

Neil Pymmer.

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Sample 01. ■

Title: Switch

Project: 10 page short film script

Production company: Figure 29

Switch is a short sci-fi film set in a near future where brain transplants are possible, but only affordable by the very rich. Is Dr Erberhaust, creator of the procedure, an altruistic pioneer of modern medicine or purely in it for monetary gain and notoriety? Below is a two page segment taken from the middle of the screenplay.

You can download the full screenplay here:

http://www.neilpymer.com/screenplay/Switch_V1.pdf

INT. THEATRE

A ventilator pumps rhythmically.
The tools are now bloody and covered in dubious matter.

DR ERBERHAUST
That's it, lower the brain.
CAREFULLY this time.

An Adonis of a man sits in an operating chair.
In his open head Klumm eases Sudermann's brain.
Erberhaust pokes in various, sharp, electronic probes.
He studies readouts on a number of screens reeling out
undecipherable information.

DR ERBERHAUST
Right, we are good to go. Seal him
up. Then let's get some lunch.

INT. TV NEWS STUDIO

Hot studio lights beam down, near melting the pancake makeup of
four panelists.
Dr Erberhaust sits amongst them.
A heated discussion is in progress; three cameras slide in and out
catching all the action.

KERRY LINKLATER scratches his greying beard and looks over the
small spectacles resting on his broad nose.

LINKLATER
It is the the ethics behind your
procedures not the practice which I
find very hard to condone Dr
Eberhaust. Underprivileged people
selling their bodies for financial
gain with immensely rich people in
the sidelines waiting to buy them
up. It's a similar situation to
before the artificial growth of
organs was commonplace. But this.
This is on another level altogether.
There have been rumours...

REV. PHILLIPS
Well the Church takes a different
stance...

LINKLATER
...let me finish, rumours of
diseased husks of carcasses used as
replacements for body donors. (cont)

(cont) In one such case the victim died only a few weeks after having the transplant.

REV. PHILLIPS

The Church's position is to completely oppose this practice. We emphatically believe it is against God's will (beat) cheating death like this...

DR ERBERHAUST

Who are you to say that we cannot progress. Science has achieved so many things, and brought our race so far. Religion has simply brought war.

LINKLATER

It is not that I disagree with progress Dr Eberhaust, I never said that, what I am strongly contesting is the way science is being used. It is just one more example of science being solely developed for monetary gain and preying on disadvantaged people. This is not progress!

REV. PHILLIPS

But the Church...

ANGLE BEHIND TV STUDIO CAMERAS

An audience member slips through the barriers. Runs awkwardly on-set through the cameras. Throws blood-red paint all over Dr Eberhaust, screaming indecipherable insults. It sprays out all over the other panelists.

CLOSE ON PANELIST TABLE

The INTERVIEWER jumps back out her chair holding out her hands looking over her ruined Chanel suit in horror. A microphone squeals feedback. Heavy security jump in trying to get hold of the rabid woman.

ANGLE BEHIND TV STUDIO CAMERAS

A Producer on the floor, holding clipboard and pen, watching the cacophony breaking out, nods his head in approval, knowing some good television was in progress.

Sample 02.

Title: Ollie Collins - Save the Tollins Campaign

Project: 6 episode web series

Client: Harper Collins

Agency: Stickee Digital

Production Company: Figure 29

Ollie Collins "Save the Tollins" was an immersive web campaign devised to supplement the release of new Conn Iggulden book, Tollins: Explosive Tales for Children published by Harper Collins. Children could follow fictional character Ollie Collins and his campaign which highlighted the plight of the Tollins on his own website and serialised video blogs. I wrote 6 episodes in all, which late in the day were cut down from three pages to just over one; even with the mass editing I think the spirit of Ollie still stands strong. On the following pages are episodes 2 and 5.

You can see the finished episodes here, you'll have to sign up to see them all:

<http://www.savethetollins.com>

"OLLIE COLLINS"
Episode Two

Screenplay

by

Neil Pymer

Copyright Control
HarperCollins Publishers
77-85 Fulham Palace Road
Hammersmith
London W6 8JB
020 8741 7070

FADE IN

EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY

Ollie is close up to the camera, adjusts and runs up a small grassy knoll to address us in frame.

