Georgeville Television

TOP SECRET

THE AFTER
By Chris Carter

Imagine you're at work and suddenly the power goes out. Okay, it's a pain, but no big deal. You go outside to find that it isn't just your office, it's the whole block. That sucks. So you get in your car and drive a few blocks to discover that it seems to be the whole area. All the traffic lights too. The pumps at the gas station don't work. And wait a second… your cell phone can't find a signal either. That's odd. So you think, I'll just go back and look online and see what people are saying. Nope. Your laptop battery still works but the internet is down. You can't call or text your family to make sure everyone is okay. Fear creeps in. Then you begin to see some very strange signs that this isn't a mere black out…**something serious has happened**. And you're not alone in this realization. Very quickly people start to panic. Get home! Get food! Water! Gas! The streets and freeways are immediately gridlocked. In a matter of hours the city descends into complete chaos.

And then the questions begin. You can't turn on the television or check twitter to find out what has happened. Is the cause some natural phenomenon? Was it an earthquake? A terrorist attack? An alien invasion? Something supernatural? Could it be biblical? Is it confined to Los Angeles? Is it possibly state, country, even *world*wide? And how long will it continue?

We would like to introduce a new show from Chris Carter called **THE AFTER**.

Our series begins in Los Angeles with a group of eight mismatched characters who, as a result of the power failure, find themselves trapped together in an underground parking garage. When they finally figure out a way to escape the garage they discover that the city has rapidly devolved into utter bedlam. Looting, rioting, *panic*. The police, unable to communicate, are overwhelmed. The hospitals, powered by generators, will soon fail. It's survival of the fittest and our eight unlikely characters realize they must work together in order to survive and make it home to their loved ones. And hopefully figure out WHAT THE HELL HAS HAPPENED?

Described by Time Magazine as a "televisionary," Chris Carter took a concept about the search for the truth and created nothing less than a cultural phenomenon with his legendary TV show The X-Files. THE AFTER, in that same tradition, will astonish its audience each week with intense, thought-provoking storytelling. As The X-Files preyed on our collective post-cold war mistrust and paranoia about the government, THE AFTER will harness our post-9/11 fears of the world-as-we-know-it coming to an end.

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And like The X-Files, THE AFTER will balance an ongoing mythology with stand-alone episodes. Each week will be a one-hour, self-contained genre movie. The cleverness of this series is that the stories can range from horror to sci-fi to thriller, to *The Twilight Zone* to *3 Days of the Condor* to *Deliverance*, as our characters navigate this strange new landscape. If you thought The X-Files was compelling TV, wait until you see what Chris Carter can do on cable.

We hope you enjoy THE AFTER.

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THE AFTER

Written by

Chris Carter

WE ARE IN SOMEONE'S TERRIFYING POV: TRAPPED IN A SWARM OF HUMANITY -- BEING PUSHED AND HAMMERED -- PEOPLE SLAMMING INTO US -- WE'RE DISORIENTED AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC -- AND WE GO DOWN -- BODIES FALLING ON US - **THEN SOMEONE RIGHT IN OUR FACE: A MAN WITH WEIRD RED EYES** -- THEN THE SCREEN GOES [redacted]

VERY CLOSE ON A WOMAN waking up with a GASP. Not the cliche sit-up-in-bed shocker, but with HER BREATH STOLEN AWAY. She's beautiful the way French women are beautiful. Even waking from her personal horror movie. As she rises, we see she is:

INT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

A very nice room. Still shaking off her disturbing dream, our beautiful French woman answers her softly ringing cell phone.

GIGI
Bon jour, sweetheart.

RICHARD
Bon jour, Gigi. You sound funny.

GIGI
No. I just woke up. I'm glad you called. Everything okay at home?

RICHARD
Everything's fine. Marie decided she's dressing herself this morning. Marie -- it's Mommy --

MARIE
Hi Mommy. It's Marie.

GIGI
Is this Marie? Marie Elena?

MARIE
Marie Elena Fini Roland.

GIGI
Bon jour, Marie Elena Fini.

MARIE
Bon jour. Here's Daddy, Mommy.

RICHARD
Better things to do I guess, Mommy. What time is your audition, honey?

MARIE
Eleven. I need coffee, Richard.

RICHARD
You get coffee. Call me after.

SHORT TIME CUT:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - MORNING

Gigi in her bra and panties, a cup of coffee in hand, reading from the script. Inexplicably, A HANDGUN lies on the counter.

GIGI
You think you can treat me like this and not pay for it? Bastard!

Reading it in various silly ways. Making fun of the dialogue.

SHORT TIME CUT:

GIGI IN MAKE UP AND A SKIRT AND SILK BLOUSE

Stunning. Checking herself in the hallway mirror. She exits. CAMERA PANS DOWN AND FINDS HER CELL PHONE ON THE FLOOR. Oops.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - MORNING

A VALET holds the door of a rental for Gigi and she gets in. After giving the Valet a ten dollar bill. His face lights up.

VALET
Thank you, Ms. Roland!

CUT TO:

INT. GIGI'S RENTAL CAR - MORNING

Gigi drives to one of the smaller buildings on Century Park East and pulls into the underground. She takes a ticket and we watch her disappear down the ramp into the dark garage.

CUT TO:

GIGI IN A CASTING OFFICE

She's got the handgun we saw earlier pointed at someone o.s.

GIGI
You think you can treat me like this and not pay for it? Bastard!

And she's great. In spite of the hackneyed dialogue.

GIGI (CONT'D)
You obviously have no idea who you're dealing with, mister --

INT. CASTING OFFICE - MORNING

A PRODUCER AND FEMALE CASTING PERSON sit on a sofa in an unremarkable room. Nearby, there is a video camera rolling.

CASTING PERSON
You have real balls, bitch.

GIGI
You better believe I do.

PRODUCER
(breaking in)
Jesus, I hope that gun's not real!

GIGI
And what if it were, bastard?

Gigi aims the gun at the Producer's crotch and SQUIRTS. He jumps! It gets a laugh before Gigi breaks out of character.

PRODUCER
That was great. Thank you, Gigi.

GIGI
Thank you. Merci beaucoup --

PRODUCER
I always wondered if Gigi was your real name, or if it was short for --

GIGI
-- Geraldina. My father is Gerald.

PRODUCER
To be honest, Geraldina, I think you're too young for this part and probably a little too sexy for it.

GIGI
I can do it another way for you.

PRODUCER
Let's try the woman's daughter. K? If you could just give me a cold reading with a little less accent.

CASTING PERSON
That's page 88. Three lines.

We see Gigi's disappointment, but she finds the page and the character description. A funny look. Then she reads aloud.

GIGI
It says that I'm a twenty-something former alcoholic prostitute in a relationship with a married couple and that I'm also completely naked.

Gigi looks to the Producer and Casting Person in disbelief.

PRODUCER
And...?

CUT TO:

THE SCRIPT THROWN INTO A LARGE DECORATIVE TRASH CAN. WE ARE:

EXT. CENTURY CITY TWIN TOWERS PLAZA - LUNCH TIME

A sunny winter day. Gigi walks through the square, digging in her purse for the cell phone she doesn't have. We take note of the nice serene setting, with its ground floor businesses.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Gigi enters, moving through the lobby to the elevators where people are waiting, and where A HALF DOZEN UNIFORMED COPS are huddling. Gigi waits, too. Wondering why the cops are there.

DING. An elevator going down opens and Gigi steps in, joining TWO PEOPLE -- A TALL MAN AND AN ELDERLY WOMAN -- already in the car. Getting on with Gigi is A FEMALE COP. CLOSE ON THEIR FACES as they all stare straight ahead. The doors close when:

A HAND JUTS IN AND STOPS THEM. A white-gloved hand, but we can't yet see who it belongs to. Or why it gets A LAUGH from the elevator riders. Until A CLOWN appears. The whole get up.

CLOWN
I know. Do you mind if I shove in?

And he does. Making a fairly crowded car. As the doors close:

MCCORMICK
No funny business, Clowny.

This from the Tall Man, with his working-class Irish accent.

CLOWN
I'll be getting off in a moment.

He checks his watch as if in a hurry. He looks to Gigi now who smiles sympathetically as the elevator starts down. When THE LIGHTS GO OFF and the car comes to a lurching STOP.

MCCORMICK
Facking hell.

Silence. Waiting in the dark. Hopeful. But nothing happens.

FRANCIS
Now what?

From the Elderly Woman in the rear of the car. A FLASHLIGHT FLICKS ON. It belongs to the Cop, MARLY (Latina, late 20's)

MARLY
Everybody just relax.

