

Matt Raudsepp - Writing Sample

This portfolio showcases some of my versatility as a writer and creator. You'll find links to completed productions, screenwriting samples, pitches, and treatments.

The Plateaus

One hit song. One electrocuted-to-death lead singer/songwriter. Three clueless bandmates attempt to remain relevant in the music industry, where a sinister secret society plucks the strings. An original digital series comedy streaming on CBC Gem. (MR 2015)

I co-created this series with Annie Murphy (Schitt's Creek), lead the writer's room, and wrote six episodes. Funded by the IPF, distributed by the CBC, plus spinoff interview miniseries sponsored by Toyota Scion. Included as an example of my ability as showrunner to package a comedy series. Episode one - script attached. Link to entire series streaming on CBC Gem:
<https://gem.cbc.ca/season/the-plateaus/season-1/88162e56-6f5d-42e2-aefb-bdb839962096>

i4i

A righteous non-binary teen is about to reach the age of majority in an age where the majority of adults apply for one free legal murder per lifetime, approved by jury. "i4i" is a dark anthology series where each episode explores this alternate future history. (MR 2020)

Written on spec. Included for variety of tone: 1-hour TV drama, genre. Pilot excerpt attached.

The Ceebs

The always blunt Anna Grieg-Ables is hired by the CBC for a brand refresh, but its disparate regional offices start to feel like a Kraken monster to this Scandinavian getting crackin' on the Can-Con giant. Half hour comedy set inside Canada's national broadcaster. (MR 2020)

Series created on spec. Partnered with Lisa Baylin at iThentic to produce. Pitch doc. Attached.

I am Plural

A struggling actor clones herself to create and produce her own film in isolation, but past trauma and obsession threaten to take control of her art and heart. Sci-fi short with a hint of satire around the politics of the entertainment industry. (MR 2018)

Excerpt from short film. Attached.

The Frogman's Lily

An imaginative and adventurous young girl believes her grandpa with Alzheimer's is really a Frogman needing to return to the sea at all costs - risking a moonlit escape from her parents home a hundred kilometres from the ocean. Fantasy adventure. (MR 2015)

Film treatment. Included for variation of character, children's fantasy adventure genre. Attached.

Fugue

A young man with amnesia runs away from an unknown and deep seated fear and crashes into the life of a young woman who knows exactly what she's running away from - the unrelenting attractions of Niagara Falls. (Written by Matt Raudsepp and Charlotte Corbeil-Coleman, 2014)

Short film excerpt. Attached.

THE PLATEAUS

S01E01 "YNG LUV"

Matt Raudsepp

Yellow revision March 1, 2015

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0A TITLE SEQUENCE

0A

"THE PLATEAUS" flashes onto the screen, big and bright. An homage to The Monkees ending on CLOSE UPS of all three band members getting hit in the face by various things, changing every episode (a wet fish, coloured paint, cream pie, sparkles, Davian's body, etc).

BLACK. The Plateaus' SONG "YNG LUV" is heard. It fades out, being played on live radio - a DJ's voice speaks over it:

BADGER (V.O.)

You're listening to Stanley Badger's
Badger Trap, streaming live across
campus. I'm your pal with the paws,
Stanley Badger, and that, my friends,
was the first ever spin of "YNG LUV"
by brand-new-band, The Plateaus!

1 INT. COLLEGE RADIO STATION - DAY

1

BADGER (late 20's, DJ, a bookish man with salt and pepper hair, eager to please) sits in a cramped college radio studio. He is simultaneously filming The Plateaus with his Handycam: SOMERSET (late 20's, handsome Irish lead singer), MORGAN (early 20's, attractive and she knows it), DAVIAN (early 20's, childlike innocence), and TRYKE (early 20's, oddly edgy). Somerset takes the only mic, the rest of the band crowds around behind him.

BADGER

Boy, I'm telling you: These Guys.
Are Going. To Be Huge. And guess
what else?! These guys. Are HERE.
For an exclusive FIRST TIME interview.

Badger cues SFX: himself whimpering "Go easy on me, it's my first time" followed by "Boiinnng!" and "Arrooooga!" SFX.

SOMERSET

'Ello-'ello, radio-land! T'anks fer
havin' us, Roger.

BADGER

Badger.

Badger cues a James Bond impression: "BADGER, STANLEY BADGER"

BADGER (CONT'D)

Boy, Somerset, you sure are one
handsome piece of what-have-you,
I'll-have-you! Great to see you again.

SOMERSET

Have we previously met?

BADGER

Yeah, I saw a picture of you modelling in Italy and, most recently, I touched the hem of your garment when you got into that cab and the door slammed on my pinky?

Badger hands Somerset a pair of headphones.

BADGER (CONT'D)

I call this stiff little finger "Somerset." Here, slap these on. Wowza!

Badger notices the normally unused phone lines are flashing. He can't contain his excitement, distracted throughout.

BADGER (CONT'D)

So, hey Somerset, how long have you officially been a band?

SOMERSET

These t'ree grew up playin' together, but when Morgan met me travellin' overseas a real band was born.

BADGER

Uh-huh, overseas...

MORGAN

We just finished recording "YNG LUV" --

BADGER

--Wow. What's it like being a band?

