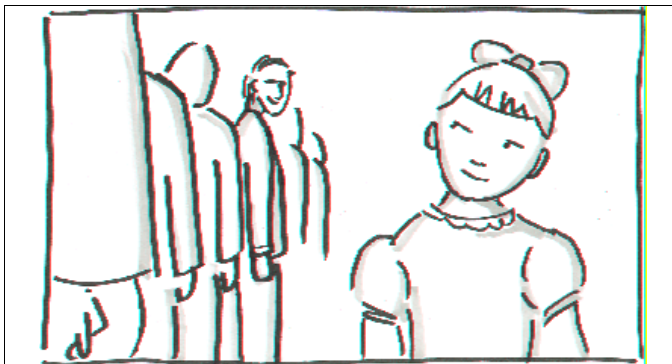
s6,8

The line moves forward, steadily, monotonously. Marla, unable to stand the containment, breaks free of her Mother's grip..



s6,9

...and spasm-skips to the head of the line.



s6,20

In doing so, she catches the notice of some of the bystanders...



s6,23

...who can't help but smile -- and bump into one another.



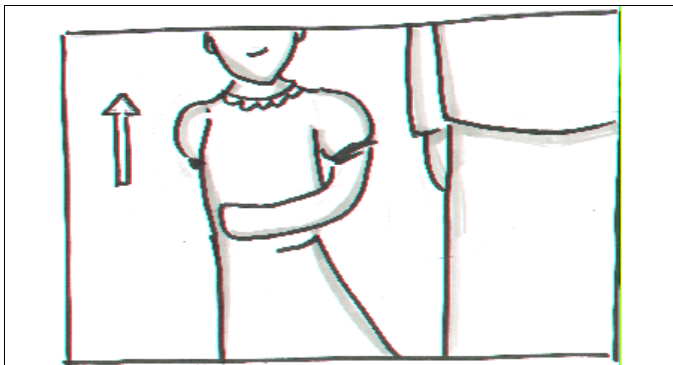
s6,29b

Savoring the attention, Marla frolics back to her Mother,...



s6,31

...only to head out again.



s6,42

Arriving at the head of the line,...



s6,43

...she turns, a pirouette, almost perfect, drawing smiles from the remaining bystanders. It really is hard being this cute.



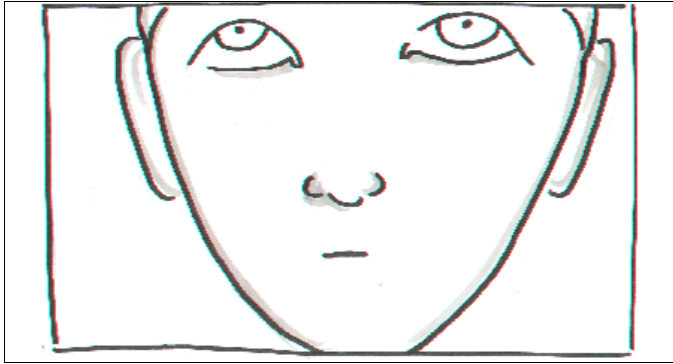
s6,50

Needless to say, all of this carrying on is messing up the line -- big time.



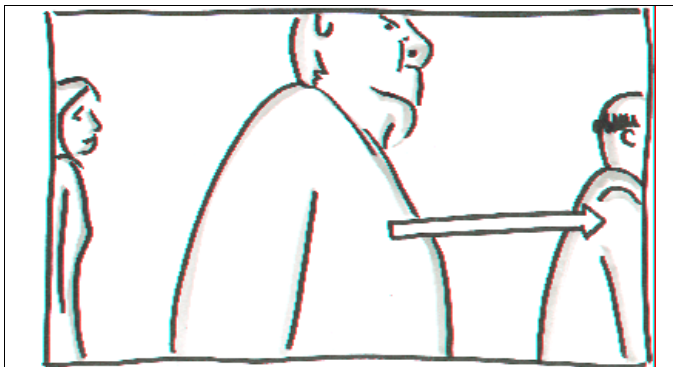
s6,53

And more importantly, it's starting to annoy M, whose MURMUR is beginning to GROW LOUDER.



s6,63

Upon her return to the back of the line, Marla stops beside M.



s6,64

He's the only one not caught up in her game.