She's got her police radio out. Nice to have a cop around.

MARLY (CONT'D)
This is Officer Gonzalez --

All eyes on Marly, waiting for the certain reply. Nothing.

MARLY (CONT'D)
This is Deputy Gonzalez, do you read me? Does anyone read me?

Nothing. Marly changes frequencies now and tries again.

MARLY (CONT'D)
Is anyone on this frequency?

Glowing cell phones come out. Gigi looks again for hers.

GIGI
Isn't there a phone on the panel?

DAVID
There's a button.

MCCORMICK
Well, press the facking button.

David does, when suddenly THE ELEVATOR SUDDENLY DROPS SEVERAL FEET, causing everyone's throat to catch. Holy shit. Not only that, they hear AN ALARM sounding somewhere in the building.

MARLY
This is Deputy Gonzalez, I'm stuck in the elevator guys. Ten thirteen.

FRANCIS
What's ten thirteen?

Marly doesn't answer her, waiting for a reply.

MCCORMICK
It's police bullshit for we're facked in the facking arsehole.

GIGI
Do you mind, sir?

MCCORMICK
Yes I facking mind. Do you mind?

Gigi doesn't take the bait. But David the kindly clown does.

DAVID
What's it been, two minutes?

MARLY
Can everyone please just shut up?

GIGI
Doesn't anyone's phone work?

FRANCIS
Mine doesn't.

DAVID
I don't have any bars.

MCCORMICK
Facking cell phones!

MARLY (CONT'D)
We're going to get out of here.

DAVID
But why is no one responding?

MCCORMICK
And what's that facking alarm?

MARLY
You're not helping things, sir --

GIGI
Can't we just pry open the doors?

The obvious answer to their predicament. Marly tries, but the doors won't budge. So McCormick muscles his way to the front.

MCCORMICK
Let me in there. I can do it.

He tries but with no luck. Opening the interior doors only.

MCCORMICK (CONT'D)
Faaack!

FRANCIS
I'm not feeling well.

DAVID
What about the ceiling?

Everyone looks up but they see only several identical panels.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Can't we open it and climb out?

MCCORMICK
Ladies first.

DAVID
No one appreciates your humor.

His sweet objection rates a sarcastic snicker from McCormick.

MARLY
Nobody's climbing anywhere.

FRANCIS
I have a condition.

MARLY
Just hang on, m'am --

GIGI
Can't you use your stick?

This to Marly. No one's quite sure what she means.

GIGI (CONT'D)
The stick. On your belt.

Marly's finds her nightstick. But she's not understanding.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

There are two sets of elevator doors. No one in the lobby. The sound of a car alarm is close now. As A NIGHTSTICK JABS OUT BETWEEN TWO OF THE ELEVATOR DOORS. 3/4 OF THE WAY UP.

PRYING THE DOORS OPEN. TWO SETS OF HANDS DOING THE WORK. AND NOW A FOOT TO HOLD THEM OPEN. THEN DEPUTY GONZALES'S HEAD.

MARLY
We're in the parking garage.

The space is illuminated by only the small emergency lights. Marly worms her way out and drops to the ground. She looks around the garage but sees no one. The car alarm continues.

MARLY (CONT'D)
I'll help you down. One at a time.

MCCORMICK
(off camera)
No we're all facking comin at once.

Francis's legs start out. Marly working to help her down.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

McCormick holds the flashlight. Shining it on Gigi who drops onto the floor. Her skirt riding provocatively up her legs.

MCCORMICK
Hell-o --

RESUME SCENE IN THE PARKING GARAGE

Gigi drops with Marly's help. She's got her purse with her. As David's legs appear now, Gigi leaves the elevator area.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gigi moves past parked cars to the sunlight filtering in from the incline ramp. Finding the see-through metal gate CLOSED. She rattles it but it's locked. And there's no one about.

GIGI
Merd!

She moves in another direction. The car alarm still blaring.

NEW ANGLE ON GIGI

Moving past the others assembling in the elevator area.

MARLY
What?

GIGI
The exit gate's down.

Continuing on, looking for something else. The others follow.

MCCORMICK
So we'll take the facking stairs.

McCormick moves to the door marked STAIRS and pulls. NOPE.

MCCORMICK (CONT'D)
I don't facking believe this --

DAVID
Did anyone try the other elevator?

All five move back in that direction. Marly taking the lead. She hits the call button hard several times. As they wait:

MARLY
There must be a power outage.

DAVID
Why are the lights still on?

MARLY
Those are the emergency lights.

FRANCIS
How soon will this be over? I'm meeting my friend Sylvia for lunch.

No sooner does she say this than they hear the echoing sound of THE STAIR DOOR OPENING. They all run back quickly to find:

A MAN AND A WOMAN

Exiting the stairs. They are giggling inexplicably.

GROUP
HOLD THAT DOOR!

The door clicks closed just as Marly grabs the knob.

MARLY
SHIT!

WADE
What? What's the problem?

Wade is 40's, Beverly Hills. In an expensive suit and tie.

GIGI
You just locked us in --

MCCORMICK
-- the facking dungeon.

WADE
What are you talking about?

DAVID
You're sure the exit gate's locked?

The group moves off, leaving the newcomers to wonder:

TAMMY
God. Who are you people?

Tammy's young, pretty, in a short, sexy business suit with a silk blouse and ample manufactured cleavage. Unforgettable.

We move with the group toward the gate. THE CAR ALARM STOPS.

FRANCIS
Can't we just call out for help?

ANGLE THROUGH THE METAL SEE-THROUGH GATE

The group appears and tries the gate. Then they do just that:

GROUP
Help! HELP! SOMEBODY! ANYBODY!?

ANGLE OVER THE GROUP, UP THE RAMP

They can see sunlight, but the angle of the ramp is too steep to see anything else. Wade and Tammy wander up behind them.

WADE
You mean we're locked in down here?

TAMMY
Why are you dressed like a clown?

MCCORMICK
Because he is a facking clown.

Marly's got her radio back out, trying it once again.

MARLY
This is Deputy Gonzales. Does anybody in the building read me?

WADE
Why don't we just call 911?

Tammy roots one from her purse. Wade produces his own.

GIGI
Nobody's getting reception.

MARLY
I'm not even getting static.

Tammy and Wade stare at their phones. THE CAR ALARM STARTS.

FRANCIS
(re: the car alarm)
That's giving me a headache.

DEEPER INTO THE GARAGE

The group wanders in, looking for the car. It's Gigi's rental, parked next to a POLICE CAR. She starts toward it.

GIGI
(to Marly)
I think that's your car.

SUDDENLY A MAN BOLTS FROM THE SHADOWS WHERE HE'S BEEN HIDING, RUNNING STRAIGHT AT MARLY. BUT MARLY'S ABLE TO GET HER GLOCK OUT AND SHOOTS THE MAN IN THE BELLY! HE GOES DOWN -- WHEN:

LOVE
(yelling, os.)
TURN AROUND, BITCH!

Everyone JUMPS as ANOTHER MAN grabs Gigi by her neck. In his free hand he has a shotgun which he jams hard under her jaw.

MARLY
PUT YOUR GUN DOWN!

LOVE
YOU PUT YOURS DOWN!

MARLY
PUT IT DOWN AND LET GO OF HER!

LOVE
I'LL FUCKING PULL THE TRIGGER!

MARLY
LET THE WOMAN GO -- LET HER GO!

LOVE
I'LL FUCKING DO HER RIGHT HERE!

IRIE LOVE is black, 30ish. And DANGEROUS. THE CAR ALARM STOPS and everyone takes a breath, but the scene remains INTENSE.

MARLY
Everybody just back away --

LOVE
<u>Nobody fuckin' moves -- !</u>

MARLY
Just take your finger slowly off the trigger. Can you do that, Irie?

LOVE
Boom! Her head explodes like a pumpkin. You hear what I'm sayin'?

TAMMY
Oh my god -- oh my god --

GIGI
Please -- I've got a little girl --

MARLY
She's got a little girl, Irie --

LOVE
I'm getting the hell out of here and I'm taking this woman with me --

MARLY
Everyone just move behind me now. This man is an escaped convict --

LOVE
I was set up! I didn't murder her!

Gigi GASPS. The group folds in behind Marly now. Cautiously. The wounded man, also black, writhes in pain on the ground.

LOVE (CONT'D)
I'm innocent! I'm wrongly accused!

MARLY
So put the gun down and we'll talk about it. Can you do that, Irie?

