MES 153/SCRIPTWRITING BMCC Media Arts & Technology

**WRITING ASSIGNMENT #2:**

**CHARACTER INTO STORYOUTLINE**

Review the character observation you made for Writing Assignment #1.   Think about how that character might become the protagonist in a narrative.

Choose a situation from the six following templates for a narrative:

1. The Fable of the Tortoise and the Hare (see version of the story below)
2. The Fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper (see version of the story below)
3. Goldilocks and the Three Bears (see version of the story below)
4. Cinderella (see version of the story below)
5. Little Red Riding Hood (see version of the story below)
6. The Little Match Girl (see version of the story below)
7. The Conflict Exercise (see instructions below)

Your outline must identify the stages of the story:

The Status Quo -- the Character's situation before the events begin

Act 1: Set Up aka Beginning aka A Problem is Identified

Act 2: Conflict aka Middle aka A Solution is Proposed

Act 3: Resolution aka End aka The Solution Succeeds or Fails

You may choose a HAPPY ENDING, a TRAGIC ENDING or a BITTERSWEET ENDING, but you MUST have:

1. A clear PROTAGONIST whose goal is also clear
2. A series of at least 5 but no more than 15 briefly described EVENTS/ACTIONS/ INTERACTIONS that show what the Protagonist and Antagonist are trying to do.

[**NOTE:** Your Protagonist doesn’t need to go through *every* beat of the source story. So long as the story is recognizably a Tortoise and the Hare/Cinderella/Conflict Exercise/et al. story AND the Protagonist is recognizably the character from your observation, you’ll get full marks.]

**Story Templates:**

**1)** **THE HARE & THE TORTOISE** (Aesop)

A Hare was making fun of the Tortoise one day for being so slow. "Do you ever get anywhere?" he asked with a mocking laugh.

"Yes," replied the Tortoise, "and I get there sooner than you think. I'll run you a race and prove it."

The Hare was much amused at the idea of running a race with the Tortoise, but for the fun of the thing he agreed. So the Fox, who had consented to act as judge, marked the distance and started the runners off.

The Hare was soon far out of sight, and to make the Tortoise feel very deeply how ridiculous it was for him to try a race with a Hare, he lay down beside the course to take a nap until the Tortoise should catch up.

The Tortoise meanwhile kept going slowly but steadily, and, after a time, passed the place where the Hare was sleeping. But the Hare slept on very peacefully; and when at last he did wake up, the Tortoise was near the goal. The Hare now ran his swiftest, but he could not overtake the Tortoise in time.

*Moral: The race is not always to the swift.*

**2) THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER** ([Retold from Aesop by Rohini Chowdhury](file:///C%3A%5CUsers%5CM%20George%20Stevenson%5CDownloads%5C%28http%3A%5Cwww.longlongtimeago.com%5Conce-upon-a-time%5Cfables%5Cfrom-aesop%5Cthe-ant-and-the-grasshopper%5C%29))

Once there lived an Ant and a Grasshopper in a grassy meadow. All day long the Ant would work hard, collecting grains of wheat from the farmer’s field far away.

She would hurry to the field every morning, as soon as it was light enough to see by, and toil back with a heavy grain of wheat balanced on her head. She would put the grain of wheat carefully away in her larder, and then hurry back to the field for another one. All day long she would work, without stop or rest, scurrying back and forth from the field,

collecting the grains of wheat and storing them carefully in her larder.

The Grasshopper would look at her and laugh. “Why do you work so hard, dear Ant?” he would say. “Come, rest awhile, listen to my song. Summer is here, the days are long and bright. Why waste the sunshine in labor and toil?”

The Ant would ignore him, and head bent, would just hurry to the field a little faster.

This would make the Grasshopper laugh even louder. “What a silly little Ant you are!” he would call after her. “Come, come and dance with me! Forget about work! Enjoy the summer! Live a little!” And the Grasshopper would hop away across the meadow, singing and dancing merrily.

Summer faded into autumn, and autumn turned into winter. The sun was hardly seen, and the days were short and grey, the nights long and dark. It became freezing cold, and snow began to fall.

The Grasshopper didn’t feel like singing any more. He was cold and hungry. He had nowhere to shelter from the snow, and nothing to eat. The meadow and the farmer’s field were covered in snow, and there was no food to be had. “Oh what shall I do? Where shall I go?” wailed the Grasshopper. Suddenly he remembered the Ant. “Ah – I shall go to the Ant and ask her for food and shelter!” declared the Grasshopper, perking up.

So off he went to the Ant’s house and knocked at her door. “Hello Ant!” he cried cheerfully. “Here I am, to sing for you, as I warm myself by your fire, while you get me some food from that larder of yours!”