SOMERSET

Well, Roger, it's like anyt'ing...

Tryke rolls his eyes at Somerset's turn of phrase.

TRYKE

It's actually --

DAVIAN

--We jam for hours and then Somerset shows up with his own finished song.

BADGER

Jeepers! The phone lines are just STAR BURSTING over here! Let's take a call! WE'RE TAKING A CALL!

Badger accidentally presses SFX buttons.

BADGER (CONT'D)

You're on the air, caller-- Woopsie
Daisy! NOW you're on the air!

CALLER (O.S.)

I wanna marry the lead singer and
make Irish speaking babies!

BADGER

Me too! Next caller!

CALLER 2 (O.S.)

You have to play that Young Love
song again! THAT WAS AMAZING!

BADGER

Will do, caller two! "YNG LUV" is in
the air! ON the air! Cripes! WE'RE
SETTING RECORDS TODAY!

TRYKE

They love us, Morgan!

MORGAN

They love us, babe!

Phones ring. The band's first taste of fame. "YNG LUV" spins.

INSERT spinning magazine covers: 'THE PLATEAUS APPEAR ON THE SCENE WITH GUNS BLAZING' and 'PITCHFORK AWARDS FIRST EVER 10.2 TRACK REVIEW' and 'ONE SONG WONDERS: THE PLATEAUS - YNG LUV' etc, charting the band's sudden rise to fame. CUT-AWAY'S of the band (cutting a ribbon, Billboards of their faces in Dundas Square, 'YNG LUV' YouTube views sky-rocketing, etc.)

2 INT. MUCH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

2

Sounds of SCREAMING FANS and APPLAUSE. The band makes their way to stools for an interview with a MUCH VJ, surrounded by a live audience. One audience member stands out like a sore thumb, STALKER MCCOOEY (he's 6'9").

MUCH VJ

The Plateaus have climbed to number
one, surpassing "Kiss Me, I'm Stylish"
at the top of the charts. Huge.
How huge is this for you?

SOMERSET

Huge. People on the street stop me
and yell me lyrics. It's humbling.
They're such powerful lyrics.

INTERCUT:

3 INT. PRIME TIME TV STUDIO - EVENING

3

A serious television interview show. The HOST is a celebrity in his own right, with a visible "Aurem Oculus" tattoo (an ear with an eye inside it). "SONIC VISION" corporate logos adorn the stage. Stalker McCooley is present.

HOST

How does it resonate when you consider that your fame could be stemming more from being thrust into the limelight rather than from the merit of the very song that catapulted you here?

DAVIAN

We're cat friendly.

MORGAN

Oops. Catapulted, Davian.

DAVIAN

Right sis, we also don't hurt caterpillars.

INTERCUT:

4 INT. MUCH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

4

MUCH VJ

Have any more hits in you?

SOMERSET

Well, I have a massive vault of songs hidden away. So, yeah, I "have any more hits" in me.

[Shoot alternate version with Somerset pointing to his head upon saying "vault", clearly indicating his brain]

Stalker McCooley reacts to the word "vault" while A FEMALE FAN rushes Somerset and kisses him.

MUCH VJ

Ladies and gentlemen, I think you've crowned a new heartthrob! Watch out, Morgan.

MORGAN

Funny you say that, because one time a fan proposed to me, so that was really humbling.

(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You have to be brave in a power couple
is what I'm saying.

INTERCUT:

5 INT. MORNING TALK SHOW

5

Breakfast TV hosts, GUILLE and GAYLE, stand behind a counter
with the band and lots of eggs. Stalker McCooey is present.

GAYLE

Davian Freeman, without ever having
mentioned your own, you've become a
sort of poster boy for learning
disabilities.

DAVIAN

Learning this ability. To play music?

Audience laughs. Davian is confused.

GUILLE

Coming up next, the band shows us
their recipe for "Eggs à la Plateaus".

INTERCUT:

6 INT. PRIME TIME TV STUDIO - EVENING

6

HOST

You've released poetry, you've had
big gallery shows, even fashion shows,
so why switch to music?

SOMERSET

I want to change the landscape of
Top 40 pop.

HOST

Is it true you've categorically denied
every major record contract?

SOMERSET

I've always controlled all aspects
of me production entirely, and that's
always proven successful. The eejits
in the so-called establishment can
have my art over my dead body. It's
like anyt'ing.

TRYKE

Ugh. It can't be like "anything",
it's ONE specific thing, not ANYthing.

INTERCUT:

7 INT. MUCH MUSIC STUDIO - DAY

7

MUCH VJ

You are... Trick. Rhythm guitar,
the self-proclaimed religious one.

TRYKE

Tryke. Orphan. Lead rhythm. I was
raised in a nunnery, never knew no
parents. No sex, drugs. Rock'n'roll!

INTERCUT:

8 INT. MORNING TALK SHOW

8

Davian is the only one wearing a chef's hat and apron.

DAVIAN

Morgan and I shared the same egg in
the womb, we were womb-mates. I'm
half egg.

Guille extends an egg towards Morgan, Davian reaches for it.

GUILLE

I think she got most of the egg.
(to Morgan)
Show us how it's done, toots.

MORGAN

Oh that's so sweet of you!