LOVE
Don't fuckin' smooth talk me!

WADE
There's a way to negotiate this.

LOVE
I'm not speaking to you, homes!

WADE
I'm a lawyer. I do it for a living.

GIGI
Please just put your guns down.

WADE
That's the only sensible option.

LOVE
The only sensible option would be to let me just walk out of here --

MARLY
We're trapped down here, Irie. Now I'll lower my gun if you go first.

LOVE
You put your gun on the floor --

MARLY
I can't give up my gun. I'm sorry.

Love shoves the gun a little harder into Gigi's jaw.

LOVE
Who's makin' the rules here, lady?

GIGI
He's going to kill me -- please.

MARLY
Okay. I'll put my gun on the ground if you let the woman go. But I want you to do the same. Is that a deal?

FRANCIS
Well, I have to sit down. I don't feel very well. I have a condition.

And Francis wanders off. As THE CAR ALARM STARTS AGAIN.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I'm putting my fingers in my ears.

Then Love suddenly lets go of Gigi. Keeping his gun up.

LOVE
That's the best you're gonna get.

Marly keeps an eye on Love as Gigi moves to join the group.

MARLY
Are you going to be okay, m'am?

She's emotional, trying her best to hold back the tears.

GIGI
You scared me to death.

And it's touching. It even touches Love, who speaks evenly:

LOVE
I didn't have any other choice. I'm an innocent man, wrongly accused --

MCCORMICK
I facking believe him -- don't you?

McCormick seems to be the only one finding any humor in this.

LOVE
(menacing again)
I'm glad y'all having a good time. Now I want the fuck outta here --

MARLY
We're locked in here, Irie. There's been a power outage and the doors are sealed. So you can calm down --

The wounded man moans in pain. Marly looking to him.

MARLY (CONT'D)
Your friend's bleeding pretty bad --

LOVE
Fuck him. He ain't my friend -- fool followed me out the hole --

MARLY
Well, he's going to die like this.

LOVE
Shouldn'ta fucking shot him then --

Love moves to his comrade, pokes him with his gun barrel.

LOVE (CONT'D)
Gut shot. Nothing ya'll can do but let the motherfucker die in peace.

MARLY
I'm going to try to radio for help -- alright. I'm going for my radio.

LOVE
Stay off the fucking radio -- !

WADE
(trying to calm him)
We're all in the same boat, sir. We need to work together and discuss the problem in a reasonable manner.

LOVE
I look reasonable, motherfucker?!

WADE
Hey -- I got no dog in this fight.

LOVE
Then stop lawyering me -- !!

WADE
Okay -- alright. You figure it out.

DAVID
Someone's got to figure it out.

TAMMY
(timidly)
Can we just talk about it, please?

MCCORMICK
Yeah. Let's facking discuss how you locked the facking door on us --

WADE
We only came down here because all the other floors were locked --

MARLY
How did you get onto the stairs?

For some reason neither of them answer her.

MARLY (CONT'D)
Why were you in the stairwell?

Sheepish looks now. Suddenly Tammy's sexy getup makes sense.

MCCORMICK
Now there's a girl you don't meet everyday. Very facking high class.

DAVID
I thought you were a lawyer.

MCCORMICK
Same facking difference.

TAMMY
I didn't say I was a lawyer. And what does it matter what I am?

She looks to Marly, who might care if she weren't distracted.

MARLY
All the other floors were locked?

WADE
That's what I'm trying to tell you.

MARLY
That's good then. That means there could be others on the stairs --

MCCORMICK
Getting their own facking blow job.

LOVE
Old lady's in trouble over there --

Everyone looks at him, then heads turn to see what he sees:

FRANCIS

Against the concrete elevator structure, but she's not sitting -- SHE'S LYING ON HER SIDE, apparently stricken.

Everyone moves at varying speeds in response. David first.

DAVID
M'AM?! M'AM?! CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

Francis is drooling, incoherent. But her lips are moving.

MARLY
Let me get in there!

David gives her room as Marly kneels down to the woman.

MARLY (CONT'D)
M'AM -- CAN YOU HEAR ME?!

MCCORMICK
Oh for facksake -- she's dying!

MARLY
You said you had a condition -- m'am. Can you indicate that?

WADE
Maybe she had a heart attack.

Marly is turning Francis over on her back.

MARLY
I've got a defibrillator in my car.

Marly gets up, on the move. Back in the direction of her car.

GIGI
Check in her purse and see if she's got a prescription or anything --

David does, rummaging in her bag mostly full of used tissues.

MARLY

Heads for her patrol car but where Love stand he's blocking her way. She's got a hand on her holstered weapon, ready for anything -- but Love moves generously aside to let her in.

RESUME FRANCIS

TAMMY
Maybe she's a diabetic -- I've got an auntie in Fresno who's diabetic.

GIGI
She could be in insulin shock.

Francis suddenly opens her eyes, staring at everyone.

WADE
She's trying to tell us --

TAMMY
You're supposed to give her sugar --

MCCORMICK
Like we have any facking sugar --

TAMMY
Just gum or candy or something.

David suddenly finds SMALL PACKETS OF SUGAR in her bag.

DAVID
What am I supposed to do?!

TAMMY
Just put it on her tongue --

DAVID
Somebody hold her head up.

GIGI
Let me get in there --

Gigi kneels and tips Francis's head up. David empties a small packet of sugar onto her tongue -- but there's no response.

RESUME MARLY

She slams the trunk and runs off with the defibrillation kit, heading away from Love. We FOLLOW HER HANDHELD TO THE GROUP.

MARLY
MOVE ASIDE!

All heads turn to her as she pushes her way into the huddled group -- ONLY TO FIND FRANCIS SITTING UP WITH HER EYES OPEN.

FRANCIS
See -- that's what happens --

Marly sees the packets of spilled sugar on the ground.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
It's what happens when I don't eat.

GIGI
Are you going to be alright now?

FRANCIS
In my car I've got some cheese and crackers I took from the airlines. My keys are there in my purse --

David the clown looks into her purse and finds them.

MARLY
You could have at least warned us.

FRANCIS
I told you -- I have a condition.

DAVID
We thought you had a heart attack.

FRANCIS
My doctor says my heart's strong as a horse. Dr. Fishbein, at Cedars, if you ever need a good doctor. Say -- where did that black fellow go?

Everyone looks to the patrol car. The black fellow is gone.

THE EXIT GATE

Love is trying to lift the gate up. He's hasn't managed to move it -- when he sees Marly coming with HER GUN DRAWN, followed shortly by the others (minus Francis). He grabs the shotgun up and holds it defiantly. Back where they started.

LOVE
Coulda just shot you in the back.

MARLY
There are cops out on the street, Irie. How far do you think you'd get running around with a shotgun?

LOVE
What you mean is how far could a fucking <u>nigger</u> get running around Century City with a shotgun --

MCCORMICK
Lot farther'n he'd get without one.

WADE
Can we all try to pull the gate up?

This question addressed to Love holding his shotgun.

LOVE
Long as I'm first one outta it.

MARLY
We don't need your help, Irie.

LOVE
You do need my cooperation.

He backs from the gate now to let the group take his place.

WADE
Everybody on my three count.

This from the Beverly Hills lawyer in the expensive suit. Everyone grabs the steel gate, pulling it upward with great, straining effort. It doesn't raise the gate even an inch.

DAVID
I'm going to throw my back out.

MCCORMICK
Put some facking dick into it.

And they do. Everyone trying again, but with the same result.

GIGI
We're just not strong enough.

They all catch their breath and then turn and look at Marly and Love, both with their guns still readied on one another.

WADE
We could definitely use some help.

LOVE
You got a car in here, Mr. Lawyer?

WADE
Yes, I do. Why do you ask?

LOVE
Cause you could use it to bust through this gate. That's why.

WADE
But it’s a brand new Mercedes.

LOVE
You could bust through in style.

GIGI
All I’ve got is my little rental.

DAVID
An ancient Hyundai.

All heads turn to McCormick, who stands waiting to be asked.

MCCORMICK
I look like I’m facking stupid?

Marly suddenly holds up her weapon and both hands to Love in a measured gesture of surrender. What the hell’s she doing?!

MARLY
(to Love)
Do you seriously want out of here?
Or do you want to let that man die?

Love thinks about it. Affecting an unconcerned air.

LOVE
What do you have in mind?

MARLY
I have push bars on my patrol car.

TIME CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE ON THE FRONT PUSH BARS ON MARLY’S BLACK AND WHITE

It rolls to CAMERA and stops. RISING TO MARLY AT THE WHEEL.