The Ant looked at the Grasshopper and said, “All summer long I worked hard while you made fun of me, and sang and danced. You should have thought of winter then! Find somewhere else to sing, Grasshopper! There is no warmth or food for you here!”

And the Ant shut the door in the Grasshopper’s face.

*Moral: It is wise to worry about tomorrow today.*

3) **GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS** (Traditional)

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Goldilocks.  She went for a walk in the forest.  Pretty soon, she came upon a house.  She knocked and, when no one answered, she walked right in.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge.  Goldilocks was hungry.  She tasted the porridge from the first bowl. “This porridge is too hot!” she exclaimed.

So, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl. “This porridge is too cold,” she said

So, she tasted the last bowl of porridge. “Ahhh, this porridge is just right,” she said happily and she ate it all up.

After she'd eaten the three bears’ breakfasts she decided she was feeling a little tired.  So, she walked into the bedroom where she saw three beda.  Goldilocks lay down in the first bed to rest her feet.  “This bed is too hard!” she exclaimed.

So she lay in the second bed. “This bed is too soft!”  she whined.

So she tried the last and smallest bed. “Ahhh, this bed is just right,” she sighed. And Goldilocks fell asleep.

As she was sleeping, the three bears came home. “Someone's been eating my porridge,” growled the Papa Bear.

“Someone's been eating my porridge,” said the Mama Bear.

“Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!” cried the Baby Bear.

They decided to look around some more and when they got upstairs to the bedroom, Papa Bear growled, “Someone's been sleeping in my bed,”

“Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too,” said the Mama Bear.

“Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!” exclaimed Baby Bear.

Just then, Goldilocks woke up and saw the three bears.  She screamed, “Help!”  and jumped up and ran out of the room, down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest.  And she never returned to the home of the three bears.

**4) CINDERELLA** (Traditional)

A wealthy Gentleman had a beautiful young daughter, called Ella; a girl of unparalleled kindness and sweet temper. After Ella’s mother died, the Gentleman marries a proud and haughty woman as his second wife. The Stepmother had two [daughters](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/False_hero), who are equally vain and selfish.

Ella is forced into servitude by her stepmother, where she is made to work day and night doing menial chores. After Ella’s chores are done for the day, she curls up near the fireplace in an effort to stay warm. She often arises covered in cinders, giving rise to the mocking nickname “Cinderella” by her Stepsisters. Cinderella bears the abuse patiently and does not write to tell her father, who is away on business.

One day, the Prince invites all the young ladies in the land to a [royal ball](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ball_%28dance%29), planning to choose a wife. The two [Stepsisters](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ugly_sisters) gleefully plan their wardrobes for the ball, and taunt Cinderella by telling her that those who work like maids are not invited to the ball.

As the Stepsisters depart to the ball, Cinderella cries in despair. Her Fairy Godmother magically appears and immediately begins to transform Cinderella from someone who dresses like a house servant to the young lady she was by birth, all in the effort to get Cinderella to the ball. She turns a pumpkin into a golden carriage, rats into horses, and mice into a coachman and his footmen. She then turns Cinderella's rags into a beautiful jeweled gown, and, finally, gives her a delicate pair of glass slippers. The Godmother tells her to enjoy the ball, but warns her that she must return before midnight, when the spells will be broken.

At the ball, the entire [court](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Noble_court) is entranced by Cinderella, especially the Prince. Cinderella in turn becomes so enchanted by him she loses track of time and leaves only at the final stroke of midnight, losing one of her glass slippers on the steps of the palace in her haste. The Prince chases her, but outside the palace, the Guards see only a simple maidservant leave. The Prince pockets the slipper and vows to find and marry the girl to whom it belongs. Meanwhile, Cinderella keeps the other slipper, which because it was not enchanted, does not disappear when the spell is broken.

The Prince tries the slipper on all the eligible young women in the kingdom. When the Prince arrives at Cinderella's home, the Stepsisters try in vain to win him over. Cinderella asks if she may try, but the stepsisters taunt her. Naturally, the slipper fits perfectly, and Cinderella produces the other slipper for good measure. When Cinderella’s father suddenly returns, the Stepmother and Stepsisters plead for forgiveness, and Cinderella agrees. Cinderella marries the Prince and her whole family is rewarded by the King.

5**) LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD** (Traditional)

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest.  Whenever she went out, the little girl wore a red riding cloak, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, Little Red Riding Hood asked her mother if she could go to visit her grandmother as it had been awhile since they'd seen each other. “That's a good idea,” her Mother said.  So they packed a nice basket for Little Red Riding Hood to take to her grandmother. When the basket was ready, Little Red Riding Hood put on her red cloak and kissed her Mother goodbye.

