

THE KILL SWITCH

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Today I will find it. Today I will
get her back.

FADE TO:

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - ASCENDING

A tall man in a black coat, a matching panama hat, and leather gloves, stands inside. Grief and anger has mapped his face. His eyes, though, remain uncharted. The name is LUCA. He's 43.

The car stops. The door opens. An Asian MAID, 26, steps in dragging a cleaning cart with her.

MAID
(as friendly as a kitten)
Good morning.

Luca doesn't even look at her. She shrugs, then demands 7.

LUCA (V.O.)
If you trust anyone in this
building, you may as well start
french-kissing snakes.

The Maid holds the broom handle.

MAID
May I ask you which floor you're
going to, sir?

LUCA
(Without looking)
Seventeen and a half.

MAID
(chuckles)
Sorry, sir, this building doesn't
have such floor.

LUCA
And Maids don't have swords.

The friendly look on the Maid's face disappear. She unsheathes a samurai sword out of the broom. Then strikes like lightning. Luca dodges it skillfully.

A super epic combat plays out in front of our eyes within the confinement of the elevator car. The maid is a sword master. But Luca is way faster.

Maid swings and misses. Luca traps her sword with his foot against the wall. She tries to pull it free once. Twice. The third time, Luca tricks her and releases the sword.

Her strong pull puts her off balance for a second, which is all Luca needs to break her neck with a sidekick.

He hides her body inside the cleaning cart.

The elevator reaches floor number 7.

A heavy, old man, in a suit boards the car. He looks like a BOB. He flashes Luca a friendly smile. No reaction from Luca. Bob demands 13.

LUCA (V.O.)

I triangulated Alessa's last call.
She was in this building no doubt.
Chances are she's still here. In
that Goddamned floor.

ALESSA (V.O.) (FLASHBACK)

Luca, baby, come and get me out of
here. These people are crazy. I
found that floor.

(crying)

I wish I hadn't, baby. I wish I
hadn't-- No, please n--

Luca grinds his teeth to the memory of her shaking voice.

LUCA

You don't happen to know where
floor seventeen and a half is, do
you?

BOB

Wha--? Must be between floor
seventeen and eighteen, I assume.

Luca gives a mocking smile.

LUCA

I hope you will keep your sense of
humour.

Luca kicks the kill switch with his heel, and elbows Bob hard on the nose.

BOB

What the fuck!

LUCA

How do you get to that floor!

BOB

You're crazy. There is no such
floor. Help! Somebody help!

Bob reaches for the kill switch, but Luca grabs his hand.

LUCA
I don't have time to break your fat
fingers. But I can take a second to
make you blind.

Luca grabs Bob's head with both hands and presses his
eyeballs with his thumbs.

BOB
Stop, please, stop.

LUCA
Where is the fucking floor!

BOB
(sobs)
I don't know. I swear.

Luca crashes one eyeball. Bob screams. He punches and kicks
to no avail.

LUCA
You're running out of eyeballs,
man.

BOB
The secret panel. You need a code.
(sobs)
I don't know the fucking code. I
swear.

LUCA (V.O.)
People breathe air. They breathe
lies.

Luca puts more pressure on the remaining eyeball.

BOB
Zulu alpha five six ford eight.

Luca grabs him by the collar and slams him against the
elevator panel.

LUCA
The secret panel.

Bob, holding his bleeding eye socket with one hand, frantically
punches in a series of numbers with the other. The car light
turns into a blue glow. The numbers panel flips. A more
elaborate panel replaces it.

Luca shoves Bob aside. He enters the code. A mechanism WHIRLS
loudly. The car starts to move horizontally.

LUCA (V.O.)
It was too easy. Something was off.

Luca produces a foot-tall, well-oiled revolver.

The car stops.

Bob gives Luca the finger.

LUCA (V.O.)
I guess I just french-kissed a
snake.

The door slides open. Luca jumps at Bob and holds him as a
shield against --

-- the raging bullets coming his way.

Fat and blood splashes out as Bob's body takes in the hot
slugs. Luca starts shooting back from under Bob armpit.

The shooting goes on for a moment, then it abates.

LUCA (V.O.)
It was my fault she got involved. I
brought an angel to a devils fight.

Luca drops "swiss cheese" Bob. He checks the side of his
chest. His hand comes back red with blood. He punches the
panel. The door closes.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O)
(automated)
Warning. You have ninety seconds to
enter a valid code.

Luca's back slides against the wall as he collapses to the
floor, leaving behind a thick trace of blood.

He pulls a photo out of his pocket.

LUCA (V.O.)
I can still remember the
smell of her breaths as
she whispers her sweet,
seductive words in my
ears.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O)
Warning. You have sixty
seconds to enter a valid
code.

He notices a thick pen in Bob's pocket. He picks it up. He
weighs it. Too heavy for a pen. He scrutinizes it.

LUCA (V.O.)
I couldn't care less about those
bastards plans. I just want my
Alessa back.

He finds a removable cap covering a flashlight. He twists it. It turns on and emits an ultraviolet light.

He frisks Bob. He finds a small book. He flips the pages.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O)
Warning. You have thirty
seconds to enter a valid
code.

There is a suspicious three blank pages in the end.

He points the flashlight at the pages. It reveals a secret writing.

The codes.

He finds level seventeen and a half. He enters the sequence.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O) (CONT'D)
Moving to level seventeen and a
half. Please be patient.

The car moves again. Luca reloads his revolver.

ALESSA (V.O.) (FLASHBACK)
Luca, I want you to show me all the
cities in the world. I will take a
picture in each one of them. And
buy a souvenir.

Luca strains to stand on his feet. He fights to keep his eyes open. Lost too much blood.

ALESSA (V.O.) (FLASHBACK) (CONT'D)
Luca... Stay with me, baby, the
night is still young.

The door opens, so do Luca's eyes. He storms out.

O.S. Gun shots. Shouts. Glass breaking. More gun shots. Rapid fire.

MR. OPTIMISTIC (O.S.)
I think I got him.

MR. WET-PANTS (O.S.)
What you mean "you think?"

MR. OPTIMISTIC (O.S.)
He's not moving any more.

MR DEAD (O.S.)
I'm gonna check him out, you
pussies.
(then)
Fuck!

The chaos resumes. Guns. Shouts. Breaking sounds.

Then absolute silence floods the place.

 LUCA (O.S.)
Alessa!... Alessa!... Alessa baby
where are you?

 MR DEAD (O.S.)
 (gurgling)
Your bitch is dead.

BANG! Gun shot.

Luca drugs himself back into the car. Shot to hell. Barely moving. He punches the wall in frustration. He cries.

 LUCA
ALESSAAAA!

He falls on his knees. He cocks his revolver. Puts it to his head. Starts squeezing the trigger.

 ALESSA (O.C.)
Luca?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END