

THE PIT

Written by

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EXT. ABANDONED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

SLICK (19) places the strap of a simple point-and-shoot camera around her neck, and takes a deep breath. Wearing her best attempt at typical punk attire—a ripped jean vest, fish-net leggings turned top, a statement tank top with the words "COWGIRL", and some black combat boots—she approaches the smoky patch of grass leading towards the cafeteria entrance.

Illuminated by a single flickering overhead light, many other punk characters inhabit the patch of grass, smoking and MINGLING faintly.

Slick glides past THE SCARECROW (17), decked out in full scarecrow garb, smoking a hefty cigar. She gives Slick a nod.

A man by the name of MOP (21), with hair to match the name, stands in the corner TALKING to ROTTEN (23). Rotten's words are unintelligible, but by the energetic gesturing of the half-empty vodka bottle in his hand, the story seems quite entertaining.

Slick makes it to the door of the elementary school cafeteria, propped open by a garbage can, and slips in.

INT. ABANDONED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

The dark cavernous room before Slick holds about five times as many punk characters as the yard outside. Booths selling home-made art and band merchandise line the walls. Smoke envelops the entire top half of the cafeteria.

On the left side of the cafeteria sits a sizeable stage housing a drum kit, some scattered guitars, and a microphone.

Slick travels along the room with her camera prepped, scouting for possible subjects. A band of four scruffy guys, including Mop, takes the stage and begins with a CACOPHONY of punk rock.

Slick wades through a sea of patch-covered jackets, spike-studded vests, and statement makeup. The front of the crowd begins to condense into a chaotic ball of energy, thrashing and moshing.

A MAN ON ROLLER SKATES (20) zips into the pit, bouncing back and forth and falling to the ground. A certain COMMON PUNK (20s) joins the fray with a spinning kick. Slick stands on the outskirts of the pit, too in awe to snap a picture.

Back at the entrance door, HOT DOG (24) walks in with two WOMEN (both late teens) on either side of him.

Notorious for his conventionally good looks yet extreme doggish behavior, Hot Dog quickly adds to the fiery energy of the pit.

The crowd around Slick grows as the unintelligible SCREAMS of the band bounce off every wall of the cafeteria.

The band continues to thrash on the stage. From behind the amps zips KEN THE GIMP (21) on roller skates. The name comes from his gimp mask kept on at every moment, however on this specific occasion Ken chose to also accompany it with a red kilt and cropped shirt with the words "I AM KEN" plastered on the front.

Ken the Gimp rides off the stage and into the ravenous gullet of the pit. Still safely on the outskirts, Slick watches as Ken appears and disappears into the crowd.

On the stage, a band member by the name of HENNY (25) pulls out a small pink Barbie guitar. He STRUMS it furiously along to the CHEERS of the crowd, before bashing it against the steps of the stage. He tosses the Barbie guitar's remains into the maw of the pit.

Slick remains yet on the outskirts, camera untouched, eyelids frozen open.

Music UNRELENTING, SWAN (18) garners the attention of the punks and clears a spot in the pit. A lanky boy with a skateboard under his wing, Swan plops the board down and pulls out both a lighter and lighter fluid. He douses the board, shaking a bit with his pour.

In a flurry of movement Swan lights it up and hops on, shuffling his feet into precise position. He performs a perfect kickflip on the flaming skateboard, propelling the pit to an unbelievable energy level.

Realizing the insanity of the moment, Slick snaps into action. She powers up her camera and captures the carnage of the flaming pit with a FLASH.

Overwhelmed, Slick wades back towards the entrance door. She slips out.

EXT. ABANDONED ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT

Like returning from war, Slick revels in the calm outside air. She passes by The Scarecrow again, possibly on a second cigar.

FADEN (20), a shirtless punk with raggedy bleached hair, compares backflips with another PUNK (20s) in the grass.

Slick makes it through the yard and past the sounds of unintelligible MINGLING.

At the edge of the grass, outside the illumination of the singular flickering light, she pulls up her camera.

Her singular shot depicts an image reminiscent of Renaissance era carnage—the high contrast of values amongst the dark cavernous cafeteria convey the chaos and energy of the pit scene, all culminating around the orange glow of the flaming skateboard. She smiles. It's perfect.