

# F+

(F-plus)

## A Fun Farce of a Fantasy Film Fit for the entire Freakin Family!

by

**Brett Paufler**

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this is part of my  
*Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams*  
series

And as such, I never expect to finish it.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?  
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Or transform it into something else?  
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### Act 1 Scattered Dialogue

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*This came five years before Peas Porridge, which just goes to show how things change over time and how differently it comes out whenever I try to splatter something onto the written page.*

#### **NOTES ONLY**

*So, to say it's a bit unorganized and schizophrenic in nature would be an understatement.*

###

Characters

Mom - Evil Stepmother - Annora D'rago'agon (de'ragu'agone

Dad - Vincent Hamal

Daughter - Juliet Antoinette D'rago'agon (my little Jewel, Jules

Son - Gabriel Strathmore (GS)

Boyfriend: Claudius Maximus (get off your Gluttus Maximus)... I know, I know, you saw it coming... so now it's out of the way

Clockwise = Future

Counter Clockwise = past

Top Down (pulling down screen, like a movie) = what might have been

Perhaps: LOW BUDGET, Hyper Butchered Movie, set interruptions, etc.

Telling story, Question and Answer??

We're going to do something different this time... adventure... I've already been this way before, so why don't you ask questions about whatever you need to know (and I'll lie through my teeth))

### **FROM HERE TO THERE**

Bus, get out, paper airplanes

Spaz, papers into the air

Boy asks her out,

Can't Hawaii

(you are so weird... because they're in Hawaii)

Cars driveway

Good dads home

Inside, books on shelf,

Spaz, backpack

Spaz

Mom

Jules

Dad

Kitchen, empty, pot boiling over

In cupboard, with \_\_\_ working on plot with another (Boy next door) will come back again (it's not going to work, I'll have to come in here (pulls out map/script) can you two figure this out later. You're walking all over my big scene

Jules

Why are you sitting in the cupboard

Mom

Why? You want to know why? Tell them why, Hamal.

Dad

I lost my j-j-j-j

Mom

He lost his job.

Jules

That makes no sense

Mom

No? so, You're an expert on these things. Tell them, What happens when you loose your job? Ha-ha-ha-hamal.

Dad

You lose your la-la-la-la

Mom

You lose your house.

Brother

So, we're going to live on the street.

Mom

No, my darling precious. But we are going to have to move somewhere smaller. This is practice... pretend, play. Come here, sit next to mommy. What are you doing? You bring supper. On the stove. Use mitts. The pot. Bring it all over. Help her, ha-ha-ha.

Mom

Not there. No. You on the outside. And no, don't think it's because I want you sitting next to me. It's not like I like you, not like my precious. And close the doors. Good. Good. What are you doing? We're not going to have lights. That's better. And though we won't have the comforts of home, the important thing is that we'll still be a family, so you don't have anything to worry about, my little cupcake.

Jules

This still doesn't make any sense. Why are we here? Why are we surrounded by... peas.

Mom

Oh, right. I'm being unclear. Fair enough.

Let me explain. Your dad

Dad  
La-la-la

Mom  
He lost his job. And that means, soon enough we'll lose our...

Dad  
Ha-ha-ha

Mom  
House. The word you are searching for is house. And to forestall this unhappy occurrence there have been certain... adjustments that need to be made. For one, we'll be eating peas... from now until the end of time. You've heard the nursery rhyme, right? Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in a pot nine weeks old.

Jules  
Nine weeks old?

Son  
I don't like peas.

Mom  
Oh, no. Not you, my darling. I made you a steak.

Son  
I don't like steak.

Mom  
Oh, goodness me. How could mommy forget something like that. I'll just eat your steak, then. How about some fish sticks.

Son  
I don't want any peas.

Mom  
Don't worry. You don't have to eat them. Just throw them at your father if you like. That's it. Don't worry if you hit your sister.

Jules  
So, we're going to eat peas so we can stay in the house.

Mom  
Oh, none of us are staying in this house.  
(pointing at son and herself)  
And we're not eating peas.

