

Take Me With You
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. BURROUGH UNSPECIFIED. SIDEWALK - MORNING.

It's early in the morning. A YOUNG WOMAN exits her apartment. She is dressed for a run. The camera follows her as she jogs. Two RADIO DJs can be heard in VOICE OVER.

RADIO DJ 1

Good morning, New York City! It's looking like it's gonna be a lovely day!

RADIO DJ 2

You know I was reading the newspaper this morning-

RADIO DJ 1

No you weren't.

RADIO DJ 2

I was actually. And apparently, I don't know if you heard about this - but there has been some interesting stuff going on in our skies.

RADIO DJ 1

What do you mean, like good weather? Good weather is interesting. Every time it's nice out I say to myself, what the hell is going on?

RADIO DJ 2

No, no, not weather related. Well, sort of weather related.

RADIO DJ 1

You gonna tell us what's going on?

RADIO DJ 2

The tides have been acting up.

RADIO DJ 1

What do you mean acting up? Like playing with their food at the dinner table?

RADIO DJ 2

Inconsistent. Stronger than usual. I'm no scientist, that's what the internet's for, and it's all online. You should give it a read.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO DJ 1
What does it all mean?

RADIO DJ 2
I don't know.

RADIO DJ 1
The moon is getting bigger? More
babies are being made? The tides,
and the moon and all that predicts
pregnancies, doesn't it?

Awkward pause.

RADIO DJ 2
(chuckling)
Well listen, that's enough science
for the day-

RADIO DJ 1
What, what did I say?

RADIO DJ 2
It's a beautiful Saturday morning,
let's get to some tunes, help you
start things off.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - NIGHT

The camera faces the night sky. We see the stars twinkling.
The sound of crickets can be heard.

Suddenly, a circular object casts a silhouette across the
night sky, slowly moving from the bottom of the frame to the
top.

FADE OUT.

"TAKE ME WITH YOU"

FADE OUT ON
TITLE.

FADE UP ON
TITLE.

"FIRST SATURDAY"

INT. JAKE'S APT - EVENING.

We start with a wide shot of a not-so-well kept apartment. On the couch playing video games is LUCAS, 28. He smokes a cigarette. The room is dimly lit. We see the light from the television bounce off his face. He makes the occasional groan here and there, dissatisfied with his performance.

After a moment, we hear a door close. JAKE, 29, enters the shot. He carries DJ gear on his back and in his hand. He's dressed nicely. He stops for a bit to observe LUCAS'S progress in the game.

JAKE
Man, you're still working on this part?

LUCAS
Fuuuuck you.

JAKE
You're terrible at this game.

LUCAS
You're fucking terrible at this game.

JAKE
No, I'm not, I'm really good at this game.

Beat. JAKE watches the screen. LUCAS fails miserably at his objective, and thus loses a life.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Damn.

LUCAS
(gesturing towards the screen)
I can't... Whatever.

JAKE
Well I'm out. You coming tonight?

LUCAS
I dunno. Maybe. I'm fucking broke.

JAKE
I'll get you in, just text me when you get there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCAS
You wanna buy me drinks all night?
I would like to get very drunk.

JAKE
Whatever, just let me know.

LUCAS
Break a leg.

JAKE
Thanks, dude.

JAKE leaves the apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB. - LATER.

JAKE is at full force. His set is about to peak and the audience is going mad with the music. A girl, TORI, watches him from the side of the stage. She is aroused by his stage presence.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB. BACKSTAGE. - LATER

Wide shot of JAKE sitting alone on a couch. He drinks a beer and finishes up a text message. It's loud. Many people, promoters, VIP, etc., walk through the shot. Some linger more than others.

TORI enters the shot. We see her from the middle of her calves to the small of her back.

TORI
Can I join you?

JAKE looks up from his text message. Music bangs in the background.

JAKE
Sure, yeah, have a seat.

TORI slowly and sensually lowers herself onto the couch next to JAKE. She takes a sip of her gin and tonic.

TORI
(extending her hand)
I'm Tori.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE puts his cell phone away.

JAKE
(shaking her hand)
Jake. How are you?

