

BODIES IN MOTION

By

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SUPER UP: IN THE NEAR FUTURE...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The cheap lamp on the night stand flickers. Cracked walls and particle board furniture complete the room.

WAYNE, 28, muscular with a mop of blonde hair, sits quietly in his boxers staring out the window.

ARIANA, 25, very pretty with sultry features, enters.

ARIANA

Hey, you.

WAYNE

Are we? I mean, are you..?

She nods with a grin.

Wayne's face lights up. He jumps to his feet, rushes up to Ariana. They hug.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Yes! I love you so much.

ARIANA

I love you too, baby.

They kiss with great passion.

SUPER UP: THREE WEEKS LATER

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wayne and Ariana have breakfast at the table. He examines a detailed MAP of Canada.

INSERT

On the small T.V. atop the counter, TWO MORNING TALK SHOW HOSTS sit before a live studio audience.

MALE HOST

That's all for now, folks! We'll be right back with the latest celebrity news. Stay with us.

The audience CHEERS.

The talk show disappears. A very colorful commercial pops up, filled with serene images, including a baby, green fields, and a waterfall among others.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Having a child is the greatest
 privilege this country can offer.
 If you're thinking of starting a
 family, obtain a license and give
 them the future they deserve.
 It's not just for their security;
 it's the law. Register today if--

BACK TO SCENE

Wayne shuts off the T.V. with the remote.

WAYNE
 What names are in the running,
 again?

ARIANA
 We started with Nathan.

WAYNE
 Your dad would love that. And if
 it's a girl?

ARIANA
 Vanessa. I also like Brooke.

WAYNE
 Different. Nice.

Ariana turns away for a moment with a look of sadness.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 Or not.

Her eyes fill with tears.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 Ari, you okay?

ARIANA
 I'm fine, Wayne.

WAYNE
 We don't have the money to have
 the baby here. I wish we did.
 That's besides the huge waiting
 list.

She wipes her tears away.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
 We don't have a lot of options.
 I've thought this through.

ARIANA

What if we postponed the move for now? Save some money. Then do this here, the right way.

WAYNE

A little late for that, don't you think?

ARIANA

Not yet.

WAYNE

We're not getting rid of...You forget how long we've been trying? Who knows how long another one might take?

ARIANA

This isn't just your decision.

Wayne takes their empty plates over to the sink. He then turns to face Ariana.

WAYNE

You were for this the whole time.

ARIANA

I don't want to move to Canada.

He approaches Ariana, kneeling by her side.

WAYNE

We'll just stay as long as we have to. Eventually we'll come back. My parents will sponsor us.

ARIANA

If they allow us to come back.

WAYNE

They will. I doubt this'll still be going on after the next election. Too many protests against the stupid law.

ARIANA

You don't know that.

WAYNE

I know we'll make it work.

ARIANA

Pass the juice.

Wayne hands her the container of orange juice. She pours herself another glass and takes a sip.

He stands, grabs the map on the table and heads for the side door at the other end of the kitchen.

WAYNE

You have everything you need?

ARIANA

Don't worry about me. Who's taking us?

He turns and faces her.

WAYNE

A friend of Ron's. Hank Fox. He used to work with Ron in Seattle.

ARIANA

How will we recognize him?

WAYNE

He'll mention Ron's name.

ARIANA

How do you know--?

WAYNE

Ariana, please. Finish up and meet me in the garage. I'll show you what I picked up last night.

The phone on the wall RINGS. Wayne picks up the receiver.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Nothing but a DIAL TONE. He hangs it back on the base.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

No one.

He glances at the clock: 7:15.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

We should be outta here by eight.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Wayne packs a box into the overstuffed trunk of his car. It's a beat up, rusty, old American car that looks at least two decades old.

Ariana walks down the staircase. She gasps as she reaches the bottom, her eyes fixed on the relic.

ARIANA
What a piece of junk!

WAYNE
It's not as bad as it looks.
She's still got a lot left in her.

ARIANA
Where?

WAYNE
You ready?

ARIANA
I am not getting in that thing.

WAYNE
I spent all night cleaning it
inside and out just so-

They both react to the sound of a car pulling up to the front of the house.

ARIANA
Is that Hank? Maybe he's driving
something from this century.

WAYNE
We were supposed to meet up with
him.