Morgan on the counter, cracks eggs from her crotch. Tryke
laughs wildly. Somerset is watching himself in the monitors.

**INSERT HEADLINE: 'SOMERSET SHOULD DROP REST OF BAND' and
'THE PRESSURE IS ON FOR THE PLATEAUS NEXT HIT!'**

9 INT. BAND JAM SPACE - DAY

9

Davian and Tryke are jamming in their basement jam space.
Badger is at the window, spying with HandyCam. Tryke throws
darts at a KISS ME I'M STYLISH BAND PHOTO next to a JAM SPACE
CALENDAR SCHEDULE.

TRYKE

Are you hearing how Somerset says
"it's like anything" all the time?
(MORE)

TRYKE (CONT'D)

He says it in EVERY interview. He's the biggest idiot on God's green earth. He can't even write a much-needed second song.

FRED PENNERS, the Plateaus' landlord, enters to do his laundry.

FRED PENNERS

I'll be out of your hairs in a sec. And don't forget rent is due.

TRYKE

Oh, hi.

DAVIAN

Yeah we've been busy sorry.

(to Tryke)

Mr. Penners goes through so much laundry. Hey, remember our elementary school bands? We should just reuse those old hits.

TRYKE

Yeah! They were grade A solid. Grade 6 solid.

MONTAGE: Tryke and Davian's elementary school jams.

DAVIAN

"Big Chooch coming down the tracks, tracks are like life, life is like a train on the tracks, BIG CHOOCH WOMAN"

TRYKE

"Sleep baby sleep, thy mom was slaughtered like a sheep, thy papa was the murderer, white devil ran away from her, and you were left, a burden here, so do not make a peep, sleep baby sleep"

DAVIAN

"Davi, your sis is the cutest miss at your birthday party, give her to me or you don't get your present from me"

TRYKE

Better than anything Somerset came up with at that age. I bet I'm sure.

DAVIAN

I like that you always write songs
about my sister.

TRYKE

Pff... Not always. Riff on "More
Gain" with me, dude.

Tryke plays the same guitar riff he always plays ("MORE
GAIN"). Morgan and Somerset enter. Somerset on his phone.
Morgan is carrying all of her gear as well as all of his.

DAVIAN

Need help, sis?

MORGAN

Oh my god, Tryke. Tune your guitar.

TRYKE

Tune your accent. And don't take
the Lord's name in vain.

MORGAN

Don't take your mom's name in vain.

DAVIAN

God's your mom?

TRYKE

Wow, fashionable pants, Somerset.

SOMERSET

T'anks. Hand-me-downs from yer man.

FRED PENNERS

That's right. How do you like my
dad's old pants? Too snug?
(gestures groin region)

SOMERSET

Not at all, they're great. You should
have buried him in these.

MORGAN

I'll show you what to bury if you
know what I mean.

SOMERSET

What do you mean?

MORGAN

You can bury your corpse in my coffin.

DAVIAN

That's gross.

MORGAN
It's witty banter.

DAVIAN
No it's not.

MORGAN
I bet it is or I have to spend seven
minutes in heaven with you in the
closet.

DAVIAN
I'm not doing your bet.

TRYKE
I bet you I'll do that bet, in bed.

MORGAN
This bet is between me and my brother.

DAVIAN
Better yet, no bet.

SOMERSET
Children, please!

Somerset sets up his gear. Morgan puts construction earphones
on Fred Penners and pats him on the bum.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)
Okay, first t'ings first. More songs
to release to the world. I know you
guys have been waiting for --

TRYKE
--I HAVE A RIFF AND WE NEED TO USE
IT! These are my actual feelings in
a major key.

Somerset grabs his guitar and tunes. Tryke plays "MORE GAIN."

SOMERSET
Whoa, put the brakes on there,
Tricycle. I finished a bunch of songs
for the big show on Friday - this
one's a bit "out there", but you can
bet it'll be bigger than "YNG LUV."

MORGAN
Aw, ducky...

Badger, at the window, perks up at the mention of Somerset's
new song. He attaches his video camera to a nearby stick
and shoves the HandyCam-on-a-stick through the window.

TRYKE

We'll listen to it after this. Ahem --

SOMERSET

(strums a chord)

This one goes out to you-know-who.

MORGAN

Thank you.

SOMERSET

I mean me.

Somerset presses PLAY on his laptop and launches into the song.

SOMERSET (CONT'D)

Tryke, ride that D major power chord.
Morgan it's a G to a D change.

TRYKE

D...?

SOMERSET

5th fret of the second biggest string.
Davian just copy and come in hard.

Fred Penners wrings out his wet clothes over Somerset's electrical wires, oblivious. Suddenly, Somerset falls to his knees - electrocuted.

Somerset continues to strum and twitch at the guitar - lots of noise and feedback. He sings some pitch perfect 'oohs', pained and jerky spasms.

The band thinks it's incredible - a new, frenetic musical direction. High Art and a hit song!

TRYKE

Oh, Heavenly Jesus, this rules!

DAVIAN

I like this a lot!

Suddenly: silence. Somerset hits the ground, frozen in a death pose, still clutching his guitar pick. His guitar and amp catch fire - so do his hair and clothing. The band slowly realizes Somerset has died. Badger mouths a "wowza".