TORI
I liked your set.

JAKE
Thanks. I've seen you here before.

TORI
Yeah, I know, John.

JAKE
Oh yeah, John's great. I just
bought a controller, well,
equipment, I just bought a piece of
equipment from him.

TORI
(with a sassy smile)
Don't treat me like an idiot.

JAKE
No, I was just saying...- No you
don't seem like an idiot.

TORI
I'm not.

She takes another slow sip of her drink. The two look into each other's eyes. Jake takes a quick look at her drink and then chuckles.

JAKE
You have a drink.

TORI
I'm almost done with it.

Beat. The two smile at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S APT. - LATER.

It's a little darker in the apartment. The video game's "continue screen" bounces light off the room. It's very still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE and TORI enter, giggling. Noticing that the TV is on, JAKE is a little thrown off.

JAKE

Lucas?

He carefully puts his gear down and enters the living room from the foyer. He sees LUCAS, lifeless, head cocked back, mouth open, still on the couch.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Lucas?

The video game controller still sits in LUCAS'S hands. At first JAKE lightly laughs, thinking that LUCAS may have just fallen asleep in an awkward position. TORI joins in on the chuckling.

TORI

Just let him sleep.

JAKE

(shaking LUCAS)

Hey, dude. Lucas?

TORI begins to look worried. JAKE checks LUCAS'S pulse. No response.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Oh shit, call the police.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. - MINUTES LATER.

TORI stands on a corner, attempting to hail a cab. After many attempts one finally stops but refuses to take her where she needs to go.

Finally she gives up and walks into the twilight. The camera stays on her as she disappears into the early morning.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON
TITLE.

"SECOND SATURDAY"

EXT. LONG ISLAND HOME. LUCAS'S SERVICE. - DAY.

The service is being held in the backyard of LUCAS'S parents home on Long Island. The Long Island Sound can be seen from the yard. The turn out is average. JAKE, still a bit numb from the events of the last week, sits a few rows back from the front.

LUCAS'S father, MR. GEORGE, 62, speaks to the attendees. Next to him on a table sits LUCAS'S ashes in a dark gray marble urn. JAKE stares at the urn.

MR. GEORGE

Lucas, my son. He. He was a good son. He was obedient. He never caused any problems - major problems, as a child. Even in high school he was very... He was very, well behaved. Sometimes the world just loses people like that. They just, for no real reason... Go away.

MR. GEORGE may be a little drunk. He's not really wrapping his head around what he wants to say.

MR. GEORGE (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, my son never really did anything with his life.

Awkward.

MR. GEORGE (CONT'D)

He got a bachelor's degree in history. He liked history a lot. But he never really did anything with it. Not that there's really anything you can do with a bachelor's in history. But he just sort of, I dunno... He moved to the city and just blended in with everyone.

Beat. MRS. GEORGE, who sits in the front row, prepares herself for a possible interference.

MR. GEORGE (CONT'D)

And the way he died? We don't know how he died. His heart just stopped. The doctor said it was a medical mystery.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Medical mystery brings neither me,
 nor my wife, any kind of
 resolution. Any kind of justice.

The guests are becoming uncomfortable by MR. GEORGE'S words.

MR. GEORGE (CONT'D)
 Our son left the house, moved forty
 miles away, got a shit job at a
 copy center, and then died. He just
 died. That's it! The end!

MRS. GEORGE
 Robert...

MR. GEORGE is slightly startled by her interruption.

MR. GEORGE
 Right. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's
 fucked. But hey, I loved my son.
 His mother loved him. We hope he's
 at peace.

MR. GEORGE steps away. SUPER awkward.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND HOME. LUCAS'S SERVICE. - LATER

The service has ended. JAKE stands alone, looking out at the
 sound. He sips on an almost empty beer. It is clear that JAKE
 wasn't close to any of LUCAS'S friends or family.

MR. GEORGE approaches JAKE. The two shake hands.

MR. GEORGE
 Jake. How are you? Thanks for
 coming.

JAKE
 Mr. George, my condolences. Lucas
 was a good friend.

MR. GEORGE
 Sorry you had to find him like
 that.