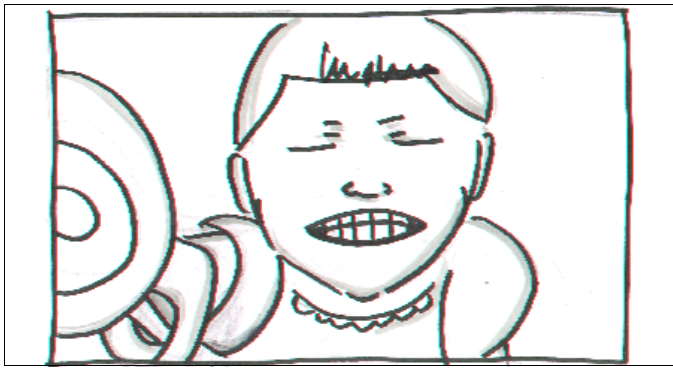
s6,68

She smiles, a blinding, little girl gesture.



s6,69

M's face doesn't move, he continues facing forward. At the appointed time, he takes a step.



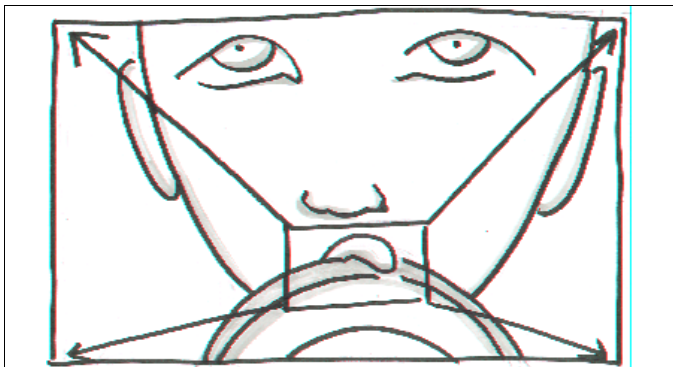
s6,72

Marla catches up to offer her lollipop.



s6,73b

M turns to her, and turns away again. Step.



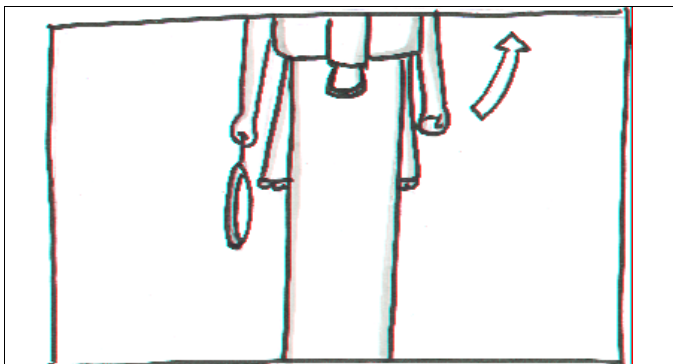
s6,87

Marla catches up again, this time, to take a long, loving LICK of her lolly.



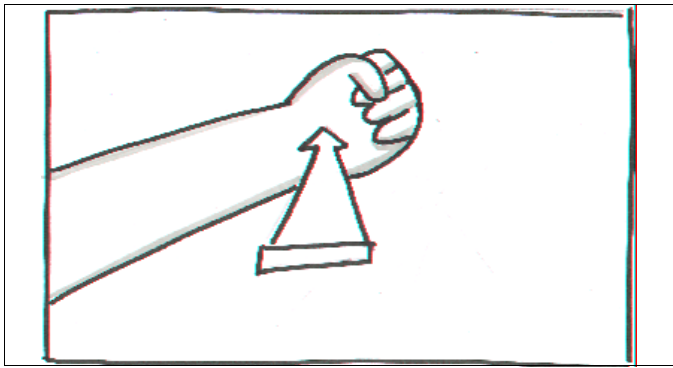
s6,88

M simply DRAWS A BREATH and continues waiting. Step.