THE GROUP STANDS WATCHING

Including Love who stands apart, shotgun held hunter style. Marly revs the engine, then Love moves to the car and motions for her to roll down the passenger window, which she does.

LOVE
Stand on the brakes and wind it up.

MARLY
Do you want to drive?!

LOVE
I spent enough time in cop cars.

She stands on the brakes and revs the engine loudly. **VRRROOM!**

THE GROUP STANDS HOLDING THEIR EARS, IN ANTICIPATION

Marly revving the engine for longer than you think she might.

LOVE (CONT'D)
(loudly, enjoying this)
Go on! Don't be scurred!

And she lets go of the brakes, the car zooming at the gate.

ANGLE THROUGH THE SEE-THROUGH MESH GATE

The cop car RAMS IT VIOLENTLY -- AND IT DOESN'T DO A THING.

RESUME THE GROUP

Staring at the car, its front end smashed, the hood bent up. Basically a wreck. Though the engine's still REVVING LOUDLY.

MARLY

Unconscious. At least dazed. The airbags starting to deflate. When Love appears and opens the door -- <u>only to take her gun</u>.

LOVE (CONT'D)
OUT OF THE CAR BITCH!

He reaches in and pulls her out, though she doesn't seem to know what's going on. He throws her to the ground and takes the cuffs off her belt. Putting them on before she knows it.

The car engine finally quits and Irie turns to the group.

LOVE (CONT'D)
WHO'S IN CHARGE NOW, LADY?!

He's got a gun in each hand now, looking up at the others.

LOVE (CONT'D)
Y'ALL ARE LOOKING AT HIM -- WHOO!

WHEN BOOM - BOOM - BOOM!!!!!!! THREE LOUD EXPLOSIONS SOUND, RATTLING THE GATE. ECHOING IN THE GARAGE. EVERYONE FREEZES.

MCCORMICK
What-the-fack-was-that?!

The group moves to the gate, listening. Then **BOOM - BOOM!!!!! TWO MORE LOUD BLASTS. JUST LIKE BOMBS EXPLODING. Holy shit.**

DAVID
Those were bombs going off!

TAMMY
I think we're being attacked!

GIGI
Oh my God. Don't even say that --

TAMMY
Maybe it's terrorists again --

The others wait nervously for more blasts but none come.

WADE
That's why our phones won't work --
they knocked out our communication!

MCCORMICK
Would you all shut the fack up!

In response to A RUMBLING. THEN ANOTHER EXPLOSION -- **BOOM!**

DAVID
Maybe the building's been hit!

TAMMY
What if it comes down on us?!

GIGI
How am I going to get home --

WADE
It could be a dirty bomb --

MCCORMICK (CONT'D)
Fucking sand niggers again!

LOVE
Fuck you, homes. It's just some
fucking transformers blowing.

Everyone's forgotten about the man with the two guns.

LOVE (CONT'D)
Electrical transformers exploding.

MCCORMICK
The facking astro-physicist now --

LOVE
Shuck the fuck up for once!

DAVID
How do you even know that?

LOVE
You smell any smoke? I don't.

No one has a ready response to that one. Love sneers.

LOVE (CONT'D)
There was an electrical outage about an hour ago. Why was that? Because the power grid went down. Happens all the fucking time --

MCCORMICK
I think that's facking bullshit.

LOVE
Yeah? I grew up here. Where did you grow up?! A fucking potato field?

WADE
I heard a rumbling. Like a bomb.

DAVID
I heard it, too. Did you hear it?

LOVE
Y'all been in an earthquake before? I've been in like fifty two of 'em.

MCCORMICK
So now it's a facking earthquake?

WADE
Why wasn't the building shaking?

TAMMY
How come our phones won't work?

GIGI
The police radio won't work either.

LOVE
Because it's my lucky fucking day.

FRANCIS
(from o.s.)
Would somebody tell me something?

FRANCIS

Comes from the area where we last saw her lying on her back.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Where are my cheese and crackers?

She's oblivious to the drama and what caused it. She shuffles by David who hands her the keys he took from her purse.

DAVID
Oh my God -- I am so sorry!

She continues past them on her way to her car. Over her back:

FRANCIS
I'm tired and I want to go home.

Everyone watches her in silence. It's how they all feel.

WADE
Safest place to be in the event of a terrorist attack on a building?

No one has an answer. Wade's the smartest man in the room.

TIME CUT TO:

AREA OF THE ELEVATOR STRUCTURE

The group sits against the concrete structure and the concrete wall. Marly is handcuffed. Absent here is Love.

GIGI
It's three o'clock.

TAMMY
Where is everybody?

That one sits there as the looming, frightening question.

WADE
Where are the first responders?

GIGI
And wouldn't there be people coming downstairs to get in their cars?

MARLY
They must have evacuated the building. It's all I can think.

MCCORMICK
I think I'm in dire need of a facking drink is all I think.

FRANCIS
Why? Are you an alcoholic?

MCCORMICK
I'm facking Irish!

DAVID
You were drunk on the elevator.

MCCORMICK
I'm still facking drunk, dear.

DAVID
It's not even lunchtime yet.

MCCORMICK
Since when is that a facking crime?

MARLY
Actually, it's a misdemeanor.

MCCORMICK
You could give me a sobriety test
except your hands are facking tied!

GIGI
There's a man dying in here --

MCCORMICK
What are we supposed to facking do?
Facking lunatics the both of 'em.

TAMMY
Do they care anything about us?

WADE
(re: Marly)
He would have killed you if it
wasn't for her backing him down --

MARLY
I want to tell you all something:
That shotgun he has is empty --

A conspiratorial whisper. And that's how she'll be answered.

DAVID
You mean the gun's not loaded?

MARLY
He took it from my vehicle and it
was empty when I put it in there --

TAMMY
Why did you let him get so far?!

MARLY
I have rounds in the trunk, but I'm
fairly sure he didn't get to them --

TAMMY
But you were in your trunk --

MARLY
-- I didn’t have a chance to look --

DAVID
-- so you’re not sure it’s empty?!

MARLY
No. I don’t know for certain --

WADE
You don’t know for certain -- ?!

MARLY
The men could easily overtake him --

GIGI
-- somebody could get shot!

MARLY
-- but he wouldn’t be expecting it.

MCCORMICK
If we was facking good citizens, you mean. Well, I ain’t a good citizen. I ain’t even a citizen.

This spoken all too loudly. Threatening the conspiracy.

MCCORMICK (CONT’D)
Got any other stupid facking ideas?

DAVID
What do you do? For a profession?

MCCORMICK
What do you do? Work in the circus?

DAVID
I do private birthday parties.

MCCORMICK
So does she, I facking bet ya.

This directed at Tammy. Who may be beyond embarrassment.

TAMMY
I bet I make more money than you.

MCCORMICK
I bet you do, too. Facking skeez.

His heart not in it, Wade feels compelled to defend her.

WADE
That's about enough of that --

MCCORMICK
Or what? You wanna facking fight?

WADE
You even touch me and I'll sue you for everything you've got, mister.

MCCORMICK
That's the way you facking settle things in Beverly Hills, skipper?

FRANCIS
Why does every word have to be fuck you and fuck this and fuck that?

MCCORMICK
It's a manner of facking speaking.

DAVID
(mimicking him)
It's a manner of facking speaking.

MCCORMICK
Oh -- you're a comedian, too. Mr. Funny Clown. I didn't know clowns facking talked. Ya facking wanker.

DAVID
Do you even have any friends?

MCCORMICK
In high facking places, ya twink.

TAMMY
I think he just hates himself.

MCCORMICK
Coming from a self-respecting facking hosebag like yourself.

DAVID
You're just an immature bigot.

MCCORMICK
How's it to facking blow someone?

David glares at him, but McCormick only smiles in response.

DAVID
How do you even know I'm gay?

MCCORMICK
You're gay as facking Christmas.

DAVID
You don't think I haven't heard it all before? This kind of venom --

MCCORMICK
I suppose you facking have --

DAVID
Why does everything have to be reduced to who you go to bed with?

MCCORMICK
It's them facking parades I hate --

DAVID
We wouldn't have to have parades if it weren't for bullies like you --

MCCORMICK
Weren't for the facking likes of me you'd have facking parades all day. Facking excuse to piss us all off.

FRANCIS
Why do you keep talking to him?

Love appears, shotgun in hand. Marly's Glock not visible.

LOVE
Building ain't been attacked.