JAKE
 Yeah. It was... awful, I suppose is
 the only way to put it.

MR. GEORGE
 I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat.

MR. GEORGE (CONT'D)
He hadn't started, you know...

JAKE
I'm sorry?

MR. GEORGE
He hadn't started smelling yet, had he?

JAKE
(trying to formulate words)
Um, no, no.

JAKE shakes his head. He struggles for words.

MR. GEORGE
Was he happy?

Beat.

JAKE
Yeah, you know, I think he was.

MR. GEORGE
Was he seeing anyone?

JAKE
Um... No, not that I know of.

MR. GEORGE sips his whiskey.

MR. GEORGE
Jake, I need to ask you something.
And I really need you to be completely honest with me.

JAKE
Okay-

MR. GEORGE
Was Lucas a homosexual?

JAKE
Was Lu-? No. No he wasn't.

MR. GEORGE nods his head, takes another sip, and looks out at the sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. GEORGE
Thanks for coming, Jake.

MR. GEORGE gives JAKE a pat on the back and walks away.

JAKE takes one last gulp of his beer and approaches the bar for another one.

EXT. LONG ISLAND HOME. LUCAS'S SERVICE. BAR AREA -
CONTINUOUS.

Behind the bar is KELLY. Goofy catering outfit aside, or not if you're into that kind of thing, she is absolutely gorgeous.

JAKE
Hi. I'll take the same again.
Thanks.

KELLY hands him another beer. He takes a sizable gulp, getting a bit on his chin.

KELLY giggles at him, and he giggles back, wiping the beer from his chin.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND HOME. LUCAS'S SERVICE. BEHIND GARAGE -
LATER.

JAKE and KELLY have sex. KELLY finishes.

JAKE
Did you come?

KELLY
Yeah.

JAKE finishes.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND HOME. LUCAS'S SERVICE. - MINUTES LATER.

Everything seems to have picked right where it left off before the sex. JAKE studies the architecture of the house, sipping on his beer, one hand in his pocket playing with his keys. KELLY is back behind the bar. The two exchange a small smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After taking a gulp of beer, LUCAS'S urn catches JAKE'S eye. He approaches the urn, desperately trying to understand what happened.

Nothing.

INT. LONG ISLAND RAILROAD. STATION PLATFORM - AN HOUR LATER.

JAKE diddles around on his phone as he waits for the train. His tie is loose, and the top of his shirt is unbuttoned.

KELLY climbs the stairs onto the platform. Noticing JAKE, she tries not to smile too big. He's still into his phone.

KELLY

Hey.

JAKE looks up. He straightens his posture. Puts a friendly smile on his face.

JAKE

Oh, hi there.

The two are not sure what to say to each other.

KELLY

Was he your friend?

JAKE

He was. Roommate, actually. But we were friends.

KELLY

I'm sorry.

JAKE

Thanks. I dunno, it's a little strange.

KELLY

It sounds like it. I mean, from what I heard.

JAKE nods. Beat.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You live in the city?

JAKE

Yeah, Brooklyn. You?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
Queens. Astoria.

JAKE
Oh yeah? Which stop?

KELLY
30th Ave?

JAKE
Oh yeah, okay. I like Astoria. I've
got some friends out there.

KELLY
Yeah, I like it.

Beat.

JAKE
So you're a bartender?

KELLY
Sort of. For stuff like this.

JAKE
Do you generally do funerals?

KELLY
Yeah actually. People drink a lot
at funerals.

JAKE
Yes they do.

They want to jump each other again.

KELLY
What do you do?

JAKE
I'm a music producer. But I DJ.
Mostly DJ actually.

KELLY
Like clubs?

JAKE
And funerals.

KELLY
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

No.

Small laughter.

KELLY

What are you up to this weekend?
Are you like, mourning, or...?

JAKE

(smiling)
No, I'm not mourning.

KELLY

Okay, cause I didn't know if...

JAKE

...It's fine, I understand. No, I
dunno. I was supposed to have a gig
tonight, but I booked a replacement
just in case.

KELLY

You can't like, reverse that?

JAKE

Not generally. Plus, I like the
guy, I don't wanna dick him out of
a gig.

