

GOIN' SOFT--DRAFT I OF SHOOTING SCRIPT

by

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## **Characters**

### Major roles:

**Mike Williams**, a good-natured but pathetic lonely-heart.

**Dr. Bell**, a UO psychiatrist.

**Ashley**, Mike's ex-girlfriend.

### Medium Roles:

**Professor Johnson**, Mike's teacher

**Dentist**, Mike's dentist

**Roger**, Mike's friend

### Small Roles:

**Bud**, Mike's friend (2 lines)

**Receptionist**, Dr. Bell's receptionist (1 line)

**Many extras are needed as well**

FADE IN:

INT.--UO DENTIST OFFICE--EXAMINING ROOM--DAY--WIDE SHOT OF DENTIST,  
MIKE, AND THE ROOM

MIKE WILLIAMS is reclining in the dentist's chair, his mouth open,  
having his teeth cleaned by the DENTIST.

INT.--UO DENTIST OFFICE--EXAMINING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE UP OF DENTIST AND  
MIKE.

The dentist is speaking while he works.

DENTIST

You've been drinking coffee,  
haven't you?

MIKE

Ah-ra.

DENTIST

Did you know that coffee stains  
your teeth?

MIKE

Ah war ga wa id ra.

DENTIST

Your fourth grade science teacher  
told you? So why do you keep  
drinking it?

MIKE

Ah ga eck waa ba ga la fuh buh da.

DENTIST

You like Starbucks's Mocha  
Frappucinos with half-cap and twist  
but no foam? Me too.

(Keeps working.)

INT.--UO DENTIST OFFICE--EXAMINING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON DENTIST

Hmmm...What's this? (Pulls out  
long thread from Mike's mouth.)

INT.--UO DENTIST OFFICE--EXAMINING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

MIKE

Ah ga waa.

INT.--UO DENTIST OFFICE--EXAMINING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE UP OF DENTIST AND  
MIKE.

DENTIST

Floss? I don't think so. Looks  
more like some kind of thread from  
a cloth. Strange.

INT.--FRONT SEAT OF MIKE'S CAR--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE AND PART OF CAR

We see only Mike as he sits in the driver's seat, talking and glancing to his right.

MIKE

Sorry it took so long. The dentist found some kind of thread in my teeth. He said I should brush more often. What does he know. You're the only one who understands me, Ashley. I love you, sweetheart.

INT.--FRONT SEAT OF MIKE'S CAR--DAY--ZOOM OUT TO FRONT OF CAR

The camera pans back and we see Mike and a pillow in the passenger seat next to him. Mike leans over and passionately kisses the pillow a couple of times. Then he leans back and tries to pull something out of his teeth, as if something got caught in his teeth. Then he pulls the car out of its parking space.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--ESTAB. SHOT OF PROFESSOR, BLACKBOARD, AND A FEW STUDENTS

PROF.

While Shakespeare certainly took some license with his characters and stories, he was above all inspired by real events.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE AND HIS DESK

Mike sits at the back of the classroom, staring blankly at PROFESSOR JOHNSON at the front of the room. The professor continues speaking, but Mike is not really paying attention to her. He has a faraway look on his face.

PROF. (O.C.)

For the most part, he wrote about real people and real conflicts, basing his plays on historical evidence and eyewitness accounts.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--ZOOM OUT TO MIKE AND PILLOW BESIDE HIM

While the below speech continues, we zoom out to see Mike's pillow in the seat next to him. Mike stares lovingly at the pillow, and slowly puts his arm around it. Then, with his arm around the pillow, he brings the pillow to him, and begins stroking its "head." The professor's speech is never interrupted.

PROF. (O.C.)

But when it came time to give his characters thoughts, feelings, and emotions, Shakespeare displayed a depth of perception that few others could ever hope to rival. Whether it was their hopes, their dreams,

their fears, or their demons, Shakespeare described them with uncanny believability, as if he himself had been witness to every conversation, every gesture, even every thought.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON PROFESSOR

PROF.

Uh, Mr. Williams, you look like someone who knows about passion. How, in *your* opinion, was Shakespeare able to reach so deep into his characters?

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE AND PILLOW, TORSOS

Mike is still caressing his pillow.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON PROFESSOR

PROF.

Mr. Williams, the class is waiting.... Mr. Williams?

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE AND PILLOW, TORSOS

MIKE

(oblivious, talking to pillow)

I love you.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--VERY WIDE SHOT ON MOST OF CLASS AND THE PROF.