WADE
How do you know that?

DAVID
Yeah -- how do you know that?

LOVE
Cause it would be on fire. If it was on fire the fucking door to the stairs would be hot. And it ain't.

GIGI
How's your friend?

LOVE
Fuckin' dyin' -- what do I care?!

TAMMY
Hey -- I've got an idea! Why don't you just shoot the door lock off?

Tammy's clearly proud of the fact that her brain works.

LOVE
I already thought of that --

TAMMY
Then why don't you do it -- ?!

LOVE
Fucking metal door is why.

TAMMY
They do it on NCIS: Los Angeles.

LOVE
(to Marly)
Tell her it ain't gonna work.

MARLY
I don't know if it will or not.

LOVE
You probably never fired your gun before you shot that nigger today --

MARLY
I've got a marksman's certificate.

LOVE
Ain't doing you much good now -- !

MCCORMICK
We were just doing a facking survey of our respective professions. And I'd like to ask you this, cause I've always wanted to know: What's it like to facking kill someone?

GIGI
You've always wanted to know?

MCCORMICK
Don't pretend you haven't facking thought about it, mademoiselle.

GIGI
I've never once thought about it.

FRANCIS
I've thought about it. Plenty.

MCCORMICK
Ya see. Someone who ain't afraid to tell the facking truth. Thank you.

DAVID
I'm thinking about it right now.

MCCORMICK
(to Love)
So what's the facking answer?

LOVE
(re: Marly)
Why don't you fucking ask her? I don't know how it feels. I never fucking killed anybody in my life.

FRANCIS
Two fouls mouths. Disgusting.

TAMMY
Then why do they think you did?

LOVE
Cause I'm a black man and the prison industrial complex needs black men to feed the system.

WADE
That is just so patently untrue --

LOVE
Patently? The hell is patently? Is that like white for fuck you nigger and your whole fuckin' family tree?

WADE
I happen to belong to the ACLU.

LOVE
Not for your love of the black man.

WADE
Out of concern for justice for all the oppressed and defenseless --

LOVE
How many niggers you ever defended?

WADE
I've had several black clients.

LOVE
That how pay for your Mercedes?

WADE
Look. Attack it all you like but our system of justice works --

LOVE
For y'all. Rich niggers like O.J.
Not poor innocent niggers like me.

TAMMY
But O.J.'s in jail now, isn't he?

LOVE
Got fucking tired of playin' golf.

WADE
How about your friend out there: is
he innocent, too? Falsely accused?

LOVE
Fucking menace to society. Killed
five people in fucking cold blood.

WADE
And did the system work for him?

LOVE
Fuckin' talking about me, not him.

TAMMY
You never did anything wrong?

LOVE
More niggers in prison today than
there were slaves in the Civil War.

DAVID
Doesn't that terrible word just
demean yourself even further?

FRANCIS
How come you can say it and we
can't? I never understood that --

WADE
I couldn't sing half of the rap
songs out there without saying it.

LOVE
Why the fuck do you care? You
couldn't fuckin' sing 'em anyway --

McCormick suddenly lets loose a loud FART. It's long and melodious, ending in a flourish of quick sprightly notes.

MCCORMICK
(pleased with himself)
That angel had wings, didn't it?

Everyone can't help but snicker at McCormick's rudeness.

DAVID
She's right. You are disgusting.

TAMMY
How many times were you in prison?

LOVE
I been in prison over half my life.

MCCORMICK
Ya ever take one for the home team?

LOVE
Fuck you, Ireland.

MCCORMICK
Up the Queen's bridle path?

LOVE
That's a myth. It don't happen.

MCCORMICK
You're saying it don't happen cause it happens all the facking time!

LOVE
Only in the movies, motherfucker.

MCCORMICK
Guys don't even facking blow each other when they get facking lonely?

FRANCIS
Aren't you afraid he'll shoot you?

MCCORMICK
He says he's never killed anybody. I take the man at his facking word.

TAMMY
You never answered the question -- about what your profession is.

MCCORMICK
My profession? I'm a facking poet.

GIGI
You're a poet?!

MCCORMICK
I got facking poetry in me soul.

DAVID
You've got rottenness in your soul.

MCCORMICK
And it facking takes some of that.

TAMMY
Can you recite something for us?

MCCORMICK
Wee, sleekin, cowrin' timrous beastie, O what a panic's in my breastie! Though need na start away so hasty. Wee bickering brattle. I would be loath to run and chase thee with murdering paddle. Ta da!

FRANCIS
In English please.

TAMMY
You wrote that?

GIGI
No. Robert Burns wrote that.

MCCORMICK
And I do the man a fair facking honor, for on this very day in 1759 the Bard of Ayrshile was born to a facking ploughman on a facking ploughman's wee farm in Scotland.

WADE
You said you were "facking Irish."

MCCORMICK
No reason not to tip a pint in the facking man's honor. I'm facking murderous for a pint right now.

LOVE
You're no fucking poet.

MCCORMICK
Like you're no facking killer.

LOVE
Jay Z. Now he's a fucking poet.

MCCORMICK
Pussy facking jump rope music.

LOVE
The man’s a fucking artist.

MCCORMICK
He’s a facking thug, just like you.

Love’s blood is boiling. He points the shotgun at McCormick.

MCCORMICK (CONT’D)
Facking shoot me, killer.

LOVE
I didn’t say I never shot a man.

WADE
Jesus Christ...

Wade, sitting near McCormick, scoots away. As does Tammy.

MCCORMICK
Gangster facking tough guy. Fight like a facking man, ya fuckhead --

McCormick rises to his feet. Cocky and unafraid, even though he’s some years older and a lightweight by comparison. Love smiles, but right now it’s a standoff. And Love has the gun.

MCCORMICK (CONT’D)
Like waitin’ for facking toast.

Finally, Love lays down the shotgun and the two men square off. Everyone gets to their feet now, wanting to stay clear. David helps Francis up. It’s a tense and scary moment.

FRANCIS
I’m rooting for no one.

Then MCCORMICK TAKES A WILD SWING -- LOVE DODGES IT EASILY AND HITS MCCORMICK HARD IN THE FACE. AND MCCORMICK GOES DOWN.

LOVE STARTS KICKING HIM NOW AND MCCORMICK DOUBLES UP. AS:

WADE

SCRAMBLES FOR THE SHOTGUN -- PICKING IT UP AND POINTING IT AT LOVE -- WHO STOPS KICKING MCCORMICK AND TURNS TO FACE HIM.

WADE
I’LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

TAMMY
NOW WHO’S IN CHARGE?!

McCormick continues to writhe on the ground in pain.

DAVID
Yeah -- NOW WHO'S IN CHARGE?!

They've all formed a loose group in opposition to Love.

WADE
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT -- NIGGER?

LOVE
Bet you always wanted to say that.

WADE
I've fired a gun before.

LOVE
At what? Clay fucking pigeons?

WADE
Take one step toward me --

LOVE
You even know where the safety is?

Wade surprisingly DOES know where it is! He clicks it off.

MARLY
DOWN ON THE GROUND, IRIE!

He looks at her and smiles, as if she's any threat. And then, surprisingly, he drops to his knees. Hands behind his back.

LOVE
Okay. I know when I'm whupped.

Everyone stands there for a few moments. Now what?

MARLY
Get the keys to my handcuffs.

They all look at her with no one offering themselves up. McCormick still in pain on the ground, they look to David.

DAVID
You want me to do it?!

TAMMY
What keeps him from just grabbing
one of us like he grabbed her?

MARLY
Put the gun right to his head.

Wade looks at Marly. How did she get him into this?

MCCORMICK
Stick it in his facking mouth and
do us all a big facking favor -- !

He says this in pain from his lying position on the floor.

GIGI
(to McCormick)
How bad are you hurt?

MCCORMICK
Some facking Bushmills'd be nice.

Love remains on his knees. The cat who ate the canary.

WADE
What are you smiling about?

LOVE
I wanna know how y'all plan on
shooting me with an unloaded gun.

All look to Marly, who's defiant air goes right out of her.

LOVE (CONT'D)
Y'all think I didn't hear y'all
whispering like fucking mice?

From his back waistband he pulls the Glock. Rising now.

LOVE (CONT'D)
GET THE FUCK AGAINST THE WALL!

And they do, except for McCormick, of course. And Marly who's still sitting in handcuffs. And -- Gigi! Who steps forward!

GIGI
No! I will not!

LOVE
I'm not fucking around --

GIGI
I'm not either!

It takes him and everyone else aback. This nice French girl.