OLLIE

So Folks, here we are, back in tune to my "Tollins Watch" video diary, where today we're tracking Tollins.

HIGH ANGLE FOLLOWING OLLIE

Ollie tracks furtively through grass armed with a spyglass.

OLLIE

Tollins are notoriously hard to find. Quick I've found something. Oh dear.

He holds up a burnt out firework to camera.

CLOSE ON FIREWORK

OLLIE

Looks like we're too late for this one, he's probably hiding somewhere waiting for his wings to grow back.

CUT TO OLLIE SITTING ON GRASS

Cups his ear towards some shrubbery. His face explodes with excitement.

OLLIE

They're here! I'm going to talk them into coming out on camera. One minute...

ANGLE ON OLLIE

We see Ollie's behind with his head stuck in a bush. The bush is rustling a bit.

OLLIE

(speaking from in the bush)
They're not coming out! They're camera shy you see.

Ollie pulls his head out of the bush revealing a face covered in miniature graffiti marks.

Some is too small to make out, but we make out parts.

"Sparkler Woz Ere", "Tollins Rule Okay", "Fireworks Suck".

OLLIE

Well, I'm sorry guys, they just
won't come out, so, for now with no
solid proof, you're just going to
have to trust me they exist.

Ollie waves frantically, and the video ends with a burst of static.

A hand-drawn endboard pops up reading - "Tollins Watch, Video Diary, Episode Three coming (DATE)." with the Save The Tollins logo and URL.

FADE OUT

"OLLIE COLLINS"
Episode Five

Screenplay

by

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FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ollie is standing by a lamppost addressing camera.
He gives a frantic wave to his audience.

OLLIE

(very excitable)

Now it's time to take some serious
action out in the field! To truly
stop fireworks I'd probably need to
go to China to halt the production
of gunpowder. I can't afford a plane
ride. So I'm going down to my local
newsagents instead!

EXT. LOCAL SHOP

Ollie stands waving his placard holding a megaphone.
Someone goes to walk past him into the shop.

OLLIE

Ban fireworks! Save the Tollins.
Don't have their dust on your hands!

PASSER BY

Tollins?

OLLIE

Small beings that live in gardens
with wings who...

Ollie turns off the megaphone.

OLLIE

...sorry, who are being used in the
manufacture of fireworks, then blown
up!

PASSER BY

Small beings at the bottom of my
garden?

OLLIE

So whatever you do, WHATEVER you do
don't buy any fireworks.

PASSER BY

I was only going in for a paper.

Passer by goes into shop.

OLLIE

Another success! No one has bought
fireworks today, what a result. Join
me for my last episode soon!

Ollie waves and then a hand-drawn endboard pops up reading -
"Tollins Watch, Video Diary, Episode Five coming (DATE)." with the
Save The Tollins logo and URL.

FADE OUT

Sample 03.

Title: Nix

Project: 11 page short film script

Agency: Production London

Nix is a dark urban fantasy about a creature lurking under the surface of London, luring in vulnerable people by assuming the form of recent lost ones. Here is a one page segment from the original screenplay.

INT. BASEMENT ENTRANCE

The doors finally slide open revealing a dark hollow corridor. Spiders crawl into their corners, offended by the light.

In the distance a shadow snakes its way round a far corner, throwing residue into the air.

Morgan arms himself with a rusty bar from the pile of junk at his side and cautiously moves forward.

INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR

Morgan slides stealthily in the low light, weapon raised. An electric hum drifts ahead of him.

INT. PLANT ROOM

Pipes and machinery grumble in the nerve centre of the building.

Morgan's feral eyes scan the room.

His feet splash in water.

Looking down, on the floor, he sees it; rotting away, slightly submerged in stagnant water, eyes stare up at him.

Morgan carefully places the metal bar against a concrete pillar. Disarmed.

His eyes never falter from the button gaze.

He pulls the rag doll from the water, holds it lovingly in both hands and we move to:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

Morgan throws the doll on a small coffin.

A handful of mud drops from above covering the doll, grating on the wooden lid.

Morgan looks sullenly down, we pull back to:

INT. PLANT ROOM

MORGAN

Leah... Leah! Are you here?

Where are you?

