

Project:

"Furnace Maintenance" video

Client:

(omitted)

Writer:

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Audience:

Washington Natural Gas employees and customers.

Objective:

To help both customer service reps and customers see how to safely maintain their gas furnace for optimum efficiency and safety.

CHARACTERS

ANGELA is a very bright, confident woman. As she guides HARRY through his furnace check-up, she is not nagging or pestering. Her voice exudes confidence and knowledge. She is honestly helping. She also has a sense of humor, and possibly exaggerates her directions to HARRY because she knows what she knows, and is aware of her husband's technical ineptitude.

HARRY is also very bright, but not very technically oriented. He has a great sense of humor, which he shows dramatically during his chore. He knows his wife, respects her technical prowess, and accepts (with a sense of humor) her prompting. He makes his project fun. And he doesn't take the comments and directions from his wife personally, he's not seriously frustrated with it, and in fact laughs about it.

Both of them have a similar sense of humor. They may even be very sarcastic about all the "honey" and "dear" stuff: it's a joke, and they both have fun with it.

OPEN on a studio set. There is a furnace, which is barely visible because of an immense clutter of boxes, bicycles, a lawn mower, skis, etceteras almost burying it. We hear stuff moving around, and possibly see something move, but we see nobody in the picture.

CUT to a MS/CU of the top of a box, but with enough frame around it to still convey "clutter."

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera / upstairs*):
Honey?

HARRY pops up from behind box.

HARRY:
Yo!

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
What are you doing?

HARRY (*looks around, yells*):
Ah... looking for the furnace, sweetheart.

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Oh, that's good. Are you going to look at it?

HARRY:
Uh, yeah. If I can find it!
(holds up booklet)
I got my handy-dandy little book from Washington Natural Gas here, and I'm going to check it out.

ANGELA *(yelling from off camera)*:
It's behind the mower and the bikes and Aunt Margaret's boxes.

CUT to WS of HARRY moving stuff around, finding furnace.

HARRY *(to himself)*
Oh, yeah, right.

ANGELA *(yelling from off camera)*:
Honey, don't forget to check the filter.

CUT to MS of HARRY looking for the filter, unable to find it (gets down on hands and knees?)

HARRY *(yelling, to ANGELA)*:
Okay, dear.
(to himself, looking for filter)
Lessee, filter, filter, where oh where can that filter be...
Ah, here!

HARRY pulls out filter. It's filthy, and junk falls on him.

HARRY *(to himself)*:
Whoa! I think we need a new filter, here.

ANGELA *(yelling from off camera)*:
We probably need a new filter, honey. It really should be replaced 2 or 3 times a year.

CUT to CU of HARRY putting new filter in.

HARRY *(to ANGELA)*:
Yeah, you're right.

ANGELA *(yelling from off camera)*:
Oh, and honey? Don't forget to look for dust build-up around the burner.

CUT to HARRY looking around burner.

HARRY *(to ANGELA)*:
Right.
(to himself, reading from pamphlet):
Check for dust build-up around the burner.

ANGELA *(yelling from off camera)*:
And make sure the flame is burning nice and blue, with no orange.

HARRY (*to himself*):
Uh-huh. Pretty blue flame. No orange. Wait a sec. Flame.
Fire. Potential danger.
(*to Angela*)
Say, honey, I've heard that gas can be pretty dangerous to
work around.

CUT to MS from outside furnace, HARRY's butt sticking out.

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Well, dear, stick your finger in a socket and see how
dangerous electricity can be. Just be careful, that's all!

HARRY crawls out of furnace.

HARRY (*to himself, looking at booklet*)
Right. Just be careful. Okay, I need to...

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Check for rust, scale, or soot in the draft diverter, dear!

CUT to HARRY getting up, looking for draft diverter.

HARRY (*to himself, still reading booklet*):
"...check for rust, scale, or soot in the draft diverter."
Dear. Okay, so where IS the draft diverter...
(*finds it*)
Ah, here we go.
(*to ANGELA*):
No rust, scale, or soot... dear.

HARRY looks at booklet.

HARRY (*to himself*):
Okay, next I should...

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Make sure the vent damper is working okay, honey.

CUT to HARRY looking for and at vent damper.

HARRY (*to himself, reading from book*)
"...make sure the vent damper is working okay." Honey.
Vent damper, vent damper...
(*to ANGELA*):
Yep, it works, alrighty!

CUT to HARRY standing next to furnace.

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
And, honey? Make sure there's no strange odors! If there
is, we should call Customer Service.

HARRY (*to himself*):
Uh...
(*sniffs around, thinks for a second, then*
"yells" to ANGELA):
I don't know... It smells kinda like cat litter!

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
That's probably the cat litter, dear.

HARRY (*to himself*):
Yeah, probably is!

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Are your eyes watering, or does your throat burn, honey?
That could also mean the furnace isn't working right. We
should call Customer Service.

HARRY (*to ANGELA*):
(*feels throat, wipes eyes*)
Uh, nope. Everything's fine. Except for the cat litter smell.
(*chuckles*)
(*reads from booklet, then reads aloud to his wife in a*
very affected, "reading" voice. He's proud he found
something to ask her)
Say, honey? Ahem... "Do you see any condensation or
moisture build-up on the inside of your... uh, *our*
windows? This COULD indicate a venting problem. Check
the vent damper or call Customer Service."

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
No condensation or "moisture build-up" here, honey.

HARRY (*to himself*):
Ah, here's another one.
(*to ANGELA, again very affected*)
Say, honey, "...are your... uh, *OUR* cold air return grills
free from obstructions, such as carpets, furniture,
etceteras?"

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
They're fine, dear. All our cold air return ducts are clear.
No carpets, no furniture, no "etceteras."

HARRY (*to himself*):
Well, I guess that does it.

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Don't forget to oil the motor.

CUT to CU on top of box, where oil can is sitting. HARRY's hand grabs it.

HARRY (*to himself*):
Ah, yeah, oil the motor.

CUT to HARRY oiling motor.

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Honey? While you're down there, why don't you move all that junk away from the furnace. It's not very safe leaving it there.

CUT to MS, HARRY standing up.

HARRY (*to ANGELA*):
Uh... Okay, dear. Hey, why don't you come down and help?

ANGELA (*yelling from off camera*):
Because I'm not done re-wiring the kitchen, honey.

HARRY (*to himself, sarcastically, as he snaps his fingers, walks out of frame*)
Oh, right. She's rewiring the kitchen. Gee, I hope she still has time to tune up the car, and maybe start putting in the new water heater. Yeah! Then maybe she can...

Fade to Black, credits