The train can be heard approaching the station in the
background.

KELLY

Do you want to get a drink?

JAKE

Sure, I could do that.

The train passes in front of the camera.

CUT TO:

TITLE ON BLACK:

"THIRD SATURDAY"

INT. NIGHT CLUB. - LATE NIGHT.

JAKE is DJing in the same club from the beginning of the
film. People are going crazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY, alone, dances near the stage, drink in hand, drugs pulsing through her system. JAKE gives her a smile every once in a while.

KELLY'S dance moves get more and more sexual as the beat picks up. At one point, she lets go of her vodka tonic. It crashes onto the floor, startling some of the patrons. KELLY ignores the mishap and continues to dance. JAKE is slightly worried.

KELLY makes her way to the stage where she drunkenly climbs up next to JAKE. She continues to dance. People begin to cheer. JAKE tries not to worry about her obviously obliterated state by forcing a smile and keeping his mind on the music. She begins to remove her clothes, throwing articles into the audience.

A bus boy is tending to her shattered drink.

KELLY attempts to maintain her dance moves while trying to undo her bra, at which point she falls to the floor of the stage, motionless. JAKE immediately breaks from his DJing (the beat still going) and kneels at her side. KELLY'S eyes have rolled back and she is beginning to seize.

A bouncer jumps on stage to help. JAKE, inaudible, screams at KELLY, trying to wake her up. The bouncer gets on his cell phone and makes haste to a quieter area.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. EMERGENCY ROOM WAITING AREA. - LATER.

JAKE nervously waits while KELLY is being looked at. He is hot, drained, and white as a sheet. An older man, TOM, around 80, sits next to JAKE, a large bandage around his leg, clearly applied elsewhere.

TOM

You give so much to a city, and they give you nothin' back, you know? I have never left this city. Never. I left to visit my grandmother in Jersey when I was eleven. But never again after that. I love this city - I'm not goin' anywhere. Why? Why leave? There's nothing else for me out there.

JAKE gives TOM a half smile. He clearly doesn't want to be bothered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM (CONT'D)

I've been coming to this hospital for fifty seven years. Fifty seven. I used to know all the doctors. And they knew me. Loyal customer, that's me. But they won't treat me anymore. I come in, every day, and I wait. But they won't treat me. I'm clean, I'm kind, I gotta good head on my shoulders. My leg? That's another story - but if they would help me out I'd be tip top. It's funny isn't it? How fast the world moves? Not much time left anyhow. I've been coming in here for the last three years, they don't see me. They don't know I'm here.

JAKE stares at the floor.

TOM (CONT'D)

Your girl, they brought her in here? The EMT?

JAKE looks up.

JAKE

Yeah.

TOM

She'll be fine. Just fine. They may not be showing me much, but they'll take good care of her. These doctors are good, and they're goddamn suckers for a pretty face like that. She'll be just fine. My wife, we took her to a different place. In Queens, we were in Queens and she needed to see a doctor. She felt dizzy, couldn't keep her meal down. So we brought her to the hospital, but they were no good. Not like here. And she died. They couldn't help her. But if we had brought her here? She'd still be here. Different story. But her, your girl? She'll be fine.

JAKE is just about to say something to TOM, when the DOCTOR approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR
Jake?

JAKE
Yes?

DOCTOR
I've got some good news.

JAKE jumps up. The camera stays on TOM, who smiles and then begins to wonder off. JAKE and the Doctor's conversation is very low, but the news is indeed "good."

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON
TITLE.

"FOURTH SATURDAY"

EXT. REHAB CLINIC. LONG ISLAND. - DAY.

JAKE, KELLY, and KELLY'S father CHRISTIAN, stand in front a REHAB clinic. A NURSE waits by the door.

CHRISTIAN, upset with his daughter, gives KELLY a hug. JAKE, who is smoking a cigarette keeps his distance.

CHRISTIAN
Get better, okay?

KELLY
Okay, Daddy.

CHRISTIAN
Okay?

KELLY
Okay, yes.

KELLY waves to JAKE and gives him a smile. She takes a deep breath and enters the clinic with the NURSE.

