(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

LIGHTNING BOLTS OF DESTRUCTION

INT. CHANCELLOR’S OFFICE. DUSK.

Colson is on the phone reading from a folder.

COLSON
...these Projections are speculative, of course, but the increase in job opportunities resulting from this new building...

When Valery bursts in.

COLSON (CONT’D)
Who let you in here?
(hits The intercom)
MARGARET!
(back to his call)
Hello? Hello?

He SLAMS the phone down. He hits the INTERCOM, again.

COLSON (CONT’D)
Margaret, get him back.
(pissed: to Valery)
That was the Mayor I just hung up on.

Valery tosses the fulgurite on his desk. It makes a THUD!

VALERY
You wanted something concrete.

COLSON
What the heck is this?

VALERY
Bell’s Point’s future.

COLSON
A piece of rock?

VALERY
The rock is what nature leaves behind when it’s angry. From the positive lightning strike this morning.

COLSON
So, it’s a lightning bolt.

VALERY
This one’s fifteen times the size of a normal channel.
(off his look)
Starting to get the big picture? If I’m right and this is any indication of how the storm will increase proportionately, this town may not survive the next twenty four hours.

COLSON
That’s the weather bureau’s call. Not ours.

VALERY
You can shut down the campus. At least give people a chance to seek shelter - -

COLSON
Are you out of your mind?

VALERY
(in his face)
This type of lightning is capable of circumventing even our best protective measures. A head start may be all we can offer in terms of safety - -

COLSON
Get out of my office. Right now!

VALERY
Fine. If you won’t listen, maybe the Mayor will.

COLSON
Go ahead. While you're at it, tell him the two million dollars facility he just approved, will amount to nothing more than an empty warehouse.

Valery halts.

VALERY
What are you talking about?

COLSON
You push the panic button because of some... Wild theory, we'll end up a stain on the map. Light industry will run from this town instead of flock towards it.

VALERY
(calls his bluff)
I'll take my chances.

COLSON
Not here, you won't. The day you set foot on this campus, your work became school property. If you don't play ball, I'll get someone else to oversee it.

VALERY
You're blackmailing me?

COLSON
Welcome to my big picture.

(MORE)