

WHITE | RED | PANIC

By

Ayz Waraich

Ayz Waraich
416.669.6404
Ayz@dimeworth.com

FADE UP:

EXT. STREET - DAY

JAKE(23) runs for his life.

Young, idealistic, and way in over his head, Jake hauls ass down a quiet Sunday morning street. Blood stains his clothes, and his eyes are running a million calculations of infinite possibilities as he runs.

HOLD ON Jake's face as he runs.

Picture perfect desperation at its worst.

The score swells, then suddenly drops out as we --

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

WHITE | RED | PANIC

The score kicks back in, and we -- CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

HAND-HELD: Jake and his friend TULLY(23) are walking towards the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

They walk up the stairs, towards a PAIR OF DOORS, when Tully pauses at a nearby window overlooking the parking lot.

He's thinking.

JAKE
(stopping)
Tully? Something up?

BEAT

TULLY
Do you believe in God Jake?

JAKE

What? I don't know. C'mon -- What the hell man. Let's go.

TULLY

I do Jake. I do. I wish to hell I didn't, but I do.

Jake listens.

TULLY (CONT'D)

I was reading --

JAKE

-- You were reading?

TULLY

Yeah, I read -- you know how at the end? At the very end? Some people they see that white light?

JAKE

Yeah.

TULLY

Did you know some people even see Red?

JAKE

You're kidding me?

TULLY

Yeah, for real right? Imagine that. You're at the end of that rope and you're seeing Red. No pearly gates. No White Beard. Just the devil licking his fingers waiting on you... and there's nothing you can do about it.

JAKE

To hell with that.

BEAT

TULLY

I know what I'm gonna see when the clock stops. I chose this -- this life -- and because of it there's no white light and pretty music waiting anywhere for me.

JAKE

Tully. C'mon man -- who knows that shit.

TULLY

I do. But this isn't about me here.
(looks at Jake)
If I take you in there? I introduce you to those guys -- Then you're heading down that same road I am, and there's no coming back. You need to know that.

JAKE

I need the money Tully. Sometimes you ain't got a choice.

TULLY

You always got a choice. But I bring you into that room -- you're in for good. Should you change your mind, there's no running out on this. And believe me, I've seen guys run -- it doesn't end well.

JAKE

I'm not the running type.

TULLY

Cuz I'd be too far down the river myself, you understand? And very accountable then, being as I brought you in.

JAKE

I ain't running Tully. I know what this is.

TULLY

(takes a breath)
I know you're not... but point is -- you gotta know what you're willing to see at the end. Wether its white or red, you just gotta know before you walk in there.

JAKE

Well I know what color I'm up for, alright?

TULLY

Yeah Alright...

Tully punches him in the shoulder.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Alright then.

He opens the door and walks through, motioning for Jake to follow.

Jake stands for a bit, unsure now, and slightly worried. He looks out the window.

SLOW PUSH IN on Jake --

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD:

6 MONTHS LATER

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We're back to Jake running again -- like all hell's after him.

Bursts of vapor puff out of his mouth as he runs.

EXT. WHAREHOUSE - DAY

Jake comes to the corner of a Warehouse Building and slams his back against the wall. He takes a deep breath, and fumbles for something behind his back.

SLOW PUSH IN: As he pulls out a GUN.

Now, we get the impression like he's not being chased after all -- but instead chasing someone.

Jake peeks around the corner, gun now raised. The lot is quiet... No movement...

He moves forward slowly --

BANG BANG!!

Jake ducks down. He can't see where the shots came from.

Then someone runs, towards the next corner.

Jake raises the gun, and screams!

JAKE

Stop!

But the figure disappears around the corner.

Jake gives pursuit.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jake enters a WAREHOUSE through some open doors. I

It's dimly lit, and leather sofas are everywhere. It's an OUTLET STORE of some kind.

There's A few Sales people standing around. They're shocked.

JAKE

Everyone Out!

A couple of them haul ass out the other side of the building. One remains standing there, paralyzed.

Jake walks through the store carefully, looking for the shooter.

Suddenly there's movement.

REVEAL someone at the other end. It's Tully. He appears from his hiding spot and runs for the exit.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Tully Goddammit! STOP!

Jake grits his teeth, and makes an impossible choice...

He squeezes the trigger.

BAM.

The loudest gunshot you've ever heard.

HOLD ON JAKE, as he's frozen stiff for a moment, having just shot a friend.

Then he snaps out of it and runs over to Tully.

SLOWLY APPROACHING Tully lying on the ground. His right leg twitches, as he stares somewhere off the right, not looking at Jake.

Blood runs out of him, onto the ground.

Jake approaches, looking him all over. Guilt eating him up.

Tully speaks through the pain, with heavy breaths.

TULLY

You said "Stop". Aren't you guys supposed to say "Freeze"?

JAKE

Tully. Shit...

TULLY

(not looking at him)

You... You shot me in the back
Jake.

JAKE

You ran! I couldn't risk you
blowing my cover -- And you shot at
me first man!

TULLY

I shot in the air, to scare you.
And If I was gonna give you up -- I
would've a long time ago.

BEAT

JAKE

How long did you know?

TULLY

(laughs/coughs blood)

I ask myself that everyday.

JAKE

You shouldn't have run Tully.

TULLY

I'm the snake who brought you in.
I'm done anyway when they find out
about you.

JAKE

Shit.

Jake pulls out his cell-phone, and dials 911.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yes -- hello! This is Undercover
officer Jacob Tate. Authentication
A-551B -- What? No, listen to me!!
I need immediate Medical
assistance! I have man down at --
(looks at Salesman)
What is this place?!

SALESMAN

What?

JAKE

Jesus Christ -- The name of the
store!

SALESMAN

It's called Sofa Depot.

JAKE

(into phone)
I'm in a Sofa Depot outlet --
somewhere on Main, between Elvis
and Bridgeview. This is an
emergency, alright?! I got a man
down -- Hurry!
(beat)
Shit!

He throws the phone, frustrated.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(to Sales man)
Go! Find a doctor! GO!

The man takes off -- Suddenly Tully grabs Jake's hand,
catching him off-guard.

TULLY

Jake -- Here it comes.

JAKE

What?

TULLY

It's bright. It's coming.

JAKE

Tully? Tully, look at my eyes!

TULLY

Oh my god.

JAKE
(claps his hands)
Focus on me!

TULLY
Wow... It's not red -- It's white.
I think its white Jake.

Jake is taken back by this.

TULLY (CONT'D)
Do you see this? What color do you
see?

And just like that Tully is gone. Jake is frozen.

Jake raises his hands and looks at them.

They're stained with RED BLOOD.

SLOW PUSH IN on Jake. SIRENS approach in the distance.

CUT TO BLACK: