

P2

FEAR IS A FLAT RATE

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INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Open on a large "P2" painted in white, block letters on a grey, concrete column.

The sound of muted banging echoes faintly in a dark and empty, underground parking structure.

The camera moves forward revealing a single car parked at the end of the lot.

The banging gets louder as we slowly approach the trunk.

The trunk's lock twists and bends the metal around it, and finally disappears into the car leaving a black hole...

A brown eyeball appears scared and frantic.

THE TRUNK FLIES OPEN! TWO BLOODY, HANDCUFFED HANDS IMMERGE.

CUT TO BLACK:

OPENING CREDITS ON-

...The daily routine of a downtown financial office building and its underground parking garage seen through a series of security monitors. The front entrance, the parking gate, stair cases, and elevators are all covered by strategically placed cameras.

On the last screen, a talk show tunes in and out of static. This is not a security monitor but an old TV with an antenna.

A hand slams down and the black and white image turns to color.

TALK SHOW GUEST

*I mean, look, you can't even
recognize him. My son has breasts
for god's sake.*

TALK SHOW HOST

*But what if he's happy that way? I
mean it's obvious you're happy
right, Maria?*

TALK SHOW GUEST

*His name is Mario not Maria. Jesus
Christ.*

Having fixed the TV, PAPO, the senior security guard sits back at his desk captivated by the show.

(CONTINUED)

Behind him, a row of surveillance monitors hang on the wall. From this office, the security guards can see everything.

THOMAS, a clean cut, young man wearing the same uniform as Papo arrives to start the night shift. He is accompanied by Rocky, his trusted Doberman Pinscher.

PAPO

(with a Pakistani accent)

Ah, Thomas, you are early today.

Papo turns back to the TV.

THOMAS

I thought you might want to get ready for Christmas.

PAPO

That is very nice my boy, but we are Muslims, we do not celebrate Christmas.

THOMAS

Oh, right, I didn't even think about that.

Thomas puts his bag down on his desk next to a decorated, miniature Christmas tree.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What are you watching?

PAPO

My god. It is crazy. Look. Look at this girl. That is a man. Can you believe it. I don't know what I would do. Please meet my son, oh no, please meet my daughter.

THOMAS

Some people are so confused...

Thomas fiddles through his bag, takes out a small ANGEL ORNAMENT, and hangs it on the tree.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now you're a Christmas tree.

PAPO

I'm sorry you couldn't go home to see your family this year.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Somebody's got to watch over this place. Anyway, Chicago is way too cold this time of year...

Papo puts on his winter coat, grabs his lunch box, and pats Thomas on the back.

PAPPO

You are a hard worker. You will do well in life. Have a very nice Christmas, Thomas. Goodbye Rocky.

THOMAS

You too. Have a nice evening.

Papo steps outside revealing a few Christmas lights and other decorations along the exterior walls.

Their security office is built in the middle of the grey, concrete parking lot.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- EVENING

The wintry Manhattan skyline is seen from a 22nd floor window.

A young woman stands over a fax machine. She talks on her cell phone through a bluetooth earpiece.

YOUNG WOMAN

I had the lawyers take a look at them and they made a few minor changes...

She turns around, revealing a young career driven executive. This is ANGELA, who looks not only determined, but also beautiful in her expensive business suit.

ANGELA

I just sent you a fax of the revisions...

(listening)

... Believe me, we all know how important it is for these contracts to be signed before the end of the year... Yes sir...

Jody, Angela's secretary, comes to the door.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

... I wouldn't worry about it. From what I gather, it's not a deal breaker. Can you hold one second, please?

(hits the "hold" button)

Yes Jody?

JODY

Mr. Harper wants to see you in his office.

ANGELA

(rolling her eyes)

Great. Is that it?

JODY

(pointing to the fax)

You know, I could send those for you if you want.

ANGELA

It's OK. I have to be here anyway. Go home, Jody.

JODY

OK, thanks... Merry Christmas, Angela.

ANGELA

Merry Christmas, honey...

(back on the phone)

Hello, yes. It's really not going to be a problem... Yes sir, very confident...

Angela grabs the document from the fax machine.

Still on the phone, she walks to her office.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

... No, it's probably better if I let them know with an e-mail, explaining the details. I'm sure it'll be easier then trying to reach everyone tonight... Thank you sir, I will... The same to you and your family.

She hangs up and turns into another corridor.

Her phone rings again. She answers.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Hi. Of course I'm coming...

She turns into her office where a man in his forties stands in a pressed designer suit. He holds his briefcase and his coat in his hands.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(switching to English)
... Hey, let me call you right back...

Angela sits at her desk, returning to her computer, and ignoring Mr. Harper.

MR. HARPER
Still on the Morgan deal, huh?

ANGELA
Yep. They're driving me crazy.

MR. HARPER
Those people are notorious for waiting til the last minute.

ANGELA
Well then I guess I lucked out when I got the account.

Angela uses the mouse to open some files.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What can I do for you, Bob?

MR. HARPER
(nervously)
I... I don't know how to... Look, I feel terrible.

Angela turns away from the computer to Mr. Harper.

ANGELA
It's OK. I'm fine. Alright? Don't worry about it.

MR. HARPER
It's not fine, I acted like a real jerk. I had too many drinks and I got way out of hand. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Really. Don't worry about it.

MR. HARPER

(getting emotional)

I love my wife. You know that right?
You know we just had a baby. It's
been hard...

ANGELA

I'm sure. Look, you should go home
to them now.

MR. HARPER

This is so embarrassing. I've never
done anything like this before.

ANGELA

I know. I believe you. Just...
Please... Let's just forget the
whole thing, OK?

MR. HARPER

I'm really, really sorry.

ANGELA

Apology accepted. Thank you.

MR. HARPER

OK. Merry Christmas, Angela.

ANGELA

You too, Bob.

She returns to her computer. Mr. Harper exits her office.

Angela looks at the open doorway leading to the hall. She
takes off her earpiece, then her glasses. She rubs her tired
eyes.

She activates the speaker phone on her desk and dials.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

The phone rings as a slightly heavier, more motherly version
of Angela, picks up the phone. This is LORRAINE, Angela's
older sister.

She answers the phone as she bends down to check on the
turkey roasting in the oven.-

(CONTINUED)

LORRAINE
(in Spanish)
*Are you calling me from work? I
thought you were going home first?*

Ricky, a young man in his early twenties stands by the counter wearing a New York Yankees hat, drinking a beer.

ANGELA (O.S.)
I brought everything with me.

Ricky picks at the salad bowl when Lorraine slaps his hand-

LORRAINE
Get out of here...

RICKY
(yelling into the phone)
What up sis!

LORRAINE
God, I'm so late with this dinner.

RICKY
(in the phone again)
She made mad food, yo...

LORRAINE
(to Ricky)
Stop that, and go to the store,
please...
(to Angela in Spanish)
*... Did you pick up the Santa Claus
costume? I hope you didn't forget
it?*

Ricky exits crossing Lorraine's 8 year old son, JIMMY,
followed by ROSE, her 5 year old daughter. They both walk to
the refrigerator.

ANGELA (O.S.)
I didn't forget it, It's in my car.

LORRAINE
(softly in Spanish)
*I think Dad is more excited than the
kids.*

Jimmy opens the freezer and pulls out a popsickle.

(CONTINUED)

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Jimmy, put that back. We're going to
have dinner soon...Do you want Santa
to come tonight or not?

ROSE
I want Santa to come, Mommy.

INT. ANGELA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Angela smiles as she types on her keyboard.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
(to the kids)
Well then help Mimi set the table.
(to Angela)
It's gonna be great. Is Robert
coming?

ANGELA
I told you, I'm just talking to him.
Plus, I really don't see us getting
back together anytime soon... Look,
I'm just finalizing my first big
deal and I'm all alone at the...

Lorraine screams on the phone.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
(to someone else)
Oh, my god. Don't scare me like
that...

Angela hears laughter and talking in the background.

LORRAINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
I'm talking to Angela...

BACKGROUND (O.S.)
Angie!

LORRAINE (O.S.)
(back to Angela)
Vinny and Josie just got here.
(to Josie)
... you shouldn't have, thank you...

ANGELA
OK, I'll see you later...

LORRAINE (O.S.)
Please don't be late.

ANGELA
I won't. Bye.

CUT TO:

The floor is empty. Lights are dimmed, computers are off, everyone has gone home except Angela who is just finishing her work.

She clicks "send" with her mouse and turns off the computer. She looks at her watch.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Dammit.

She gathers her purse, her overnight bag, and exits the office. Just as she turns the corner-

SHE RUNS INTO A BIG, AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN HOLDING A FLASHLIGHT AND KEYS!

GUARD
Jesus! You scared the hell out of me.

ANGELA
Karl! God!

GUARD
I'm sorry Angela, I was just checking to see if there was anybody left on this floor. I'll come back...

ANGELA
No, no, I'm leaving now. I'll take the elevator down with you...

She locks her office door.

DING- the doors to the elevator open. Karl and Angela enter.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Karl pushes the button for the lobby and locks Angela's floor with his master key.

ANGELA
Are you working all night?

(CONTINUED)

KARL

Yeah. I'll get New Years Eve off...

ANGELA

Well that's good.

The elevator descends.

KARL

I should make it home by the time
the girls wake up, hopefully.

ANGELA

How are they doing?

KARL

Killy's in High School now.

ANGELA

Already? My goodness.

Karl takes out his wallet as the elevator stops on the third floor.

Angela is slightly annoyed at the delay, but smiles at the picture Karl removes from his wallet.

KARL

I just got their school photos.

ANGELA

They've gotten so big.

KARL

That Killy there, and that's Rhonda,
she's 12 now.

ANGELA

(to Karl)

Look at those little ladies. Better
watch it, the boys are gonna come
knocking...

KARL

Oh boy... Tell me about it.

Karl returns his wallet to his back pocket.

The doors open as a couple holding Christmas gifts enter
without seeing Karl and Angela.

(CONTINUED)

MAN IN COUPLE

Come on, your parents can't stand me.

WOMAN IN COUPLE

You're wrong Doug, they love you.

Realizing they are not alone, the embarrassed couple remains quiet for the rest of the ride.

KARL

Where are you going tonight?

ANGELA

My sister's house in the Bronx.

KARL

The Bronx? I figured you for an uptown girl.

ANGELA

That's where I live now. But, you know, I'm from the Boogie Down, baby.

KARL

(laughing)

Well all-right, girl.

He extends his hand and she gives him five.

They arrive at the lobby just as Angela's phone begins ringing, but she cannot find her earpiece.

Karl locks all the floors.

The couple holding gifts walks out into the lobby.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

Angela walks out into the lobby searching through her bag for the ringing phone.

KARL

Merry Christmas, Angela.

ANGELA

Same to you, Karl. See you soon.

She joins the couple waiting at the parking elevators and finally finds her phone.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hey. Yes, I'm leaving right now.

The parking elevator arrives and Angela enters, followed by the couple.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
I know. I know. I'm in the elevator.
I'll be there in twenty five
minutes, tops.

Angela pushes the P2 button.

The parking elevator descends.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What? You're breaking up. Lorraine?
Hello...

The P2 circle above the elevator door lights up.

INT. P2 - NIGHT

Angela's heels resonate as she walks a good distance.

She arrives at an older BMW, places her bags in the back seat, and finally sits behind the steering wheel.

She puts the key in the ignition and turns- but it doesn't start.

Nothing. She moves the stick shift and tries again. Still nothing. Not even a sound from the engine.

ANGELA
(to herself)
Are you kidding me?

The couple from the elevator drive past Angela shining their headlights on her face before disappearing onto the exit ramp.

Angela's car is the last car left. She tries to start it again, but no noise comes from the engine.

She puts her head down on the steering wheel.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Great. Perfect timing.

(CONTINUED)

She quickly opens the car door, exits, and reaches into the back seat for her bags. One is full of gifts, another is the overnight bag, and the last one contains the Santa Claus costume.

Overloaded with bags, Angela walks back towards the elevator.

When she gets there, the door separating the parking lot and the elevator room is locked, cutting off her access to the elevators. She tries harder. Definitely locked.

Angela hears something behind her and freezes. She quickly turns around and sees a rat scurrying along a wall.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

God.

In the distance, she spots the colorful, blinking Christmas lights covering the parking, security office.

Still holding her bags, she heads towards the office.

I/E. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

Through the slightly open door, Angela sees Thomas leaning back in his chair with his feet up on his desk. He reads a book while the local news plays out on the small television-

She knocks when-

ROCKY JUMPS OUT OF THE DARK BARKING AND SCARING HER HALF TO DEATH. THE DOG PULLS AT THE END OF HIS CHAIN.

THOMAS

Rocky, heel! What are you doing?

He pulls the dog back. Puts his book down.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you OK? I'm really sorry. You just surprised him.

ANGELA

Yeah, I'm fine.

THOMAS

What can I do for you?

ANGELA

I wonder if you could unlock the door to the elevators.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

My car isn't starting and I need to get upstairs to call a cab.

THOMAS

Oh yeah, sure. It's time for me to do my rounds anyway.

He stands.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now, where did I put those damned keys?... What happened to your car?

ANGELA

I have no idea.

Thomas searches under a newspaper for the keys.

THOMAS

You probably left your lights on.

ANGELA

I'm usually pretty careful about things like that.

THOMAS

It happens all the time. People drive down here and turn on their lights without even noticing. It's instinctive.

Thomas finds a ring of magnetic key cards.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ah, there they are. You know, if it's your battery, we can jump it. I have a charger back here somewhere.

ANGELA

Thank you, but I really should just take a cab. I'm so late as it is.

THOMAS

It might take you longer to find a cab. Especially on Christmas Eve. I mean it's up to you, but I can jump it if you want.

ANGELA

I don't really know how to do that.

THOMAS

No, I mean, I could do it for you.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

Angela thinks. She is reluctant, but gives in.

ANGELA

You're sure it won't take long?

THOMAS

Just a few minutes. I'll just grab the charger. Give me a sec..

Thomas disappears into the office while Angela waits alone. After a beat, she steps into the doorway to peek inside when-

Thomas comes out with a portable battery charger.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

OK, let's do it. Do you need a hand with those bags?

ANGELA

Sure. Thanks.

12 INT. P2 - NIGHT

12

Thomas holds most of the bags as they walk to her car in silence.

Angela takes out her cell phone to check for a signal. There is none.

THOMAS

Somebody's been really good this year...

ANGELA

I'm sorry?

Thomas looks down at the bag of gifts.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh. Yeah. My nephew, and my little niece.

THOMAS

That's nice. It's important to spoil kids. Before you know it, they're all grown up.

They arrive at the BMW and Thomas puts the bags down next to a wheel.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(extending his hand)
I'm Tom. Thomas. Everybody call me
Tom.

ANGELA
(smiling politely)
I'm Angela.

They shake hands. Thomas looks at her.

THOMAS
I know...

Angela pulls away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(pointing the wall)
... It's written on your parking
sign.

ANGELA
Oh. Of course.

THOMAS
Alright, let's get this thing
started. Can you please open the
hood?

Angela leans into the car.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
... BMW, I series. This is a nice
car. What year is it? Ninety eight?
Ninety nine?

SNAP- The hood pops open. Thomas reaches under it to release
the safety, then raises it above his head.

ANGELA
It's a ninety five.

Thomas unwinds the cables from the charger. He takes out the
flashlight strapped to his belt and looks into the engine.

THOMAS
Pretty reliable cars for the most
part...

He fastens the cables securely to the battery.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Let's see positive... negative. OK,
give it a try.

Angela turns the ignition, but the engine fails to start.

Thomas looks down at the engine, confused.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

One second. Something's not right.

He looks at the levels on the charger. They read full.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Can you turn on the headlights.

Annoyed, Angela pulls the switch, lighting the wall ahead.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hmm. Let's see. Turn the key again.

The engine still does not respond.

ANGELA

(to herself)

Dammit!

THOMAS

Alright, turn the lights off.

Angela does and gets out of the car.

ANGELA

You know what, thank you, but I'm
just going to call a cab.

THOMAS

I think it's your starter.

ANGELA

I don't know what that means.

THOMAS

It means it's probably worn out. But
if I can tap on it, I think I can
get it started.

ANGELA

I should get going, I really don't
want to get stuck.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

It'll take a second. I'm pretty sure this will work. Can you pop open the trunk please.

Angela reluctantly bends back into the car, opens the glove compartment, and pulls the trunk release.

ANGELA

What's in the trunk?

Thomas lifts the trunk and digs inside.

THOMAS

I just need something long enough to tap on it.

Thomas comes up from the trunk, holding a tire iron.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This'll do.

Thomas moves back to the front of the car. Skeptical, Angela looks at the time on her watch.

ANGELA

They are going to kill me.

THOMAS

Don't worry, I'll get you going...

Back in the engine, Thomas holds the flashlight in one hand and the tire iron in the other.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... Now let's see. The radiator... the alternator... Anyway, I'm sure they'll understand. Ah... That should be the starter.

Thomas bangs on it a few time with the tire iron.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

OK, try it now.

Angela gets back in the car and turns the ignition. Nothing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Now try it when I say go, OK?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
(to herself)
This guy has no idea what he's
doing.

THOMAS
OK?

ANGELA
Yes, yes, OK.

Thomas taps on the starter again.

THOMAS
OK, now!

Angela turns the ignition. Still nothing.

ANGELA
Alright, that's it.

She exits the car, and slams the door.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Look you've been very helpful, but I
give up.

THOMAS
I'm really sorry. I don't know what
it could be.

ANGELA
That's OK. Please, could you just
let me into the elevator now.

He slams the hood.

THOMAS
I was just trying to help.

ANGELA
I know. I appreciate it. Thank you.

Thomas puts the tire iron back in the trunk and closes it.

Angela locks the car picks up her bags.

THOMAS
Please let me help you with those.
It's the least I can do.

They walk to the elevator room in silence.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Working late, huh? I know how you feel. They didn't even ask me if I wanted to work tonight. They just put me on the schedule. Bosses are all the same. It doesn't matter what you do...

Angela is obviously frustrated.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... I know you're a little bit upset about your car... But, it's Christmas. It's a time to be thankful. Don't you think? I mean it's none of my business, but it seems like you're really lucky. You have a great family, a good job... I don't know...

Somehow his words have brought Angela back to earth. She smiles.

ANGELA

You're right...

THOMAS

Ah... I'm just being corny.

ANGELA

No, you're absolutely right. I should be grateful.

They arrive at the elevator room. Thomas takes out his ring of magnetic cards.

THOMAS

You know, I'm preparing a small Christmas meal for myself. I mean, it's not much, but I'd be happy to share it with you...

Instead, they share an awkward moment.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... I'm kidding...

ANGELA

Oh... Yeah... Ok. Listen, thanks for your help.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (6)

THOMAS
You're welcome. Maybe some other
time, then?

Angela smiles as if he's still joking.

ANGELA
Right, sure...

Thomas hands her packages and opens the door by swiping the
magnetic card through the slot.

THOMAS
I'll call you a cab if you want.

ANGELA
It's OK, I have a service.

THOMAS
Suit yourself. Merry Christmas,
Angela.

ANGELA
Merry Christmas.

13 INT. ELEVATOR ROOM - NIGHT

13

Angela enters the elevator room and presses the "up" button.

ANGELA
(to herself)
Come on, come on.

She turns and sees Thomas standing behind the door and
looking through the glass window. He waves good-bye.

DING- The elevator opens.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Thank god.

15 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

15

Angela walks out of the elevator to the bright lobby
reception.

ANGELA
Karl?

She looks around, but no one is there.

(CONTINUED)

She notices that one of the elevators is moving. She takes out her phone and dials.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Hi, can I please get a car at 327
Chambers Street. One. No luggage...
Half an hour?! Can anyone come
faster. OK, alright. Thank you.

She hangs up, takes her bags to the waiting area, and sits on the couch. She makes another call.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hey Lorraine. You're never going to
believe this. No, my car wouldn't
start. How? I've been in the parking
garage for the last forty minutes. I
know. I know. It's really not my
fault this time. I called one. Yes.
Look, just start without me. I'll be
there within the hour. OK? Bye.

Angela takes a deep breath.

She picks up a magazine and leafs through it.

She stands and walks around.

She sits down again, and pulls out a Christmas card shaped like Santa Claus along with a pen.

She thinks for a moment then writes-

"To Jimmy, The best catcher in Little League. Santa Claus"

She places the card into a red envelope, and writes, "To Jimmy, From Santa" on the back.

She puts the envelope back in the bag, leans back into the couch and closes her eyes. It's been a long day.

All the elevators are stopped, and the bright lobby is completely silent.

Suddenly, Angela is awakened by a car horn. Startled, she looks beyond the double glass doors spotting the cab outside.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Finally.

She grabs all her bags and heads out.

(CONTINUED)

Unable to use her hands, she puts her back to one of the doors to open it, but it doesn't move. She takes a step to her left to push the other door, but this one is locked as well.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Oh, come on...

She puts her bags down and tries to use both hands to open the doors. Locked.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Is this a joke?... Oh my God.

She yells through the crack separating the two doors.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to the cab)
Wait, OK? Don't go anywhere.

She walks back to the reception desk.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Where the hell are you Karl? KARL?!
Dammit!

She goes around the desk to look for the door button.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Where is it, I've seen you use that
thing a million times. There.

She presses the button, then runs back to the door. Both doors remain locked.

She notices a lock at the bottom of the door

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Arrg! Fuck.

To her horror, she sees the cab pulling away.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
No! Please wait.

Too late. The cab is gone. She grabs her phone and dials.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
This is unbelievable. I swear. I
can't get out of this building...

16 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT 16

ON A SECURITY MONITOR, ANGELA IS SEEN PACING IN THE LOBBY.

17 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 17

No one answers the phone. She closes it and thinks.

ANGELA
I can't believe this.

She grabs her bags and walks back to the parking elevators.
The doors open immediately and she enters.

18 INT. ELEVATOR TO PARKING - NIGHT 18

She presses P1 and continues to hold her bags even though her hands are sore from the weight.

19 INT. P1 - NIGHT 19

Angela walks out of the elevator room.

This time she closes the door softly, leaving it unlocked.

She walks through the parking garage, obviously frustrated.

Behind her, the weight of the door causes it to shut.

Angela turns around. She's locked in again. She turns to face the empty garage. It's dark. Menacing. She walks more cautiously than before.

She makes her way past a fleet of brand new limousines.

She arrives at the front gate. It is locked and so is the toll booth.

ANGELA
Hello? HELLO?

She puts her bags on the ground and leans down into the waist high intercom made for drivers.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(pressing the call button)
Anyone there? Hello?

No answer. She buzzes a few more times.

20 **INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT**

20

Angela is on the security screen monitoring the front gate.

ANGELA

Hello? I'm at the front gate. Can
you open it please. I'll try to
catch a cab outside.

21 **INT. P1 - NIGHT**

21

Still leaning over the intercom, she buzzes one more time.

ANGELA

Can you hear me? Dammit, wake up!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT. FIRST ONE SECTION, THEN ANOTHER,
THEN THE ENTIRE LOT PLUNGES INTO DARKNESS. ANGELA FREEZES.

She can hardly see her hand in front of her face.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Hello! I'm still in here... Hello?

Quietly, she takes her phone from her pocket. She is not
getting a signal.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Shit! OK, calm down Angela.

She flips open the phone, giving herself some light.

She extends the phone outward scanning all around her. Total
darkness.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Stop being paranoid...

She grabs her purse and, guided only by the light of her cell
phone, walks into the darkness leaving her other bags behind.

She passes a parked limousine, when suddenly-

A HUMAN SHAPE APPEARS IN THE WINDOW. BUT SHE QUICKLY REALIZES
IT'S OF HER OWN REFLECTION.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Shit.

Her phone light dims out. She quickly reactivates it, and,
extending it outward, scans all around.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Where the hell is the elevator?

A large P1 painted on a wall a few feet away becomes visible.
She walks over to it and notices the circular parking ramp
leading down to the lower floors.
She heads down the parking ramp staying close to the wall.

22 INT. P2 - NIGHT

22

The phone light reveals a large P2 painted on the wall.
She holds out the phone light toward the dark parking level.
She takes a few steps forward when suddenly-
SHE TRIPS OVER A PARKING BLOCK- LANDING ON HER HANDS AND
KNEES, DROPPING THE PHONE.

ANGELA
Ow, Ow! Dammit! Fuck!

Crawling on her hands and knees, she finds the phone and
turns it back on.

She shines the light to her knee. It's bleeding.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Great. Just great!

Her sarcasm turns to anger and frustration.

After a deep breath, she removes her shoes and, holding them
in her hands, gets back on her feet.

She turns the phone, lighting her own face-

THOMAS IS STANDING BEHIND HER!

HE SWIFTLY GRABS HER FROM BEHIND BY PLACING A RAG AROUND HER
MOUTH. ANGELA REACTS IMMEDIATELY TRYING TO FREE HERSELF.

TERRIFIED, SHE KICKS AND SCRATCHES AT WHOEVER IS BEHIND HER.
SHE TRIES TO SCREAM, BUT SOMETHING ON THE RAG IS POISONING
HER AND CHOKING HER BREATH AWAY.

She grabs hold of his hair and pulls ferociously.

She kicks, throws her hands at him and makes her body heavy
to slide out from under his grip.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

His attempt to subdue her, is much more difficult then anything he's ever seen in the movies.

The abduction is harder then Thomas could ever have anticipated.

Her flailing causes them both to fall to the ground, but Thomas still holds her firmly.

After a minute, her kicking subsides and the grip on his hair loosens.

Her eyes roll to the back of her head, her hand goes dead.

BLACK OUT

23 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

23

Angela slowly opens her blood shot eyes.

Standing in front of her- SANTA CLAUS comes in and out of focus.

SANTA CLAUS

Ho, Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas. I've had my eye on you, and you've been a good little girl.

Confused, Angela coughs as a line of spit drips off her chin.

BLACK OUT.

Santa Claus holds ammonia under her nose, waking her up with a jump.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas...Ho, Ho,
(coming out of character)
... oh, are you alright? You don't look so good.

Pale, faint and disoriented, Angela's head falls back.

Santa Claus kneels down putting his hand behind her neck to hold up her head.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

Alright, alright.

Santa Claus removes his beard and hat, revealing himself.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
Take it easy?

ANGELA
(coughing)
What time is it? ... What happened
to me?

THOMAS
You fell. You'll be alright.

ANGELA
I don't feel very well... I'm gonna
be sick...

Thomas hands her a glass of water.

THOMAS
Drink this.

Holding her mouth, she gets up to go outside but falls to the
ground.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Be careful!

HER ANKLE IS CHAINED TO THE TABLE. SHE IS TRAPPED.

Thomas kneels down to help her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You're gonna hurt yourself. Try to
stay calm.

She is on her hands and knees, and before she can realize
what is going on, she vomits on the floor.

Thomas grabs a towel and hands it to her. She dry heaves one
more time before wiping her mouth.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Let me help you up.

Thomas smiles as he helps her back to the table.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Try to relax. I'll clean it up.
Don't worry.

Thomas takes a roll of paper towels and kneels down.

(CONTINUED)

For the first time, Angela makes a logical assessment of her surroundings.