It must be Leah... he screams for her, running deeper into the cavernous basement.

Sample 04.

Title: MTV Fur TV Radio Adverts

Project: Radio advert concepts and scripts

Client: MTV Networks Europe

Production Company: Warp Films

Agency: Stickee Digital

Fur TV is an X-rated puppet show produced by Warp Films for MTV. I wrote and produced a series of comic faux radio ads for the crude show. The spots were used in an online radio broadcast and on the show's promotional website.

You can hear some of the produced adverts on my Soundcloud page here:

<http://soundcloud.com/neilpymers/mtv-fur-tv-radio-ads>

"MTV FUR - FUR RADIO ADVERTS"

Written

by

Neil Pymmer

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MTV Networks Europe
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ADVERT ONE - FURRY LOVE

Description:-

A take on text-for-love adverts remixed for puppets. The style will be akin the late night TV sex-text ads with commentary from a female announcer with chavvy sexy voice.

Script:-

FEMALE VOICE

(in sexy chav voice)

Are you sitting at home feeling lonely? Feeling horny? With nothing furry to fulfil your desires? Don't be alone anymore... we have the answer. Text FURRYLOVE to find some soft loving in your area. Men wanting puppets, women wanting puppets, puppets on puppets, we have it all! Hot, single puppets are waiting for your text and live chat. Text FURRYLOVE, thats FURRYLOVE.

MALE VOICE

(in super-spiced-up Micro Machine voice so you can't understand what's being said)

Texts cost £4.50 both ways. Weekly charge £10, automatic sign-up of 2 years. Furrylove is a part of Fat Ed Industries Inc. No refunds, no returns. Puppets replies may be from a computer and not actually real.

FEMALE VOICE

(in super-sexy chav voice)

Text FURRYLOVE... NOW!

ADVERT TWO - HOUSE OF FUR

Description:-

Chinese Takeaway advert promoting Furry Avenue's local eatery, 'House of Fur'. The restaurant owner will be speaking in pigeon English over oriental restaurant lift muzak. The speech will be highlighted by sound-bytes from 70's Kung Fu films.

Script:-

RESTAURANT OWNER

(pigeon English)

Come see and eat at House of Fur,
Furry Avenue, premiere chinese
eatery. Pick up or delivery all
over, extra price. Sample House of
Fur specialities: Sweet Sour Fur
Balls, Crispy Peking muck and Kung
Faux Fur Chicken with deep fried
cockroach. Puppeat magazine best
takeaway award 1972. Free Chinese
calendar with every order. Fortune
Cookie of the day: The World may be
your flannel, but it doesn't mean
you'll get the fur!

ADVERT THREE - HAIR TODAY GONE TOMORROW

Description:-

Advert for local hairdresser, 'Hair Today Gone Tomorrow', who deal in Puppet Street/Shoreditch styling. Style will be reminiscent of the braid shop ads heard on most pirate radio stations.

Script:-

HAIR SHOP OWNER

(in camp voice)

Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow, new
Hairstylist in Foxton Square, just
off Furry Avenue. All modern styles
catered for, Weaving, Braiding,
Brazilians, Sewing, Woolens,
Crochet, Cross Stitch and Merkins.
Featuring exclusive styles, Pony
Hair Tail, the ever so popular
Flannel Mullet, Knitted Beehive,
Cotton Quiff, Steel Wire Afro and
100's more. Hair Today, Gone
Tomorrow, 125 Furry Avenue, a clear
cut above the rest.

Sample 05.

Title: Minyuns

Project: Background story for mobile phone game

Agency: Bo-Shing

Minyuns, a multi-player mobile phone game (pre-iPhone), won the Overall Award @ Submerge'04 and a Europix Seal of Approval, awarded to only 30 of the 500 European entrants. The game was aimed at 10 to 16 year olds with time to waste on bus and train journeys. It was a group project and one of my jobs was to create the back story and develop the initial characters.

MINYUNS - The Ragdoll Syndrome

What happens to all the thrown out toys? What becomes of those items, that once held the undivided love and affection of their estranged owners?

In ancient Japanese culture it is believed that when a toy has been in your possession, a special bond is made between you both. The toy gains a life force from this close loyalty; what humans call a soul. When the sad time came to leave toys for more grown up endeavours, the toy was burned in a special ritual, allowing it's soul to go to toy heaven.