TRYKE

Cool song, but I'd hold back a little
on the smell of burning flesh. Hahaha.
Somerset?

MORGAN

Babe?

Somerset's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth start to bleed.

DAVIAN

His face is coming out of his face.

MORGAN

This is so disgusting!

TRYKE

Oh dear God.

MORGAN

Oh my god, gross, call an ambulance!

DAVIAN

All my pee is rushing to my brain.

Davian faints.

FRED PENNERS

Kids... maybe it's just my dad's
pants, but Somerset looks very dead.

10 OMITTED

10

i4i - "APPLICATION"

excerpt from the pilot of an original one hour TV series

by Matt Raudsepp
2020

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EXT. KELLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

LIV (17, non-binary) walks up to a grey working-class apartment building. A FAMILY returning from a funeral (facial tissues, all in black) gets to the door at the same time.

Liv holds the door open, watching the sad procession enter. The last person enters but Liv doesn't move, holding the door open for a long beat. Liv snaps out of it and enters.

INT. KELLAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Liv walks up to an open apartment door. Confidently, they walk right in.

LIV

Hey-

Liv is almost tackled by their partner KELLAN's hug (early 20's, also non-binary, wearing mechanic's coveralls and bright red lipstick, a genderqueer 'Rosie the Riveter').

KELLAN

Liv Liv Liv Liv Liv...! Let's get to it. She's hot and ready!

CUT TO:

INT. KELLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

MUSIC is blasting. It's future pop, which is to say, TIMELESS DIVA POP.

Liv and Kellan melt down chunks of BRIGHT RED PLASTIC into filament for 3D printing.

KELLAN

There. More than enough.

Kellan feeds the red filament into the 3D printer and loads an IMAGE of a technical drawing (a schematic for printing). Liv leans in, wrapping arms around Kellan.

LIV

It's really well rendered.

Kellan kisses Liv's hand and hits PRINT.

A pair of smaller-than-life, BRIGHT RED LIPS with a small protruding tube begin printing.

LIV (CONT'D)

Thanks for your lips.

Liv holds the printed lips up to Kellan's mouth.

LIV (CONT'D)
Can't tell the difference.

Liv fakes out Kellan for a quick kiss, choosing the printed plastic mouthpiece instead.

KELLAN
I'm turned on by this development.

Liv pops off the old, chewed up mouthpiece on their vaporizer and affixes the new ruby red lips.

LIV
There. Better than ever.

They vape, playful, each performing different kisses as they inhale from the printed mouthpiece, pretending to be jealous of the third pair of lips in the room, laughing.

MUSIC ends.

KELLAN
Happy early birthday.

LIV
Thank you.

They embrace.

KELLAN
Eighteen and legal.

Liv is suddenly solemn.

LIV
Fuck. Don't remind me.

KELLAN
I didn't mean it that way.

Liv pulls away, Kellan pulls them back in.

LIV
Stop.

KELLAN
Forget about it.

Kellan tries to kiss Liv. Liv breaks away.

LIV
When I turn eighteen, I'll be available for their 141.

KELLAN

Yeah. Or you could apply. Survival
of the fastest application.

LIV

Wow. I just... I remember my mom
saying she always lived in fear.

KELLAN

So apply!

LIV

Kellan.

KELLAN

Liv.

LIV

I don't want to kill anyone!

The mood shifts. A quiet fear settles over both. Kellan
holds Liv as Liv begins to cry.

INT. DRAB APARTMENT, NEAR FUTURE - DAWN

A tired, meek looking man lies in bed, zoned out, listening
to wireless headphones - this is PESS (50) - HUMMING AND
WHITE NOISE can be faintly heard, and then, a distinctly
bovine MOO.

We PAN OVER to reveal a tablet playing the audio track
'DIAZEPAM - EXTINCTION SERIES'. It's suddenly interrupted
by an ALARM, waking Pess. He gets up.

Pess walks past a FRAMED PHOTO of his younger self in civilian
clothes next to his father and his grandfather in matching
grey robes (his grandfather is handing his father an ORNATE
BLINDFOLD). Pess rubs his eyes.

Pess enters the small bathroom and sits to use the toilet.
Nothing moving. He reaches for a PILL BOTTLE and empties it
into his hand: DRY LEAVES AND STALKS. He eats them all.

PESS

(double clapping)

Text Ivers.

A BLIP from the distant tablet is heard.

PESS (CONT'D)

Need more plant food. Meet me today.

Pess shifts on the toilet uncomfortably - nothing is moving.

PESS (CONT'D)

To hell with this.

No flush needed. A faint variation of the BLIP SOUND rings out and Pess walks back past the framed photo to pick up his tablet by the bed. He COUGHS.

CLOSE UP OF TABLET: we can see a text response from Ivers that reads "Next time pay in full on time."

PESS (CONT'D)

Ugh.

Anger on Pess' face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

Messy urban rush hour. No green spaces. The heat is oppressive, the city is dirty.

Pess, groggy and dressed in grey, looks more formal than other pedestrians as he crosses the street.

A SILENT ELECTRIC CAR almost hits Pess. THE DRIVER is pulling a dead, rusty, beat up car using a thick frayed rope, with a SECOND DRIVER steering it in neutral, drinking.