She sits at a table set for two. The food platters, candles, and a bottle of wine make it the perfect table for a romantic dinner.

On the other table, the Christmas tree is surrounded by a few Christmas gifts.

Thomas places the dirty paper towels into a plastic bag.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

He exits with the plastic bag.

Angela gets off her chair to check out her restraints. Her ankle is locked in a single handcuff which is welded to a chain. In turn, the chain is secured thru a hole in the desk.

She pulls on the chain at her ankle, but it digs into her skin. But worse than that-

SHE NOTICES HER CLOTHING ARE DIFFERENT. She is now wearing a dinner dress. What happened to her other clothes? How did she change?

Panicked, she pulls on the chain where it connects to the table. She bends the metal, but no way will she be able to free herself. She is trapped.

She hears Thomas approaching and returns to her seat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Are you hungry?

(lifting the covers)

We've got turkey, stuffing. Let's see potatoes, cranberries, and even corn bread.

He sits facing her at the table. She is in shock.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I hope it's still warm. If not, I have a microwave... Are you feeling any better?

ANGELA

What happened to my clothes?

Thomas stops and looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Oh, well...Maybe we should wait a few more minutes before we eat..

ANGELA

What happened to my clothes? How did I change clothes?

THOMAS

I thought you might want to wear something nice for dinner...

ANGELA

Did you change me?

THOMAS

... like I said, you fell and your clothes were dirty...

Angela tries to maintain her composure, as Thomas picks up the wine bottle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... Would you like some wine? You know, loosen up a bit...

He takes a Swiss army knife out of his pocket and opens the large blade.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... This is a California wine. A Cabernet...2003. A really good year from what I understand...

Angela's eyes fixate on the knife.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(opening the bottle)

... That's where I'm from. You know, Sonoma County...

Carefully, he cuts the aluminum seal at the top of the bottle. He then opens the cork screw. Angela watches him intensely.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Where are you from?

She looks up at him as he screws the bottle opener into the cork.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
(small voice)
What?

THOMAS
Where are you from, Angela?

ANGELA
What do you want?

Thomas stops and looks up at her- POP! - He opens the wine bottle.

THOMAS
I want to know where you're from?

ANGELA
I'm from Parkchester.

He serves the wine.

THOMAS
Where's that?

ANGELA
Please, tell me what you want from me?

THOMAS
(remains jovial)
I just want to know... where
Parkchester is... And I want you to
relax.

He smiles and lifts his glass.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Cheers.

Angela doesn't pick up her glass.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
OK. I'll make the toast. Here's to
good friends. Here's to Parkchester.
Wherever it is.

He smells the wine, then takes a small sip.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
That's nice. Real classy. Just like
you...

(CONTINUED)

Angela tries to stay calm and reason with Thomas.

ANGELA
Listen...

THOMAS
Tom...

ANGELA
Yes. Tom. Please. I told you we
could do this some other time. I'm
expected somewhere. You know?...I
have obligations..

THOMAS
I know, too many obligations. You
should have more time for
yourself...

ANGELA
... Maybe we can have a drink after
the new year.

THOMAS
That sounds really nice. But...
we're here now... and look. I've
prepared everything.

ANGELA
I know... and it looks really good.

THOMAS
Great, let's eat then. Cause I'm
starving.

Thomas uncovers the food platters.

ANGELA
Tom, look, it's really sweet of you.
But, my sister's expecting me.

Thomas fills their plates with sliced turkey, potatoes,
cranberries, etc....

THOMAS
I guess some plans are just made to
be broken...Gravy?...

Angela doesn't answer. This cannot be happening to her.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I'll wait till you taste it...Would you like to say grace or should I?

Thomas sees Angela's eyes filling up with tears.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh hell, we can skip it. I was never very religious anyway. "Bon Appetit."

He starts to eat. Angela watches him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

So what do you like to do, Angela?

ANGELA

What?

THOMAS

You know, outside of work. Hobbies and stuff... I know it's a mundane question, but that's how people get to know each other. Right?

Angela does not respond. Instead, she observes Thomas as he eats.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Me, I like books. I'm reading Hemingway right now. *The Sun Also Rises*. Have you read it?... It takes place right after World War One and it's about a couple who shares a really strange and distant love for one another... You really should eat before it gets cold...So, in the book, this guy loves this girl so much, that he tolerates everything she does, even her infidelities. I suppose it's full of metaphors for the changing values of that time or something. It's pretty intense. But isn't that what love is supposed to be. Hemingway was a genius. Did you know he won the Nobel Prize for Literature. I write a little bit too, you know. I mean, nothing like him...

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

My boyfriend is gonna come looking
for me, Tom.

Thomas takes a long look at Angela as he chews his food and
swallows. He puts his fork down.

THOMAS

I knew this was too good to be true.
Of course, such a beautiful girl. I
mean, you know? Who am I?

ANGELA

If I don't show up. He's gonna come
get me. He knows where I work.

Thomas takes a drink.

THOMAS

And how long have you guys been
dating? Or, you know, hanging out?

Angela lies about her relationship.

ANGELA

Two years.

THOMAS

Two years, that's a big commitment.
Do you guys live together?

Angela nods.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Your place or his?

ANGELA

What?

THOMAS

Did he move in with you, or did you
move in with him?

ANGELA

It was my apartment.

THOMAS

Two years living together? Wow.
Sound like wedding bells. You guys
plan on getting married?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Yes. We're planning on it.

THOMAS

But wait... you said you would have a drink with me. You mean like friends?

Afraid to upset him, Angela is unsure of how to answer the question. Thomas serves himself more wine.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Of course... And what does he do... your fiance? Can we call him that?

ANGELA

He... He's a journalist.

THOMAS

See. I knew he had to be smart. What kind of journalist?

ANGELA

He covers sports?

THOMAS

For which newspaper?

ANGELA

The Post.

THOMAS

Really? I read that sports section. What's his name?

ANGELA

His name is Robert Liss.

THOMAS

I don't think I've ever seen his name in the paper. I have it right here actually.

He starts to stand.

ANGELA

It's online. It's the Post Online.

THOMAS

Oh... well... I don't have a computer. I want to get one, though...

(CONTINUED)

She watches him eat in silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...Well, it's amazing that you're able to keep a relationship going with all the overtime you've been working. It must be hard?... Doesn't he get lonely when you work late?

ANGELA

I guess. Please.

THOMAS

Do you love him?

ANGELA

Yes. Of course.

THOMAS

Does he love you?... I ask because I'm worried about how long it's gonna take him to get here?

ANGELA

(bluffing)

I'm sure he's already on his way.

THOMAS

Right. He's probably driving down the West Side Highway as we speak. What kind of car does he drive?

ANGELA

I don't know.

THOMAS

You don't know what kind of car your boyfriend drives?

ANGELA

...I mean a Toyota. I think.

THOMAS

Wow, a Toyota. That's a fast car. He should be here any minute with a car like that.

They sit in silence.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Who knows, it could even be seconds.
He could actually be walking through
that door... right now.

Angela looks down at her plate. Thomas smiles.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You know you haven't been very
talkative since we met. But, now all
of a sudden, you're telling all
these things about your boyfriend.
I'm wondering. Either we've become
best friends over dinner...or...
you're lying...Huh?

Angela is taken by surprise.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... my guess is... you're lying.

Thomas gets up and walks to her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's OK... I know... I know it's
hard to have a relationship these
days. People are too... selfish.

Keeping her eyes down, Angela is terrified.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... They just take advantage of you.
They don't care about you or your
dreams...

A tear runs down Angela's cheek, as Thomas gets next to her
and leans down to whisper in her ear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You don't really have a boyfriend?
Do you? It's been over for a
while...yeah...

Angela is terrified.

ANGELA

Please don't...

THOMAS

But you want one. Right? Someone to
care about you. Someone to worry
about you.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Please.

THOMAS

It's OK... At least you have a family that loves... Like... Lorraine and little Jimmy and Rose...

Angela looks up at him. Her mind is racing. How does he know?

THOMAS (CONT'D)

They must be worried sick. Maybe we should give them a call. Let them know you're OK.

Thomas brings the telephone to the table and lifts the receiver.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But what should we say? I know. You should just tell them you made other plans. No, no, that's no good. You know what? You think of something. You're a good liar, right?

He hands Angela the receiver and smiles.

She brings it to her ear and listens the dial tone.

She moves her hand slowly to the phone and dials. Thomas moves around her.

Flustered, she presses the wrong number. She hangs up and starts again.

He walks behind her and stops. She's too scared to turn around.

The phone rings on the other end.

Angela grips the receiver with both hands.

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE- KITCHEN - NIGHT

The cordless phone rings on the kitchen table.

Music and talking is heard in the other room.

Rose picks up the receiver and answers it-

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ROSE

Hello?

25 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

25

With tears in her eyes, Angela opens her mouth to answer when-
THOMAS RUNS HIS HAND THROUGH HER HAIR.
SHE FREEZES.

ROSE (O.S.)

Hello? Hello?

ANGELA

Rosie? Can you get your mommy on the
phone?

ROSE (O.S.)

Who's calling please?

Standing behind her, Thomas puts both hands on her shoulders.
His eyes are closed.

ANGELA

(tensely)

It's Auntie Angela.

26 INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE- DINNING ROOM - NIGHT

26

Rose walks to the living room with the cordless phone.
Having finished dinner, the family plays dominos on the
dinning room table.

ROSE

Mommy. It's Auntie Angela.

Lorraine takes the phone.

LORRAINE

Angela? Where are you?!

VINNY slaps down his domino as MANI, Lorraine's husband,
reacts.

VINNY

Pow! How you like that? That's
twenty five, bitch.

ANGELA'S MOM comes from the living room where Ricky and Jimmy
play video games.

(CONTINUED)

MOM
(in Spanish)
Don't talk like that on Christmas.
(to Lorraine)
What is she doing?

Her husband sits on the couch watching the video game on TV,
not saying a word.

INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

Thomas gently massages Angela's shoulders.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
Angela?

Thomas's hands come closer to her neck. Angela is terrified.

ANGELA
I... I... I'm not feeling well.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
What do you mean? We're all waiting
for you.

Thomas wraps his hands around her neck. His gentle touch
becomes more threatening. He could snap her neck at any time.

ANGELA
I was waiting for a cab in the cold
and I... I felt really feverish...

INT. LORRAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mom stands at the table as Mani puts Rose on his lap.

LORRAINE
Well, where are you now?
(to the family in Spanish)
She's not feeling well.

MANI
That's what she said last time she
was supposed to come over.

LORRAINE
(to Robert)
Be quiet.
(to Angela)
Where are you, Angela?

ANGELA (O.S.)
I'm home. I went home.

MOM
(in Spanish)
What's wrong?

LORRAINE
Last time I talked to you, you said
you were on your way.
(whispering)
What about the costume?...Hello?...
Angela... You know, you should try
to put your family ahead of your
work sometimes.

MOM
(in Spanish)
OK, that's enough.

Mom grabs the phone and speaks English with a thick accent.

MOM (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
What's the matter, baby?

INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

Tears stream down Angela's face as she tries to keep her voice clear. Thomas's hands are still around her neck. His thumbs massage the back of her head. His grip gets tighter.

ANGELA
I don't know. I think it's the flu.

MOM (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
*Are you sure you don't want to meet
us at church later.*

ANGELA
(broken voice)
No, Mama. I can't.

MOM (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
*Do you want us to bring you some
food?*

ANGELA
No... I'll be fine, Mama

29 CONTINUED:

Thomas nods his head, agreeing.

30 INT. LORRAINES HOUSE - NIGHT

30

MOM

(in Spanish)

... Well drink lots of water and get
some rest...Are you sure you don't
need anything?

MANI

I guess our house isn't good enough,
now that she's got a big job and
lives in the city.

LORRAINE

Oh, shut up and play.

RICKY

Yeah, man. At least she got out of
the hood. Not like you...

VINNY

Oh, shit. You gonna let that punk
talk to you that way.

MOM

(to Vinny in Spanish)

Watch your mouth.

(to the phone)

I love you and your father gives you
a kiss. Merry Christmas, my love.

JOSIE

Feel better honey...

VINNY

Yeah. Merry Christmas, Angie...

Mother hangs up the phone.

ROSE

(to Lorraine)

Mommy, when is Santa coming?

Lorraine frowns at her mother.

31 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

31

Angela lowers the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

ANGELA
(softly)
I love you too, Mama...

Thomas slides his finger over the phone and hangs up.

Angela wipes her eyes.

THOMAS
That's the best Christmas present
anybody's ever given me.
(caressing her cheek)
I have a present for you too.

He goes to the Christmas tree and grabs a RED BOX WITH A
GREEN RIBBON AND BOW.

He extends it to Angela, but she will not accept it.

He puts the present down on the table in front of her, then
sits.

He serves himself more wine and drinks.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Aren't you curious? Go ahead. Open
it.

Angela reluctantly opens the box and finds- A VIDEO TAPE with
no label.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Surprise! I bet you're curious now.

Angela holds the tape, scared and confused.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
OK, OK, enough torture. Here...

He takes the tape to the TV and inserts it into the VHS.

He turns his chair to face the TV and places it next to
Angela.

The tape plays static. Then suddenly an image.

It's one of the security monitors from the elevator.

Angela looks at the knife still on the table, then turns her
eyes to Thomas.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Watch. Watch. It's all cued up.

Two people enter the elevator.

She recognizes herself and her boss, Mr. Harper, laughing and talking.

She knows this scene. But why is he showing it to her?

ANGELA

What is this?

THOMAS

Wait, wait.

Angela watches as Mr. Harper puts his arm around her in the elevator. They are still joking together, when Mr. Harper turns to Angela and gives her a hug. Anyone can tell she is being very patient.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Why are you showing me this?