GIGI (CONT'D)
<u>I'm sick of this! I'm sick of it!</u>

This with Love's gun pointed directly at her.

GIGI (CONT'D)
What are you trying to prove?! That you can terrorize a bunch of people who happened to get stuck in a garage for your sadistic pleasure?!

LOVE
Ever been a nigger wrongly accused?

GIGI
I've never been a black man. And I've never been a gay man, or an old woman. You don't think they've ever had it bad sometimes, too?!

LOVE
I don't have to fucking explain myself to you. Or any of y'all.

GIGI
You have the guns. Why do you need to be so scary and threatening -- ?

FRANCIS
Now my mother is an old woman --

GIGI
-- I'm sorry.

FRANCIS
Don't let me interrupt you.

GIGI
You say you're an innocent man -- why don't you prove it to us?

LOVE
Sorry. It don't work that way.

GIGI
Give me the guns, then --

LOVE
(chuckling at this)
Give you the guns? I ain't giving you the guns -- and why should I?

GIGI
We'll all tell the judge that you acted in good conscience. Won't we?

Everyone says yes. Love thinks about it. For a second.

LOVE
Yeah. You tell it to the flood of police that come flying down here when the power comes back on --

GIGI
Then take the handcuffs off her --

LOVE
I ain't taking the handcuffs off. I may need her to get out of here --

GIGI
How's that going to look for you -- taking a police officer hostage?

LOVE
I took all y'all hostage! How's that going to fucking look -- ?!

GIGI
Then I'm going to stand here like this until you change your mind --

LOVE
(impressed by her courage)
You're like one click away, lady. Why the fuck you doing this for?

GIGI
If you had kids you'd understand.

LOVE
You think I don't have any kids?

WADE
Do you?

LOVE
Do you?!

WADE
I have a four year-old son.

TAMMY
You do?

FRANCIS
Oh your poor wife.

WADE
She got the money <u>and</u> the kid.

FRANCIS
Maybe because she caught you with your hands in the cookie jar --

LOVE
If y'all finished with your fucking coffee break then back the fuck up.

GIGI
I just want to go home! I just want to go home and see my little girl!

And she breaks down sobbing. And everyone feels bad for her.

TAMMY
Oh my God! I couldn't figure it out at first, but that's where I know you from: You're Gigi Roland! She was Belle on From This Day Forward!

DAVID
Gigi Roland -- I know you!

Gigi's too emotional to acknowledge this inappropriateness.

TAMMY
I'm an actress, too!

McCormick pulls himself to his knees during this. In pain.

MCCORMICK
I gotta take a facking squirt.

LOVE
I'M TALKING TO Y'ALL!

WHEN POLICE SIRENS SOUND FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE ENTRANCE GATE. EVERYONE IGNORES LOVE AND RUNS IN THAT DIRECTION --

THE GATE

In the dimming sunlight outside we see FLASHING RED LIGHTS. However, WE CANNOT SEE WHERE THOSE LIGHTS ARE COMING FROM.

THE GROUP RUNS IN AND CLINGS TO THE GATE. ALL SHOUTING:

GROUP
HELP! WE'RE DOWN HERE! HELP US! WE'RE LOCKED IN THE GARAGE! HELP!

They quiet and wait for a response. For someone to appear. No one does immediately, but they do hear VOICES. AND SHOUTING.

GROUP (CONT'D)
CAN YOU HEAR US?! WE'RE DOWN HERE!

MARLY
Get on the car horn!

Referring to her patrol unit, still smashed into the steel gate. Wade pulls the door open hastily and LAYS ON THE HORN. He lets off it now and everyone waits. And waits. And waits.

DAVID
They had to have heard that!

MARLY
Again! Hit it again!

Wade does. Laying on it. Again, everyone waits. And waits.

TAMMY
I hear people yelling, don't you?

WADE
(to Marly)
Try your police radio again!

MARLY
I can't!

Her hands are cuffed. Love stands nearby with the Glock. He grabs her radio and SMASHES IT INTO PIECES ON THE GROUND.

WADE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

LOVE
What do you <u>think</u> I'm doing?

TAMMY
What about the rest of us?!

LOVE
Maybe y'all get the feeling of what it's like to be behind bars now --

GIGI
We've got no food or water!

LOVE
I'm sorry. Not my problem.

GIGI
I don't believe you're this cruel.

She and Love exchange a long look. And he blinks first.

LOVE
I ain’t goin’ back to jail.

THEY HEAR CAR ENGINES COME TO LIFE UP ON THE RAMP NOW -- THE SOUND OF CARS ON THE MOVE. AND THEN THE RED LIGHTS DISAPPEAR.

DAVID
We’re never going to get out.

GIGI
(defiant of Love)
We’ll think of something.

WADE
Like what?! Like what?!

TAMMY
It’s starting to get cold --

And it’s true. Hope is running out. No one can deny it. Then:

FRANCIS
I thought of something.

Everyone turns to her. The last person they’d expect.

FRANCIS (CONT’D)
What about that thing you use for flat tires? I’ve got one in my car.

No one knows what she means. The idea hangs there, as we:

CUT TO:

A CAR JACK

Jammed into the lower slats of the metal gate. PULL BACK TO REVEAL WADE OPERATING THE DEVICE as the others look on. The jack gains purchase now and Wade strains to raise the gate.

WADE
Is it moving?!

DAVID
I think it’s raising!

MARLY
You’re doing it!

TAMMY
Don’t stop!

Wade is straining. And indeed THE GATE IS SLOWLY LIFTING!

GIGI
I think it’s going to work!

MCCORMICK
(o.s.)
Well, it better facking work.

MCCORMICK

Wanders up. Joining Love as a spectator to the group effort.

MCCORMICK (CONT'D)
Me kidneys is facking screaming.

McCormick looks to the man who just kicked his ass.

MCCORMICK (CONT'D)
Pissing root beer thanks to you.

Love ignores him, watching the gate raising with interest.

TAMMY
It's going to work!

DAVID
You're getting there!

MARLY
Just keep it coming!

WADE
It's getting harder --

The gate has raised all of six inches when Wade GIVES UP.

WADE
That's all there is --

TAMMY
Don't give up!

WADE
It won't go any farther --

MARLY
We need more muscle.

All heads turn to McCormick and Love. Both bigger men.

MCCORMICK
I got internal facking bleeding.

Love says nothing. Though all eyes are now on him.

MARLY
Then take my cuffs off, Irie.

Love glowers at her, then he tucks the Glock in his belt.

LOVE
Move the fuck aside.

He walks past Marly to the gate and takes hold of the jack.

LOVE (CONT'D)
I got no reason to help y'all.

This we take to be in response to Gigi's earlier accusation.

LOVE (CONT'D)
Only doin' this for myself.

He starts to turn the jack handle and we see how big and strong and capable he is by comparison to the other men --

-- and the gate STARTS TO RAISE. An inch at a time. Love is grunting like a weight lifter with each turn of the handle.

GIGI
You've got it! You've got it!

AND THEN LOVE STOPS, BREATHING LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE. SPENT.

LOVE
Ain't coming no further.

The gate's no more than eight inches off the ground, and only at the corner where the jack's been placed. It's not enough.

TAMMY
You can do it! Just a little more!

LOVE
(ignoring her)
Maybe one of y'all can slide under.

Everyone looks to the women and the women look to themselves.

TAMMY
I don't think I'd fit.

MCCORMICK
Not with them facking oil drums!

FRANCIS
(to Gigi)
What are you, a size nothing?

DAVID
I think you could make it.

Gigi considers her chances, but her look says she's game.

SHORT TIME CUT:

THE TRIANGLE SPACE UNDER THE GATE

So narrow that it's doubtful a person could fit through it. Then Gigi appears. Pushing her purse through the tiny hole. It's going to be no mean feat for anyone, let alone a woman -- and dangerous with the gate hanging guillotine-like overhead.

Gigi has not only to shimmy under the gate, but around the jack. And hitting the jack might cause it to slip and...

... that's the picture. The group stands watching as she slips her head into the hole. David and Tammy and Wade help to guide her shoulders around the jack. It might not work.

GIGI
I think this might be crazy.

Everyone agrees but no one wants to tell her not to try.

GIGI (CONT'D)
If this falls on me I'm dead.

DAVID
You can do it, Gigi.

TAMMY
You can do it, Gigi Roland.

FRANCIS
Who knows? Maybe I can meet my friend Sylvia for dinner --

Gigi is lithe and physical. Wearing only her silk blouse and skirt, she's already dirty from the floor and gate grease.