PESS

Hey!

SECOND DRIVER

Up yours.

Pess dodges a thrown EMPTY ALCOHOL BOTTLE and hustles to catch a driverless JANECAB. Pess waits for the door to open, which hesitates, catches, closes, stutters again. Pess forces the door open and hops in.

PESS

Central 141.

JANECAB (V.O.)

Hello, welcome to JaneCab. Please shut door firmly, thank you.

Pess opens and slams his door.

JANECAB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thank you, please state destination.

PESS

Central one forty--

JANECAB (V.O.)

141 Center Street.

PESS

--One.

The JaneCab GLITCHES AND BEEPS, cutting Pess off mid sentence and accelerates into traffic. Digital CAR HORNS. Pess is thrown off balance.

PESS (CONT'D)

Wrong destination. I said go to the
Central 141 building.

Pess attaches his seat belt, feeling carsick. He DRY HEAVES.

JANECAB (V.O.)

Rerouting... Rerouting... Rerouting...

PESS

Record complaint. This JaneCab needs
servicing.

JANECAB (V.O.)

Sending... Network Error. We're
sorry, please complain in person at
head office.

PESS

How convenient.
(double clasp to text)
Text Ivers. Bring lots--

The JaneCab lurches forward and dies - BATTERY MOANS.

JANECAB

Need servicing. End trip. Have a
nice day.

PESS

What the hell! Give me a full refund!

JANECAB

Credit will appear in five to ten
business days.

PESS

Up yours in five to ten seconds!

Pess slams the door and kicks the JaneCab.

INT. CENTRAL 141, GENDER NEUTRAL WASHROOMS - LATER

Imposing downtown building. Pess lifts his head from the
sink and dries his face, exhausted. He appears hung over.
FLUSH. A similarly well dressed person, DI (50's, female
gender expression, tattoos) exits a stall behind Pess.

DI
You forgot to flush.

Di smugly washes hands for a full 20 seconds. Pess quickly washes along with them, ending before they do.

Pess starts to wash again, and again finishes before Di. Then Di finally finishes.

DI (CONT'D)
Congrats on your promotion, I suppose.
I thought I was gonna get it.

PESS
So kind of you, Di.

DI
You look awful.

Di leaves, disgusted by Pess.

PESS
Nothing like work to turn things
around.
(double clap)
Text Ivers. Need more than usual.
Exclamation mark.

BLIP from his tablet. Pess COUGHS. He sees himself in the mirror. He doesn't like what he sees and SPITS into sink.

EXT. CENTRAL 141 - MORNING

Ivers (now 23, teeth grinder in street clothes) walks downtown, checks his phone's messages and checks over his shoulder, paranoid. He reads a text and shakes his head.

IVERS
Need more cash than usual! Excavation
mark.

Ivers laughs and enters the court building.

THE CEEBS

by Matt Raudsepp

Half Hour Comedy Series

The always blunt Anna Grieg Ables is hired by the CBC for a brand refresh, but its disparate regional departments and lifers start to feel more like a Kraken monster... she just might be the right person to get crackin' on the Can-Con giant.

Context:

Canada's national anthem could include a line about the CBC - "True North Strong TV"...? If the national anthem won't change, the CBC will with a series set in and around its hallowed halls. Canadians have strong feelings about the content and moves of our national broadcaster. We all wonder what goes on in CBC offices, behind closed doors...

The CBC has been taking chances on boundary pushing comedies like Schitt's Creek and Workin' Moms, now it's time to flex their comedic-muscle-within with THE CEEBS: a satirical, self-deprecating, truly Canadian "office" comedy. And what better setting than a company that literally has scores of offices across the country.

Our Lead:

Our lead, Anna Grieg Ables, has been hired by the CBC after a successful stint at a revitalized Scandinavian national broadcaster. Canadian-Norwegian Anna has made a name for herself as a shrewd executive, but is thrown into new territory and a "reverse culture shock" to be home again, navigating the unique CBC ecosystem without a paddle.

Anna is constantly bumping up against a complex corporate structure, modernization, and the scrutiny of the Canadian public. She clashes with old school department heads and constantly deals with front entrance security guards that don't recognize "Canadian Stars" ("I don't watch Canadian TV"). She has to travel to every corner of Canada (from Nanaimo to Nunavut to Newfoundland) to connect with television/news/radio executives and producers that speak a kilometre-a-minute, lunch with the Heritage Minister, and be glad-handed by politicians of all sorts who are pushing their latest agenda.

Characters:

The world is inhabited by characters like the CBC's CEO located in Ottawa, and their assistant who is frustratingly not located in Ottawa; the Head of Radio-Canada in Montréal, who constantly points out that Quebec does have a star system so why not the big bucks; a slippery PR/Propaganda/Social-Media exec; the Head of OTT/Gem, a

forward thinking futurist; the Executive Director of Digital Strategy/Product and Analog Strategy of Theoretical Future Media Ideation, who nobody knows what he does; and the sexiest department of all, Business and Rights. Plus many more regional reps, fresh interns, and CBC lifers.