ARIANA
Did you give him our address?

Wayne shakes his head "no". They hear a car door slam shut.

WAYNE
You didn't tell anyone, did you?
Ari?

ARIANA
No. It's bad luck to tell this
early.

Wayne takes out a set of keys from his pocket and opens the trunk. He grabs a SHOTGUN and some bullets. He closes the trunk and quickly loads the gun.

WAYNE
Get in the car.

ARIANA

Wayne--

Wayne hands her the keys.

WAYNE

Just be ready. Everything we need's in there.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

A tall, WELL-DRESSED MAN (38) in a navy blue suit rings the doorbell.

DING-DONG.

No response.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Hello?

The Well-Dressed Man opens the door. He steps inside.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Well-Dressed Man cautiously steps into the room and takes a look around. It's neat, clean and empty.

WAYNE'S P.O.V.

The door at the staircase leading to the garage is slightly ajar. Wayne peeks into his kitchen. His eyes are locked on the Well-Dressed Man. Beads of sweat form on Wayne's brow.

BACK TO SCENE

WELL-DRESSED MAN

Anybody home?

The Well-Dressed Man walks through the rest of the ranch-style house...he of course finds no one.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Wayne Redding? Ariana?

The Well-Dressed Man walks back into the kitchen. Wayne now stands in the middle of the room facing him.

The two men lock eyes. The Well-Dressed Man doesn't move. He simply glances down at the shotgun Wayne points at him.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
Mister Redding?

Wayne does not respond. The Well-Dressed Man slowly raises his hands, holding them up in surrender.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)
I'm Henry Fox. Hank. Ron's
friend from Seattle. If I may?

He glances down at his jacket pocket.

WAYNE
Slowly.

The phone mounted on the wall suddenly RINGS.

The Well-Dressed Man reaches into his jacket pocket. He takes out a thin wallet and puts it on the counter top. He takes a step back as Wayne approaches the counter.

The phone continues to RING.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
You going to answer that?

WAYNE
It can wait.

Wayne opens the wallet and examines the driver's license. As his eyes widen--

The Well-Dressed Man lunges at Wayne.

The two men struggle with the shotgun, until the Well-Dressed Man finally overpowers Wayne and yanks it out of his hands.

The phone stops ringing.

The Well-Dressed Man shoves Wayne back a few steps. Wayne now faces the two barrels of his shotgun.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Sorry, Mister Redding. You're
under arre--

The Well-Dressed Man's shoulder suddenly EXPLODES. Blood splatters on Wayne's face. The wounded man SCREAMS.

The shotgun then FIRES, but it's pointed upwards. Wayne instinctively ducks down. The bullets violently burst through the ceiling.

The Well-Dressed Man collapses to the linoleum floor.

Wayne immediately grabs the shotgun and yanks it out of the man's hands.

Wayne's look goes from the Well-Dressed Man up to Ariana standing at the kitchen entrance. She's still pointing the handgun at the Well-Dressed Man.

ARIANA

I'm sorry. I...He could've--

WAYNE

It's alright.

Wayne approaches his wife, carefully lowering the barrel of the handgun.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

You two...are fucking dead.

Wayne approaches the Well-Dressed Man, kneels down, and punches him square in the jaw. Wayne knocks him out.

Wayne then goes to the phone and speed dials a number. He listens to a recorded message, then hangs up the receiver.

WAYNE

That was Ron. We gotta go. Now.

Wayne leads Ariana passed the unconscious body and opens the door leading to the garage.

He then stops and turns around. He glances at the pistol Ariana holds.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Wait. Keep that on him.

Ariana, a bit confused, points the handgun at the Well-Dressed Man.

Wayne puts the shotgun on the counter and rushes into the bathroom.

ARIANA

What're you doing?

He returns with some hand towels and rubbing alcohol.

Wayne tends to the Man's wound, ripping through his jacket and shirt.

WAYNE

Looks like it went straight through. This should stop the bleeding.

ARIANA

Why are you doing this?

WAYNE

I'm not bringing someone into this world at the expense of another.

When he finishes, Wayne stands and kisses Ariana on the lips. They both dart down the staircase.

EXT. WAYNE AND ARIANA'S HOUSE - LATER

Wayne and Ariana take off in the beat-up sedan. The car barrels down the quiet street, heading north.

FADE OUT.