They watch as, Mr. Harper tries to kiss Angela. She tries pushing him away, but he becomes more forceful, pinning her against the elevator wall. He slides his hand under her skirt.

Thomas is unnerved by the tape, while Angela is more fearful of her captor.

She slowly approaches her hand to the knife on the table.

Back on the video, Angela runs out of the elevator leaving Mr. Harper behind.

Thomas has had enough. He walks to the TV grabbing his pocket knife folding it back into his pocket.

Mr. Harper is still in the elevator holding his head between his hands.

THOMAS

(softly to the TV)

Yeah, you fucked up, asshole.

Thomas turns off the TV.

ANGELA

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS
(turning and smiling)
What do you say we get some air?

ANGELA
Yes, please. Let's get out of here.

Thomas takes out keys from his pocket and walks to Angela.

THOMAS
I'm sorry you had to see that...
It's just... Well, it doesn't have
to be that way. They think they can
get away with anything.

He gets to his knees to unlock her shackle, when he catches a
glimpse of her uncovered thigh.

He unlocks her chain when-

ANGELA GRABS A FORK AND, IN ONE SWIFT MOTION, STICKS IT
VIOLENTLY IN HIS SHOULDER.

THOMAS YELLS AS HE FALLS ON THE GROUND.

ROCKY STARTS BARKING AND PULLING AT THE END OF HIS CHAIN.

Now free, Angela jumps out of her seat towards the door.

Thomas extends his leg and trips Angela who lands on her
stomach next to the barking dog.

Inches from Angela's face, the Doberman Pinscher barks and
shows his teeth. Angela is frozen.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
No, Rocky! Sit.

Thomas jumps on top of Angela, pushing the dog away.

He pulls out the handcuffs from a holster on his belt and
cuffs her hands behind her back.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Why would you do that? Why do you
want to hurt me? Why?

Thomas sits next to her and leans against the door.

He grinds his teeth and painfully removes the fork from his
shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm on your side, Angela. Dammit!

The dog starts barking again. Thomas pulls on his chain.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
SHUT THE FUCK UP! NOW SIT!!

The dog hides under the table and sits.

Thomas gets up and removes the Santa Claus jacket. His shoulder bleeds.

Angela remains on her stomach.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Look at what you did. I would never hurt you. Don't you understand?

He grabs a napkin from the table and applies pressure to the wound. His mood quickly changes-

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(joking)
Way to ruin Christmas, Angela.

Thomas takes another drink, pauses, then puts on his security guard jacket. He kneels down as if nothing happened.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Come on. Let me help you up.

ANGELA
Please leave me alone. Don't, please...

THOMAS
Stop it Angela. Please, I told you I'm not going to hurt you.

He helps her sit up.

ANGELA
Please. You're hurting my hands.

THOMAS
OK, I'm sorry. You have to relax your arms.

ANGELA
Please. I won't try to get away, Tom. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

I know, I believe you, but first I want you to see something. You'll understand everything. I'm hoping.

He lifts her up then grabs her coat from a chair.

ANGELA

Where are we going?

THOMAS

You have nothing to fear. OK?

32

INT. P2 - NIGHT

32

Held by Thomas, Angela walks with difficulty in her heels.

She looks around the parking garage. It's dead quiet.

They get to the passenger side of a 1986 Oldsmobile.

Thomas opens the door and helps her inside, putting his hand behind her head like a cop would a criminal.

33

INT. OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

33

Thomas goes around the car and enters from the driver's side, as Angela sits uncomfortably, her hands tied behind her back.

THOMAS

All I want is to be friends.

ANGELA

I'm in handcuffs, Thomas. What kind of a friend does that?

THOMAS

What kind of friends stabs you with a fork? On Christmas no less. Come on, let's put all that behind us...

As Thomas starts the car, Angela looks out the window and scans her surroundings.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...God, I think I drank a bit too much wine. I don't know if I can drive...

Angela trembles. A chill runs down her body.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
...Just kidding! I'm fine.

Thomas gently covers her shoulders with her coat.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Is that better?

He smiles at her and puts the car in gear.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Here we go.

The car moves down the parking lot.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I've seen you drive out of this lot
so many times...

He turns the car into the ramp heading down to the lower
floors.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
... It's just strange being in the
car with you finally. I think it's
great, actually.

Angela notices they are not exiting, but going deeper.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm thinking about getting a new
car. How are the BMWs?

Angela looks worried.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
They probably run pretty good once
you get them started, huh?

ANGELA
You said we were going for a drive?

THOMAS
What do you mean? We are.

ANGELA
We're going down, Tom.

THOMAS
It's freezing out there. Anyway,
believe me, this is going to be much
better.

(CONTINUED)

They drive past P3 in silence and finally arrive at the last level. Angela looks outside the window and sees the large P4 painted on a pillar.

ANGELA

Why are we down here, Tom?

Angela becomes more tense, as they go deeper and deeper into the dark and desolate level.

Thomas keeps his eyes on the road.

Through the windshield, Angela can see a shape appearing in the headlights-

A MAN WITH WIDE, SCARED EYES IS TIED TO AN OFFICE CHAIR AND GAGGED WITH DUCK TAPE.

Angela is terrified.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh my God. What is this? What is this, Tom?

Thomas stops the car. Angela recognizes the man on the chair-
IT IS HER BOSS, MR. HARPER. TERRIFIED AND SHIVERING.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What's going on? What did he do to you? What did he do, Tom?

THOMAS

It's what he did to you. I am so sick and tired of these guys treating you that way.

ANGELA

What guys Tom? Do you mean what happened in the elevator?

THOMAS

This guy did you wrong, didn't he?

ANGELA

No, it was a mistake. A stupid mistake.

THOMAS

What? He tried to rape you!

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

He apologized, Tom. He was drunk.

THOMAS

Apologized?

(laughing)

You think you're the first woman
he's tried to do that to? I've seen
him try to touch every women in the
building. He's a pervert. A
degenerate.

ANGELA

No he's not, Tom.

Thomas is visibly upset.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Tom? He has a family. Tom? Look at
me. Tom? Thomas, please.

THOMAS

Thomas, Thomas. Will you stop trying
to humanize yourself like you're
some poor victim. I TOLD YOU I
WASN'T GOING TO HURT YOU! NOW STOP
IT! GOD! TOM! TOM!...

(calming down)

Look, I know you're a person. I'm a
person too. I have feelings...

Thomas turns on the light inside the car, allowing Mr. Harper
to see them for the first time. He becomes agitated when he
sees Angela.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... But this guy has no feelings.
This guy needs to learn a lesson.

He takes out his flashlight.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

This is my present to you.

He hands the flashlight to Angela.

ANGELA

I don't understand?

THOMAS

You take that and show him.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Show him what?

THOMAS

Show him you're not a slut. You hit him with this and teach him that he can't be touching every woman he wants.

ANGELA

I told you. He apologized.

THOMAS

So he can just keep on apologizing, and then do it again, and then apologize. Stop letting these corporate assholes have their way with you. They have to be stopped.

ANGELA

I can't hurt him. Please, Tom. Please.

THOMAS

But you can hurt me? You can stab me, when all I try to do is help people... But not him. Oh no. Not the rapist. He doesn't give a shit about you, Angela.

ANGELA

Please. It's a misunderstanding. Please stop it, Thomas.

THOMAS

STOP CALLING OUT MY NAME!

ANGELA

I'm sorry. I'm just scared... I'm sorry.

Thomas turns to look out beyond the windshield. He takes a deep breath and seems to calm down.

THOMAS

It's wrong of me to ask you to do that. You're a good person.

ANGELA

Please untie us. Please.

Thomas turns to her and grabs the flashlight from her hand.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

It's my job to do that. It's my job
to protect you.

He walks out of the car.

ANGELA

No. No, it's not. Please don't do
anything.

Thomas leans back in.

THOMAS

You stay in the car. Please don't
run away. Can I trust you?

ANGELA

Yes, you can trust me.

Thomas smiles and slams the car door.

INT. P4 - NIGHT

Thomas walks slowly to Mr. Harper.

THOMAS

So you like to touch women, do you?

Harper shakes his head.

Keeping an eye on Thomas, Angela turns her body to the side
and tries to reach the door handle.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh no? Look at her? I said look at
her.

Thomas turns to the car and Angela quickly returns to her
sitting position.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Does she look happy to you?

Harper looks wide-eyed as Thomas moves back and forth backlit
by the headlights. He repeatedly slaps the flashlight onto
his open palm.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Looks like you messed with the wrong
girl...

(CONTINUED)

Harper tries to make eye contact and plead with Angela.
Thomas uses his hand to forcibly turn his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...What makes you think you deserve
her? What gives you the right?

Harper's mouth is bound so he cannot answer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You are something else. You know
that? You pretentious, Ivy league,
piece of shit. You don't own the
world and everyone in it...

On edge, Angela tries for the door handle again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...What is a guy like you thinking
when he puts his hands all over a
woman who is obviously not
interested. WHO IS OBVIOUSLY NOT A
SLUT! Because that's what they are
to you, isn't it?

(mocking Harper)

... Oh yeah, this bitch wants me.
This bitch wants to fuck me...

(back to himself)

... Well maybe she doesn't want you.
Maybe she thinks you're dirt. You
ever think of that?

Back in the car, Angela finally grabs the door handle, but
it's locked. She looks at the lock situated much higher.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to Harper)

Huh? What? I can't hear you. Can't
talk your way out of this one?

Harper starts sobbing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh, what's the matter? Are you
crying?

Thomas imitates Harper's crying.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You make me sick, you fuckin'
coward. Why am I even wasting my
time with you?

(CONTINUED)

Thomas turns around as if to walk back to the car when he suddenly, turns back to Harper, lifting the flashlight to strike-

ANGELA

NO! DON'T!

Thomas turn to Angela, with the flashlight still in the air.

THOMAS

DAMMIT! HE DESERVES IT, ANGELA!

ANGELA

Please! Don't hurt him!

Thomas smiles at Harper, lowers the flashlight and turns back to the car when-

JUST AS QUICKLY, HE TURNS BACK TO HARPER STRIKING HIM ACROSS THE FACE WITH THE FLASHLIGHT.

Angela is in a state of panic as she watches Thomas beat Harper repeatedly. She gets to her knees, desperately trying to unlock the door with her hands cuffed behind her back.

Thomas stops his attack. Harper's head falls back. His face is bloodied and a small flow of urine trickles off the chair.

THOMAS

Ah, Jesus. He pissed himself.

(softly in his ear)

Way to ruin Christmas, asshole.

Thomas walks back to the car just as Angela unlocks the door.

She sits back down. Thomas gets in the car, his eyes full of rage.

ANGELA

You have to untie him.

Thomas smiles sarcastically and puts the flashlight down on the seat. Angela notices it's covered with blood.

He starts the car, puts it in reverse, and backs up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Where are we going? You can't just leave him here.

Harper watches the car disappear.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You have to get him.

Thomas steps on the brakes violently. They stop.

THOMAS

Why? Why are you defending him?

ANGELA

Please...

THOMAS

This guy is garbage. Do you like when he touches you? Is that what you want? To get laid in the parking lot?

Angela moves as far away from Thomas as she can.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

How can I not have seen this coming? It's obvious you like him. You like him more than me. Don't you?

ANGELA

No. No, that's not true.

THOMAS

So, what? What is it? Is it a career thing? Did you fuck him to get a promotion?

ANGELA

Please calm down, ok? I'm not like that. I'm a hard worker. I didn't sleep with anybody to get where I am, OK? And I certainly don't need anyone to protect me.

THOMAS

You're right... I'm sorry.

He puts the car in drive, returning slowly to Harper.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... You're absolutely right. We shouldn't leave him here...

ANGELA

Ok...

(CONTINUED)

Harper sees the car getting closer, but instead of stopping, Thomas accelerates. Frightened, Harper prepares for impact. His scream is muffled by the duck tape.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Stop!

Thomas slams on the brakes centimeters from Harper's head.

THOMAS
I think we should take him for a
little ride.

Stepping on the accelerator, Thomas slowly pushes Harper in his chair with the car.

The car and the chair pick up speed together.

The wheels on the chair move at incredible speed, creating occasional sparks.

Angela panics as they approach the wall, but Thomas goes faster.

ANGELA
What are you doing? Please stop.

Harper sees the wall approaching and tries to wiggle free.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Stop it, Tom.

Angela lifts her knees against the dashboard, bracing herself for the impact.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
NOOO!

THOMAS SLAMS THE CAR INTO THE WALL, CRUSHING HARPER.

HARPER'S THORACIC CAGE EXPLODES!

Angela is horrified.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(screaming)
OH MY GOD! OH NO, NO!

THOMAS BACKS UP THE CAR, STOPS, PUTS IT IN DRIVE AND ACCELERATES TOWARDS THE WALL AGAIN.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

NO! STOP!

Again, the wall approaches quickly.

Harper is bent over lifeless when-

THE CAR SLAMS HIM INTO THE WALL FOR THE SECOND TIME!

Angela hits the dashboard as Harper disappears under the car.

THOMAS BACKS UP AGAIN AS ANGELA MANAGES TO OPEN THE PASSENGER DOOR.

THOMAS PULLS HER BACK IN AND SPEEDS TOWARDS THE WALL ONCE MORE.

ANGELA HITS THE WINDSHIELD AS HARPER'S HEAD EXPLODES AGAINST THE WALL.

Using her legs to kick herself free, Angela falls out of the car leaving Thomas holding her shoe.

She instantly gets to her feet, kicks off the other shoe, and runs away with her hands still handcuffed behind her back

Thomas exits from the driver's side.

THOMAS

ANGELA! YOU FUCKED HIM, DIDN'T YOU?

ANGELA?! ANGELA?!

She disappears into the dark.