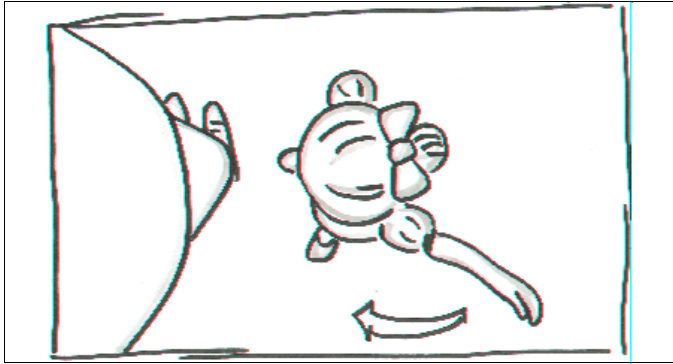
s6,95

Marla, all wide-eyed-attention-glutton, POPS her lolly out of her mouth and steps closer to M. She draws...



s6,96b

...back a hand and...



s6,97

...gives M a great, big SMACK in the butt.



s6,102b

M's face doesn't betray anything. Mother, shocked,...



s6,105

...grabs daughter and SCOLDING ensues.



s6,106

M overhears Mother's berating. You'd think this would brighten him up a little, it doesn't. Step.



s6,108

Now at the security desk,...



s6,111

...M meets with yet another humiliation -- this time at the hands of the security guard, who saw the whole thing.



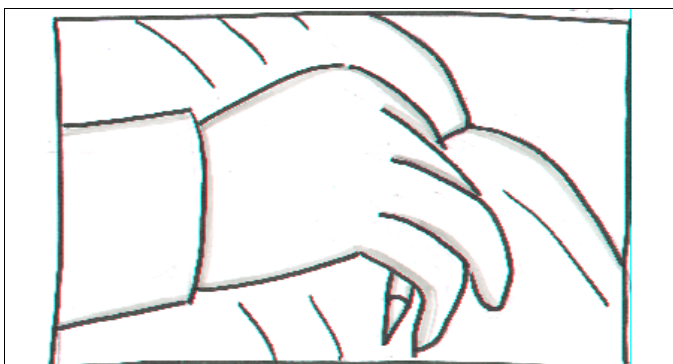
s6,113

M is not pleased.



s6,117

He reaches for the pen, hand stuttering...



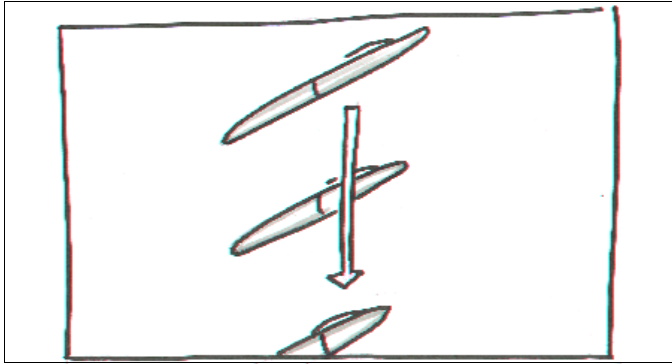
s6,118

...and picks it up. Home is only minutes away.



s6,119

SMACK!!! -- a sudden jerking reflex...



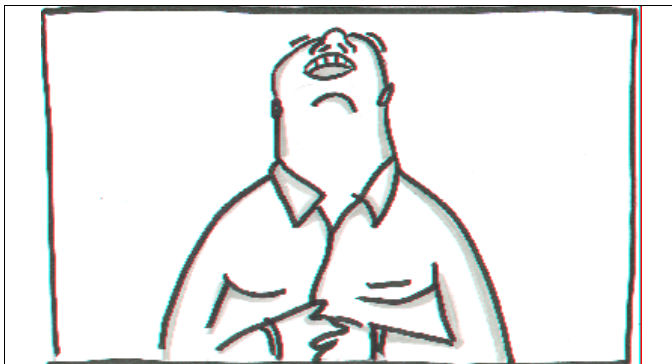
s6,120

...the pen drops.



s6,123

M, furious...



s6,125

...and mocked by every power-that-could-have-been...



s6,129

...turns...