CHRISTIAN approaches JAKE as he is about to walk off.

CHRISTIAN
Who the fuck are you?

JAKE doesn't answer. He takes another drag of his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
(gesturing towards the
clinic)
Is this you?

JAKE begins to walk away.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you asshole! Answer
me!

JAKE keeps walking.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)
Who the fuck are you!? What the
fuck did you do to my daughter!?

As the camera moves away with JAKE, CHRISTIAN becomes out of focus. We see a MALE NURSE approach CHRISTIAN.

MALE NURSE
Sir, I'm going to need to ask you
to calm down.

CHRISTIAN
Don't tell me to- get your hands
off me.

The MALE NURSE and CHRISTIAN continue to bicker with each other, but are inaudible now, as the camera and JAKE have left them completely.

JAKE stops walking. He takes one last drag of his cigarette and flicks it. He looks to his right.

WIDE SHOT OF A BAR.

JAKE enters the bar.

INT. BAR. - HOUR AND A HALF LATER.

The bar is a pretty classic, pub like atmosphere. It's still pretty early so it's close to empty. The BARTENDER, no older than 24, leans against the register, completely involved with her phone. An older man, in his 70s sits at the end of the bar.

JAKE sits near the middle of the bar. He's had about five beers. There's an empty in front of him, and a new one in his hand. To his rear right are TWO GUYS, both in their 40s, sipping on a couple of beers at a table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE briefly checks out the bartender. She notices but it doesn't phase her, and she continues texting her girlfriend.

GUY 1
You hear about Donnie?

GUY 2
Yeah I heard about Donnie.

GUY 1
What the fuck is that?

GUY 2
Weird shit.

GUY 1
The doctor called it a "medical
mystery".

JAKE'S interest is piqued. He turns his head slightly to the right to listen in on the conversation.

GUY 2
Fuckin' A it is. No reason?

GUY 1
No reason. A lotta guys around the
site were sayin' he was a drunk.
Donnie never had a drink his whole
life. He didn't even smoke. He
didn't even drink coffee.

GUY 2
Sure he did.

GUY 1
I never saw him once with a cuppa
coffee.

GUY 2
Weird shit.

The TWO GUYS take sips of their beers. JAKE goes back to minding his own business.

The door to the bar opens, filling the space with light. In walks an ARMY SERGEANT, in his 30s, dressed head to toe in fatigues. He's the smaller type, not so muscular, with dark framed glasses and a little bit of acne leftover from his teens. He talks quietly on the phone to his wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SERGEANT
 (on the phone)
 I just got here. I can kill time...
 Don't worry about it, I'm early...
 Yeah that's fine.

The SERGEANT grabs a seat two down from JAKE.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 (on the phone)
 ...I said don't worry about it...
 Okay... Okay, that's fine...
 Okay... I love you.

He hangs up the phone. He immediately gives the BARTENDER a big smile.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Hey, Jessie, whaddaya say?

BARTENDER
 Hey, Freddie. You just get back?

SERGEANT
 For the weekend, yeah. I'm early.
 Anne's with the kids.

BARTENDER
 You want something?

SERGEANT
 Yeah, Bud Light?

BARTENDER
 Sure.

The BARTENDER leaves her post and grabs the SERGEANT a beer. JAKE observes the SERGANT'S fatigues. The SERGEANT notices.

SERGEANT
 (to JAKE)
 Hey, how yah doin'?

JAKE ignores. Goes back to his beer. The BARTENDER puts a Bud Light in front of the SERGEANT.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Thanks.

BARTENDER
 (returning to her post)
 Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The SERGEANT takes a sip. He stares up at the TV. Checks his watch.

JAKE
Army?

SERGEANT
What's that?

JAKE
You in the Army?

SERGEANT
Oh, yeah.

JAKE looks up at the TV. After a beat, he stares back at the SERGEANT.

JAKE
Why? What for?

SERGEANT
Excuse me?

JAKE
Why'd you join the Army?

SERGEANT
Oh. Well. The money's not bad. They take care of you. And I guess when you get down to it, I needed something to do. Stay out of trouble. Kinda funny I guess.