Most toys in the modern age do not enjoy this luxury, they are cast away, their years of hard work and punishment from small fingers and inter-galactic battles against the Hordes of the Under the Kitchen Sink Realms, all but forgotten. Sent as MINYUNS to toy purgatory, otherwise known as the REJECTAFUN; a giant floating dumping yard in the sky. This mass collection of disgruntled broken, unwanted toys live a sad life, happy to be in each others company, but unhappy they have been taken from their loved ones and lives on Earth.

They theorised how they could again be free, to leave the Rejectafun, to play again, to be loved again... to be TOYS again. For years and years they thought, meditated and hypothesised, but no way was found for the Minyuns to escape the limbo in which they existed.

That was until, one day, a strange object arrived at the Rejectafun. Along with the normal cast-away teddies, action figures, arms, legs and bits of fluff was a strange object... It bore the inscription 'NOKIA' upon it. One of the new rejects told the other toys it was a mobile phone: a means for the world below to communicate with each other, to interact and speak with each other. The whole world was joined up in a giant network of to-ing and fro-ing information. Could this be their way out? A way to beam themselves back to Earth and get out of the Rejectafun for good!? At this thought the excitement got the better of some of the Minyuns with less stable dispositions. A fight for the mystical mobile broke out lasting for days and days... until Bob the Fluffy Bunny farted and everyone had to stop to hold their noses until the stench had cleared.

In the short pause that ensued one of them piped up that if they carried on like this they would never achieve anything. They all agreed to stop and concentrate on more constructive ways of dealing with this new technology. However, they also agreed that fighting had been immensely fun, it had been like the old days with their owners, like PLAYING again!

Not only that but in all the commotion and with all the toy-bits-n-bobs flying about somehow Terry had on Henry's arm and Britney had acquired a random wheel to her once broken foot. They had become stronger by fighting, by sharing and exchanging their parts - it was their strength. If only they hadn't thought so much and played a bit more they would have realised this earlier! Now the Minyuns had discovered that PLAY was the way forward and had the MOBILE PHONE as a means to transport themselves back to earth. They devised a plan to infiltrate the world once more... and what a plan it was.

All would have been fine and dandy, but the evil TOYMEKKA was a smart mechanoid and had been listening in on the Minyuns after all the commotion of the fight. Once he heard of their plan, he went about creating an army of evil NUYNIM toys, to dispatch to protect his intergalactic toy distribution monopoly on Earth, TOYCORP.

Sample 06.

Title: Marden Hill

Project: 3 page short film script

Production Company: Figure 29

Marden Hill is a short film that centres around an unexplained portal found in the most unlikely of places. I developed the script with collaborator Lee Richards and directed the film myself. Marden Hill was produced by Imogen Adams and photographed by Trevor Henen. Below is a one page excerpt.

You can read the Marden Hill blog here:

<http://www.fig29.com/mardenhill>

You can download the full script here:

http://www.neilpymer.com/screenplay/MardenHill_ShootingScript.pdf

INT. WARNER'S CAR

He looks back at the hulk in the rear view mirror.
Getting smaller.
Stops his car.
Takes another look at the bag.
Looks at the hulk again.
Breathes a heavy sigh.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The high pitched whirr of a car reversing.
WARNER turns his car round.
Pulls up in front of the hulk.
Illuminating the scene with his headlights.
Leaves the safety of his car.
Locks the doors with his fob.

He sniffs around.
Gravel crunches under-foot.
Peers in, but the car is empty with no sign of life.

The hulk appears to watch WARNER.
It breathes as he moves around it.
Waiting for the right moment.

WARNER tries the driver's door handle.
Gentle first, then gives it a big tug.
Locked.

About to give up.
The boot pops open.
On its own.
Cautiously makes his way to the back of the car.

An absolute void.
A black mass of nothingness.
Oblivion.

His mind requires proof of what his eyes are seeing.
He cautiously feeds his hand into the blackness.
It begins to pull him in like quicksand.
Scared, WARNER wrenches his arm out with a struggle.

WARNER stares into the portal.
His face drops, devoid of expression.
He offers his hand more willingly this time.

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Contact.

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