WADE
We're going to guide you.

MARLY
Somebody hold that jack steady.

Which means McCormick. He grabs the jack handle and stands aside. During this, Love stands back. Not a part of this now.

MCCORMICK
On the facking switch, conductor.

Gigi takes a deep breath and inches forward, her forehead clears the gate, her nose clears the gate. Her head clears.

GIGI
I always wanted to play Marie Antoinette. Just not today.

They continue to guide her delicately around the jack so that she can start her shoulders through, and then her breasts. It's a very tight fit, but somehow she squeezes them through.

MCCORMICK
Just like facking child birth.

GIGI
(mimicking him)
And how would you facking know?

This rates nervous laughter but Gigi's only half-way through. She worms her belly through now. Then it's the next hurdle.

GIGI (CONT'D)
(much like child birth)
UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

Gigi muscles her ass under the structure and she's home free.

GROUP
WHOO HOO! YOU DID IT! FAAACK!

Scooting back, she uses her hands on the concrete to get her upper torso elevated. So she can pull her legs and feet out. She's nearly free, on the other side, when -- THE GATE FALLS!

GIGI
MY FOOT! MY FOOT!

HER FOOT IS TRAPPED UNDER THE GATE. THE JACK HAS BROKEN AND THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF THE GATE IS CRUSHING DOWN ON HER FOOT.

IT HAPPENS SO QUICKLY NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TO DO -- AND JUST AS QUICKLY LOVE JUMPS IN AND GRABS THE GATE WITH HIS BARE HANDS. USING ALL HIS GREAT MIGHT TO LIFT THE GATE UP. CAN HE DO IT?

LOVE
UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

HE LIFTS THE GATE IMPOSSIBLY UPWARD SO GIGI CAN FREE HER FOOT. A HEAVY METALLIC ECHO RESOUNDS as he drops it. Everyone is too shocked to speak at first. Then all speak at once:

TAMMY
Oh my God! Oh my God!

DAVID
Are you alright?!

MCCORMICK
What the fack happened?!

WADE
Is it broken?!

Gigi is in some amount of pain, holding her foot and wincing.

MARLY
Can you stand on it?

GIGI
It really hurts.

But she tries anyway. Teetering a little as she rises.

MARLY
You just need to get up the ramp.

GIGI
I think I can do it.

It appears she can. She walks on the injured foot gingerly at first. But then she picks her purse up. She looks back at the group all staring at her wide-eyed through the gate. Then:

GIGI (CONT'D)
Don't worry. I'll bring help.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GARAGE RAMP - EVENING

Gigi appears walking toward us. CAMERA PULLING BACK WITH HER AS SHE APPROACHES. So that we can see her expression change.

SOUND FILTERS IN. THE NOISE OF A CROWD. SHOUTS. A BULLHORN SOMEWHERE. CAMERA CONTINUING BACK INTO A CROWD OF PEOPLE --

As Gigi continues forward. Thunderstruck by the look on her face. She clutches her purse tightly as she heads into:

CENTURY PARK EAST BLVD.

A MASS OF PEOPLE AND CARS, none of them so much moving as blocking movement. Absolute chaos with no apparent reason.

GIGI

WE FOLLOW HER INTO THE FRAY as PEOPLE run toward her and from behind her going who knows where. SIRENS SOUND NEAR AND FAR.

Gigi sees A FIREMAN in the crowd and jostles her way to him.

GIGI
Can you help me, sir?!

FIREMAN
I've got my hands full right now!

GIGI
There are people trapped in a parking garage. A man is dying --

FIREMAN
Find an EMT!

GIGI
Where do I find an EMT?!

But he disappears into the crowd. Leaving Gigi helpless. Coming toward Gigi now is A UNIFORMED COP. She fights her way through the throng and grabs at him. He looks very confused.

GIGI (CONT'D)
I need your help!

UNIFORMED COP
What?!

GIGI
There is an officer trapped in a parking garage just over there. She's with a group of people --

UNIFORMED COP
Is he hurt?!

GIGI
She. She's not hurt but she needs your assistance. They all need --

UNIFORMED COP
-- we've got officers in trouble here on the street. Officers down --

He is moving off from her but Gigi keeps a hand on him, speaking in a loud voice over the noise. As they move:

GIGI
Can you tell me what happened?!

UNIFORMED COP
We don't know what's happened!

GIGI
But where can I go for help?!

UNIFORMED COP
I don't know the answer to that!

GIGI
Does anybody have any answers?!

UNIFORMED COP
I'm working just to keep the peace!

GIGI
Why are there so many people here?!

UNIFORMED COP
The city's in complete gridlock! People are drinking out of the fountains! All systems are down!

GIGI
I need to get word to my husband!

UNIFORMED COP
There is a complete communications failure. A complete nightmare --

Suddenly there is a loud noise and both Gigi and the Cop look up. Everyone looks up. THE SOUND OF LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT.

CAMERA TILTING UP TO THE LOOMING TWIN TOWERS WHERE A POLICE HELICOPTER HOVERS OVER THE BUILDINGS -- WHEN SUDDENLY ANOTHER HELICOPTER FLIES STRAIGHT INTO IT. A FIERY MID-AIR COLLISION.

CAMERA TILTING DOWN TO THE CROWD AS THEY ALL SCREAM! AND PANIC. AS THE AIRCRAFT PLUMMET EARTHWARD IN A FIREBALL. LANDING ON THE STREET. AND ON THE CROWD. IT'S HORRIFYING.

GIGI LOSES HOLD OF THE COP AND SUDDENLY THE CROWD SURGES -- AND WE'RE IN GIGI'S NIGHTMARE. THE ONE SHE HAD JUST THIS MORNING. PEOPLE ARE TRAMPLING ONE ANOTHER, LIKE A SOCCER STAMPEDE. PUSHING AND SHOVING. MEN ARE SWINGING THEIR ARMS, KNOCKING PEOPLE OUT OF THE WAY. AND GIGI'S IN THE TERRIFYING MIDDLE OF IT ALL. TRYING TO KEEP HER FEET. TO GUARD HER HEAD.

GIGI'S POV

THIS IS THE REAL DREAM SCAPE. THE ONE THAT BEGAN HER DAY. THE PUMMELING AND THE MAYHEM. GIGI IS BEING SPUN. AND THEN SHE IS BEING SWALLOWED. SHE'S DOWN. THERE ARE BODIES FALLING ON TOP OF HER. THE MAN FROM HER DREAM IS ATOP HER -- **THE ONE WITH THE WEIRD RED EYES** -- THEN THE SCREEN GOES [redacted]

HARD CUT TO:

GIGI BEING CARRIED BY TWO EMT'S

BY THE ARMS AND LEGS -- THROUGH THE CROWD. DEPOSITED NOW IN A SQUARE OF LANDSCAPING. THIS HAPPENS WORDLESSLY AND THEN THE MEN ARE GONE. GIGI IS COMING TO. HER BLOUSE IS RIPPED AND HER FACE IS BRUISED AND CUT. BLOOD IS COMING FROM HER HAIRLINE.

GIGI GETS UP, STUMBLES. HER HEELS ARE BROKEN. SHE'S TRYING TO GET HER BEARINGS. BLOOD IN HER EYES NOW. BUT SHE MOVES OFF.

GIGI HAS HEADED BACK INTO THE CROWD -- DANGEROUSLY. BUT SHE'S DETERMINED AND DIRECTED. AND WE FOLLOW HER IN WHERE WE NOW REALIZE WHY SHE BRAVES THE CRAZINESS. **SHE'S FOUND HER PURSE.**

EXT. TWIN TOWERS PLAZA - EVENING

THERE ARE BRIGHT LIGHTS RUNNING ON GENERATORS. THE SQUARE WE SAW THIS MORNING AS SUNNY AND SERENE IS NOW FILLED WITH A SMOKY HAZE AND A THRONG OF PEOPLE. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS AS PEOPLE SMASH THE WINDOWS OF THE GROUND LEVEL BUSINESSES. THEN THE CAMERA FINDS GIGI ENTERING THIS.

FOLLOWING GIGI NOW. SHE CLUTCHES HER PURSE IN FRONT OF HER, USING IT TO PUSH THROUGH THE SEA OF BODIES. CAMERA CRANING UP TO SEE HER MAKING HER WAY. A SALMON SWIMMING HARD UPSTREAM.

