

EAT FRESH

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Two feet shuffle through a mess of cigarette butts and old newspapers. The dainty ankles buckle every 3rd or 4th stride as they try desperately to maintain balance on a 4 inch heel.

REVEAL --

A YOUNG WOMAN (22) trying her best to get where she's going-- and fast. Even with her lipstick smudging the corner of her lip and mascara beginning to run, there's a good looking lady somewhere under there. Maybe on another night she'd be making her Mother proud-- but not tonight. Tonight she's nothing but a hot mess.

She begins to rifle through her purse mid-stride. She's too drunk to walk straight but retrieves her phone effortlessly, punches the pass code with her thumb, and holds the shaking LED to her face.

The shaking screen reads: 2:29 AM.

She puts the phone back in her purse, looks up, skids to a halt in front of the --

TURNSTILES

The heel on her red pump SNAPS off. She watches with teeth clenched as it rolls under the ticket booth.

She looks into the empty booth. Then, without so much as looking for a stub, hikes her miniskirt to her waist and straddles over the turnstile.

She takes a quick glance behind her to make certain that nobody caught a glimpse of her cartoon-print underwear.

Then, with the sound of hydraulic doors HISSING, she hobbles as fast as she can towards the --

PLATFORM

She can see people entering the train from a distance. She tries to pick up the pace but it's impossible. With only one good shoe, it's like walking with crutches.

In her urgency she doesn't notice the OLD VAGRANT partially blocking her path.

She trips over his cup, sending her face-first onto the grimy floor and the old man's change scattered.

The eruption of coins CLANG off the hard ground. Followed by the THUMP of the hydraulic doors closing.

She lies helplessly on her stomach as the train rolls forward. Within seconds, the train builds momentum and shoots down the tunnel, kicking old papers into the air with a GUST.

She looks back to the Old Vagrant like it's his fault that she missed the train.

The man holds up his cardboard sign: "Haven't eaten today. Any kindness would be much appreciated."

Her face gives a look of disgust. The man is filthy. If he was hungry enough, he could scrounge a meal of crumbs out of his dirty beard.

After picking herself up, she kicks her broken shoe onto the tracks.

THEN --

After letting the ordeal marinate, she takes off her good shoe, grips the heel in her hand, and begins to feverishly twist it like an improvised stress reliever.

A beat.

She throws it on the track like the other. The sound of the thrown shoe echoes through the empty station.

It's just her and the vagrant.

She looks to him as he rummages for his lost change on hands and knees.

There's a BING! Her phone.

She reaches in her purse and retrieves it. The newest iPhone-- Hello Kitty cover.

She smirks at the message then types a manifesto of a response. Her thumbs are like lightning.

BLOOP! Message sent.

She puts her phone away and pulls out a low-carb protein bar. She begins to MUNCH away at it.

A red object flies at her from the shadows of the subway tunnel. She shields her face, and in the process, throws her half-eaten protein bar over her shoulder.

The red object lands at her feet --

HER RED PUMP.

She looks around. The Vagrant is gone. SHE'S ALL ALONE.

She creeps closer to the edge. To the caution strip. The alcohol has caused her to abandon common sense and fuel her curiosity.

She peers over to see nothing but darkness.

BING! She begins rifling through her purse.

She doesn't notice --

A HAND

Emerge from the shadows of the tunnel. Strong fingers poking through grey fingerless gloves. Nails filed into a point-- no, not nails-- CLAWS.

IT GRABS HER ANKLE!

She screams, but there's nobody to hear it. She tries desperately to pry her leg free but the grip is superhuman.

INT. TICKET BOOTH - SAME

The subway TICKET VENDOR enters the booth. Sits in her chair.

Screams echo throughout. They could be heard at street level.

The Vendor stays seated. She doesn't panic in the slightest, in fact, she seems to like it. A devilish smile begins to form.

BACK TO:

PLATFORM - SAME

There's a dead silence. An iPhone spins on a raised tile before coming to a stop.

Face-down, we can see the Hello Kitty cover in all its luster.

The phone vibrates, then --

BING! A message that will never be replied.

Two feet in worn-out runners approach the phone. They belong to the Vagrant.

He bends down, grasps the phone in his hand.

A keen eye might have noticed, and if not, then now it's unmistakable --

The Vagrant's wrinkled fingers poking through his grey fingerless gloves.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END