Thomas picks up her other shoe from the ground.

Angela turns to see if she's being followed as she stumbles up the ramp. Her forehead bleeds from hitting the windshield.

She passes the P3 sign and continues running, finally reaching P2.

INT. P2 - NIGHT

Angela turns into a dark corner to catch her breath.

After a second, she strains to lower her hands behind her back and under her butt. The metal handcuffs dig into her skin as she pulls even harder. The pain is unbearable, but she must get her hands around.

(CONTINUED)

With one last effort, she finally gets past her butt and behind her knees. Crouched down, she looks around the lot before laying on her back and slipping her feet above the handcuffs.

With her hands now tied in front of her body, she stands against the wall and can see the security office in the distance.

Angela runs to the office. She looks inside through the window and sees the phone.

She slowly pushes the door open.

ANGELA

Good doggy...Good boy...

Rocky lifts his head, sees her, and growls.

She takes a step into the office, when-

ROCKY STANDS AND CHARGES AT HER, BARKING FURIOUSLY.

Stepping out quickly, Angela slams the door and puts her weight against it. But the dog never reaches the door.

Angela looks through the window and sees that Rocky's chain has stopped him just a few feet short. The phone, however, is in his space.

She sees her bag resting on a chair, just a few feet along the wall.

Above the chair, she notices Thomas on the lower floor security monitor. She has some time.

She slowly reopens the door as the dog pulls on his chain and barks relentlessly.

Angela carefully steps into the office grazing the wall with her back. She slides along, inches from the barking dog.

The hook at the end of the dog's chain is starting to bend.

Angela goes as far as she can before realizing, she will have to reach into the dog's space to grab her bag.

She sees Thomas still moving on the security monitor.

She looks around the room and finally grabs a chair holding it out like a lion tamer.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Easy boy...

Then, in a swift move, Angela uses the chair to push the dog aside and grab her bag.

THE DOG MOVES UNDER THE CHAIR AND BITES HER LEG.

Instinctively, Angela slams the dog's head with the bag. The dog releases Angela's leg and bites the bag.

In pain, she falls on the floor, while clinging to her bag, still in the dog's mouth.

They play tug a war, until-

Finally, the bag tears, spilling all of it's contents on the floor.

Angela sees her cell phone only centimeters from the dog's teeth. Still handcuffed, she grabs it and pulls it away to a safe distance.

Angela looks at the cell phone. No signal.

She looks up at the monitors but-

THOMAS IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

The dog continues barking as the hook on his chain slowly stretches.

Remaining crouched, Angela moves back to the door, and slowly rises to look out the window. No one outside.

She spots the ring of magnetic key cards.

36 INT. P2 - NIGHT

36

Angela walks away from the office, holding the key cards. Vigilantly, she heads to the stairs.

37 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

37

Except for her breathing, Angela climbs the stairs quietly. She is barefooted, handcuffed, and now, her leg is bleeding.

38 INT. P1 - NIGHT

38

Angela runs to the front gate and holds up the phone. No reception.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

With her face in between the gate, she screams.

ANGELA
HELP ME! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL
ME! PLEASE HELP ME.

39 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

39

The street is deserted. Angela's cries are barely audible.

A homeless woman, pushing a shopping cart full of junk, walks in the foreground. She stops, turns to the building, and listens. After a beat she repeats what she hears-

HOMELESS WOMAN
HELP ME! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL
ME! PLEASE SOMEONE HELP ME.

She disappears, repeating Angela's words into the night.

40 INT. P1 - NIGHT

40

Panicked, Angela walks up and down the length of the gate to find cell phone reception. Still no service anywhere.

41 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

41

A security monitors films Angela standing at the gate.

42 INT. P1 - NIGHT

42

Desperate to receive a signal, Angela extends her hands through the gate. Still nothing.

She stretches just beyond her reach when-

THE RECEPTION ICON LIGHTS UP ON THE PHONE.

Excited, she dials, but the handcuffs make her clumsy.

She dials "9", then moves her thumb slowly to dial "1" then another "1". She presses the "send" button when-

THE PHONE FALLS OUT OF HER HAND!

ANGELA
Shit! Shit! Fuck!

The phone lands upside down outside the gate.

Behind her, a flashlight appears deep in the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

She gets to her knees and tries to reach the phone through the gate. The handcuffs make it impossible.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh please. Please. Come on...

She pulls so hard, the skin around her wrists bleeds.

Nothing doing. The phone is too far away.

She turns around, and sees the flashlight approaching.

Still trying to reach the phone, Angela presses her face against the gate.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

If anybody can hear me. I'm trapped
in the underground parking garage at
327 Chambers Street. I'm being
kidnapped...he already killed
somebody...

Unable to get to the phone, Angela pulls away but-

THE HANDCUFFS GET STUCK IN BETWEEN THE GATE.

THOMAS

Angela? Please come out.

Angela pulls on the handcuffs, the metal digging further into her skin.

THOMAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can we please talk about this?

ANGELA

(softly)

Shit...Shit...

She sees the flashlight just around the corner.

Thomas arrives in front of the gate, but Angela is gone.

THOMAS

Angela?

Angela hides behind a column.

Peering around, she can see Thomas holding the flashlight in one hand and Rocky's leash in the other.

(CONTINUED)

She starts running along a dark wall.

She gets to an exit door, but it's chained.

Determined to find another door, she continues running.

Back at the gate, Thomas looks around.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Looks like someone is playing games.
Doesn't it Rock?

Angela gets to another door. She tries the magnetic key cards one at a time.

None of them work. Fearing Thomas is approaching, she continues moving.

She tries another door. Still no way out. She tries another and another, but finds no exit.

She turns around another corner, and realizes she has gone full circle. There is no way out. This floor is locked.

With the magnetic keys in hand, she runs in the dark finding her way to the bright elevator room.

Trembling, she tries the magnetic cards. First one, nothing. Second one, nothing.

She hears a noise behind her and turns around petrified.

As her eyes adjust from the elevator room to the darkness of the parking lot, she makes out something in the distance.

THOMAS HAS RELEASED THE DOG WHO RUNS STRAIGHT FOR HER.

Panicked, she turns to the door trying more cards. Nothing.

The dog is almost there.

She tries the last card-

THE DOOR CLICKS AND OPENS. SHE JUMPS INSIDE THE ELEVATOR ROOM, AS ROCKY LUNGES FOR HER. THE DOG HITS THE DOOR VIOLENTLY.

ANGELA

Last fucking key! Motherfucker!

(CONTINUED)

Angela can see the flashlight in the distance.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Angela runs into the elevator and presses the "close" button, closing the elevator doors.

She presses the "Lobby" button, but it fails to light. The key is set to "Locked".

Suddenly, the doors open again. Angela presses the "close" button, but the doors must first open completely.

She looks out. Thomas is just outside the elevator room.

She presses "close" again. This time the doors shut and she keeps her finger on the button.

She tries the lobby again. Still no light. She presses P2-
The button lights and the elevator begins to descend.

ANGELA

No, no, no. Dammit.

She notices an alarm button in the elevator marked "TRI-STATE SECURITY" next to an intercom speaker.

Angela pushes the alarm button. No one answers.

The elevator stops on P2. Scared, she continues to press the security button until-

The doors opens. Afraid to look outside, she presses the "close" button.

After a long pause, the elevator doors close once more.

She keeps her finger on the button as if her life depended on it.

Finally, she hits P3 and the elevator descends further.

As the lights change from P2 to P3, Angela hits the "Emergency" button, STOPPING THE ELEVATOR BETWEEN FLOORS.

She listens for any sign of Thomas. It's all quiet. She can't help but laugh nervously.

She returns to the intercom button hoping to reach someone.

Frustrated, her eyes fill up with tears.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Please. Please answer.

Suddenly, the speaker makes some noise. A voice comes on.

VOICE
Tri-State Security. Hello?

ANGELA
Yes, I'm here. Can you hear me?

VOICE
I can hear you fine. How can I help you?

ANGELA
I'm being kidnapped. I'm in the elevator at 327 Chambers Street. Please call 911. I...

VOICE
OK, calm down miss. Is there someone with you right now?

ANGELA
No. He's outside. In the parking lot. He already killed someone.

VOICE
Is he armed? Does he have a weapon?

ANGELA
No he killed him with a car. He's still down there. Please hurry.

VOICE
Did you see him do it?

ANGELA
Yes, I was in the car. He's the parking attendant. His name is Thomas. Please, I'm in danger.

VOICE
Ma'am, you have to relax and take a deep breath.

ANGELA
HOW DO YOU WANT ME TO RELAX! HE IS TRYING TO KILL ME! DO YOU UNDERSTAND. NOW CALL THE FUCKING POLICE!!

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

The Police? No. I'm sure he's just trying to help you...

Angela stares at the speaker in confusion.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Right? Angela...

Shocked, Angela steps away from the wall. She stares at the intercom as if someone is about to jump through it.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Are you still there?

Angela goes back to the talk button.

ANGELA

I called the cops, and they're sending a car. I suggest you get out of here!

THOMAS (O.S.)

I just want to talk to you, Angela... That's why I pretended to be someone else... Angela? Don't be upset. Will you please come out... It was a stupid joke. I realize that...

Silence.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why won't you talk to me, Angela? I'm not going to hurt you... Please. Please don't do this.

(screaming)

ANGELA! WHY WON'T YOU TALK TO ME?

Angela jumps. She is scared, but knows better than to get into a conversation.

THOMAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't you understand? I did it for you. That guy showed you no respect... I would never hurt you like that.

(changing tone)

You know, I wish you had just a little bit more respect for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

Angela waits for him to talk again. He does not.

Still in silence, Angela evaluates her injuries; the dog bite has stopped bleeding; the blood on her forehead has coagulated; and her wrists are red from the handcuffs.

She holds her harms close to her body to stay warm. Even though she is barefooted and barely dressed, she is determined to stay in this safe place until someone arrives.

45 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

45

The parking lot is dead silent, and Thomas is nowhere in sight.

Angela's car sits quietly in the dark.

Angela's phone still rests upside down, outside the gate.

A close up of a magnetic lock. A close up of a chained door.

The stairwell is empty, and so are the elevator rooms.

The large sign reading P2 on a column is undisturbed.

46 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

46

The parking office is empty. The lights on the Christmas tree flicker on and off.

The monitors are empty, except for the one in the elevator where Angela crouches motionless.

47 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

47

Angela trembles in the cold. She stares at the ceiling.

Maybe her call never went through to the police. Maybe she'll have to spend the next few days in the elevator. Maybe she'll freeze to death.

Suddenly, a single banging noise comes from above.

She hears another noise. It sounds like bending metal.

48 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

48

Seen from roof of the elevator, the doors on the floor above open, spilling light into the dark elevator shaft.

Thomas appears and looks down at the elevator.

49 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The noises have stopped. Angela's teeth chatter with the cold. But she remains hopeful-

ANGELA
Somebody's coming. Somebody's
coming.

50 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Thomas slowly lowers a firehose into the shaft like a rope landing it quietly on the elevator cabin.

51 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Shaking in the cold, she listens to the noises from above.

52 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

On the upper floor, the hose is attached to a large red valve.

Thomas grabs hold of the wheel connected to the valve and turns it.

Water enters the hose, enlarging it rapidly. The hose expands down to and along the parking floor, into the elevator shaft, and down to the elevator roof.

53 INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

A jet of water comes out of the brass nozzle, wedging it under a metal support beam. Water flows everywhere.

54 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Angela jumps up at the noise, bracing herself for the worst.

Suddenly, water flows down along a wall. Then down another wall. It's freezing cold.

Angela steps to the middle of the elevator but the water begins to flow everywhere above her.

The water collects at the bottom of the elevator as it quickly fills like a glass.

55 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Thomas turns the valve once more opening it all the way.

(CONTINUED)

Now, the water gushes over the roof of the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Angela is completely drenched as the water reaches her knees, numbing her bare feet. If this continues she will certainly freeze to death.

Beneath the elevator, the overflow falls into the shaft.

ANGELA

I'M NOT COMING OUT!! DO YOU HEAR
ME?!

The water continues to rise reaching her upper thighs when, the lights flicker on and off. Then, suddenly-

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

In the dark, Angela feels her way to the doors to pry them open, but they do not budge.

With the water quickly reaching her hips, she feels her way to the emergency stop button. But before she can hit it-

A loud bang comes from the ceiling. She looks up when-

THE CEILING COLLAPSES UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE WATER AND... A
DEAD BODY FALLS ON TOP OF ANGELA!!

Angela is totally submerged by the weight of the body, and struggles to come up for a breath of air.

Gasping, she moves to a corner of the elevator, as the dead body floats to the surface.

The downpour continues as Angela moves slowly towards the body. She turns it around and-

RECOGNIZES KARL, THE SECURITY MAN.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Karl?

Karl does not respond.

Angela returns to the wall and feels for the emergency stop button. She slams her palm against it, sending the elevator in motion.

She turns back to the dead body when-

(CONTINUED)

KARL GRABS HER HAND AND TAKES A FINAL DEEP BREATH!

Arriving on P3, the elevator doors open releasing all the water and dragging Karl's body into the elevator room.

INT. P3 - ELEVATOR ROOM - NIGHT

Angela peeks out of the elevator looking for Thomas.

With the coast clear, she gets to her knees next to Karl, who lies motionless.

ANGELA

Karl?!

She tries to shake him, but nothing can bring him back now.

INT. P3 - NIGHT

~~Wet, cold, barefoot, bitten, beat up, and still in handcuffs,~~
Angela runs out of the elevator room.

She turns a corner but, seeing Thomas's flashlight, comes back around. She hides before he reaches her.

THOMAS

Angela? I brought you a towel and
some warm clothes.