“Remember, don’t dawdle along the way!” her Mother cautioned.  “And don’t talk to strangers! The woods are dangerous.”

But when Little Red Riding Hood noticed some lovely flowers in the woods, she forgot her promise.  She picked a few, watched the butterflies flit about for awhile, listened to the frogs croaking and then picked a few more.

Suddenly, a Wolf appeared beside her. “What are you doing out here, little girl?” the Wolf asked in a voice as friendly as he could muster.

“I’m on my way to see my Grandma who lives near the brook,” Little Red Riding Hood replied.

Then she realized how late she was and rushed down the path to her Grandma’s house.

The Wolf, in the meantime, ran like a wolf and soon arrived at Grandma’s and knocked at the door. “Oh, thank goodness, dear!  Come in, come in!  I was worried sick that something had happened to you in the forest,” said Grandma, thinking that the knock was Little Red Riding Hood, as she opened the door. Poor Grandma did not have time to say another word, before the

Wolf gobbled her up whole!

The Wolf let out a satisfied burp, then poked through Grandma’s wardrobe to find a nightgown and a frilly sleeping cap, then dabbed some of Granny's perfume behind his pointy ears.

A few minutes later, Little Red Riding Hood knocked on the door.  “Who is it?” called the Wolf in a cackly voice.

“It's me, Little Red Riding Hood.”

“Oh how lovely!  Do come in, my dear,” croaked the Wolf.

When Little Red Riding Hood entered, she could scarcely recognize her Grandma. “Grandma!  Your voice sounds so odd.  Is something the matter?” she asked.

“Oh, I just have touch of a cold,” squeaked the Wolf adding a cough at the end to prove the point.

“But Grandma! What big ears you have,” said Little Red Riding Hood as she edged closer.

“The better to hear you with, my dear,” replied the Wolf.

“But Grandma!  What big eyes you have,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to see you with, my dear,” replied the Wolf.

“But Grandmother!  What big teeth you have,” said Little Red Riding Hood.

“The better to eat you with, my dear,” roared the Wolf and he leapt out of the bed.

Little Red Riding Hood ran across the room and through the door, shouting, “Help!  Wolf!” as loudly as she could.

A Woodsman who was chopping logs nearby heard her cry and ran towards the cottage. The Woodsman grabbed the Wolf and cut open his stomach, where Grandma who was a bit frazzled by the whole experience, was still in one piece.

“Oh Grandma, I was so scared!”  sobbed Little Red Riding Hood, “I'll never speak to strangers or dawdle in the forest again.”

“There, there, child.  You've learned an important lesson.  Thank goodness you shouted loud enough for this kind Woodsman to hear you!”

“It was nothing,” said the Woodsman, and he, Little Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had a nice lunch and a long chat.

6) **THE LITTLE MATCH-SELLER** by Hans Christian Andersen (1846)

It was terribly cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through

the streets. It is true she had on a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, so large, indeed, that they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own.

So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had anyone given her even a penny. Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair, which hung in curls on her shoulders, but she regarded them not.

Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New-Year’s Eve—yes, she remembered that. In a corner, between two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sank down and huddled herself together. She had drawn her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold; and she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not take home even a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, through which the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost frozen with the cold. Ah! perhaps a burning match might be some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers.

She drew one out — “scratch!” How it sputtered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, like a little candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light. It seemed to the little girl that she was sitting by a large iron stove, with polished brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

She rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell upon the wall it became as transparent as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white table-cloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service, and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl.

Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas-tree. It was larger and more beautifully decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant’s. Thousands of candles were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the show-windows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand towards them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind it a bright streak of fire. “Someone is dying,” thought the little girl, for her old grandmother, the only one who had ever loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul was going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving in her appearance. “Grandmother,” cried the little one, “O take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas-tree.”

And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. And the matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noon-day, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy far above the earth, where there was neither cold nor hunger nor pain, for they were with God.

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the year; and the New-Year’s sun rose and shone upon a little corpse! The child still sat, in the stiffness of death, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. “She tried to warm herself,” said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, nor into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New-Year’s day.

**7) CONFLICT EXERCISE:**

Character A (the Protagonist) enters a room, hoping to achieve a simple goal: buying something, obtaining information, getting a message across, coming to an agreement, etc.

Character B (the Antagonist) is already there, working toward a goal that will prevent Character A from getting their goal.

Through a series of at least two and preferably more actions/interactions, one of the Characters is successful and achieves their goal at the expense of the other.

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