

R U OK?

Written

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

SHE runs. The empty street is a blur around her.
The sound of shrieking metal splits the night air.

EXT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

SHE ducks into a doorway as a shadow passes overhead.
She's catching her breath when she's startled by the
sound of movement behind her.

HE sits behind her in the shadows of the doorway. He's
injured. He starts to speak, but she raises a hand. She
listens, looks out over the empty street. Nothing.

SHE turns back to the man in the doorway. Despite being
crouched, injured in a downtown doorway, he's well
dressed, not a vagrant.

SHE
Are you okay?

HE
I...no, there's a --

He indicates the blood on his leg.

The shrieking noise circles back.

SHE
I'm sorry.

SHE steps past him, shoving on the door. After a moment
it gives.

INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

SHE slips inside. It's dark. Thick dust falls through
the sliver of light.

SHE's shoving the door closed when HIS arm shoots
through.

HE
Please.

SHE hesitates. There's a sudden THUD directly overhead.

SHE grabs him and pulls.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

He wakes slowly, disoriented. His head is leaning against the base of a crumbly, concrete pillar. He starts to lift himself, but a wound in his leg screams. A Pink scarf is tied tightly over the wound, spotted through with blood.

SHE

Here.

He looks over his shoulder. She's squatting beside him, extending a bottle of water. He manages to take it and then a candy bar.

SHE (CONT'D)

Salt, protein. You've probably lost some of both.

He eats while she fiddles with her phone.

HE

Any signal?

SHE

Signal, yes. No answers though.

HE

None?

This makes him sit up and he winces in pain.

SHE

Careful with that. Looked pretty bad.

HE

Thank you. For the wrap.

SHE

It was... Would rather have used something else, but...

HE

It's special?

She nods.

HE (CONT'D)

If I could raise my white cell
count at will I'd try to bleed
pink.

She chuckles appreciatively. As if in response, metal
groans outside. They both look toward the sound. It
fades away and doesn't repeat.

SHE

Did you see it?

He shakes his head.

HE

You?

SHE

Too busy running. Snapped a
picture though.

She hands him her phone. The picture is blurred beyond
recognition.

HE

Sorry about your Pulitzer.

It's not funny enough to laugh at. She takes the phone
back. He pulls his out and checks it. No messages.

HE (CONT'D)

Wow, nothing on Facebook. That's
weird. I wonder if -

SHE

No. No tweets, no pics or posts,
nothing on any forum in the last
few hours.

Her mask of calm slips slightly.

HE

Maybe they just haven't updated.
If the systems are --

SHE

I've reached voicemails, but no people. And zero returned texts. Systems are functioning. It's like there's nobody out there.

He's suddenly very concerned.

HE

I have to -

He dials and listens. It goes to voicemail. He inhales, about to leave a message, when something bangs against the door. They both freeze as the ring of metal echoes through the room.

The echo resonates deep into the shadows. Wherever they are, the chamber is massive.

She stares into the blackness and speaks very softly.

SHE

We have to move.

Without argument, he struggles to his feet.

INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT

The blackness is solid. Then a tiny pair of lights begin to peek between columns and debris as the couple head deeper into the chamber.

There's a series of beeps as he types a text.

SHE

You should turn the sound off.
Save power.

HE

Don't want to miss her response.

SHE

Not gonna get it on a dead phone.

Shooting her a look, he switches the sound off and continues texting silently.

SHE (CONT'D)

Your girlfriend?

HE

Yes. Well, no. I mean --

SHE

Stop. Never mind. Sorry I asked.

HE

Whaaat?

SHE

Just, here's where you totally
dis her in case I'm interested.
I'm not. So please, no sob
stories about how unfulfilling
your relationship is.

They walk a moment in silence.

HE

She's my ex. She left me for some
douchebag and I've been
trying...I just can't imagine
spending the rest of my life with
anyone else.

The phrase weighs heavily on them both. Spending your
life with someone requires you both be alive.

They come across a pair of vending machines, one snack,
one drinks. Excited by this potential jackpot, they're
unable to break the heavy plastic window of the snack
machine and there's no window on the drink machine.

They must resort to actually using change, which makes
them laugh.

Sitting against the machines, they eat. She checks the
charge on her phone. Full. She unplugs her cable.

SHE

Hand me your phone.

He does. She plugs the cable in, but doesn't hand it
back. Instead she starts tapping at the screen.

HE

What are you doing?

SHE

My number. In case we get
separated.

She continues for a moment.

SHE (CONT'D)
Oh my god, you've sent like 40
texts to your ex today.

HE
I want to know if she's okay!

SHE
No, I get that, but...what the
hell is Throatwarbler Mangrove?

HE
Hey! That's...It's a Python thing.
What are you...?

She hands his phone back.

SHE
Whatever. There --

She taps at her own phone.

SHE (CONT'D)
-- Now we're friends.

HE looks at his phone.

HE
Jacqueline?

SHE
Jaq.

He laughs.

HE
Seriously?

JAQ
What?

He extends his hand.

HE
Hi. Pleased to meet you. I'm
Jack.

She cocks an eyebrow and they both laugh...