

REVOLTING

Written by

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EXT. ALLISON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Lyft pulls away from the curb. ALLISON (mid-late 20s) stands alone, facing her apartment complex.

The address is prominent on the building: 4001.

She retrieves her mail from a wide bank of MAILBOXES mounted to the wall.

Guys whiz past her, carrying musical equipment and cases of beer.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Partiers talk, dance, grope and screw around a rooftop pool. The packed rave is one massive fluid exchange.

A PARTYGUY weaves his way through it all, rambling to no one. He can't really be heard over the music anyway.

EXT. ALLISON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Through the window of her apartment directly below, the tiny figure of Allison sits alone at her computer.

BACK TO ROOFTOP

PartyGuy weaves his way between dancers. He pulls off a few drunken dance moves, raises his arms in the classic 'Thriller' pose, but can't keep his balance.

BACK TO APARTMENT

Sadly nibbling on steamed vegetables, Allison types at her computer.

ALLISON

(writing)

-- wish Tina was there. Part of me is glad she wasn't. Some might be comforted to think the loved ones they've lost are watching over them, but I just can't believe that.

She pauses, wiping a sniffle from her nose.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(writing)
I'd miss her less if I did.

Her reverie is interrupted by a crash from above.

Plaster rains from her ceiling, sprinkling over the SMOKEY-GLASS COFFEE TABLE in front of her couch.

BACK TO ROOFTOP

A table is up-ended, drinks everywhere. PartyGuy staggers up from the chaos he's created.

BACK TO APARTMENT

Allison marches to the front door. She removes the latch and steps into the stairwell.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Laughing, drinking, revelers fill the stairs.

Allison is instantly uncomfortable.

One tall, tattooed man locks eyes with her, then reads her apartment number, carefully mouthing the words "three-oh-nine".

Timidly, Allison slides back inside.

INT. ALLISON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Her hand still on the LATCH, Allison's startled by a loud smash on her balcony.

EXT. ALLISON'S BALCONY - NIGHT

Stepping out, she finds broken brick laying amidst her shattered herb garden.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

PartyGuy leans precariously against the roof's edge. More bricks threaten to dislodge beneath him.

BACK TO BALCONY

The noise of the party above drowns Allison's meek protests.

BACK TO ROOFTOP

With a gurgle of rising bile, PARTYGUY VOMITS.

BACK TO BALCONY

Caught mid-protest, Allison is hit full in the face. She recoils in shock and disgust and doesn't see --

BACK TO ROOFTOP

-- PartyGuy toppling over the edge.

BACK TO BALCONY

Blinded, Allison spits, gags; grasps for something to wipe the vomit from her eyes.

PartyGuy collides with her on his way down.

Allison's head is knocked against the balcony's metal railing with a clang.

INT. ALLISON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bleeding from a head wound, Allison staggers back into her apartment.

She stumbles through a fog. Her heartbeat pounds in her ears. The room spins.

Her grasping hand finds a BLANKET on the back of her couch. She's pulling it toward her face when the fog turns to blackness and she passes out.

The sounds of the TV clicks off.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. ALLISON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Allison awakens with a raspy gurgle. She pulls herself up and finds that she's fallen on the REMOTE. Disoriented, she looks around, trying to make sense of her situation.

She notices the time, 11:20 am. She grabs her phone and is about to dial when it rings: "WORK".

She answers with a single poking finger, but discovers...

...She can't speak.

Her eyes go wide as she fails to emit more than a raspy hiss.

She finally hangs up and sends a text.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Keys jingle. A shoe clinks against an empty BEER BOTTLE.

INT. ALLISON'S APARTMENT - DAY

The blank TV screen reflects Allison sitting on the couch; unblinking, transfixed.

Blood and vomit are caked from her hair down one side of her face.

A female voice grumbles.

KRISTI (O.S.)
Another party? Christ!

Relieved, Allison spins toward the door, shouting...

ALLISON
Kristi! Thank god!

But REALLY....

Stiffly, Allison turns her head toward the door, disturbing a pair of flies picking at the vomit.

KRISTI (late 20s) rushes in.

She closes the front door, exposing the CLOSET beside it. Kristi pulls out a duffel bag and a heavy coat.

KRISTI
Missed anoother party in 510.
Swing shifts suuuck!

Kristi notices Allison on the couch, but continues emptying the closet of SKI EQUIPMENT.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

Ech, no, not the old ones. Oh, hey.
Got your text. Y'know, I'm not your
personal liaison to -

She notices Allison's condition.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

-- Damn. You look like death. Like,
more than usual.

Allison doesn't respond; an eerie statue on the couch as
Kristi whizzes around her, chatting.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

Okay, shit. So, Ryan is downstairs,
we've got like two seconds to beat
Friday traffic, or it's gonna be a
loong trip to the slopes.

Kristi slips into the kitchen. Water runs from the tap. The
microwave beeps.

KRISTI (OS) (CONT'D)

How the hell did you manage to puke
on your own head? Nevermind. If
anyone could...

Kristi's phone buzzes.

KRISTI (OS) (CONT'D)

(on phone)
Yeah. What?

Allison cries out.

ALLISON

Kristi. Listen to me. Please.

But REALLY...

Allison's, mouth moves, but only the barest rasp escapes...