INT. LOBBY OF THE CAA OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

THE GLASS DOORS ARE BROKEN AND PEOPLE ARE MOVING THROUGH THE DARK SPACE LIKE FANS AT A SPORTING EVENT. AND THERE'S GIGI PUSHING THROUGH THEM WITH HER PURSE. NOT TO BE DETERRED.

CAMERA FOLLOWING HER THROUGH THE SEMI-CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY AND INTO THE STREET. SHE'S CROSSING NOW AND WE FINALLY LOSE HER.

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

THE FRONT VALET AREA. FULL OF PEOPLE. WE FIND GIGI COMING FROM ACROSS THE STREET. PUSHING HER WAY TOWARD THE HOTEL.

INT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

NO LESS DISORGANIZED. THE CHECK-IN COUNTER UNMANNED. PEOPLE ARE RUNNING, PEOPLE ARE MILLING, PEOPLE ARE SITTING. THERE ARE INJURED PEOPLE AND HOTEL EMPLOYEES. THERE IS THE SOUND OF MORE BREAKING GLASS SOMEWHERE. CAMERA FINDING GIGI IN THIS --

-- INSTINCTIVELY MOVING TO THE ELEVATORS, BUT VEERING OFF. LOOKING FOR THE STAIRS. WHICH SHE FINDS GUARDED BY A LARGE MAN WEARING AN EMPLOYEE UNIFORM. GIGI PUSHES TOWARD HIM.

GIGI
I need to get to my room!

LARGE MAN
Nobody allowed upstairs.

GIGI
I've got to get to my room!

Here she is, bloodied and begging and he's heartless.

LARGE MAN
I'm sorry. It's for security.

GIGI
I've got to -- who do I talk to?!

LARGE MAN
You're talking to him, m'am.

Gigi considers this, looking around. She's won't be denied.

GIGI
I've got cash. I can pay you.

The Large Man stares down at her, then looks around.

LARGE MAN
Come with me.

He opens the door to the stairs and Gigi follows him in.

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gigi is already digging in her purse. The Large Man waits.

GIGI
I can give you a hundred.

LARGE MAN
How much do you have there?

Gigi looks up at the man. He's dead serious.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
Give me all of it. Everything.

Gigi opens her wallet and fishes for bills. All she's got. The man snatches it from her and steps past her, exiting the door back into the lobby without a word. Gigi's been robbed.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Gigi climbs. There's no one else on the stairs but a door slams somewhere above her. She climbs past us, on the move.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The stair door opens and Gigi exits into the empty hallway. It's quiet here -- thankfully -- and she walks on the quiet carpet to the end of the hall. Already rifling her purse.

CLOSE ON HER CARD KEY

She sticks it in the reader on the handle and... NOTHING. No sound, no light, no entry. PANNING UP TO GIGI. In disbelief.

GIGI
Merd!

She tries again, but no go. Slamming her fist on the door.

GIGI (CONT'D)
GODDAMN IT!

She doesn't know what to do. Standing with her head down. Then something comes to her and she runs back up the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The Large Man guards the door to the stairs. CLOSE ON HIM when A GUN BREAKS FRAME AND TAPS THE BACK OF HIS BIG HEAD. CAMERA PANNING TO GIGI -- STANDING IN THE OPEN DOORWAY.

GIGI
Come with me --

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Gigi follows the Large Man upstairs, gun at his back.

LARGE MAN
I'll give you the money back.

GIGI
Be quiet and just keep moving.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GIGI MARCHES THE LARGE MAN DOWN THE HALL AT GUNPOINT. Make that a very realistic plastic toy squirt gunpoint. Brava.

LARGE MAN
Do you know how to use that?

GIGI
I'm trained and I'm deadly.

LARGE MAN
Cause I don't want an accident.

They get to her door and Gigi stops. The man looks at her.

LARGE MAN (CONT'D)
What do you want me to do?

GIGI
Open it.

LARGE MAN
There's no power to the locks.

GIGI
Kick it in.

Gigi is doing the acting job of her life right now.

LARGE MAN
You've got real balls, bitch.

GIGI
You better fucking believe I do.

Echoing her earlier scripted dialogue. Gigi's gone rogue.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As THE DOOR IS KICKED IN. A moment and then Gigi appears, backing in with her toy gun still on the Large Man. When she gets inside he quickly disappears and she shuts the door.

The room is dark inside and it takes Gigi a moment to get her bearings. She moves to the bedroom, searches the night stand.

We may realize what she's looking for already. In any event, she continues to search. Moving to the entry closet now and pulling out her suitcases. Warmer. Warmer. Then she spots it.

Gigi picks up her Apple 4S off the floor and moves quickly back into the bedroom. Sitting on the bed and pressing it on. Her expression changes when the bright light from the phone illuminates her face. We might already imagine why that is.

ON THE PHONE A PICTURE OF GIGI'S DAUGHTER, MARIE ELENA FINI

Gigi kisses the phone and holds it to her chest now. And breaks down. She is back where she began and a world away.

HARD CUT TO:

THE MINI BAR

Being emptied by Gigi. Throwing the contents into her suitcase and closing it up. She's got her other suitcase already packed on the bed. She grabs them both and leaves.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gigi pushes open the broken door to her room and exits. Pulling her suitcases behind her. Moving up the hall when:

THE STAIR DOOR OPENS and A HOTEL HOUSEKEEPER exits. Moving toward Gigi. Then she turns abruptly and enters an unmarked door halfway down the hall. The door closes behind her. Gigi moves to this door and stops. Staring at the door, thinking.

Then she drops her suitcases and removes the toy gun from her purse. Starting into the same door <u>with the gun held high</u>.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

The Large Man stands guard in front of the stairs door. The lobby is still busy with people when Gigi breaks out of the door behind the man, carrying her suitcases now. On the move.

GIGI
Out of my way --

She blows past him, disappears into the crowd. Heading for:

EXT. CENTURY PLAZA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Through the windows we see Gigi walking briskly with her suitcases in hand. When she makes the front doors she's wearing her game face, heading back into the craziness. When:

VALET
Ms. Roland -- over here!

Gigi stops, looks at the familiar man. He's waving to her, standing on the curb down the way. By A HOTEL SHUTTLE BUS.

VALET (CONT'D)
Hurry up! Hurry up!

He runs to Gigi now with his hands out for her suitcases.

VALET (CONT'D)
They say the airport is open and there are flights still leaving --

GIGI
Who says?

VALET
The driver -- he thinks he can get you there going the back roads!

Grabbing the suitcases from her, he starts for the shuttle.

VALET (CONT'D)
He's got room for one more!

Gigi stands hesitant and unsure. Torn between the hope he's offering and her nagging conscience. Then she follows him.

CUT TO:

A CAR WINDOW BEING SMASHED IN WITH THE BUTT OF THE GLOCK

A CAR ALARM SOUNDS and CAMERA ADJUSTS TO FIND IRIE LOVE reaching in to open the car door. Now he's looking to find the button to pop the trunk. When Wade appears behind him.

WADE
What are you doing?

LOVE
I'm not waiting around for her.

He moves to the trunk now and roots around for A TIRE JACK.

LOVE (CONT'D)
It's been over a fucking hour.

He heads off now and Wade follows him. In the direction of:

THE GATE

Where the others are waiting hopefully. Seeing Irie and Wade.

LOVE (CONT'D)
Move --

MARLY
She's going to bring help.

LOVE
She ain't coming.

He jams the gun into his belt and the car jack into the gate.

TAMMY
We're not going to fit under --

LOVE
I'm not worried about y'all. Y'all can do whatever you fucking want.

MCCORMICK
I'll be right on his facking tail.

DAVID
(pointing to Francis)
What about her? And her condition?

TAMMY
She needs food in her stomach.

THEN EVERYBODY REACTS TO A NOISE ON THE RAMP. METAL WHEELS --

-- THEN BANG! A ROLLING SUITCASE SLAMS INTO THE GATE! AND THEN ANOTHER! BLOWING OPEN WHEN IT HITS! IT'S PACKED WITH BOTTLES OF WATER, MINI-BAR SNACKS AND TINY BOTTLES OF LIQUOR.

The group looks up to a SILHOUETTE at the top of the ramp.

GIGI

Comes walking down the ramp toward them. Looking like she's been through a war. They react to her in stunned amazement.

DAVID
What happened to you?!

TAMMY
Where have you been?!

MARLY
You were bringing help --

MCCORMICK
You look like facking hell!

Gigi stares at them for a few moments. Looking shell shocked. Her eyes passing over everyone one of them. Landing on Irie.

GIGI
Let me in.

The screen goes [redacted]

THE END