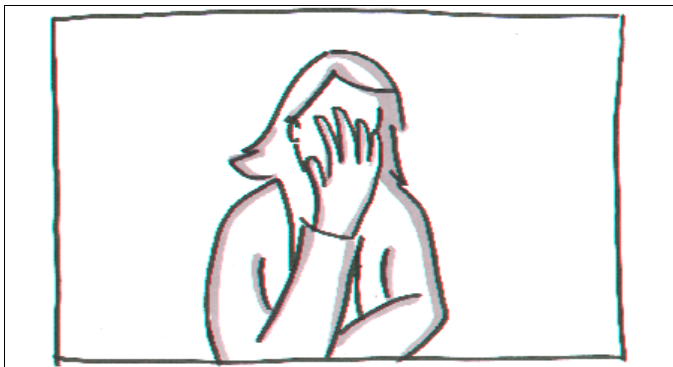
s6,130

...to face a pouty-faced Marla.



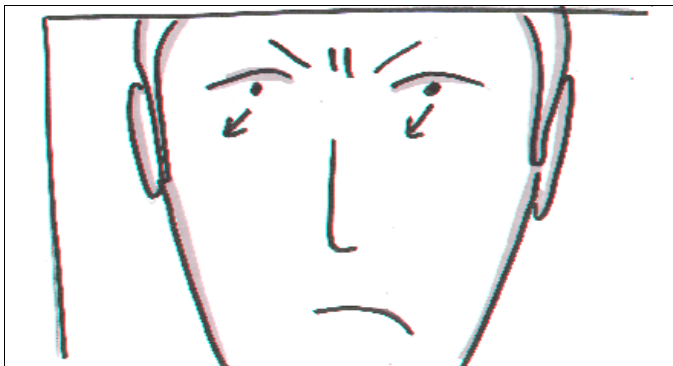
s6,131

She's hit him again.



s6,133

Mother can't bear to look,...



s6,134

...as M stands fuming, helpless.



s6,135

Defiantly, Marla, looks M in the eye...



s6,138

...produces her lollipop and takes a long, lingering...



s6,140

...Lolita lolly-lick. NAH!



s6,141

M looks again to the Mother...



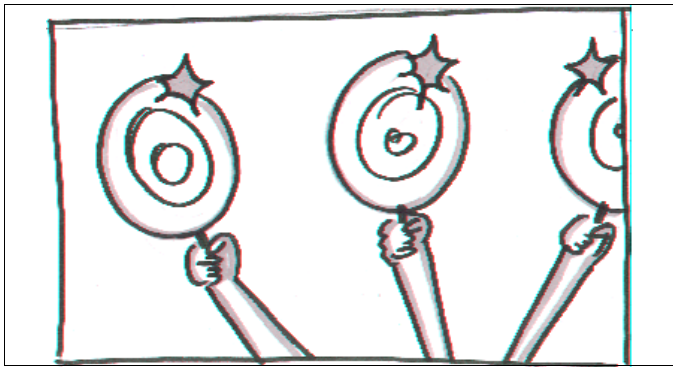
s6,142b

...she can only shrug.



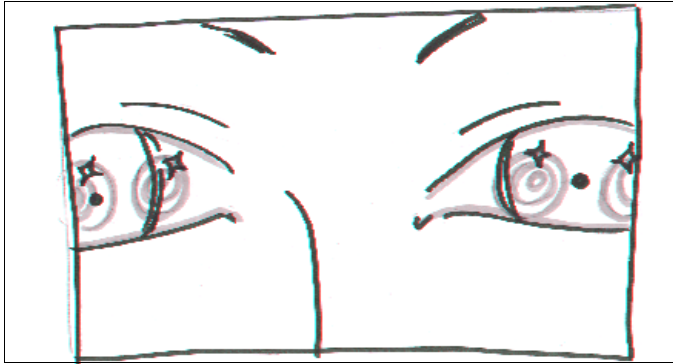
s6,142c

Marla: pure infantile satisfaction.



s6,142d

The lolly -- a glistening symbol of everything that is wrong with the world.



