

Costumes Optional

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INT. THROWING AXE - DAY

Leah enters the Throwing Axe and sees the front desk guy (30s).

He has a long beard and is wearing a viking hat and an obviously fake animal fur vest. His name tag says Long Beard.

He smiles when he sees her come in. The place is deserted other than the two of them.

LONG BEARD

Hey, there, little elf! I gotta say, I love con season. It makes me feel less goofy being a grown man wearing a viking costume every day.

Leah doesn't answer, she throws money on the counter and heads straight for the first throwing stall.

She fishes out an axe and sizes it up. Long Beard rushes to catch up to her.

LONG BEARD (cont'd)

Whoa, whoa. Hold on. There are some safety rules that we're required to go through here, legally speaking. You can't just pick up an axe and start throwing.

LEAH

Out of my way, Long Beard. I'm here to take out my frustration on the male race with alcohol and medieval weapons. I wouldn't get in the way if I were you.

Leah smiles briefly, moves him aside with her arm, and throws the axe into the bulls eye.

Long Beard looks at her differently. He backs up to be on the safe side.

LONG BEARD

Okay, then. You've obviously done this before.

LEAH

Oh yes, nearly forgot. Beer, please.

Leah throws several more axes before pausing to drink the beer.

LONG BEARD

You seem upset. Want to talk about it?

LEAH

You sure are taking your Throwing Axe bar tending duties seriously.

She makes a sign with her hand, like she's knighting him.

LEAH (cont'd)

There. I, Leah, hereby relieve you of your official bartender shoulder-to-cry-on duty. I'm good.

Leah throws an axe really hard. So hard it buries itself into the wall and when she goes to get it, it's stuck. She struggled with it for a minute and then starts punching the target repeatedly.

LONG BEARD

Yeah, I've seen this kind of thing before. You look totally fine.

LEAH

You know what? You can help me with something. You can keep the beers coming, ok?

Leah keeps drinking and throwing axes. Long Beard goes back behind the desk and fixes the cash drawer.

The THUNK sounds continue as she takes out her frustration on the bulls eye.

LEAH (cont'd)

Stupid men. THUNK. All they want is one thing. THUNK. Then they move on to other women.

She turns to Long Beard.

LEAH (cont'd)

You guys are like locusts. Big, smelly, vain, self-centered locusts.

Long Beard looks taken aback.

LONG BEARD

I don't know a lot about locusts, but I do know that I'm going to have to replace that bulls eye when you leave. You're beating the hell out of it. What did this guy do to you, anyway?

LEAH

It's just the same old same old. Girl meets boy. Girl wakes up alone. Which turned out to be a funny coincidence, really. Beer me please.

She throws another round of axes as Long Beard looks on.

LEAH (cont'd)

And because it was an adorable, funny coincidence, she decided to trust him when they reconnected. THUNK. When he whooshed in to save the day. For one, perfect moment, she thought she had found that elusive nice guy. The one who wasn't going to stab her in the back. THUNK. Is that so much to ask?

LONG BEARD

No way. Nobody's stabbing you in the back, not with how good you are with those axes.

Long Beard hands her another beer, even though he doesn't seem to think it's a good idea.

LONG BEARD (cont'd)

Alright. Go on, how did he screw it up? I should know this, so I know what not to do if I don't want to turn into a locust.

LEAH

Fine, I'll give you a hint. When things are going great, don't live stream yourself kissing your co-star.