(tosses peas)

Son

I need, more peas

Mom

Of course, you do, my precious.

Jules

I still don't get it.

Mom

It's always about you, isn't it. Well, that's going to have to change. Tell her, Hamal.

Dad

We so-so-so

Mom

What your father is trying to say is that we sold you into slavery, honey.

Jules

What?

Mom

Well, not slavery exactly. That's against the law. So to get around that, it was more of a lease really.

Jules

You sold me.

Mom

It's really more like renting.

Jules

You sold me? Dad, you sold me?

Dad

So-so-so

Mom

He's sorry, dear. But times are tough. Rest assured we got a good price. Grandpa Rago paid top dollar.

Dad

We get to stay in his ho-ho

Mom

In his house. Just spit it out, dear.  
He's got a nice villa. Wonderful. Spacious.  
So, we'll just live with him.

Jules

But you hate Grandpa.

(Insert I hate you, I hate you)

Mom

It's more of a love hate thing.

Dad

You tried to kill-kill-kill

(Insert, stab sequence)

Mom

So, we've had our disagreements in the past. The important thing is that he's reached out in our time of need and offered us a place to stay... on the condition that you look after his... I don't know, what to call him, really. He thinks he's a dragon.

Jules

What?

Mom

A dragon. I don't know. The kids got autism or something. Thinks it's a dragon. Just play along. How hard can it be?

Son

I want to be a dragon.

Mom

Yes, dear. We all want things. You want to be a dragon. While I want to be an evil stepmother...

Jules

If you ask me, you're doing a pretty good job of that...

Mom

Why thank you, dear. That's the nicest thing anyone's said to me all day. And this coming from my own flesh and blood.

Son

I'm going to get to be a dragon, right.

Jules  
Or what? You'll scream?

(sticks tongue out)

Mom  
Don't worry darling. Just eat your fish sticks. Dragon's need their strength.

Son  
Yippie! I'm going to be dragon. Roar!

Jules  
I'm not taking care of him.

(knock, spoon)  
Mom  
Dear, I think someone's at the door.  
(knock, knock)

Jules  
What are you doing.

(knock, knock)

Mom  
Someone's at the door.  
(hits dad with spoon)  
Hear the ringing? Get the door?

Mom  
And as for you. You're going to do what you're told and take care of that freaky dragon kid.

Son  
Yippie, I'm going to be a dragon!

Mom  
Of course, you are, my heart's delight.  
And as for you. You best learn to do as you're told.

Jules  
Whatever!

AGREEMENT

Vince

Whoa! Six minutes for the intro? We're way behind schedule!

Your Grandfather D'rago' gone, You don't have to go, but if you don't, by the end of the summer you'll be eating peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot, nine weeks old

High rise apartment, peas, "whatever" sounds like agreement to me, just a picture for your passport (regular and funky) so your parents will know if their getting the same kid back (but which one to leave and which one to take?) pack and then you're off.

In a cupboard, all of her belongings, a thimble (what are we doing? Wondering what to pack? Is it important? Then I'd take it.

This is a suitcase full of stuff you won't be taking along (switch, only the thimble)... maybe we don't even need this (but you know we do.)

He even said ((she always dresses this way))

2 drawers all to yourself? Best not to expect this level of luxury at grandpa's.

Thimble (central to quest) only luggage, probably have to sew new clothes seeing as how that's all you'll be wearing until you do... but what do I know

Going through customs (father and brother as elves, cheesy green hats, Christmas) No tech, we do magic hear, no tech, (declaring this (thimble, ribbons, clothes???)

Ribbons, nothing to declare? Fine, have it your way

Bathing suits at airport security (I'm not with them), Oh, your wand is cold sir, that tickles (really, I'm not with them), brother in water wings, flippers, snorkel mast, duck headed inner tube,

Wing seat / Garage Sale

Brother has to give up things too, like his sister. (What?) We sold you into slavery dear. (Cool!!! Can I have her room. We'll talk about that when we get back from Hawaii)

But you hate grandpa (it's more of a love hate thing dear) No, it's more of a hate thing there. (that's only because we hate the ones we love... isn't that right, you hate your sister, don't you precious)

Mom tried to stab gramps with a hair pin

Vince, me and Gramps go way back, to the first dragon war... or was it the second??