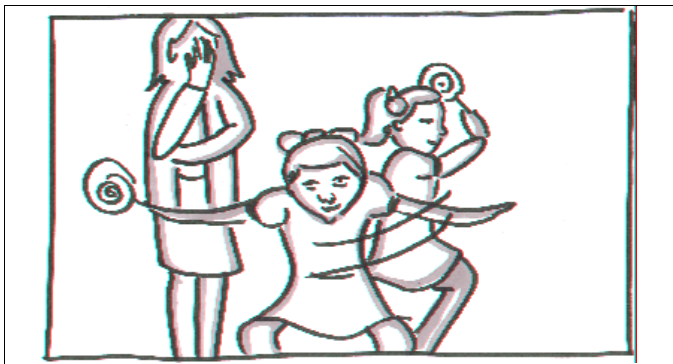
s6,143

A bad idea...



s6,144

...never crossed a twisted mind so fast.



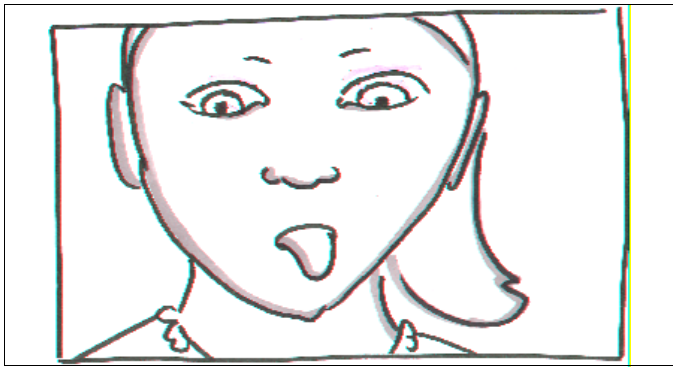
s6,145

...the girl...



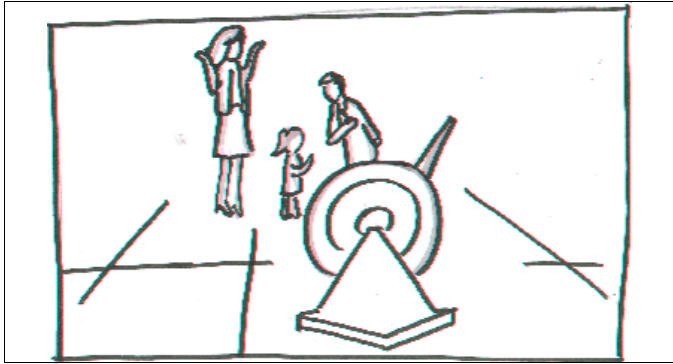
s6,148

...the Lolly...



s6,150

THWACK!!!!



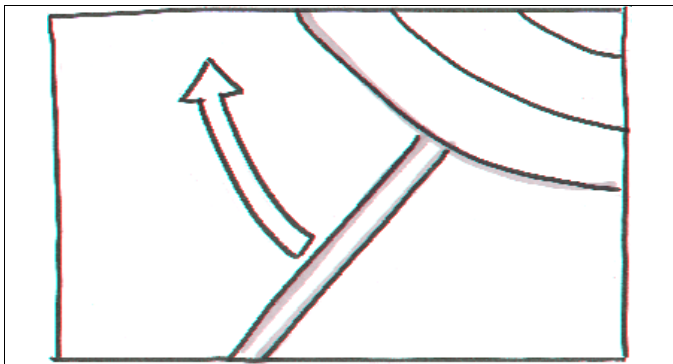
s6,152

It goes sailing. The lollipop spirals end-over-end as M , Mother and Marla watch its trajectory. FLIP!



s6,153

A smile grows slowly over M's features.



