

BLOFEST 2009 SCRIPTWRITING CONTEST

As you may know, each July at BlobFest the Colonial Theatre holds a contest for amateur filmmakers called The Shortys in honor of Shorty Yeaworth, director of *The Blob*. The challenge is to create a five minutes-or-less original video related to the story of the Blob and its escapades around Phoenixville and beyond.

Now, here's a chance for all you budding screenwriters out there to express your imagination and creativity with just your keyboard—no camera needed!

We want you to write, in 500 words or less, the missing scene from “The Blob” about what happened in the bar on Second Street that is talked about in the movie but never shown. In scene 240 Sgt. Burt recounts how he stopped at the Second Street bar while making his rounds, finding no one there. Also, when two of the teens stop in another bar to help rally the town against the monster, the bartender tells them about some excitement at the Second Street bar earlier that night.

We know the Blob was there, but nobody knows what really went on—except YOU!!

Good luck!!

RULES & SUBMISSION INSTRUCTIONS:

- Deadline for submissions is June 15, 2009.
- Like the Shortys, the entries for this contest must be family friendly.
- Entries should follow the script style below.
- The maximum length is 500 words, about 2 to 3 minutes of screen time.
- Entries will be judged on originality as well as how it would fit in with the rest of the film.
- We prefer that you email your script to us. Entries should be emailed to blobfestscript@thecolonialtheatre.com. Otherwise, please mail a paper copy to:

BlobFest Scriptwriting Contest
The Colonial Theatre
PO Box 712
Phoenixville, PA 19460

Scenes 240 and 241 from THE BLOB (1958) with additions and stage directions from the original 1957 shooting script which put the bartender/monsters scene immediately after the police station scene.

240. MED. CLOSE SHOT BURT ENTERING POLICE STATION.

He is still a bit sullen. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM AND REVEALS DAVE AND RITCHIE

DAVE:
(TO RITCHIE) Let's try
Johnsonville again.

RITCHIE:
(REACHING FOR THE PHONE)
O.K.

Burt sits in his chair, facing Dave at his desk.

BURT:
I just saw a strange one...

DAVE:
Whaddya mean?

BURT:
On my way back here, I ran into
Mr Connors coming out of the (bar in the)
building he owns over on Second Street.
He'd just stopped in-- there was nobody
there--queerest thing I've ever seen--
TV was playing away, the register was
sittin' there with all the money still in it, nobody around.
No bartender, nobody!

DAVE:
Well... I'll look in there on the way home

BURT:
Forget it. The place is all locked up now.
Why don't you go home and get some shuteye.
You can't run our shift and yours too, you know!

DAVE:

Yeah, I know! I wish I knew where those two doctors were, though. Any luck, Ritchie?

Ritchie swings around in his chair.

RITCHIE:

Nope. They're not there. Want me to call the other hotels? There's a lot of them between here and Johnsonville.

DAVE:

(GETTING UP RESIGNEDLY) No, I guess you're right. I guess there's nothing here that won't wait 'til morning.... well, I'll see you guys.

CAMERA PANS WITH HIM.

RITCHIE:

'night!

BURT:

'night!

241. TIGHT THREE SHOT GIG, PEG AND BARTENDER FAVORING BARTENDER BEHIND BAR.

BARTENDER:

Monsters ! I'll bet you've been talking to that guy who cruised in here from Second Street... Man, I don't know what they're serving over there, tonight, but it must be great stuff:

GIG:

Li--Listen--listen--we're trying to tell you. We don't want to get served.

BARTENDER:

Look, I have monsters in here all the time, so BEAT IT, we don't serve kids anyway !