The class laughs.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON PROFESSOR

Professor Johnson shows disapproval and surprise.

INT.--UO CLASSROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

Mike frowns and slumps in his seat.

INT.--TRENDY NIGHTCLUB--TABLE--NIGHT--ESTABLISHING SHOT OF NIGHTCLUB INTERIOR, INCLUDING BAR IF THERE IS ONE, NEON LIGHTS, LOTS OF PEOPLE, SOME WALKING TO AND FRO. ALTERNATIVELY, COULD DO AN ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE EXTERIOR SIGNAGE WITH PEOPLE WALKING IN AND OUT.

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--MEDIUM SHOT OF EVERYONE AROUND THE TABLE

Seated around a table are Mike, his pillow, and ROGER and BUD, Mike's friends. Each has a beer, including the pillow.

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--OVER ROGER'S SHOULDER ON MIKE

MIKE

(while drinking his beer)  
That Professor Johnson sure is a  
hard ass. It's like she's got  
something personal against me and  
Ashley.

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--CLOSE ON ROGER

ROGER

Mike, when are you gonna stop with  
this Ashley stuff?

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--CLOSE ON MIKE

MIKE

What do you mean?

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--CLOSE ON ROGER

ROGER

You know what I mean. You're  
carrying around that damn pillow  
like it's Ashley!

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--MEDIUM SHOT OF MIKE, PILLOW, AND  
ROGER'S BACK, MAYBE BUD'S BACK ALSO

Mike is astonished. He's goes behind the pillow and covers up its  
"ears."

MIKE

Don't listen to him, Ashley!

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--MEDIUM SHOT OF ROGER AND BUD

ROGER

(continuing)  
She's gone, Mike! She dumped you  
three weeks ago! When are you  
gonna stop this?

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--CLOSE ON MIKE AND PILLOW

MIKE

How dare you!

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--CLOSE ON BUD

BUD

Dude, if Ashley's not gonna drink  
her beer, can I have it?

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--PROFILES OF MIKE, ROGER, AND BUD

MIKE

Shut up! Both of you! I can't believe you two are my friends! C'mon Ashley.

(picks up pillow and exits)

INT.--TRENDY BAR--TABLE--NIGHT--CLOSE ON ROGER AND BUD

BUD

That guy is seriously wacked.

ROGER

I know. We need to get the poor guy some help.

INT.--TRENDY BAR--DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT--WIDE SHOT OF DANCE FLOOR

Wide shot of the dance floor, people dancing, smiling, happy. Mike walks onto the floor with ASHLEY.

INT.--TRENDY BAR--DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT--MEDIUM SHOT OF MIKE AND ASHLEY, NEARBY DANCERS ARE IN THE SHOT AS WELL. MAY INCLUDE ONLY TORSOS OF MIKE AND ASHLEY, OR MORE IF YOU CAN'T GET OTHERS IN THE SHOT WITH ONLY MIKE AND ASHLEY'S TORSOS.

Mike is slow dancing with his Ashley. Other dancers stare incredulously. Mike is oblivious to them while talking to Ashley. Ashley is responsive and smiling.

MIKE

How could they be so insensitive, Ashley? They're probably just jealous of me. Well, who could blame them...

INT.--TRENDY BAR--DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT--MEDIUM SHOT OF MIKE AND HIS PILLOW, PLENTY OF OTHER DANCERS FACES INCLUDED.

We cut to a wide shot and see the horror on the faces of the other couples. This time, we see that Mike is in fact dancing with his pillow.

INT.--TRENDY BAR--DANCE FLOOR--NIGHT--TORSO OF MIKE AND PILLOW

MIKE

Oh Ashley, you're so soft and warm.... Do you think we stand a chance?

CROSSFADE TO:

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

Mike stares anxiously at Roger. Roger is sympathetic.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM ON MIKE AND ROGER

Mike and Roger are sitting in waiting chairs. Magazines are nearby. Mike is still clutching his pillow.

ROGER

C'mon, Mike. Dr. Bell isn't going to bite you. He just wants to talk to you for a little while. Everything'll be fine.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM ON RECEPTIONIST AND HER DESK

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Williams, the doctor will see you now.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--WIDE ON MIKE AND ROGER, INCLUDING MOST OF THE WALL AND WAITING AREA ENTRANCE

Mike still has a very worried look on his face.

ROGER

C'mon, Mike, it's not so bad. And I'll be waiting right here for you the whole time.