You want to be a dragon, I want to be a wicked step-mother (you are a wicked step-mother) well, see there, dreams do come true, now eat your peas dear and we'll see what we can do... or throw them at your father... that's it... be sure to get your sister as well... Knock at door (what about me), oh, that reminds me (knock at door, on counter with pea spoon)

Much too young, poor child, thinks it's a dragon, autism or something, I should think, anyhow, they need a governess... babysitter... dress it up as you like... you'll be taking care of the brat

Mom knocking on table, I think I hear the door (hits dad with spoon), I think I hear the door (that's just you)(smacks with spoon) hear the ringing now. It's the doorbell, dear. Why don't you get it... and you better make it good

Lost job, we decided, I decided, to sell you to slavery

Dad gets to talk to camera, Vince gets to wind it up

Outline (seating arrangements, dad talks to camera - important-, throwing peas, splattering peas, mom bitching on and on, leading to jo-jo slavery and so forth

Outline: musical chairs, job, house, cut backs (but not for you my precious), peas, peas, eating peas, throwing napkin, stabbing father with fork (excuse my reach), 9 weeks old, no trip, splat, the other cut back we spoke of = slavery, not slavery, leased, rented really and at very poor rates, I might add, but as it is we got a nice... very nice... vacation villa out of the deal, not that you'll be able to enjoy it, but we all must make sacrifices... but not you my precious... Grandfather, 2nd wife, 17<sup>th</sup>, poor thing, just a child, they had to adopt she was so young, and such a beast, such a brat, nothing like you, my precious... au-au alzheimer's, autistic (saying ow-ow)... thinks it's a dragon or something, very sad (to precious, very sad)... I want to be a dragon, of course, wicked step mother, (you're doing a pretty good job), why thank you, that's the nicest thing anyone's said to me all day... so anyhow,, I think that covers the preliminaries (knock at door)

Adjusts hump (wife) gets into role (gets hit with spoon, but catches) sorry, mi'lady but The Count D'rago'begone does not condone violence... (to camera) unless, of course, he is the one instigating it

So now you're the hunchback of Notre Dame... No I'm Vincent... Bane to the Dame... you know, your grandfather likes me... something about the enemy of your enemy being

your friend (did you know your mother tried to kill him... yes, it's true, tried to stab him with a hair pin... when she was just about your age... violent temper that woman

So, what are you Garon (goth) Nemo (emo)

Nods toward thimble, wrapped in box, like ring, (Simple little thing really, nodding like this isn't easy all hunched over like this you know... take it already), nod toward package (probably important to the plot) (thimble, key to plot

Packing, pull screen down, foretelling of security, wife eager to be checked over in her bikini by head elf, dad security (that a magic wand in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me)

Room - foretell security - cut to airport, parents in bathing suits -- heightened security measures (I'm not with them) (maybe we should just go in fast forward, it gets sort of boring here (pulls picture down (a little in reverse) and then it springs forward in fast time)

Kitchen (normal modern) - pot to closet

I know you don't believe, but until my father lost his job, my parents had been fairly normal

Thimble at security scanner - mom searched - watch it with that wand buddy, it's cold ---

Wooden spoon at security. What's this? She's got an apple!!!

I'm sorry ma'am, the x'ray revealed somthien we all thought we should get a better look at (Mom, laughs, likes the attention, attention wh---

It's time to butter up the old man...

*A bit schitzophrenic...*

*A bit like how I tend to write these days...*

*Puke it out, spit on the page,*

*If I'm thinking, I'm over thinking it, stopping before I start.*

*And believe it or not, I find the forgoing mess soothing,*

*Like an old friend, scraps from the cutting room floor.*

*Brett 12-10-14*