

# Western Script 1

1. Adjective
2. Noun Plural
3. Noun Plural
4. Noun Plural
5. Noun Plural
6. Number
7. Name
8. Noun
9. Noun
10. Noun
11. Verb Present Ends In S
12. Noun Plural
13. Noun Plural
14. Food
15. Animal - Plural
16. Food
17. Name

# Western Script 1

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION - DAY

The place is a \_\_\_\_\_ *Adjective* intelligence operations center -- state-of-the-art for the 1860's. \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*

\_\_\_\_\_ *Plural* of the U.S. and the world are on the wall. Various staff and military people work with clacking

\_\_\_\_\_ *Noun Plural*, printing machines that grind out \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun Plural*, etc.

Grant stops at a display of daguerreotype \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun Plural*, all depicting distinguished bewhiskered men.

PRESIDENT GRANT - \_\_\_\_\_ *Number* of our country's best scientists... all kidnapped in the

last year. By General \_\_\_\_\_ *Name*, it now seems.

(turns to them)

The fact is, gentlemen, you've both been working on the same case all along. Why did it take you so long to

realize it?

WEST - Well, sir, one of us was still trying to figure out if he was a \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun* or a \_\_\_\_\_ *Noun*.

The detectives snicker over that one. Grant's had enough.

PRESIDENT

GRANT - I don't have time for this bickering! One week, if we're to

believe this...

Grant holds out a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ to Gordon and West. Gordon \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S \_\_\_\_\_ it, reads:

PRESIDENT GRANT

(reading)

"General Grant, the scientists that you seek are in my employ, creating a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun Plural \_\_\_\_\_ system beyond the pale of contemporary imagination. \_\_\_\_\_ Noun Plural \_\_\_\_\_ and justice are on my side. I suggest you put your affairs in order. You have one week before you will surrender the U.S. Government."

This letter was delivered inside this.

An aide presents a glass case. Inside is a \_\_\_\_\_ Food \_\_\_\_\_ in the shape of the White House.

GORDON

(reaching inside)

Marzipan, isn't it?

PRESIDENT GRANT

(grabs

his hand)

Wait!

Suddenly dozens of deadly-looking \_\_\_\_\_ Animal - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ swarm out from inside the \_\_\_\_\_ Food \_\_\_\_\_. Gordon jerks his hand back.

WEST - It's \_\_\_\_\_ Name \_\_\_\_\_, sir. The South is rising again. I'm gonna stop it.