The SERGEANT takes a sip, looks back at the TV.

JAKE
Right.

SERGEANT
(still looking at the TV)
You ever think about joining?

JAKE
I don't know. I don't think so.

SERGEANT
It's a hell of a way to give back to your country.

JAKE
What about everyone else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SERGEANT

What?

JAKE

What about everyone else? What about giving back to the rest of the world?

SERGEANT

Well the Army does plenty for the world.

JAKE

I dunno, the whole thing seems like a really expensive hobby to me.

The BARTENDER looks up at JAKE from her phone, then at the SERGEANT.

SERGEANT

What was that?

JAKE

Nothing, forget it.

SERGEANT

(to BARTENDER)

Who is this guy, Jessie?

BARTENDER

I dunno, he just came in here.

JAKE

(slowly)

I just think. I think that it's interesting that- and this may sound strange. I think that it's interesting that we can't fight things like poverty, or AIDS, with tanks, and jets, and guns. They're these powerful, expensive, pieces of machinery. They can end a man's life, wipe out entire villages. But they can't destroy the things that affect us most.

The SERGEANT, confused, takes a slow sip of his beer. The BARTENDER rolls her eyes.

SERGEANT

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JAKE

Does that not make sense?

JAKE starts to take a sip of his beer until:

BARTENDER

(still looking at her
phone)

Not really...

JAKE puts the beer down.

JAKE

'The fuck do you know?

SERGEANT

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Let's calm down,
okay?

JAKE

See, she patronized me. You gotta
weapon for that?

SERGEANT

Hey, let's take it easy.

JAKE

I'm right though. You know how many
people probably kill themselves
from being patronized?

SERGEANT

I'm not sure I can answer that
question. Are you okay, sir?

JAKE just stares at the SERGEANT. He can't stand the sight of
him. JAKE jumps off of his bar stool to attack the SERGEANT,
but instead slips and falls on the floor.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Okay, time to go.

The SERGEANT grabs JAKE from off the floor and drags him to
the door.

EXT. BAR. - MOMENTS LATER.

The door to the bar swings open. The SERGEANT drags a
flailing JAKE out of the bar, and pushes him a good ten feet
from the doorstep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT
Cool off, bro.

JAKE
(getting to his feet)
Owww...

A loud, thundering sound can be heard. The SERGEANT has shifted his focus from JAKE, to the sky. A strong breeze hits. It begins to get dark.

SERGEANT
What is that?

HARD CUT TO
BLACK.

FADE UP ON
TITLE.

"FIFTH SATURDAY"

INT. JAKE'S APT. BATHROOM. - DAY.

A girl, ERICKA, the same girl who we saw jogging at the beginning of the film, sits in JAKE'S bathtub. She slowly, without much effort at all, washes her hair.

Explosions can be heard in the background, causing the apartment to shake. We can also hear the muffled voices of TORI and KELLY arguing in the living room.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. - CONTINUOUS.

Standing guard is a military PRIVATE. The sound of tanks and helicopters can be heard. We see a couple of soldiers pass in front of the building, all armed with assault rifles.

JAKE walks out onto his stoop, undetected by the PRIVATE. He looks in the sky as he lights a cigarette. The sound of the lighter prompts the PRIVATE to turn around. The PRIVATE sighs and approaches the stoop.

PRIVATE
Sir, I'm not going to tell you
again. Please go back inside. It's
not safe out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE takes a drag, flicks the cigarette, takes one last look at the sky, and then goes back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S APT. LIVING ROOM. - SAME.

The apartment is a mess. There are dirty dishes and empty beers everywhere. Sitting on the couch is KELLY, who looks completely lifeless. Her eyes are glued to the TV, which flickers in and out of a newscast.

TORI sits on the floor, her back against the couch. She is also quite lifeless.

JAKE enters the apartment. He's moving slowly. He peaks into the bathroom.

INT. JAKE'S APT. BATHROOM. - SAME.

ERICKA continues to bathe.

JAKE
You okay?

ERICKA does not answer. Beat.

ERICKA
Do you have a cigarette?