Pilot:

A scandal in the CBC building becomes international news. Quality Control accidentally lets softcore porn get a hard release on Gem (“How was I supposed to know it was porn, when it’s a tastefully shot period piece starring a young detective?”), inciting riots across Canada and leading to an internal CBC nickname for those black censorship masks covering explicit images: “Nanaimo Bars”.

Sample Episode Ideas:

Anna travels to Nunavut and feels right at home after being in Norway for so long and the regional rep is thrilled that Anna is green-lighting all their proposals. The CBC building is being overhauled into an “ecosystem”, but the renovations are taking forever and nobody seems to be able to find the exit - people are literally falling through the cracks. One assistant’s mission is to find and report every illegal live stream of Hockey Night In Canada, like an athlete in the game of their career - turns out Strombo is behind it all, streaming out of his basement in The House of Strombo. The Prime Minister visits and everyone must be on their best behaviour - even Peter Mansbridge changes a few lightbulbs in the halls.

Tone:

Characters express themselves with rapid-fire dialogue and witty comebacks - think BBC’s “W1A” comedy with “Slings and Arrows” heart. The show will irreverently pay homage to real CBC heroes and celebs, new and old shows, throwback characters, and present-day figures. For example, Annie Murphy and Noah Reid (Schitt’s Creek) are friends that would be happy to make an appearance. And who knows, maybe even Kim Campbell might stop by...

Being sensitive to the real CBC is at the core of this show: poking fun from within, with a highly diverse cast, writers and directors, representing all Canadians. Anna and the CBC itself will experience many pitfalls and triumphs over the course of this series. Like a circus touring small towns across Canada, this show proudly unfurls its flag, ultimately leading our audience to believe in the power of the CBC and homegrown stories - encouraging them to rewrite our Canadian identity on the world stage.

I AM PLURAL

excerpt from an original screenplay by

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2018

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www.mattraudsepp.com

INT. HOME FILM SET

WOMAN (30's, actor/director) is playing music from a stereo to set the mood. ACTOR CLONE of Woman is working, acting - in hair and makeup, significantly aging her. The CLONE CREW is silent (clones of the Woman), watching. WOMAN at the camera.

ACTOR CLONE writes a letter.

ACTOR CLONE
(reading aloud)
*As if lips could light the scene
that lightning could not. I was a
sight for sore eyes. We all were.
We all are. I am plural.*

ACTOR CLONE puts the letter down. She cries.

WOMAN
Cut! That's a wrap!

ACTOR CLONE removes wig and is the same age as the rest of the CLONES and WOMAN. ACTOR CLONE has a spark in her eye.

ALL celebrate, hug, support and congratulate one another.

WOMAN goes straight to ACTOR CLONE and kisses her.

CLONES react: that was very forward of the WOMAN. WOMAN is also surprised by her move.

INT. HOME - LATER

Wrap party. Elegant, candles, romantic mood. WOMAN and CLONES laugh, holding champagne flutes.

CLONES
A toast to the original, our uniquely
minded director/auteur, the
incomparable, the inimitable, the
efferves--

SECOND CLONE
COMparable! Imitable!

ACTOR CLONE
Effervescent, yes!

WOMAN
Ha! But, not so unique!

ALL laugh.

INT. HOME - BEDROOM

SOUND of voice message on speaker phone, unheard.

AGENT (V.O.)

Haven't been able to reach you, did
you miss the audition? Call me.

INT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Party. Cheers, clink of glasses. ACTOR CLONE and WOMAN in
private conversation.

ACTOR CLONE

I'm not you, that's the thing. I
didn't choose this body. I was born
you, but my identity is mine.

WOMAN

Maybe I just see the mirror. The we
that I want to be.
(beat)
Amazing.

ACTOR CLONE

(playful)
Fuck you. You created this.

Beat. WOMAN and ACTOR CLONE reflect on their conversation.
ACTOR CLONE raises their wine glass. WOMAN smiles, cheers.

ACTOR CLONE (CONT'D)

I can't believe it's over.

WOMAN

Post is gonna be hell.

ACTOR CLONE

I have so much to do. I envy you.
I was thinking of going on a vacation.

WOMAN

You should, you should relax.

ACTOR CLONE

(laughs)
You serious? How?

WOMAN

I'll buy you a ticket. You want to?

ACTOR CLONE

I couldn't accept. Honestly.

WOMAN
Consider it a gift to myself.

INT. GYM

WOMAN is alone, resting between workouts. Sweat. Drinks water. She looks around the empty gym.

INT. HOME - LATER

WOMAN touches the clothing in her closet. A few hangers are empty in the arrangement. She rests her hand on an empty hanger. It slowly bends down. She lets go. The hanger, bent, swings free.

INT. CAR - LATER

WOMAN is seated in the back, DRIVER CLONE at the wheel. They wait at the airport. ACTOR CLONE pops open the back door and enters with luggage.

ACTOR CLONE
Hello! That. Was. So nice.

WOMAN
I missed you!

ACTOR CLONE
You miss yourself.

They stare at each other. DRIVER CLONE observes them in rear view mirror.

INT. HOME - NEXT MORNING

ACTOR CLONE wakes up next to WOMAN. She watches WOMAN sleep, content, but slowly becoming aware of her situation. She decides to get out of bed and shake something off.

INT. HOME - LATER

WOMAN wakes up alone in bed. Shame and worry.