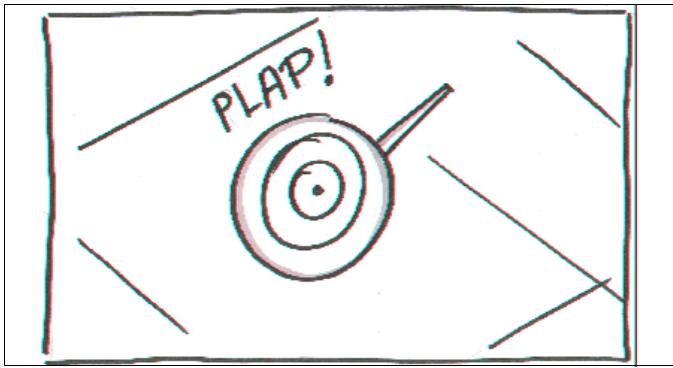
s6,156

FLIP!



s6,157

Mother looks on appalled, as...



s6,159

...PLAP!!! -- the lollipop hits the stone floor.



s6,160

Marla, finally understanding all that has happened,...



s6,161

...slides to the floor in tears.



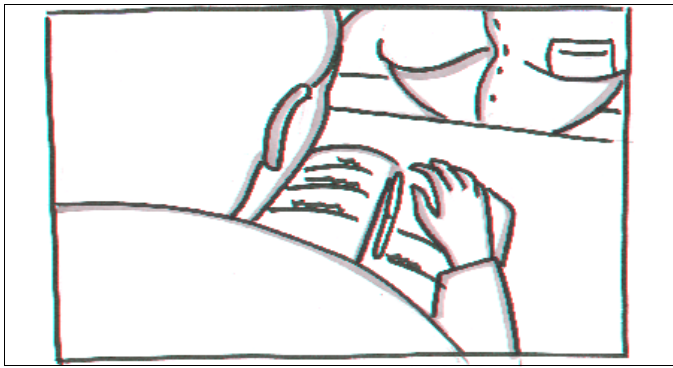
s6,162b

Even the security guard is left speechless.



s6,164

A spin, and M is back at the security desk...



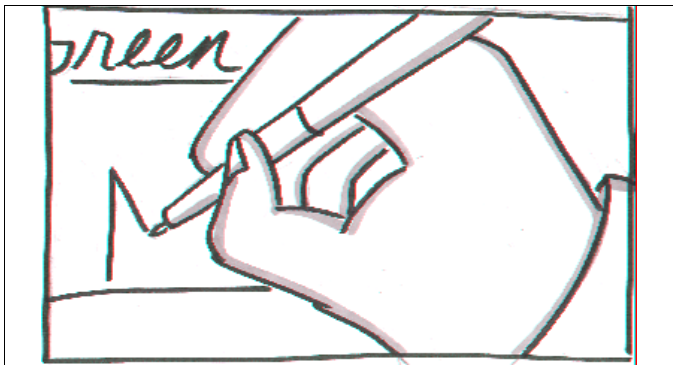
s6,165

...picking up the pen and...



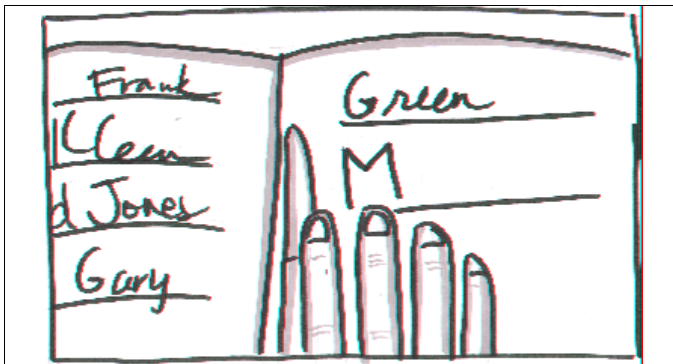
s6,166

...signing his name in the register...



s6,167

"M."