JAKE nods. He removes a cigarette from his pocket, lights it, and hands it to ERICKA. She takes a long drag.

JAKE
You okay in here?

Again, she doesn't answer. JAKE exits the bathroom.

INT. JAKE'S APT. LIVING ROOM. - CONTINUOUS.

JAKE sits on the couch next to KELLY. The two sit in silence for a bit, just staring blankly at the TV. After a few moments, KELLY moves a few dishes and bottles on the coffee table and finds a bag of cocaine. She uses an old Metrocard to prepare some lines on the table. TORI is suddenly hit with a burst of excitement.

TORI
What the fuck. I didn't know that was there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
I was saving it.

TORI
Why didn't you say it was there?

KELLY
I'll give you a little.

TORI
Fine.

Using a straw, KELLY snorts one of the three lines of cocaine and then hands the straw to TORI. After TORI is finished she offers the straw to JAKE.

JAKE stares at the cocaine for a bit before finally deciding to take the straw from TORI. He does the final line of cocaine.

KELLY
That's it. There isn't any left.

There's a loud noise, an explosion of some sort that cuts the power in the apartment. ALL THREE jump.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Shit, shit.

KELLY runs to the window to see what happened. JAKE grabs KELLY and pulls her away from the window.

JAKE
Stop it, get away from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S APT. BATHROOM. - CONTINUOUS.

In the dark, ERICKA takes a pull of her cigarette. We see the ember light her face.

INT. JAKE'S APT. LIVING ROOM. - CONTINUOUS.

TORI is still. JAKE grabs KELLY and looks deep into her eyes, trying to calm her.

JAKE
Kelly, sit on the floor and stay calm. Just breathe, okay? Just breathe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY
I can't, I can't.

JAKE
Yes you can, look at me. Watch me.

JAKE takes a deep breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You see? It's easy, just like that.
In...

JAKE breathes in, KELLY, struggling a bit, does the same.

JAKE (CONT'D)
And out...

They both exhale at the same time.

JAKE (CONT'D)
See, there you go, you've got it.

KELLY grabs his face and kisses him as hard as she can. A tear falls from TORI'S still eyes.

KELLY
I'm scared.

JAKE
I know.

Beat.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I know.

JAKE looks around as if trying to find some kind of escape. He returns to KELLY'S eyes, which are now tearing up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I need to go do something.

TORI breaks from her state. She looks at JAKE.

TORI
What?

KELLY
What do you mean?

There is another explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

I need to go do something. Just stay here.

KELLY grabs his arm, keeping him from leaving immediately.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I will be back.

TORI

Where are you going?

JAKE

Kelly, I need you to let go of me. Okay? You need to let go.

KELLY

I can't. I can't let go. I can't.

JAKE pries her hands from his arm and races out of the apartment. Frightened, KELLY backs herself into a corner of the living room. TORI slowly joins her. The two embrace each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. - MINUTES LATER.

The PRIVATE is no longer standing guard. It's a bit darker out than it was before. Gunfire can be heard along with sounds never before heard by man.

JAKE slowly opens the door to observe the damage. A couple of soldiers run by the building. JAKE looks up, seeing something that breaks the boundaries of his imagination.

Then he sees the PRIVATE, dead on the pavement, his skin burnt to a crisp.

JAKE, keeping an eye on the enemy, crouches and slowly moves toward the dead PRIVATE. Once he reaches the corpse, he slowly picks up his assault rifle.

The sounds are moving closer and a light fills the area. Screams can be heard as gunfire increases.

The enemy is right above JAKE.

A strong wind picks up as a bright light engulfs JAKE. Suddenly he becomes very calm. He runs to a nearby car for cover. Once he reaches the car he inspects the gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It takes him a moment, but he figures out how to take the gun off safety.

We can't see much of anything, but we can hear everything. A child's scream can be heard right of JAKE. He slowly turns in the direction of the scream. He is still calm. A burning soldier, screaming, runs passed him in the opposite direction.

He slowly turns his head to follow the soldier. He is still calm. He jumps out from behind the car, raises the assault rifle and aims it directly at the enemy.

He fires.

HARD CUT TO
BLACK.

THE END.