She goes to her closet. Same closet full of the same uniformity.

THE FROGMAN'S LILY

a fantasy adventure film grounded in reality

by Matt Raudsepp

Told from Lily's perspective - a child's vast and imaginative world - dangerous when left unchecked. The story centres on the girl's relationship to her grandpa, and their escape to the sea. Grandpa was a diver in WWII for the British Royal Navy. Referred to as a "frogman" by the child's father. Tonally like a Jim Henson world crossed with the movie *Big Fish*, and the love letter heartache of Dylan Thomas' *A Child's Christmas in Wales*.

~ Outline ~

Open on grandpa (think Ian Bannen from *Waking Ned Devine* - wistful and mischievous) and his granddaughter, Lily (6 years old with a serious imagination). They play in a cozy living room - telling stories. Grandpa is charming, a natural storyteller - in wheelchair, blanket covered legs - but clearly not as sharp as he once was. He talks about Mercedes Gleitze, woman who swam the English Channel - referred to as a real-life mermaid. Lily is in awe, absorbed by everything he says. Grandpa talks about losing the use of his legs, he used to jump so high, and could swim forever. He gets Lily to jump and swim around the living room - they make splashing and bubble sounds. Mom enters and announces dinnertime - abruptly cutting the moment short.

At dinner, grandpa acts strange, forgetful, anxious - Alzheimer's. Grandpa says one of them took his diving watch. Lily's dad tells her how "grandpa was a frogman in the war." Lily is fascinated, asks grandpa a million questions - she believes that grandpa is half frog, half man. Mom and dad talk guardedly about grandpa, implying bad health, options ahead of them, etc. - subtle, so as not to alarm grandpa or Lily. Meanwhile, grandpa is entertaining the child - both being mischievous, trying not to be seen by mom and dad. They are eating fish for dinner. Grandpa slips a fish skin from the table and shows the child his scaly knee - his frogman legs - proof for the child. Her eyes go wide. Grandpa burps, sounds like a frog's ribbit, they laugh, ribbiting.

Time for bed - it's hard for mom to separate Lily from grandpa. Mom says it's bath time for grandpa. The child is tucked in to bed. Lily has her eyes absentmindedly fixed on her

stuffed animals - we notice a stuffed frog. Lily hears the sounds of grandpa's bath - the door to the bathroom is ajar.

Lily sneaks towards the bathroom, she witnesses her mom pouring water over grandpa's head and back and shoulders through the crack in the door. Mom is hushing grandpa who is agitated - Alzheimer's or dementia - "hush, feel the water. Remember swimming at the old house? You were a great swimmer, teaching me to swim, always in the water. I miss that, the ocean..." dialogue that Lily interprets as proof that the frogman needs water - grandpa grew up in the water.

Days later, mom and dad talk to Lily and tell her "grandpa is getting sick and needs to go to a place that will help him." Lily says "he needs to go to the ocean" - mom and dad think "that's cute, how did our child know about the old house by the sea?" They tell her that someone is coming to take grandpa away tomorrow. Parents ask how she feels about that? The child is upset and runs to the next room to grandpa, he is napping. A fly buzzes around the room. The child tries to catch the fly. Mom and dad try to calm the child. Grandpa wakes up. He is upset by all the commotion. Lily shouts that grandpa needs water.

In the middle of the night, grandpa is in his bed. Lily wakes him up. The child tells grandpa "mom and dad want you to leave, not me." They talk about the ocean, the sea - grandpa's home. Lost in memories, grandpa begins to revert back to his youth. He is excited and references things from his boyhood. Both grandpa and Lily want to go to the sea. They agree to leave together, to go to the ocean.

Early morning. Lily struggles with the wheelchair and the front door - a ramp had been installed in the past. Grandpa helps as much as he can. They are as silent as possible, flashes of wild eyes. Serious fun - this is an important adventure.

On the road - Lily and grandpa wait for a bus. Grandpa finishes the story about Mercedes Gleitze. She never swam the entire Channel. Her trainer pulled her out near the end. But her celebrity was cemented with advertising - notably a picture of her with her wrist and a watch submerged in a full fish bowl. The bus pulls up and lowers its hydraulics for wheelchair access. Lily pays both of their fare. They reach their stop. A kind teenager helps them off the bus.

On the road - Lily pushes grandpa in his wheel chair. Grandpa is babbling about his youth – odd, fun things about swimming, the past, and the war – all mixed up in his memory – he believes he is the same age as the child. They laugh and smile a lot. Grandpa talks about the feeling of swimming underwater and floating in near-zero gravity – losing sense of up and down – complete freedom of the body. Natural wonder.

Oceanside - rocky beach. Lily pushes the wheelchair to a place overlooking the beach. There is an old beach house, the home he grew up in. Grandpa wants to swim. It's windy and the water choppy. Lily has a lot of difficulty pushing the wheelchair towards the ocean. Lily positions the wheelchair in the surf. Grandpa smiles, is calm and satisfied - lucid. He tells Lily to go back to mom and dad, "grandpa's going to jump in for a long swim." She steps back onto the dry beach and watches grandpa.

From a distance, the waves are crashing above grandpa's chair. Slowly, grandpa is absorbed by the sea, wheelchair et al. The child loses sight of grandpa in the waves. His blanket washes up on shore. Lily wraps herself in the wet wool.