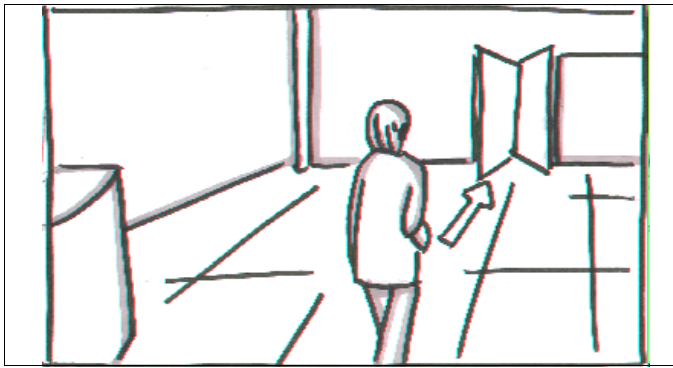
s6,167c

He drops the pen and...



s6,169

...with a flourish...



s6,170

...steps away from the desk.



s7,1

Through a window pane in the atrium's revolving doors, M appears. He is still wearing the smile. It's nice to take control for once, isn't it?

A Bit of Malevolence, Part I - The Bad Day

Preliminary Budget

BELOW-THE-LINE

PREPRODUCTION (Casting) \$1,000.00

PRODUCTION

EQUIPMENT

35mm Camera/Lens \$2,000.00
 Grip Package w/ PeeWee Dolly \$1,500.00
 Lighting Package \$1,000.00

STOCK

Film (8,000 ft - 20 rolls @ \$172.00 per roll) \$3,440.00
 Telecine Beta & VHS Dailies w/time code \$1,000.00

LAB

Processing \$2,000.00

CREW

Director of Photography \$ tbd
 Assistant Director \$1,500.00
 Script Supervisor (3 days @ \$150) \$ 450.00
 Assistant Camera (4 days @ \$200) \$ 800.00
 2nd Assistant Camera (3 days @ \$150) \$ 450.00
 Key Grip (4 days @ \$200) \$ 800.00
 Best Boy Grip (3 days @ \$150) \$ 450.00
 Gaffer (4 days @ \$200) \$ 800.00
 Best Boy Electric (3 days @ \$150) \$ 450.00
 Makeup/Hair (3 days @ \$200) \$ 600.00
 Makeup/Hair Asst. (3 days @ \$150) \$ 450.00
 Wardrobe/Stylist \$1,000.00
 Production Designer \$ 750.00
 Location Manager \$1,000.00
 Production Assistants (12 days @ \$75) \$ 900.00

CATERING/CRAFT SERVICE \$ 750.00

EXPENDABLES \$ 300.00

LOCATION \$1,000.00

ART DEPT. \$ 750.00

WARDROBE \$1,000.00

TRANSPORTATION \$ 750.00

POST PRODUCTION

EDITING

Editor \$1,000.00
 Avid Rental \$1,000.00
 Sound Design/Mix \$2,500.00
 Conforming Negative \$2,000.00

LAB

First Answer Print \$1,250.00
 Second Answer Print \$ 700.00
 Optical Track \$ 300.00
 Titles/Opticals \$2,000.00
 Release Print \$ 700.00

STILL PHOTOGRAPHS \$ 500.00

POSTER ART/PRINTING \$1,000.00

SCORING \$1,000.00

DOLBY LICENSE \$2,000.00

FILM TO TAPE TRANSFER (Supervised) \$2,000.00

VHS DUBS (500 @ 1.78) \$ 890.00

FESTIVAL ENTRY FEES, EXPENSES - 2001 \$1,500.00

INSURANCE \$1,000.00

WORKER'S COMP (State Insurance Fund) \$ 250.00

OFFICE/OVERHEAD \$1,500.00

ABOVE-THE-LINE

PRODUCER, WRITER/DIRECTOR

[deferred]

CAST

[deferred]

TOTAL \$49,980.00