MIKE

(a bit reassured)

Thanks, Roger.

Mike exits. Roger waits until Mike has completely exited, then stands up, adjusts his collar as he nervously looks left and right, then darts out of the waiting room.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON FRONT HALF OF DR. BELL'S OFFICE, INCLUDING THE ENTRANCE. WE SEE THE DOORWAY AND THE COUCH.

Mike peers around the open doorway nervously.

DR. BELL (O.C.)

Come in, come in.

Mike walks in, cautiously, nervously, still clutching his pillow. He sits down on the couch, the pillow still in his arms (but not obscuring his face or upper chest).

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON DR. BELL IN HIS CHAIR



DR. BELL  
 (looking Mike square  
 in the eyes. Serious  
 but friendly.)  
 Hello, Mike.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON MIKE

MIKE  
 (a little scared)  
 H-H-H-Hello, Dr. Bell.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON DR. BELL

DR. BELL  
 I hear that you're a Ducks fan.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON MIKE

MIKE  
 (suddenly springing  
 to life)  
 Yes, I am! I love those little web-  
 footed creatures!

Mike suddenly catches himself and resumes his little gloomy, forlorn countenance while clutching his pillow even tighter.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON DR. BELL

DR. BELL  
 You \*know\* you have a problem,  
 don't you?

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

Mike looks down.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON DR. BELL

DR. BELL  
 Mike, listen to me. Ashley is gone. She ended her relationship with you three weeks ago, and in your despair, your mind created a delusion. Somehow, that ruffled, stained, smelly pillow became Ashley to you. But look at me, Mike.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

Mike looks up.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE PROFILE SHOT OF BOTH

DR. BELL

\*That\* (pointing at pillow, a beat)  
is not Ashley. That's just a  
pillow.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

Mike gets wide-eyed.

DR. BELL (O.C.)

You've been holding on to a  
delusion, Mike, and now you need to  
let go.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--ZOOMING SLOWLY FROM  
CLOSE TO CLOSER SHOT OF JUST FACE

Mike gets that faraway look again--faraway, but also  
very silly. Need to ham up every possible moment for  
this film! We dissolve from Mike's ridiculous face to  
a flashback.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--MEDIUM-WIDE SHOT OF MIKE, THE  
BRIDGE AND THE SIDEWALK.

We see Mike peering over the bridge railing, absorbed and curious,  
throwing pieces of bread into the water.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--WIDE SHOT OF MIKE, THE BRIDGE  
AND THE SIDEWALK LEADING UP TO THE BRIDGE.

We Ashley as she walks toward Mike and the camera.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT OF ASHLEY

ASHLEY

(a little playful,  
a little melancholy. She  
holds something behind  
her back.)

Hi, Mike.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--PROFILE SHOT OF MIKE AND  
ASHLEY AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE TO BOTH OF THEM. THEY ARE AT RIGHT ANGLES  
TO EACH OTHER, AND THE SHOT WILL SPLIT THE ANGLE.

MIKE

(noticing her)  
Hey, sweetie!  
(Stops what he's doing,  
gives her a hug, then resumes his  
bread tossing.)

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--TORSO SHOT OF ASHLEY

ASHLEY

(nodding toward

the water)  
 Feedin' the ducks?

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT OF MIKE

MIKE  
 Nah, just tossing bread in the  
 water.

INSERT:

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--VIEW OF RAILING AND RIVER--DAY

We cut to a shot of Mike's hand throwing bread into  
 the river. There are no ducks in the water.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--FULL BODY PROFILE SHOT OF  
 MIKE AND ASHLEY

ASHLEY  
 Hmmm. Um, you left your pillow at  
 my apartment.  
 (She hands him the pillow  
 that she was holding behind her  
 back. He turns away from his task  
 toward her and takes it with his  
 free hand.)

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--TORSO PROFILE SHOT OF MIKE  
 AND ASHLEY

MIKE  
 Oh, yeah, thanks. Hey, what do you  
 wanna do tonight?

ASHLEY  
 Uh, yeah, I wanted to talk to you  
 about that.

MIKE  
 About what?

ASHLEY  
 I don't think it's working out,  
 Mike.

MIKE  
 WHAT?

ASHLEY  
 I don't think we should see each  
 other anymore.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

MIKE  
 What are you talking about? We're  
 perfect for each other!

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON ASHLEY

ASHLEY

No, we're not.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

MIKE

Of course we are!

