

COME AND GET IT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - OFFICE

Cluttered and dusty. The look of abandonment at odds with the brightly lit monitors set on a desk in the corner.

In the center of the room sits a GIRL, her head hanging against her chest, rising with each labored breath. An IV bag stands nearby, the snaking tubes supply an amber fluid directly into her arm.

A man, in an expensive SUIT sits at the desk with his feet up. He's playing TETRIS on his phone. The monitors nearby show a variety of SECURITY CAMERA angles, covering hallways where other men stand guard.

The screen flashes red, "GAME OVER" and the SUIT stands, stretching and yawning. He saunters over to an ancient LIQUOR BAR set against a wall and peruses the grimy bottles.

The Girl twitches for a moment, then stills.

The Suit fastidiously cleans out a glass then pours two fingers of whiskey and takes a sip.

One of the monitors behind him goes black. The Suit's eyes flick over it and he stops, head cocked, waiting.

On a monitor two guards race down a hallway and round the corner. Two muted BANGS. A FLASH and the feed goes black.

The Suit sighs, shakes his head and walks over to the Girl.

The Suit lifts her face, her head lolls, looking comatose. CRACK. He slaps. Hard. He watches her eyes closely - she slumps to the side but shows no reaction.

The Suit shrugs, picks up his phone and takes another swig of whiskey. He types in a text: **"House on fire. Request immediate 10-10."**

A string of letters and numbers flash across the screen before the **"Secure. Sent."** appears.

The Suit calmly removes the casing and hard drive from a computer. CHUNK! He slams a large KNIFE through the drive several times then tosses it to the floor.

The monitors black out one by one.

The Suit's phone flashes, a string of code again before, **"Secure. Delivered."** before the message **"10-10 en route."**

BANG. BANG. Two gunshots outside the room. Closer.

The Suit pockets his phone, takes off his jacket and folds it neatly, placing it gently on the desk. He grabs the Girl and the IV then slides toward one wall. He crouches behind her and smiles.

BANG! The door to the office shudders under impact.

The door slides open. A MAN steps in from the bright hallway.

A pounding of feet down the hall, a guard races in. The Man reacts quickly, rolling and firing. The guard collapses, his knee blown out. BANG! The guard's head snaps back and he stills.

The Man jerks his arm up defensively as the large knife, thrown across the room, slams into his bicep. He grunts and drops the gun which clatters away.

In an instant the Suit is on him, slamming him into a wall.

The Suit overpowers the Man for a moment but their skills are matched and the Man recovers, throwing the Suit back.

The fight is rough. Dirty. They trade blows, moving around the room. The Man is faster but the Suit absorbs the hits with a grin.

The Man presses the Suit back with a flurry of hits, shoving him toward the seated Girl. The Man lashes out with a kick and sends the IV crashing into a wall - glass and fluids fly.

The Suit snarls in fury and charges at the Man. They crash into the bar. The Suit whips a bottle at the Man -- CRUNCH.

The Man collapses to the floor.

The Suit kicks viciously at the Man. Then grabs another bottle and cracks it against his face. The Man struggles to stay awake but the fight is over.

The Suit takes a few breaths, enjoying his victory. He saunters over to the gun and grabs it.

He stands over the Man and adjusts his designer clothes.

Behind him the Girl is staring. Eyes open. Wide awake.

The Suit raises the gun toward the Man - then he stills. His eyes glaze and he blinks as if dazed. His finger on the trigger twitches, stills. He begins to turn.

The Girl raises her hand toward her head--

The Suit's hand holding the gun raises in unison--

The Girl raises her hand, as if she's holding a gun, and places it against her temple.

The Man lurches forward, eyes fearful and cries out.

BANG!

The Suit's brains exit his head. He collapses.

The Girl tumbles out of the chair in sync with the Suit.

The Suit's body twitches as his synapses fire out for the last time.

Behind him the Girl's body twitches in UNISON, a macabre mirror image. Both bodies still.

A beat.

A ragged gasp escapes the Girl's throat and she SCREAMS. Her body twists and writhes in agony.

The Man crawls over to her and takes her head in his lap. She flinches back, screaming, eyes fluttering. The Man holds her.

Finally her eyes fix onto his, seeing him for the first time, tears still streaming down her cheeks. Her body relaxes.

Slowly the Girl stands, then helps the Man to his feet. On unsteady legs they make their way to the exit.

FADE OUT.

THE END