"Fugue"

excerpt from an original screenplay by

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2014

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EXT. FUN MAZE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sound: CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

A disheveled MAN (27) walks - one shoe clicks every step, the other is silent. He's wearing track pants, a T-shirt and running shoes. He hasn't shaven in sometime, but is not quite able to grow a full beard.

The Man looks around the deserted "FUN MAZE" parking lot. His eyes are large and wild. There's one car in it. A 1996 Ford Station Wagon. White with fake wood panelling.

He approaches the car and peers through the window.

It's stuffed with objects of different sizes and shapes. Clothes on hangers chaotically piled in the back seat. A frilly purple prom dress dripping with lace. A puffy plastic winter jacket. A sleeping bag. A man's large white dress shirt. An old Polaroid camera and a brand new blender sit on the rear deck.

The Man presses his face against the side window. Draped over the passengers seat there's a vintage orange life jacket. It's long white ties fall loose.

The Man tries to open the doors frantically. It's locked.

Suddenly another sound - jiggling of keys - he stops and looks up to see SALLY (19) locking the gate of the maze. Her back is to him, her long blonde hair catches the dim street lights. She's wearing a bright green T-shirt over a flowery summer dress. The shirt is a few sizes too big for her.

The Man retreats quickly into the shadows.

He watches as Sally closes her eyes for an instant letting the cool night air hit her. She opens them abruptly and looks around suspiciously ensuring she's alone.

The Man watches her intently as she hurries to her car. She's out of uniform now wearing only her flowery summer dress.

She unlocks the door, gets in and puts her keys into the ignition.

The GRIND of the engine waking up.

Sally sits gripping the wheel, staring into space for an uncomfortable amount of time. Maps on the dashboard.

Suddenly, she gets out and rushes back into the Fun Maze building - the car still running.

INT. FUN MAZE CASH - NIGHT

Sally opens the safe and stuffs a bunch of cash into her purse frantically.

EXT. MAZE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sally runs out of the maze but before she has time to lock the gate she hears something... the sound of the IGNITION GRINDING on and off again.

She turns around very slowly. The lights of her car are on and the drivers door is wide open. A man's thigh juts out.

Fear takes Sally's face. She stands frozen. She takes a deep breath. She makes a decision. She walks slowly towards the car.

SALLY

Okay.

The Man and her lock eyes.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I have it, okay?

The Man watches her saying nothing. Sally speaks with a forced calmness.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Listen. I was coming to give it to you. I was on my way.

The man stares at the life jacket beside him, his eyes stuck on it.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I was leaving town but I was going to bring it first. I was.

The Man suddenly starts to look panicked. He begins shaking his head. Sally's expression changes. Something's not right.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...Who are you?

The Man stares back at her suddenly very angry.

MAN

Who are you?

Sally narrows her eyes, she takes in his dirty clothes, his unshaven face, his starved eyes.

SALLY

Get the hell out of my car. NOW.

The man grows more confused and panicked. He tries to get the car to start but he's shaking, weak. The engine revs again and again.

Sally runs at the car, the man tries to slam the door but she stops it with her body. They both tug at the door from opposite ends. Sally gets her body between the Man and the car door, pulling at him and ripping his clothes. Finally the man becomes exhausted and gives in, falling out of the car and onto the cement ground.

Sally's out of breath, her face quickly changes from relief back to panic. She gets into her car, slams the door, the urgency of leaving returning to her. About to pull out, she glances over at the Man still on the ground. He catches Sally's eyes. There's a childlike softness to them. He's holding himself looking absolutely defeated and lost. Sally sighs and rolls down her window.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

The man thinks about this for a long moment searching for the answer.

MAN

I don't know.

Sally smiles slightly.

SALLY

When I was little I'd cry anytime my mom said the word 'okay.' Because adults only ever said 'you're okay' to me after I hurt myself or fell down.

The Man half smiles.

SALLY (CONT'D)

...Where are you trying to go?

The Man's face drops. He shakes his head.

MAN

I need to go...

He thinks harder.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'm going.

Sally nods to herself, she gets it. She bites her lip and makes a split second decision to get out of the car. She outstretches her hand helping the man up.

SALLY

I'm Sally.

The Man looks at her confused again.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

His body tenses.

MAN

What do you mean?

Sally narrows her eyes.

SALLY

...You don't know your name?

The man starts to panic.

MAN

I do. I...

The man tries to think, then shakes his head and touches his track pants to look for his wallet, he doesn't have one. He shakes his head again growing more and more irritated. He's weak and disoriented and he begins to lose his balance. Sally touches his shoulder gently and speaks softly.

SALLY

Hey.

The Man calms with her touch.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What do you know?

He looks deep into her eyes.

MAN

I know I'm thirsty.

Both their bodies relax with those words. It's basic and intimate. Sally moves and indicates for him to follow her.

Sound of shoe: Click. CLICK. CLICK.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Sound of GPS: BEEP.BEEP.BEEP.

Sound of MOTOR BOAT ENGINE. We don't see who is driving - a sense of menace.

From the POV of the car - we turn a corner bringing the casino into view.

Sound: WATER ROARING.