Headline Deadline

by

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INT. HALLWAY - DAY

SALLY walks down the hall, holding a copy of a STUDENT
NEWSPAPER. SAM comes around a corner and joins her, with an
iPad open.

                    SALLY
          Alright Sam, you're the best
          reporter I've got. Please tell me
          you have a headlining story.

                    SAM
          Susanna Somers stole a silver
          salad spoon from Stacy stevenson.

                    SALLY
          That's so stupid.

                    SAM
          Ok. A sleek slippery snake snuck
          out of a science student's satchel
          on saturday.

                    SALLY
          I suppose it's surprising. But
          seriously Sam, I'm searching for
          something stunning so we can still
          sell it for sixty cents.

                    SAM
          I'm sorry Sally, but sadly it's
          been a slightly slower semester.

                    SALLY
          So? If we seek ceaselessly we'll
          snag a scoop super soon.

                    SAM
          Spencer stevenson says he's
          secretly Satan...

                    SALLY
          It's sensational, but certainly
          spurious and insincere.

HALLIE enters.

                    HALLIE
          I found one!

                    SAM
          Howdy, Hallie.

                    SALLY
          How are you?

                    HALLIE
I found one! You know the frowning
clown downtown?

                    SAM
Yeah, the lousy lout who touts he
can stew any stout sprout into
sauerkraut. What about him?

                    HALLIE
Well, his hound was bound and
brought down to the pound.

                    SALLY
Expound.

                    HALLIE
The clown was ousted out of his
shower about an hour ago due to a
power outage, and heard a loud
growling sound. He found his hound
chowing down on a mound of foul
fowl, and one big brown barn owl -
foam in his scowling jowls.

                    SAM
Wow!

                    HALLIE
The hound howled, and the coward
clown cowered. He dropped his
towel and counted on calling the
county pound.

                    SALLY
But how? He's out of power!

                    HALLIE
No doubt. Astoundingly, the town
council's accountant was then on
route to taste the clown's
renowned sauerkraut. When the
clown shouted, he roused the
accountant's hidden jousting
prowess. He pounced on the hound
and trounced it.

                    SAM
Profound.

                    SALLY
Well don't lounge around, jot the
account down now!

                    HALLIE
          I can see the headline: Circus
          performer attacked by dog with
          rabies, saved by local politician.

                    SAM
          Is there a better way to say that?

                                        CUT TO BLACK