

THE POWER RANGERS

Billy Spec Scene #1

By
Matthew John Latham

EXT. CRANSTON ENTERPRISES - DAY

Establishing shot. Very tall, very shiny and very window biased building standing in perfect symmetry.

TOUR GUIDE (PRELAP)

And of course! What tour cannot begin without a brief explanation of Cranston Enterprises?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A tour guide in his early twenties, longish blonde hair and a shirt with rolled up sleeves addresses a group of visitors of various ages and nationalities.

All with a strangely wide smile on his face.

On his chest is a little name tag with a hastily scribbled "My Name Is Billy!" On it.

The "E" is backwards. And the grin is ever there.

BILLY

Now if you'd like to follow me around this little bend, we can finally get to the "interesting" stuff.

They begin to walk around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. SIDE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Billy and the tourists head to another area of the lobby - and he stops.

BILLY

Okay, now I need to ask you: how many people here really know what Bra - I mean Cranston Enterprises makes?

An again man lifts his hand.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(points to him)

The heartbreaker here?

MAN

The forefront of technology?

He JUMPS as Billy claps his hands in an excited over-reaction, and Billy turns and raises his hands high.

BILLY

Oh yes! The new technology of tomorrow! Why didn't I think of that?

(turns back)

You want to know what amazing -

(whispers)

- and not to mention top secret -

(normal voice)

- think they're planning here next?

...There's a strange mumour of "go on then" from the crowd.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(loudly, sales pitch mode)

Okay! Imagine that you are at home, watching the television.

(gasp)

But oh no! Due to modern technology not everything you want to watch is actually on the network that you want to watch, which means that you'll have to change the channel.

He fishes into his pocket, grabbing something - but doesn't pull it out.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Now you'd get out of your chair and push a button on the TV, right? Well not any more thanks to -

He pulls out -

BILLY (CONT'D)

THE REMOTE CONTROL! Look at it! It's great, you can increase obesity throughout the great nation of America by being lazy enough to not change the...

HANDS slam on his shoulders.

He shuts up and looks to both sides, seeing two big suited security guards looking at him through cliched sunglasses.

He glances at his watch.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Never beaten three minutes yet.

CUT TO:

INT. CEO'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The doors open and Billy walks through, sans nametag, and stops as he glances to the main desk to see a man in his mid-fifties leaning back, hands together and staring daggers through Billy.

Billy takes a step forward, noticing an image of him in a High School Graduation gown with the man on his desk standing next to him.

The man, HOWARD CRANSTON, leans forward - shaking his head.

HOWARD

I thought you were supposed to be working on your final year project.

Billy sits on a chair, and rests his feet on the table in front of him.

BILLY

Did it.

HOWARD

In the sat down and did the...if I read the specification right, ninety plus hours of work, sense of the phrase "did it"?

BILLY

(nods)
I flow in triple-time.

A long, deep breath increases the tension between the two of them.

HOWARD

Why aren't you doing the work?

BILLY

Because I'm bored.

HOWARD

But you know you can pass.

BILLY

But I'm bored.

HOWARD

It's too late now, you've had three years to drop out - and I don't want money spent to pay for you to go to waste.

Beat.

BILLY

Yeah, I think you might've gotten the memo somewhere that I'm God damn bored!

Peaceful calmness remains between the both of them. It's completely obvious that Howard's clearly not being provoked by any of this.

Billy picks up a small desk decoration of a baseball player and twirls in his hands.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You think it's fun learning about pie-charts, mergers, hostile takeovers and hierarchies? Trust me - it's boring as sin, and every time the professors and lecturers utter another syllable another piece of me and my attention span dies.

He throws the figure into the air, catches it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

It's been dying for so long my attention duration has reached minus figures!

He places the figure on the table.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm meant for better than this.

He jumps to his feet.

BILLY (CONT'D)

The wit, looks and the brain of me is better than, than...
(waves arms around)
Any of this.

He begins to slowly back away.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Anyway, to keep your impression of me up, I've got a party to crash and get drunk at. I'm sure there's plenty of unprotected sex to be had as well.

One more smile, and one more wave - and he exits.

BILLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh - leave some dinner out when I get home as well!

Footsteps fade into silence, leaving only the breath of Howard remaining.

He lowers head solemnly.

BLACK OUT.