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON ASHLEY

ASHLEY

NO, WE'RE NOT.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--TORSO PROFILE SHOT OF MIKE AND ASHLEY

MIKE

What do you mean, we're not?

ASHLEY

We're just not compatible.

MIKE

What the heck does that mean? I  
wanna know exactly why you're  
dumping me!

ASHLEY

C'mon, Mike...

MIKE

I WANNA KNOW!

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON ASHLEY

ASHLEY

All right, you talk too much. I can  
never get a word in. And you snore.  
LOUDLY. You pick your teeth public.  
You never hang up your clothes.  
You're boring, arrogant, tedious,  
and you leave the toilet seat up.  
Satisfied?

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON MIKE

MIKE

I'm speechless.... I don't know  
what to say...

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--CLOSE ON ASHLEY

ASHLEY

There's nothing to say. It's over.

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--TORSO PROFILE SHOT OF MIKE AND ASHLEY

MIKE

Wait, Ashley, it doesn't have to be over. You can learn to speak up more. And you can wear earplugs at night. And no one has to pick up my clothes...

ASHLEY

I gotta go, Mike. Take care.

Ashley exits the frame.

MIKE

No, wait! Ashley! Ashley!

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--OVERHEAD, MELODRAMATIC SHOT OF MIKE. MAYBE WE COULD GET THE SHOT FROM THE TOP OF LADDER.

Mike raises his arms over his head in pure melodramatic fashion, stares up at the sky (not the camera) and screams:

MIKE

(Big melodramatic scream)

AAAAASHHHELEEEY!!!!

EXT.--BRIDGE OVER A RIVER--SIDEWALK--DAY--WIDE SHOT OF MIKE

Mike clutches the pillow tighter and still tighter, then sobs into it and hugs it and puts his head against it.)

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--ZOOMING SLOWLY OUT FROM FACE CLOSE UP TO TORSO SHOT OF MIKE

Mike has a very silly "dazed" face. Then he "wakes up" from his flashback, astonished and a little teary-eyed. At the torso shot:

MIKE

(looking at pillow)

It is just a pillow, isn't it?

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--TORSO SHOT OF DR. BELL

DR. BELL

That's all it is.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT OF MIKE

Mike puts the pillow down while starting to sniff and "cry."

MIKE

Oh doctor, I am so sorry. I don't know what happened to me.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON DR. BELL

DR. BELL

That's all right. This kind of thing happens all the time. Why, just today I saw a woman who carried a garden hose for seven years after her snake Petey died.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--WIDE FULL BODY SHOT OF MIKE, DR. BELL, AND A BIT OF THE ROOM.

Dr. Bell smiles and stands, and Mike stands in return.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM ON MIKE AND DR. BELL.

MIKE

I don't know how to repay you, doctor.

DR. BELL

No repayment is necessary, Mike. My salary comes out of your overpriced health fee.

Mike suddenly hugs the doctor, and the doctor is taken a bit by surprise.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--A LITTLE CLOSER ON THE TWO.

MIKE

Oh doctor,  
(suddenly noticing)  
you're so soft and warm. Do you think we stand a chance?

DR. BELL

(firmly)  
No. Now get out.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--WIDE SHOT OF THE TWO, THE COUCH, AND SOME OF THE ROOM.

Mike turns to get the pillow.

DR. BELL

And leave the pillow.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--WIDE SHOT OF THE WALL AND THE DOORWAY, AND THE COUCH.

Mike slinks out of the office. Dr. Bell the goes to the door and closes it. He then approaches the pillow from BEHIND the couch.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--MEDIUM SHOT ON DR. BELL  
THE PILLOW AND THE COUCH

DR. BELL

(passionately)

Oh Ashley, all the time that I was  
talking to Mike, I just couldn't  
take my eyes off you! You are so  
beautiful, my dear. What's that?  
Well, I do try to stay in shape.

(he picks up the  
pillow and holds  
it gently)

Would you like a martini?

(he puts his ear  
against the pillow)

Oh, such dirty language, young  
lady!

(narrowing gaze)

I want you, Ashley! I must have  
you!

The doctor, still holding the pillow, falls behind the couch.

INT.--PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM--DAY--SLOW ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL  
THE ENTIRE COUCH

There is lots of grunting. Dr. Bell's pants get thrown over the right  
side of the couch, then the pillow's pillowcase gets thrown over the  
left side of the couch.

FADE OUT:

THE END