Angela goes in the opposite direction and hides behind a car just a few feet away from Thomas who approaches the elevator room.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You must be freezing. Angela?

(seeing Karl)

My God. What a mess. Angela? I think
Karl is hurt.

He stands above him.

Angela crawls under a car trying to hide. Her toes slide on black oil. Her belly and hands are also black and greasy.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(calling out into the lot)

Angela? Please come out. I think we
should call an ambulance for him.

Thomas grabs Karl by the feet and drags him back into the dark, wet elevator.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(straining)
Way... to ruin... Christmas, Karl.

Angela slides under another car.

Thomas turns off the light in the elevator room and walks out, closing the door behind him.

He walks into the parking lot, scanning corners and inspecting behind the walls with his flashlight.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(into the dark)
Should we help him Angela?

Hidden under a car, Angela sees the flashlight reflection shinning on the floor. She slithers under another car.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
... Then Karl can go home to his
wife and daughters. And you can go
to your sister's...
(screaming)
...AND I CAN STAY HERE IN THIS
FUCKING PARKING LOT ALL BY MYSELF...
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS!

Angela hits her head on an axel. She lets out a small cry.

Thomas looks up. Angela freezes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Is that you? Are you OK?

Thomas gets closer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(trying to be sweet)
Come on, Angela. Come out. You're
gonna catch pneumonia in this cold.

He stops as his flashlight almost reaches her face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I wonder where you could be? Maybe
under...

THOMAS QUICKLY STICKS HIS HEAD UNDER THE CAR!

THOMAS (CONT'D)
...HERE!

(CONTINUED)

Angela is no longer under the car. Instead she is hiding behind a wall.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Angela. You don't want me to get
Rocky to find you. Do you? I don't
think you guys get along very well.
ANGELA?!

She watches Thomas from the distance as he enters the stairs.

Angela runs across the parking lot.

Finally, she finds a dark corner behind a car and hides.

Crouching and shivering in the corner, Angela breaks down and cries.

59 **INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT**

59

One of the P3 security monitors is just above Angela.

60 **INT. P3 - NIGHT**

60

Still crouching, Angela wipes her tears when-

A SONG COMES ON THE SPEAKERS. IT'S AN ELVIS RECORDING OF *BLUE CHRISTMAS*.

The music makes Angela nervous. She looks around in the dark, but sees nothing. Finally, she looks up and sees a small red light above her head.

61 **INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT**

61

As the music continues, Angela stairs into the security camera.

THOMAS (O.S.)

(accompanying the music)

*I'll have a blue Christmas without
you...*

62 **INT. P3 - NIGHT**

62

Her eyes adjust to the red light. It belongs to a security camera. She is being watched.

Something in her eyes changes. Her fear turns to rage, her tears to courage. She stands with her back to the wall.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

She looks around the corner and runs into the empty parking lot. Still handcuffed, she is more determined then ever.

She gets to another rolled up fire hose hanging on a wall. Next to it, a glass case contains a fire axe. She tries to open it but it's locked.

She grabs hold of the bronze firehose nozzle with both hands. Then, swinging it in the air as hard as she can, strikes the glass, which chatters to pieces.

She grabs the FIRE AXE and turns to the empty parking lot.

HOLDING THE AXE LIKE A BASEBALL BAT, ANGELA HAS GONE FROM WALL STREET EMPLOYEE, BACK TO THE TOUGH GIRL FROM THE BRONX.

63 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

63

Thomas stands in front of the security monitors, while listening to the blaring music.

In one of the monitors, Angela swings her axe at the camera turning the picture to static.

With his eyes closed, Thomas sings along with the song, and impersonates the most famous Elvis moves.

64 INT. P3 - NIGHT

64

Angela walks under another camera and screams in Spanish as she slams it with a single swing.

With the axe over her shoulder, she moves to another camera and breaks it the same way.

Angela breaks all the cameras leading to the parking ramp...

She walks up the ramp, and arrives at the P2 sign.

65 INT. P2 - NIGHT

65

Determined to go on the offensive, Angela finds the Christmas lights surrounding the office and walks towards them.

SUDDENLY, THE MUSIC STOPS.

Instinctively, Angela hides behind a column. Gripping the axe, she looks around and hears Thomas's voice coming from the office.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
(in Spanish)
Go fuck this guy up Angela...

Following Thomas's voice, Angela approaches the office door. Still gripping the axe, she crouches next to the door.

Thomas's voice is coming from inside, but she can not hear what he's saying.

She takes a few short breaths to gather her strength and very slowly, uses the axe to push the door open. She slowly and carefully scans the office looking for Thomas and the dog. She now hears his words more clearly.

THOMAS (O.S.)
You feel so good, baby...

Angela is ready to attack, but instead of finding Thomas, she is surprised by- THE IMAGE OF HER OWN FACE ON TV.

66

INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

66

Angela walks into the office watching a close up of her own face with closed eyes playing on the VHS. This image catches her off guard.

She realizes that Thomas's voice comes from the tape as well.

THOMAS (O.S.)
It was meant to be baby. Ah, yeah,
Me and you. Ah...

She continues to watch the video footage as it slowly pans down her body. Her clothes are partially removed. A hand fondles her breasts.

Disgusted, her eyes fill with tears. The video camera continues to pan down revealing her worst fear-

SHE WAS RAPED BY THOMAS WHILE UNCONSCIOUS.

THOMAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Look at that beautiful body. You are
such a beautiful woman. I love you
Angela. You and me, we're the same.
You know that.

Angela screams with rage and slams the axe into the TV.

ANGELA
Aaaahhh!!!

(CONTINUED)

She wants to break everything and is about to strike the security monitors when-

A POLICE CAR APPEARS IN THE ONE SURVEILLING THE FRONT GATE. SOMEHOW, HER CALL MUST HAVE GONE THROUGH.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I'm in here...

She turns to exit, but-

THOMAS IS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER. ANGELA JUMPS AND SCREAMS!

Thomas sticks a stun gun in her side and pulls the trigger.

Jolted, Angela falls to the ground. Thomas breaks her fall and helps her down.

THOMAS

You're OK. Just relax. You're gonna be fine.

Angela can only manage to look up at Thomas with dazed, glassy eyes.

Holding her in his arms, Thomas zaps her again, sending her into another convulsion. Angela is completely helpless.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I know. I know it hurts. I'm here.
Don't worry. I'll take care of you.

On the security monitor, a cop has stepped out of the patrol car to buzz the intercom.

Thomas lifts Angela in his arms.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You know, the stun gun isn't harmful. It's designed to tap into the nervous system by releasing thousands of volts into the muscles...

Thomas walks out of the office, carrying Angela.

The cop hits the intercom once more.

Thomas carries Angela into the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

... It depletes the blood sugar by converting it into lactic acid.

He turns a corner hastening his pace.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The small neurological impulses through the muscles are interrupted, causing disorientation and loss of balance. The person becomes confused and disoriented.

Thomas stops behind Angela's car and puts her down on the floor. He digs in his pant pocket.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But like I said, there is absolutely no dangerous effect to any organs... It's completely safe.

He pulls out her car keys, opens the trunk, and spreads out a blanket.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... Zapping someone for one or two seconds will cause a little pain, muscle spasms, and a dazed feeling... But...

He picks up Angela and carries her in the trunk.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... A three second jolt, will keep someone from recovering for several minutes...

He pulls out the stun gun from his belt.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

...And may last for up to fifteen minutes...

He reaches into the trunk zapping Angela one more time.

Thomas closes the trunk and walks back the way he came.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

... You'll be fine. Just be patient. She'll come around. Take your time.

68 **INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT**

68

Thomas runs into the office as the cops buzz at the front gate again.

He grabs a clean shirt from his bag and pushes the talk button on the intercom.

THOMAS

Yeah. How can I help you officer?

The cop leans into the intercom outside.

COP 1

Can you come open the gate please?

Thomas changes his shirt as he talks-

THOMAS

Sure thing.

Immediately, Thomas goes into a drawer and pulls out a large black garbage bag.

He opens the bag and fills it with all of Angela's stuff. Her clothes, bags, her table setting and her glass.

Holding the bag in one hand, he grabs the broken TV with the other and walks out.

69 **INT. P2 - NIGHT**

69

Thomas carries the garbage bag and broken TV across the parking lot to the stairwell.

70 **INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

70

Thomas hides the garbage bag and TV under the stairs and runs up to P1.

71 **INT. P1 - NIGHT**

71

Thomas arrives at the gate and walks in front of the police car headlights. Cop 1 exits the car.

THOMAS

Sorry. I was on the bottom floor
doing my rounds.

He takes out his keys inserting one in a keyhole in the wall.

He turns the key and holds it in place. The iron gate rises.

(CONTINUED)

Cop 1 meets him at the gate while Cop 2 stays at the wheel of the cruiser.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What's going on guys?

COP 1

We got a call about a disturbance at this address. Do you know anything about that?

THOMAS

It's been pretty quiet tonight.

COP 1

You didn't hear anything or see anything suspicious?

THOMAS

No sir. Like I said I just did my rounds on every floor and I didn't see anything.

The cop looks into the depth of the parking lot.

Angela's cell phone lays on the ground behind him.

COP 1

Any cars in there?

THOMAS

Sure. It's a parking lot... Let's see, there's the limo company on this level, and there's a Budget rent a car on the third level. But no one's come down here all night. Well, I mean, except for me and Rocky.

COP 1

Are there two of you working?

THOMAS

You can say that. Rocky's my dog. He's back in the office.

COP 1

Alright. Please keep your ears open for anything out of the ordinary.

THOMAS

Sure thing officer... That's my job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cop 1 walks back to the patrol car.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Merry Christmas.

COP 1
Merry Christmas.

Cop 1 gets into the passenger seat.

Thomas stands by the gate waiting for them to leave before closing it. The cops sit in the car with their headlights still on Thomas. He can see them talking to each other.

Finally, the patrol car moves forward into the parking lot with the driver side stopping in front of Thomas.

The window opens and Cop 1 leans from the passenger seat.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
We're gonna take a quick look
around...why don't you get in the
back, we'll give you a ride down.

THOMAS
Oh, OK. Sure. Let me just close the
gate. A lot of homeless people
around...

The car moves forward. Thomas closes the gate, then walks to the patrol car and gets in.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Cop 2 drives while using the spotlight to look around outside. They move slowly past the limousines.

Thomas sits quietly watching Cop 2. Cop 1 turns to him.

COP 1
Ever been in a police car before?

THOMAS
Me? Oh yeah, sure. Plenty of times.

Cop 2 checks out Thomas through his rear mirror.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
My father was a police officer.

COP 1
NYPD?

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Oh no. A small town right outside Huntsville, Alabama. Me and my brother used to ride in the back all the time. We used to make him put on the lights and sirens. The cars were nothing like these modern ones, with the computers and all...

Thomas looks around the interior of the patrol car.

COP 2

How many levels in this lot?

THOMAS

Four. My office is on the second floor.

The car drives slowly down the ramp past the P2 sign.

COP 1

Your father retired now?

THOMAS

No. He's passed away. Killed in the line of duty when I was nine.

COP 1

No shit. Sorry.

THOMAS

Yeah, he was killed trying to stop a couple guys from robbing a gas station. Career criminals I guess.

COP 1

They ever catch those sons of bitches?

THOMAS

I don't think so...You know, I always wanted to be a police officer, but my mom made me promise not to join the force. At least not while she's alive, anyway.

The car drives in silence before arriving at the office.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That's the office. If you guys want to check out the other floors just keep going straight. Be careful though, a water main broke on P3.

COP 1

We'll come back around.

Thomas steps out of the car.

THOMAS

Thanks for the ride.

The car leaves Thomas at the office and drives away.

73 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

73

The cops drive through the parking lot, using their spot lights to see between cars and behind columns.

COP 1

Poor bastard.

COP 2

(looking out)

He's intoxicated.

COP 1

So the guy had a few drinks on Christmas eve. Big deal.

They stop in front Angela's car. Cop 2 flashes his light on the license plate.

74 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT

74

Angela's eyes are closed and her mouth is open. The spotlight leaks into the trunk, caressing her face. She is still immobilized.

75 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

75

Cop 2 types the license plate into the on board computer.

COP 1

Makes you think of your kids. How they'd end up if something ever happened to you on the job.

(pointing to the computer)

You're not going to get through down here.

(CONTINUED)

Cop 2 realizes his partner is right.

COP 2
I don't know. Something weird about
that guy.

COP 1
He's a security guard.

The patrol car heads down ramp to the level below.

INT. P3 - NIGHT

The patrol car arrives on P3 and drives by a fleet of new cars. Further down, a large Budget-Rent-A-Car sign is turned off.

COP 1
A guy like that will have that job
forever. Some people are just made
for that.

COP 2
You mean like us?

They pass the elevator room with the large puddle in front of it. Cop 2 shines his light on the puddle and continues moving.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
What the hell happened here?

COP 1
Probably a broken water main.
(looking at his watch)
Hey man. It's midnight. Merry
Christmas.
(extending his hand)
Come on. Merry Christmas partner.

They shake hands.

COP 2
Merry Christmas.

The squad car moves on forgetting about the elevator room and missing the broken security cameras on the floor.

COP 1
You know. We haven't been partners
for that long but, I wouldn't want
to spend Christmas any other way.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

COP 2
(laughing)
Fuck you. Jerk-off.

COP 1
What? I'm serious man.

The car heads down the ramp to the bottom floor.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
You sure can't beat this for the
holidays.

77 INT. P4 - NIGHT

77

The patrol car passes the P4 sign.

78 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

78

The officers look around the empty floor with their
spotlights.

Cop 1 shines his spotlight on the broken desk chair.

The car arrives at a brick wall and stops. They've reached
the end of the lot. The same place where Harper was killed.

