PANIC MODE

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

In the car, PETER (23), hair wet with sweat, black suit, young face shows dread and panic.

INT. CAR
Peter shuts off the engine, opens his door, and from the passenger’s seat, grabs a gun and a SILVER BRIEFCASE.

EXT. HOUSE
Peter shuts his door and runs up to the house and BARGES IN.

INT. HALLWAY
Peter SLAMS the door and runs around the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM
Peter scurries in, looking for something or someone. The living room is a bit of a mess. He hurries to the next room.

INT. KITCHEN
Peter pops in and sees nothing. He stops for the first time, taking a breath. He notices something. ON THE COUNTER, is smudged blood.

   PETER
   (Quietly.)
   Shit.

He runs out.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY
Peter runs back into the hallway and spots a door at the end of the hallway, cracked a bit open, light peeking out. He runs towards it.
A bloody mess. TWO BODIES, in black suits, lay in the floor, bullet wounds covering their bodies, blood sprayed all over. Dead. Except for another body in the room. HARVEY (27), with blood rushing from wounds in his belly and chest, he lies on his side, gasping in pain.

Peter hurries in and stops dead, frightened at the scene.

HARVEY
(gasping.)
Where-the-fuck-have you been? You fuck-

He squirms in pain.

PETER
Jesus. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

HARVEY
You ran like a fuckin’ coward. How fuckin’ dare you?

PETER
What happened?

HARVEY
Oh, Well! These two lightbulbs got the brilliant idea to fuck off and leave me for dead. Luckily, I’m a good shot. I fucked these two bitches. MOTHERFUCKER! THIS hurts.

He points to his battle scars.

PETER
I got the money. I killed Tommy and Little Biscuit-
(Getting on his knees)
I took the money. We are free!

He shows the briefcase.

HARVEY
That doesn’t fucking matter anymore. I’m dying. I’m going to die. DO YOU GRASP THAT NOTION?

PETER
I know. I know. What are we gonna do?
HARVEY
You know, what? Do what you want to
do. I don’t care. Death seems like
a swell idea right now. No
pissheads wanting to fuck you over.
No cowards who get the jitters and
run during a missing and
compromising the whole ordeal. No
cops to deal with. Nothing. Nothing
but sweat, dark nothingness. I like
that. I like that a lot.

PETER
I think your delirious.

HARVEY
No, I’m clear. I’m-

Harvey loses concussions.

PETER
Harvey? Harvey?

He shakes him. Dead? Maybe. Peter doesn’t check. He gets up.
In the distance, sirens begin to blare. Peter goes into panic
mode. He leaves, shuts off the light, and closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN

Peter enters the kitchen and gets a rag. He wipes the gun off
and throws it. He heads for the door.

EXT. HOUSE

Peter shuts the door and scurries to his car, briefcase in
hand. He gets in his car, starts it up, and runs.

We are left lingering on a shot of the house just as the
sirens get louder and louder. Then we-

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.