

BODIES IN MOTION

By

Dino A. Barlaam

Contact Information:

Dino A. Barlaam
(908) 591-9886
DinoDLB555@aol.com
Registered with WGAe

SUPER UP: IN THE NEAR FUTURE...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The window rattles a bit from the wind. Cracked walls and particle board furniture complete the room.

WAYNE, 27, muscular with a mop of blonde hair, sleeps quietly in his boxers.

ARIANA, 25, very pretty with sultry features, stands by the window watching the sun rise in the distance. She rubs her stomach for a moment, grinning.

Ariana approaches Wayne. She kisses his cheek.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Ariana prepares breakfast for Wayne and herself.

The coffee maker on the counter BEEPS. She grabs a coffee mug and pours herself a cup.

Sipping her coffee, Ariana cleans up the messy counter.

Ariana throws out some junk mail. In the trash bin, something catches her eye: a torn ENVELOPE with a U.S. GOVERNMENT SEAL stamped on it.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

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.

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.

(MORE)

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
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 said Nathan.

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

ARIANA
Vanessa. Maybe Brooke.

WAYNE
Nice.

Ariana turns away. Her eyes fill with tears.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Ariana?

From behind the coffee maker, Ariana grabs a crumpled,
stained piece of paper. Part of it is torn off. She
brings it to the table and tosses it in front of Wayne.

Wayne's face drops. He's frozen, speechless.

Ariana points to the heading:

"REJECTION NOTICE - PARENTAL LICENSE DENIED"

ARIANA
When the hell were you going to
tell me, Wayne?

WAYNE
I didn't want to upset you.

ARIANA
Too late.

WAYNE
Does it matter?

She wipes tears away.

ARIANA
Of course it matters. How can you
say that?

WAYNE

We've been denied. There's nothing we can do about it.

ARIANA

That's not the point. I don't like you keeping stuff from me. Is your work really transferring you to Canada, or were you lying?

WAYNE

I was protecting you.

ARIANA

Oh, my God. That's bullshit.

WAYNE

Ari--

ARIANA

I'm not a child.

WAYNE

I never said you were. I'm sorry. We don't have a lot of options. I've thought this through.

ARIANA

What if we postponed our plans?

WAYNE

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 turns to Ariana.

WAYNE

You were for this the whole time.

ARIANA

I don't want to move to Canada.

He approaches Ariana and kneels by her side.

WAYNE

We'll just stay as long as we have to.

ARIANA
It's cold up there.

WAYNE
Not all the time.

ARIANA
People speak French.

WAYNE
Not the whole country. I promise,
eventually we'll come back.

ARIANA
When will that be? Three years?
Ten?

WAYNE
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. We can
do this.

Ariana spots a butterfly flutter past the window as she
thinks for a moment.

ARIANA
One year. Then we return.

WAYNE
One..? You can't expect--

ARIANA
Then I'm not going.

Ariana grabs the newspaper and flips through it.

WAYNE
Fine. We'll try returning in a
year.

She plants a kiss on his forehead.

Wayne stands. He takes the map and heads for the side
door at the other end of the kitchen.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
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.

ARIANA
This friend have a name? Or you
plan on keeping that from me, too?

WAYNE
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)
Nobody.

He glances at the clock: 7:30.

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
Maybe Hank'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.

INSERT

The open wallet exposes a U.S. Federal Agent I.D. BADGE with the name "Jonathan Fantry" beneath the PHOTO.

As Wayne's eyes widen--

The Well-Dressed Man lunges at Wayne.

The two men struggle with the shotgun. It's an intense struggle, but 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 own shotgun.

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

The Well-Dressed Man is interrupted with a loud WHACK! Something hard hits him in the back of the head.

The shotgun 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 holding a BASEBALL BAT, panting.

ARIANA

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

WAYNE

It's alright.

Wayne approaches his wife, taking the bat from her.

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 takes out his cellphone and speed dials a number. He listens to a recorded message, then hangs up the receiver.

WAYNE

We gotta go. Now.

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

He stops and turns. Hands the shotgun to Ariana.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Wait. Keep that on him.

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

Wayne puts the bat down and runs into the garage.

ARIANA

What're you doing?

He soon returns with some rope and duct tape.

Wayne ties up the Well-Dressed Man, securing his arms and legs with the tape. He finishes with putting a piece of tape over the man's mouth.

ARIANA (CONT'D)

Why not get rid of him for good?
He could've killed you. Us.

WAYNE

I don't know that for sure.
Anyway, I'm not bringing someone
into this world at the expense of
another.

When he finishes, Wayne stands and kisses Ariana on the lips. He grabs the bat from the counter. 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.