Wooden pallets are stacked against the wall, hiding the
blood.

COP 1
Alright let's get out of here. I'm
getting hungry.

From the passenger side, Cop 1 shines his spotlight on the
rear of Thomas's car. He does not notice the front which was
destroyed in the attack on Harper.

COP 1 (CONT'D)
There's nothing down here. Let's go
back up there and talk to your
little brother.

COP 2
Very funny.

The car backs out and turns around.

79 INT. P2 - NIGHT

79

The patrol car passes the P2 sign on its way back to the
office.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

Its head lights pass over Angela's trunk.

80 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT 80

Again, the light passes on Angela's face, but this time-
She is startled back to life and gasps for air. Stunned,
she's unsure of where she is.

81 INT. P2 - NIGHT 81

The patrol car drives away.

82 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT 82

Angela slowly regains consciousness. She allows her eyes to
adjust and starts pushing on the hood as if it were a coffin.
She struggles but is too weak to open it.

Outside of the car, her screams are muffled.

83 INT. P2 - NIGHT 83

Thomas is waiting at the door of his office when the patrol
car drives up.

The Cops exit the vehicle.

COP 2

Is the dog secure in there?

THOMAS

Yes sir. The leash is tied down.

COP 1

So, we checked out the entire
parking lot, and the place looks
pretty normal.

THOMAS

Yeah, everyone left really early.
Hey, I know you guys are on duty,
but I have a little wine in there...

COP 2

No thanks.

Cop 1 approaches the office and looks inside noticing
Thomas's Christmas meal.

COP 1

Having a party in there?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

THOMAS

Well it's not much of a party. Just
me and Rocky.

84 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT

84

Angela beats on the hood trying make some noise.

85 INT. P2 - NIGHT

85

Cop 2 turns his ear towards the parking lot.

86 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

86

Thomas and Cop 1 enter the parking office.

THOMAS

This is Rocky.

COP 1

(petting the dog)

That's a good boy. Are you on watch
little buddy?

THOMAS

Oh yeah. He's a regular K-9

Cop 1 notices some of the screens are turned off.

COP 1

Why are those screens off?

THOMAS

They work with motion sensors.

COP 1

Oh, Right...

(to the dog)

... Who's a good guard dog?

Thomas notices Cop 2 walking away from the office.

THOMAS

Do you mind if I play some music?

COP 1

Sure, we should get going anyway.

87 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT

87

Angela starts to panic, overwhelmed by claustrophobia. She
tries to take slow breaths.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

Again, she pushes up on the trunk. From outside, you can see the metal bending and then returning to its flat shape.

88 INT. P2 - NIGHT

88

Cop 2 walks in silence, using his flashlight to inspect the lot.

He walks to the door leading to the stairs. He opens it and is about to look inside when-

COP 1 (O.S.)
(on the radio)
Hey! Where are you?

Cop 2 jumps.

COP 2
(to himself)
Shit...

He lets the door close without ever seeing the garbage bags left behind by Thomas.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
(to the radio)
... I just thought I heard
something. I'm on my way back.

89 INT. PARKING OFFICE - NIGHT

89

Back in the office, Thomas turns on the music.

90 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT

90

Confined to the tight space, she feels around everywhere and finally finds the tire iron.

She starts banging the trunk with it, making more noise.

91 INT. P2 - NIGHT

91

Cop 2 walks back to join Cop 1 and Thomas who holds Rocky on his leash. The music drowns out Angela's racket.

COP 1
Come on. Let's get out of here. I'm
starved.

The cops return to the squad car.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

COP 1 (CONT'D)
(to Thomas)
You getting anybody to come visit
you, tonight? You know. A little
action?

THOMAS
Oh no, no. The company would fire me
if I brought anyone down here.
Especially at night. You know,
insurance and stuff like that.

COP 1
Yeah well, we wouldn't want to break
any rules. Right partner?

COP 2
Not on my watch.

THOMAS
I've got to go up there and open the
gate. Rocky and I will take the
stairs.

COP 1
Let's do it.

The cops get in the car and drive off.

92 INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT

92

Angela uses the tire iron as a wedge and tries to pry open
the trunk, unsuccessfully.

She bangs the hood with the tire iron once more. Now she
screams.

ANGELA
Help! Wait!

The music drowns her out. No one can hear her.

93 INT. P1 - NIGHT

93

The patrol car drives past the door to the stairs as it opens
revealing Thomas and Rocky.

The car stops at the gate and waits for Thomas to catch up.

94 **INT. ANGELA'S TRUNK - NIGHT**

94

Angela continues trying to break free. She insists on prying open the trunk.

Finally, Angela sticks the tire iron on the lock and, holding her breath, pushes as hard as she can.

ANGELA

Come on, Angela. Open it, dammit!

The trunk's lock twists and bends the metal around it, and finally disappears into the car, leaving a black hole.

Angela's brown eyeball appears scared and frantic.

We are back at the first scene.

THE TRUNK FLIES OPEN!

Angela painfully climbs out of the trunk. Cut up, bloodied and bruised, she falls to the ground.

Struggling to her feet and holding her side in pain, she grabs a tire iron from the open trunk and hides behind a column.

She looks around the corner and sees a door with a sign indicating a staircase in the distance.

From the miniature Virgin Mary glued to the dashboard, Angela limps away into the vast, empty lot.

She is in pain and exhausted, but determined.

95 **INT. P1 - NIGHT**

95

Thomas uses his key to activate the front gate.

The cops wait inside the car. Their windows are closed.

THOMAS

You guys stay warm out there.

Now at the wheel, Cop 1 lowers his window.

COP 1

Did you say something?

THOMAS

I said, you guys stay warm out there. I hear it's supposed to snow.

96 **INT. P2 - NIGHT**

96

Using the columns for support, Angela moves across the parking structure.

97 **INT. P1 - NIGHT**

97

The front gate climbs up slowly.

COP 1

Believe me, we're not getting out of this car until we find a diner.

COP 2

(to Thomas)

You make sure you stay alert for anything suspicious.

THOMAS

You bet. Merry Christmas.

COP 1

You too, buddy.

Cop 1 closes the window.

98 **INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

98

Angela climbs the stairs. The handcuffs force her to use both hands to hold the handrail.

99 **INT. P1 - NIGHT**

99

The patrol car slowly exits the parking lot.

One of the tires rolls over Angela's cell phone, crushing it to pieces. The gate lowers once again.

Breathless, Angela exits on P1 and sees a NYPD patrol car climbing up the exit ramp.

ANGELA

Wait... Please... Help.....

The car lights disappear, and the parking garage returns into darkness.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(desperately)

Help me, please...

It's too late. The car is gone.

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY, A FLASHLIGHT SHINES IN HER FACE. A DOG GROWLS.

Angela freezes with terror.

THOMAS

Where were you honey? You missed our guests.

Quickly, Angela turns and limps back into the dark parking garage, still handcuffed and barefooted.

Rocky starts barking as Thomas holds him back.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I guess she doesn't like to entertain, huh, boy?

Angela arrives at the ramp, and runs as fast as she can towards the lower levels.

Thomas kneels down to quiet the dog-

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You're a good boy.

(into the lot)

Please don't run. You're getting Rocky all excited!

With a smile, he unclips the leash from the dog's collar.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ooops!

ROCKY TAKES OFF AFTER ANGELA BARKING FURIOUSLY.

100 INT. P2 - NIGHT

100

Still holding the tire iron, Angela passes the P2 signs and continues down the ramp using the walls for support.

She can hear the dog approaching in the distance.

101 INT. P1 - NIGHT

101

The dog enters the ramp.

102 INT. P3 - NIGHT

102

Angela makes it to the third level and runs to the fleet of Budget rental cars.

(CONTINUED)

The dog arrives on the third floor and continues pursuing Angela's scent.

Attempting to confuse the dog, she runs between different rows of cars.

The dog enters the maze, turning corners left and right.

Angela tries to open the front door of a car, but it's locked. She tries the back door. Locked as well. Finally, she swings the tire iron at the back window, chattering it.

Angela climbs into the backseat of the car and quickly crouches on the floor opposite the broken window.

Then, total silence.

She raises her head above the window frame when-

THE DOG LUNGES AT THE WINDOW BARKING FEROCIOUSLY.

Angela jumps back down instantly.

She grips the tire iron while the dog moves around the car. She loses sight of him.

She thinks it's gone, when suddenly- IT JUMPS HALFWAY INTO THE BROKEN WINDOW WITH ITS BACK LEGS HANGING OUT.

Angela kicks at the dog with her bare feet, but quickly pulls back fearing its bite.

Instead, she swings the bolt side of the tire iron at the dog but fails to get a solid hit.

Finally, the dog slips a leg onto the frame and pulls itself into the car.

Almost immediately, Angela turns the tire iron to it's pointy side and swings with fury.

SLASH! THE TIRE IRON PIERCES THE DOG'S NECK. ROCKY SCREECHES.

ANGELA PULLS OUT THE TIRE IRON AND SWINGS IT AGAIN. THIS TIME HITTING AN ARTERY, AND SPLATTERING BLOOD ALL OVER HERSELF.

ENRAGED, ANGELA STICKS THE DOG ONE LAST TIME, RIPPING THE TIRE IRON STRAIGHT THROUGH HIS NECK.

Angela opens the car door and falls to the ground, covered in blood.

Breathing heavily and overwhelmed by the struggle, she makes it to her feet and runs away.

As the dog bleeds heavily, its body twitches with whatever energy remains in its nerves.

Angela runs to the Budget office but it's locked. Frustrated, she hits the door with both hands, leaving bloody palm prints.

She returns to the car with the dead dog, and cautiously looks inside. The dog is still.

She climbs into the back seat and reaches for the tire iron.

As she grabs it, THE DOG TWITCHES AND GROWLS ONE LAST TIME!

She quickly slides it out of the dog's neck.

CUT TO:

Angela wedges the pointed end of the tire iron into the door of the Budget office.

With extra superhuman effort, she pushes on the tire iron and uses her shoulder to ram the door open.

Angela steps into the office scanning it quickly.

She moves around the main counter and spots a metal case hanging on the wall.

Using the tire iron, she breaks opens the case, revealing all the keys to the rental cars.

She grabs a handful of keys and turns to exit when she sees a phone.

She picks up the receiver when-

A FLASHLIGHT APPEARS OUTSIDE. SHE DUCKS WITH THE PHONE.

Thomas notices blood on the open door leading to the dark Budget office.

From under the counter, Angela's hand reaches for the phone and dials 911.

As she waits for an answer, she peeks above the desk to see-Thomas approaching the car where Rocky lies dead.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

Rocky?... Buddy?... ROCKY?!

Thomas runs to the car and puts his hand on the dog.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Oh no. Oh my god...

Back in office, the cops finally answer-

ANGELA

(whispering)

Yes... Please help me... Someone's
trying to kill me... I'm...

But the voice on the other line is a recording, putting her
on hold.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(holding back tears)

Oh come on...

Thomas opens the car door and the dog slides off. He tries to
catch it but it slips through his hands and falls on the
ground.

His hands covered with blood, he kneels down to hold his best
friend.

THOMAS

Oh no, no. I'm sorry buddy. I'm
sorry.

(to the budget office)

Why would you do that? He's just an
animal! How could you hurt a
defenseless animal?!

As she waits for the police to answer, Angela turns over a
pencil holder spilling its contents on the desk. She finds
pens, pencils, rubber bands, and A SMALL METAL NAIL FILE.

Angela grabs the nail file and uses it to pick the lock on
the handcuffs. She can't.

Outside, Thomas hugs his dog, getting himself covered with
blood.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

OK, OK. It's OK...

Thomas puts the dog down on the ground and pets his head.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'll come back. OK, buddy?

With blood on his face, he stands and looks at the broken door leading to the office. He walks to it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
All I've done is tried to be nice,
and this is what you do. You kill my
dog? YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO PISS
ME OFF. DO YOU HEAR ME, ANGELA?!

Angela sees him approaching and panics. She puts the phone down and quickly retreats into the office, past the series of cubicles.

She gets to the last desk- THERE IS NO OTHER WAY OUT.

As Thomas arrives at the door, Angela sees a metal utility closet. It's just big enough for her to hide.

Standing at the door, Thomas looks inside with his flashlight. It's dark and quiet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Angela?

He pulls the stun gun from his jacket and pulls the trigger.

He steps into the office with his flashlight in one hand and the stun gun in the other.

His boots squeak on the linoleum floor.

He slowly walks around the main counter guiding himself with his flashlight.

He shines it on the desk and sees the phone is off the hook. He picks up the receiver and brings it to his ear.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is anyone there. This is the Police
department... Hello... Hello...

Angela listens from a crouched position in the utility closet.

Thomas slowly returns the receiver to its cradle.

He shines his light on the pens and pencils turned over on the desk and moves it up the wall to the key box. He turns to face the back of the office.

(CONTINUED)

THOMAS

You're just trying to get me fired.
Aren't you, Angela?

He slowly moves further into the office.

He moves the flashlight under a desk, then in the corner, then under another desk- every step bringing him closer to Angela's hiding place.

THOMAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Why do you hate animals, Angela?
They're God's creatures. Just like
us... Angela?

He finally arrives to the back of the office but Angela is nowhere to be seen.

From inside the closet, Angela hears him approaching and puts her hand over her mouth to remain quiet.

His flashlight slowly scans the room and stops on the utility closet. The beam of light moves down illuminating a piece of Angela's dress which sticks out of the closed door.

He walks slowly to the closet.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Well I guess you're not here...

He puts his hand on the closet handle...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... It's not like I'm trying to hurt
you or anything...

HE SWINGS OPEN THE DOOR-

BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING ANGELA, HE FINDS A PIECE OF HER DRESS,
CUT OUT AND PLACED THERE AS A DECOY.

Thomas bends down to pick it up when-

Another closet door behind him slowly opens revealing Angela-

Thomas turns around swiftly pointing the stun gun but-

ANGELA IS TOO QUICK AND SPRAYS HIM IN THE FACE WITH A TOXIC
CAN OF CLEANING PRODUCT.

ANGELA

EAT THAT! HIJO DE PUTA!!

(CONTINUED)

SHE SWINGS THE CAN AT HIS HEAD AND KICKS HIM IN THE GROIN.

THOMAS SCREAMS AND FALLS BACK, BLINDLY POINTING THE STUN GUN IN HER DIRECTION AND PRESSING THE TRIGGER.

ANGELA RUNS THROUGH THE BUDGET OFFICE, GRABBING THE CAR KEYS AND THE TIRE IRON. SHE RUNS OUT, SLAMMING THE DOOR, WEDGING IT WITH THE TIRE IRON, AND LOCKING THOMAS INSIDE-

THOMAS

ANGELA! WAIT!! AAAAHHHH!!

Thomas trips over chairs as he blindly runs through the office.

INT. P3 - NIGHT

Angela moves fast from car to car comparing the license plate numbers to the numbers on each of the key rings. No match.

INT. BUDGET OFFICE - NIGHT

Trapped in the office, Thomas uses his shoulder to ram the door. It doesn't budge. His eyes are red and tearing.

THOMAS

ANGELA!! DAMMIT!!

INT. P3 - NIGHT

Angela moves to another car, and another. Still no matching keys.

INT. BUDGET OFFICE - NIGHT

Getting his sight back, Thomas grabs a chair and throws it at one of the windows smashing it, but not really shattering it.

INT. P3 - NIGHT

Angela hears the banging, but continues searching for a car.

INT. BUDGET OFFICE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Thomas swings the chair again creating an opening, and then, with a final swing, breaks it completely.

With his sight back, he starts climbing out of the window.

INT. P3 - NIGHT

Finally, one of Angela's keys corresponds to a license plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Yes!

She goes around to the driver's side, opens the door and quickly gets inside.

She locks the door, and looks in the rearview mirror. Far behind, she sees the shattered Budget window, but Thomas is nowhere in sight.

Nervous, she starts the car, when-

THE RADIO VOLUME WAS LEFT ON HIGH, BLASTING THE CAR WITH MUSIC. SHE JUMPS.

She puts the car in drive and the wheels skid on the pavement as she pulls out of the parking space.

She turns off the radio and drives at high speed past the rest of the rental cars, all the time keeping her eyes peeled for Thomas.

The car creates sparks as it passes the dead dog and enters the ramp to the upper floors.

110 **INT. P2 - NIGHT**

110

Angela drives on P2 and looks for Thomas behind every column. She drives past the office. Thomas is nowhere to be seen.

Angela enters the ramp passing the P2 sign, creating more sparks on the ground.

She pulls out the metal nail file and tries to pick the handcuffs.

Her car scrapes against the side of the ramp wall.

111 **INT. P1 - NIGHT**

111

The car enters the top level and screeches around a corner into a final straight away.

As she approaches the front gate, Angela pushes down on the accelerator with her bare foot.

The car speeds through the parking lot, as she grips the steering wheel with both hands preparing herself for the impending impact with the gate.

She gets closer and closer until the car is just a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Get me the hell out of ...

The car is about to slam into the gate when-

CRASH!! ANGELA'S CAR IS VIOLENTLY SIDE-SWIPED BY ANOTHER CAR, SENDING IT SPINNING INTO THE PARKING LOT. IT HITS A COLUMN, AND COMES TO A FULL TO A STOP.

Dazed, Angela holds her neck, looks up, and sees Thomas walking out of her BMW which not only works, but is now blocking the gate.

She puts the car in reverse and guns it towards Thomas.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I thought you couldn't get it started?

Thomas dives out of the way as the back of Angela's car explodes his car door tearing it off.

Angela's car backs up until it spins out of control and finally stops.

With the gate blocked, she puts the car in drive and heads back down into the lower levels.

Thomas runs back into his car and follows her down.

112 INT. P2 - NIGHT

112

Both cars drive bumper to bumper as Thomas tries to make Angela wreck.

He drives around to her side and slams her into a wall, igniting sparks along the length.

They drive full circle returning to the ramp.

113 INT. P3 - NIGHT

113

Both cars drive at high speed, occasionally causing sparks against the walls.

Suddenly, Angela slams on the brakes and turns hard to the right, along a row of columns.

Thomas brakes a second later and turns down another row of columns.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

They drive parallel to each other, flying past the columns and scattered cars.

Just as abruptly, Thomas turns off to the left, disappearing from Angela's sight.

She slows down and turns back in the direction of the ramp.

But Thomas's car appears at the other end and stops. Angela stops her car.

They stare each other down from both ends of the lot.

Angela puts on her seat belt, revs the engine, and puts the transmission in drive, peeling out the tires.

ANGELA
Come on, bitch!

Both cars speed towards each other in a final chicken race.

Angela grips the steering wheel as she accelerates. Thomas smiles confidently in his car.

Angela's wheels spin. Thomas's wheel spin. The parking lot floor moves faster and faster beneath each car.

Angela looks more determined than ever while Thomas's smile disappears.

The cars approach each other. Angela holds steadfast.

The cars are about to collide when-

THOMAS TURNS AT THE LAST MOMENT, SLIPPING BETWEEN COLUMNS AND CLEARING THE WAY FOR ANGELA. SHE HAS BEATEN HIM.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(screaming in Spanish)
YEAH! That's right! Chicken shit!!

She turns around, and sees Thomas has spun his car around and continues to chase her.

She hits the ramp to the upper floors. Thomas follows.

114 INT. P2 - NIGHT

114

Both cars fly onto parking level 2. His bumper slams into hers. Angela is jolted violently.

(CONTINUED)

Thomas pulls his car next to hers and rams into her side. Angela tries to counter his charge by ramming into his car, but Thomas keeps a straight line.

Approaching quickly up ahead, a parked car blocks the way. Angela tries to fit in the narrow space between Thomas's car and the parked car, but she runs out of space-

ANGELA CLIPS THE BACK OF THE PARKED CAR AND FLIPS IN THE AIR. IN A SPLIT SECOND, HER CAR ROLLS OVER AND OVER.

Finally, the car slams against a wall and falls upright. The roof is crushed, the engine has stopped, and the horn is resonating throughout the parking lot.

Beneath the car, a stream of gasoline flows onto the ground.

Not far away, Thomas has stopped his vehicle. He exits and, with a limp, walks to Angela's car.

He slowly makes his way around her side, trying to see inside the car. Angela leans over the steering wheel, motionless, pressing the horn down with weight of her head.

THOMAS

Dammit, Angela! Look at you now.
Look at what you did.

He tries to open her door but it's stuck. He uses both hands and finally pries it open, grinding metal to metal.

He grabs Angela by the shoulder returning her back to the seat. Her head falls back, mouth open, eyes shut.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll help you. Just
take it easy.

Thomas reaches for her when-

ANGELA COMES TO LIFE STABBING HIM IN THE EYE WITH THE METAL NAIL FILE. SHE'S BEEN PRETENDING TO BE UNCONSCIOUS!

THOMAS SCREAMS WITH PAIN AND FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

ANGELA RUNS OUT OF THE CAR AND JUMPS BEHIND THOMAS. SHE SWINGS HER ARMS OVER HIS HEAD AND USES THE HANDCUFFS TO STRANGLE HIM.

Thomas chokes as Angela tightens her biceps with all of her strength. She squeezes his head in between the handcuffs and her body.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Let me help you. LET ME HELP YOU FOR
ONCE!

His hands try desperately to slip in between the handcuffs, but Angela holds on strong. She grunts with the strain as the handcuffs dig into the skin around her wrists.

Thomas's face turns red and his eyes roll back into his head.

Finally, his hands go limp and fall to the ground.

Angela drops his body on the floor and immediately goes into his pocket, pulling out the key ring.

She unlocks the handcuffs releasing her hands for the first time in hours.

Instantly, she handcuffs Thomas's wrist, then pulls his body towards the car sitting him up against the open door.

The gasoline continues to pour from the car.

She takes his handcuffed arm and locks the other end to the steering wheel.

Having secured him, she rubs her wrists to ease the pain when-

THOMAS SUDDENLY GRABS HER BY THE HAIR. ANGELA SCREAMS AND PUNCHES HIM AWAY. SHE FALLS, LANDING NEXT TO THE STUN GUN.

She grabs the stun gun and points it at him as she crawls away.

Thomas pulls on the handcuffs and the steering wheel, trying to release himself.

THOMAS

What the fuck are you doing? You
come back and get me out of here
right now. DO YOU HEAR ME?!

Angela crawls to the nearest wall and sits up.

She watches as Thomas struggles with the handcuffs. She is, for the first time, in total control.

Thomas smiles and tries to change attitude.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this, Angela?

(CONTINUED)

Angela notices a crack in the ground which allows the gasoline to flow next to her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Come on, Angie. I was lonely. I just want to be your friend... I'm alone. I'm always alone... I just wanted to spend time with you...

Angela looks at the stun gun in her hand. She presses the trigger and looks at the blue sparks flowing through the electrodes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(smiling at her)

Why can't I be your friend, Angela?
Why can't I spend Christmas with you?

Angela pulls her feet away as the gas comes even closer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU FUCKING CUNT?!

Angela presses the trigger of the stun gun.

ANGELA

Yeah, I can hear you. Merry Christmas, motherfucker!

ANGELA IGNITES THE GASOLINE WITH THE ELECTRICITY FROM THE STUN GUN.

Thomas's eyes widen as a flame quickly approaches the car.

Thomas struggles, but it's too late. In the matter of seconds, the flame reaches underneath the car and climbs up into the gas tank.

Angela stands and runs to the stairs. She opens the door, hiding behind it when-

BOOM! THE GAS TANK EXPLODES, ENGULFING THE CAR AND THOMAS IN FLAMES.

Thomas screams in pain as he melts in the flames.

Angela runs up the stairs when the emergency water sprinklers go off, pouring water everywhere. Angela is soaked again.

116 **INT. P1 - DAWN**

116

Angela walks through the parking lot as if caught in a rain storm.

She passes the limousines and arrives at the front gate. Outside, the first light of dawn illuminates the ramp.

After finding the right key, she activates the gate and watches it come up.

Anxious to get to freedom, Angela bends down before the gate is fully open.

In the morning glow, a beat-up and limping Angela walks up the ramp leading to the street.

117 **INT. STREET - DAWN**

117

It's Christmas morning and the streets are deserted.

Angela walks with difficulty. She is barefooted and wearing hardly any clothes for the winter weather. Her body heat evaporates in the cold.

In the distance, she can hear the sirens from the approaching fire trucks.

Angela turns onto another street as the fire trucks rush past her. She turns into a subway entrance and walks down the stairs.

118 **INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAWN**

118

Angela sits in an empty subway car as it travels uptown. A homeless man looks at her, while she stares down at the floor in a daze.

Another homeless man sleeps in a dirty Santa costume.

119 **EXT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING**

119

The streets are still empty of people as Angela reaches under her stoop for an extra pair of hidden keys. She enters the apartment building.

120 **INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING**

120

Angela takes off her clothes, drops them to the floor, and walks to the bathroom.

121 INT. ANGELA'S BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

121

Angela puts her head and face under the running water. Her eyes are closed as she is finally able to relax. Blood and dirt washes into the tub and down the drain.

The water washes off the blood and dirt from her face and body. She washes her hair, lathers her body and rinses off.

Wrapped in her bathrobe, Angela ties a towel around her head. Even though she has cleaned herself up, part of her face is still scratched and swollen.

122 INT. ANGELA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

122

Angela walks out of the bathroom and immediately freezes-

A RED GIFT BOX WRAPPED WITH A GREEN BOW SITS ON THE DINING ROOM TABLE. IT IS THE SAME BOX THOMAS GAVE HER THE NIGHT BEFORE.

SHE LOOKS AROUND. IS HE STILL ALIVE? DID HE GET AWAY? IS HE HERE NOW, OR WAS THE PACKAGE ALREADY THERE WHEN SHE CAME HOME?

Angela slowly moves to the table. The apartment is quiet.

She stares at the gift for what seems to be an eternity. Finally, she reaches for the box and opens it revealing-

ANOTHER VIDEO TAPE.

Angela takes the tape over to the TV and feeds it into the VCR. She turns on the TV which plays static from the tape, when suddenly-

The static changes to a shot of someone taking a shower and whistling behind a foggy shower curtain.

Horror comes across her face as she realizes-

IT'S HER BATHROOM, AND SHE IS THE PERSON TAKING THE SHOWER, UNAWARE THAT SOMEONE IS FILMING HER.

The person holding the camera turns it on himself-

THOMAS SMILES INTO THE CAMERA.

Angela is shocked. How long has he been stalking her? How many times has he been in her apartment?

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

THEN, THOMAS HOLDS UP HER HOUSE KEYS AND JIGGLES THEM INTO THE CAMERA.

At that very moment, Angela hears someone at the door. A key enters the lock and starts turning the knob.

Angela runs to the kitchen and grabs the biggest knife she can find. She runs to her bedroom and hides in a corner.

She listens as her front door opens. Someone walks through her apartment. Step by step, Angela listens as the person approaches. Terrified, she watches as someone's shadow moves into her room and turns the corner.

Angela holds up the knife and screams hysterically as-

Her sister Lorraine appears-

LORRAINE

My God! Angela, What's wrong?! What happened?!

Lorraine drops to her knees, hugging Angela in her arms.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(in Spanish)

What happened to you, honey?!

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END